

## Reflections and Photographs on Japanese Religions and Arts



Painter Hiroshige Utagawa takes us across The Great Sanjo Bridge, Kyoto

The 2015 course celebrates the 30th Anniversary of Professor Huntley's travels to Japan and the 20th Anniversary of the Nagareyama International Friendship Association (NIFA) and the 100's of students who have been hosted.

# Introduction

Japanese Religions and Arts—with Reflections and Images (Religious Studies 325) is a University of Redlands May term course. It was designed to bring about an interplay between learning about Japan and performing community service.

The goals of the course are:

- To allow students to have a first-hand encounter with Japanese religious traditions and artistic forms through the examination and experience of architecture, sculpture, scrolls, paintings, screens, and zazen. The Religious Studies course offers students the chance to visit museums, Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines, and Christian churches.
- For the students to perform community service (fulfilling a CSAC requirement) through teaching English and thereby gaining a deeper cultural experience as a contributor to the Japanese people rather than simply as a tourist looking out the window of a train or bus.
- For the students to experience daily life with a Japanese family through a home-stay experience.

In preparation for a trip to Asia, I required all of the students to take a course in the Spring semester titled “Masterpieces of Asian Literature.” This gave us the opportunity to study the drama, the poetry, the many historical stories, and some of the buildings of Japan prior to leaving for Japan.

Over the past three decades, I have led many groups of students to Japan. On a personal note, I do feel that May, 2015, was the best time I ever had in Japan. As a whole, the students were a truly unique group that meshed well together and with their host families. We ended up with the best bonding within a group and the best pictures; it is hard for me to imagine ever being able to find another such group that was such a pleasure to travel with.

What makes this experience all possible are the NIFA host families. I owe a great debt of gratitude to the host families of 2015. Some of these families have actually been hosting Redlands students for 20 years. In 1995, I met for the first time Mr. Ohno, Mrs. Ariyoshi, Mrs. Ozawa, Mrs. Kotani, and Mrs. Sanjo, Mrs. Miyazaki, and Mrs. Ito.....Perhaps they are as surprised as I am that I am still alive and still leading groups of students to Japan. The major intent of these photos and words is to say, “Thank you!”

We have forged friendships that have led many students to continue to write letters and e-mail messages to host families. Some host families have even come to California to visit us. They have asked for us to continue our visits to them.

I am not alone in these feelings of thankfulness. Dr. Yukiko Kawahara and Dr. Lawry Finsen also support my feelings. I calculate that more than 200 students have benefited by NIFA generosity.

Arigatō Gozaimashita,

Dr. Bill Huntley

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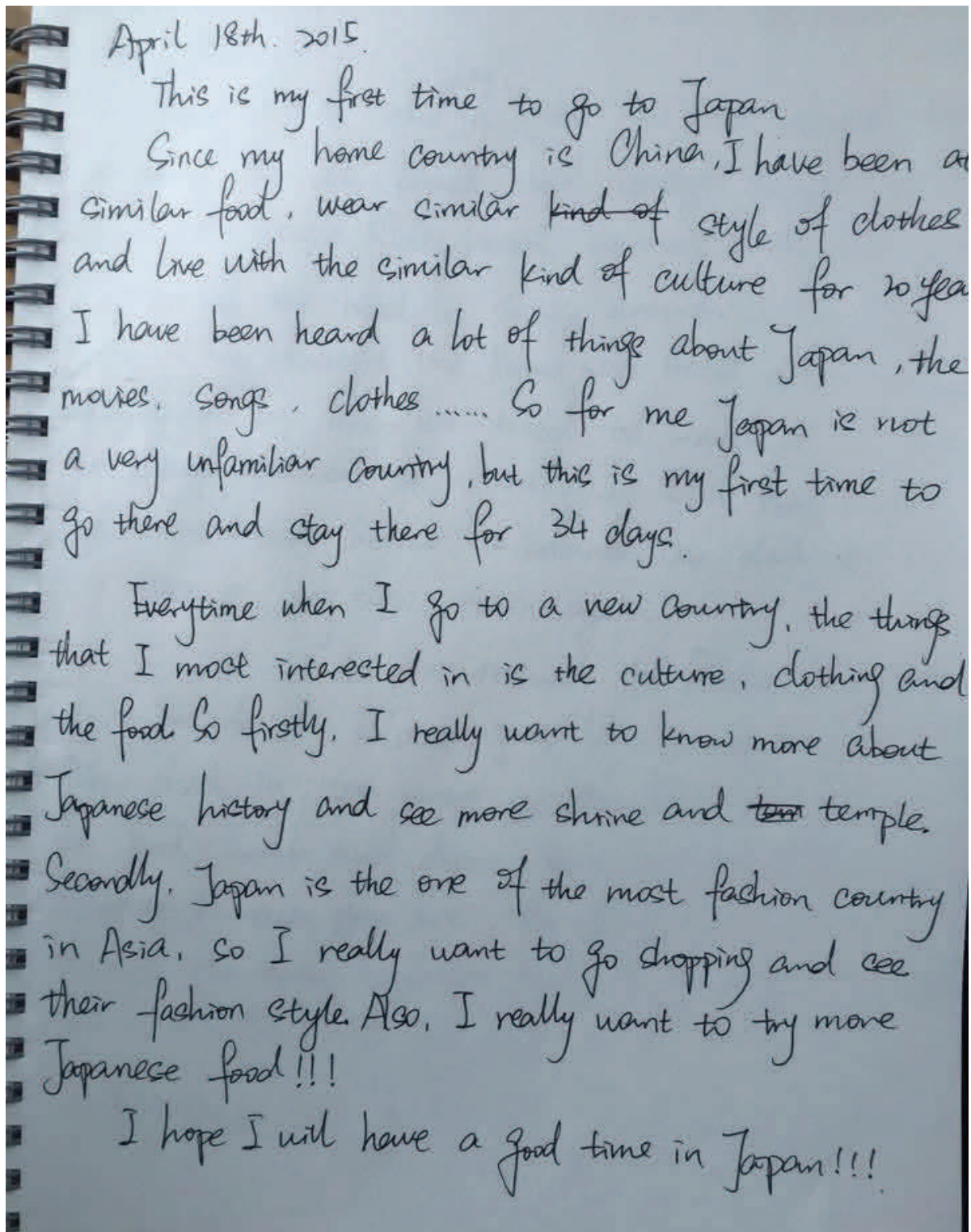
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Off to Japan! In the months leading up to the trip, the students bought their own airline tickets and rail passes. They packed their bags and on April 27, 2015, set off for Japan.

The journal assignment for that day was to make a list of a dozen things you wished to see or do in Japan over the next three weeks. May, with her excellent handwriting, described in her first journal entry, some of what she hoped to experience.



# Day 3—April 29, 2015



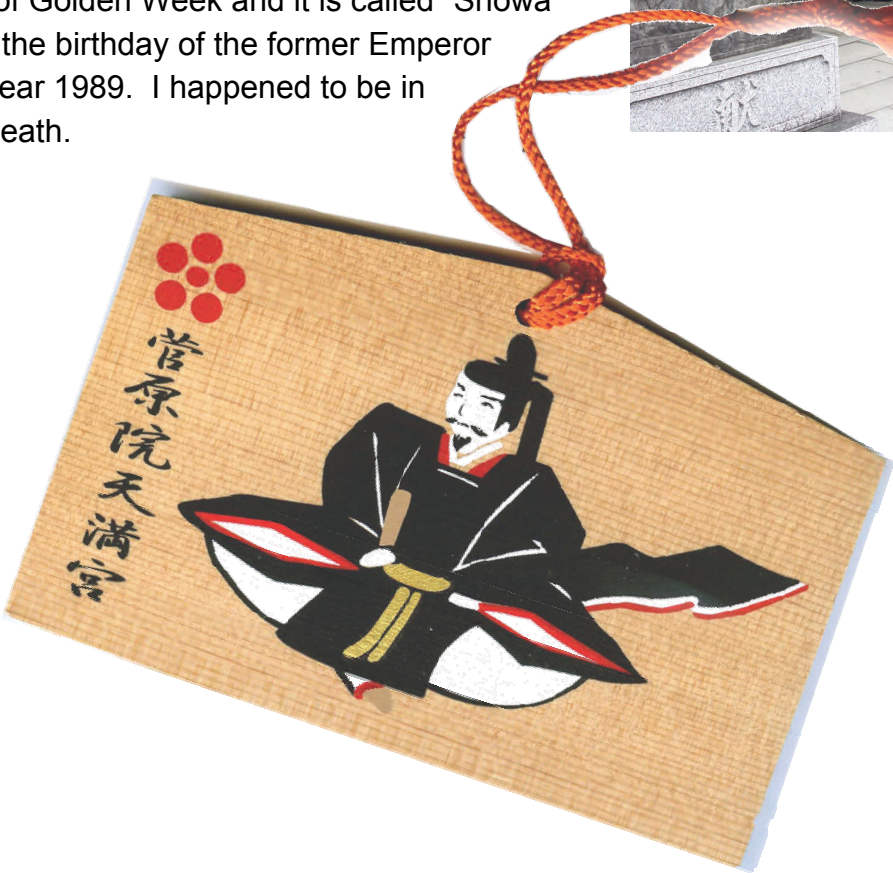
April 29—our first day in Kyoto. We met that morning in the small library of the Palace Side Hotel and then, after some discussion about Shinto practices, including the “rehearsal” of a Shinto wedding ceremony acted out by David and Catherine, we went to our first Shinto Shrine.

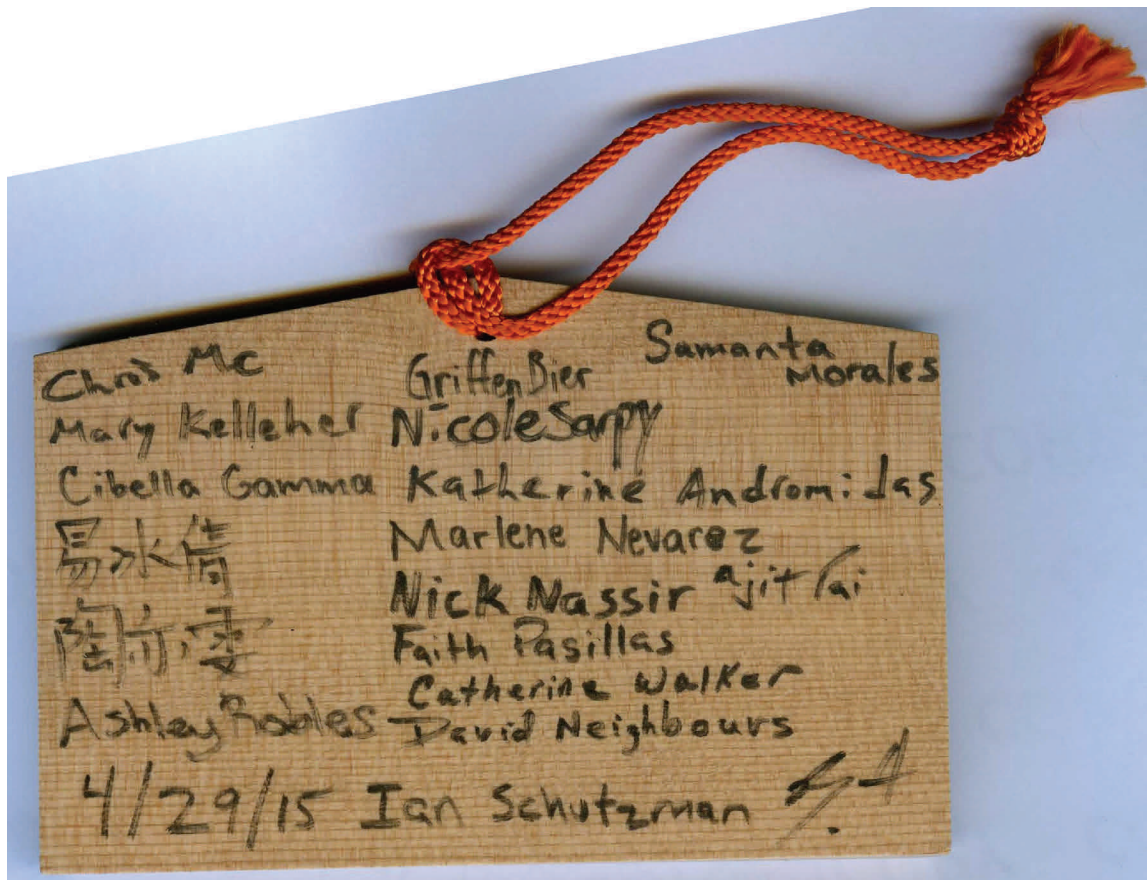
Named the Sugawarin Temmangu Shrine, it is located just a block from where we were staying. We learned that the Shrine was dedicated to Michizane Sugawara

who was a patron of learning; thus it would be visited for the next thousand years by students hoping for success on their exams and first jobs. It seemed an appropriate start for a college level course on the first day of travel in Japan. The Sugawarin Temmangu Shrine has been used as the first stop on a pilgrimage route of 24 other shrines dedicated to Michizane Sugawara (pictured here—the entrance to the Shrine and the prayer wheel located at the front of the Shrine). It also seems that many of the host families we would meet in Kashiwa and Nagareyama would know of Michizane.

Golden Week was just beginning. The students were asked to reflect in their journals about how a modern Japanese citizen celebrates Golden Week. Would the celebration include a visit to a local Shinto shrine?

April 29th is the first day of Golden Week and it is called “Showa Day” (Showa no hi). It is the birthday of the former Emperor Showa, who died in the year 1989. I happened to be in Japan at the time of his death.





The image above may shock some readers, for no one, other than I, seems to use an Ema for a purpose other than to capture a prayer or thanksgiving for an upcoming event or one that had past, such as an exam. But over the years I have found that an Ema serves me quite well as a record of the names of the students who were with me on a particular day such as the one at the Sugawawar-in Temmangu Shrine.

Now, after a month of traveling with the people whose names were written above, I have come to think that the list is a “thank you” to the Kami of the Shrine or more, to include the God whom I worship revealed in Jesus Christ as having guided us through some difficult days and problems. We are all now safely back home.

On this first day in Kyoto, we walked north from our hotel to another Shrine which use the symbol of a boar (one of the 12 images of the Chinese cycle of hours, days, and years). The Shrine had a wedding going on in one room, but outside we could read that a boar had led a samurai safely back to Kyoto. On this day, I prayed that the bridal couple would have a happy life together.

One surprising delight of the day was that we actually got to go into the Kongoh Noh Theatre (pictured here from their web site) where there was a rehearsal taking place



With Faith's guidance, we went by public bus to the Temple of the Golden Pavilion.

The official name of this temple is Kinkaku-ji. This breathtaking temple is in every guide book regarding Japan. Varley (111-2) wrote that the third Ashikaga Shogun, Yoshimitsu, constructed the Golden Pavilion in the 14th Century as his "retirement sanctuary" but later gave it to a Buddhist sect.

Portions of the outside are covered in gold leaf—a powerful visual statement showing the power of the Shogun.

In 1950, the beauty of Kinkaku-ji caused a Zen priest in training to be overwhelmed; so much so that he went insane and burned it down.

Author Mishima tried to understand the mind of the young man in his novel The Temple of the Golden Pavilion (Valey, 341).

In any case, it was rebuilt and the new temple seems to be a powerful force drawing Japanese and others from around the world to experience its beauty in mass numbers.

A Chinese family, who traveled on the same bus, greeted us at Kinkaku-ji.





After we left the Golden Pavilion, we stopped for lunch along the way to the Ryoan-ji Temple - home to one of Japan's most famous rock gardens.

As you enter Ryoan-ji, you pass by a serene lake with irises blooming. The scent of wisteria wafts through the air.

"I have come to love this small plot of raked sand, with the 115 small and large stones. History states that the building was a villa that became a temple in 1450 AD.

One can enter the old villa and feel the wonder of its architecture and polished floors and thank Hosokawa Masamoto for this peaceful place for Zen Buddhists and others, like me, to visit in troubled times.

I first visited Ryoan-ji in December of 1986, and no zazen is more special to me than the one on that December day with my California Private Colleges and Universities students during our Kansai tour.

Now, being back in 2015, I did not actually see or smell the cherry trees that had finished their work prior to our arrival, but I managed to sit, reflecting with joy on getting back here again to this spot thirty years later. It brought about such a similar feeling of peacefulness."

My journal entry for April 30 ends "this was a very good day!"





The Imperial Palace is located just across the street from the Palace Side Hotel. In February, 2015, “Tako” Yamazaki, second from right wearing the University of Redlands “Dare to Be Different” t-shirt, made the necessary reservations for our group.

Before entering the Palace, we were all given a piece of beautiful fabric which some students used to cover their brows like a headband. It was a generous gift from “Tako,” a kind-spirited man.

Having gone from Reitaku University in 1984 to the University of Redlands, Tako was the University’s first teacher of Japanese. He held class in the Bekins Basement, which I had the privilege of taking. Later I visited him back in Japan, where he is the headmaster of a school of English. Tako has been our guide in Kyoto on several occasions, always bringing insight and goodwill.



While looking into the entrance of the Imperial Palace, Samantha imagined a ghost of Prince Genji entering the body of one of the guides and telling of his imagined life.

(Photo by Ajit)



As well as the visit to the Kyoto Imperial Palace, “Tako” took us to the Nishiki market near Gion and then up the hill to the Kiyomizudera Buddhist Temple. This is a very popular spot for locals and tourists.

Upon arriving, we were met by a group of school girls. They were so excited to see us that they ran to greet us. We spent some time speaking English with them.

Working our way up to the temple, we passed many shops and restaurants that lined the streets.



As we reached the Temple, it was crowded with the many visitors who were there that day.

The students gathered for a group shot, as did a few local ladies.

I could feel the eagerness for a different kind of experience as we took the bus the few blocks to the Myoshinji Temple, west from the Imperial Palace. Today, we would experience a zazen mediation.

Our host was “The Rev” Takafumi Kawakami who surprised us all when he told us that he had studied at Arizona State University in preparation for his work as “deputy Head Priest” and even has a Twitter account—“RevTakaZen.”

In preparation for the zazen mediation, he instructed us to remember three things:

1. Try to keep a steady posture
2. Focus on the breathing in
3. Try to keep the idea of “no mind”



We sat for 20 minutes in meditation, then came a pause for questions, and finally, 5 more minutes of zazen.

After the zazen, we were invited to the room next door for green tea and cake.

We were also given a tour of the temple which included traditional Japanese art work which suggested some movement of Buddhism from India to China, then China to Japan.

On Sunday morning, we attended the 10:00 am service at St. Agnes Episcopal Church.

It was the first time some of the students had ever attended Holy Communion in the Anglican Order (Episcopal), and to find this little red brick English church only a block from our hotel was also a surprise.



The priest was from California, went to Seminary in Berkeley, and now serves a small congregation in Kyoto. His other job, we learned, is as a carpenter. Not a bad calling I thought, for he was following in the footsteps of Jesus.



When we entered the church, the priest asked us to come forward and sit in the “choir.”

With our group of 18, we just about doubled the size of the congregation on this day.

This was the favorite day for Ashley as she liked the welcoming nature of the congregation and the conversations she had with several people afterward.

May's account of our visit to the church.

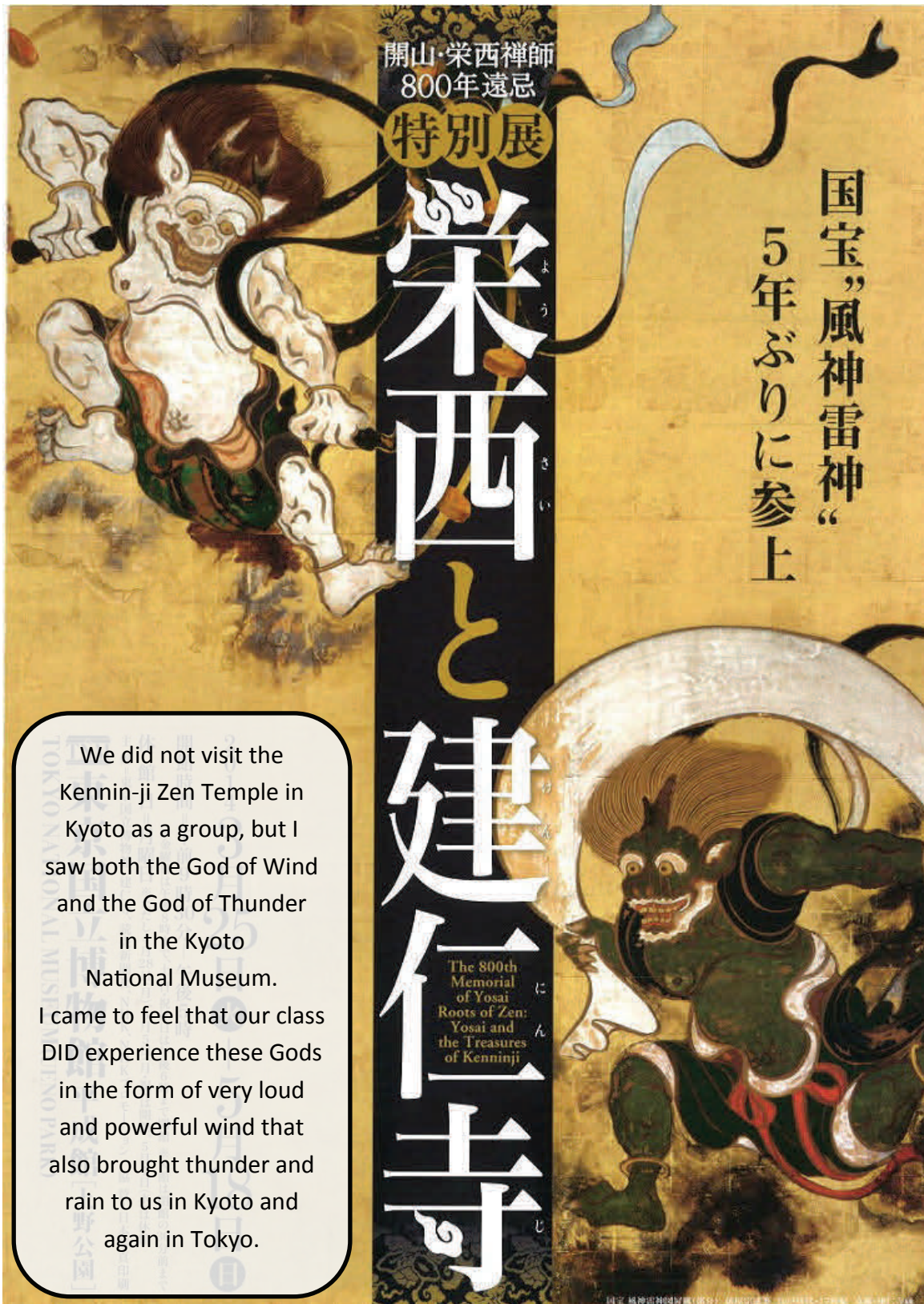
May 3rd 2015.

This morning we went to a Church, it was a new experiment for me, because this is my first time to go to ~~Church~~ Church, and it was very interesting.

After we went to the ~~the~~ Church, we ~~talked~~ talked with people ~~fr~~ from ~~the~~ Church, some of them had been to China before and they stayed in China for awhile and they can speak Chinese and English pretty good.

We also talked ~~but~~ about the different culture between America, China and Japan. Since I have been curious about the Japanese name, like women ~~are~~ always follow their husband last ~~to~~ name after they get married, so I asked ~~a~~ the ~~fo~~ question about the Japanese name, and there was a lady told me, they ~~are~~ always add a "ko" which is "子" in Chinese after they get married. ~~It~~ <sup>It</sup> was a very interesting experiment for ~~it~~ me.

On this free day, the students and I went in separate directions. I went to the Kyoto Museum of Art to see what we might look at on a subsequent day. The students, needing a day off from a week of travel, found their own city adventures.



We did not visit the Kennin-ji Zen Temple in Kyoto as a group, but I saw both the God of Wind and the God of Thunder in the Kyoto National Museum. I came to feel that our class DID experience these Gods in the form of very loud and powerful wind that also brought thunder and rain to us in Kyoto and again in Tokyo.

After a meeting in our little classroom for the reading of another poem or two, we set off for the Kyoto Rail Station to activate our JR Rail Passes. We got seat reservations to Nara for this day, as well as reservations for Hiroshima and for Tokyo (for future travel days).



The main attraction at Nara is the Daibutsu (fondly known as the Great Buddha) located inside the Tōdai-ji's Daibutsu-den which is the largest wooden building in the world.

This Great Buddha is one of the largest bronze figures in the world and was originally cast in 746. I knew from previous visits that this big Buddha has a great effect on visitors from Japan and from America. Inside the large wooden structure are giant wooden columns. Adults and children wait in line to crawl through a very

small opening in one of the huge columns which must signify some form of good luck.

I knew that the Tōdai-ji was not the oldest of the buildings in Nara. Varley (38) wrote, “Nara civilization reached its apogee in the Tempyo epoch of Emperor Shomu (reigned 724-49)” and he founded a “national Buddhist center at the Tōdai-ji Temple in Nara.” I had wished to go the Horyuji Temple founded by Prince Shotoku (d. 622) who had brought Chinese culture to Japan, which included the written Chinese characters, Buddhism, and the political system that elevated the emperor.

Each day of travel, though, has its limits...



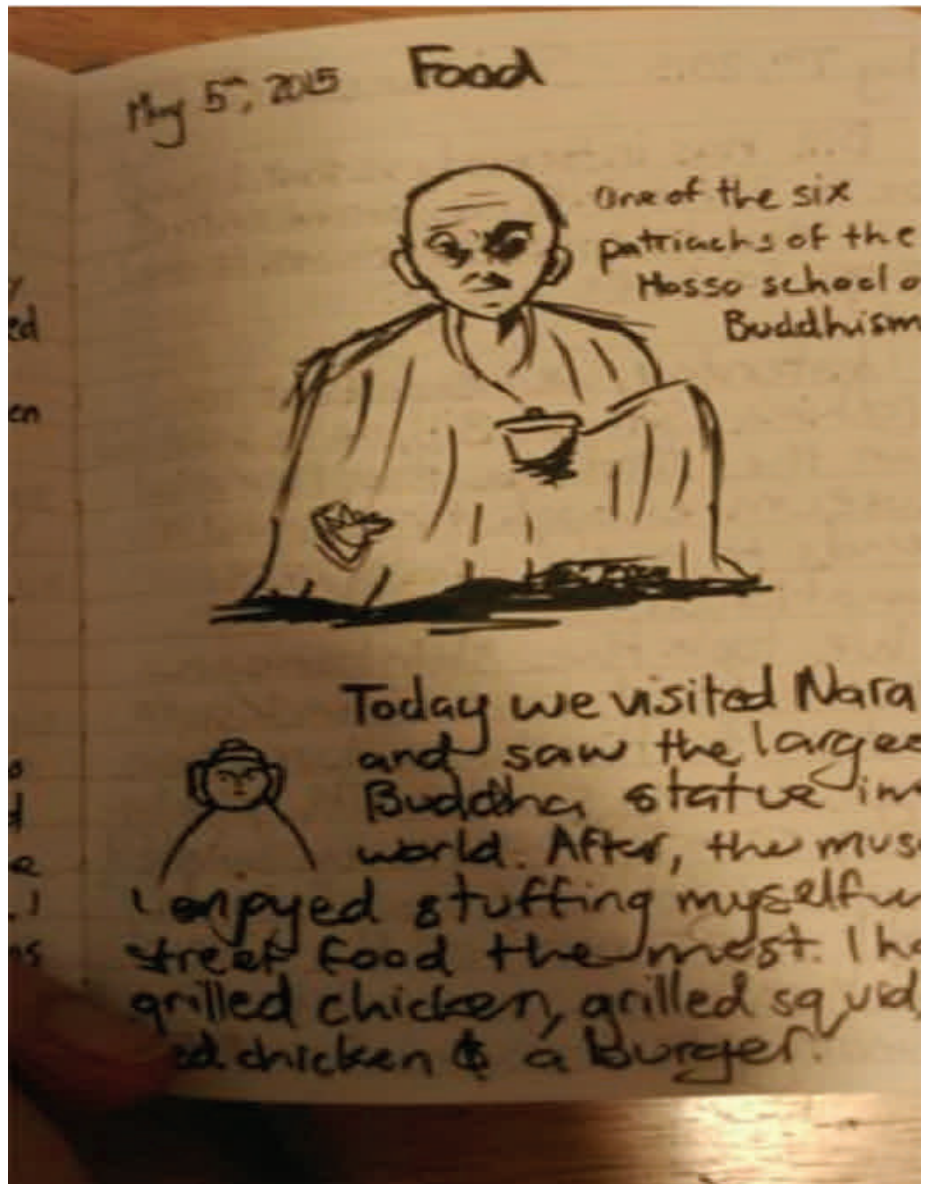


At all of the temples and shrines that we visited, the importance of cultural tradition was evident.

Just outside the main doors leading to the Daibutsu, this photograph was taken of a father lighting incense with his son.

The journal assignment for this day in Nara was to find one object in the Nara Museum to draw and to provide a comment. Griffen managed to capture the image of one of the “six patriarchs of the Hosso School of Buddhism.”

Note the expressive eyes and the style of the garments the patriarch is wearing captured in Griffen’s rendition of this artwork.







On this day, we traveled to Hiroshima. Samantha shared her moving journal as follows: “The streets of Hiroshima were alive, people having picnics with family in the nearby parks. An endless river voluptuously dressed with trees and green pastures. Nature in Japan is abundant and pleasant to the eyes, as if it were a construction of the imagination, especially for a city that was unrightfully obliterated. I wasn't feeling the history of the city, until the piercing songs of the crows flying above us caught my attention. A cacophony that accompanied us all through out our lengthy walk to the Peace Memorial Museum.

To me the crows that roamed a city that had been shattered to pieces, were a flashback of tragedy and decay. At that moment I felt a feeling of sympathy that kept me quiet all through the exhibition. The Atomic Bomb exhibition had the same effect a war film has on me, leaving me with a melancholic feeling. A somber time period had been enclosed in a dimly lit labyrinth of history, were you could learn the science of the cause and effect of the atomic bomb. By reading the stories of parents finding their child's untouched lunch box aside them and seeing mutilated statues of the Buddha and other deities I began to understand a bit more of the dreadful time, but what I couldn't understand was the kind of demonic mind that could cause so much harm with science. I believed the science was a reliable and beneficial to human kind, but today's journey made me

realize it wasn't as perfect as I thought it was.

I was feeling guilty for what had happened to Hiroshima, because the moment I became an American Citizen, I had to adopt the good and the bad of the U.S.

A moment of silence is what I needed, to understand what I had just witnessed and so I wondered around enjoying the beautiful trees outside the Dome that survived the bombing.

I found a very kind woman who asked me if I had time for her to teach me Origami. Sadly, I didn't have time as we were about to make our way to Miyajima; however, she gifted me a Japanese Origami figure, in the form of a crane, a merciful gift embodying the peace and kindness in Japanese culture.”



Visiting Hiroshima was a profound experience, leaving us all with heavy hearts as we mindfully reflected on that period of U.S.—Japanese history.

Before returning to Kyoto, our group visited the small island of Miyajima. This island is deemed as one of the most picturesque locations in Japan.



(Photo by Ajit)



Termed the Island of the Gods, there are many Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines to explore. The large Torii Gate serves as a welcoming gateway to the island.



The day began with a visit to the Kyoto Museum of Traditional Crafts. The museum featured many displays showing how items, such as Japanese fans, are constructed. Seeing the level of detail that went into hand-crafted items gave the group a new found appreciation for the gifts they were purchasing for family members and friends.



After the museum, it was a short walk to the Heian Shrine. At the "temizuya" water pavilion, the purification ritual takes place. This involves scooping up water with your right hand to pour water over your left hand. This step is repeated as you hold the ladle with your left hand and pour water over your right hand. Next, with some of the water you have scooped with the ladle, you rinse your mouth. Lastly, using the remaining water, you tip the ladle to rinse it off.



A prayer is written on paper and tied to the branches of the tree. With this tradition, it is believed that good fortune will follow.

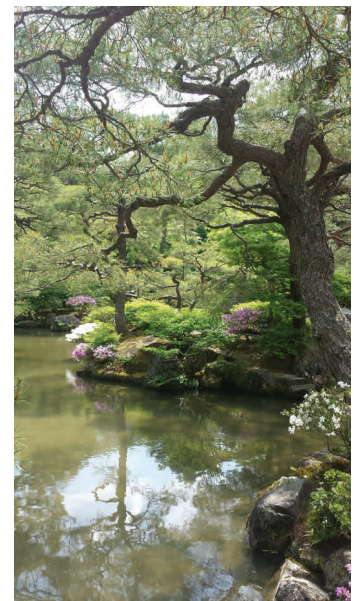
It is always a delight on a trip to celebrate a “surprise party.” This time around, it was Mary’s birthday. Prior to leaving for Japan, Mary’s dad contacted us and asked if we could celebrate Mary’s birthday and that he would supply the cake. Traditional American-style birthday cake is surprisingly hard to find in Japan. We rose to the challenge and ordered small cakes from a very fancy department store. No one seemed to enjoy the eating the cake more than Mary herself.



After our group meal, some of us ventured off to Ginkaku-ji Temple, otherwise known as the Silver Pavilion Temple. Despite its name, it is not covered in silver as the Golden Pavilion is covered in gold leaf.

It may have been the intent of the founder to cover the main structure in silver, or perhaps it is the way the black paint shimmers in the moonlight that gives this Temple its name.

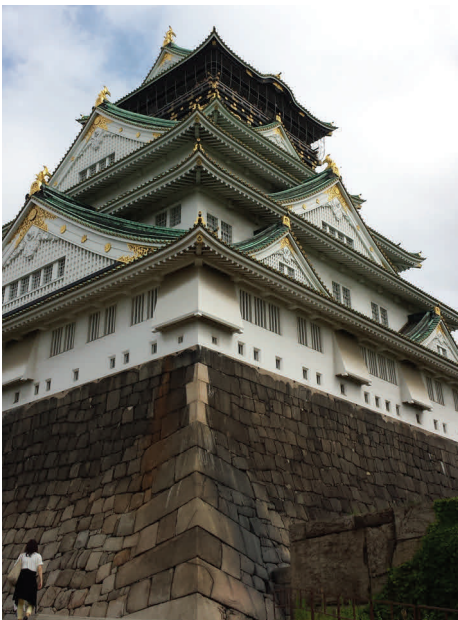
The grounds of Ginkaku-ji offer visitors a spectacular respite from city life. There are traditional Japanese gardens, a pond, and a trail that leads visitors up and around the complex.





Half the group, perhaps the bravest seven of our students, along with Catherine and David, went to Osaka to go kayaking. The Ashiya Marine Center, located 45 minutes from the main Osaka train station, rents kayaks to the public. We corresponded with nice young man named Toshihiko Negoro. While his English was limited, we were able to communicate and make an agreement for our group to go kayaking.

Catherine wrote: “The day was overcast and the weather report called for showers. While not everyone wanted to go kayaking, most of our group did go to Osaka. The kayak group split from the rest and went to Ashiya. It was gently raining as kayaking group got to the harbor. They opted for just a one hour kayak rental. The rain may have prompted this, but the performance of the kayaks reinforced it. We got out on the water and spun around in circles as we tried our best to paddle. We did, though, have fun trying. On the way back to the train station, we had lunch in a very traditional restaurant which featured a hot griddle at each table for two. The menu was all in Japanese and the wait staff did not speak any English; even so, we had a great meal. Faith taught us a good tip—when all else fails at a Japanese restaurant, order yakisoba - a noddle dish with meat and vegetables.”



Others ventured off to a Osaka cat café where you pays a fee to pet cats for the afternoon. The other attraction was the Osaka Castle. Over time, various structures have existed here. Construction of the present day castle began in 1931.

Chris accompanied me to the Sumiyoshi Shrine, a place for those whose lives were spent on the water as sea going warriors or fishermen could come and pray for a safe voyage or offer thanks for a successful return This Shrine was mentioned in the Tale of Genji, for our hero went there just before he met the Akashi priest and his daughter.

## Part II. Day 14—Sunday, May 10



Hiroshige print—Edo river with Mt. Fuji in the background—  
symbolizing our arrival in Tokyo

Most of Sunday, May 10, was spent on the Shinkansen traveling from Kyoto to Tokyo. The students showed great eagerness, along with a few fears, regarding meeting the host families at long last. On the ride I had the chance to read journals written about Hiroshima, Miyajima, the free day with Catherine, etc. Griffen managed to entertain some of the students, and others looked out the windows, yet no one reported seeing Mt. Fuji.



As we arrived at the Tokyo Station, we marking an end to the first part of our journey and the start of the “Part 2.” This train station is very busy and too confusing a place ever to meet anyone, so we went on to Ueno Station; there, near the “Park Exit,” we met two host mothers, Kotani-san and Ozawa-san. They showed us the schedule for our visit that they had been working on all during our spring semester: 2 days in kindergarten, 2 in elementary schools, a visit to a soy sauce factory, and the Welcome Party.

While I had hoped for a visit to the Tokyo National Museum, a treasure trove of beautiful artifacts and art, this did not occur. However, on their brochure, was the face of this Haniwa figure from Wakamizuka Tumulus, in Gumma from the Kofun period. It reminded me I had said very little during the spring or May term about pre-historical eras such as the Kofun. The smile on the face of the Haniwa figure make me think, “You have told them more than they can digest.”

I knew most of the reason for the course, the main events for the month of May, lay ahead in the activities that would take place in the next two weeks.

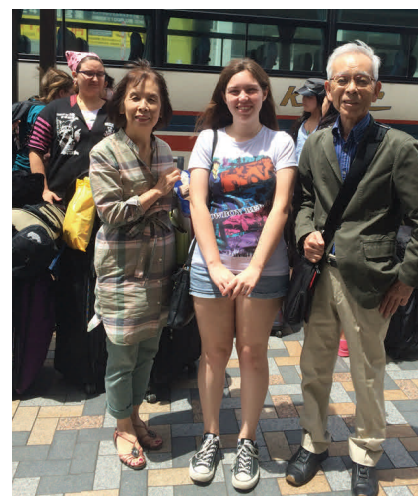


It was a joyful morning to wake up after a deep sleep in the Ohno Household. I heard a sound by the window of the room in which I had slept and saw my host father working in his garden.



At the Kashiwa station every student was excited about having spent a night in a “real Japanese home.” Marlene reported, “The Hayashi home was very inviting. I felt right at home the first night while I sat across the table from 12 year old Miki listening to her practice her English. She had eagerly gone to her room for her workbook when I asked if she wanted to practice with me. The first week we practiced like student and tutor and by the end of my two week stay she would tease and poke fun at my broken Japanese. I do not know how I came to bond so easily with this family, maybe my homestay mom’s sense of humor or Miki’s friendliness but I really did feel like I was visiting close relatives.”

Ashley wrote a similar comment (in her self evaluation), “I also loved being able to live with a homestay family while we were in Tokyo. Getting to live with a Japanese family and staying in their home was a whole new experience even compared to my other adventures in Japan. Even when I wasn't out exploring Tokyo, I was able to still see some aspects of Japanese culture while with my host family, which wasn't something I was able to do at the hotel in Kyoto”





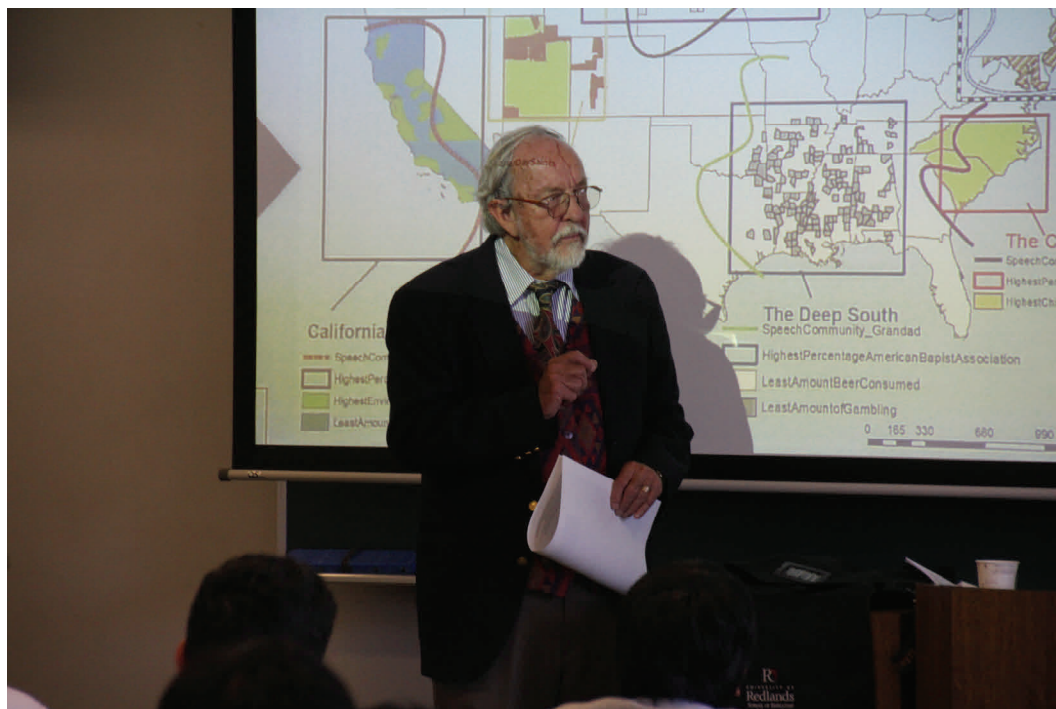
Ian expressed delight on our first day at Reitaku University, where he had spent the fall semester; he was received back as if a successful warrior with movie star recognition. I, as well, felt a wonderful sense of my own homecoming, for I had lived on campus during the academic year 1988-89. Then, by good fortune and health, I had managed to bring 15 groups of students with me for shorter times over the intervening years. We were welcomed by Professor Kaz Horiuti (right) with a tour of the campus, the Memorial Hall for the Founder – Dr. Hiroike. We were led to the I-Lounge which served as our meeting place each day we were on the Reitaku campus.

Professor Horiuti asked me to give a lecture about religion in America covering the last hundred years. The setting was his own course in Religions in America. No doubt, he was remembering that he had taken just such a course with me in 1982 when he was the exchange student from Reitaku. He also may have been using his own sense of humor, for more than 30 years had passed and he knew I was 82 years of age and might even remember much of the previous century.

Of course, I agreed to this assignment, for as my former student and now good friend, Professor Horiuti had arranged three full days of activities on his campus. The class of 150 students was larger than I am used to teaching. Look at the front of the room—that really is me way down there!







Professor Horiuti kindly instructed me in how to teach to 150 students. He requested that I “make a PowerPoint presentation of about 10 slides and send the text of what I was to speak about for 30 minutes to be translated during the hour, for only a few students in this class understood English.” I did this work before leaving for Japan.

On the day of the lecture, Professor Horiuti had a composite image of the 10 slides on one page, then on another page he had summarized, in Japanese, what was on each slide. On another page was a copy of the map (shown in the above image), and a final sheet which was a form for the students to use to summarize what they heard and space for them to each give their own response.

In the lecture, I tried to show that in America, after each war, an enthusiastic revival has occurred with a central figure as an “evangelist.” After the Civil War (1860’s) came the Rev. Dwight L. Moody. After World War I came Billy Sunday, a sometime baseball player who was called to save souls. After World War II came Billy Graham (from my hometown) and whom once I did hear speak. Next was the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who came even before the Vietnam War ended. I tried to show no preference for any of these leaders, but one student later said, “You clearly like M. L. King best!”

Day 15—continued

I collected the forms from the Redlands students and selected Griffen's as one that captured my lecture in some detail and was the easiest "font" to read.

As Professor Horiuti demonstrated the use this self-reflection tool, I learned the value of different form of "student/teacher" interaction.

Griffen Bier  
グリフェン・ビル

リアクション・レポート

平成 27 年 5 月 11 日 月曜 2 限

北米社会論 A

Dr. Bill Huntley  
ハントレー先生 特別講義

外国語/ 経済 学部	学科	専攻	年
学籍番号:	氏名:		

講義のまとめ、考察、質問を書いてください。評価の対象です。

まとめ	American Society 1910-2015
	Evangelist, Dwight Moody revived evangelical churches in US and Britain in the late 19th century. This followed the American Civil War, which inspired Moody.
	The next war was World War I. Afterward, many followed Billy Sunday, an evangelist from Iowa. Over 100 million heard Sunday preach. Over a million walked down the Sawdust Trail to accept Christ as their saviour.
考察	Following World War II, many Americans came to seek salvation with Billy Graham. He grew up as a Presbyterian. He brought many to Christianity in large crusades. Bill heard him speak at Madison Square Garden.
	Midway through the Vietnam War, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. who was opposed to the war, helped gain Civil Rights for African-Americans and other persons of "color," by the use of peaceful marches. Bill believes King to be the most important Evangelist he has spoken of.
質問・不明な点	

紙面が足りない場合は、裏面も使ってください。

We were invited to visit with Mototaka Hiroike (the great grandson of the founder, Dr. Chicuro Hiroike), who, over the years, had received a dozen January or May term students. He had the Redlands students give their names and their majors.

While in his office, I noticed this quotation from Confucian teaching: “A man of high moral character will have a long life.” I took it as a promise to those, whether they belong to a Confucian tradition or not, that there are rewards for longevity. I smiled to myself thinking that the two parts of the sentence could be challenged by the long lives of some who are not of high moral character, but then my attention went back to the conversation.

In particular, I remember the delight in President Hiroike’s eyes, when Nick mention environmental business as his major. President Hiroike relayed that we share a responsibility to improve the practices of the many places on this planet we share. We were then told that Reitaku’s building had won the national prize in Japan as an architectural achievement for its design and that the architect had graduated from Reitaku. I thought of the environmental studies building on our own campus, built within the same decade.



The second day at Reitaku was organized again by Professor Horiuti (left of me) with an early encounter with the Reitaku Kindergarten followed by lunch, and then a visit to the Office of the University. President Nakayama is shown in the picture below standing between Nick and Marlene. Between Nick and Chris is a statue of Dr. Hiroike who founded the University. In the afternoon of this day, each Redlands student gave a presentation on a different aspect of religion which they had recently encountered during the spring semester.



The Reitaku Kindergarten was a very orderly place with the young students looking at us, perhaps seeing for the first time such a group of strange and large people, looking back in at them. When we started to leave, a row of boys stepped forward to give us ‘High Fives.’”

Chris wrote in his journal, “In one classroom, we watched over the kids as they played musical chairs. Some of the students were very into it, while others seemed a bit confused about the game. One boy named Hiroki was wild and would push others and hold onto the chairs as he circled. The girls were not into the game as much as the boys. In another classroom, we watched over the children as the teacher read a story. The story was a lesson about jealousy. The children were remarkably well-behaved. It made our supervision of them easy and fascinating. One child kept jumping up and down during the story. He was genuinely interested in what was happening, which was very cool to see. We ended the day at the kindergarten by going to the preschool and watching the kids during lunch. They were so adorable. Their parents had packed their lunch boxes with smiley faces on the rice balls. The cutest thing was "training chop sticks" which were in the lunch boxes. The ends of the chopsticks were connected to make it easier to eat with.



We spent a few minutes in the I-Lounge with other students. Notice Ashley and Mary's intensity as they interact with a Japanese student.



That afternoon, we had two more sessions. The first was arranged by Professor Miki Yamashita, who had studied at Portland State University, where my Waseda office-mate Lawrence Kominitz had taught the last 30 years. It is a small world I thought to myself.

Professor Miki Yamashita's showed how well she too had prepared for our visit. Her six students had worked up presentations on six places one might consider visiting while in Japan. The University of Redlands students were divided into 6 groups; they visited each of her students in rotation to learn about Japan. Her students, interacting with 2 or 3 Redlands students at one time, would then ask questions and have more exchange. What surprised me most of all, however, was the fact that in our two weeks in Kyoto, we had visited five of the six places the Reitaku students had never seen at all. They had only studied these locations via the Internet (three of these places are shown here).



Golden Pavilion



Tōdai-ji Temple



Ryōan-ji

In the mix of this classroom visit, my friend Professor Keiji Takeuchi gave an ancient chant in Japanese to show one of his hobbies, and promised me an outfit to wear for the Saturday Welcome Party.

The final part of that day was spent visiting Professor Horiuti's "Religion in America" class for the BEKKA program of foreign students. These students had a background in English, and thus they could follow what the University of Redlands students told them about religions in the U.S. Each University of Redlands student gave a presentation on a different aspect of religion which they had recently encountered during the spring semester.

Faith, Mary and Bella visited a Seventh Day Adventist church that Faith had known from childhood. That branch of Christianity celebrates Saturday or the 7th day as the day of rest. There are 20 different Seventh Day Adventist Churches in Redlands, some differing in the language spoken, such as Spanish, Korean, Rumanian, etc., as well as the celebrated Loma Linda Hospital organized by Seventh Day Adventist religion.

The image below shows their use of PowerPoint as well as a smaller classroom than the one we were in the day before. This class had less than 30 students, including two from Germany, one from Nepal, and two from the University of Redlands who were studying at Reitaku for the spring semester.



Ian presented on the Jewish Temple Emanuel which is located in Redlands, CA. Ashley, Marlene and Samantha reported on Roman Catholicism. Griffen reported on the Atheists in Redlands, while Nick reported on Buddhism. Ajit discussed Hinduism and Chris told of the Karmapa's visit to the University of Redlands.

The main event for Wednesday May 13 was to experience Kabuki theatre. Ohno-san's research found the easiest route was by subway with a change at Kita-senju. We traveled into Tokyo to the Kabukiza Theater and arrived in time to purchase one-act seats.



Actor who played the daughter.

<https://www.pinterest.com/>

David Neighbours summarized the Kabuki play as follows: "Sesshû Gappô-ga-Tsuji" was first performed in 1773 as a bunraku, and later as kabuki in 1835. I was impressed by the stylized make-up of the actors and their exaggerated expressions. Sometimes I forgot that all three female characters were being played by men.

The version we saw recounts a young woman's scandalous love for her stepson. This terrible indiscretion brings shame and anguish to her parents, who at first would not allow her to return to their home. To restore honor to the family, her father stabs her, but we learn that her passion was actually a complex deception to protect the stepson's honor and life. Bill rented several electronic displays which gave real-time translations. Without such a device, we would not have known what was happening on stage.

In the French and Italian operas that I have seen, the heroine typically has a really long and wordy death scene. Similarly, during this Kabuki play, it took 30 minutes after being stabbed for the heroine to die.

I was impressed by the complexity, grace, and style of a traditional performance."

## Day 17—continued

On this day, at the Kabuki theatre, we were re-joined by Catherine and David. After leaving Kyoto, they had made special trip to Nagasaki to re-visit the sites David's father had photographed in the Fall of 1945.

From David, "During the last months of World War II, my father was an Army photographer with an Engineers battalion, part of the Army occupation forces, They landed in Nagasaki in early October 1945, and he was assigned to document the destruction caused by the atomic bomb.

My father never spoke much about the time he spend in Japan, but he had many vivid photos of Nagasaki. Before we went to Japan, Catherine located an English speaking guide in Nagasaki, and sent him copies of some of my father's photos.

Mr. Yoshiaki, the guide, researched the photos with the staff of the Atomic Bomb Museum in Nagasaki. As a result, he was able to take Catherine and I around the city to 5 locations shown in my father's photos. The experience of actually visiting the sites, 70 years after the atomic bomb, was very profound for me. It was astonishing to compare the absolute wasteland shown in the photos with the vibrant, active city of today.

The photo below was taken by John R. Neighbours, Sr. in 1945. It was likely taken from inside the shell of a munition factory that was left standing after the bombing of Nagasaki. It shows the burned out structure of an gas tank in the distance. What was left of the oil tank, picture here on the right, is featured on a present-day memorial plaque. This site is now a play-ground for children.



The most interesting aspect of our visit was the graciousness and friendship shown to us by Mr. Yoshiaki and the other people we met in Nagasaki. No one ever commented or rebuked us for the death and devastation that was done by the USA to the people of Nagasaki. Compared to the rage and hatred of the American people expressed after the 9-11 attacks, I can't believe our nation will be as forgiving, seventy years from now.



Tori reflected on the visit to Nagareyama Kindergarten in her self-evaluation, “Kids here are obviously more approachability. When we arrived at the kindergarten, we saw all kids playing in the little playground. The kids wear their own clothes, and I need to say that they looked less delicate.

They were curious and a little bit afraid of us, but outside of my expectation, girls seem to be braver than boys. Some girls came to say “hi” to us, and they used some other words we could not understand. I remembered the first kid who came to say “hi” was a girl named Nene, such a cute name! We shook hands and she dragged me to the children’s slide, where there were more kids there. We went back to the room to play games together. The game was about a “basketball” game, which we tossed bags in to a high ring. The group with most bags wone. We played the game with them and had so much fun!”



It seems very clear that Ian, Nick, Marlene, and the score of little kids wearing red and yellow hats were having a very good time. The red objects on the floor were new to me this year. I am guessing that they were invented to “make a mess” which could then be used to teach young students to be responsible in cleaning up. A competition was arranged whereby groups of “red hats” competed with “yellow hats” as to how many such objects each team could pick up.

Faith, too, reflected on this visit to Nagareyama Kindergarten in her journal. Excerpts include: “While Ian and I were waiting ... two little boys from the preschool class next door poked their heads out of the connecting door and saw us sitting there. .... They then walked over to where we were sitting and started to play with their toys while asking us to play with them. They ...did not understand any English, but they still talked non-stop to us ... until their teacher noticed that they were missing ...”

“... a little boy named Subaru instantly attached himself to me and dragged me around the playground to play different kinds of games. ... He was only able to speak Japanese with a few English words worked in here and there, and I was in a similar, but reversed boat with my English and Japanese. ... we would speak the language we knew best and then point or gesture to get our ideas and points across. “

“... we found out that the different colored hats that the children were wearing represented the different classes/age ... yellow hats meant 4 years-old while the red hats meant 5 years-old. We introduced ourselves ... the children would do their best to repeat our names. They then said "hello" and thanked us for playing with them in English. ... we all went inside and played some more games with them and danced along to some songs with them ... the children seemed to love teaching them to us.”

“For lunch, my classmates divided into two groups: one ate with the yellow-hat class and the other ate with the red-hat class. I was in the group that ate with the 4 year-olds ... Two little girls at the table, Hitomi and Nanako, ... told me all kinds of things in Japanese. I spoke back to them in a mixture of Japanese and English and they would try to imitate some of the English words .... [Then] it was time to say good-bye to the children. They ended up giving us paper-made medals that they created and we took group pictures with both classes. They ... gave us high fives until we walked past the gates.”

“I really enjoyed my time at this kindergarten and had a lot of fun. They were a lot less shy than the first group and my use of saying things in both English and Japanese helped them to better understand what I was saying. I think it would have been more beneficial the children and me if I would have talked with them more rather than doing most of the listening. However, the children were really chatty and excited to be with us so it was hard to find the will to interrupt their joyful chatter as they spoke to me. I really cannot wait to go to the elementary schools next week and see how those children will react to us.”



During this trip, I able to return to a familiar place and be presented with a picture from years ago when Professor Pani Chakrapani came with me to Japan and then led us on to India. The girl to my right was inspired to study English. She was then 5 years old and now she is 17 and is graduating from high school to become an English teacher.

On this free day, I had the chance to get back to Reitaku University and spend some time having lunch with Professor Jitaro Mizuno. Professor Jitaro has been a friend since 1980 when he was in Redlands on a sabbatical; he was the first person I ever met from Reitaku. He visited our home in California in 1980, and again in 1986, in Nishi Waseda. In 1986, he invited me to speak at Reitaku about "American Culture Today" (quite a large and open ended topic).

I do not have a copy of that landmark lecture, but I do remember the question from one Reitaku student. I was asked, "I want to go into politics in Japan, what advice would you give me as to how I might succeed?" I remember my answer, "Well, since our own president [Ronald Reagan] went into the movie business in Hollywood, so maybe you should try acting ..."

On this free day, I reflected back, thinking of the many acts of good will that Professor Mizuno had brought to our lives. He invited our daughter Kim to be the first Redlands student to attend Reitaku. He then helped find a place to spend my sabbatical in 1988/89 so that I was able to spend that year at Reitaku and the Institute of Moralogy.



いのち輝け (キン) 水野淳子 水彩画サイズ (41cm×32cm)

Just three years ago Jitaro gave me a picture his wife had painted of an almost extinct bird— beautiful and healthy.

Now in 2015, when we met for lunch at the newly restored Reitaku Hotel, he presented me with a more recent view of he same bird.

"What has happened to the bird?" he asked me.

I pondered whether to respond, "The bird, like you and I, has aged 3 years. Was it the sickness that has persisted in Japan over these last years, since the earthquake, tsunami and nuclear disruption?" I asked, since I knew his wife had been visiting the people living in shelters because of the triple disasters.

He smiled and responded, "I will have to ask my wife."

Called an *Nipponia nippon* in the academic world, this bird is affectionately known as a Toki. This bird is close to extinction in Japan, but due to conservation efforts, has a chance at recovery. It does, though, make one stop and think about what is happening in our world, when birds, like this once beautiful creature, now look sick.



生きる 水野淳子 水彩画サイズ (41cm×32cm)

## Day 20—May 16

The day of the Welcome Party had arrived! In many ways, May 16 is the most memorable day of the whole month for all the host families officially welcomed us by preparing wonderful dishes for us to eat. For example, my host family was caught on camera preparing the sushi.

That sushi, and the other food, offered us the greatest variety of what we ate in the whole month and the taste was memorable. Then came the entertainment!



The first dance of these six host mothers had a feeling of a folk dance from ancient times. It gave me the awareness that these women were the main force in sustaining NIFA's connection to the University of Redlands students and others!

Chris would surprise us all with an aria from an Italian opera, for he could indeed sing and with gusto. Katherine would use the inspiration of a Japanese poet from the Heike Monagatori who had been inspired by Li Po. Li Po's legacy traveled from China to Japan centuries earlier as the poets of T'ang China had enduring appeal.

Faith, Griffen, and Cibella did a dramatic performance of "Atsumori" by Zeami wearing Noh-like masks which they had used in Redlands in the spring semester. The character "Yuki-Onna" (the snow ghost) uses over-acting to catch the attention of everyone in the room.



Marlene and her team brought their energy to the celebration and reminded the other students of the challenge when they were asked to perform with a poem, sing a song, tell a story, do a dramatic reading.

Nick would quote Kipling's famous poem "If you can keep your head..." Nicole quoted Robert Frost.

Toward the end, a group sang the nostalgic song *Kojo no Tsuki* (old castles in the moonlight). We wore various costumes—Ajit in his fancy new outfit. Chris and Tory lent their good voices, Arioshi-san brought her sense of the Japanese mood, and I wore my rented Kendo outfit, but alas no picture was taken. This image is from an earlier trip where I sang the song with my host father Ohno-san.



The final act was another dance, in which the whole room came alive with music, movement and melodrama reminding me of the ending of the film *“Mamma Mia”* with the vibrations embracing us all, and Sanjo-san leading the way.

The Welcome Party came to an end and some of the families and students went home or elsewhere. Those remaining were invited to Ariyoshi-san’s house for the After Party.

There was food and lots to drink. It was a lovely end to a great day, gathering in her garden, with beautiful flowers and happy people.



On this day, we visited the Russian Orthodox Church near Ochanomizu. Its official name is the Holy Resurrection Cathedral, but is also referred to as the Nikolai Cathedral or Nikolai-do. The name came from its founder, St. Nikolai Kassatkin (1836-1912). St. Nikolai Kassatkin was a Russian missionary who came to Japan in 1861. He spent his time in Japan propagating the Russian Orthodox faith. During this visit to Japan, the students were able to see that Christianity was represented in Japan not only by the Roman Catholics and Protestants, but also through the Orthodox tradition.

Nick especially liked this day for he could follow the form of the service even though it was in Japanese. Most of us appreciated the chanting and the burning of the incense which gave the service a very European feeling.



After our visit to the Russian Orthodox Church, we were joined by Dr. Marek Kaminski (shown below between myself and Chris) for our visit to the Meiji Shrine. Along the way, we met a group of recent Waseda graduates who had spent 2011-12 in Redlands.



Dr. Kaminski gave a lecture to the group while we were at the Meiji Shrine. Chris' provided his thoughts on what Dr. Kaminski had related:

“I was fascinated by the presentation on the Ainu people. It was shocking to hear that this sizable indigenous population of Japan does not exist according to the government. The comparison of Ainu to Native American puts this topic in perspective for our class. It was a group of people who were forced off their land and forgotten by history until efforts were made to bring attention to the groups.....this is what came to mind during this discussion. I am intrigued by this topic and was most interested in the history and ritual aspects of the people. The immense history of the Ainu people stretches back thousands of years... The performance of such rituals sound spectacular..... is like non-institutionalized Shintoism. .... I would much like to see such a ritual in person. It is exciting to see a religion like this and I was pleased to hear from Dr. Kaminski that the population of Ainu is growing.”



Visits to Waseda University have been important day-trips from Nagareyama. Each year I have tried to meet the students who were studying there for the semester or year long experiences. We visited with Katherine's twin sister Alli, who is in the middle of her spring semester there. Also important to me was the chance to share a day with my host father and mother, the Ohno's. He graduated from Waseda University and his wife grew up in the neighborhood of Nishi-Waseda, where my own family lived in 1986-87.

A highlight for me this year was to see once again the Waseda Theatre Museum building, which was just next to my old office. This time I became aware of the importance of Shakespeare's work as it influenced Japanese modern drama, after all Shakespeare was the major writer in English (at least according to Yale critic Bloom). We also saw evidence of Kabuki, Noh, and Bunraku which were presented in the Museum.

Walking with the Ohno's after lunch, I found our old house and the nearby Shinto shrine, but I was amazed at the new buildings, such as the library, that blocked many of the old pathways that I had used for walks from my house to my office.

Mrs. Ohno was saddened to see her elementary school replaced with an apartment building. It was nostalgic for me as I longed to re-live again that wonderful year. But at least I lived long enough to visit it again during this 20th trip to Japan.





As we meet at Reitaku for the last time, we gathered in the I-Lounge for a session with the Reitaku students who are planning to come to Redlands in the fall and other visitors who came to practice English.



We also had a walking lecture by Professor Garfield, from Reitaku. He was interested in showing us how one teaches about the world we live in by “picking up” the dirt or by seeing its beauty. Dr. Garfield showed us a Banyan Tree that grew from seeds of the same ancient tree under which the Buddha taught. We also gathered seeds from a cherry tree that had just scattered its seeds.

We visited again the class of Professor Hoiruti to hear a session regarding religious expression, in German, by women studying there. Professor Horiuti cleverly illustrated, in form and content, a comparison of Japanese religions (in both popular

and anime forms) with those of the Abrahamic religions of the West.

That evening, I shared a Chinese meal with the Sugimoto family and their 10 year old twins. The daughters, at that age, reminded me of the fascination Prince Genji had with Murasaki.

I had known then “Oki-san” from 1987 when she was a student in my Waseda religion class. I got to assist her and her fiancé as they planned their wedding in Hawaii.

Over the years, they came to my home in Redlands, and thereafter were my “host parents” four times in Matsudo.

On one of these visits, I somehow got the special title of Uncle “Oji-san” and somehow Uncle Sean. They are very dear people to me.



On this day, we visited the Muwaki Kagone Elementary School. We were impressed with the reception as we entered as there was a band playing and banners flying. We walked into the gym where the entire student body was waiting for us. After the reception, we divided into small groups and went to various classrooms. Shown here is a group photo of the calligraphy class.



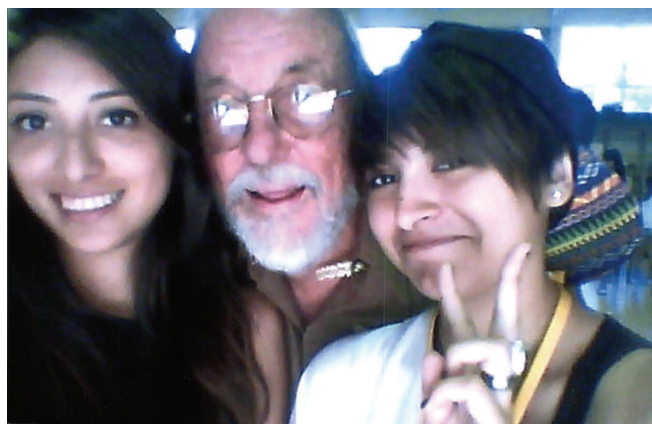
After our time with the elementary school children, we went to Minami Kashiwa Station to a Karaoke place where we spent an amazing time bonding over music.

I was impressed by how many songs some students knew. Each student had a chance to pick a song, and some demonstrated great singing talent that I had not imagined existed before.

Chris seemed to have the best trained voice as he entertained us by singing a number of songs. May and Tory sang together what appeared to be a sad song which reflected my memory of the lonely stories of T'ang Period poets who were stationed a long way from friends and family which we studied during the spring semester. This may have been my own projection as I thought about the distance May and Tory would be from Redlands as they headed home to China for the summer.

I requested a song from "The Sound of Music" as a way of inviting everyone in this special May 2015 class to join me in going to Salzburg, Austria for May term 2016, where we might again sing "Edelweiss."

I seemed pleased in this picture—either to have finished singing my song or in the glow of being between two young women who joining me in singing.



Upon our arrival at the Nagasaki Elementary School, we were greeted by the Principal wearing a rubber mask of President Barak Obama. We knew we were in for a fun time.

We were taught how to arrange flowers; in fact, the entire school came to the gym for a lecture by the expert guest speaker. The University of Redlands students received special attention by Ajit's host mom, Sachiko Jones (shown in the left-hand picture standing by Ajit).



Our first experience with eating Japanese soft serve ice cream was at the Golden Pavilion.

Green-tea ice cream was a crowd favorite.

While this ice cream outing actually occurred days earlier, this picture could have been taken almost any day of May term.

May's reflection of her homestay:

"I really appreciate my host family, although we had a few difficulties in talking at the beginning. I lived with an older couple who did not speak English, but they knew some Chinese because they had spent 10 years in China.



To be honest, I was nervous about having a home stay as I know that the Japanese are careful but also rigorous. I was so afraid that they would not like me. But things actually turned out well, we (myself and Tory) learned to live just like them. My host dad loved watching TV, particularly baseball games. He also likes tea, he drinks black tea every morning and green tea every night after dinner. He sometime was serious, just like other Japanese males, but I know that he is a kind person. My host mom is a cute woman, she loves Chinese spicy food, and she also loves traveling too. As a gift, she bought me a cute frog cup and Japanese style chopsticks. My family eats less, and just the same as other Japanese, they eat dinner really late, usually at 8 p.m. We had so much fun together, we went out to a conveyor belt sushi place, we met their little grandson, and we visited the beautiful river near their house."

Ajit wrote, "I considered this trip as my best experience ever. I could never imagine how much fun I would have on this trip, and I also learned so much. I will miss everything in Japan, and I will come back to Japan sometime, to visit my lovely home stay family."



Mary wrote about her home stay as follows, "My favorite part of the trip was in fact the home stay. I got along really well with Reiko-san and was able to help teach some of her students English in addition to the work we did as a class. I also was able to communicate the finer points of sarcasm to her and I think that she thought that I was rather amusing."



I'm really glad that I got to go on this trip and experience such a wonderful adventure. I'll never forget the wonderful people I've met and the friends I have made on this trip. Thank you all for allowing us such a wonderful opportunity to experience Japan in a very unique and fun way.

- Faith Pasillas

From inside the bus, looking out, we could all see the amazing ways that Japanese people can give a "Sayonara"



When we arrived at Narita Airport, the group split up looking for the airlines which would take them homeward. I managed to find my large suitcase from the “cat-shipping” agent and took it to the ANA window where I saw Faith and Chris. I also saw Ajit. I did not go to LAX that day for I had a flight to Taipei to see my daughter Heather who teaches English in Taiwan. I had a sudden and strange feeling of being alone! I had been with a group of people with whom I had forged a deep bond and they were now gone. So I reached for the books in my carry-on bag—Varley, our textbook and my trusty, now battled scarred, journal.



As I flipped the pages of our textbook, I smiled as I remembered the places we had been. Chapter One is about the origins of Japanese Civilization and we had been to several Shinto shrines, if not the one of Ise in Varley’s book. I had showed the students Haniwa figures. I found in my journal the “happy Haniwa man” and there I found myself smiling back at him pasted in my journal. The next chapters in Varley were about Nara and Kyoto. There I realized that three of the Buddhist temples we visited were from the time of the Ashikaga Era.

We had managed to look inside a Noh theater and even heard a few lines being read during a rehearsal. I wondered if that might have been the place of an original Noh drama some 600 years ago or back in the time of Chaucer.

Then I thought to myself, oops, we skipped the whole era of the Tokugawa rulers during the 250 years that they ruled. In Tokyo, we only went to the Meiji Shrine where we heard about the Ainu who had been in Japan longer than any other peoples. Perhaps going to the Kabuki play and seeing the one act did give some idea of a form of entertainment of the Edo Period.

Later, on the long wait for the take off from Narita to Taipei, I had an even stronger sense of separation, not from the group of students from Redlands, who I hope to see again on campus in the fall, but I had a sense of loneliness from the host families. They had remained in my consciousness from our departure that morning from the Kashiwa station. I started remembering each of the families. I remembered the Ohno-sans who had hosted me for the 12 nights, had shown me pictures of their trip to Kyoto in the autumn glory of the red leaves, and shared with me a scrapbook from the 1940’s which held black and white images of World War II Japanese uniforms of Ohno-san’s father’s regiment stationed in Manchuria.

I remember the dinner with them and Ariyoshi-san the previous night when she gave me a copy of her latest album of songs. I remembered the second night in Nagareyama after I had walked Marlene back to the Hayashi Family, and then her host mother pulled up in her car and asked, “Where is Marlene?” I responded, “I took her to your house, but where is the Ohno’s house” whereupon she laughed, put her car in reverse, backed up her car ten feet, and pointed, “Right over there!”

I started to write some of these memories in my journal using a cute ball point pen that Yamazaki-san had given me the last day in the kindergarten. “Thank you very much, Yamazaki-san,” I thought, as I remembered the other students her family had hosted and even Professor Pani in 2005. I remember that Dan Dickerson, class of 1995, who had brought his bride to present to the Yamazaki family who had hosted him long ago. I remembered in Narita that when the Ozawa family hosted me in 2000 that their little dog did not like my smell or voice, or both. I hoped that in 2015, their new dog had liked Nick somewhat better.

I remembered the stories that Chris told about the evenings he had spent with the Shibasaki family and especially the one about him telling his family about zazen which they had never done, but how they all got up one morning and went for a serious encounter with Rinzai priests who sometimes use a stick to awaken sleeping sitters. Chris reported being afraid of being hit, but he stay awake and in proper posture and thus managed to escape the punishment.

I remembered the way that Kotani-san had come all the way with Ozawa-san to meet us at Ueno when we first arrived to talk through the many plans they had made for our school visits. I also remembered that she was willing to take Ian as well as Faith to live in her house. I was thinking also of the Jones family who had been willing to take both Ajit and Griffen. I recalled the conversation I had with Mr. Jones one night about our serving, though at different times, in the US Navy and how taking young men abroad had some similarity of how they can adjust to living away from home for the first time, if in a more serene setting that on a Navy ship.

I remembered the warm greetings that I got from Katsura Kuramochi, Cibella’s host mom, and also from Keiko Kato who had hosted several Redlands students, including Nicole this year. I also remember Kato-san’s kindness as she took in a home-stay student while caring for her own three children.

These many memories of home-stay visits, the connections with NIFA, the year’s of friendship... are part of who I am. Each experience has contributed greatly to my personal being, as this year’s experience will forever shape the lives of the students from the University of Redlands.

I close this book by offering gratitude and a world of thanks to NIFA for all that you have done.

Once again, I say—Arigatō Gozaimashita,

Dr. Bill Huntley

In 1995 a group from NIFA sang for us in the Reitaku Hotel. Little did we imagine that 20 years later Ariyoshi-san would be playing for us and releasing a string of albums. In this photo, Mr. Ohno, Mrs. Ozawa, and Mrs. Yamazaki are featured.



Over the years, the best dressed groups were decked out in kimonos. In January, 2001, it was cold out and the kimonos were very welcomed as we got dressed up for this photo.





Professor Yukiko Kawahara went with me to Japan in 2000 (when we had a winter travel term). She pointed out a Jizo by a snowy roadside who was watching out for old people.

I needed him that year and ever since.



This picture is on my desk in my office at the University of Redlands. It is from the year my NIFA friends came to California to visit.

Pictured here are Mrs. Ariyoshi, Mrs. Maruyama, Mrs. Sanjo, Mrs. Yamazaki, Mrs. Ohno, Mr. Ohno, Linda, Dr. Kawahara — in the Palm Springs hotel lobby. It was 110 degrees outside.

We do hope that all of you will come back (during a cooler season).

As I wrap up this reflection book, I would be amiss if I did not speak about my host family in more detail. I begin with a story of their daughter.

It was one evening, on this visit to Japan, as we passed through the Ochinamizu station, that we met, quite by accident, my host sister Ayako who was headed home to be with her family. Over the years, she had come home so many nights during my stays with her parents and acted as a translator.



Ayako works in an English language school which brings newcomers to Japan from mostly Southern countries such as Thailand, Burma, Myanmar... who wish to learn Japanese.

She loves her parents dearly and brings joy to them every night when she returns. Indeed, she was home when I got back that day after visiting the Meiji Shrine.

My host father loves images like this one which May took in April 2015. It captures not only Mt. Fuji but the glorious colors of springtime. May wins my contest of the best image of Fuji-san and perhaps an award for photojournalism as this amazing picture will haunt our imagination for years to come. She and Tory had gone to Hakane a week before the rest of arrived. They were the only ones to see Fuji-san on this trip.

I am forever grateful to the Ohno family for their warm hospitality.



Thanks for the warm welcomes by friends in Kyoto, Nagareyama, Reitaku University, and throughout our journey this year. I hope I did not overlook anyone in these comments.



In 2015, I had my first Teaching Assistant—Ian Schutzman. I did not know how much I needed him at first, but he was a wonderful traveling companion who set an excellent example for the younger students as they sought to understand some of the mysteries of Japan. He led them on many adventures to places that he knew about from his own previous travels. His excellent command of Japanese was a great help.

I also had fellow travelers, Catherine Walker and David Neighbours who finally got to visit Japan with me, after travels to Ireland, Scotland, India, Salzburg, Berlin, Turkey, and Greece. They helped me to produce this book of reflections, with contributions of their own, and by editing and placing many pictures mostly from their cameras but from the students as well. They came early each day in Kyoto to discuss our travels and sometimes they returned at night to sit on the patio of the Palace Side Hotel to share wine and cheese. The trip would have been very different and much less fun without them.



Now for the books:

Religion 325 had a textbook. Varley, Paul (2000) Japanese Culture. University of Hawaii: Honolulu. I read this book during the trip and cited it often in this reflection.

Religion 411 (the required spring course) had a main textbook. Keene, Donald (1953) Anthology of Japanese Literature. Grove Press: New York. I used it sometimes to remind the students of what we had read back in Redlands, and Katherine used it in her performance in the Welcome Party in Nagareyama.