

Commitment to Peace

“I smelled burning bodies.”

“People’s skin had melted. They didn’t even look human.”

This is what atomic bomb survivors told us about Hiroshima right after the bombing.

It seemed like they didn’t want to remember. It seemed like their hearts had been torn apart.

There will never, *ever* be an end to the pain of those who were bombed.

We imagine, as if they were our own experiences, the feelings of the *hibakusha* and what really happened on that day.

The time will soon come when, though we want to ask more, we will no longer be able to.

In an instant the city was destroyed, people’s dreams and everyday lives crushed.

August 6, 1945, at 8:15 in the morning is something we want to know more about.

It’s something we want to convey more.

It was the hard work of all who overcame their sorrow and pain that allowed Hiroshima to come back to life as a city of vibrantly colored flowers and clear, blue skies.

This is the Hiroshima that, year after year, countless people visit from all over the world.

To know what really happened, they explore Peace Memorial Park, go through Peace Memorial Museum, listen to atomic bomb survivors, and feel for themselves the terror of the atomic bombing.

Of those who come here, many promise “to convey what happened that day.”

Because of all this, we feel peace is spreading.

We *cannot* simply wait.

Who will make this world peaceful?

The future, overflowing with hopes and dreams,

Is something that we, every single one of us, shape.

We have a duty to convey the *hibakusha*’s words, which have been entrusted to us.

Each of us, in our own, deliberate words,

Will communicate and pass on

To those who do not know war, to members of the next generation, and to people around the world,

The treasure of life and the desire for peace.

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