paring the scene that was moving past the window with the picture which he held in his hands. A feeling of pride rushed through him when he thought of the marvelous job his countrymen had done rebuilding the once-devastated town. He was sure that no other people in the world would have had the determination to turn a charred, twisted waste into this useful, modern business-district that he now observed. Only an unyielding desire to live and work where their forefathers had lived and worked could produce results such as these.

Just before the trolley started across the Kyo river, it passed the one remaining, obvious reminder of that horrible day, now ten years past. The sun glinting on the shiny bronze plaque made it impossible to read the inscription from where he was, but he knew what it said, word for word, from previous visits. “Let there be no more Hiroshimas.” The words rang in his head. Behind the plaque, the razed skeleton of what had once been the most impressive building in town, stood like a filthy scar on an otherwise beautiful face. During the remainder of the ride his mind drifted back to the war, and he briefly recounted the griefs he had known, including the loss of both his sons. How easily we forget the horrors that war brings and the price that victor and loser alike must pay, he mused. How he wished that everyone in the world could carry, in his mind, the picture of mass destruction and human suffering that at this moment was dominating his thoughts. Were we right in rebuilding our city, or should we have left it untouched as a warning to any nation who is considering war as the answer to its problems? He decided he didn’t know the answer, but he resolved to include in his prayers, that very night, a plea that there would never be another Hiroshima.

MUSIC

Music is a love song
   Singing in the breeze,
Music is the wind’s song
   Whisp’ring through the trees.
Its tones are clear and lovely,
   Spreading o’er the earth;
It may be played on instruments
   Or sung with joy and mirth.
Few of us can understand
   The beauty of each phrase,
But music is God’s own way
   Of bright’ning all our days.

—David D. Graf