

A Resurrection

NAGASAKI
AUGUST 9, 1945



Nagasaki Junshin Catholic University



A memorial tombstone
for the students and teachers who dedicated their lives
to world peace

Address : Bunkyo-Machi 13-15 Nagasaki, Japan 852-8515
Junshin Junior High School
Junshin Senior Girls' High School

*We know that all things work for good for those who love God,
who are called according to his purpose.
Romans 8 - 28*

Cover photograph : “Statue of Our Lady of Mercy”
Erected in May 1949

On the occasion of the reprint edition

Sister Esumi, the then school principal, started compiling the ordeal records of the school and the student victims of the atomic bombing on August 9th, 1945, immediately after recovering from the devastation. The precious memories were published as a book titled, *Junjyo Gakutotai Junnan no Kiroku* (Memory of Junshin Student Mobilization dedicated their lives through the tragedy of the Atomic Bombing) July 13, 1961.

The book is made up of three parts: first, notes written by teachers, sisters, and staffs who suffered from hardships. Next, notes by the family members of the deceased students, and last, the list of the names of the victims in the “Junshin Student Mobilization”.

Since then, the book was reprinted at regular occasions: the second edition in 1970, the third edition in 1980 in memory of the late Sister Esumi, the fourth edition in 1995, and the fifth edition in 2015, as a commemorative gift on the 80th Anniversary of the school foundation.

The reprint has been modified with new and additional documents as needed, but the contents of the first published edition are basically unvaried.

Chizuko Kataoka, ICM
President of the Board of Trustees
Nagasaki Junshin Educational Corporation

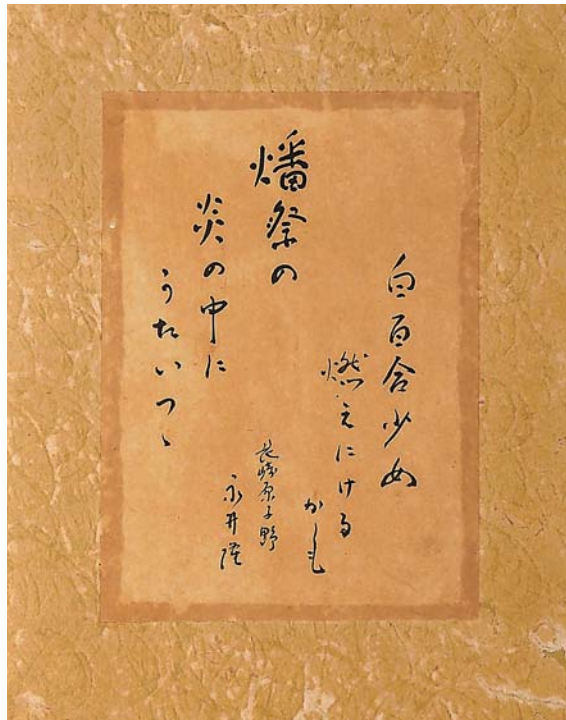
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A Burning of Sacrifice

In the flames of sacrifice,
The girls of white lilies
Were sublimed to the Heavens,
Still singing the glory of peace.

Takashi Nagai, MD



A BURNING SACRIFICE was written by Dr. Nagai in memory of the Junshin girls who were victims of the Atom Bomb. The poem later appeared in an anthology of poems centered on man's search for peace, and was also set to music by the composer Fumio Kino.

Dr. Nagai devoted his life to the care of the many who had survived only to suffer from exposure to radiation. Though he himself was suffering, he worked tirelessly, and after a valiant struggle, died on May 1, 1951.

TO COMPOSE A SONG “A BURNING SACRIFICE”

By Fumio Kino

燔祭のうた

敬虔に

作詞 永井 隆
作曲 木野普晃雄



I received a letter from the late Dr. Nagai. When I opened it, it read as follows:

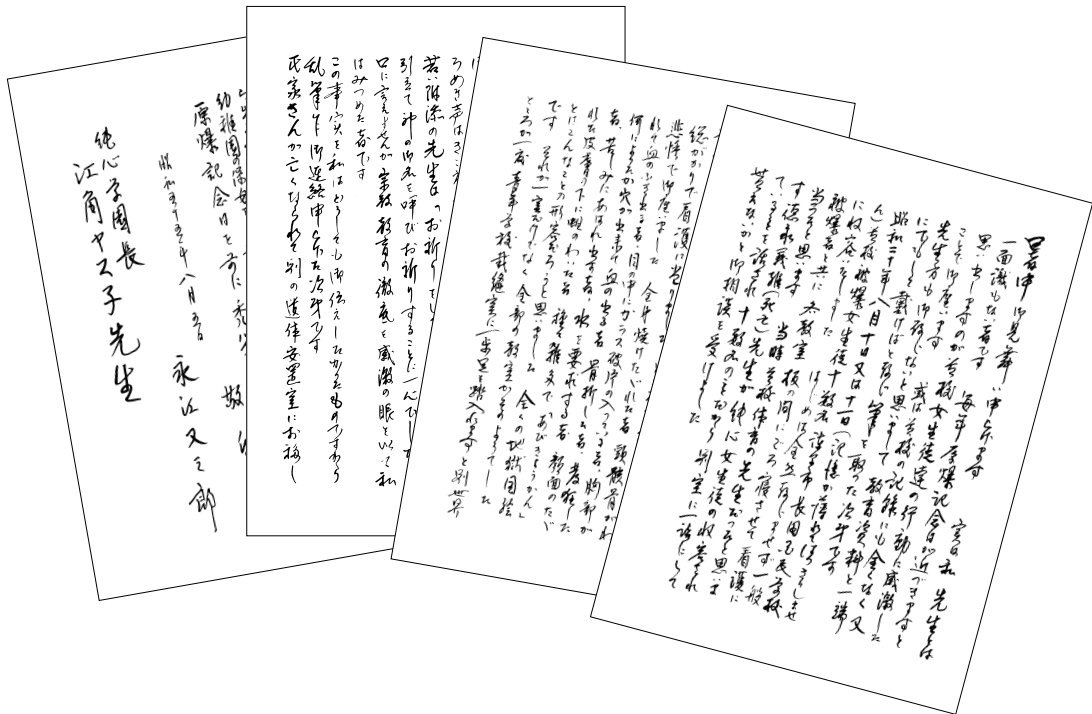
I want to tell you something. A lot of Junshin girls were killed by the A-bomb. They devoted their lives to Mary, singing hymns beautifully. This spring, I had a monument built and I want a ceremony to console their souls. I wrote a poem and I would like you to compose it.

In the flames of sacrifice,
The girls of white lilies,
Were sublimed to the Heavens
Still singing the glory of peace.

Holocaust is a ceremony in the Old Testament; pure lambs were burnt at an altar and they were offered to God as a sacrifice. I regard the fire of the A-bomb as a Holocaust and those who died as pure lambs. White lilies are pure and a symbol of purity. I was deeply impressed by the purity of the girls who were killed.

I don't know how to express my feelings in four lines. My heart was so full of prayer that I was urged to compose the song naturally. It is a melody of sorrow and moreover a melody of praise.

A Letter of 35 Years



Thirty-five years after the atomic bombing, Principal Yasu Esumi received a letter. It was a letter attesting to the noble and beautiful deaths of the mobilized Junshin High School students as mentioned in Dr. Nagai's poem "A Burning Sacrifice." On November 30th of that year, Sr. magdalene Esumi passed away.

A Letter of 35 Years

August 5th, 1980

Dear Principal Yasu Esumi,

I hope this letter finds you well despite the hot weather. Actually, I have never had the opportunity to meet you in person. Every year as the anniversary of the atomic bombing approaches, I recall the deep impression left on me by the actions of your students. I am writing with the hope that this impression of mine, of which there is no record and which no teacher is aware, will be used for educating future Junshin students.

On either the 10th or 11th of August, 1945 (I cannot clearly recall the date) we admitted some ten injured Junshin students to the Nagata National Elementary School in Isahaya City. At first we did not realize who they were and so we gave them floor space in rooms with other victims. The late Mr. Yoshio Tokunaga, who I think taught physical education at Junshin, asked if it would be possible to put the Junshin students together in a separate room.

After consulting with various people, we arranged for them to be moved to the home economics classroom which was in the same building. As you may know, at that time there were almost 200 injured people housed there and being cared for by a united group of local women's and young women's societies. However, the victims were truly miserable. There were some who had oozing burns all over their bodies, some whose skulls were broken and gushing blood, some who had fragments of glass in their eyes, some who were bleeding from holes in their chests caused by something, some with broken bones, some who had gone mad, some who were hysterical with agony, some who begged for water, some whose faces were festering with maggots under their skin and so on, and I felt this must be what they mean by the phrase 'living hell'. Indeed, it looked exactly as hell is usually pictured. That was not just one classroom, but every classroom looked that way.

However, upon setting foot in the home economics classroom, one would find a different world. This may be partly due to the exceptionally careful direction of the attending young teacher (who is probably nearly 60 years old now), but I was keenly aware of the fact that their daily religious education was a major factor. How dreadful it must have been. How much they must have wanted to cry out. How much they must have wanted to complain for water. However, this classroom, aside from the occasional low groan, was truly quiet.

The attending young teacher would encourage everyone to participate in prayers, and devoted herself to praying for God's grace. I was moved as I observed them, and I think it was the fruits of their religious education, though I cannot say for sure.

I wrote this because I was eager to express this information to you. I have many other things I want to write about, such as Ms. Ujie passing away and being moved to another mortuary, but I will save them for another time.

It has been 35 years since the atomic bombing and I am now over 70 years old, but I wanted to make sure you knew about the few days I spent with those martyr-like Junshin students. I heard that the young female teacher who attended them at the time is now working at a kindergarten. As the anniversary of the atomic bombing approaches, thank you for taking time to read this letter.

Sincerely,
Matasaburo Nagae

50th Anniversary of Atomic bombing

Hoping to create a peaceful world

Commemoration Address

Mr. Kenzaburo Oe, 1994 Nobel Laureate

Urakami Cathedral, Nagasaki Archdiocese

May 21, 1995



1995 marked the 50th anniversary of the atomic bombing. Nagasaki Junshin Catholic University invited Kenzaburo Oe, the 1994 Nobel Laureate, to speak on the theme of the 50th Anniversary of the Atomic bombing-Hoping to create a peaceful world-at Urakami Cathedral, Nagasaki Archdiocese on May 21, 1995. At the same time, a violin concert was held by his son, Hikaru Oe.

People Who Believe And Those of Us Who Don't

Kenzaburo Oe
1994 Nobel Laureate

As President Kataoka has said, I was in the United States and the United Kingdom for three weeks.

First, I went to Atlanta, Georgia and, working in connection with next year's Olympics, I attended the Culture Olympics. Separated by the sea from here in Kyushu, my mother lives in Shikoku, and, as I heard from my sister, she has been bragging to the townspeople, "My third son is rather weak and was not good at running or swimming, but his long years of hard work have paid off; he just went to the Atlanta Olympics!" My sister said, "Mother, this year only the Culture Olympics are being held and the Atlanta Olympics will be in 1996 so even if you tell them that, they will know you are lying." But my mother replied, "No, in this town no one takes any interest in culture so it's all right." What is more she said, "I'm thinking of the future. In the middle of the 21st century, no one will remember whether it was 1995 or 1996. I want to make a legend of my son." I suppose she was half joking, but I am sure if she knew I was asked to speak here at Urakami Cathedral, she would be very proud. If she knew her grandson Hikaru's music would be performed as well, I think she would be especially delighted.

After Atlanta I went to the United Kingdom and, following a meeting in London, I went to southeast Wales. There they were having a regional arts festival which I participated in. Speaking so many times is very tiring; besides, my English is not very good. Feeling I would not be able to meet the expectations of the organizers, I became depressed and went to lie down in my room at the hotel on the coast. However, it seems the festival sponsors had done their research about me and had even asked my agent in a letter what to do should I become depressed. At that, my wife or a close friend shared the following advice. 'If Oe becomes depressed, just give him a rare book and he will cheer up.' Here I will introduce one book of the many I received, a collection of poems by the Welsh poet R. S. Thomas. Dylan Thomas is famous among Welshmen, but R. S. Thomas is one year older and still living. I did not know of him except by name. However, upon receiving and reading that book, I found him to be a wonderful poet. For many years he was a priest at a Welsh church and, as for the ideas in his poetry, I was soon convinced there was a deep connection to Christianity. However, he is also a man who writes poetry that is easily understandable to people like me who

are not religious. I plan to quit writing and study for about five years, and he is a poet surely worth reading in that interval. I think there are often such important coincidences in life.

I have wanted to study for myself the specific significance of Nagasaki's atomic bombing. Furthermore, I have also felt the desire to communicate that significance to foreigners. I have been thinking that for a long time, and so to be invited by Nagasaki Junshin Catholic University, and, moreover, to be invited to speak in this Urakami Cathedral, is a great honor. I think that this, too, is an important coincidence.

In Japan and around the world, there have been an uncountable number of comments about the atomic bomb over the last 50 years. However, I believe that most of them fall into one of two patterns. The first concentrates on the enormous power of the atomic bomb. American veteran soldiers are trying to show in the Smithsonian Museum exhibition that the atomic bomb's power was useful in bringing an end to the war. Such is the pattern of thinking of this type of people who think of the atomic bomb as a great authority.

The second pattern is that the atomic bomb is a tragedy that was brought upon human beings; this is the view the Japanese have long held. Especially, the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, on the basis their own experiences, speak this way. Accordingly, I think the atomic bomb has begun to be recognized as the most significant incident of the 20th century. However, at the Smithsonian Museum, Americans make no effort to show how great and terrible a tragedy occurred. That is the reality. It is obvious that there is a need to continue to make the voices of Hiroshima and Nagasaki heard.

In addition, in the course of my thinking up to now, on top of these two pillars of the power of the atomic bomb and the misery of the atomic bomb, I have come to think that there is one more important aspect to consider.

In effect, the great power of the atomic bomb and the great misery it brought are both realities. Many people died. Many people were wounded. Those who died cannot be compensated for. However, many of those who were wounded have used all their strength to recover. I have come to understand that the way these people have rebuilt their lives must be the most important thing. As we continue into the 21st century, I believe that the experiences of those who faced the atomic bomb are the most essential things for us to preserve.

Now I have come to something which I, personally, cannot forget. It is something that was related to me by Doctor Fumio Shigeto, the former director of the Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Hospital.

It was just after my son Hikaru, whose music you will hear presently,

was born. He was born on June 13th. Soon afterwards I visited Hiroshima from the end of July to the first week of August. It was then that Doctor Shigeto spoke to me. I was still about 28 years old when he told me this.

There had been a young doctor who was helping Doctor Shigeto with his work. He was an eye doctor. He came right after the atomic bomb when they were very busy. The young doctor said, "Look how many people are wounded. Look how many people die one after another. And we don't even know what kind of bomb this actually was. Above all, we have no idea how big a problem this radiation disorder is. Even so we must treat these people. I don't think I can do it. So many deaths, so many wounded, and even now there are people all over Hiroshima walking the streets, headed for this hospital. It's crazy to think that we, powerless humans we are, can cure them."

Doctor Shigeto told the young doctor he must be tired and suggested going to the outskirts of town for a change of scenery. However, he could not really give the young man a proper answer. Then, after finishing some work, he came back and found that the young doctor had committed suicide.

Doctor Shigeto said that if that young doctor, who had been about the same age I was when hearing this story, was standing before him now, he knew what he would say to him. He said, "There are so many people wounded and suffering. There is nothing else we doctors can do but to heal them. There is nothing else we can do but try our best to heal them. Now I think I would have said this to the young doctor. I wish I had said it at the time..."

I thought about his words and knew that I, too, was suffering. My child had been born with an abnormality and needed an operation. However, if it was a success and he lived, we knew he would remain handicapped. A young doctor had even told me that on top of the physical handicap, my child would surely be mentally handicapped as well. How would the doctor take responsibility and what kind of operation would he perform on my child? How would life be with a handicapped child? How would my wife and I commit our lives to his treatment and care? I knew that I must think through these questions carefully before making a decision about the operation. Still, I was not able to think calmly because I was suffering so deeply. I think Doctor Shigeto sensed this in observing me and may have spoken to me in place of that young doctor. There are many people who are wounded and suffering. And as for our son, there is nothing else we can do but try our best to save him. Now I sense that this is what the doctor meant.

At that time, I felt extremely embarrassed, and I had to admit that I was running away from my child's problem by coming to Hiroshima. So I re-

turned to Tokyo and went through the formalities necessary for my child's operation. Thirty-two years have passed since then and I think it was right that I took to heart Doctor Shigeto's words. More than right, it is as if I received something important. Even to a person like me who is not religious, moreover it being difficult to say so in such a place as this, it seems as if I received a gift from somewhere above. I think that has also played a large part in my literature up to now. It seems to me that my longing to think more deeply about such things and my decision to forego writing novels and study for a time are somehow connected.

I think of the wounded who have recovered from such an immense hardship as this, and the doctors who helped them, but of course the reality is that many people died as well. In Nagasaki and Hiroshima there were many who died immediately the day the bombs were dropped. Then, there were many who suffered and died long after. I had wondered how to link the greatness and importance of those who lost their lives with that of those who had been wounded by the atomic bomb but have recovered.

However, recently I think I received a clear answer about that. I found this answer in a letter from none other than the President of Nagasaki Junshin Catholic University. I am sure you all know about this, so I will put it simply. Many students were studying at Nagasaki Junshin Girls' High School at the time of the war. Among them, 213 students died. Teachers and Sisters who were farming in the area now known as Megumi-no-oka realized that the school was burning and the students must be dead when charred bible pages and student attendance lists were carried to them on the wind. After learning that more than 210 had died, Principal Yasu Esumi thought of closing the school. However, some parents came to speak with her. At the time Principal Esumi herself was wounded and bedridden in a temporary shack on Megumi-no-oka, then called Mitsuyama. "Of course, the children's deaths are a great sadness," they are said to have told her, "but thanks to your school our daughters could achieve a pure death. They died in prayer. That is a result of the Junshin education. Please keep the school open and continue educating students," they reportedly requested of her.

In accordance with their request, Principal Esumi did not close the school. Hence it has expanded and come to include this large university as well. It has educated many students and sent them out into the world. Before I implied that the very effort itself of people who are wounded but recovering has the power to awaken and nurture in us respect and trust in humanity. In this case, many wounded people, including Principal Esumi, made great efforts to recover. In turn, Principal Esumi received the support of the parents

who wished for her to carry on the dreams of these young women who had died.

Now, 50 years later, we should recognize that the aspirations of those who died were part of the foundation of this society's great recovery, reconstruction, and the production of new things. After long consideration I think that, if we do so, a strong connection will clearly appear between those who died and those who were wounded but recovered. It is necessary to communicate to the world the truth that 8,500 Catholic believers died in Nagasaki. At the same time, this Urakami Cathedral was burned. We need to tell the world how grandly and beautifully it has been rebuilt. Rather I think we have the duty to tell the world, and the right to tell the world. That is to say, I believe that we have the power to exceed the limitations of the Smithsonian Museum's exhibition and communicate the real meaning of this tragedy to the Americans, Europeans and others, to reach their true hearts.

I was informed of something regarding the reconstruction of this Urakami Cathedral. The original construction took 30 years. Eighteen years later, it was lost to the atomic bomb. Then, after another 34 years rebuilding, this wonderful Urakami Cathedral was completed anew. Now, I like mathematics, or at least simple calculation, and when I am feeling down I look for someone who will give me a book, and when I cannot get a book, I often solve mathematical problems. When I go on a trip I often take along a book of easy mathematical problems. Even with such simple mathematics, sometimes there are phenomena like the following. Modernization began with the Meiji Restoration in 1867, and the distortion brought about by this rapid growth caused a great war. Thus, the experiences of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could not be avoided. Furthermore, we then had 50 years of economic reconstruction. Considering it is presently 1995, it has been 128 years since the Meiji Restoration. This Urakami Cathedral was originally built over 30 years and was rebuilt over 34 years, adding up to 64 years, or exactly half the length of time of Japan's modernization.

We perceive the time between the Meiji Era and the present as a very long span of time in Japanese history, and the efforts to build Urakami Cathedral, as well as to rebuild it, add up to exactly half of that time. I think that is a considerable fact and simply reporting this to the Europeans and the Americans would deepen their respect for the Christians of Nagasaki.

I have been giving speeches and talking on television for three weeks in the United States and the United Kingdom, and I would like to simply state a detail from that experience and then move on. In reaction to a speech by President Clinton, I was asked by American audiences and television hosts to

give my thoughts as a Japanese person. President Clinton said that he, or rather the American people, do not have the intention to beg the Japanese for forgiveness about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I was asked what I thought of that and I replied in the following way.

I said that I do not think that, were President Clinton to beg the forgiveness of the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it would be a great encouragement or consolation to the victims or their families. Instead, if Mr. Clinton were to apologize for dropping the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it should be to the children now living in the United States and the children around the world. He could say something like, "We American adults, in keeping with our initial course of aggressive nuclear weapon use, own them on a very large scale and by doing so, we are casting a dark shadow on the present and future of mankind." I said that as the American President he should apologize to the children of today and the children of tomorrow for the real and extreme suffering they may face and the fear they will live in.

One more thing Mr. Clinton said was that he thinks President Truman's decision to drop nuclear bombs was correct. I was asked my opinion and responded in this way.

I said I think it was a mistake. It is meaningless to say that an event that has become history and so belongs to the past is mistaken, as if to say that at that time another course of action would have been better. However, I think that, if we look to the future, there is a positive meaning to the statement. Even at the late stage of the war in August 1945, the scientists who participated in the development of those nuclear bombs or who had any general influence were writing letters to the president asking him to desist from using the bombs. Einstein was one of them. They thought that it was all right for the weapon they had developed, with such an exceedingly large power, to be maintained by the United States in order to keep the world at peace. However, they sensed that the use of it would give birth to great tragedy. The scientists had already mentioned the fact that, in reality, it should not be used. Without lending an ear to the words of Einstein and the others or to the recommendations of the scientists, Truman made the decision to drop the bombs. Then, these great tragedies resulted. Subsequently, for these 50 years, mankind has lived in suffering amidst the threat of large nuclear weapons. At the beginning of the 21st century, there will be a reduction of strategic nuclear weapons and so on, but even then 10,000 or 15,000 bombs will remain and the fear will continue. As the historical events that brought about the fear in the present and the threat for the future, I think President Truman's decision was a mis-

take. That is how I answered.

Well, it is just my opinion, but even from reading her story in the letter I received from the current Junshin President, I sense dignity and magnificent humanity in Nagasaki Junshin Girls' High School Principal Esumi. I also feel that people like her have justice. Not a collective justice, but a personal embodiment of justice. Therefore, I have a feeling of admiration for them.

I would like to recall other women with such justice. One example could be found, quite recently, in a letter to the editor that was printed in the newspaper, *The Asahi Shimbun*. The contributor was Mrs. Horiuchi, a 75-year-old woman living in Fukui City. It was a comment on the anti-war resolution, which is a current issue in the National Diet.

She raises a question to the Organization of Bereaved Families of the War Dead, the opposition factions and those members of the Diet who oppose the anti-war resolution and say things like that the war was in self-defense and beyond our control or that if we recognize our aggressions, our fallen soldiers will have died for nothing. When Mrs. Horiuchi had been married only 10 months and was with child, her husband went to war. Then, in Burma, now Myanmar, he was killed in action. Over the last 50 years, she raised her child alone. She wrote as follows:

For our husbands who were killed in action, according to militarism, to die for the emperor and to die for our country was a great cause. Without knowing that they were the aggressor, they were thrown out onto the battlefields. For our husbands who were killed in action, the anti-war resolution is surely our greatest plea. The aggressions were decided by the power of the state, but our husbands were the ones who were sacrificed. These 50 years since the war, somehow we have passed in peace, and that is because in each of our hearts lies an oath against war. Especially now, the National Diet should take a unanimous oath against war. Then, that will be compensation for the deaths of our husbands.

The wording she used is important. The Japanese word she used is *taigi* which is "a cause" in English, and implies a true sense of justice, or the justice of the whole country. Their husbands were killed for such a "cause." Without knowing what kind of war it was, that it was ultimately an aggressive war, they killed people and were killed themselves. For the wives it was not the cause, but rather an oath against war that they have carried in each of their hearts these last 50 years is what this 75-year-old woman is saying. I want to call this inner oath against war a kind of justice. It is an individual justice, but

it is a kind of justice that can also unite them with the all the wisdom of humanity. We must cherish such inner justice. I believe that we must continue to remember such people who carry it within them always.

We can read the same thing into some literature. Nagasaki-born author Kyoko Hayashi belongs to about the same generation as I do and is someone I greatly respect. She wrote a really superb short story called “The Empty Can.” I included it when I compiled a book of pieces about the atomic bomb which I titled *Nantomo Shirenai Mirai Ni [To the Unknown Future]*, published by Shueisha Bunko. It was also translated into English and published by the American company that publishes my works, Grove Press, under the title *The Crazy Iris and Other Stories of the Atomic Aftermath*.

In this short story “The Empty Can,” Ms. Hayashi writes about a woman who, like Ms. Hayashi herself, had experienced the atomic bomb when she was a student at a girls’ school. The woman was still living despite having glass inside her body. The great pressure of the atomic blast embedded glass fragments in her. She had never had anything done about them so, just recently, upon hearing there was an empty bed at the Atomic Bomb Hospital, she checked in and had them surgically removed. Some old classmates had gotten together and were trying to remember what she had been like as a student. Then one said this of her.

‘Remember? She was always carrying the bones of her mother and father in an empty can,’ said Ōki. ‘Oh!’ I said. *That was Kinuko!* She was in the same class as me. I remember she was the girl who always came to school with her parents’ bones in her schoolbag. The girl kept the bones in a red, half-melted can with no lid. She covered the mouth of the can with newspaper and tied a red string around it so the bones wouldn’t fall out. When she got to school in the morning she would take her textbooks out of her bag to put in her desk. Then, with both hands, she would carefully take out the can and place it on the right-hand edge of her desk. When classes were finished, she would use both hands to carefully place it back in the bottom of her schoolbag and go home. At first, none of us knew what was in the can. The girl didn’t speak of it herself. None of us spoke very frankly about anything after the bomb, so while curious, no one asked her about it. The look of the girl’s fingers as she lovingly handled the can made us hesitate all the more.

However, one day our calligraphy teacher scolded, ‘What

is that can? Put it in your desk.' The girl hung her head and cradled the can on the knee of her workpants. Then she began to cry. The teacher asked her why she was crying.

'It's my mother and father's bones,' she answered. The calligraphy teacher took the can from the girl's hands and placed it in the middle of the teacher's platform. 'Let's offer a moment of silence to pray that her parents will find happiness in the next world,' the teacher said, closing his eyes. After a long silence, he returned the can to the girl's desk and said, 'From tomorrow, please leave it at home. Your parents will wait for you to get home from school every day. It's better that way.'

That girl was Kinuko.

That girl could not bury the bones of the mother and father she lost to the atomic bomb. She could not find a proper place. As she was just a girl, she did not have the strength. I think she carefully considered how to mourn for her parents and, ultimately, put their bones in a can and carried them with her to school. That may even have been the proper way to go about it. If you read Greek tragedies, there is a story about a daughter who suffers as she does not know how to properly mourn for her dead family. Similarly, in spite of the fact that she does not know how to let go of her family, I discern a real justice expressed through the behavior of this young girl. It seems that the small justice in the heart of this young girl is in reality stronger, deeper and better developed than the cause of the country who dropped the atom bomb, or the cause of the other countries who approved of it. I believe that this kind of personal justice, this way of people having their own individual inner causes, will have an important meaning in the progress of Japanese society from here on.

The poison gas attack perpetrated by the religious cult Aum Shinrikyo in Tokyo's subways earlier this year has drawn a lot of attention. One high-ranking government official said in response to it that young people these days are losing their sense of purpose. I think that might be true. Even worse, adults are losing theirs as well. However, the official meant that, at times like this, national goals must be set and young people must take those goals to be their own. The official was regretting the government's error in not having done so.

To me, this way of thinking is mistaken. A major national goal can also be called a "cause." What kind of mistakes have such "causes" forced the people of the world to make these past 50 years? And before that, how thor-

oughly were such “causes” enforced in the minds of the Japanese and Americans? We must reflect on how, in the nearly 100 years we have seen of the 20th century, such major national goals have endangered personal humanity and, furthermore, how they have endangered this earth mankind calls home. I think the government official I mentioned earlier also needs to reflect on this. What must be pointed out to the young people of today is not national goals and causes, but the need to try to unite the justice in our hearts.

I am sure you know of the British critic and novelist George Orwell. In a book about him, one scholar writes that Orwell was a person who had great hope for the future of mankind. He believed that for future society to be easy to live in, man must have a sense of integrity and decency. “Decency” is a word I myself used to describe the Japanese *ningenrashisa* when speaking in Stockholm to make myself more easily understood to foreigners, but it is also a word that Orwell used quite often to encompass meanings such as graciousness, humanity, and generosity of spirit. Orwell thought that if future society has such decency, as well as a carefully preserved sense of justice, it will be easy to live in, regardless of its structure, but if it does not, it will be impossible for people to live in happiness.

Neither this kind of decency nor the idea of justice are “causes” or national goals. As I said, each person is an individual and we can think of them as having a sense of decency and justice. This is the definition of justice that I believe in.

Listening to the story of Sr. Esumi, the principal of Nagasaki Junshin Girls’ High School at the time of the atomic bombing, I sense that she must have been a woman of decency and justice.

Likewise, the Fukui woman I mentioned earlier who has continued to think of and write about the husband she lost and the war she lost him to, she also has decency and personal justice. The girl in Kyoko Hayashi’s short story, who was so overwhelmed she could not tell anyone, not even her friends, the meaning of the empty can she carried with her, she also had justice in the emotions which were protected by her solitude. Knowing she must give her mother and father an honorable burial, she chose to put their bones, the thing most important to her in the world, in an empty can and carry it to school. I sense real justice in this.

In the world of Christianity, when one speaks of such justice, I believe it is known as righteousness. Removing the first Chinese character from *seigi*, the word for justice, you are left with *gi*, the word for righteousness. I dream of a society where the righteousness of those who believe and the justice of those of us who do not can meet eye to eye and cooperate. I dream of this for

Japanese society and for the world.

I would like to end with a poem by the Welsh priest and poet I mentioned earlier, R. S. Thomas. He is a true man of faith. However, upon reading the entire collection of his poetry, quite different from his younger work, I could sense a gradual change in the way he thought about faith as he passed 60 and neared 80 years of age. More than just a change, he seems specifically to describe how he really thinks of God.

Thomas writes that he is always praying, and he believes that there is a God, but that God has never quite appeared before him conclusively. However, he still believes that there really is a God and, if he prays, someday God will conclusively appear before him, and when He does, His side will be warm to the touch. That is the experience he continues to hope for, as we see in the poetry of his later years. This story of touching God's side you may perhaps recall from the Gospel of John, when the disciple of the same name as this poet, Thomas, tests the risen Jesus. To me, that way of feeling is a very intimate one and I think it would be nice if I myself could see faith in the same way, but instead I would like to translate and read this poem. The name of the poem is "Threshold," as in a threshold between one room and another, a threshold that one crosses when passing over into another world, or as meaning the brink of an enormous hole dug so deep it is like an abyss, too dreadful to peer into. This poem is about standing on a threshold like that.

I emerge from the mind's
cave into the worse darkness
outside, where things pass and
the Lord is in none of them.

I have heard the still, small voice
and it was that of the bacteria
demolishing my cosmos. I
have lingered too long on

this threshold, but where can I go?
To look back is to lose the soul
I was leading upward towards
the light. To look forward? Ah,

what balance is needed at
the edges of such an abyss.
I am alone on the surface

of a turning planet. What

to do but, like Michelangelo's
Adam, put my hand
out into unknown space,
hoping for the reciprocating touch?

This last phrase of the poem I rendered in Japanese as *henrei no sesshoku*, literally “reciprocating touch.” Cultural anthropologists often use the noun form, reciprocity. For example, in the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea, if one gives a gift, they always receive a gift in return, which is said to be the first ancient form of human relations. This way of exchanging offerings from a position of mutual equality is a kind of “reciprocating.” In the line, “What to do but, like Michelangelo’s Adam, put my hand out into unknown space, hoping for the reciprocating touch?,” Thomas is saying there is a threshold before him, a large abyss from which he cannot turn back. So what should he do? Like Michelangelo’s Adam, he can only extend his hand out into the unknown space around him. In other words, the only thing he can do is to pray. He is saying, “I don’t know what is out there, but I can only pray. And while praying, as I extend my hand this way, I am hoping that someone, I know not who, will touch my hand in return. I can only hope for that.” That is what Thomas is trying to express in this poem.

Neither do we know what is out there, but there is nothing else we can do but to pray, even if we are not confident that our prayers will bring about any change. However, if we reach out our hands like Michelangelo’s Adam, someday something might touch our fingertips. Thus, Thomas openly shows us the present condition of his spirit. I read in his autobiographical essay that he has retired from the ministry and is living in solitude, devoting all of his energies to the anti-nuclear movement.

Personally, I like such people who are searching for answers. They believe they can, and must, transcend. Therefore, as though reaching out towards something, they pray. I like people who feel a need to pray. I think that I am, in part, such a person. Of course, I respect people who are believers, but even those of us who are not religious reach out our hands like Adam and our poor hearts hope that another hand will touch ours. I think there are many people hoping. Rather, I think there must be an extremely high number of people hoping. Even if they do not have faith, somehow they cannot stop themselves from reaching out their hands. Of course those hands are not visible, but I believe that if those of us who have those hands were to cooperate

and proceed in the same direction as those who truly have faith, that would be the best model we could provide for young people of how to live as this century ends and the next begins. That is possible in Japan, in Korea, in Europe and the United States. I believe that, as a society in which both the faithful and those who are not believers live together, that is the best way for the people to cooperate.

There are so many people gathered here at this Urakami Cathedral to listen to me speak and to the music Hikaru has written. Many Christian university students and church members have worked to prepare for this event. That in itself is an example of the faithful reaching out their hands to those of us who are not believers. I think that if we could extend our hands in reciprocity, and if that were to continue as the basis of our way of life as we move forward into the future, it would be such a wonderful thing.

Being invited to speak here today and have Hikaru's music performed, I feel a hand reaching out to me and I know I can do something to reciprocate. I have a hunch that that will be one of the forces that influences my literary endeavors from this point on.

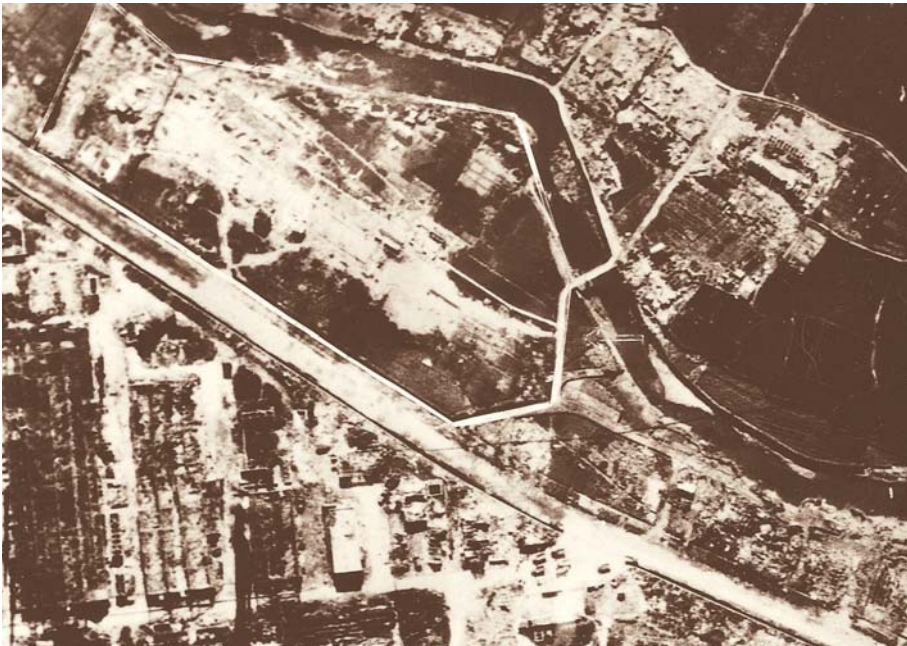
Thank you very much.

Original Lecture was translated into English, and later included in - *Nihon no 'Watashi' kara no Tegami* - in Iwanami Shinsho 424, 1996

Remembrance of Atomic Bombing School Buildings and Ground



Two days before the Atomic Bombing



Three days after the Atomic Bombing



Junshin High School Buildings (in 1949): Before the Atomic Bombing, the school ground became a vegetable garden during the war.



Four years after the Atomic Bombing.
The white entrance porch was the only area not devastated.

Mobilized students in
working clothes

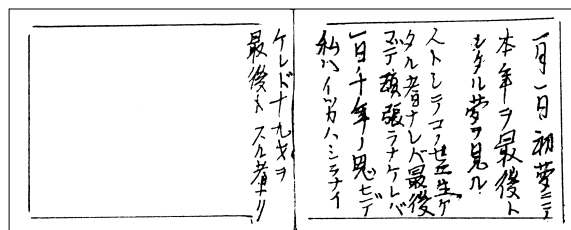


Yasuko Yamanaka, Mariko Kataoka, Yukie Tsutsumi



Shizuko Mori

Diary left in the pocket of the working clothes
In the diary, various types of alphabet were written.



January 1st, I saw my first dream of the year.

I saw a dream that this year may be my last year.

Since I was born as a human, I would live my life
to the fullest to the last.

I don't know when it will come.

What I know is that my 19th year would be my
last.



Arm band worn by the mobilized students
 Junshin Student Mobilization (February, 1944)
 Junshin Student Mobilization (May, 1944)



After the atomic bombing, the whole school moved to Omura City, and resumed classes in an old vacant Navy base camp. The surviving sisters, teachers, and students posed for a photograph in front of the building. Since they lost all their belongings, they sewed new clothes from blanket cloth. They also made hoods for the students who lost their hair due to radiation sickness

Toward the End of the War

After four years of study in Europe, I came back to my homeland in June, 1934 full of patriotism. I could not imagine that there were any Japanese who did not love their country. But at midnight, a few days after my return from abroad, I was awakened by a shrill voice: "You traitor!" I wondered what this reproach meant, only to be reminded that there was a practice blackout in progress, and that some light could be seen coming from our chapel. Japan's preparation for war began eleven years before that fateful day when the Bomb was dropped.

Hardly had the new Junshin school been built at Ieno-machi when in July, 1937, the Sino-Japanese war broke out. The authorities of the Special Police Division came repeatedly and asked such questions as these: "Where does your money come from? Don't you have any connections with foreigners now?"

I told the police that our congregation was only for Japanese and that no money had ever been given to us by foreigners, but they would not believe what I said. The police even suggested that we should not have a chapel, but that rather a charm from the Ise Shrine should be dedicated and worshipped every morning in the teacher's room. They also asked me whom I thought was greater-Christ, or the sun goddess Amaterasu O-mikami.

I didn't like being looked upon as a traitor, as one who opposed the national policy. I could bear the shame for myself, but I couldn't see my students humiliated. All the students and teachers worked earnestly to increase food production by cultivating the school grounds and regularly took part in air raid maneuvers. One by one our male teachers left for the front.

Meanwhile Monsignor Ideguchi who was in charge of the Kagoshima diocese came to our school with a request: "Could you come to Kagoshima and take charge of the Seimei Girls' High School? I ask this of you because the Junshin Sisters are a Japanese order devoted to education." Before this the Seimei High School in Kagoshima had been established and managed by the Holy Name Sisters from Canada, but they had been under constant surveillance by the police, and had finally been forced to withdraw. The police had even harrassed the students. I wanted to refuse, but I felt compelled to accept.

In those days anti-British and anti-American sentiment prevailed throughout

Japan. Once when I was in a streetcar reading from a Latin prayer book, I was abused loudly by a man opposite me, "Look, she's reading English. . . the traitor!" Often while we were praying in the chapel, passersby could be heard shouting, "Japanese are you? Why do you dress like foreigners?" This aversion to our religious habit was so strong that finally we were obliged to change to mompe, the traditional women's working clothes.

As the war progressed, classes had to be discontinued at the school; our students were sent to work at various munitions factories. They would get up at 4 : 30 in the morning, go to the Urakami Cathedral for Mass, and then after a light breakfast, be ready for morning assembly at seven. There they would stand dressed in their working clothes, proudly wearing the arm-bands that marked them off as mobilized students. They would salute the imperial portrait and set off singing a song they had composed.

We the young budding cherries
With the blood of youth stirring
In our hearts,
This is our sacred duty
To give ourselves joyfully
In this time of national crisis.

Even in the coldest season there were no window panes in the factory to protect the girls from the biting winds. The floor was cold concrete lined with row upon row of machines. In those days both wool jackets and cotton clothing were not available; the girls wore only two thin layers of clothes. In the depth of winter the machines would be as cold as ice, but gloves could not be worn because of the danger of entanglement in the machines. The hands of the girls became frost-bitten.

When work was finished for the day, neither soap nor hot water were available to clean the dirt and oil from their hands. At night completely exhausted the girls would come back to the dormitory to a skimpy ration of rice. At times to satisfy their hunger they ate the stems of radishes or the leaves of sweet potatoes. Sugar had already been requisitioned for use as airplane fuel. Parched peas or popped rice sent by the mothers of the girls were quickly consumed. They lived by the poster that could be seen on every street corner: GIVE ALL UNTIL VICTORY IS OURS!

Although living on poor and scanty food, the girls also had to dig air raid

shelters and work in the school fields. Unaccustomed to such work, many of them took sick. At midnight air raid alarms would drive us to the shelters where there was very little water. Some of the students would say to me, "Mother, if I die, please baptize me." Then when the all clear was sounded, we would hardly be back in our beds when the alarm would go off again. Often the alarm went off several times in one night; yet all would be up for Mass the following morning ready to go to work at the factory. Such was the tension, such was the work. No one complained but constantly said, "If we don't work, what will become of our country!" They sent their wages to their families as soon as they received them from the factory authorities.

They are no longer with us—these wonderful young people; they are with the Good God Who has wiped away their tears and turned their suffering into joy forever. May they rest in heavenly peace.

Sr. Magdalene Esumi

Mother General of the Congregation of the
Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
The Principal of the Junshin High School

A Ball of Fire, A Sea of Flame

After a quiet meal on August 9, Mother Ezumi said, "I read in yesterday's paper that Hiroshima has been extensively damaged by some sort of new bomb. I hope this horrible weapon will not be dropped on Nagasaki." Mother then took the roll call of Sisters, ordering some of them to Koba, a nearby village. Ten Sisters stayed to look after the school; all the boarding students had just left for their work at the munitions factory along with Sister Christina.

I was cooking in the kitchen when the alarm went off, and still gathering things up when the raid began. I hurried to the shelter near the river where Sister Clara was already praying the rosary. Mother had carried the Blessed Sacrament to the nearest air raid shelter.

Before long the all clear was sounded and I returned to the kitchen. At eleven o'clock I went to take my turn of adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It was very peaceful to pray before our Lord even in an underground shelter. I had just made the sign of the cross when there was a terrible sound and a dazzling light. "Dear Lord," I prayed, "help us." Holding the Ciborium close to me I covered myself with a blanket. I was sure that a bomb had exploded near the shelter. I was reluctant to raise my head or look around. Should our shelter catch fire, all would be lost. But then as I glanced at the entrance of the shelter, a cloud of dust blinded me. I ventured out anyway wondering what had happened. The buildings had all been destroyed; there wasn't a soul in sight. Only the howling of the wind. I still couldn't open my eyes to see clearly through the dust. I stood there absent-mindedly wondering if the end of the world had not come, and I was the only one left alive. Suddenly I felt terribly lonely and headed back toward the now destroyed kitchen. Looking round I noticed that Sisters Martha and Elizabeth and Kunegunda had crawled out of the shelter. I shouted to them, but they did not answer. I shouted again, "Do you know where the Mistress of Novices is?" This time they heard me and answered, "No!" And so I shouted, "Mistress of Novices! Mistress of Novices!" This time I heard an answer. We hurried in the direction of the voice, but still could not see anyone. Once more Sister Martha called out, and this time we found Sister under the fallen roof of the kitchen. We couldn't get her out from under the roof or do anything for her, but fortunately an elderly man who was passing by came to our aid. Using a hatchet he made an opening through which we dragged Sister out. Her clothes were in rags, her hair was dishevelled, and her left arm was bleeding badly. We carried her to the shelter to treat her wounds.

Looking around for Sister Angela I saw Sisters Margarita and Secunda with burns all over their bodies heading for the shelter. I called, "Sister Angela! Sister Angela!" Her weak voice answered, "Here I am!", but still I could not locate her. I shouted once again, "Sister Angela!" Now I was joined in shouting by Sister Martha and the man who was helping us. Once more came her weak answer which seemed to come from under a heap of fallen bricks. We finally managed to drag her out from underneath the rubble and to carry her into the shade of a nearby tree. We also found Sisters Joanna and Anna under the rubble.

Reverend Mother now was the only one who had not been located. I remembered that I had seen her walking toward the school, and I went to look for her there. When I came to the kitchen there was an explosion behind me and a small fire broke out. I ran shouting, "Mother, where are you! Mother, Mother..." But there was no answer. I ran on shouting, "Mother, answer me!" Finally I heard a weak voice: "Here, Here!" I shouted to no one in particular, "I found her, I found her!" However, when I came to the place where the voice was coming from, all I could see was the sparkle of rosary beads. Mother lay motionless under a fire-proof wall, held down also by a chair; a board was wedged against her face. She was praying the rosary. Although I had no visible injuries, I could not think of a way to get her out. "Mother, wait...I'll get some help...." I ran off to find Sister Kunegunda and anybody else who might be able to help. Many passed me by, for they were still trying to save themselves. But I managed to persuade four men to help me try to move the wall from Mother. Then I noticed the auditorium catching fire. "Hurry, hurry," I cried. Using the trunk of a tree as a lever we slowly managed to move the fire-wall inch by inch to make a gap through which we dragged Mother out. Finally when she was clear of the wall I looked around to thank the four men, but they were gone.

Mother was numbed and could not walk and so I carried her to the shelter. There I asked her to wait for me while I ran to the kindergarten for a mattress. On the way I was told that Sisters Anastasia and Valeria had been rescued; they had been saved, but the school buildings were a sea of flames. The chapel was the only building still standing. Running inside I removed the fallen crucifix and began to splash water around the chapel entrance. I was joined by the students who, panting and dripping with perspiration, had run all the way from Koba. I was overjoyed to see them.

Toward evening I went to the shelter near the river bank. I shouted but no one answered. And so I moved on to the other shelters. Discouraged on finding nobody there either, I crossed over to the other side of the river. Turning and looking back on the city which was covered by one huge dense cloud of black smoke, the only sound I heard was the crackling of flames. The once green hillsides were now charred. Here and there sat a lone pumpkin, seemingly untouched by the flames.

Slowly I walked through the deserted fields, feeling forlorn and conscious of the uncertainty of life. All around me everything had been turned to ashes and bones. I thought I could hear a weak voice praying, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph! I trust in you with all my heart and with all my soul. Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony." Looking about I found, lying among some charred vegetables, a figure that at first I did not recognize. But on drawing near I found Sister Anastasia, blinded and her lips swollen. "Sister Anastasia, do you know who I am?" She replied, "Yes, Sister Odilia!" I felt utterly helpless. Then she began to recite the act of contrition, "Forgive my sins...." I joined her in her prayer. When she finished, she asked me if she could receive the Blessed Sacrament. I told her I would go for the Eucharist. She smiled. I ran to the shelter where the Ciborium was being kept.

On the way I could hear many voices calling for help. I simply did not know what to do. When I reached the shelter, it was already full of Sisters and students. Finding Mother I told her of Sister's request. She told me to take the Blessed Sacrament to Sister immediately. Conscious of my own unworthiness, but also aware of the urgency of the situation, I hurried back bearing the Eucharist to Sister Anastasia. When I arrived Sister immediately began to recite the Confiteor as loudly as she could. "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault...." she prayed as she beat her breast. Finishing the Confiteor she lay there on the ground clasping with her inflamed and swollen hands. She tried to open her lips wide, but they were too swollen. I slipped the Host through her lips. For a while she was still and silent. I prayed for her in this her last agony.

As I sat looking out at the flames, a voice called to me, "What are you doing?" I saw a soldier approaching. I told him that Sister had been seriously injured; I didn't know what to do. He turned and called some of his companions offering to take her to the hospital.

When the soldiers had carried Sister off, I went back to the shelter. After that

I went to Mrs. Mori's home to prepare supper. I ate some boiled rice and pickled plums which had been put aside for an emergency.

All through the night people were groaning with pain. I had no time to rest and recover from the day's fatigue. Towards dawn I moved out to find a quieter place to rest. No sooner had I lain down than I fell into a sound sleep. Later on awakening, I found myself lying among many students and other people seriously wounded or dead. The recollection of that scene still makes me shudder.

After morning grace and a light breakfast I ran to look for Sister Martina and the students belonging to Junshin High School. When I reached Ohashi-machi, I saw piles and piles of dead bodies. Many of the bodies were very badly burned. Some were disembowelled, others were missing legs and arms. A dead horse laid sprawled across some of the bodies. Among the dead I could see many girls from our own high school.

Along the railroad tracks I saw many people struggling along in pain. I found it difficult to look on this sight for any length of time. The soldiers scolded those who were persistent in their requests for assistance and for water. I searched for our students among these people; I found many who were in great pain. Some seeing me called out cheerfully, "Sensei, Sensei...." At about ten o'clock in the morning—I guessed the time, for I had no watch—the long-expected train came along. The people stormed toward the train only to be held back by the warning shouts of the soldiers.

Looking around I noticed a soldier pulling a mattress away from the train. I was shocked to realize that the patient was Sister Anastasia. The soldiers hadn't managed to get her to the hospital. I apologized to her but she seemed not to know me at first. Slowly and painfully she spoke my name. She was still conscious, but barely, it seemed. I asked her if she wanted something to eat. Eagerly she responded, "Yes," but I doubted whether she would be able to swallow anything, so swollen were her lips. Anyway, I determined to return to the shelter to get some food for her. On the way I passed someone distributing boiled rice to a group of victims at Michino. They were kind enough to give me some for Sister. When I gave it to her, hard as it was for her, she ate it hungrily dropping much as she did so. On finishing the food, she thanked me and dropped off to sleep.

We knew we had a great responsibility for her. But we also had many others to look after—many of our students. All seemed to be suffering a great deal, but Sister Anastasia's condition was most serious. Suddenly a shrill scream rang out from the direction of Sister Anastasia. Looking around I saw her blindly stumbling over another patient. I ran to her and laid her back down in her own place apologizing to the other patients. I then smoothed her sheets and looked on in dismay. Four or five minutes passed, then she quietly began to pray, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony...forgive my sins!" Not long after, she left this world for heaven.

Sister Odilia Hatanaka
Kindergarten Teacher

Night at Noon

It was a beautiful morning on August 9. I was on the early morning shift. Finishing my breakfast in a hurry, I gathered with the others in front of the imperial portrait. Then singing a song, "We the Young!" which Reverend Mother loved, we marched to the factory in two lines, encouraged along the way by the Sisters. As boarding students at the school, we had come to look upon these wonderful nuns as our second mothers.

There was a gas tank in front of the gate of the factory where we worked. Each day we would note how full or empty it was. Ever sensitive to such signs of how our resources stood, we keenly felt the situation of our country, daily bombed and now producing so little from her factories.

We were tense as we entered the factory and gathered for the formal morning greeting. We then went to work in our appointed sections. In those days we each had a junior along side us, one who was just mobilized and still wore a clean uniform. Working with us girls from Junshin High were some girls from Kagoshima. I am not certain of the time, but at one time an air raid alarm drove us all to the shelters. After a short while the all clear was sounded. As we were working I asked Yaeko Yamashita, who was working with me, what time it was. She told me it was 10:45. I asked if she would like some pickled plums which I had brought with me for lunch from our dormitory. She said "Yes," so I gave her some.

I had just finished a test run on my own machine and was about to run it at full speed when there was a blinding blue flash. The sound of it was very much like a day or two before, when the foundry next door had blown up. I tried to run to the back door. I might have gone a meter or so when the air was filled with flying objects. I fell flat on my face as we had been instructed to do. Lying there, I looked up but could see nothing except a bright light, and so I prostrated myself again.

I don't know how much time passed, but I could hear somebody crying, "Mama, mama...." I opened my eyes to see a fearful sight. The whole factory had collapsed. I was half buried under a heap of twisted steel. I could see many people crawling about and screaming. When I dragged myself out, Miss Urakawa told me I was bleeding from a wound on my head. I must have struck my head hard for I felt very dizzy. Some of my fingernails were missing! My

right arm would not move, but dangled limply from my shoulder.

I remained still for a while till some people came to help me. Miss Tabata, my junior, lay trapped under a large machine, her face twisted with pain. We could not do anything for her. The factory manager, himself afflicted with a head wound, was unable to help her. From other parts of the factory many were rushing about and screaming. The sky was darkened as if it was night. "It's an air raid! Hurry...to the shelter!" shouted one of the factory hands. I pleaded with him to help Miss Tabata. He hurried us out shouting, "Get out...out! I'll take care of the rest!" So we quickly left the factory, crossed the Urakami River, and made our way into a bamboo thicket where we met others seeking refuge, among whom were many of our classmates. Those who had any energy left kept moving to safer areas; but some of us were so exhausted that we could move no further. So we stayed in this place all night, talking to each other to prevent ourselves from falling asleep.

All around us people were running here and there in panic. Many were covered with blood or enveloped in flames. We sat huddled under some blankets which a passing stranger had given us. As I watched the flames spreading, I saw our school go up in flames and cried out; no one seemed to be listening. There were only silence and tears all about.

It was hot the next day; and so to escape from the heat and from enemy planes, we trudged to the foot of a little bridge. We made the sign of the cross over the stream and cupping our hands, we drank the dirty water. Kashi Kawahara, who could not walk and had to be left behind in the fields, asked for water. Spotting a cracked pumpkin nearby, I took it and hollowed it out, and putting some water into it, took it to Kawahara-san. She drank from it several times while we prayed, each holding a part of the rosary beads which I had with me.

After a short time a few teachers from Junshin High School arrived and escorted us to Ohashi-machi. Some of us were able to walk, but many had to be carried on stretchers. There at Ohashi-machi we were put on a train only to be pushed out of the train at Isahaya. Finally Minn Ken, a graduate of Junshin, and Tokunaga Sensei, a teacher, came and took us to the hospital where we met many more of our friends and Sister Christina Tagawa who was nursing the victims.

Later on talking to Miss Kashiya she told of how Toshi Matsubara's parents

had come looking for their daughter only to be told that she was not among the survivors. She had then led them to the machine shop where Toshi had been working. There at her work place they found the charred body which they were able to identify from part of her apron which had not been burned.

After a while I was moved to Miss Matsumoto's who told me that Miss Kashiya had later died. Later Miss Matsumoto, too, passed away. And at this time I heard to my great sorrow and regret that Miss Tabata had also been burned to death. No one had been there to save her.

I shall never forget the kindness which we received from Tokunaga Sensei and Sister Christina Tagawa.

Shizuka Nakamura
Student at Junshin High School

The Sun Dropped Out of the Sky

Sixteen years have passed since that fateful, terror stricken day when the A-bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. And while it is true that this event is unforgettable, we must also admit that time has faded the memory of that terrible day. I feel obliged, as one who survived, to make this record before the memories fade forever.

I mourn no more for the dead, for they are now happy in their eternal rest. On the morning of August 11, 1945 Mutsuko Kamiyama, a third year student, who had been left lying on the roadside for some time before she came to Tokitsu aid station, said to me, "Sister Itonaga, I envy those who have not been hurt." I was very sorry for her; tears ran down my cheeks, for there I stood without a scratch or a wound. I should have been much kinder to the victims at that time. I hope they have forgiven my thoughtlessness, carelessness, and cowardice. I must beg the pardon of their parents who came to the school to ask after their daughters only for me to tell them, in a matter of fact way, "Yes, we understand; we are doing our best." It must have seemed to them that I didn't understand how they felt, that I did not share their concern.

From the beginning of June, 1945, our third year students had been mobilized. Some of them went to work at the iron-works at Tokitsu and Michino. Sister Uchino and I took charge of them by turns. On August 9, 1945, it was my turn to take care of the girls. It was a lovely summer morning and we all enjoyed the walk along the country lanes that morning. Quite a number of other mobilized students, including primary school children, were working there at the iron-works. There was little work to be done that day, though the atmosphere was tense, so we passed the time in building air raid shelters.

A little past ten o'clock I left the factory at Michino for Tokitsu. There, as I was standing in the office, my back suddenly felt very warm. Turning around I saw half-way up the mountain side a big ball of fire floating down as if the sun was falling out of the sky. I grabbed my belongings and ran for the students' quarters. The moment I entered and slammed the door shut everything began to rattle and shake. Some people were hurt by flying pieces of glass, but all our students were safe except for Miss Michida who was now bleeding from a wound in her forehead. I had been protected because I had been so near the door.

We moved into the shelters where we remained hidden for some time. But the rumor was going around that the Urakami section of Nagasaki had been bombed. Concern for the students at the Michino works drove me to leave the shelter, and so first escorting Michida-san to her home, I headed towards Urakami.

There at Michino I was relieved to find the students gathered at the factory manager's house where they had taken refuge, after crawling out from under the crushed roof of the factory. Masue Kimoto and some others whose houses were in the city were very worried and anxious to return home. We persuaded them to stay that night with the factory manager while I made my way back to the school with Setsu Arima who insisted on going back home to Sumiyoshi which was on the way.

On the way we met Mitsue Yamasaki who with a friend was heading home. Ignorant of the power of the new bomb I wondered why those I met were so badly burned. Group after group was trudging out toward the suburbs of the city. A little further on many people were lying piled on the bank of the railroad tracks. My sense of fear and anxiety for the school was such that I can not remember how I kept walking. After parting from Miss Arima I walked with a man who was going in the direction of Tateyama. He was walking rapidly but I kept pace with him for fear I might get lost. The road itself, strewn with damage and carnage, was difficult to move along: in the evening light the flicker of the flames of numerous fires only increased my fear. At Futago-bashi we parted and I ran on to Junshin High School which was close by.

Climbing over the fence at the back of the convent I saw a black nun-like figure standing on the bank of the river. Thinking it was Sister Mitsuno Nakashima I ran toward her, my spirits raised. It was a solitary fir tree. Suddenly I felt terribly alone. I made my way through the ruins of the kitchen to the shelter in the school grounds where I saw Sister Fujiko Fukahori coming towards me carrying a bottle of pickled plums. On seeing her I was lost for words: I was much assured and encouraged when she related briefly all that she knew.

By the time Sisters Urata, Hatanaka, and others came back from Koba, Sisters Yamaura and Kimura who had gone to the factories at Ohashi and Nishi-urakami to search for other students, had returned. They had found many people lying in ditches and on the banks of the river suffering from a variety of

injuries. Almost all the students, to say nothing of the principal, had been injured: some died. Every moment, every hour, every day, they had prayed and worked, dedicating themselves to our country, and here I was now without the slightest scratch. I vowed anew to do what I could, working harder for those who were still alive.

Going on to the next shelter I was filled with a sense both of relief and grief on meeting the principal. I also took care of Sister Osako who had been found lying in a potato field suffering from many wounds. She was praying to God, "Have mercy on us sinners. . . ." Had I been in her place, what prayer would I have said. I then returned to my own shelter where I met Shinobu Nakamura, her pale face covered with blood.

August 10. After a night of great suffering, the sun arose as if nothing had happened. Wherever I looked I saw nothing but misery. A bowl of rice was our breakfast. Along with Sister Kamata and others we went off to continue our search for students. First we met Kinuko Oda coming our way; her cheeks were so deeply gashed as to make her mouth look grotesquely enlarged. Seeing us she could just about say, "Sensei!" Later we saw another student walking along the bank of the river: it was Miss Yamada. At first she did not respond to our calls; she was too seriously wounded. Presently noticing us, she said, "My friends are in the shelter at the factory; they have all been injured. They asked me again and again to go for help, and this is as far as I managed to get." To have walked as far as she did must have caused her great pain, and now she walked back with us to the shelter where we met the other students. We wanted to stop and help them all, but all we could do was transfer them to the first aid station, and go on with our search for others. We found some in the fields near Mr. Kataoka's house. We again entrusted these victims to the first aid station. Some of the injured were able to walk, but many more had to be carried on stretchers. Finally behind the school we met Taeko Yamashita who was very badly wounded. Her only concern was for the school and the principal. She did not seem to be conscious of her own injuries, for she never complained about them to us.

At one point an air raid alarm forced us to hurry to a shelter. There a kind gentleman offered us some rice balls which we gratefully accepted. We then continued our search going as far as Nagasaki University where we found Miss Takeuchi, a fourth year student, lying in a ditch. It had been so hot on the main road that she had rolled into the ditch for shade. We helped her

back up on the road. "Kazue has my rosary, but . ." She could say no more. Her cousin, Kazue, had been staying with her at Ippongi; perhaps they had been using the same rosary. Later, in the aid station of the factory she asked me calmly, "Sister, will you pray for me?" She had always been ready for death, although she never talked with anyone about the subject. She had prepared for her death by herself. Blessed Mother Mary for whom she had a great devotion must have taught her what she should do. Every time I pray for the dead I remember how many times I have been asked to do so.

By the Iwaya bridge I heard someone calling. I went nearer and met a man who pointed to three bodies and explained, "I think these three girls are your students. Last night they asked me to go to the school and inform the teachers about them. I was so busy looking after my own who were injured that I couldn't get away. Before I could do anything for them they died." The girls were laid in a line all neatly dressed in summer kimonos. Their faces were too swollen to be recognized but from the names written on their white shoes, we found that one was Yoshino Masuda, and the other two were Shiozuka and Yokogawa. These three had been bombed while on their way to work in the school for the blind. Since their dresses had been so badly burned, the man had kindly laid them out in clean summer kimonos. If we had known we would have come for them sooner; they were second year students who had been mobilized only a few days before. Though their death for their country was inevitable, I cannot remember them without shedding tears when I think how they must have suffered through that night before they died.

As we headed toward the shelter at the Nishi-machi factory we passed numerous scenes of death and destruction. We wanted to stay a while but had to go on searching for our students. At the sound of the alarm we would take cover in ditches and then at the all clear continue on with our search. In the ditches we often found bloated corpses floating at our sides. By the stream in Nishi-machi we found Sumiko Kobayashi crouched in pain. In the shelter of the factory Tomura-san and others were found. Sister Nagatani carried Tomura-san on her back to a first aid station. I was too exhausted to carry anyone anywhere.

We moved on to Shoen Temple near the railroad station where many victims were waiting for the train to come. No train came on the afternoon of August 10. It was now becoming dark. Sister Nagatani and Sister Hatanaka went to Sister Osako who was lying a little way off. I remained with Sister Kikuchi

who was also with us searching for students. There at the temple were many more students from Junshin. We took care of them as best we could, taking some to the first aid station or giving them some food to eat. The food was poor, only hard bread and stale rice balls which the seriously ill had difficulty in eating. Then somebody told me that there was rice gruel in the shelter of the school; so I ran there, but there was no one around. Loneliness pressed in upon me with the darkness. I wondered where everyone had all gone. Overwhelmed with sorrow I ran to the back gate where I met the family of Kinuko Tanaka who told me in sorrow-filled voices, "We cannot find Kinuko."

The night of the tenth I spent in a field near Shoen Temple along with Sister Kikuchi and with a man and a boy who had taken shelter there. All around the area had been turned to ashes. In the dead darkness I felt the damp night dew. With a torch I borrowed from the man, I went around the field looking after the victims, moistening their lips with gauze, putting oil, of which there was little in the first aid kit, over their wounds, and dressing them as best I could. All were very thankful though really I did so little. Sometimes they asked me to turn them over or sometimes they asked me to lend them my rosary. To those who asked for water I had to tell them that there was no water to be found. One of them, Sachiko Tomura, began praying to our Lady of Lourdes for water.

Time passed. I satisfied my hunger with some canned food which I had brought from the first aid station at the Mitsubishi munitions factory. Towards morning Sisters Seraphia and Yamaura came from Koba with fresh rice balls. Those victims who had not been treated up until then were taken to the first aid station in the first floor office of the present Nagasaki University. Here were gathered the bodies of many who had died. It was dark and dreary all around.

As the morning progressed the victims in the fields and in the aid station of the munitions factory were taken to a larger first aid station in the primary school in Tokitsu. We moved them on stretchers and in trucks provided by Mitsubishi Shipping Company. Among those who helped us transfer the victims were students of the Nagasaki Junior High School who had been working with our girls. They took very good care of the wounded; we were most grateful to them. The trucks, of course, could not handle all the patients at once, and so some had to be left out in the hot August sun, which only increased their pain and discomfort. While we were waiting Father Matsushita passed by and spoke to many of them. Sueko Kataoka went with others to the aid station in the Tokitsu Primary School and nursed the victims there. While she was there she

baptized Toshie Kimoto.

Shigeko Yamada who had come along to help at Tokitsu was given some oranges for herself by the head teacher there, but she shared them with others, leaving a few pieces for herself. Many of the victims there, though they were in great pain, were quick to offer thanks to those who looked after them. By noon we had sent all the injured to hospitals, and this left us with the painful task of cremating and preserving the ashes of those who had died.

We then went back out to continue our search. Fujie Nakamatsu, a senior student, was found dead at the entrance of the factory where she had been working. Next to her was Masako Yamaguchi whom we readily identified from her clothes. The charred bodies of Matsuguchi and Uchno, their heads facing downwards, were also found on the grounds of the factory. When we turned the dead bodies on their backs, the name tabs on the front of their clothes served to identify them. Perhaps they had lost their way in the smoke and so were burned alive. They were just as Dr. Nagai said, virgins given to God as burnt offerings for the peace of the world. The charred body of Toshi Matsubara was found in the machine section of the factory. We identified her from a bit of an unburned apron found underneath her body. In a side building we found Shigeko Kamata whom we identified from the savings book in her pocket. Finally by the railroad tracks outside the gates of the factory we found Ikuko Nakamura. We cremated the bodies in the grounds of the factory. The people from Mitsubishi Shipping assisted us in the grim task.

And so we went on with our search, on and on, as long as we could move. The identification of the bodies of our Junshin girls became increasingly difficult, for they were all dressed in the same factory uniforms and many of their faces were bloated beyond recognition. It seems that many of them had fled as far as the river at the foot of the mountain, and had died there sometime during the night of the tenth. Most of them lay face down; some were covered with straw mats placed over them by some kind person. We inspected all these bodies one by one. We would roll them over to look for some sign by which we could identify them, sometimes cutting their clothes open to look for some distinguishing marks.

On August 12 we cremated them and gathered together the ashes and bones. Although I had heard of the ceremony of picking up the bones of the cremated dead, as a Catholic I had never seen this done. A thousand emotions crowded

in on my mind as I picked up the remains of many of our Sisters and students. Sisters Sakata and Nakatani worked with me at this task. I put the ashes of the students in simple, plain wooden boxes furnished by Mitsubishi and carried them carefully to the school shelters. There I laid them out in a small alcove and slept with them that night. Those students who had slept together but a few days before in their appointed classrooms and shelters now rested together in death.

All this while the principal was resting and gaining her strength while staying with the Tagami family at Mitsuyama. We would go there in turns every day to report on the progress of our search for our students. She on her part would offer words of encouragement and give suggestions on how we might proceed.

Sister Uchno, who had been at Isahaya helping out there, now returned to the school. Sister Nakata came down to look for a student named Shime Mori, while Sister Sueko Kataoka helped Father Yamakawa distribute Holy Communion in the Urakami district. Sisters Yamada and Kawabata went by turns to the aid station in Tokitsu. Anytime they heard of students who had been taken to a certain place, the Sisters would go to inquire after them. They went as far as Omura, Kawatana, Haenosaki and Hiu. The Sisters would then report back giving full details of students' names, the condition of their health, and whether the families had been informed.

Concerned about the Sisters' health, Mother Ezumi made some of them take a rest when they came to see her at Mitsuyama so that they could regain their strength and return to the work with renewed vigor. The principal always acted as a real leader of our school, though she was compelled to stay at Mitsuyama because of her injuries.

From about August 12 many of the students' parents came to inquire after their daughters. Some came from a great distance. We felt a little relieved when we could give them definite information about their daughters—information based on on-the-spot surveys and reports from the hospitals—even though they were not always hopeful reports. Our biggest grief at this time was not to be able to tell the parents anything. Kamigawa-san's father collapsed in grief when we told him that his daughter was still missing. The old father had walked all the way from Konoura clinging to the hope that his daughter might be alive. We also had to tell the father of Taeko Riura that his daughter had not yet been found. We would continue our search for her, we assured him, but it was best

for him to stay at home until we contacted him. His hopes were dampened, but he said that he would come every day until we gave him some news.

Some of the parents filled with concern for their missing daughters were astonished at the rough conditions under which we were working. Others so overcome with anxiety were a little impatient and would shout at us Sisters; we understood that anger of this kind was born out of their worry.

Nakamura-san's elder sister cried for a long time at the entrance of the shelter, as did many of the parents as we handed over the boxes of ashes. Some would talk with others about the times they had shared when their daughters were alive. One by one the boxes were handed over as the parents came for them. Often we too would be in tears as we handed them over. As long as the boxes remained in the shelter at least one Sister would stay through the night keeping vigil.

At this time, following the suggestion of the principal, we borrowed a tent from the prefectural high school, and using straw mats to sleep on, set up our home in tents. All of us welcomed a good night's rest and awoke much refreshed.

The bodies of those who died at the Mitsubishi Works were brought into the school yard and cremated that night. The smell of death filled the air. It was by the light of the fire in which the bodies were being burned that we prayed. That same day a number of soldiers set up a guard post in one corner of the school yard.

Around the fifteenth or sixteenth, Sister Rosa came from Tokitsu and whispered, "The war is over. Japan has been defeated." We refused to believe her. "It's true," she told us, "The soldiers who guarded us have now gone away." Then Sister Ikeda, who later died of her wounds, came back from Atagoyama and told us about the solemn proclamation by the Emperor over the radio. Several other people told us the same news. At first we could not believe that the war had ended and that our country had lost the war. But then we noticed that the sirens were now mute. Little by little we realized that peace had come at last, at a bitter price to the students we had loved.

One day, when things were a little settled, the principal sent in a letter of resignation from Mitsuyama. Sister Nagatani and I were told to take it to the head of the educational affairs in the temporary city office. After listening to

our story, the head of the section said, "Could you tell your principal that Junshin High will be reconstructed. Tell her to have courage; I wish her a speedy recovery from her injuries." The resignation was not accepted.

On August 20 the father of Sister Miya Matsushita came to help us build a makeshift 'house' from the material that was still usable from the buildings that were destroyed. It was good to move into a 'house' after many miserable days in tents.

On September 3, the fathers of some of the Sisters and of some of the students came to offer their assistance. Among the men who came was the father of Sister Imamura. However, that same night he suffered a deep vein thrombosis and died. We laid him out in the school grounds along with the other dead. The heavy rain prevented us from keeping a vigil outside. The following day the other daughter and the son arrived while we were cremating his body and the bodies of the others. We were at a loss to express our condolences and sympathy.

On September 12, Hatsuno Fukahori passed away at the aid station in Shinkozen Primary School. Her father and sister carried the body to the school grounds by car. We helped them cremate her while singing the *De Profundis*.

At that time there were discussions in progress concerning moving the school from Nagasaki to Ōmura. This would necessitate some girls leaving Junshin and moving to other schools in the city. Through the kind services of Hyakutake Sensei who had previously done a lot of work with the mobilized students, places were found in Keiho High school and another municipal school.

With Urakami still in ruins, autumn came to Mitsuyama. But we did not have the time to enjoy its beauty: we were simply too busy at the school. However, one evening the principal invited us to visit her at Mitsuyama. There under a full autumn moon she greeted us from her sick bed. As we sat there eating rice dumplings, we breathed in the cool evening air. Peace was in the air. But our work was calling us back; and so before the night drew on, we headed back to the school to rest and to get ourselves ready for another day's work.

About this time Father Yamakawa went in a hurry to Mitsuyama to report that the Americans were coming. Hearing this, the principal's advice to us was that we should make ourselves look as dirty and as shabby as possible so that we

might escape harm from the soldiers. Since August 9 we had been left with only the clothes on our backs and wooden clogs on our feet. Normally when we went out we would walk through ashes and dust, covering our heads with dirty towels to protect them from the scorching sun. With no socks to cover our feet, they had become so dirty that no amount of scrubbing could have made them clean. We had no need to make a pretense of shabbiness.

One rainy day, while shuttered in the house because of the rain, three American soldiers came toward the house. We had seen them talking with one another as they moved through the ruins. Now they came straight towards our hut. One of them stood in front of our narrow open door. We were trembling with fear as we listened to them talking. Catching one single word—'Catholic,' we nodded and pointed to the crucifix on the wall. They smiled and moved away silently. We sighed with relief.

Soon after demobilization Mr. Kataoka, a teacher of our school, came back to deal with various matters of school business. Everything went smoothly and the principal was greatly encouraged by his return. It was finally arranged that the school be re-opened in October in Ōmura city. A former worker's dormitory in the naval dock yard was set aside for us; we owed this to Mr. Kataoka's special efforts, as well as the help of Mr. Tokunaga, and Sisters Nakada and Nakatani.

On October 9, two months after that terrible day, we held a memorial service in the school yard for the students and teachers who had been killed. The list of dead now numbered more than two hundred. As a dirge was sung and the funeral address read, many of those assembled there mingled their tears with the light rain that had begun to fall. Later we gathered again at the Urakami Cathedral, where once again tears flowed as Dr. Nagai read the funeral address in memory of those girls who died in the most miserable circumstances.

The reports from every hospital and every household where our students had been taken care of said that they had died honorable deaths with a spirit of self-control, patience, mortification, and love for others. Although their lives were short, I am certain that they lived more nobly than many others. I feel proud of them, but why do I shed tears every year on the anniversary of their deaths? "Blessed Mother Mary, may this our school and its children be ever under your loving care and protection."

On October 10, we moved to the new school in Ōmura. We took along some

vegetables from the garden in Mitsuyama. In spite of the task we faced in starting all over again, our spirits were high. The land in Ōmura was also devastated from repeated bombings; but here and there wild flowers bloomed, and this cheered us. Finally, we were much encouraged and strengthened by the way the local Catholics and some of the parents from the old school came out regularly to help us.

On November 11, Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Company announced by letter that they would be offering condolence money: 4,097 yen was given for each girl who was working the day the bomb was dropped, and 2,460 yen for each one who was off duty on that day. I went several times to the factory to collect the money and was always treated very cordially. Informed of the money, many of the parents then came to the school to collect it, pausing once more to recall the times when their daughters were still alive.

With the first anniversary of their deaths approaching, the principal, who was now well enough to get up and walk about, went to the Goto Islands to visit some of students' graves and to console their families. She visited some thirty families at that time, praying with them and consoling those who were still wrapped in sorrow and grief. It was in those days that the principal made up her mind to re-establish our school; she had the firm belief that the aims of Junshin Girls' High School had been right. If Junshin was reconstructed and prospered, the dead would receive honor and praise. And this is why Junshin now stands, continuing to inspire love, loyalty, and service.

Later the principal went to pay her respects at the graves of those who were buried in Kita-matsuura and Nishi-sonogi. Also on the third anniversary of the Bomb the bodies of those who were buried in the public cemetery in Tokitsu were exhumed and cremated; half their ashes were sent to their families, and half were buried in the base of the school monument dedicated to those who died on that day in August. At this time the state also began to provide condolence money. And as our inquiries continued, a full list of the names of those who died was slowly put together. Some had been mobilized only a few weeks before the atom bomb was dropped; the records for these students were still incomplete. The city and the prefectural governments also assisted us in our task, with the lists that they were drawing up; and these lists, along with the Mitsubishi lists of the girls they'd employed, were the most helpful. Finally, we were able to draw up a list of the names of the 213 who died on the day of the bombing, or died soon afterwards as a result of wounds or exposure to radiation.

For those of us who survived, unworthy and unfit as we may consider ourselves for the tasks that lie ahead, and unworthy also of the blessings we have received, much remains to be done.

Sr. Ursula Itonaga
Noviciate Mistress

A Chronology of Grief

August 11, 1945.

I heard from Tokunaga Sensei that ten students from Junshin were being taken care of at the aid station at the Nagata Primary School in Isahaya, but there were no nurses there and they were in miserable conditions. I was assigned to visit there and to nurse them. With some pears I had bought before the Bomb was dropped packed in my knapsack, I walked to Michino and from there took a train to Nagayo where I stopped off at the school to inquire after Otoko Adachi Sensei and Shizue Yamaguchi, one of our Junshin students. I stayed at the school overnight.

August 12, 1945.

I left Nagayo early that morning for Isahaya, where Tokunaga Sensei took me to the aid stations in the primary and high schools to ask after Sister Christina Tagawa and two of our students. At the aid stations I passed out some of the pears I was carrying. By the time I left for Sagata, I was carrying a much lighter knapsack.

The aid station at the Nagata Primary School was little more than an hour's walk from the Isahaya station. Every room was filled with victims. The rooms with the straw mats were the better rooms. Most of the victims were forced to lie on the bare floor. There were few doctors and nurses in the area and they had no medicines. The result was that many died who might have been saved. One room had already been set aside and filled with the bodies of the dead. I searched all the rooms finding all told some seven girls from Junshin.

I also met a girl from Keiho High who had been working alongside our girls in the factory. Her wounds, which were numerous and had been caused by flying glass, were now infested with maggots. Slowly I picked out the pieces of glass and the maggots, trying all the time not to hurt her. I never dreamt that she would survive, but I hear that she recovered.

The Junshin girls were scattered through many rooms, but at my request a large matted room was assigned to them. Then, with the help of some of the villagers I moved them in, carrying on stretchers those who could not walk. One of the students, Fujimori-san, had a large gaping wound in her neck, and had lost a lot of blood. She died that night. Before she died, I baptized her, telling her that I would later inform her father. We cremated her the following day.

August 13, 1945.

Miss Meika Kaku came to help us. She was a Formosan girl who had changed from Junshin High to Isahaya High School. She had once lived near Junshin with her uncle, a doctor. As I had mentioned before, we had no medicine and that day no doctor came. However Meika's uncle gave me some medicine to treat the student victims. He regretted that he could not come himself to help the girls, and asked us to do the best we could with the medicines he donated. And so along with Meika Kaku, we did what we could for those who were wounded or burned.

At one time Miss Kaku took me to a room where there were some clothes and kitchen utensils which her uncle had donated. I took whatever I needed—underwear, summer dresses for each student, some towels and pans. Then going to the students I stripped off their tattered uniforms, taking care not to cause them too much pain; some of the girls had their limbs in splints or supports. We washed their perspiring and blood smeared bodies and dressed them in clean clothes.

As they lay on the mats, now feeling fresh and clean, many of them cheered up. Their next urgent need was nourishing food. So far all they'd had to eat were rice balls, a gruel of some sort, and some pickled plums. With some money given me by the principal, and with the help of a friend of one of the girls, I was able to acquire the minimum necessities—some eggs and some fresh vegetables, which helped to supplement their meager diet. I also managed to get some 'miso' soup, a favorite dish of all the Japanese, but I could not get any milk which would have been really good for them.

We were joined in caring for the students by Miss Tanaka, one of our graduates who had recently finished nursing school. She was living near by and felt compelled to come and help. I was happy to have her near. I only wished I could do more for the students.

August 15, 1945.

On the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, as I was wondering where I might find some of the cakes made traditionally on that day, a villager brought a tray full of water melons. "Give these to the students," he said. Before I could ask him his name he had disappeared into the crowd. As I cut the melons and passed around pieces, one of our students joyfully said, "Look, a present from

our Blessed Mother!” Later I inquired about the man who had brought the present but no one seemed to know who he was. That same evening, the Emperor broadcast over the radio and announced that the war was over. Many were deeply moved as they went about tending the wounded. More patients died that night.

After a while the victims were moved to the hospital in Isahaya which belonged to Nagasaki University. All the villagers helped carry the patients who could not walk, either in carts or on stretchers. As they started for the hospital it was like the procession of the Israelites who moved from Egypt to the Promised Land. On arriving at the hospital, for the first time the doctors came around to visit the victims. And two of the girls, Yamamoto-san and Shukuwa-san, were given permission to leave the hospital. Yamamoto-san, who lived in the Urakami district, had no home to return to, and her father and brother were still at the front, so I asked Sister Uda to take her to the teachers’ sanatorium. I went back to Nagasaki with Shukuwa-san. Later Miss Yamamoto’s condition worsened, and she passed away not long after her father and brother had returned to Nagasaki.

Another of the girls, Miss Suzuki, had gone to her family on returning to Nagasaki. The entire family was suffering from the effects of the Bomb. To assist her own recovery, so that she might then be able to help her own family, she was re-admitted to the hospital. Here her condition began to deteriorate; she still talked, however, of going back home to help her family. Shortly afterwards she died. While I was helping at the hospital, my father came with the ashes of my sister, Teiko. She had been found very badly burned and had died while I was away searching for the Junshin students. I knew how he felt but I could not find any words of consolation.

Sr. Sabina Uchino

Lecturer at Kagoshima Junshin Junior College

With Faith in Their Hearts

In July, 1945, as the war drew closer to the mainland of Japan, the imperial portraits, which by law had to be kept in all schools, from primary school on up, were transferred to a safe room in Atagoyama. The teachers of each school were obliged to keep watch by turns. I was on duty with several of the teachers of other schools from eight in the morning on August 8 until eight o'clock of the following morning. Walking down the hill to Urakami station on that morning I took the ten o'clock train for Isahaya. When the train stopped at Nagayo, to allow another train coming from the opposite direction to pass, there was a flash of light. I thought it was an explosion from the engine of the train. I got off the train and took shelter nearby. Two hours later I was able to proceed to Isahaya. Around five o'clock in the evening, crowds of refugees swarmed toward Isahaya.

At the Isahaya Primary School I met Sister Christina Tagawa. While I was talking to her, a voice called me from behind, "Tokunaga Sensei!" I turned in the direction of the voice and saw a girl with a severely burned face whom at first I did not recognize. She was Kazuko Okazono.

I searched for the girls of Junshin High among the victims who had been taken into the high school at Isahaya, to the agricultural experimental station, and to Nagata Primary School. I finally found some of our students in the auditorium of the Isahaya Primary School and in the gymnasium of the Isahaya Junior High School. They had been treated as soldiers because they had suffered while on duty as mobilized students.

On August 10 at Nagata Primary School we moved the Junshin girls, some ten in number, and one girl from Keiho High, into the comparative comfort of the sewing room which had a straw-matted floor; before that they had been sleeping on bare boards. I then wanted to stay with them, especially Haruko Ujimori who was close to death. But I also had to report back to the school where information was being gathered on the condition of the students. I left Nagata very reluctantly.

By August 13, I had found some thirty eight Junshin girls in the various aid stations in the Isahaya area. Sister Christina Tagawa who was with me was much weakened by fatigue, so I persuaded her to rest for a day or two at my own house. She later became weaker and had to be treated at the aid station.

All the Junshin girls bore their sufferings with great courage and fortitude. Ever patient with the doctors who were looking after them, they used to sing hymns to keep up their spirits. In death they were models of the faith that was in their hearts.

Yoshio Tokunaga
Teacher at Junshin High School

A Narrow Escape

I never passed a moment without praying, "Holy Mother, let Japan win!" So I was willing to give up studying in order to serve our country as a mobilized student in the Greater East Asian War. My daily dress was a khaki uniform with head and arm bands on which were written, "Mobilized Student of Junshin High School". I always held a rosary in one hand as I worked, passing each day working and praying for our country.

On August 9, I was at my work place in the Ohashi Factory of the Mitsubishi Company when the Bomb was dropped. With the impact I fainted and on regaining consciousness I was temporarily deaf and blind, and totally disoriented. I could feel people moving about me; I moved with them as best I could. When we came to the remains of a thicket of woods, I collapsed on the trunk of a charred tree to rest until my sight returned fully.

I was up on a small hill and all below me was a sea of flames which were ravaging the buildings of the university. I could only think that this must surely be the end of the world, for the scene was just as the Bible described it. And so taking my rosary from my pocket, I prayed to our Lady that she might intercede with Almighty God and that He might be merciful to me.

Later hearing a train whistle, I moved down the hill to join other refugees who were heading toward the railroad tracks. I wanted to go to Junshin to inform the Sisters that I had survived. But feeling that I could not make it that far, I followed the tracks as far as Michino. On the way I met a friend and we both took shelter in one of the few houses still standing. While resting there I spotted a neighbor passing by and asked him to inform my parents that I was safe.

The following morning my family came and brought me home. I still felt fairly fit and was able to get to the air raid shelter by myself whenever the alarm sounded. However, from the eleventh, I became very sick, frequently vomiting and lapsing into unconsciousness. I lost my appetite, my temperature rose to forty degrees, and my hair began to fall out. On the twenty second I fell into a comatose state and became delirious. I was bedridden until the end of October. Then when I could get up I stumbled and fumbled my way around like a baby, holding on to things for support. Finally came the joyful day when I could walk unaided. And on November 1, I was able to make my way to church and attend Mass. At that Mass, as I have done ever since, I have prayed for

those who died, and thanked God and our Blessed Mother for my life.

Sr. Epiphany Yamasaki

A Hymn of Love

Sister Christina Tadako Tagawa, born in Shiroyama, Nagasaki City and brought up by pious parents, later became an aspirant of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, entering in 1938, having qualified as a kindergarten teacher. The following year she received the habit and the name “Christina” in ceremonies at the Oura Cathedral on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25. Then in 1941 she made her first vows as a member of the Congregation.

A bright and kind Sister, who often sang solos in the choir on feast days, she spent the next four years working in kindergartens attached to houses of the congregation in Io-jima, Kagoshima and Sasebo. In 1945 she came back to Nagasaki as a dormitory superintendent of Junshin High, from where she led and directed the mobilized students who were drafted with the escalation of hostilities in the course of that same year.

That day August 9 found her leading and encouraging her students who were working at the arms factory. The bomb destroyed the whole of the Urakami district in a flash, killing and wounding many. Sister Tagawa was numbered among the wounded and sent to the aid station at the Isahaya High School. Despite her own injuries she worked with the other wounded, ever conscious of their needs; she was like a mother to them.

Three days after the bombing, while inquiring after some Junshin girls at the aid station of Isahaya Girls’ High School, a kind soldier informed me that there were some Junshin girls at a nearby school. When I arrived, many of them, though in severe pain and close to death, managed to greet me with a smile. And Sister Tagawa thanked me for coming and lightening her burden. She then passed out some pears I had brought with me before asking me to take charge while she took a little rest.

At the sound of the air raid alarm I went looking for Sister and found her resting by a water pipe. She was unable to move and begged me to leave her there. At the all clear I noticed her breathing was labored and her temperature was now 40 degrees, so I tried cooling her with water from the pipe. With no quiet place to go we passed the night propped up against some sandbags.

The following day the soldier, who would be my guide, came as I was passing out

rice cakes and tea to the students. On seeing Sister Tagawa's condition, he offered us the use of his house, but she declined, determined to stay with her students. And so she stayed with them for five days sharing their suffering and distress, at which time Tokunaga Sensei came and took her to his house, while also arranging the transfer of the Junshin girls to a new teachers' sanatorium near Isahaya. There they slept peacefully for the first time in many days as if back in their own dormitories at Junshin.

They all awoke the following morning in high spirits, briefly forgetting their pain as they took in the morning air and enjoyed the peace of the countryside. All ate their breakfast of rice and tea and then while Dr. Takeuchi made the rounds, the first examination by a doctor, they talked and chatted among themselves. Afterwards, they thanked the doctor, and often used to express their daily thanks in prayer and hymns.

Some five or six days later Sister Tagawa began to lose her appetite and Tokunaga Sensei helped to transfer her to the hospital as she became weaker and weaker. Some of her students also became weaker and their numbers diminished as they passed on to their heavenly reward.

On August 20, Sister Tagawa, who had previously ignored her own pain to be free to serve the students, began vomiting blood and running a high temperature, but she still did not complain. On hearing of the surrender she first asked whether it was true, and then expressed her willingness to offer her suffering that peace might come in God's good time. She also asked me to thank Dr. Takeuchi for all he had done in the way of treatment. She didn't feel she had the strength or the words to say it to him herself.

On August 25, she became critically ill and died later that day still trusting in God and placing her hope in Him as she sang:

Lord, thou gavest me my life
Thou hast chosen me.
Behold, I now come to Thee
To offer Thee my love.

Her life in its suffering had truly been a hymn to God and now surely echoed in heaven. She was followed in death, one by one, by the others; the sanatorium became quieter and quieter.

Sr. Euphrasy Uda

My Sister Tsuru

On August 9, Tsuru was working from early morning at the Ohashi Works of Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Company. At 11:02 there was a blinding flash; she fainted. When she regained consciousness the air was full of noise and the voices of her friends calling "Tsuru, let's run!" But try as she may she couldn't move; she was caught under a heavy beam. From the wounds in her forehead, caused by flying glass, blood was streaming down to mingle with the blood from her other wounds which was oozing through her tattered dress.

Her friends pulled her out from under the beam but she could not stand; her hips were too badly crushed. So she urged her friends to look out for themselves and leave her there. They refused, and though they themselves were injured they took turns carrying her as far as the banks of the Urakami River. By that time they could carry her no further, and with tears in their eyes they reluctantly left her there on the river bank.

She lay there certain that she would die soon. As she looked around she could see flames coming closer and closer. She was almost in despair when, at risk to himself, a man stopped and brought her to the station at Isahaya where they parted without her coming to know his name. She had asked him along the way, but he had remained silent; he spoke only once and then just to tell her to get well soon; his name didn't matter.

At Isahaya Station a large group of women from various volunteer associations had gathered to help. Among them was a woman who had a daughter at Junshin High School. Finding that Tsuru was a schoolmate of her daughter, she carried her to the naval hospital where eight other Junshin girls had already been admitted.

By August 11 she had made such good progress that my father went and brought her home. She thanked all the nurses and the doctor, and had a bright smile on her face as she left. On the way home she urged my father to stop at Junshin so that she might see the principal. He told her that she would have plenty of time for that later. First, she was going straight home. She was never to make that visit.

Once home, seeing mother and the rest of us, her brothers and sisters, she was very happy and relaxed as she walked in and around the house. All its sights

and sounds seemed to have special meaning for her. She talked of how she missed home and busied herself with many things around the house, sampling the joys of everything, be it work or food, enjoying it to the full.

We all felt that she was getting better though her appetite was small. Then one day she stayed in bed with a fever which constant nursing could do nothing to ease. By August 26 she became seriously ill. She also began asking to see two of our sisters who were living away from home. We reassured her they would be arriving soon but in fact she got worse. Her hair started to fall out, her gums to bleed and she had constant attacks of diarrhea.

When I went to see after her needs one day she told me that two of her friends, Sister Ayako and Kashiya-san had died. Also she spoke to her father of her own health, thanking him for sending her to a good school like Junshin. God was inviting her to heaven. None of her brothers had gone to the front but she hoped her own work as a mobilized student would be for the good of all. Then fatigue came over her and she asked my father to inform the principal that she had done her best. As she tried to continue talking she slurred her words and we couldn't understand her. She tried writing but it came out as a scribble which we could not read.

On August 30 she began vomiting blood and the last of her hair fell out. She couldn't eat anything. Though in great pain she was cheerful with all who came to see her, and always thanked them for their consideration, though once more her words were hard to understand. The following day her vomit just lay gurgling in her throat. She didn't try to speak that day.

The morning of September 1, Tsuru was in a comatose state, as if waiting for the other two sisters to arrive, for they had been delayed by the shortage of ships. That afternoon at four, as I told her that the ship they were on had docked at Ohato, she weakly grasped my hand for the last time and soon fell into everlasting sleep.

Shige Kawaguchi

" I Will Wait for You in Heaven."

Sixteen years have passed since that day in August when the Bomb was dropped, and my daughter, Midori, was killed. Just before she died, as she lay in pain she told me in detail about that day. The following is very much her story as she told it to me.

"That day just a little before noon as I was at my machine, there was a huge flash and the machine fell towards me. I fainted, and on regaining consciousness, after I don't know how long, I could hear voices calling, 'Midori, Midori,' but I was trapped from the waist down. I could hear what sounded like drums being beaten. Then I heard my name being called again. I knew it wasn't a dream, but I kept lapsing into unconsciousness. I didn't want to die. I wanted to go home to my parents; so I prayed fervently to our Blessed Mother that she might intercede for me.

Once more I could hear my name being called 'Midori, Midori,' but the voices seemed so far away. Hoping it wasn't a dream I began to cry for help at the top of my lungs. Two friends who had been working nearby came to try to drag me out. My right leg couldn't be budged. There were flames all round us and so they pulled harder tearing the flesh from my leg. Finally I was pulled clear and they wrapped my shattered leg in their aprons trying to staunch the flow of blood. I tried to run with them but I collapsed. I began to crawl. The flames were getting closer.

Alerted by my friends, two air raid wardens came and carried me to an aid station. I was later moved to a larger place at Isahaya Primary School."

Several days later I heard that Midori was safe at an aid station in Isahaya. I hurried to see her and compared to others she looked quite well, so I took her home. However, her condition began to deteriorate so she entered the hospital. There she just got worse. None of the treatment was of any use against the invisible and unknown power of the Bomb. I quietly cursed it.

Next her hair began to fall out and her gums to bleed. I felt certain that she could not survive and so began to pray that should she die God would take her home to heaven. She herself never complained of her pains—rather in a weak voice she would pray and sing her favorite hymns. I told her once that I would willingly share her pains but she told me that she must carry her own cross.

On August 30, just before she died, knowing her time to be close, she began singing a hymn to our Blessed Mother but her voice broke. "I can't sing any more. I wish I could go back to see Junshin. I wish I could go back and walk round the house. But no, I can't. When I die I will wait for you all in heaven. If I am cremated, send some of the ashes to Junshin and have a Mass offered for me every now and then. And please bury me next to my brother. . . . "

Then, apologizing for having been such a trouble to us all, she passed away. Though that was some sixteen years ago her image and the sound of her voice still lingers in my mind and heart.

Misa Hiramatsu
Mother of Midori

“ I am ready now.”

It was late in the evening of August 15 when my Aunt Kishi came rushing in, and with tears in her eyes told me “ Shinobu has come home, but she won't speak. Come, see if she will speak to you.”

Her father had brought her home that day. By the time I got to the house it was already packed with on-lookers and well-wishers, so that I had difficulty getting through the crowd, only to look upon Shinobu who was but a shadow of her former self. Her head, the hair disheveled, drooped down, and her hands lay forlornly on her knees. Her face was smeared with blood and her working smock stiff from the blood that had now congealed on it. The only image that came into my mind was that of Jesus when He was brought before Pilate.

Burying my head in her lap, all I could say was “Shichan, Shichan”. She responded crying “Miechan, it's you. I didn't think I'd see you again.” Tightly clasping my hands she sobbed on for some time before calming down, and then we began the task of removing her blood stained clothes, washing her, and dressing her in fresh clothes. This was made difficult because in many places her clothes were stuck together and adhering to her skin. Trying not to cause her too much pain we changed her and got her settled.

On August 16, even though the war had ended, the coming of enemy planes saw us scatter to the shelters. I ran, carrying my mother on my back, and found that Shinobu had already been carried in ahead of us. She now sat in a corner eating a pear from a tree in the house garden. She looked pale and fragile, but her spirits were high. “With this and all the care you are giving me I will soon be well. Then together Miechan, we can go and help the Sisters rebuild and reopen the school.” That was always her most earnest wish.

Gradually her wounds began to heal as we continued to clean them and to remove broken pieces of glass from them. She got as far as being able to do a few little things for herself, and this meant a lot to her. Then one day as I was going out for some water she asked me to come to see her. I first got water for my mother and then went to her. Sitting with her she told me of that day, and of what had happened before she'd come home.

“The all clear had sounded and then the Bomb exploded. I had just turned to my companion, Imamura-san, and said, ‘Let's go to lunch.’ I could hear the whirl

of plane engines. There was a flash and I fainted. When I came to, all around me was in ruins. Unconscious of my wounds I began to head for the shelter. Somehow I got across the Urakami River and into the shelter. There I met Matsumoto-san who was a senior and wanted to enter the convent. First we rejoiced at being alive, and then noticing the blood and our wounds, leaned against each other and fell asleep.

Early next morning August 10, I awoke to the sounds of voices nearby. I began trying to walk to Junshin and to the shelter there. I felt dizzy and fainted. I awoke to find myself half submerged in the river. Around me both in the river and on its banks lay many dead. On one side, still standing as if drinking from the river, stood a dead horse. Full of dismay and horror, trying to get away from this horrible scene, I ran, but I soon got lost and fainted. This time I awoke as a man was about to put me with the rest of the dead bodies he was collecting into a cart. Finally with one last effort I made it to Junshin. There I saw the principal who lay ill from her wounds.

After they had cleaned me up and changed my clothes I was moved to the aid station at Akunuura though I hardly remember being moved. At the aid station, we were all packed into one room. People were dying all around. As one arrived another would die. Some were not five minutes in the aid station before they passed on, to be stacked to one side to await the uncertain time of cremation; there was no one free for that work. The bodies were left uncovered and so were quickly infested with flies and maggots.

Some suffered greatly in their last agony. Some groaned while others became hysterical. The air was filled with a horrible stench as people, unable to move, answered the call of nature where they lay. It was like hell on earth. I felt certain that the only course was to place one's trust in God.

Many Junshin girls were brought there, soon to pass on to heaven. I was helpless, save to mourn their passing. Some smiled peacefully in death, while others, whom I joined in their singing, sang hymns as they passed away. I was continuously praying for the repose of a succession of souls. I could but reflect that death comes to all in time, and then how simply man goes on his way.

Slowly the room emptied and I felt certain that it would be my turn when suddenly I could hear 'Shinobu. . . where is she?' I turned, half thinking it was a dream, to see my uncle Hatsutaro. I was delighted to see him. The doctor

had told him that with more medication I could go home, and so he urged him to do that immediately. As the doctor began to change the bandages I saw that there were maggots in my wounds, too; a chill crept over me.”

The evening after Shinobu told me her story she became feverish and found it hard to talk. For the next three days her temperature did not go down. Blood clots and bruise-like marks began to appear, slowly spreading all over her body. She began to have convulsions which would twist her body into horrible shapes, then she would settle and rest calmly in her bed.

She was now conscious that her own death was near, for she said to me “Miechan, my time has come. I’d like to go back to work and to school, but. . . I won’t miss life, for my death will bring me to heaven.” Then she asked, “Can you get Father to bring me Holy Communion, and anoint me with the Oils of Extreme Unction? I’m ready now.”

The parish priest was out but Father Pumagai came from Shimokanzaki, and as she lay there, now peaceful, he anointed her. She then began to say the rosary, making her way slowly but faintly, before she had another convulsion. We had to put cotton wool in her mouth to stop her from biting her tongue. As the convulsion reached its peak, her heart beat rapidly and excitedly. Finally she relaxed.

She apologized for having given us so much trouble but explained that she would not survive to receive the Eucharist on the morrow. With that she was gripped with another convulsion that left her twisted painfully and unable to settle comfortably in the bed. I straightened her out once more. However, no sooner had I done this than she had another and more violent convulsion that left her bathed in perspiration. She apologized once more and asked her father for forgiveness. Her heart was now beating rapidly and we made her as comfortable as we could. I helped her to join her hands; she nodded, smiled, and died. It was September 7, just before midnight when she passed away. It was just as she said: when the time comes, a person passes on quite simply.

Mieko Sueyoshi
A friend

I Don't Know How to Apologize

It was late in the evening of August 3 when the mother of Kyoko came to see me with a request. A few days before the second year students had been mobilized. "Mother Ezumi, I was watching the B-29s come in over the city on a bombing raid the other day. I can't let Kyoko stay in the city any longer. Please let me take Kyoko back to the Goto Islands!"

My voice was firm as I replied, "Mrs. Matsumoto, Kyoko is now working for our country in the service of the army. She has been mobilized by the authorities. What will befall Japan if all the mobilized students run away for fear of the bombing. If I let Kyoko go home at this time of crisis, soon I would have to let all the others go one by one. As principal I cannot give you the permission to take her home, but should you remove her from the school...." At this she said, "I understand, Mother Ezumi, keep her here so that she can continue to work for our country."

I then reminded her that another of our girls, Shizuko Okabayashi, had died in a raid the other day. If Kyoko was to die in a raid, I would consider it as my fault, at which she said, "Be that as it may, Mother. It will be for the good. Let her stay and keep her working, please." And so she left, to return home without Kyoko. I didn't even have time to go to the gate with her.

On the fateful day of August 9, I was in the school alone. As I saw the flash of the explosion I began praying to our Blessed Mother. I fainted. On waking I found that from the waist down I was trapped under a fireproof wall. Try as I did, I could not move. I felt I could not bear the pain for much longer. Now sixteen years later, I feel I couldn't go through such pain again.

My sorrow at the death of those students who died is still too deep for words. I pray every day to our Lord through His Blessed Mother that He might have mercy on them and bring them to Himself in heaven where their tears will be wiped away and they will suffer no more.

With help and assistance from many, I was brought back from death's door. I remember being carried back to the shelter by one of our Sisters and there I lay seriously ill for many days while all around were unsure whether I would live or die. I know that with the dropping of the new bomb, the end of the war could not be far away. Japan was surely defeated.

Some of the Sisters who had been to Mitsuyama to collect wood resin, a substitute airplane fuel, returned and helped the wounded students, moving them to various homes and aid stations according to how much treatment was necessary. I was taken to Mr. Tagami's house at Koba where there were already some seventy others being treated. I tried all the time to keep in touch with how our students were, only to learn each day of more whose bodies had been found, or of those who had survived the initial impact only to die later of their wounds.

Kyoko Matsumoto wasn't found for many days but was presumed dead. Some forty six bodies had been removed from the factory and they were not all immediately identified because of the condition they were in. Kyoko was believed to have been within that group and so she was listed as dead. Her mother at first refused to believe that she was dead and went as far as Hakata to consult a fortune teller.

When I had recovered somewhat, I went with some of the ashes of the unidentified students to visit Kyoko's parents. They were staying on a boat in Ohato Harbor. They received me kindly and prepared a small meal for me, even though rice was in short supply. I found it hard to hold back the tears as I handed over the ashes. Kyoko had been their only daughter. Now they would have no one to comfort them in their old age. Many other parents also lost their only daughters that day.

The years have slipped by. Since then I've worked to rebuild Junshin High School as a memorial to those girls and the sacrifices they made, remembering them in my prayers every day. A special monument has been set up in the school grounds and dedicated to their memory, but sometimes I feel we still haven't done enough.

Heavenly Mother Mary, pray for those who died. May your Son be merciful to their families.

Sr. Magdalene Esumi

Good-Bye

On August 21, 1945, I hurried back to Nagasaki from Kokura because I was worried about my parents following the A-Bombing. My parents' house had, of course, been completely destroyed, so I moved on to look for my husband's family. On my way I learned by chance that my mother and my younger sister were at Isahaya. I went there instead.

My mother looked well but my sister Mariko was only a shadow of her former self. She had been severely burned and her skin was missing in many places. Her eyes, once large and bright, were now sealed by burns. Her breathing was very faint. She gave no sign that she knew that I was present, and thirty minutes later her life, which had hardly begun, came to a close. Memories of her often come back to me.

She would go off to work every day dressed in the traditional women's working clothes and carrying her first aid kit, ready and willing to work for her country. On the day I left for my wedding at Kokura, on her way to work she came running to the station to see me off. She made it just as the train was leaving. "Goodbye, have a nice time . . . I have to go," and so she ran off to work at full speed. We never met again. Who could have predicted that that was to be our last meeting?

As I remember them all, for I also lost my father and my brothers and sisters, I find it hard to hold back tears. One thing I can say, though, is our connections with Junshin have always been a source of great joy and hope to us all. We were all proud to be Junshin girls. My father helped to found the P. T. A. at the school and was its president when the Bomb took his life.

If now my father and sisters and brothers rest in peace with God, I'm sure, in part, it is because of the prayers and Masses that have been offered on their behalf in the chapel at Junshin. I shall always be grateful.

Taeko Kataoka

Afterword

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

-Matthew 5-9

This second edition was published with the hope that the world peace our mobilized students had longed for would be realized.

It is my sincere wish that this book offers a great opportunity for praying for the peace of Christ together.

Sister Chizuko Kataoka, ICM
President of the Board of Trustees

Nagasaki Junshin Educational Corporation

Nagasaki Junshin Catholic University
Junshin Girls' Senior High School
Junshin Junior High School
University-affiliated Junshin Kindergarten

First Publication : March 31, 2006

Second Publication : March 31, 2018

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Printed and bound in Japan by Showado Inc., Nagasaki.
