

Little Boy  
August 6, 1945, 8:09 AM Hiroshima, Japan

My Dad awakened the morning of August 6, 1945, in a POW camp, in Japan. The camp was Rosha Ruki. It was twenty-five miles from the Japanese City of Hiroshima. Per routine, the POW's woke at around six in the morning. First thing – calisthenics. It was later that morning that the sky grew unusually dark very suddenly. Then came the debris.

Then came the smell.

As my father recorded on a tape made between June of 1981 through October of the same year...

“Yea, the air was suddenly full of this debris and ash. And oh, the smell. I don't ever recall a smell like that before or since. The stench was awful. Sometime later in the morning one of the camp guards came running through shouting ‘the Americans have dropped a terrible bomb!’. The rest of that day and for a week or more, we did not see a single Japanese soldier or guard. We thought it might be some kind of trick since the ten men to a group rule was still in force. That rule was if one prisoner escaped the other nine men were executed.”

My dear father witnessed this twice on the Philippines.

Between POW camps in the Philippines beginning April 8, 1942, the day of the Surrender of Bataan (including the infamous Camp O'Donnell where four hundred United States of America soldiers died a day with over a thousand Philippines military) through August 15, 1945, my Pop was as he put it, “A guest of the emperor.” And, on August 15, 1945, the Japanese commandant returned to camp to make an announcement.

He said, “The emperor has seen fit to bring peace to the world. The war is ended.”

Within the day trucks started rolling in to the camp to begin the evaluation and evacuation of the prisoners. For the previous week food, medicine and supplies were air dropped into the camp by B-29 Super Fortresses.

The tape made in 1981 was for research by a Lt. Colonel in the Air Force who, studying for her Ph.D. with her thesis being on why some POW's survived while others did not. She interviewed soldiers from the Pacific and European Theaters of WWII, Korea, and Vietnam.

My Dad's response to her questions, all eighteen hours, was the only time he ever talked about his ‘war’ experience. A dear and best friend transcribed the tapes and we published them word for word in a book called, *Faithful: Because of Love a True Story of the Survival of the Defenders of Bataan*. Available on Amazon by searching Faithful Clement Charles.

Many times we talk about the ‘ripple effect’, the most dramatic being Eve's disobedience in Paradise. Well, the ripple effect from those two weapons from the worst nightmare dropped seventy-nine years ago on Hiroshima and three days later on Nagasaki, is still going on.

I know and not just from reading the article in today's New York Times article, *The Last Survivors Speak. It's Time to Listen*. I know because my sister (now recently gone to heaven) incurred a stunning amount of health problems. I've had three types of cancer for a total of thirteen episodes with one active and awaiting an oncologist appointment in a week.

(Over)

My sister lost her entire large colon at thirty-five and for the next forty years encountered a myriad of health problems. My Dad had his many bouts of squamous cell skin cancer and died at seventy-nine from his fourth heart attack, the first coming when he was thirty-three.

We published the book because we wanted the world to hear my dad's voice about the true story of WWII on the Philippines and preceding events. We want the world to hear it even more now. His eerie predictions towards the end of the tape about Russia and China play so very true today, forty-three years later.

If my Dad were to sum up his ordeal and his life he would say, as he did in the book, "I am a man of peace."

So, on the day that upwards of 200,000 civilians died instantly almost eighty years ago, with tens of thousands more in following days, weeks, months and years from radiation fallout I ask...

Are we people of peace? The world does not look that way at all. It looks harrowingly like a world of eighty years ago with the added almost constant calamity of climate change thrown in. Are we going to just let it happen all over again? What can I do, you say, as one tiny insignificant person on a planet with over seven billion?

Pray.

Bring His peace into your home.

When your home is at peace pray again.

In fact, never stop praying at any time. Use idle thoughts and moments to pray instead. Make your job a prayer. Make your life a prayer always remembering the two commandments He left us...

1. Love Me
2. Love all those created in My Image and Likeness, every single human being.

It's going to take a lot of miracles folks. Lots of miracles require the most powerful weapon of all, more powerful than all the atomic stockpiles on earth combined. That Omnipotent weapon?

Prayer.

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