

Grateful for my Father's Care

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For people like me who are atomic bomb victims, what happened on August 9th, 1945 is a day of sorrow that you can never forget no matter how hard you try.

At the time of the bombing, my father was working at a factory along Inasabashi Street [Yanasemachi] and I and my mother were in Takaomachi. On that day, my mother had said "It seems like a new type of bomb could be dropped anywhere, so why don't you take a day off today?" I wonder if my mother sensed this could be the end of our lives together, so she didn't want to let me go.

Because I was the only child, I was showered with love. Even after my mother had died, for about two years, I felt like she was going to come out from a closet or a toilet to surprise me. On that day, my mother said that she was preparing to steam my favorite potatoes for lunch. I went to my factory branch, which was about the same distance from this home to the Elderly Care Home, because my desk was there.

As soon as I sat down on my chair, there was a flash like lightning and I shot under the desk shouting "Mother, thunder! Mother, thunder!" After that, I fainted and then when I came to, a man was taking me out of there. After I came out, I looked around for a while thinking I'd travelled to a country of death, because there was no Urakami Cathedral, no gravestones and of course no houses. I remembered that my mother was at home, and instantly I realized, my mother's house wasn't there, and while I was wondering if it had caught fire, someone told me to

go quickly to a shelter and pulled me along to one. My father came in the evening and called out my name.

I threw my arms around my father at that time and told him “You are late.” He told me that there was a deluge of fire at a place called Sugiyama; there were many dead bodies in the river below and he had looked in a church but he couldn’t find us, so he came over a mountain in Nishiyama. I asked “Where is mother? Where is mother?” and he told me “The house caught fire, and uncle told me she is gone.” I thought “I should have been with her” but then realized “If I were dead, father would be alone.”

Two or three days later, when I woke up in the morning, a lot of my hair was stuck to the pillow. As soon as I told my father about it, he took me to a hospital in Omura. At that time, I was told I would be lucky to live for three days but I had a box and a half of Vitamin C shots and recovered to have the body I have now. The wounds at that time were three X shaped wounds on my head, and pieces of glass were stuck into my left hand and foot. The fingers were dangling down, held only by the skin. Thanks to my father, who wrapped *mushiro* [straw matting] around them (because there were no bandages) and tied them firmly with wire, they still move now.

We’ve had enough of wars and atomic bombs and so on. I don’t want anyone else to have to experience this kind of feeling. I pray for peace for all people in the world.

[Location at Bombing: Kawabiramachi]