

What is “Fukushima”?

福島
fuku shima

It's been my observation that most people who have never been to Japan seem to think of Fukushima as an uninhabitable nuclear wasteland. My Facebook friends are surprised when on some of my posts I wrote that I traveled through Fukushima on my way back home to Niigata. “Why did you go there?” they ask.

Mass media reporters have abbreviated the damaged Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant to a single word, “Fukushima.” Therefore when non-Japanese people hear this word, they automatically think of the nuclear catastrophe in Japan. This is *not* how Japanese think when they hear the name of Fukushima.



Japan divided into Prefectures.

Japan is divided into 47 administrative areas which are called *prefectures*.

Fukushima Prefecture is the area of #7. I live right next to it in area #15, Niigata Prefecture. Because I often travel to Aomori Prefecture, (#2 on the map), if I take the Tohoku Expressway, the route back home to Niigata runs through Fukushima Prefecture. Nobody hesitates for fear of radiation to drive through Fukushima Prefecture.



Here we can see an enlarged map of area #7 that shows Fukushima Prefecture. The damaged nuclear reactor is in a town called Futaba, the area with the red circle drawn around it. The nuclear reactor is right on the Pacific coast. It is mainly the area of Futaba and parts of the areas immediately next to it which are in the no-go zone! People are living everywhere else in Fukushima Prefecture. Rice is again being planted and harvested in areas not close to the damaged nuclear power plant. You can see that Fukushima Prefecture is a large area and the area infected with radiation is relatively small in comparison.

There is also Fukushima City, the largest city in Fukushima Prefecture. So when I tell a Japanese person I passed through Fukushima, he or she understands that I passed through Fukushima Prefecture unless I specified it

was Fukushima City. Nobody, I mean *nobody* would think I meant the Futaba area, the town of the nuclear power plant!

The word prefecture is defined on <http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/prefecture> as

noun

1.

the office, jurisdiction, territory, or official residence of a prefect.

The only other countries that use the word prefecture to divide their country into administrative areas are *Roman Catholic nations* such as France and Italy!

Japan was divided into 47 prefectures by the Meiji government in July 1871. The Japanese period of *Meiji* (September 8, 1868 through July 30, 1912) was when Japan was forced to open itself to the West. Interestingly, the Japanese word “Meiji” is composed of two Chinese ideographs meaning “enlightened rule”. Was it because of the influence of the Illuminati (AKA Jesuit order)?

Why did Japan close itself off in the first place? To protect itself from Jesuit influence! The Tokugawa government (the period between 1603 and 1868) in the 17th century with the advice of English Protestant William Adams kicked out all the Roman Catholic **JESUIT** missionaries from Japan. William Adams warned the leader of the government, Tokugawa Ieyasu, that the real purpose of the Jesuit missionaries was not to spread the true faith of Christ to the Japanese, but to colonize Japan for Rome! During the period Japan isolated itself from the West, it’s interesting to note there was still some trade with England and the Netherlands – both *Protestant* countries. You see it was really only Roman Catholic countries, and specifically Portugal, Spain, France and Italy that the Tokugawa government feared. It was the USA which forced Japan to open itself up again to the West. America has been under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church from its very beginning! See [Washington in the Lap of Rome](#).

The Jesuits and Roman Catholic missionaries were expelled from Japan in the 17th century, but they returned in the 19th century during the time of Meiji (Illuminati / Jesuit rule). It’s my conclusion, therefore, dividing Japan into administrative areas called “prefecture” may denote Japan returning back under the control of **Rome**! And by “Rome” I am referring to the Vatican and the Roman Catholic Church. The word prefecture comes from Latin, the language of the Roman Empire!

By the way, here is Fukushima in Chinese ideographs.



It literally means “fortune island”

Japan's Christian Roots

十和田

To

wa

da

Towada in Chinese/Japanese characters

There is evidence that Christianity may have come to Japan long before the Jesuit priest, Francis Xavier reached Japan on July 27, 1549. The northern prefecture of Honshu, Aomori, contains many Christian symbols that predate Xaxier, things from the 2nd or 3rd century!

There is an area in Aomori Prefecture, Northern Honshu, called "Towada". Lake Towada is famous and the largest lake in northern Japan.

As you see, the first character is a cross. It's the Chinese character for the number 10 but nevertheless, it is a cross shape. I believe here it's meant to be the Cross of Christ!

The second character means "peace" and the third and last character means rice field. It literally means "Fields of peace by the cross of Christ." Christians in the past were numerous in this part of Japan. Not far is the town of Shingo which supposedly has the grave of Jesus Christ! True Bible believers know this cannot be so because Jesus rose to Heaven and didn't stay in the grave. But nevertheless just the fact that there are Christian symbols in the area indicates that Japanese culture may have been heavily influenced by Christianity in the first millennium. This knowledge was suppressed.

I didn't make this stuff up. I heard it directly from the Japanese people. I've lived in Japan now for nearly 40 years.

Though most Japanese do not know or read the Bible, their culture contains many principles taught in the New Testament, principles such as hard work, hospitality to strangers, generosity, humility, etc.. Some may argue that most cultures in the world can say the same. However, I think one cannot argue that Japan still has one of the lowest rates of violent crime in the world.

Fushishima Nuclear Power Plant Disaster and the Media: Distortions, hype and pure lies!



I still hear a lot of fear-mongering about the Fukushima nuclear accident. Some call it “worse than Chernobyl”. I find no logic in that statement at all. Two and a half years later and yet **not a single Fukushima power plant worker has died** or is even sick!

Examples of fear-mongering media manipulation headlines:

- Worse than Chernobyl: The inner threat of Fukushima crisis
- Nuclear disaster: Radiation levels at Fukushima would now be fatal within hours
- West Coast of North America to Be Hit Hard by Fukushima Radiation
- Fukushima Radiation Release Equivalent To 1,000 A-Bombs
- Fukushima leak is ‘much worse than we were led to believe’

Folks, I live in Niigata Prefecture which is the neighboring prefecture to Fukushima. If people were dying or getting sick from nuclear radiation in Fukushima, I would hear the locals talk about it. Nobody is. See [Japan's radiation disaster toll: none dead, none sick](#)

Cycling adventure to the summit of Mt. Yahiko



November 19, 2012: It was a bright sunny day and I didn't want to spend it indoors in front of a PC screen. Instead I rode my bicycle to a village at the foothills of Mt. Yahiko, about 33 kilometers from home, and walked to the top, the very summit of Yahiko Mountain which is 634 meters above sea level.

It took me 2 hours to ride to Yahiko Village where I spent about a half hour visiting Yahiko Shrine and taking some photographs. After that it took a little over an hour to ride and push my bicycle to the parking lot area near the top. After that I walked 30 minutes further to get to the summit to photograph the view showing the Sea of Japan.



My transportation to Mt. Yahiko



View of Mt. Yahiko an hour bicycle ride from home.



View of Mt. Yahiko approaching Iwamuro Village. The arrow down is pointing to the highest peak and my destination. The peak in the center looks higher only because it's closer.



View about 3/4 of the way up Mt. Yahiko



Sign says, Mt. Yahiko, elevation
634 meters



Signs on Mt. Yahiko



View of Yahiko Mura, Tsubama and Sanjo cites from near the summit



Visitor at the summit of Mt. Yahiko



Visitor at the summit of Mt. Yahiko



Visitor at the summit of Mt. Yahiko overlooking the Sea of Japan.



Tori Gate at the summit of Mt. Yahiko



Japanese ladies who asked me to take their photo. I first met them only a minute before.



Tori Gate in Tsubame city near Mt. Yahiko. Twenty years ago it was the largest Tori Gate in Japan.



The same Tori Gate facing Mt. Yahiko.

At 3:30 p.m. I left the summit and cycled down the mountain 30 minutes later. It only took me 20 minutes to get to the village below! But home was still 33 kilometers away and now at 4 p.m. it was getting dark. By 4.45 p.m. I got to Tsubame city and photographed the Tori Gate in the photos above. At 6:30 it

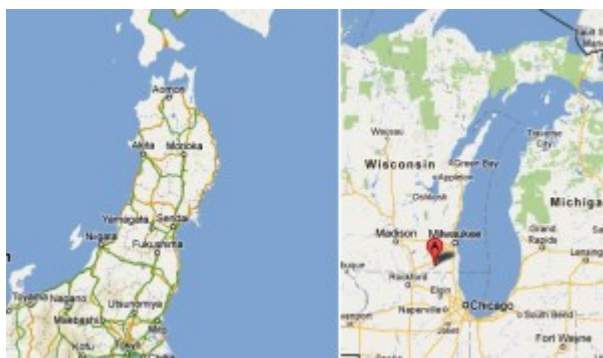
started to rain but I had an umbrella. I didn't get home till 8 p.m. with my pants soaked from the rain and thoroughly exhausted. I might have made it back earlier but because I took what I hoped was a shortcut, I got lost. After seeing the Shinkansen train tracks twice after 30 minutes, I realized I rode my bicycle in a circle!

Two Adventures through Northeast Japan



Having fun hitchhiking in northern Japan, making new friends, and saving a bucket of cash.

The size of Lake Michigan compared to Northern Japan



Most of the Tohoku (northeast) region of Honshu Japan could fit in Lake

Michigan.

Treated to an Oyster snack



Getting treated to an oyster snack on my 400-mile hitchhike adventure in Northern Japan.

Japanese musical instruments: The Koto and the Shakuhachi



Mr. Murata playing his handmade shakuhachi

On June 22, 2012, Mr. and Mrs. Murata picked me up from Nikaho, Akita Prefecture, and invited me to drink tea with them in their home in Akita city. Mr. Murata's hobby is making and playing a musical instrument made from bamboo which is called Shakuhachi. Mrs. Murata plays the Koto, a stringed

instrument. I was honored to be their guest and hear them perform.

Mr. Murata wanted to give me a shakuhachi for a present, but because I couldn't produce a sound with it, I declined his kind offer. He said it will take me about a half year of practice just to learn how to make the sound!

The video was taken with my cell phone and is of poor quality, but the audio is pretty good.

June 15 Adventure from Niigata to Hirosaki



The scene of Route 7 near Majima station. The sign says Majima Bridge.

June 15, 2012: The day is bright and sunny with thin and wispy cirrus clouds. Again as I did the previous week, I started off from Majima station on Route 345 at 7:35 AM. This time I didn't catch the first ride till 8:25, about 50 minutes later. The driver was a cook on his way to work at a restaurant in Sasagarenagare, a spa and resort area in northern Niigata. His name is Mr. Toki., a very friendly man who was constantly smiling. It may be redundant to call him "friendly" for all who voluntary stop for me are friendly.

The only drivers who are sometimes not friendly nor talkative are the ones who reluctantly picked me because I approached them when they were parked and asked them to. For this reason, unless I'm absolutely desperate for a ride, I don't like to approach drivers sitting in their car. Most of them will only say no. The ones who do say yes are still sometimes reluctant and fearful. I would rather they come to me out of their own volition and offer me a ride. One lady who I approached actually scolded me for not taking the train! It doesn't make for a pleasant journey to have to deal with people like that.

Sasagarenagare is a 15 minute drive from Majima on lonely Route 345 with few

cars. I had hoped to get a ride as far as the junction of Route 7 from where there would be more traffic going north. I walked about a 100 meters further up the road to the end of the shop and hotel area. About 40 minutes later at 9:30 a.m, a car that had just passed turned around and came back for me. The driver's name is Teru and he was on his way to Hokkaido!

Teru has been spending his retirement years traveling and camping around Japan. Though his home is in Amagasaki next to Osaka, he knows the Tohoku and Hokkaido regions very well. He goes from camp ground to camp ground. In the day he rides around the area on a folding bicycle which he carries easily in the back of his car. I suggested to Teru for him to take a free stretch of the expressway to save time, but he was no hurry to go anywhere. Teru preferred to take the slower but scenic coastal road. He took me all the way to Akita city, a good distance of nearly 200 kilometers from Sasagarenagare! In spite of a relatively show start out of Niigata, this ride more than made up for it. I arrived Akita City at 12:30 p.m.



Maiko

At Akita City, I arranged to meet a lady who had picked me up last year, July 29. Her name is Maiko and she's a nurse care who cares for the elderly. I have friends in Akita and encouraged her to visit them. We had lunch together. After about an hour, Maiko took me to a spot on Route 7 near where she first met me. I didn't want Maiko to go too far out of her way for me. The spot where she dropped me off was heavily congested with mostly city traffic.

I had to wait 2 whole hours for the next ride! The next town of Noshiro was 50 kilometers away. Everybody ignored my sign that said "Noshiro". Finally I put it away and just stuck out my thumb. It was about 4 p.m when the next car stopped: Two men on their way to Noshiro! They took the expressway and went a bit out of their way to take me to Futatsui on Route 7 just past Noshiro.



Children walking home from school/

The next major city is Odate, about 40 kilometers further, and it was now around 5 p.m. After waiting only a minute, a man driving a rather expensive looking car saw my Odate sign and stopped. He was an interesting man, a watch retailer, whose hobby is collecting Rolex watches! He has a 40 year old daughter who is still single, a high school teacher. He said his daughter doesn't want to marry because she saw the way he treated her mother, the "teishu-kanpaku" style, meaning, the MAN is the absolute lord over the house and he expects his wife to fulfill his every whim and desire! I don't think his daughter needs to fear such treatment in marriage because the younger generation of Japanese men are not inclined to treat their wives so bossy and discourteously as their father's generation did.



Setting sun over Mt. Iwaki near Hirosaki. Mt. Iwaki is an inactive volcano.

It was after 6 p.m when I arrived in Odate. I walked a bit up Route 7. The next major city is Hirosaki and my destination, about 40 kilometers further. A young man stopped, a dentist by the name of Shuho. He's from Saitama but is now living in Hirakawa next to Hirosaki. Shuho graciously went a bit further for me to take me to Hirosaki Station. From there the hotel where I spent the night was only a 20 minute walk away.

June 10 Adventure Hitchhiking from Hirosaki to Niigata



Mr. and Mrs. Sakura in their living room

Sunday, June 10, 2012: I hitchhiked 404 kilometers (253 miles) from Aomori Prefecture to Niigata City in 9 cars. They consisted of 4 married couples, two small children, 4 single men, 2 ladies and one single couple. A highlight of this trip was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sakurada's home in Noshiro. They picked me up when hitchhiking exactly one month before on May 6 during my previous trip back to Niigata. I also made 3 new Facebook friends.

I left the capsule hotel in Hirosaki bright and early to catch the 6:51 a.m train, the first one going to Akita Prefecture. The fare to Nagamine, 24 minutes and 3 stations down the line, was only 320 yen. Nagamine is next to Route 7, the highway toward home.

The sky was overcast and there was a light precipitation. I opened the small folding umbrella I often carry with me. Traffic on the road was sparse. Around 7:35 a.m. a middle aged couple stopped for me. They saw my Odate sign and turned around. Their destination was Odate but decided take me all the way to Higashi Noshiro, an extra distance of 80 kilometers round trip out of

their way!

I sent a SMS text message to Mr. Sakurada just before I arrived, and he replied he would be waiting for me at the convenience store near the Higashi Noshiro exit of the expressway. I arrived a few minutes before him.



One of the riceburgers I had for lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Sakuada were great hosts. They gave me a good breakfast of fish and rice balls with salad, and a lunch bag for my trip: Two rice-burgers! In the 34 some years I've lived in Japan, today was a first time ever for me to even see a rice-burger! They were delicious!

I spent about an hour at the Sakurada home. During that time a lady friend of theirs visited, a true Bible believing and Bible reading Christian who attends a small church in Noshiro. The population of Japan is said to be 1% Christian, but I would say Bible readers are probably much less, only two or three out of a thousand. Her name is Mikiko and she became my Facebook friend!



Mikiko

Mr. & Mrs Sakurada offered to take me to Akita City, 50 kilometers from Noshiro, just as they did before when I first met them. But because they had no business in Akita City that day, I didn't want to be a burden to them. I told them that the expressway entrance of Higashi Noshiro which is only a few minutes drive from their home would be fine. The time was now about 10:30 a.m.

At 11:05 a.m. a young man named Yusuke stopped for me and took me to Akita City. Yusuke is a software developer. He wanted to drop me off at the train station, but because it was a good hour drive from Noshiro and because the train would be leaving an hour later at 12:10, there wasn't quite enough time to catch it. If I had caught that train, I would have taken it 3 stops down the line to get out of town and back to Route 7. The next train was 2 hours later, too long to wait. Yusuke therefore took me to Route 7 at the point it leaves Akita City going toward Yamagata, the way to Niigata.

Though it was *not supposed* to rain in Akita that day, it did, a constant but light precipitation. I wasn't in a very good location to hitchhike. The traffic was heavy but going quite fast. I walked up the road for at least an hour in the rain holding my umbrella and pulling my luggage behind me (it has wheels). I hoped to find an intersection with a good traffic light, but there was none. I was now in a desolate area in country.

A middle age lady took pity on me and stopped. She told me she would take me to a nearby train station. I declined her offer because she wasn't going very far. Twenty or so more minutes later it began to rain harder and I still hadn't caught a ride. I regretted not accepting the lady's offer. After walking further up the road to what I thought was an intersection, I saw it was actually an overpass going over a crossroad. The shoulder of the road became narrower which made it even harder for drivers to stop. I turned around and walked back the way I had just come to where the shoulder was wider. I stopped walking and started praying while holding out my thumb, smiling and facing traffic.



Route 7 in Akita close to the Yamagata border. Mt. Chokai is in the background.

The rain continued. About 10 minutes later another lady stopped. She was going as far as Michikawa station, about 20 kilometers up the road. Progress! When we arrived at Michikawa, the rain had stopped. There was a traffic light with a push button to turn the signal red for pedestrians to cross the road. I pushed the button every time a group of cars approached me to stop the traffic. This way I get a good look at the drivers faces and see if anyone will make eye contact with me. The first person who does usually offers me a ride. It also gives the drivers more time to check me out and decide whether they want to pick me up.



Another view of Route 7 close to Yamagata

After a few minutes a middle age married couple stopped and took me to Sakata city. The husband said his ancestors are samurai. Samurai families often have records of their family tree of hundreds of years. He knew some interesting facts of history of the area, things you won't find in a school history textbook.

The stretch of Route 7 from Kisagata to Sakata passes by Mt. Chokai which sits on the boarder between Akita Prefecture and Yamagata Prefecture. The Daimyo (feudal lords who were vassals of the Shogun) of Akita and the Daimyo of Tsuruoka quarreled over which prefecture would lay claim to Mt. Chokai's summit. They took their dispute to the Tokugawa government in Tokyo. Because the Tsuruoka Daimyo was richer than the Akita Daimyo, the Tokugawa government awarded the summit to the Tsuruoka Daimyo. He was lord over the Shonai area of Yamagata Prefecture. One of the officials of the Akita Daimyo took responsibility for the failure to gain Mt. Chokai's summit for Akita, and committed seppuku, also known as hara-kiri.



Keita, my new Facebook friend.

The couple took me to the other side of Sakata from where there would be more traffic to Tsuruoka, the next big town about 30 kilometers away. Three young men averaging 26 years old saw my sign and stopped for me. They are in a network marketing business called Amway. One of them became my Facebook friend!



Mr. and Mrs. Hayasaka with their son Ryodai

The three young men dropped me off at an intersection on the Route 7 bypass. The city traffic was heavy with few cars going very far. I walked further up the road hoping to get to a better intersection. After a few minutes, Mr. And Mrs. Hayasaka with their young son, Ryodai, stopped for me. They took me to the very edge of Tsuruoka proper, a few kilometers further up the road. The husband asked me when I hoped to returned home. "Of course, sometime this evening!" I replied. He gave me an incredulous look indicating he didn't think I would make it. It surprised me thought so considering the distance I had already come that day, 250 kilometers with only around 150 kilometers remaining. With 2 hours of summer sunlight remaining I considered it a piece of cake!



One of the tunnels of the Nihonkai Tohoku Expressway. The purpose of the blue lighting on the ceiling may be an attempt to keep the driver alert.

I walked further up the road. After only a few minutes a lady stopped and offered me a ride as far as Sanze, half way to Atsumi Onsen. She took the brand new stretch of the Nihonkai Tohoku, a section of the expressway that is still toll free.



The single couple who took me to Sanze

From Sanze on Route 7 I had to wait at least 30 minutes for the next ride. It was a young single couple who saw my Atsumi Onsen sign. The car was a station wagon with two seats in the front but none in the back. I sat down on the floor next to the back door.



Atsumi Onsen

The couple didn't go quite as far as I had hoped they would go. The end of the Nihonkai Tohoku expressway was yet a couple kilometers up the road, walking distance. I knew there would be more traffic from that point going further. It was now around 6 pm, an hour before dusk. The sky was blue with fleecy clouds, and the low sun illuminated the scenery in golden hues. I walked about 20 minutes.



Atsumi Onsen

Just before arriving to the access point of the Nihonkai Tohoku expressway, a car coming from the way I just walked stopped about half a football field distance up the road. It was a young married couple with their 5 year old daughter. They were headed home to Toyota City in Aichi Prefecture, not far from Nagoya. This was the final ride for me that day. Their route would pass directly through Niigata City! Toyota City is 580 kilometers from the point the family picked me up. It would take them 7 more hours to get home arriving round 2 a.m.!

The husband is from Tsuruoka and was visiting his parents. It was now about 6:30 p.m. He offered to take me to Niigata station from where I could catch a short train ride home, but rather than have them get off the expressway which would delay their journey by at least a half hour, I asked them to let me off at the Toyosaka Service area just inside Niigata city. Another stretch of the yet unfinished Nihonkai Tohoku expressway began at Murakami, about 70 kilometers from Niigata city. I knew the expressway ran close to and parallel with the Shinhaku train line. I wasn't sure what the closest train station was, but knew it had to be in walking distance from Toyosaka SA.

It was close to 8 p.m when we arrived Toyosaka SA. The sun had completely set. My eyesight has weakened the past year, and it's especially harder for me to see in low light conditions. The Toyosaka service area was more like a small parking area with no concession stands and only a restroom. I knew there had to be an access road to it leading to a city street, but the exit to the access road was not apparent. I walked in one direction and then another only to see the expressway on one side and dense forage on the other. I went to a lighted area in the restroom and studied the highway map, The map didn't give me enough detail to determine a direction. I then used the map / position locator feature of my cell phone. It helped me several times before when I wound up in an unknown area. Sure enough, the cell phone map showed roads leading to the service area! With renewed confidence, I walked a new direction, one toward a lighted area and saw the exit of the service area. It lead to a city road. But because it was dark, I still didn't have my bearings and was unsure of the direction to the train station. Again I pulled out the cell phone, determined my location, and walked a hundred meters in the

direction I thought might be correct. I stopped and again checked my location. The map clearly showed me I had walked away from the station. I turned around and within 15 minutes found the train station. From there it was only a few hundred yen fare to home. I arrived around 9:30 p.m.

That evening I accessed my Facebook account and wrote to my 3 new Facebook friends that I had returned home safely. Mr. Hayasaka replied: "Wow, you really made it back Sunday evening as you said you would. Congratulations!" I've been in far worst situations than today and still was able to arrive to my destination thanks to the help of my "Higher Power." His name is Yeshua Hamashiach, AKA Jesus of Nazareth.

[Visit to Hirosaki Park during Cherry Blossom Time](#)



Visit Hirosaki Park in Aomori Japan to see beautiful cherry blossoms.

[Continents of the world form the islands of Japan](#)

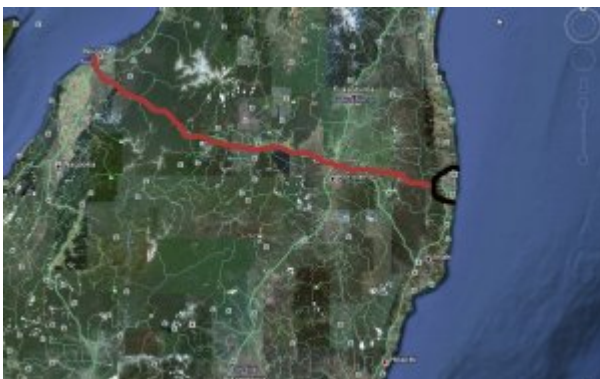


Just take a very close look at the figure and describe what you see! Click it to see an enlargement. Clicking the enlargement will make it yet larger to see more detail.

The figure is courtesy of Dr. Nakasato from Nagoya. I was introduced to him through my friend, Yoko Ishikawa of Tokyo.

As you can see, major features of Japan are relatively close in position to those features of other countries. For example, the largest lake in Japan, Lake Biwa, is close in position with the largest lake in the world, the Caspian Sea! Is this a coincidence? Or was it purposely designed by the Creator to show the importance of Japan in the final days of man's rule on earth? All comments are welcome.

Attempt to hitchhike to the Fukushima Pacific coastline



An attempt to visit the damaged nuclear power plants in Fukushima, Japan.

Satellite photos of the affected areas of Japan before and after the catastrophe



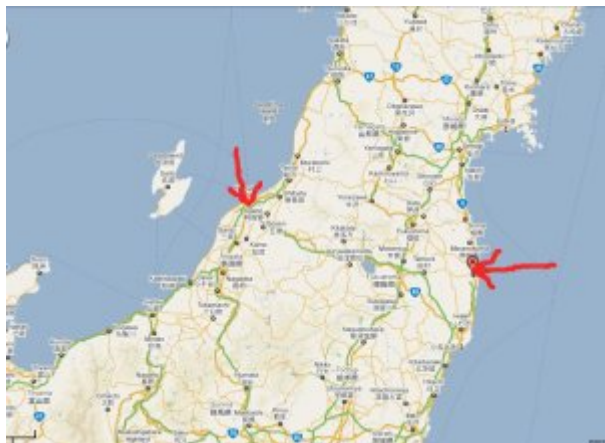
Fukushima Daiichi (meaning #1) Nuclear Plant

My brother Mike sent me the following link:

<http://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2011/03/13/world/asia/satellite-photos-japan-before-and-after-tsunami.html>

Each photo has a slider in the middle. Move the slider back and forth by putting your mouse pointer in the middle of the center bar and holding down the left mouse button, and you will see the tremendous difference and amount of destruction caused by the earthquake and tsunami. Simply awful! Seeing the difference of before and after is simply heartbreaking. I've been to that area frequently back in the mid-1970s. It was one of the most beautiful areas of Japan. Now it's a wasteland.

News from friends affected by the earthquake



The left arrow points to my location and the right one is the location of one of the nuclear power plants in trouble.

Two days ago I was finally able to contact a friend in Sendai, the largest city closest to the epicenter. He said that he and his family are OK and that their apartment building had only minor damage. Dishes have fallen off the shelf and many were broken.

The friend met up with news journalists from America and took them close to the towns of the Rikuzen coast that were destroyed by the tsunami. The towns are completely gone with only rubbish remaining.

Due to concerns of a possible meltdown of the nuclear reactors in neighboring Fukushima, he and his family will move from Sendai to avoid possible radiation contamination.

A family with 7 children who live next door to me moved to Nagoya, far from Fukushima. They had planned to move even before the time of the disaster and it gave them greater motivation to leave quicker than planned. But as I said in a previous post, I do not think nuclear radiation will come to the Niigata area where I live. The prevailing winds blow from the west to the east, and there is a mountain range between us and one of the Fukushima power plants, 180 kilometers away.

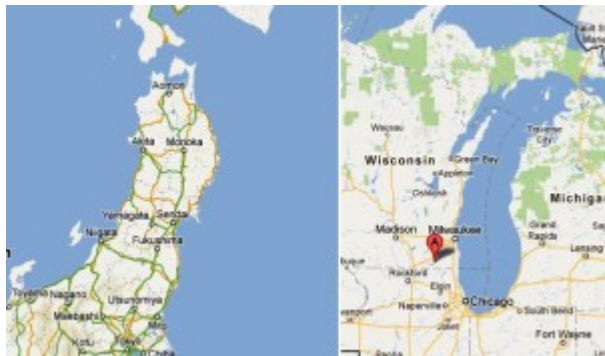
A family I know who has a house in Chiba just east of Tokyo has left the country entirely.

Fukushima prefecture is one of the neighboring prefectures of Niigata, where I live. Fukushima is one of my stomping grounds.

The Chinese ideograph of Fukushima literally means, "happy island". Who is the author of life? Yeshua Hamashiach – AKA Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Who is the author of unhappiness and death – Lucifer, AKA Satan, the hairy one.

The Rikuzen coast was one of the most beautiful areas of Japan to visit. It became a wasteland.

Joined an NPO project to help the Sendai Earthquake Victims



The Tohoku or Northeast area of Japan is about the size of Lake Michigan. The earthquake moved this massive amount of land 2.4 m (8 ft) east into the Pacific! That's what caused the tsunami that killed 19,759 people.

It was an auspicious time for me to come to Osaka after the earthquake. I was contacted by a friend, Josh DeSantis, the chairman of Hiyaku28 NPO, to come to Kobe to set up a new website to raise donations for the earthquake victims. Josh participated in the relief efforts of the 1995 Kobe earthquake. Kobe is only a 360 yen train ride from where I was in Osaka. I had just enough money to get to Kobe with 69 yen left in my pocket, the remainder of 5000 yen I started with a week ago. Please see the web site I put up so far: Help Japan 2011

There is no chance for me to have a direct face to face contact with the earthquake victims at this time. Authorities have been telling volunteers not to come! Rescue operations are still underway. Much of the devastated area is still under water. Only professional rescue workers are allowed.

The Situation of my Family and Friends after the Tohoku Earthquake

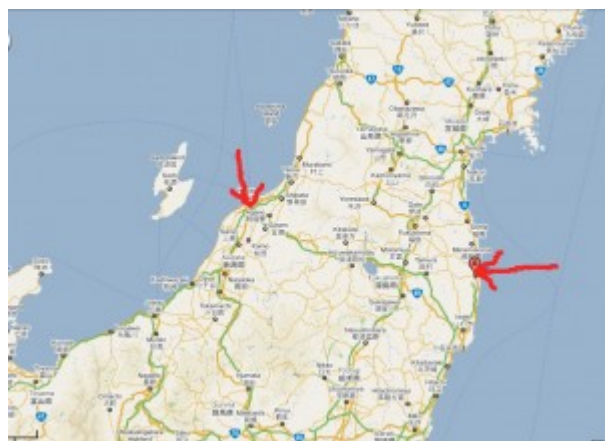


I've been calling all my friends, especially the ones that live close to the earthquake epicenter near Sendai, Japan. Nobody I know was hurt during the earthquake in the slightest. Everybody in Northern Japan experienced the shocks of the quake, but nobody was close enough to the coast to be affected by the tsunami.

My family in Niigata reports that they all went outside during the earthquake, but then went back inside when it was over because of the cold. Simon in Misawa in Aomori Prefecture says he was without power for 40 hours. Sam in western Tokyo was also without power, but he has a generator that generated enough power for lights. Paul in Nasu, northern Tochigi prefecture said that he and his family were not at home during the quake. They returned to find many broken dishes on the floor. I tried calling friends in Sendai which is close to the epicenter, but their phones were not working. However, I heard from others that they are all OK.

I lived in Sendai from 1975 – 1977. During that time I used to visit the towns of the Rikuzen area that were destroyed by the tsunami. There is not a single city in the area I haven't been to.

Shook up while in Tokyo by Massive Earthquake



The pointer on the left points to where I lived in Niigata City, and the pointer on the right is where the Fukushima nuclear reactors are that were damaged by the earthquake and tsunami.

March 11, 2011: At 2:46 PM local Japan time I was sitting in a MacDonald's in Sangenjaya, only two train stops from Shibuya, a major commercial center of Tokyo. An earthquake began shaking the building. There are earthquakes in Japan from time to time that are strong enough to be felt without doing any damage, but this one was the strongest I have experienced in my life doing damage right before my eyes! It got stronger and stronger to the point that the women in the MacDonald's started to scream and a few people ducked under

the counters to protect themselves. A large picture window close to where I was sitting was shattered to pieces! Glass fell on the street and on the floor of the MacDonald's, and one piece even landed on the counter where I had my laptop PC. I grabbed the laptop and the rest of my stuff, and went outside and watched as the police brought brooms and swept the broken glass. A police box is just next to that MacDonald's.

At first I thought the earthquake was local because only the MacDonald's seemed to have damage, but I hear the main part was the Northeast of Japan, which meant the entire north half of Honshu felt the earthquake.

It was a good time to meet people and talk with them. It seems people are more willing to take time and stand and talk when something big happens that shakes them up!

Thirty minutes later there was an aftershock and more broken glass fell from the window. The police tried to keep the people away from the building, and the MacDonalds closed for business that day. It's funny but that was the only business that closed from what I could see. Everybody else continued business as normal.

A few hours later in the evening, I heard for the first time how massive the earthquake was, all of northern Japan and especially the Northeast area, an area I sometimes visit.

As I write this post, I can still feel aftershocks from time to time.

Niigata to Kanto – tramatic 4th 2011 hitchhike adventure



Walls of snow along road in Japan

February 1, 2011: I started out very well with the first ride on my trip to Noda city in Chiba prefecture, just east of Tokyo. The purpose of this trip was to attend a fellowship meeting at 7 PM. It was good weather and I left home at a very good time, just after 10 AM. Tokyo is 300 kilometers away but it usually takes me less than 6 hours, only half a day. I found that weekends

are best for hitchhiking, but today was a weekday, a Tuesday. I finally arrived in Noda at 8:25 PM!

After waiting only a minute, the first driver took me all the way to Sanjo city, the entrance of the Hokuriku Expressway. He kindly went out of his way to do so. From there I took a 180 bus ride to Sakae parking area on the Hokuriku. The preponderance of the traffic was local. Hardly anybody was going to the Kanto plain.

After waiting at Sakae PA in Sanjo for over 90 minutes, I accepted a ride from a young single couple to Ozumi parking area. This is further down the road but just past the Nagaoka junction going towards Joetsu city which is not the direction I needed to go. However I knew I could walk to the other side of the expressway and catch traffic that could go toward Kanto.

I found my situation at Ozumi even worse than it was in Sakae! There was much snow and ice in the parking area, and most of the traffic was going back in the direction I just came from. After waiting another hour and a half, I accepted a ride from a lady going to Nagaoka city. Normally I would not want to get off the expressway in Nagaoka, but the situation was so that my only hope was to hitchhike from Nagaoka down National Highway route 17 and get back on the expressway – this time the Kan'etsu – to catch a car to Kanto.

The lady took me only as far as National Highway route 8, too far to walk to route 17. Snow was piled up so high along the road I had very little room to stand between it and passing cars. A police car approached me and the officer said in very good English, "Don't enter this road! There are many truck accidents here!" Oh my, things could hardly be worse! It was already past 2PM and I have yet 250 kilometers to go. I couldn't walk further down the road without disobeying the police officer. The only option was to stand at a rather poor intersection with more room to stand hoping to catch a car. Cars whizzed past me. Drivers coming to route 8 from the road perpendicular to it were only 2 or 3 every few minutes.

Finally, after waiting there for about 20 minutes, an older man in a pickup truck took pity on me and offered me a ride. He went out of his way to take me to route 17.

At route 17 I caught the next ride within a minute! The driver offered to take me to the Yamaya Parking area on the Kan'etsu. I had never been to Yamaya before because it is a rather small parking area with few cars. It took a while to find it. Snow in that area is one of the deepest in all of Japan. Walls of snow higher than our heads lined the roads everywhere making navigation harder than it would have been without them.

The driver, being a local man, was able to figure out Yamaya's location and took me to the back entrance. As soon as I got there, I saw a man and told him I needed to go to Kanto. He looked at me warily and asked me who I was, and if I didn't have anything dangerous in my luggage. He was a Yamazaki bread truck driver with a load of bread going all the way to Tokorozawa in Saitama and offered me a ride to Higashi Tokorozaka station. But because of company rules, he couldn't go any faster than 80 kilometers an hour which

meant at least 40 minutes longer than most cars would take me. But in this case, it was a “bird in the hand” situation and I was happy just to get to Noda. It turned out being an hour and 25 minutes late wasn’t such a big problem after all, for the meeting continued to 10 PM, and I had a good time and made new friends. The trip was worth the effort.

My return trip was the exact opposite of the previous day. It only took one car with hardly any waiting to get all the way back home. A 25-year-old man named Takuma who sells wasabi offered me a ride to Niigata station but then decided to take me a bit further to my area.

The first hour of our conversation was just asking him questions about his life and background. It didn’t seem to be leading to anything deeper. I feel I owe to every driver who picks me up a message of Salvation in knowing the Author of life, Jesus Christ, but because Takuma wasn’t asking me anything about what I do, I didn’t see any openings to the subject of Biblical/spiritual things. Finally, I got the inspiration to ask him if he knew the story of the Garden of Eden. This worked and lead to deeper talk! Most Japanese are open to hearing bible stories, and Genesis chapters 1-3 is a good place to start because it explains so many things about why the world is as it is today.

Saitama to Niigata – 3rd hitchhike adventure 2011



January 25: Today in 4 cars I hitchhiked back to Niigata. The third driver would have taken me to Nagaoka train station, but because it was not too late, still 4PM with a hour of sunlight left, and because I would have had to wait 50 minutes at the train station for the next train, I decided to try to try to hitchhike a bit further. It was now the beginning of the rush hour, in spite of many cars on the road, nearly everybody was ignoring me. The ones who didn’t gave me a cross arm sign meaning, “NO!”. I always turn my eyes away from them when they do that and don’t take it personally. This is the only type of rejection I find no trouble to handle. □

The 20 minutes wait on snowy route 8 proved indeed to be worth it, for Miss Mao, a young lady in her 20s, took pity on me and turned around to pick me up! Miss Mao is one of those special people who I know God especially has His eyes on, for she has love for others, and she listened intently as I told her stories from the Bible.