

Dedicated to all
who live in,
travel to, and love
the World Heritage Cities

In September 1993, representatives
of 56 cities with World Heritage sites
gathered in Fez, Morocco to lay the
foundation for the Organization of
World Heritage Cities (OWHC), which
aims to promote the sustainable
harmony and development of cities
and heritage. The Organization is
composed of approximately 290
cities around the world that possess
World Heritage sites with 'outstanding
universal values' under the Convention
Concerning the Protection of the World.



*Tracing Back in Time,
We are Here*



OWHC Asia-Pacific Regional Secretariat | www.owhcap.org



OWHC-AP

PHOTO ESSAY

*Tracing Back in Time,
We are Here*



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We are Here*



OWHC-AP

Empathy

The Story of Me and You,
Brought Together by the City

Space

The Space of the City,
Following the Flow

Harmony

Dreaming of Harmony
between the Past and Present,
and Cities and People

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Empathy

The Story of Me and You,
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A Willow, Water, and the Memories of Our Meeting	003
Quedlinburg - My World Heritage	013
A Weekend Trip	025
In Gochang, Lies Dolmen My Mother Rruly Loves	037
Dried tears and rolled up sleeves	051
A Letter from Naseong Fortress	061
At the Fortress, I Kept Walking, Following You from Behind.	067

Space

The Space of the City,
Following the Flow

A Flutter of White Butterflies Floating in the Wind of the Previous Millennium	079
Walking Side by Side	089
Pasha's present for everyone mysterious sound of time	099
My heritage, your adventure	105
The Place of Seodongyo music	113
Like a painting by Vernet	123
At the Crossroad Between the Sky and the Land	131
Angra is my Home	143

Harmony

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between the Past and Present,
and Cities and People

A City of Water and Roads	153
A journey in Istanbul is so much like time travel	161
Old Town of Riga	171
God and People Together in Time.	179
NEW & improved	187
Where Time has Stopped, Poetry Blooms	197
Serenity in the midst of Activity, Suwon	209
Riga Centre's lady	217



Prologue

Dedicated to all
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World Heritage Cities are beautiful stages that portray the coexistence of the beginning and end of our lives. On these stages, old time flows into ever-changing sunrises and sunsets, and the buildings, bridges, houses, and gardens are engraved with the heartfelt narratives of those who lived in the past. The stories of people living out their lives in the World Heritage Cities are playing out on the stage every passing day. These stories come to us through the air, the wind, and the sound of the flowing water in the city.

World heritage sites have existed in and have endured the time of the universe, and are still being revalued to this day. World heritage sites are owned by humanity as a whole, and it is our mission to hand down our heritage to the next generation.

World heritage sites have become a grand epic written by humankind. What makes them even more beautiful is the meaning embraced between the lines. The photo essay "Tracing Back in Time, We Are Here" whispers with friendliness the fragmentary thoughts of those living in the great stories. This essay, published through the talent donation of artists from the International Photo Competition in collaboration with the member cities of the OWHC, tells us that while many cities are scattered, they are in fact linked by a single universal value.

We hope that this essay will bring peace-giving moments in hearts to all who live in, travel to, and love World Heritage Cities. Furthermore, it is our wish that it will serve as a beautiful map for those unaware of the World Heritage Cities as they travel to the unfamiliar cities. For more and deeper stories about World Heritage Cities and the OWHC, feel free to visit our homepage www.owhcap.org. We will always give you a warm welcome.

OWHC-Asia and Pacific Regional Secretariat

A photograph of two hikers standing on a large, moss-covered log that serves as a bridge over a stream. The hiker on the left is wearing a black jacket and pants, with a large black backpack. The hiker on the right is wearing a dark jacket and brown pants. The stream is flowing through the center, and the background is a lush, green forest with many fallen logs.

Empathy

Part 1

•

“The Story of You and me, Brought Together by the City”

*When people come and go over flowing
water from both sides,
that place becomes a bridge.*

A place where people with different stories mingle.

*A new road paved by those looking for their
way and those who remember it.*

*World Heritage Cities, the largest and widest
bridge built between your heart and mine.*



A Willow, Water,

Park Eun-gyeong

and the Traces of Our Encounter

“Jeongneung, Seolleung, and Taereung,
do you guess what they have in common?”

“Aren’t they all areas in Seoul?”

“That’s right. But they are also names of royal tombs.”

For me, living in rural areas all the way through college,
Seoul was such an unfamiliar city.

Every corner of Seoul was full of dissimilar looks,
which made me feel like an alien from another galaxy.
My regional dialect and strong accent stood out like a
sore thumb among Seoulites speaking in their soft
accent, gradually transforming me into a reticent soul.

But you always said hi to me in the same mellow voice,
which was a refreshing repose from the adversities
I was going through in Seoul.



#2

“What are you doing now?”

“Just idling away my time.”

“Then why don’t we try visiting Jeongneung?”

Jeongneung is where our first Seoul tour started.
The path we had once walked together under one umbrella on a drizzly day was deeply redolent of the fresh green scent of spring.
The neatly trimmed grass suggested that
“The tomb was directly underneath.”

Starting our first date with the echo of death... I found this love unusual.

#3

“What are you doing now?”

“...”

Not “I love you.” or “I miss you.”
it was always “What are you doing now?”

This way, we saw each other for one year long, exploring every nook and cranny of Seoul. There wasn’t a single corner of the city where we didn’t sit together; everywhere I set my steps on, memories of you linger.

The voice at the end of the other line was the same as usual, but I couldn’t answer you. Before your question, I wasn’t sure whether I was supposed to expect more from our relationship or to avoid interpreting it with a certain meaning.

#4

"You came alone here today."

"..."

The cultural heritage commentator working at Jeongneung, who had seen us before, greeted me. Speaking of which, I think we have made frequent visits to this particular place.

Situated at the foot of Bukhansan Mountain, it had refreshing winds, and I was attached to the sound of water from its small streams. I remember what you once said, "for someone like me, who originally came from the countryside, this place feels like lungs."

On rainy days, I would ask you to accompany me to enjoy the smell of grass; on windy days, to listen to the sound of the wind; and on one autumn day when the leaves turn red, to bask in the warmth of the sun.

Today, I made a beeline for Jeongneung to promenade alone for a while, Yet, I find myself calling you out from memories.



#5

"Why do you think it had to be Jeongneung?"

"Is it because this place pleases me?"

"That may be right, but there must be other reasons?"

You asked me these questions when the same season we first spent time together had finally returned. You asked me about why I had asked you out to Jeongneung first - but asked no additional questions.

You were always looking at me from the same distance. As if to say it was now my turn to find the answer. As if to say you wanted to hear the answer that had been already nestled in my heart.



#6

“What are you doing now?”

“I miss you.”

“Shall we . . . go to Jeongneung?”

Jeongneung is the tomb of Queen Consort Sindeok, the second wife of King Taejo, founder of the Joseon Dynasty. According to legend, Yi Seong-gye (later King Taejo) proposed to her when she floated a willow leaf in a bowl of water, so that he would not drink it too fast.

He fell in love with her by this little gesture. Jeongneung is also a tomb burying a complicated history: The Queen had been relegated to the status of concubine when Yi Bang-won, a son born from the first wife of Yi Seong-gye, was enthroned, until regaining her status in quality of queen later.

In this place, a man and a woman began the relationship. The man is over 50 years old, divorced with a college-student son.

The woman is in her early 30s, never married, and has a college-student nephew.

#7

"I can keep waiting."

"..."

I knew.

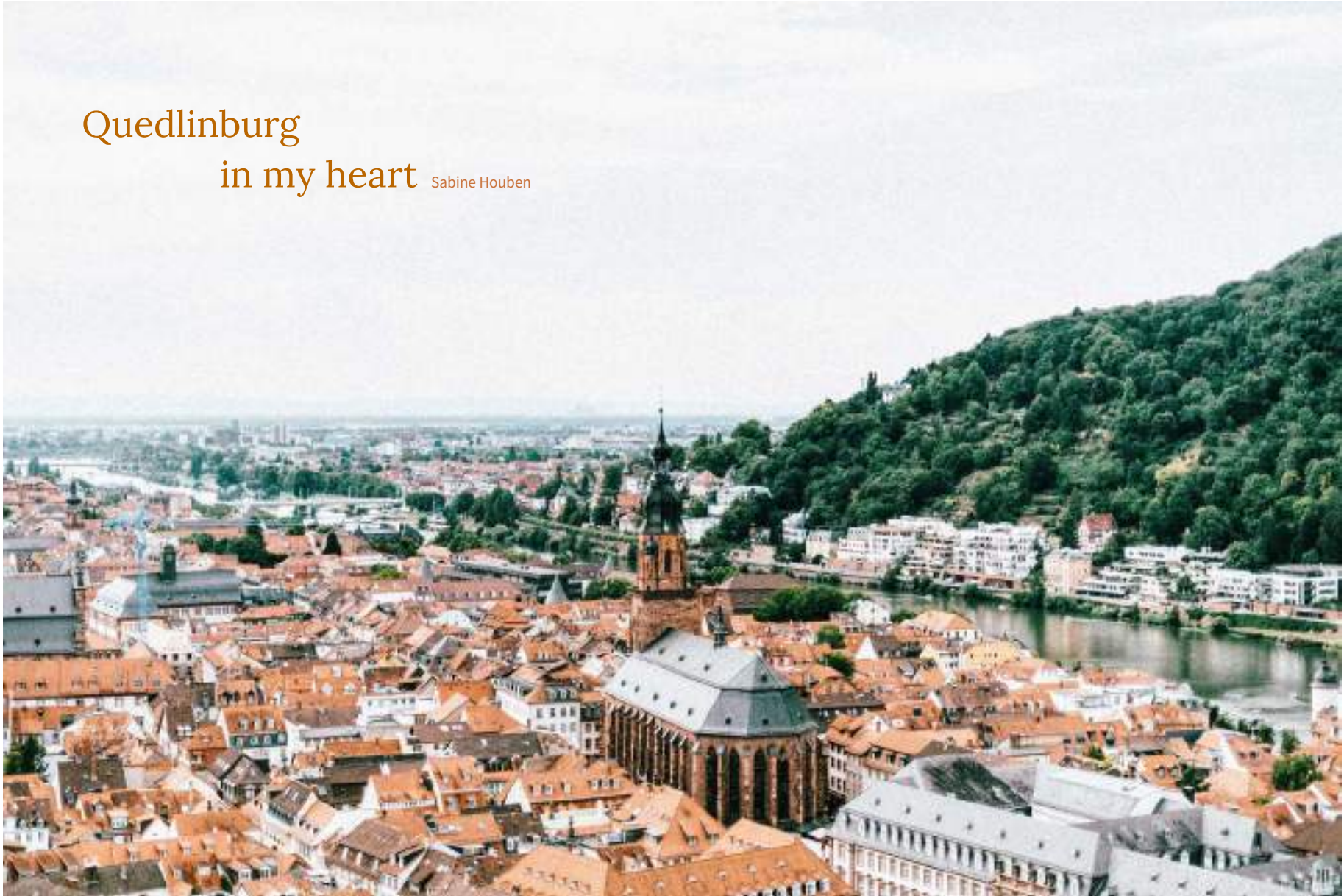
I know that all the "What are you doing now?"
you uttered, the ever-the-same
was in fact "I miss you." or "I love you."

While delivering numerous mixed feelings
with this single question, you remained
in the same place keeping the same distance.

For fear of being revealed, my palpitating
heart, and for fear of being burst into the abyss...
My heart tightly sealed
always became imbued with misty hues,
only by your simple sentence
yet oozing a stream of words in between.

On one hand,
I felt relieved that you were keeping the
consistent distance between us;
on the other hand, I felt sorry and sad for you.
...
Now I notice you have waited enough though.

Quedlinburg
in my heart Sabine Houben





35 years ago I came to Quedlinburg for the very first time. I was on holiday in a neighboring village. When I visited the town, I immediately fell in love with it.

Seven years later we moved to Quedlinburg, it was a work related decision. And the unavoidable happened - we caught the virus of the town. In want for a nice place to live at, we bought one of the old half timbered houses. It was in a dreadful state and had to be rebuilt completely. It was so badly damaged that the sales contract actually shows a zero as the purchasing price.

The next year of our lives we spent every Mark and every spare minute working at the house. We were so naive, we even did not have a lot of money so that we were forced to do most of the work ourselves or with the help of friends. Then there was the unification of Germany and suddenly everything changed. There were grants to help us and all the other lovers of the old houses with the costs of rebuilding them. You know, a half-timbered house is different to a regular one, you are never done, and it always likes to be pampered.

Our house is even built in a style that is called Quedlinburg special style of building and that is only found in our town, it was developed after the thirty war, as early as in the seventeenth century.





In one point of my life I got involved with work as a town guide. I took lessons, I had to become a member of the local guides' club to be allowed to work in the town and I got so very much involved, that now I kind of be in charge of organizing lessons, excursions and so on to keep our guides up to date with all the findings and research the many historians, archeologists and building experts do in our town.

We have to do this to ensure a high quality of the guiding, because we think it is very important to give a good impression of our town to the guests. Especially, as for many of them we are the only local people they actually talk to during their visit.

It is endlessly interesting, in the beginning I thought history has happened, is written down and that's it, but now I know, it is ever changing and there is so little known about the lives of the normal people in the olden days. So it will be always interesting.

What I like most about Quedlinburg is the mixture of houses we have here. Even though the structure is medieval, we have the diversity of houses from all the centuries side by side, because our town never burnt down in its thousand year of history.

You can actually learn about the history of architecture from Romanesque times on until now. It is the perfect place for children to learn about history as well, as you can literally touch it here - much better than learning by the book. Our daughters are born here, went to school, have their friends here and like coming back, coming home.

Quedlinburg is eighty hectares of UNESCO's world heritage but not a museum. It is a living breathing town with all the problems a regular town has as well. Since the unification we are a shrinking town, we have lost a third of our population, but still have an influx in the town's centre. The street we live in was almost deserted when we bought our house. Now almost all of the ninety houses are redone and people live in there and once a year we have a street party where we come together and talk and celebrate.



As a tourist guide I enjoy working with what we call multipliers like journalists, bloggers, travel agents, people who multiply the good news of our town's existence. Every time when I stand on top of the castle hill, showing the guests the sight and looking across the roof-scape of our beautiful town, I realize again and again how fortunate I am to live here.



Most of what I am, have and know is part of Quedlinburg.

I am actually part of this UNESCO world heritage town.



A Time-honored Old House

Every morning, my mother bought fresh fish and vegetables for the family. She cooked for us every day, rain or shine, with new materials.

Back then, I had no idea. Her cooking was filled with love and her lack of sleep. Seated in the old house we lived together in, I look down the street in Pinang, by which she would have walked every morning.

Now I know what sacrifice means.



A Weekend Trip

Oh, Ga- young

There I once had a friend named J,
Who wanted to be a radio writer.
J, who used to be my classmate
during college years,
graduated straight away without taking
time off from school.
Then, she left to Seoul.

All her friends including me felt quite
envious of J. For us, who could not even
decide what we want to be in the future,
J's confident goal was envy.
Her courage to pursue her plan
was even admirable.

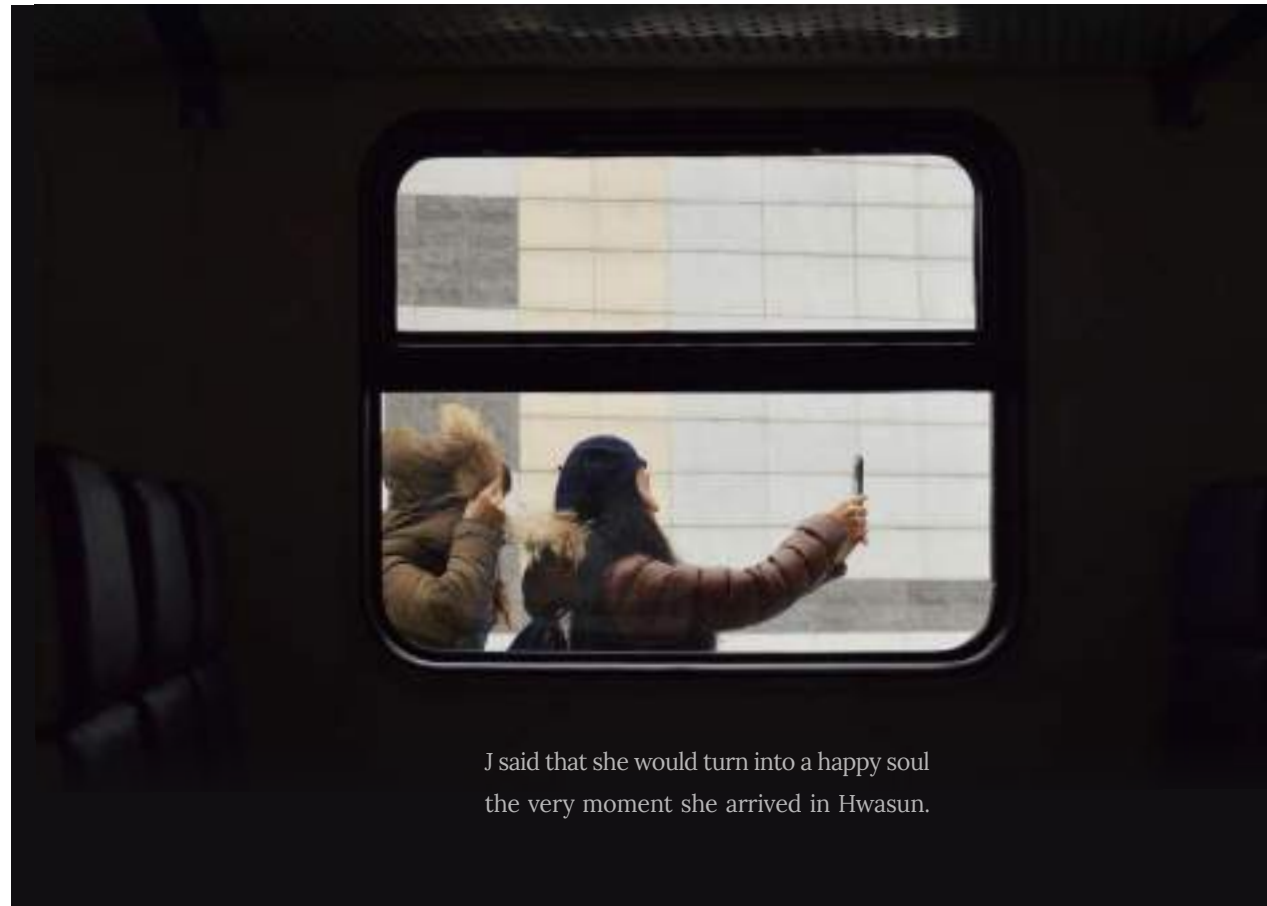
I thought J would fulfill her dreams, but she became an assistant manager at the Computing Team of an insurance company. All her friends, including myself, were all curious why she gave up becoming a writer (or why she failed to become one) but tried not be so nosy. We exchanged our everyday lives, talking about our difficulties at the office. That was it. It was phasing out from our memories.

Then one summer afternoon, J called me up unexpectedly saying that she wants to come to Hwasun.

“Do you know why Hwasun is called by that name? Hwasun means ‘harmonious and tranquil.’ We didn’t even know the meaning of the name of our home-town, did we?” said J, telling me endless stories about Hwasun. She was right. I was born and raised in Hwasun, but knew very little about the town. I could not say no to a friend who is coming all the way from Seoul, so I told her to come over during the weekend, and hung up the phone.

What makes trips so special might be the “unfamiliarity” presented by the destination. The next day, curiously enough, I was staring at the views of the window of the commuting shuttle bus. Perhaps this daily view might be considered unusual to strangers.

I started to wonder what my city would look like as a travel destination.



J said that she would turn into a happy soul the very moment she arrived in Hwasun.

J and I applied for the Hwasun bus tour because I was too lazy to come up with our own itinerary and it was one of the famous tourist activities in Hwasun. Before getting on the tour bus, J kept exaggerating, that Hwasun Red Cliffs are only for the privileged. On the old uncomfortable bus seats, we traveled for quite a while that ran on the unpaved road. Hwasun bus tours are available three times a week, twice a day, with six buses running at the same time on schedule.

On every bus, a cultural guide accompanies and explains the comprehensive history of Hwasun and the Red Cliffs. The cultural guide on our bus was born and raised in Hwasun, who has been living in the town for 54 years in a row.

How can someone stay at one place for such a long time? But even before I could think about it further, I started to feel sleepy and dozed off. But J seemed very enthusiastic, paying full attention to the guide's words. "Hwasun is... This city... Well, this was how it happened..." I could hear the voice of the guide better with my eyes closed. I wondered how much I knew about my lifetime home town. I was about to become sentimental, then suddenly J broke the mood. "Did you just hear about the dolmens? How could our ancestors, who were even smaller and weaker than us, think about building a gigantic tomb? It is so fascinating. Hey, what was the name of the chocolate snack shaped like a dolmen we used to enjoy when we were in school?"



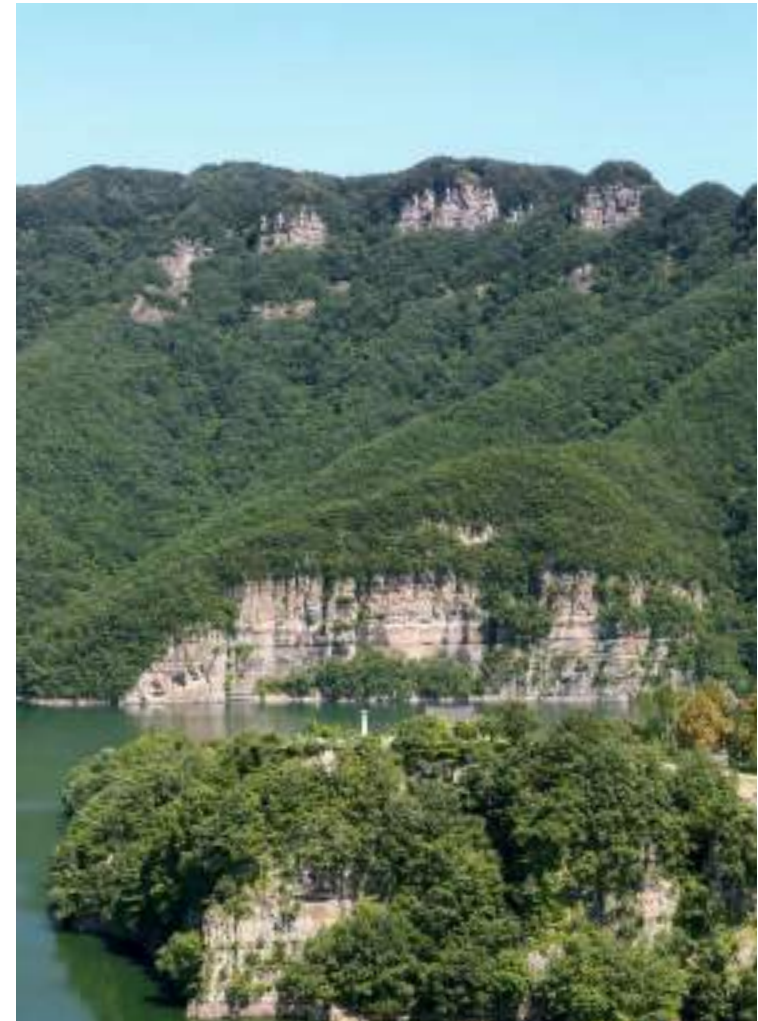
"Stone Age". The name of that snack was Stone Age. It was a packet of small chocolates shaped like dolmens, with assorted shapes and colors. It would have been much easier to make chocolates of same shape and size, but I guess no dolmen would look exactly the same. It is said that there are 596 dolmens in Hwasun, each of them with different shapes and sizes from one another. Then, the tomb of the chick came to my mind.

When I was a child, I bought a small chick in front of the school and brought it home, but it suddenly died after a week. I buried the chick at a park near my house, holding back my tears. My father piled up small stones on the tomb and told me to put the last one on the top. I wished happiness for the poor creature. The small stone gave me comfort and eased my guilt.

After visiting some photo spots, we arrived at our final destination, Manghyangjeong Pavilion. There were about 20 passengers on the bus, and we all started walking on a narrow trail up the hill, following the guide. J and I were having a good time, laughing and taking photos, as if we were on a school excursion. About ten minutes later, we could see the Red Cliffs. Hwasun Red Cliffs are said to be the atelier where poets, writers and painters of Joseon Dynasty came to write and sing. I could not come up with a better word to describe the cliffs than “Beautiful.” I wonder what kind of splendid words and expressions that our ancestors used to describe this marvelous site.

The passengers gathered together on Manghyangjeong Pavilion. To enjoy the view of the cliffs, J and I sat on the edge of the pavilion, distanced from other tourists. When the guide was finished with her story, an old gentleman started singing “Jeokbyeokga” with the microphone. He said he learned “pansori (Korean traditional song)” when he was young. The song was so beautiful and perfect matching the view, that J and I listened to the song, speechless. I did not expect this trip to be this sentimental. It felt like a surprise gift for me.

J gently called out my name in the middle of the song and said, “When I was in the radio Academy, my last assignment was to write a script about a town of my country. I chose Hwasun because I was looking for a special and unknown place. Don’t you just love the sound of the name? Haw-sun, haw-sun, haw-sun...The city is so warm and tranquil, just like the sound of her name, isn’t it?”





My friend J,
whose dream was to become a radio writer.
Hwasun was the last chapter
of her long-awaited dream.

Where have I been all along?

I finally face my city through the trip with J.
A life-long home for someone and
at the same time,
a final destination of a frustrated dream
for the other.

What would Hwasun look like tomorrow remembered by me?

My warm city,
I wish it would always stay the way
it is in its natural quotidian landscape.



In Vienna with My Love

*Three lovely girls are led to
St. Stephen's Cathedral
every Sunday morning by their parents.
They have three wishes—doing well
at school, finding boyfriends,
and Sunday worships that end sooner than usual.
One of their wishes came true today.*

*And if someone looks at this picture and
is infatuated with the girls,
the second wish will surely come true soon.*

In Gochang,

There Lie Dolmens
My Mother Truly Loves

Lee, Gwon-hui



"I am going to my hometown."

It was last summer when I suddenly received a call from my mother, who was staying by herself in Jeonju. Then, I thought she meant staying at aunt's place in Gochang for a little while.

After a couple of months, I realized something was going on when my brother told me that an add for rent was put for her house. So I immediately called my mother

"Why didn't you tell me you're moving for good?"

"I thought you understood what I meant. It is not like there isn't anybody there I know. There are your aunt and uncle in the hometown."

"I thought you were going to stay there only for a while. I heard you are not at aunt's any more. Why on earth did you suddenly decide to move?"

"Listen. I want to serve as a cultural commentator here. This area is full of incredible dolmens."

The words were anything but comprehensible. I could not understand what she meant by “I can finally relax” and “I feel happy to finally find something that I want to do at this age.” All I could think was how hard it was going to be for her, especially after she had gone through so many hardships in her life. I was lost for words when I heard she had already found a place to live. All I could do was to hang up the phone after telling her to come back when she finds the place uncomfortable.

Since my mother came to Seoul to visit me and my siblings during the holiday at the beginning of the year, we didn't have to go to Gochang. I finally got to hear the news about my mother when I was talking to my brother in spring. I called my mother since I could not let this go as the eldest son. She kept saying that she was ok in the hometown, but I headed for Gochang the very next day to bring her to my city.

My uncle gave me the address of my mom's new home. It was in a housing development not far from a university. I texted her that I was coming, but she did not answer the phone. I was driving here and there to look for her, and finally, she called. She told me that she was in some workshop at the County (Gun) Office far away from home. She told me to wait for her at her place since she would come home late in the evening. She gave me the password to her house and said, “There are a lot of things to see around here. Why not visiting some dolmens? But I will definitely have dinner with you.”

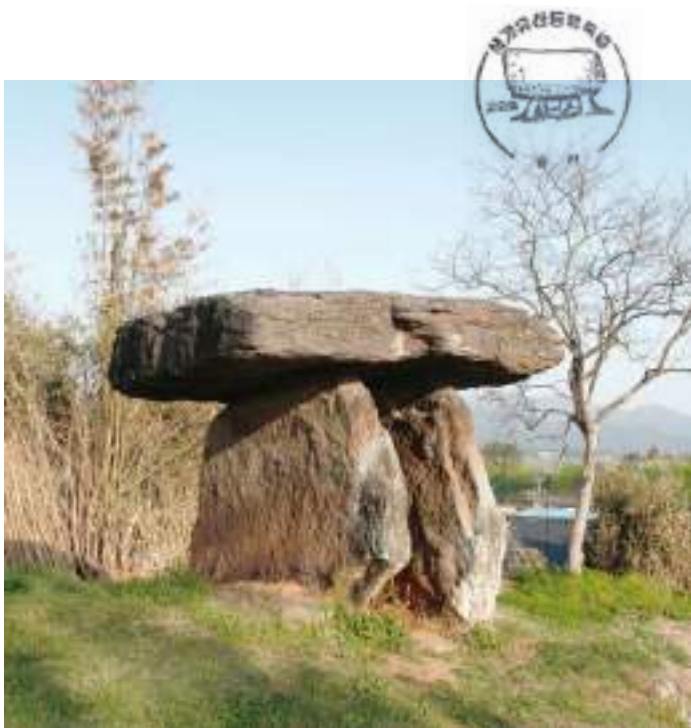




It felt strange to be in the empty house, so I went
out after grabbing a bite for lunch.
Gochang Dolmen Museum was not far from
the place on the map.
The museum exactly looked like a dolmen
even from a far distance.
I could see children and their parents waiting
in line to buy tickets, standing under a roof shaped
like a huge go board.



I could not help but think of my mom while
looking at the children and their parents.
If waiting was a job, my mom surely was a person
in the family who did the job all the time.
She waited for my father whose work place was very
far away and her sons whose schools and offices were also very remote.
I stayed with my mom for a while after finishing
my military service, but it was only for a few months.
When I was staying with her, I tried counting the days how many days
and nights my mother had to spend waiting for us and my father.



Before entering the museum, I took the dolmen exploration train which runs along the historic site of the dolmens. To my surprise, the train was packed with passengers. Not long after the train started running, I could see dolmens in diverse sizes. There was information about the site from the train.

“There are about 3,000 dolmens only in Jeollabuk-do Province and more than 1,500 of them are here in Gochang. 447 of them are designated as the UNESCO World Cultural Heritage.”

After being informed of more than 1,500 dolmens in Gochang, I started to wonder if my mother was planning to see all of them. Even so, it was still hard to understand why she became that interested in the dolmens. My mom was quite different from other ladies. When others were watching soap operas, she never failed to watch every history documentary.

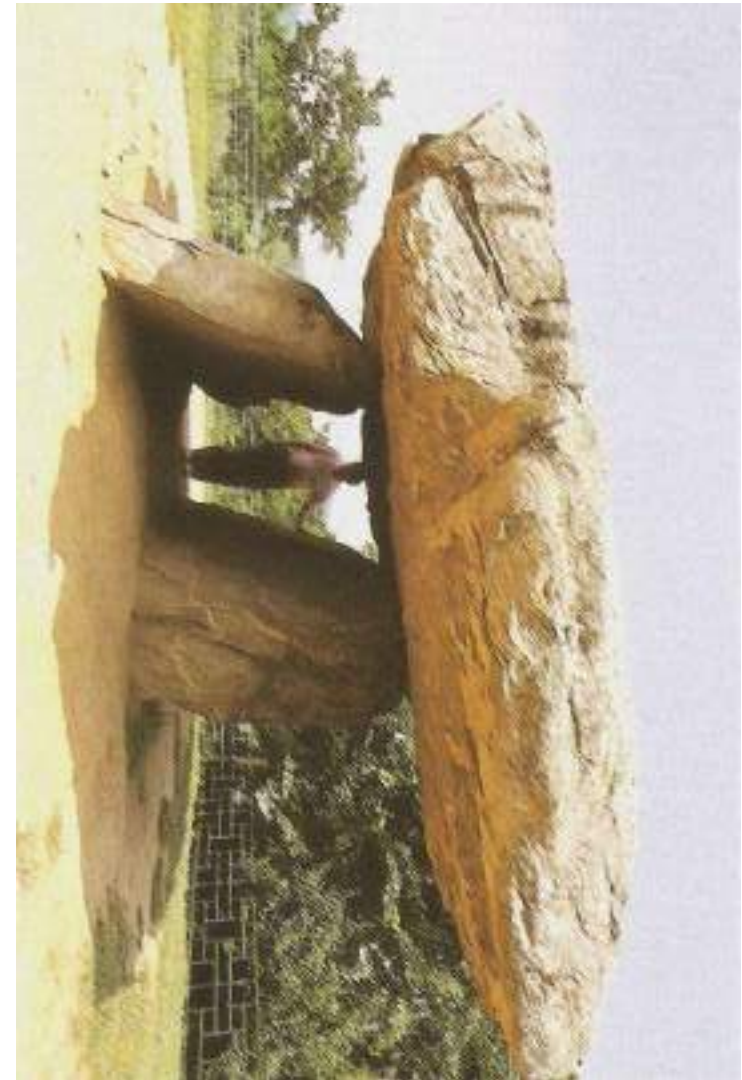
Whenever I asked her why she wouldn't watch soap operas, she would always say: “Soap operas disturb your quiet mood. History is way more interesting. It is so relaxing to think of the great deal of stories piled up in the past. It is as if they were waiting for you to listen to them personally.”

After my father passed away, she did not watch TV as often. She always watched what my father wanted to watch on TV, but even now when she can watch what she wants, she would read books more. For she said it was relaxing to read, I bought her some books about history such as journals on cultural heritage and local history.

After getting off the train, I looked around the rest of the dolmens before entering the museum. There were dolmens that looked like a table or a go board. If the explanation on the train was correct, these dolmens must have been standing there for 2,500 years.

What would my mother have thought of when she saw these dolmens?

I wonder if she felt relaxed as when she was watching the documentaries or reading the history books.



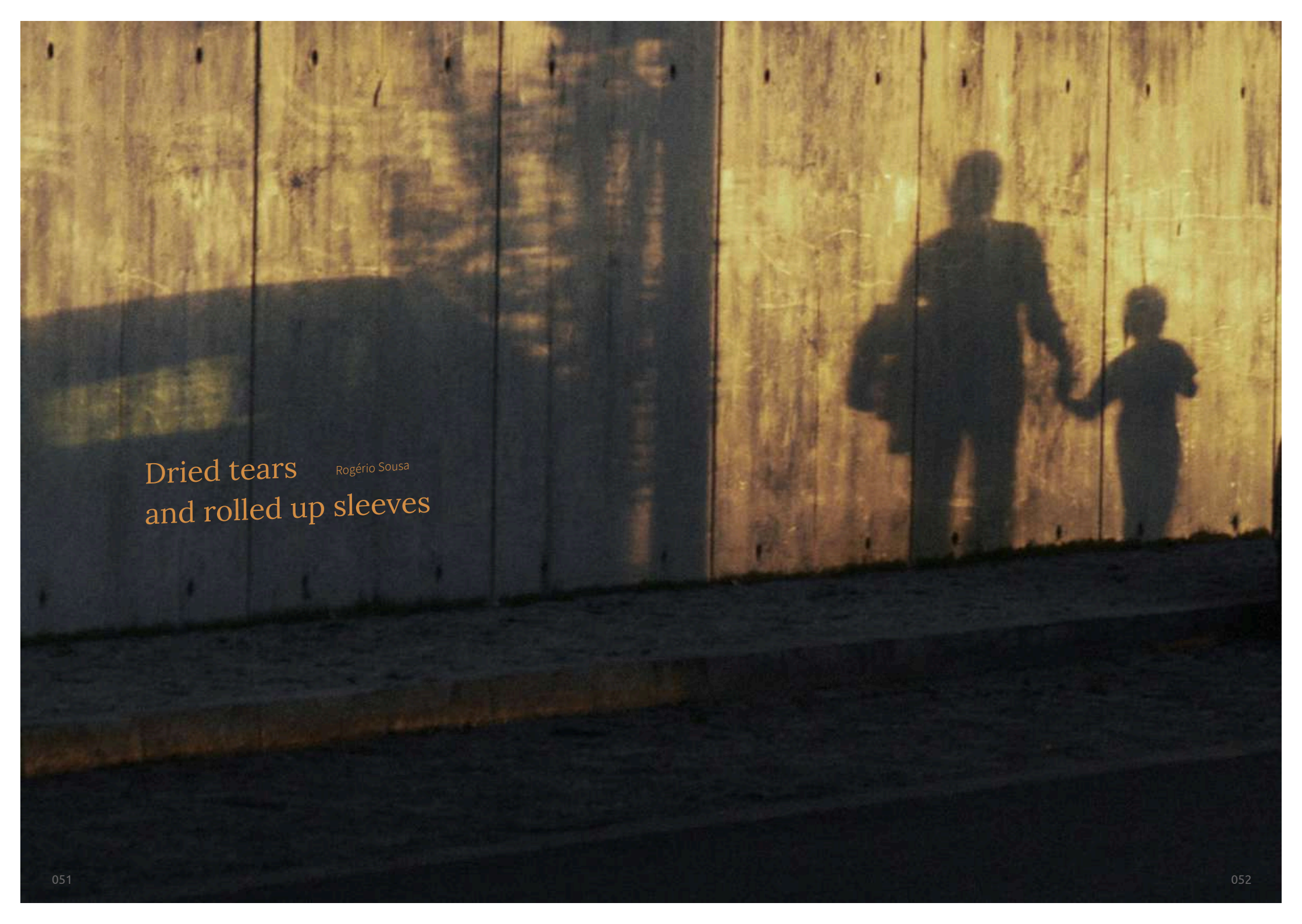
Waiting,
standing in silence,
at the same spot, for a very long time...



That is what my mother did for all her life, but what father, my brothers and I could not do for her. Perhaps my mother liked the dolmens because they have been standing there in silence for a long time at the same spot, just the same way she has gone through. Maybe she connected with them because she saw her alter ego in the dolmens. It might be my imagination, but I hardly remember I have ever transmitted that joy to my mother as a son.

My phone rang. She said she would come to the museum since the class ended earlier than she had thought. I told her I would wait for her. I added that I would like to tour the museum with her. Also, I decided to seriously take her bizarre idea of becoming a cultural tour guide or commentator.

Today is the day I wait for my mother, which is quite unusual though. At a distance, I saw the dolmens shimmering in the sunshine.



Dried tears
and rolled up sleeves

Rogério Sousa



I was one and a half years old when an earthquake destroyed my home city's historical center. I have no personal recollection of the happening but I gradually came to acknowledge its presence in conversations people would have about how awful it had been and how deeply this event had changed their lives.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, the very first day of January. The inhabitants of the island were still recovering from the previous night's festivities, when all of a sudden, at 3:43 p.m., the earth started shaking and buildings came tumbling down.

No one was remotely prepared for it and no preparation would have been enough for what happened: a class VII earthquake that left a trail of destruction in the islands of Terceira, São Jorge and Graciosa, damaging more than 16.000 buildings and 90% of the churches. 71 lives were lost: 51 in Terceira and 20 in São Jorge.

In the center of Angra do Heroísmo, 80% of the buildings were destroyed. The President of the Republic of Portugal declared 3 days of national mourning. In the aftermath, after witnessing with his own eyes the devastation caused by the earthquake, the President of the Autonomous Region of the Azores declared that it was time to "dry our tears and roll up our sleeves".



Fortunately, it was amidst this destruction and despair that a group of people rightly decided to apply the Historical Center of Angra to the World Heritage List, and the reconstruction of the city was carried out with this in mind.

Three years after the event, on 7 December, 1983, Angra do Heroísmo was classified as World Heritage by UNESCO.



I was five years old at the time. To be born and to be able to live here is a privilege that I am very grateful for. I walk on the same ground where Vasco da Gama buried his brother while returning from discovering the maritime path to India. I visit the same chapel where Padre António Vieira preached and buildings where Ciprião de Figueiredo ruled. I delight myself in gardens where Almeida Garrett wrote poems and I know Dacosta's drawings because they are part of my city, just like Tomás de Borba's music is part of its soundscape. I indulge myself with confectionery that smell of India side by side with my island's gastronomy, smelling of volcano.

When I contemplate this vast ocean, which for the last five hundred years has been our captor and our savior, I find myself surrounded by newborn volcanic land, feeling blessed to be part of the city that provided the Azorean motto "we would rather die free than subject to peace".





A Living History

At the Vat Phou Temple Complex located on Phou Kao mountain in Laos, As usual, four boys gathered under a golden temple fence.

As one of them starts singing, the rest three begin to hum and beat a rhythm. Is this a déjà vu? Or does the past accumulate to make us who we are today? Though they have never learned it before, the boys knew the melody of the old times. Just the same way their fathers and fathers' fathers used to do before them.



A Letter from Naseong Fortress

Jeong, Hun

It's been a long time.
It was last winter I last saw you
when you came to Buyeo.
I feel sorry that I did not write
to you earlier, but I took the courage to
drop some lines before it's going to be too late.

Spring has come to Buyeo as well.

I see flowers blooming at Gunnamji Pond,
the pond by which we used to walk along together.
In company with the warm weather,
the enthusiastic mood of the visitors of
Gunnamji Pond makes my heart flutter too.

Last winter, I gave you a lengthy speech about the scenery of spring of this pond. I brought you here, saying that it has one of the best landscapes in Buyeo, but I spoke incoherently, worried of your frozen hands. If you haven't told me that the scenery of winter was equally romantic, I would have repeated the beauty of spring the entire time at the pond.

However, spring has finally come to Buyeo. Spring, that no one would doubt about its beauty. Willow trees, the ones I wanted to show you desperately, are also blooming their flowers.

When you said it was your first time visiting Buyeo, I told you there were things you must look for a long time to truly see them in this city. The city, which used to be the capital of Baekje, the city embracing the proud culture of Baekje and the city, which still holds the traces of its collapse.

In this city, in which you are no longer, I sometimes think of those times we spent together. I wonder how you would remember Buyeo and what memories you would have about me, a native of the city.

Do you remember?

I told you that I wanted to be a person like this city when we were walking along the Ancient Tombs. A person who has stories that attract others, not just boastful images. I also told you that I wanted to stay next to the one I love to build life together one by one, just like the old towns of Baekje. You replied with a beautiful smile and nodded. I could not take My eyes off your smile.

"And you certainly will."

That's what you told me. Then you talked about the faraway place that you would leave for when the new year comes. The city where summers are longer than winters and there are more high rises than old buildings. I started to feel impatient and my words were wandering. At the café, where we went to avoid the heavy snow, we talked a little more. But the sun set not long after, and we headed to the terminal. The only words you left were "thank you for showing me around Buyeo of wintertime."

The wait was too aching for me, so I spent a large amount of time walking around Buyeo by myself. Usually the places I wished to go with you, or the ones we did not go together that day. Ever since it became warmer, I go to Naseong Fortress every weekend. I mean the fortress we decided to visit last winter, but we couldn't make it after all.

When you first told me you wanted to visit Naseong Fortress, you hummed a song. "Send a letter from Naseong." It is a song which gained its fame for being in a film. I wanted to tell you that the song was not referring to the Naseong Fortress, but Los Angeles. I could not correct you because I wanted to keep listening to your beautiful song. Perhaps I expected the place to be as warm and cheerful as the song.

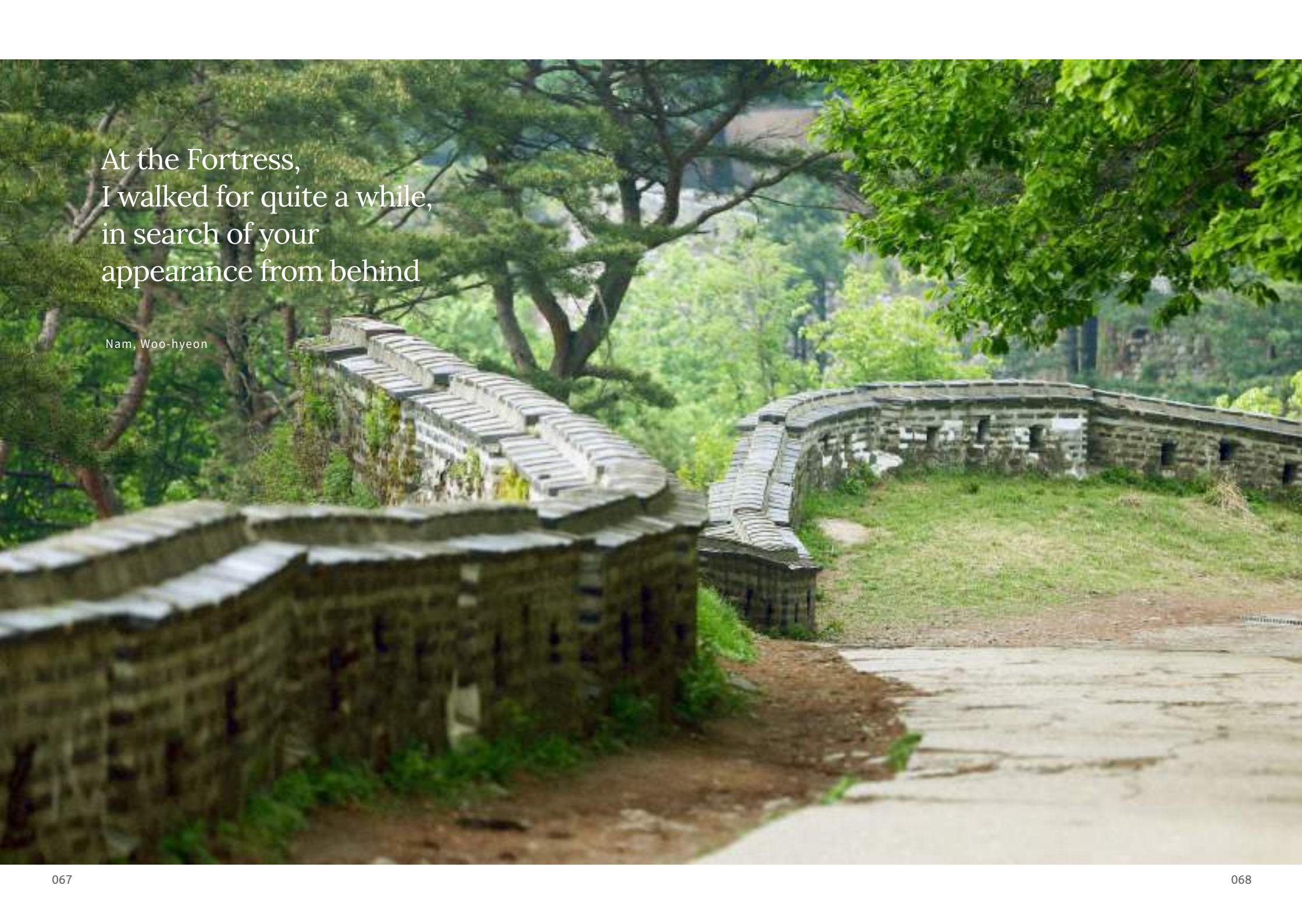
I walk along Naseong Fortress every weekend. The fortress used to be the frontier of the capital of Baekje. The fortress stretches on the plain field and goes further up to the mountain. The mountain was not carved or the tunnel was not dug, presenting the natural look as it was elevated by itself. Sometimes, the beautiful view makes me sentimental, and I fall into futile imaginations. I imagine there must be countless hearts of "yearning" and "longing" hovering around this long wall. Then, I realize that there are more stories that I want to hear than to tell.

Whenever I thought of you, this city taught me the meaning of waiting , persuading me in a way. It also waited for me. I am gradually learning from this old city that it is more difficult to embrace other people in silence than to earn stories to attract others.

When you ever come back to Buyeo and walk with me again, I will not talk restlessly by myself. I will restrain from talking about what I want to be, or about this city, but will be attentive to your stories in front of this old fortress. For a very long time, until this fortress comes to an end at some point of the path.

Wish you all the best until then.
Take good care of yourself.





At the Fortress,
I walked for quite a while,
in search of your
appearance from behind

Nam, Woo-hyeon

My son is changing. When he was in elementary school, he would chatter about all the trivial things that happened over the day, but these days he barely says a word. At meals, he takes just some spoonful of food and says, "Thanks for the meal." and rushes to his room. Once gone, there is no sign s of life inside for a long time.

At one moment I felt sorry for him as he went through the so-called "storm and stress" of adolescence; at another moment, I regret that my son is using the smart phone my wife pushed me into buying for him. Whenever I see his nose buried in his phone, I feel at a loss as to how to talk to him. But today, with my teenager in tow, I head toward Namhansanseong Fortress.

My wife suggested us "guys" to get some fresh air, which made me feel somewhat adventurous about this outing. Until he was ten, my son and I used to hike up the hill behind our home every weekend, but it's been years since we did anything together. I chose Namhansanseong Fortress, which is close to where we live, hoping that while hiking along the winding fortress walls, we would slowly strike up a conversation to share stories that should have been told long ago.



which revealed somewhat discontent expression as if complaining about having had to get up early. Noticing this made me feel awkward, so I just kept repeating how nice the weather was.

Walking out of the parking lot soon appeared the South Gate. Thinking I needed to get something out of today, I began taking pictures, which widened the distance between me and my kid. As we moved forward, I quickened my pace to catch up with him. For quite a while, we walked in silence along the ecological trail, basking in the spring sun. Then I began to talk to break that silence.

“During the Silla period, this area was home to Jujangseong Fortress. Do you know why the fortress was called ‘Jujang’?”

“No idea.”

“Because, here at Jujangsan Mountain, the day (ju) is literally longer (jang) than the night.” Without a reply, he just yawned as if he did it on purpose. I found him impolite though. Still, I felt that I should tell him a story that was considered a must, so I continued.

“You know what kind of place Namhansanseong was, don’t you? King Injo took refuge here to escape from the Chinese Qing Invasion of Joseon. The king passed through the South Gate the same way we did today.”

“I know, I learned about it at school, the Qing Invasion of Joseon.”

Until just a few years ago, he would pester me every night, begging me to read him a story. But now, he began groping around for his phone in his pocket, which made me feel uneasy.

“Do you know who carried King Injo on the back into the fortress?”

“Who was the person?” he asked, with a look indicating he had never heard of this particular detail. All of a sudden, a sort of thrill rushed through my body.

“His entourages carried him on their backs, taking turns. At one point, they could no longer continue because they were exhausted. Suddenly, a young man wearing wooden shoes appeared. So they asked him to carry the king. The lad didn’t even know who the king was but he agreed. He took off his shoes, and put them on backward.”

“Why did he put on his shoes backward?”

“Guess he was kind of smart. He sensed that they were refugees, so he wanted to make sure that the enemy failed to find the king.”

“So, he faked it, right?”

“Fake? Oh, yeah. He was using tricks.”

While recounting the story of the young lad named Seo Heun-nam, who later played an active role as the king’s messenger, we finally arrived at Sueojangdae Command Post. When I explained that this place was where generals commanded their troops, my son became a bit more serious. Well, boys will be boys. But then, as if feeling playful, he climbed up on a vantage point commanding a panoramic view of the fortress, and cupped his hands around his mouth like a megaphone to shout into “Viva”, the echo into the distance. I was about to tease him for his acting like a mountain climber, but then I hollered “Viva” before he did. He giggled, saying I was embarrassing him. It was the first time I saw him laugh today.

Ten minutes' walk from Sueojangdae took us to the West Gate. I suggested a photo together in front of the gate. He was hesitant at first, but when I told the picture was for his mom, he dragged his feet toward me. I told him the area we could see from our current vantage point was Jamsil. He also took some pictures of his own with his smartphone, with which he was busy manipulating. He probably wanted to show these pictures to his friends.

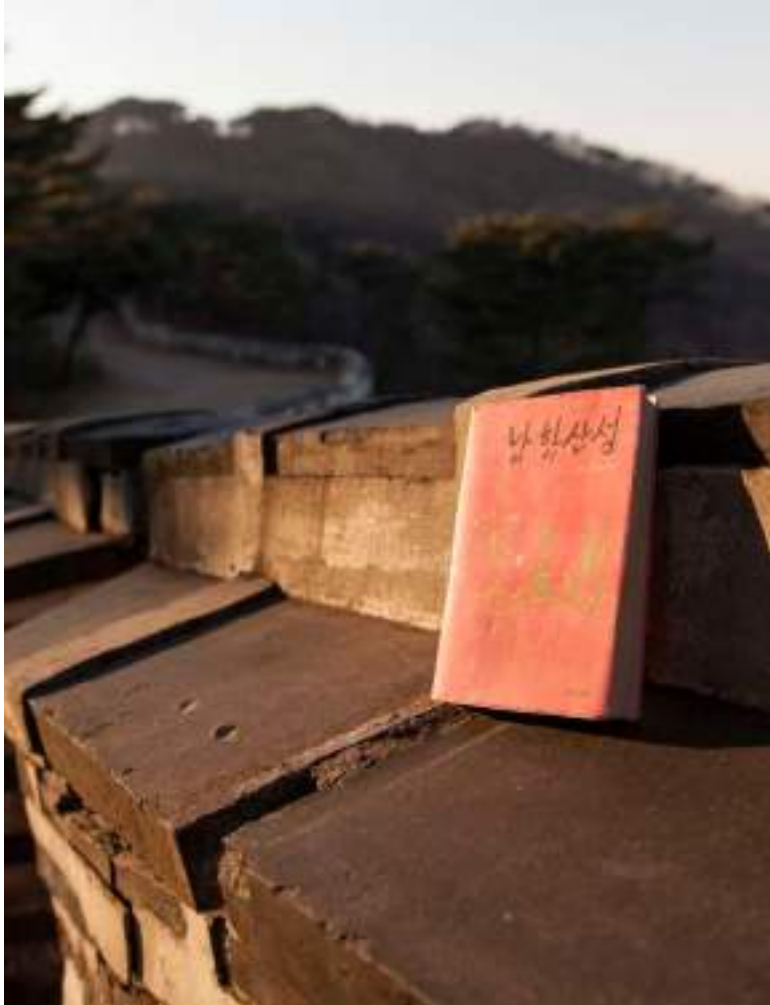
“King Injo withstood the invasion for 45 days before passing through the West Gate to surrender to Hong Taiji of Qing. The surrender took place in today's Songpa District in Seoul. Qing forced Joseon to erect a war triumph memorial to show off the great power of the emperor, and the monument still remains.”

“Why is it still there?”

“It may be humiliating, but it is still a part of our history. Sometimes, we must remember the hard and painful lessons of the past. I believe Namhansanseong Fortress is a place teaching us such lessons.”

I asked him whether what I just said was hard to grasp. He said maybe he understood it, and maybe he didn't. We agreed to visit Samjeondobi Monument in Seoul in the near future on the way to a baseball game, and we headed toward the North Gate.





“Novelist Kim Hoon wrote a novel called Namhansanseong. Do you want me to buy the book for you on our way home?”

“A book?”

“I’m not asking you to write a book review. Just give it a try when you have nothing to do. It’s a really great read.”

“Okay, I’ll think about it.”

At first, he tried to walk ahead of me. But then he slowed down and walked a little closer to my side. Suddenly, it occurred to me that perhaps it was not that his pace quickened, but that mine slowed. Then I realized that my son now seemed a few inches taller than before. I imagined on him a strong back that I would get to see someday, a back as sturdy as a heavy fortress wall.

The sun was already straight above our heads, and the cool morning air has already vanished. Pleasant sweats ran down my back. My heart palpitated with pride when I saw my son walking ahead tirelessly. From afar, the roof ridges of the North Gate seemed to wait for us.



Space

Part 2

•

"The Space embraced by a City, Following the Stream Within"

*Each city has space
that attracts our attention, whether they be a buoy
for those who miss their hometowns,
or a space in a city which provides unforgettable
memories for travelers.*

*Places where invaluable memories stay,
these places are another visage of World Heritage Cities.*

Flutters of White
Butterflies Swaying
to the Wind
of a Millennium Ago

Kim Soo-Sang



1

When you miss a loved
one who's far away,
all you have to do is to close your eyes.
This will evoke images of the loved one,
making your love more vivid in your mind's eye
The closed eyes will gently lead me
to my dreams.

Yearning for you,
I once again close my eyes
in a somber corner.



#2

To get closer to you, I step back from you—to preserve my dream of you. The positivity of the palpable does not make you the other but an identical object. I don't want you to be objectified; my purposeful distancing prevents you from being objectified. Philosopher Martin Buber called this “primal distance (Urdistanz).” The distance within which love takes place, flows as a current and first speaks—that is primal distance. For love to be complete, I must deliberately separate myself from you and escape from you. Having that distance enables us to show our love “courtesy.” I am in Dalgubeol (modern-day Daegu), and you are in Seorabeol (modern-day Gyeongju). Closing my eyes, I call you out from the distance of a millennium.



#3

Hwangnyongsa Temple Site

You are wide open, stretching out in front of Bunhwangsa Temple in Guhang-dong, Gyeongju. I couldn't care less about your history; for me, you're merely a different “other.” An impalpable and intangible body. To touch you, I close my eyes once again.

I see a yellow dragon, then the age-old pine tree painted by Solgeo. Now I see Queen Seondeok and Monk Jajang, and finally the divine man of Taehwa Pond. The divine man says, “The dragon at Hwangnyongsa Temple is my eldest son. It is protecting the temple, following the order of Brahma. Head back to your home country and build a nine-story pagoda. If you do so, the nine neighboring countries will surrender and pay tributes, while the royal statesmanship will succeed for eternity. Once the pagoda is completed, hold a palgwanhoe (the Eight Buddhist Precepts Ritual) and deliver sinners from their sins, and the foreign enemies will be deterred.”



#4

On the day when Abiji, the Baekje architect who was in charge of building the pagoda, was to erect a column, he saw in his dream the demise of Baekje. Despondent, he suspended his work. The earth suddenly began to shake, and the sky darkened. Then an old monk and a strong man appeared from the Golden Hall (which housed a sixteen-foot Buddha statue), erected the column of the pagoda, and abruptly disappeared. Touched by this miracle and regretting his previous misgivings, Abiji resumed construction and completed the pagoda.

#5

I close my eyes again.

The wooden pagoda can be seen only when the eyes are closed. A spring breeze blows from the dress of Queen Seondeok. And the scent of flowers wafts in the air. Would Abiji ever have met Queen Seondeok? He was the artist who captured the fleeting time in the form of the pagoda, inscribing the present into eternity. Would the wood Abiji polished have been smooth? Would it have been erotic enough to arouse his wish of rubbing his cheek on it? Smoothness is basis for beauty. From the smooth column of the pagoda that Abiji polished - what fragrance would it have filled the air with?



#6

To see you, of a height of 80 meters, I close my eyes again. Your height would have allowed you to overlook the land of Seorabeol, to care for the safety of the Silla people. You would have guarded, till the very end, a young Silla girl on her way back home after a romantic rendezvous.

Where you once stood, the spring breeze blows. “The wind pulled a prank a millennium ago. / And he still does. / Behold him tickling again and again / the twigs of a pine tree,” recited poet Park Jae-sam in his Millennial Wind.

White butterflies sent by the millennial wind flutter their wings.

Now I see Abiji, humbly following in the footsteps of Queen Seondeok. To visualize love that’s far away, we must close our eyes again to crack open a hole in millennial time. The empty space where you stood has dancing butterflies now.

To love is to stay away; and to call that love, you need to close your eyes. Stars in the night sky are beautiful because they are far away.

Beauty is found only in the unreachable.



A Historic Town of Vigan in the Philippines

*We tried to erase the gloomy past.
No matter how hard we tried to efface it,
parts of it were engraved even deeper.*

*Rather than erasing it,
we decided to keep it,
Since then, many changes ensued.*

*Without doubt, they were good changes though.
Many people come to us, with which our lives are
supported. We learned how to sublimate the pain.*

Walking Side by Side

Park Seong-ha

I walk on any road. No special choice is needed.
I just need to go forward.
That is why I love walking along castle ramparts.
There is only one way, but that one way leads to another.
Roaming around for hours takes me back to where I began.
The only thing that concerned me while walking
along Gongsanseong Fortress was whether to block
the sunlight with my palm or with the back of my hand.

I look at the flags flapping in the wind. It must be a white tiger on the flags, for it has the white strips on it. That means I am heading westward. Each guardian angel protects east, west, north and south of Gongsanseong Fortress: Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird and Black Turtle from all directions. The guardian angels drawn on the flags are the symbol of protection and also serve as signs to show directions. I checked my current location with my smartphone. A red dot was illuminating my location. "So this is the west side of Gongsanseong Fortress," I thought. The flags tirelessly flapping in the wind beckoned to come over. However, I could not decide what to do on my third visit to Gongsanseong Fortress. Starting from the right side is a tough road in the beginning because of the steep hill, but gets easier at the end. Starting from the left, on the other hand, is an easy start but tough at the end. The right trail is perfect to walk along Geumgang River which runs along the ramparts, but the left trail is ideal to enjoy the sound of wind chimes of

Yeongeunsa Temple. What a trivial yet complicated dilemma! But I was once again standing at a crossroad. I looked at the flapping flags at a distance. The flags were dancing nonstop as always. It gestures me to come over, not even telling me which way to go. I was about to decide by throwing a rock. At the very moment, an old man walked past me.

He was on his way up the hill, using a branch from a tree as a walking stick. He looked very comfortable and confident and I could not help but go after him. We walked together on the same trail, but me about ten steps behind him. The ramparts of the afternoon seemed calm. Not being used to the tranquility, I felt somewhat awkward. I felt

like I should listen to something or even make some noise. While walking, all my attentions were focused on keeping a moderate distance with the gentleman. If I walked past him, I had to walk fast to maintain the distance. I had to do so, because it might seem clumsy if he walks faster than me. Anyway, it was strange to keep following him this way.

Gongju





After walking for quite a while,
I could see flags with black strips.
It meant that I reached the north part of the fortress.

I could see the panoramic view of the city of Gongju. The fortress. I was standing at the highest point of the fortress, which was built to defend the infiltrating enemies. I stretched and quickened my steps again. This time, I was far ahead of the old gentleman. Ten-step distance became twenty-step distance. I only walked forward on the path. I became completely alone on the road, once again.

The old man, who was ahead of me, now was walking behind me. I became alone on the trail. It felt awkward again. It was a different kind of awkwardness from the one I felt with the stillness of the ramparts. Despite all, I kept on walking. Maybe the awkwardness was a sort of loneliness. The only scenery I could see was the well-paved trail, trees, flags and the remote place I started from. When I secretly turned around, I could see the gentleman walking behind me with twenty-step distance.

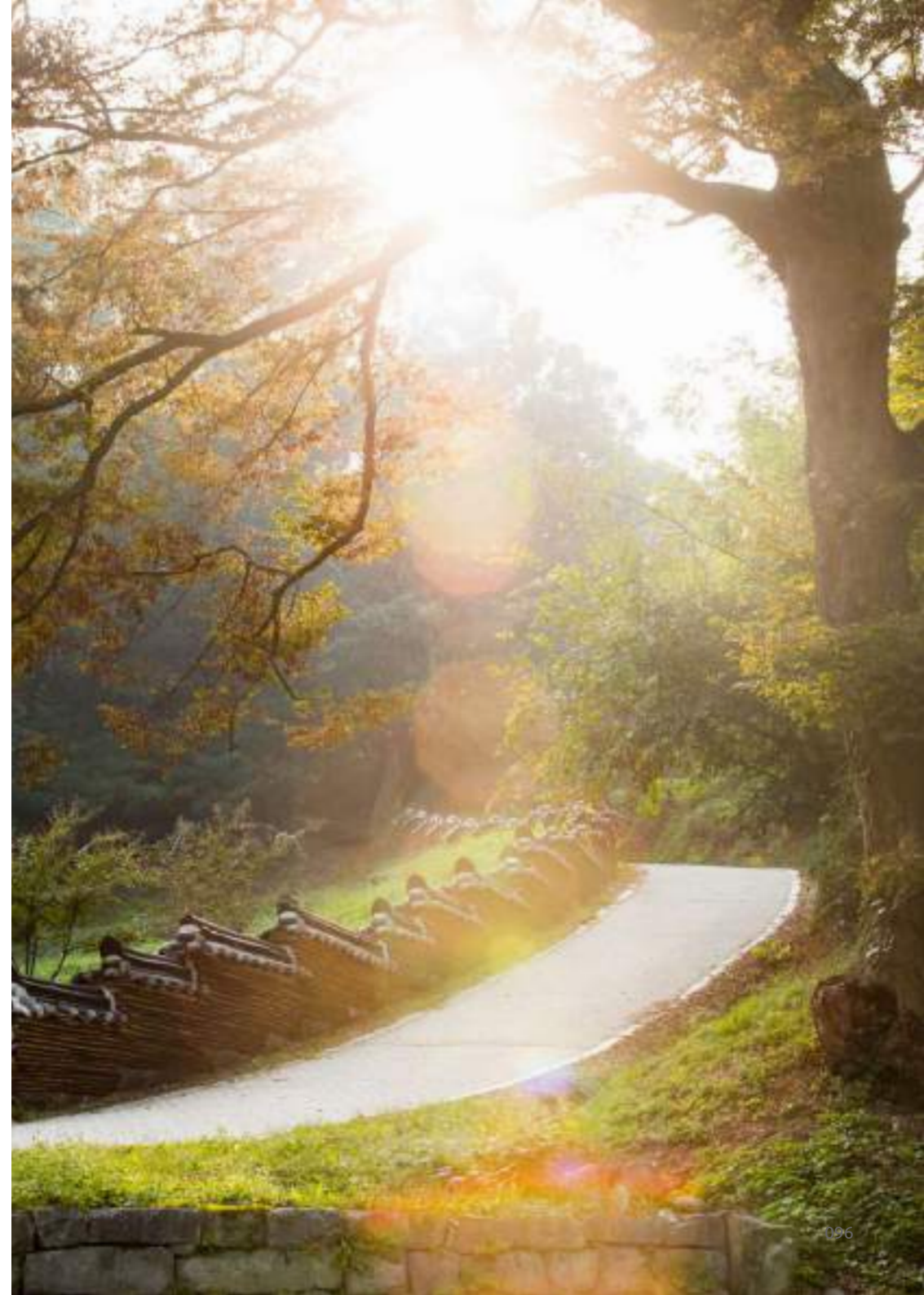
I slowed down a little. The twenty-step distance became ten-step distance and I was walking with the old man side by side. We kept pace with each other and walked together. Until we reached the front gate, the old man only walked forward. I had been alone on the road, but I walked accompanied by someone. The promenade along the fortress has ended just like that.

Walking on the trail makes me come back to the place I began. The reason I liked Gongsanseong Fortress was maybe because I could just walk forward. The first walk along the fortress was nice because I was alone, the second walk was unfamiliar and on the third walk, I wished I had company. Like this, my mind often gets lost even on the defined road. The saying I underlined in a book a long time ago comes back to my mind again.

“Walking is going back to one’s own path and is a way to lose time in the most graceful way.”

David Le Breton “Éloge de la Marche” (Eloge of Walk)

The way back home was full of noise. The red lights ordered me to stop walking and the honking of the cars warned me about looking sideways. I recalled the trail along Gongsanseong Fortress in the middle of strangers.



The yellow flags of the ramparts must be
dancing the same dance as usual,

gesturing me to come over.



Pasha's present for everyone; mysterious sound of time

Aytekin KUS

Grand Vizier Izzet Mehmet Pasha, who lived in Safranbolu between the years of 1743 and 1812 was a person who born in Safranbolu, had important historical, architectural, social and cultural works. Between the years of 1794 and 1798, when he was a Grand Vizier, he built a magnificent architectural masterpiece, a mosque, a library and a fountain.

This work is the result of his environmental awareness. This work was built on the Akçasu Stream by installing arches. This work provided a great source of drinking water to a large part of Safranbolu, so Pasha won the appreciation of the people of Safranbolu. For this reason this water is called 'Pasha water' for two hundred and twenty two years. Thus, in

Safranbolu, as many as a hundred inscription and inscription-free fountains have become a source of life, as well as a security and measure against fire, as well as a social responsibility approach. Pasha water is indispensable for life.

The books in the library are dedicated to the use of the people in Safranbolu. Within this service variety, Izzet Mehmet Pasha said that he would give a unique gift like "Putting the clock on everyone's pocket".

The George Perior clock, which was brought by Pasha from England in 1797, was placed on a square prism tower twelve meters height. This hour, which is heard from all over Safranbolu, is serving almost everybody by entering their pocket, house, neighborhood, mosque, inn, bathhouse and mosque. Almost the time has been vocalized.

For two hundred and nineteen years, this clock which voicing the time, runs continuously and without springs, is still the oldest clock in Turkey. It notifies the time, both in full time and every half hour by hitting the number of hours. In addition, it is a historic time that contributes to the direction determination of an area of at least 10-20 km in foggy and misty weather.



The World Heritage and the common value of humanity everyone who lives in Safranbolu and who comes as a guest to Safranbolu, is the owner of this watch.

As long as this clock is in Safranbolu, it will be already in everyone's pocket, in ear, in heart and in mind.





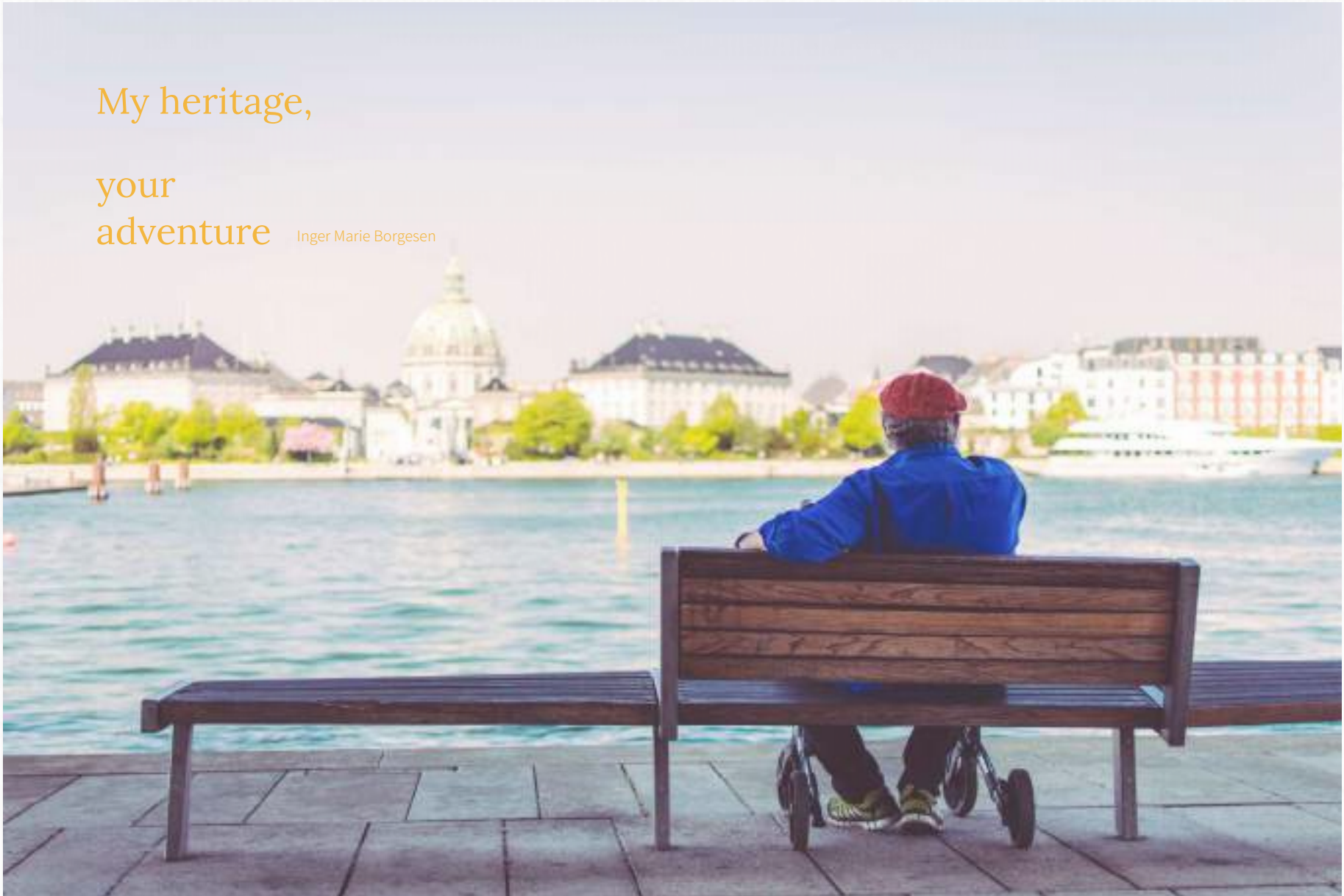
Thinking of the future, a Pasha presents such thousands of pieces gift for everyone, is unique.

Born in Safranbolun but he was everyone's Pasha ancestor. Because he cared, respected and made happy everyone without distinction.

My heritage,

your

adventure Inger Marie Borgesen



In 1772, men belonging to the Moravian Church travelled to the southern part of Denmark on the call of King Christian VII. They broke up from their well-known life in Herrnhut, Saxony, in order to establish themselves as a colony and set up a town on the premises of the manor Tyrstrupgård. Besides bringing the word of Christ, they contributed to the parish with their many skills in construction, commerce and industry.

As part of their luggage, they carried specific architectural plans for a proper Moravian settlement. The extensive construction was a challenge in God's honour!

10 years later by the end of the year 1782, 36 houses were a reality. In their pursuit to create a world of their own, the Moravians created a town, which compared to Danish custom, stood out with its yellow brick houses and straight streets.

If one of the craftsmen, who put up the structures more than 200 years ago, was able to rise from his grave, he would most likely still recognise the town centre as it stands today. The Church building is now, as it was then, the focal point.

One year ago, in June 2015, Christiansfeld was appointed UNESCO World Heritage Site. A memorable celebration attended by Queen Margrethe II marked the culmination of continuous efforts since 1991 in order to turn Christiansfeld from a unique town into a world heritage site.

The town is not a museum but a living entity with 3000 inhabitants, 150 of them are members of the Moravian Church. They live a common everyday life not much different to that of other ordinary people. At the same time, their belief is important to them and they practice it by taking part in the community of the congregation.

Even before the UNESCO appointment, Christiansfeld was a worthy and interesting place to visit. Tourists certainly passed by in order to view the site, but today tourists arrive in big numbers - actually, four times as many compared to previous years

Christiansfeldere, the inhabitants of Christiansfeld, are very grateful that their legacy has been acknowledged as a site of world heritage. Today, the town is the most well preserved Moravian settlement in the world. Besides being grateful and proud they are at the same time very aware that they have an important role to play by welcoming the tourists, or as they like to say: our guests. Tourists as visitors are spectators; guests are more likely to involve themselves in visiting as explorers, who take their time to experience the very soul of the town.

In order to accommodate the guests, the Christiansfeld Centre offers organized tours with professional guides, some of whom are born into the congregation.

Exhibits and events such as The Yearly Craftsmen's Day, held by the Christiansfeld Centre, or The Classical Music Festival, enlighten the guests on both the well preserved - and the living culture - of the town.

According to the Moravian belief, the Church is not a holy place as such. Holiness is where the believers are gathered in order to worship Christ, not a material structure in itself. Entering the church is similar to entering a neat living room; the finest room.

However, in the current situation as a World Heritage Site, it is crucial for the Moravians to welcome the many guests and at the same time find the balance between entertainment and enlightenment. To enter the Church as guest is to not only visiting any room, but a "certain" room with all its historical and present meaning to the members of the Moravian Church. An attentive attitude is required.

Hope to see you soon!





In Reverence

*What was I looking for
in the fleeting time?*

*Looking back from the far distant future,
I lost indeed what was truly precious.*

*It seems that I only realized the wisdom
softly left behind by those who walked
by Jongmyo Shrine last night.*

From the Land of Seodongyo Melody

Kim Mi-jeong

The weather was going to be
sunny during the weekend,
so I thought to myself,
“Since it’s spring, I want to go on a trip.”

Then, I suddenly remembered
that my sister had told me to come over in spring
so that she can show me around Iksan.

I called her.

Our conversation started with “What are you
doing at the weekend?” and finished with “I will do visit you”.

Ok, the destination will be Iksan then.

I could rarely meet my sister ever since she left to Iksan with her husband. I could only meet her during holidays or vacation. It had been already several months since I met her. Her kid was five and I remembered how she was already good at talking and asked me many things with curiosity. “Aunt, what is this? What is that?”

Every time I went to Iksan, I always came back home after playing with my niece and having a meal prepared by my sister. My sister said a lot of times that we should “go there some day when you come to Iksan.” But she numerously failed in her promise in the scorching summer, in the autumn full of colored leaves and even in the snowy winter. I bought a ticket to Iksan, hoping that this time, she would take me there without fail.

Saturday arrived earlier than I thought.

I opened the window to check the weather, the first thing in the morning. The warm weather lifted my mood. I got dressed in the clothes I had chosen the night before and left home with excitement. I defined the concept of this trip as a “walking traveler.” I was going to be a walking traveler equipped with a hat, sunglasses and a mask to protect me from sunlight and fine particles.

For a walking traveler, the most famous and must destinations are “Jeju Olle Trail” and “Jirisan Trail”, but my goal was to find a new trail of my own. The key of this trip was the areas apt for walking. I could not decide where to go, and finally made up mind to walk from “Archaeological Site in Wanggung -ri” to “Stone Pagoda at Mireuksa Temple Site,” to follow the history of ancestors of Baekje. When I looked on the Internet map, the trail was about five kilometers long. As a slow walker, I assumed that it would take about five to six hours.

It was perfect for me.



I met my sister’s family at the bus terminal. My niece grew taller and she proudly went on about how she became the member of ‘Amber class’* in her kindergarten.

*It is the name of a kindergarten named after favorite cartoon character of the child.



My sister's husband welcomed me and left with his daughter. My sister looked excited to be free from her childcare duty today. Our trip began by walking on the dirt road (unpaved road).

"Iksan City is one of the UNESCO World Heritage Cities. The whole city was in the festive mood when it was designated as one. "Archaeological Site in Wanggung-ri" and "Stone Pagoda at Mireuksa Temple Site", the places that we are going to visit today, are designated as Baekjae Historic Areas."

It seemed that "Archaeological Site in Wanggung -ri" holds special meaning for people of Iksan. My sister was no exception. "Archaeological Site in Wanggung -ri", which has a historic significance, was revealed to the world when the excavation began in 1989. The excavation is still in process and the size of the site is as big as twenty football fields put together. I was astounded by the fact that the number of relics excavated from the site reached more than 5,000.

I took pictures with the stone sign that read "World Heritage City" and also with "Five-story Stone Pagoda." It is the palace that King Mu had built and it is the place where today's people can look into the lives of people of Baekje through their excavated ancient toilet and garden. I was curious of how people of Baekje had lived, so I was fascinated to witness the golden times of Baekje at the archeological site. Around the site, there were people busy with taking pictures, people chatting with one another, people eating snacks, children running around and people enjoying the leisure time. The place reminded me of an open "square." After spending almost half a day at "Archaeological Site in Wanggung-ri", we continued walking toward "Stone Pagoda at Mireuksa Temple Site." We could finally see the stone pagoda from the distance while walking accompanied by the dust and the cars. Stone pagodas are not rare, they are at every temple, but unlike "Dabotap Pagoda" at "Bulguksa Temple"

at Gyeongju and “Three-story Stone Pagoda,” the one in “Mireuksa Temple Site” has extraordinary charm making my heart beat.

“Stone Pagoda at Mireuksa Temple Site” is the oldest stone pagoda in history and was built out of the earnest request of the queen. The temple is no longer there, but the stone pagoda remaining aloof looked sad yet noble.

I saw and met a lot of people throughout this trip. I greeted someone who was resting by a tree, met a nice store owner and an elderly lady even had a small talk with us and asked us if we were looking around Iksan, with a warm smile.

The smiles of those people, who are keeping the city, inherited by their ancestors, made me happy all day long. I was able to find the trail of Baekje of my own, by the time I left Iksan and my sister. I want to call this trail “my treasure house.”

I wonder if the trail I took today was the same trail that King Mu and Princess Seonhwa used to take.

The trail, which ancestors took while coming and going to work. The trail is like a treasure house that passes down the invaluable legacy beyond time and space. Iksan, the land where you feel like you are listening to “Seodongyo” melody.

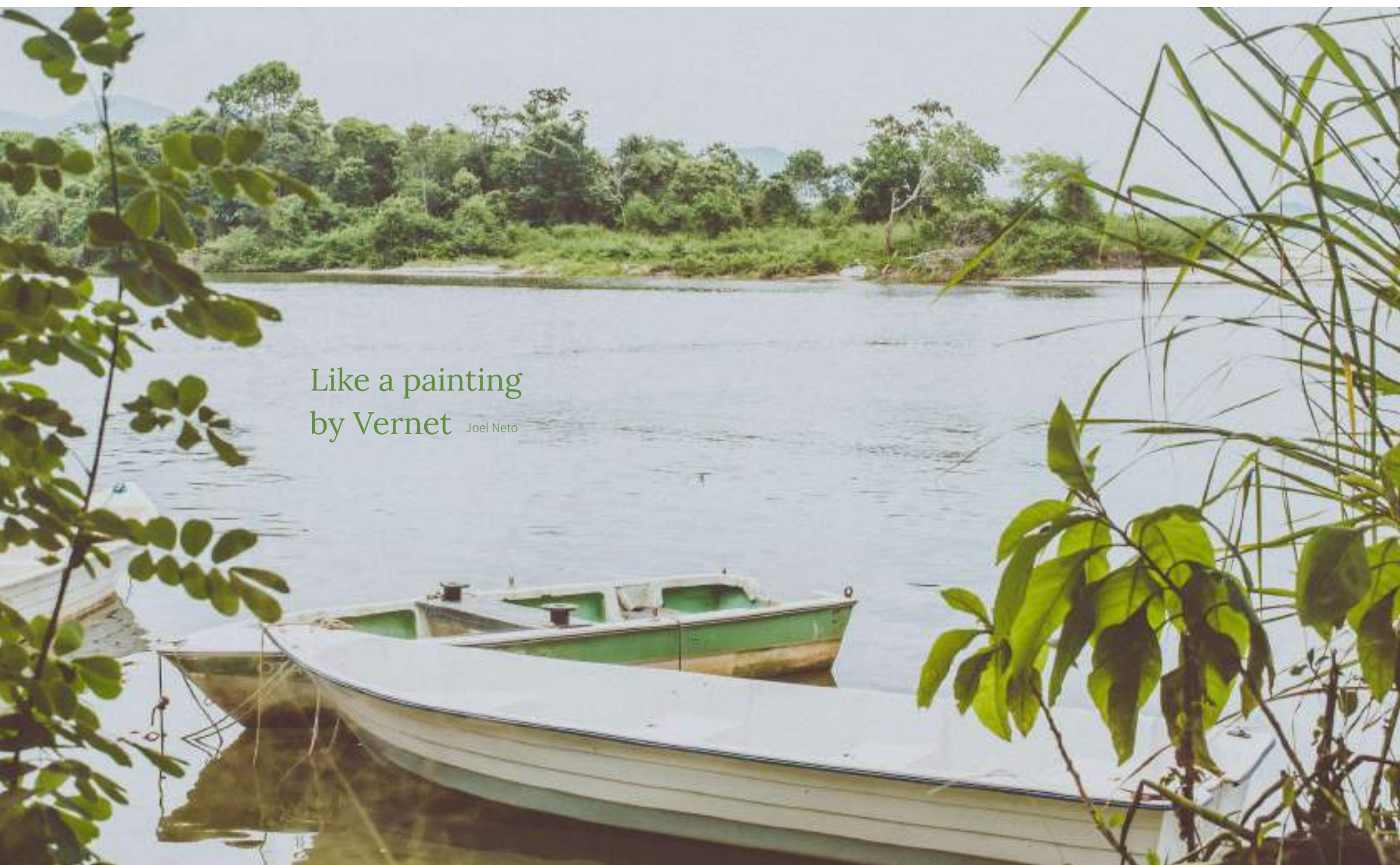


I wish to keep the encounter with the
descendants of Baekje,

in the heart of my memories,
forever and ever,

the encounter enveloped in their breaths
in the touch of
the breeze of the warm springtime.





Like a painting
by Vernet Joel Neto

I walk up Galo street,
admiring the colourful façades
that seem to blur into one,
before venturing into the public garden
and walking across to the Memória obelisk.

Two seagulls fly past, coming from Pipas port.
They land on the bare branches
in the row of plane trees that rise
along the sidewalk, stretching down
into the heart of the city.

Municipal workers repair a streetlamp
using a scaffold.





A kind of peace
hangs in the air.

And yet,
it feels like a storm is
already brewing.

I look down at Angra, nestled at the foot of Monte Brasil, the araucarias tearing at the grey sky. I search its streets, manor houses and palaces. Its churches.

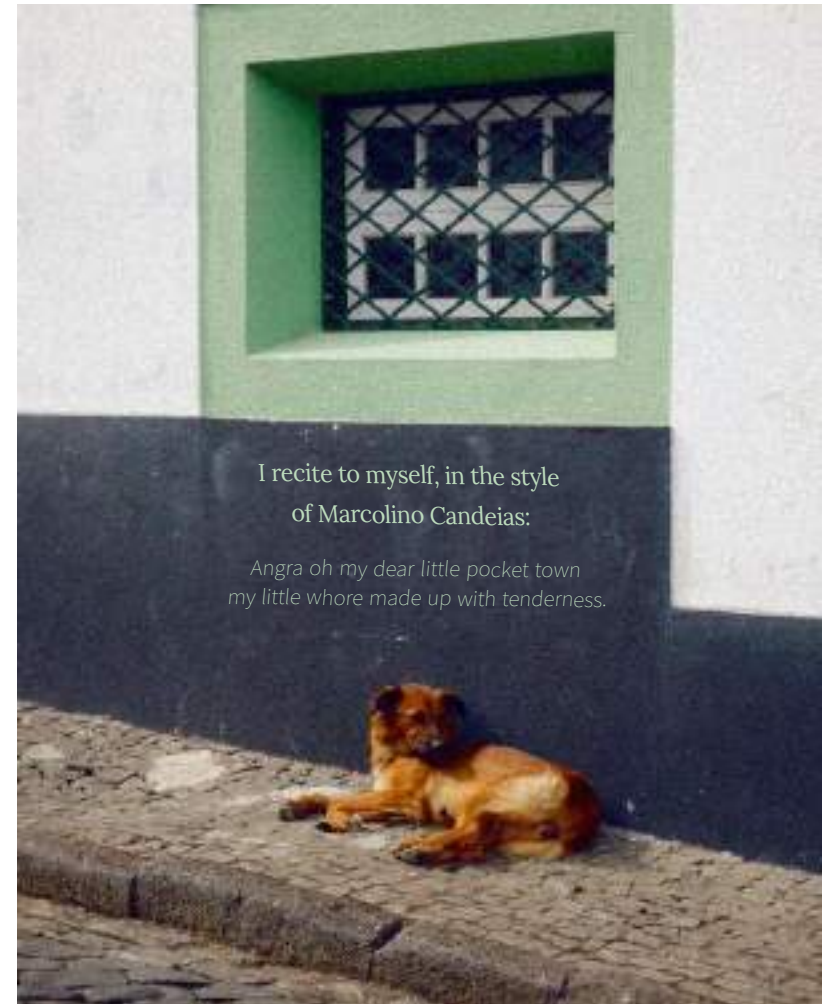
I imagine sailors, merchants and mountebanks — adventurers passing by on their way to the seven corners of the Earth. Charlatans drink wine with missionaries, soldiers negotiate services with prostitutes, pirates entice the king's navigators with new and more profitable routes, sending them towards the Vento Carpinteiro ⁽¹⁾.

There are slaves and drunkards, bureaucrats and scamps, nuns and convicted couples shipped off to Brazil. And all those people course through it as if they were its blood, wild and fast, propelled by a heart out-of-sync, by the very motion of the sea that rages, ravaging ships and galleons, like in a painting by Vernet.

And yet you do not hear a sound

- not even the traffic in the background, no more than a whisper down below.

1) Because it often led to shipwrecks, their wooden remains being carried onto the shore



I recite to myself, in the style
of Marcolino Candeias:

*Angra oh my dear little pocket town
my little whore made up with tenderness.*

At the Crossroad
Between
the Sky and the Land

Nam Mi-yeong



Even if the stone towers could make
my wish come true,
I have no wish in particular.

I simply want every single wish piled up
on the towers one by one on the way to
Chamseongdan Altar to come true.
I go to Ganghwa not because I have a wish.
My visit does not mean much to the place where
many traces of time had turned into a history.

I go to Ganghwa for the love of history

easily told by a small rock and
a handful of earth.





Originally, Ganghwado Island was even smaller than today's island.

Small different islands used to gather but the land reclamation work started since Goryeo, so the island presents the current size.

That is why one coast of the island has cliffs and the other is made of plain.

If you are curious of the original look of the island before the reclamation, just go up to the mountains and see small mountaintops from a distance.

Those used to be the parts of islands.

If you imagine the shape of the island before reclamation, it might have looked like a fortress.

The extremely contiguous islands and severely curved coastlines would have probably served as a natural blockade of ships.



Manisan Mountain , which is the highest mountain inGanghwado Island, was also an island that was detached from today's Ganghwado. The access to the mountain is not allowed now. In the past, it might have been also difficult to enter once-an-island mountain because of the harsh weather.

From Gojoseon Dynasty to Joseon Dynasty and to this day, rituals for ancestors always took place on this island from dynasty to dynasty, from generation to generation. Sometimes people would have traveled on foot and sometimes, by boat. Regardless of the method, each of them probably had hopes and dreams to wish upon the sky (heaven) in their hearts.



The dolmens spread out through Ganghwado Island are the proof of those hopes and dreams. The high steps in Manisan Island are also the signs of those wishes. Whatever form it might take, seeing and stepping on those tangible forms of hopes and dreams of people are the way to add ours too. I believe that thousands of hearts, hopes and wishes have come together to reach the sky.

I wish that there is an invisible path connecting the land with the sky so that these wishes can safely reach the sky.

On my way back from Manisan Mountain, the highest mountain in Ganghwado Island, my heart felt lighter after leaving a piece of my heart at the corner of Chamseongdan Altar on top of the mountain.

The burdens in my heart felt too heavy and became weightier and weightier while I was climbing the mountain. But once I saw the picturesque view from the peak of Manisan Mountain, it washed away at once.



On the steps
who might have climbed
while making a wish,

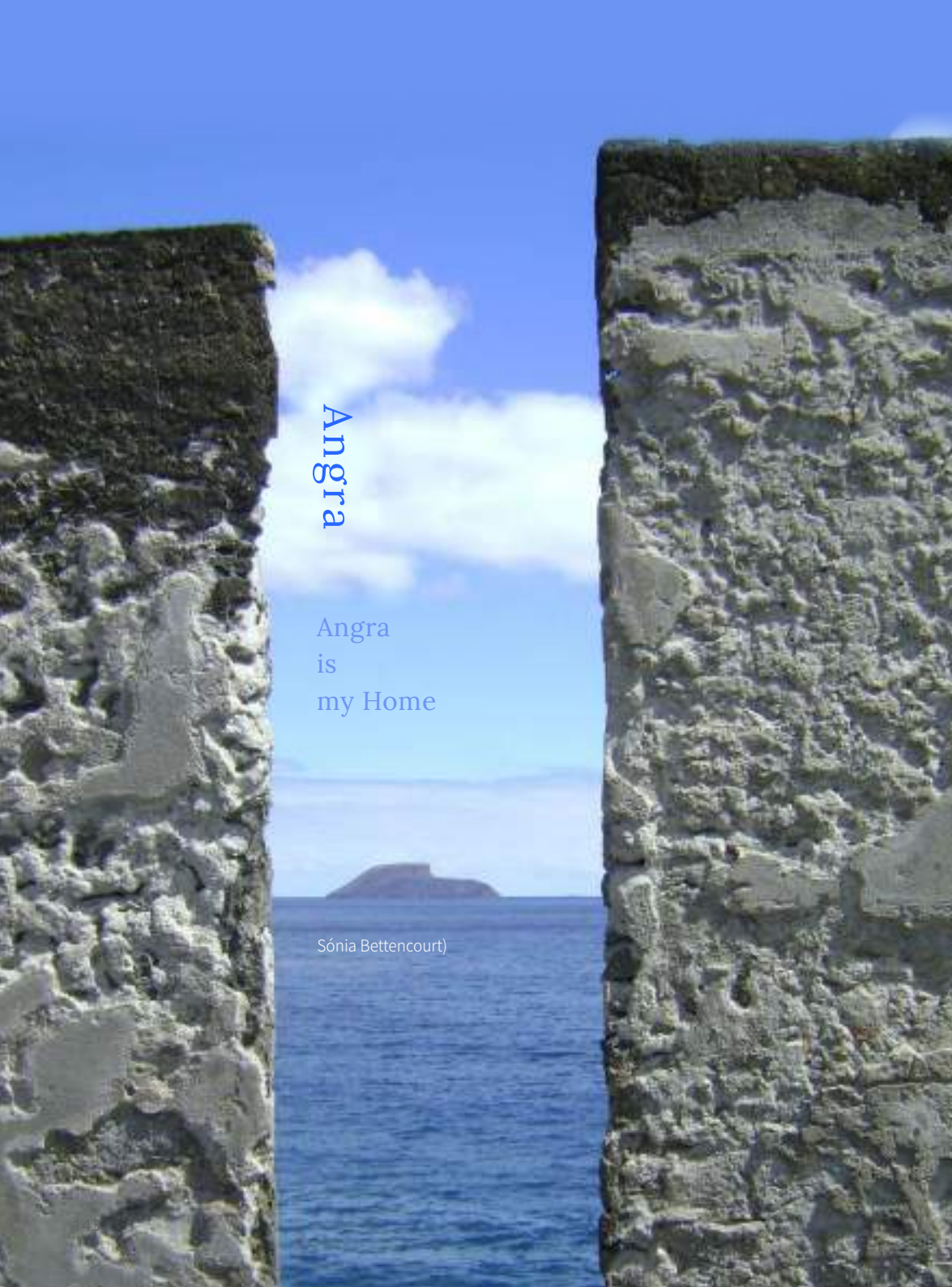
I looked into my wounds and
comforted them.



Scenery of a Floating Home

*Nothing changed in my yesterday and today.
The only difference is that the cat next door
cried twice yesterday morning and five times today.
I know there will be nothing special tomorrow, either.*

*However, there is one thing which is as clear as day.
As it did yesterday, is doing today, and surely will tomorrow,
Georgetown is what simply makes me special.*



Angra

Angra
is
my Home

Sónia Bettencourt)

Angra is my home and as such, shelters me from the wind. Our homes are meant to host and anchor what is deepest in us – moreover, a raised pillar in the middle of the Atlantic became a worldly city, simultaneously launching both gaze and heart beyond the horizon. Angra Bay intertwines with nature's blue and green, with Monte Brasil and Prainha's sand and clear water inviting us to dive in.

A perfect integration into the urban fabric that reached out through the verandas of the houses in its main arteries – Rua Direita, Rua da Sé, Rua de São João, and Praça Velha – displaying various colorful flowers, replicated in greater numbers and size in the Duque da Terceira Public Gardens.

Where shall we go? Before we head through the outside of the city, so anointed in 1534 – the first in the Azores, along with the central office of the bishopric – we embark upon the pathways of the tales that lead us to the Castle of Saint Sebastian and the Fortress of Saint John the Baptist.

Together, they are like doors to a sheltered place, under the protection of some god of land and sea on the lookout for the caravels, ships and galleons that, throughout the centuries, passed this harbor for the European maritime expansion.

Our history is made up of all the battles, won and lost, between love and fear, and the belief that one would be incomplete without the other. However, without the people, the heritage and architecture would have little meaning. After all, people have the ability to make common places extraordinary; they carry the paths in their bare hands and invite a life style and identity.

Angra is the city and the city is all of us. I live where I want and for that, the imperfections of the Angra-polis – that simultaneously serves and subjugates – bother me. And the virtues raise me above the concrete in the open.

The city trembled on January of 1980, and with it its friendly corners, inviting a reinvention of the companionship between the past and the present. Rescuing the stones – alive and dead – was the greatest show of love for an urban center whose oldest map was drawn by Linschoten, a Dutchman who could not have imagined that 1983 would be the year in which UNESCO would give Angra do Heroísmo the accolade of World Heritage.

The city helped give “new worlds to the world” and became universally know as well as accessible within its geographic reality, making it prominent in the Azores’touristic notoriety





so say

the Sanjoaninas festivities,
the flavors of conventual
sweets like “Dona Amélia”,

and the praise from
writers and poets such as
Almeida Garrett
and Álamo Oliveira.



We must, therefore,
foster an interest in that accolade, especially amongst
the younger generations,

not only to acquire new
knowledge, but to keep its inclusiveness,
and generate a critical mass to carry on good active
citizenship practices.

Nowadays, to speak of cities we must speak of
connection and broadband,
in other words, “smart cities” and their vision of urban
development integrated into multiple
technological communications.



Angra do Heroísmo
“Very Noble, Loyal and Ever Constant”
holds every reason to be a beloved city

humanly, virtually, and collectively.
May we manage to look beyond her lap,
preferably inward, from the sea,

and we shall know how to live with our home
at the center of the world.



Harmony

Part 3

“Dreaming of Harmony between the Past and Present, and Cities and People”

*There is a city that resembles the daybreak.
In this city, where the calm of the night
and the vivacity of the morning stand together,
new hopes and expectations spring up on the vast expanse
of history.*

*Places where stories of the cities and
the people are carved together among the marks left behind
by time... these lands are my World Heritage Cities.*

A City of Water
and Roads Kim Jin-gyu

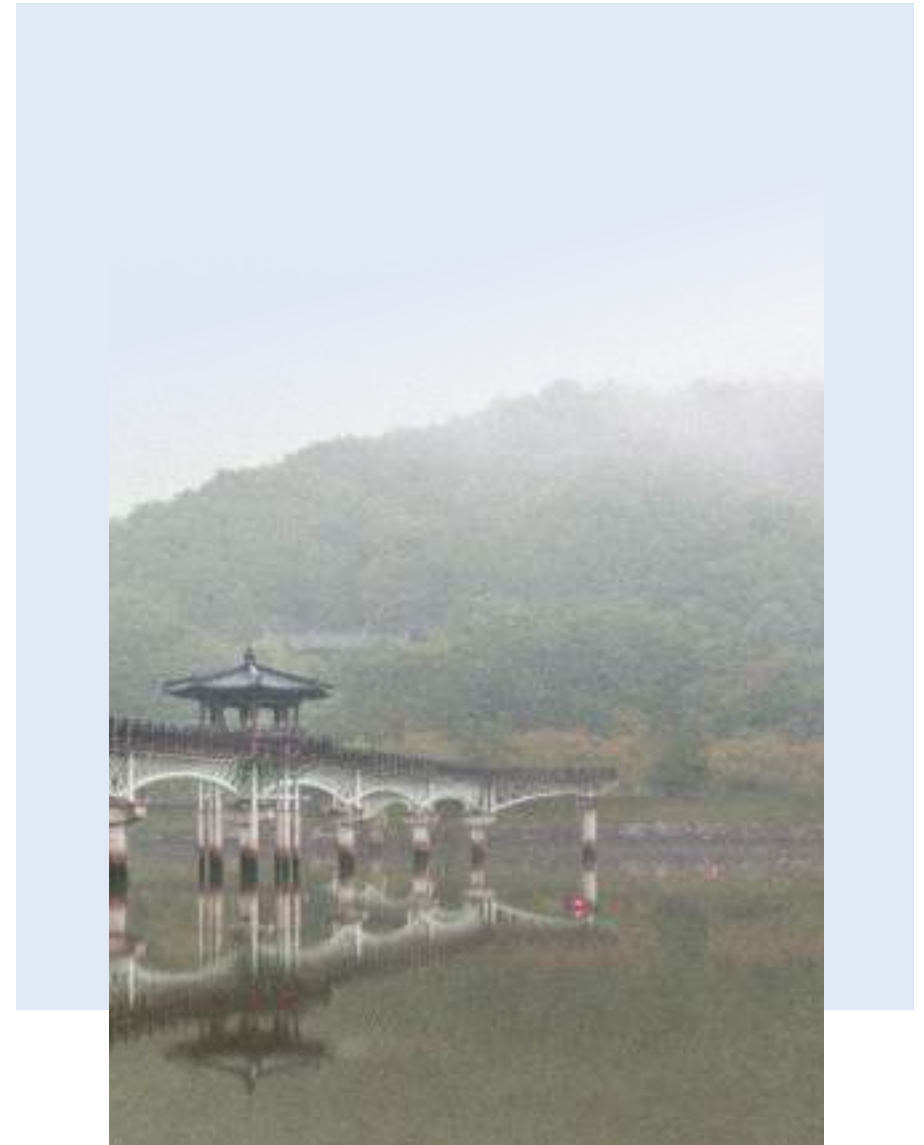
*Toward
Every Direction*

When the Imha Dam, whose construction began in 1984, was finally completed, Saui-ri, Imha-myeon in Andong City, the hometown of Mr. Kwon -gil, a public servant, was completely submerged in water and disappeared into memory. Of course, the dam brought numerous benefits.

Located 18 km upstream of Banbyeoncheon Stream, the main tributary of the Nakdonggang River, the Imha Dam allowed water resources along the river to be developed more efficiently; it also improved water quality while meeting the ever increasing water demands of the mid- and downstream regions and mitigating the damage from recurring floods in the downstream region. Still, the solemn fact that several villages went under water could not be ignored.

After all, Saui-ri used to suffer from floods every rainy season. Even in this modern day and age, a severe flood can destroy a concrete bridge. However, the situation was much worse in Saui-ri; its seopdari (a bridge made of twigs and mud) was very fragile and poor that a rainy spell or a typhoon would seriously jeopardize its safety. The bridge easily submerged under the rising water, it was suddenly swept away if the current became slightly faster. Then the hollow sound of water would resonate as if the village had never had a bridge; and once the bridge was destroyed, people had no way of getting out of the village until the water level went down.

Therefore, people were thankful of the Imha Dam. Yet it also creates a space of emptiness in heart and nostalgia. Mr. Kwon, in his late fifties, hovers around the dam from time to time. Whenever he and his schoolmates from elementary school got together and sat around talking, they are overwhelmed by nostalgia for their home village, a wistful feeling that only grows deeper with time.



If Mr. Kwon, associates Andong with the image of “water;” Mr. Park Kyung -chul, doctor and director of Andong New World Hospital, connects the city with “roads.” Park says:

Andong is a road. Many people come here to visit places like a head house, Confucian academies, or Buddhist temples. But the real identity of Andong is in the road: It was a road to Hanyang (modern-day Seoul) for scholars of Joseon on their way to take high-level official exams; it was a road walked by people from North Gyeongsang-do carrying goods on their backs who believed Andong was the center of the universe; it was a road that led book -carrying scholars to their Confucian academies; and it was a road through which farmers would drive their ox carts across the vast Pungsan Field.

In fact, Andong was where the Korean independence movement was most active.

In particular, Daksil Village, a village of Andong Kwon Clan, gave birth to several activists, including Kwon Se-yeon, leader of the Andong Righteous Army during Eulmi Uibyeong (the 1895 Righteous Army Movement); Kwon Myeong-seop, Kwon Sang-won, and Kwon Sang-wi, who belonged to a group of Confucian scholars that sent a petition for independence to the Paris Peace Conference; Kwon Sang -ik who wrote the second petition for independence to be sent to Sun Yat-sen and Wu Peifu in China.

Moreover, after the Japanese annexation with Korea in 1910, numerous Andong natives became martyrs, engaging in an act of resistance by giving up their lives to proclaim the wrongfulness of the Japanese occupation.

Based on this, Andong always reminds most Koreans of “history.”





However, rather than talking about the fiercely resistant forefathers of Andong or head family houses of the Joseon-period gentry class, Park talked about a “road.” And this is considered appropriate when we understand that Andong, referred to as “Korea’s Spiritual Culture Capital,” has served as the road along which diverse ideologies and thoughts have been actively conveyed.

Now, approaching the subjects of “water” and “road” of Andong from a more romantic perspective, it is inevitable to mention the late Kwon Jung-saeng, the author of children’s literature. It is well-known that Kwon, famous for his works such as “Doggy Poo” and “Sister Mongsil,” settled in Iljik-myeon, Jotap-dong in Andong and worked as a bell ringer of a small church until the rest of his life.

Even after he became an author of best seller, he continued his frugal life style. The Kwon Jung-saeng Culture Foundation for Children (KCFC) was posthumously established according to his will that his book royalties be returned to children as they were the main actors for all of his books.

While the writer was alive, he had a special friendship with Ahn Sang-hak, a poet, who became Secretary General of the KCFC after the foundation was established. Ahn published a poetry book entitled “Andong Soju”, a book filled with his strong attachment to the city.

Some say the best thing humanity has created with water is alcohol, and

*Taverns are what I miss these days.
On Cheotmeori Hill, Hanti Hill, Solti Hill, or Bonaru,
somewhere out there used to be taverns, and I
miss them. In the backyard, at some corner, a soju
pot still heated with firewood, squeezing out drops
of fiery Andong Soju. In a slender gourd bottle, it
is carried by the tavern hostess on a petite dining
table along with a dish of acorn jello as a side dish.
Oh, I miss that*

...
*Fuzzy and hazy, soaked with Andong Soju, the
peddler is up again two hours later. He shakes
head, tying on his straw shoes again, then he hits
the road for the day.*

...
*How I wish I could accompany him! For three days,
inebriated by a jar of Andong Soju, having totally
forgotten the way back...My heart longs for such
taverns these days.*

*Excerpts from Andong Soju
By Ahn Sang-hak*

Andong Soju is a proper noun to clearly depict what Andong is all about.

This traditional beverage, which boasts over 700 years of history and is designated as Intangible Cultural Heritage by Gyeongsangbuk-do Province, tastes as deep as its history.

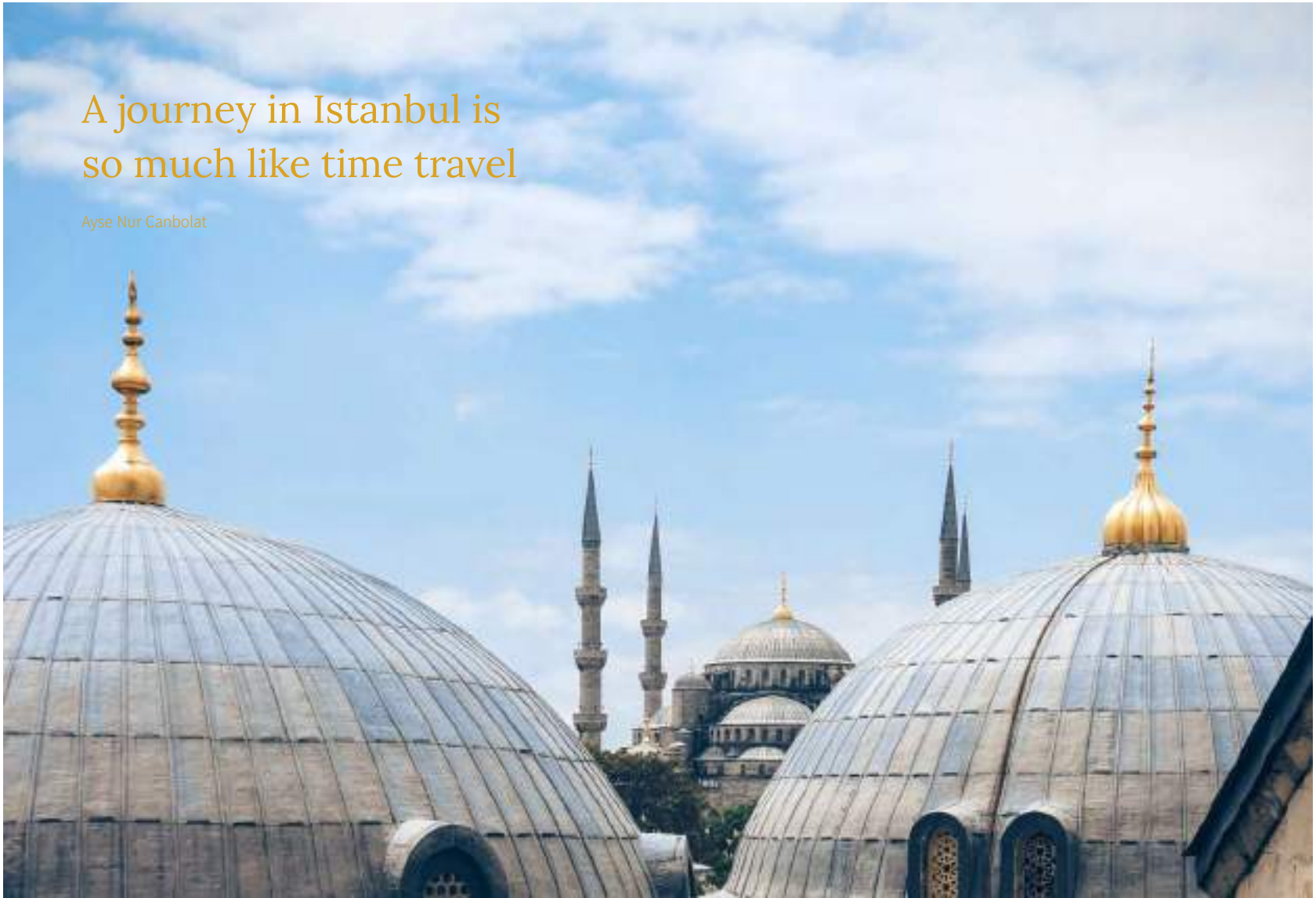
The narrator of the poem says he wants to go to bed inebriated, then follow a peddler’s path. It’s a kind of impetuous desire that we all want to relish at least once in this day and age, where nothing is easy around.

Speaking of which, why not going on a short trip? You may come across an incredible romance like the one expressed in the lyrics of popular songs sung by the poet in the shabby tavern.



A journey in Istanbul is
so much like time travel

Ayşe Nur Canbolat





Living in Istanbul, breathing its air, getting lost in its streets, is much like diving into the dusty pages of history, or opening a brand new white page

A journey in this city is so much like time travel.

Each district, each street opens the doors onto a new world. Everything you see takes you to another time. One needs to feel, to see, to discover, to get lost, to hear the sounds of the city, and at times, to follow a scent. You never know where that street will end up, it is full of surprises.

You find yourself in a different time of history at every corner; each sound, each flavor invites you to a different era.

You grow with culture, with art, with history, with literature; you feel enriched. The museums, the palaces, the woods, the mosques, the towers, the hills, the islands, the streets, the bridges, the rumours, the stories bring you an inheritance which you begin to feel you own.

You feel you own the Republic, the Ottomans, the Byzantine, the Romans, the ancient Greek life, you own a chain of civilizations and witness a full history.

Your eyes open onto the Bosphorus, onto an endless blue. Having your tea and your simit with seagulls around you, having a Turkish coffee with a sweet chat around the table,



or tasting your fish watching the unique landscape of the Bosphorus, eating your kumpir, your Turkish delights, your baklava, while looking at the Ortaköy Mosque adds to the flavours of life.

You add more colours with the music, with festivals, maratons, celebrations, you lend an ear to the stories, legends, poems, and songs that call onto history ... those that have grown and bloomed in Istanbul.

How many days you wake up to, how many nights you close your eyes, with Asia and Europe at each hand!

Istanbul is just like life itself, just like a clock, tic, tac ... time never stops, never stutters. It is in full colour; blue like the sky and the sea, warm yellow like the sun itself, judas blossom colour like those surrounding the Bosphorus in spring, green like a serene forest, brown like a sad autumn day, and pure snow white at times.

It is like engaging yourself in a novel ...

like being a protagonist in a page-turner, mysterious, curious, in another life, in another time.

It is like coming accross an imaginary life at a time you have dreamed up and leaving yourself to its natural flow.



Like a movie taking you away from reality,
towards another time ...

yes,
much like a movie Istanbul is;
romantic, historical, tragic, comical,
mythological, fairy-tale like,
and at times, like a musical.

Like surrendering yourself to music,
like keeping time to it.

Serene at times,
full of action at others,
when your soul rises and begin
to overflow.
Istanbul is like life itself,

it is like living, like breathing ...



Évora

*While I'm used to it now,
the uncomfortable air here still
freezes my warm heart. My old and infirm bod
does not sadden me.*

*I am simply heartbroken by emotional drought.
There may not be enough time to stir my blood,
but there is still enough time to empathize.*



Beata Raubisko

Old Town of Riga

Cobblestones of the Old Town pavement have always been special to me, because I have lived in Old Town since my birth. My mom grew up in this neighborhood, and my grandparents lived here a large part of their lives.

When I was a small baby, I was lulled by the rough but rhythmic pavement or by mother's voice while she looked over Old Town's towers from the windows of our apartment. For others, Old Riga might seem a gray jungle of stones, but I have always seen and felt nature in Old Town as well.

One of my favorite moments is the first warm and sunny spring day. Old Town comes to life as if waking up from hibernation. The streets are filled with people and it feels like you have come to a big city somewhere in the world with crazy life on its streets.





How beautiful are the hot
and torrid summer days,
when it seems that all the residents of Riga
have fled the city.

Then it seems that only tourists
and true patriots of Old Town are walking
on Old Town's pavement.

Old Town streets and houses are
heated up then,
but the embankment offers wonderful freshness
with the coolness of water and refreshing wind.





And how delicious is the ice cream eaten
in the shadow of a church
in old town on such a hot day.
And then comes autumn, with its scent and color.
Autumn in Old Town to me associates with the sound of rain.

I so liked to sit at the window of my room in rainy weather and listen to the sounds of raindrops as they hit the metal windowsill. It always seems so unusual how quickly the signs of the rain disappear from the pavement.



Soon after the noisy autumn comes the winter.
When the snow comes to Old Town, it becomes even more special.
Then its streets are full of snow-clearing machines at night and Old Town is full of unusual sounds again.
At the end of the year, Old Town turns into a fairy-tale town, where Christmas shops are placed everywhere and the air smells of delicacies.

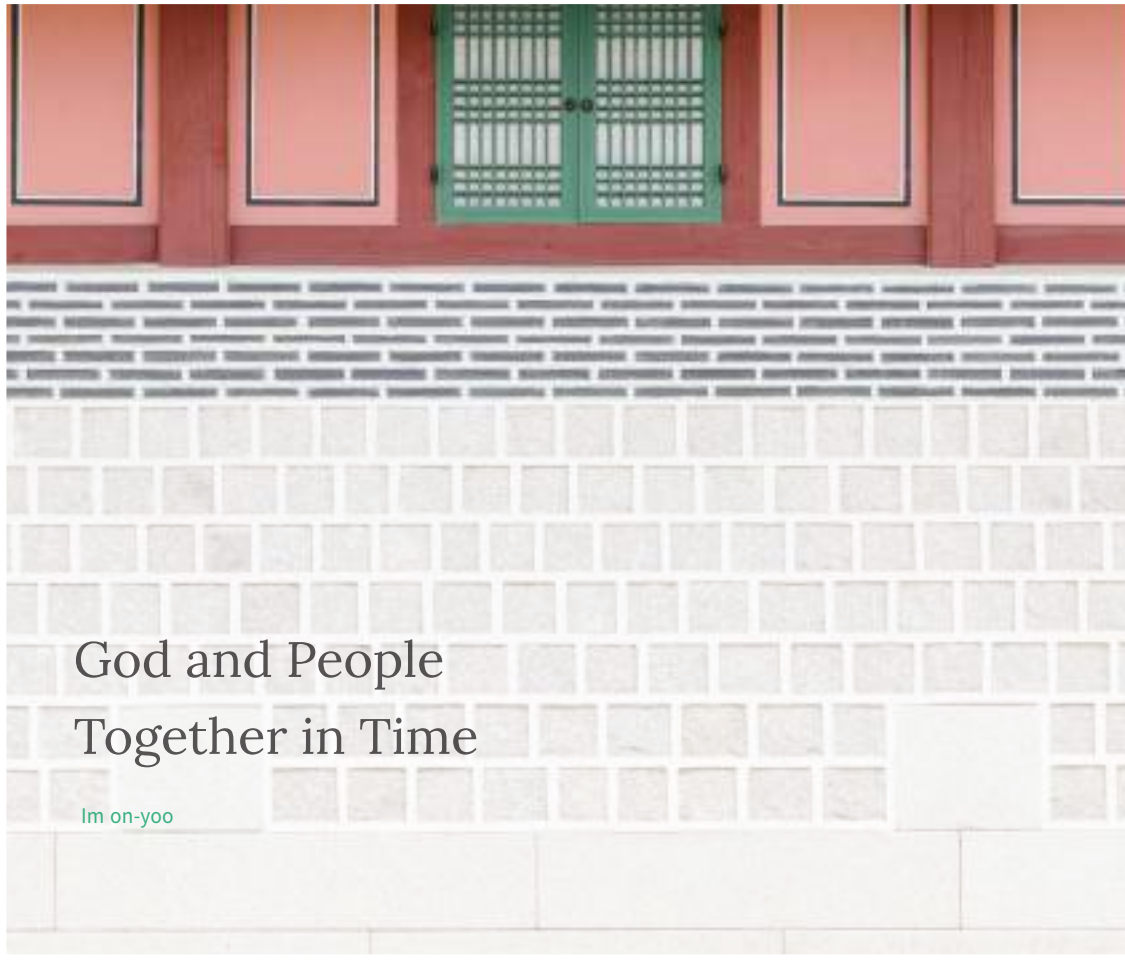
I love you, Old Town, and I am proud that I have grown up here,
and I hope that more and more people will feel your true nature!



Scenes of life from an ancient region

*The weight of labor piled up in layers is not a big deal.
For our ancestors, who have walked barefoot over
the harsh ocher road, a hard life
in the Pyu Ancient Cities of Myanmar
would be nothing serious.*

*It is because my mother smiles at me with brightness,
even though my chest is drenched in
sweat in this hot dry air.*



God and People
Together in Time

Im on-yoo

宗廟

JONGMYO SHRINE
Pantheon of Confucianism

Seoul is known as the most modern city of Korea.

Seoul is known as the most modern city of Korea full of high rises and bustling with busy people. Take a closer look, there are hidden places that do not look like typical Seoul. Bukchon is a case with traces of time looking down the city. Every corner of Insa-dong is equally a leisurely area free from busy rush.

Jongmyo Shrine is not glamorous but solemn. It might be because it has spirit tablets of the past kings. These places sometimes look like observers of the bustling city, standing at the brink of the world.





When I need a break from the busy life,
I walk along these places, following their traces of time.
When I get off at Jongno 3 (sam)-ga Station, I pass through
a park
and walk along the stone-wall road, I find some poetic
space in my mind while searching for the traces of time
imbued in every stone of the wall.

The irony is that
we see more foreigners
than Koreans
at the place with the most intrinsic Korean sentiment.

Jongmyo, unlike royal palaces, is the place for divinities.

In a palace,
the king's road is at the center,
while, in Jongmyo, even the kings had to step down
from his palanquin to enter the shrine.

And at the center of the shrine,
there is the road which is dedicated
only to divinities, called "Sillo."
It is believed that ancestors come down
through this "Sillo" when the incense is lit.
That is probably why I think of the history of my
country when I walk along "Sillo."



I wonder if the Korean ancestors would have thought of it as well.

Undoubtedly, Jongmyo Shrine is the shrine in which worships are given to kings of Joseon, but it also has a portrait of King Gongming, the king of Goryeo.

One can only guess the reason from old documents, but it holds deserved significance in the sense that the worships include the last king of the preceding dynasty.

The same goes for our everyday lives.

We live today,
but today is another day linked
with the preceding days.
We constantly meet new people,
but they soon become people of the past and
the relationship of the past continues. Like this,
Jongmyo Shrine holds
such a long history and countless footsteps of
people from the past,
standing at the other side of Jongno, transited by
busy people going to work.



Regensburg is a town "ever old and new at one and the same time" – bishop Ardeo of Freising wrote this many, many years ago (he died in 784) but the statement seems true to this very day. At least to me when I come from north of the Danube and cross the old Stone Bridge to go into town.

Fairly often I experience an almost magical moment as soon as the panorama of the medieval city opens up in front of me:

NEW & improved

Dr. Gerd Burger

beauty, sheer beauty. The cathedral, big, bulky yet boldly soaring towards the sky, the many towers, massive but elegant, built by wealthy merchants in the 1270s yet still going strong as if intended to last for eternity, the long line of the houses hemmed in by the softly undulating ribbon of the river: an uplifting sight even though I have seen it often and often as I was born and raised in Regensburg and have now been living here again for fully a quarter of a century.

To me the town has many faces but without doubt the dominant three are the Danube, the cathedral and the stone bridge:

aye, the Danube can be blue outside the famous waltz, the cathedral seems a man-made miracle with its elegant statues and fine glass windows – and the bridge, well, the bridge is even older and at least as sturdy and venerable, "solid as a rock". But listen: there is so much more to Regensburg.





Just think of its two thousand years of history that started with the Romans and their fortress by the river, think of the twenty-odd graceful towers, welcome heritage of the middle-ages just as the serene sequence of half a dozen pretty squares inviting me and many other strollers to linger for a bit before we move on to run our errands or meet our friends.

The entire city is an architectural treasure trove; plus all of it the authentic article as Regensburg rather inexplicably was spared major bombing raids in World War II. The architecture alone would not mean all that much, however. You have to blend in the many students plus the many tourists that spice the city center with bustle and color and clamor and flavor, not to forget the hundreds of so-called regular folks who despite their chores and worries are doing their best to be having a good time most of the time, either in one of the dozens and dozens of cafés that set their chairs and tables out in the summer air or else in one of the various beergardens so common in Bavaria, no-frills places of great charm – it is this lively combination that makes life worth living in Regensburg and its streets and squares worth visiting.

Wait till evening comes and the lights go on and are reflected in the river, if you are about to cross the Danube near St. Oswald's church – a magic moment.

The city is great, in other words.

But let us not forget the lush landscape surrounding it, a gently rolling scenery "that simply had to lure a city here" as Goethe noted in his diary back in 1786. I for one adore the river with its wide bends and two tributaries, yet I also love the wooded hills hemming them nicely with a dark green seam. Equally attractive are the parks of the city with their roses and magnolias and giant trees, the vineyards on the northern banks of the river (not many still a few) or any short or longer hike in the foothills of the Bavarian Forest just twenty minutes away.

Yes, there is the charm and bustle of the medieval city but just as great is the fact that in Regensburg the countryside is never far away, always easy to get to.

EVER OLD AND NEW
AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME

Still there are days when I would rather restore my energies in town. For a start I for one would visit one of the museums to get a fresh look at the world from a thousand angles and a hundred eyes: what exactly saw a sculptor of the 14th century, what details fascinated the painters in the renaissance, what twists and distortions were/are added by contemporary artists to awake our dulled vision. Plus, when in Regensburg, it's obligatory to visit one or two or three or four churches (there are more than fifty of them in the historic center of town). What wild imagination the monks possessed who carved out the romanesque portal of St. James shortly before the year 1200, how opulent or rather dazzling the baroque as mastered by the brothers Asam, how near-celestial the graceful curves and flourishes in the rococo gems of Regensburg housed in churches plain only from outside.

Enough.



Time for a break.

Let's end this little walk in the café located in the gothic cloister garden of the former Franciscan monastery which is now the city's museum ... Sit down, relax, look at the fountain, savour the tall late-gothic windows of the church with their twirling trefoils.



World Heritage Cities: great places, no doubt!

And so many of them, and each and every one unique and worth a visit.



Where Time
Passes by,

Poetry Blooms:
Hapcheon, a City of Trees

Kim Jin-gyu

On entering Hapcheon, it began to rain. Recently, the weather forecast had been unreliable, so I didn't pay much attention to today's. But raindrops began to fall at the exact time forecast, which seemed odd to me. Fortunately enough, they were not heavy enough to stop me at the foothill of Gayasan Mountain.

I had a desperate wish of stepping on the soil of this mountain — no matter what happened — as the purpose of my trip to Hapcheon was Gayasan Mountain and the “Pariah Tree” in Gujeong-ri.



That goal,
however, was no more than wishful thinking.

Even small droplets soon felt heavy on my feeble
body, so I had to pause at Haeinsa Temple.

I felt deeply disappointed, but had to accept the
situation.

In the eyes of a clumsy traveler, Haeinsa was
equivalent to Gayasan. As the temple is nestled at
the center of the mountain, I wasn't completely
wrong. Although Gayasan Mountain had existed
long before Haeinsa Temple was constructed,
it is proper to say that the temple gave more
identity to Gayasan Mountain as a more intrinsic
and unique Gayasan Mountain.

Crouched under the eaves of the sermon hall, I opened my diary, and two poems caught my attention.

*The rushing and meandering water
crashes by the rocks of the mountains
deafening the words of people
even in the face-to-face distance.*

*Out of fear that the bickering outside will find
its way inside, the water surrounds the whole
mountain on purpose with its flow instead.*

<Dedication from the Reading Pavilion, by Choi Chi-won>

*When the fading light from the bluish sky
falls on the frosted wisteria,
and the crescent moon looms over the forest,
the sun sets towards the west mountain.
I ask you — you, the spirit of the old tree nestled
in the mountain,*

*You must have seen the poet Choi Go-won
passing by tonight.*

<Composition on Gayasan Mountain, by Lee Hang-bok>



Choi Chi-won (Go-woon) was born in 857, and Lee Hang-bok, in 1556. The time lapse between the two is a staggering 699 years ; yet , these two literary geniuses met in Gayasan Mountain through their time-traveling poems . Holding a pen and a diary in my hands, I racked my brain for a time.

I wanted to write a poem — as it was the only way for me, in the year 2017 , to connect with them. But it was a tough task.

Still soaking in drizzles, I headed toward Gujeong-ri, Yaro -myeon at the foot of Gayasan Mountain to see the “Pariah Tree.” This name tinged with sadness originated from the fact that this round, a huge tree stands solitary among the criss-crossing paths. But after seeing it with my own eyes, I felt that the name was a misnomer. The tree exuded a sense of dignity befitting its perpetual solitary existence.

In front of the Pariah Tree is an onion bed which, according to villagers, becomes filled with red mesh bags loaded with onions during the harvest season, creating peculiar vibes of contrast against the dark greenness of the tree. I also heard that while reaping onions, farmers sometimes come together under the tree and rest, and their colorfully dappled work pants and hats, when seen from afar, look like fruits fallen from the tree.

This now famous zelkova tree wasn't always in good shape. During the 1970s, it was on the brink of death, causing some people to call for it to be cut down. Yet the strong opposition from village elders kept it alive. As if nourished by their good will and true heart, the tree now stands more robustly than ever before.

The following is my favorite passage

about trees, written by French author Jean-Paul Dubois.

There were optimistic trees ready to fall at the first gust of wind. There were also serious trees used to growing on barren earth. And trees unshakable like a sturdy fortress, whose roots spread deep into the land of the dead.

Yet trees that are products of rich soil irradiated the superfluous greenness and spread their affluent canopy. Although very rare, on this earth, there were trees like dreamers with their thin trunks and their tops always facing the sky.

There were also gnarled trees with coiling knots harboring long-standing suspicions, twisted trees and perilous trees. And trees that were as straight as a lowercase “i,” rather haughty, and peculiarly arrogant and aristocratic. And trees that were absolutely generous with providing shade with their branches.

And trees that were impoverished, standing in line, busy working while constantly gripping the earth.

I think the “Pariah Tree” is actually a tree of peace providing comfort — a tree with a hearty voice that whispers to you, “Being alone is fine as well.”

In fact, while preparing for my trip, I thought about
finding a travel companion
but ended up going alone.
I realized it was a correct decision.
With a companion,
I wouldn't have approached into the depths of my soul.

I took out my notebook once again
with yet another impulse to write a poem.
How enormous the force of nature is!
It keeps trying to transform a slow-footed
traveler like me into a poet.



Changgyeonggung Palace

*This path is not unfamiliar to me.
I guess this is not my first time on this path.
I do not know for certain why I remember this place,
but it is clear that yesterday led me to become who I am today.*

*This moment we walk together will one day be remembered as a
part of the past,
but I want to say that you and I were happy today.*

A sunset scene with a traditional Korean pavilion silhouette against a bright orange sky. The sun is a bright white circle in the upper right. The pavilion is a dark silhouette with a multi-tiered roof, surrounded by trees. The overall mood is serene and peaceful.

Suwon,
Serenity in the midst of Motion,

A City of Stillness
in Movement

Seo ga-rin

Every weekend, Ms. Kim, who works for a small trading company in Ingye-dong, takes a walk around Gwanggyo Lake Park with her puppy Dotori. Gwanggyo was already a popular area when she first set foot on this city 20 years ago; it was a rare haven of calm in Suwon, a city with more bustle and hustle than the average metropolitan city.



And then, while Gwanggyo New Town was under development, ancient artifacts from a variety of periods from the prehistoric to the modern were discovered, which resulted in the establishment of Gwanggyo Historical Park. Even without the fancy nicknames such as a “historical and cultural city” and a “city for the humanities” Gwanggyo, for Ms. Kim, had always been a home that evoked cultural and literary sensibilities. Plus, the town offered a perfect place for a stroll for her and her companion Dotori, which made her truly satisfied with living in Suwon.

On the other hand, the novelist Kim Jin-gyu never fails to walk from the West Gate to the North Gate of Hwaseong Fortress of Suwon whenever she pays a visit to her mother living in this historic city. Her love for Hwaseong Fortress is deep — as indicated by the passage “While attending high school overlooking Hwaseong Fortress, I gradually took interest in in history . . .” that appears in the “About



the Author” section of her essay book. Her school was situated on top of a hill. Kim said she would turn and look out the window of her classroom to enjoy the panoramic view of the fortress wall surrounding the West Gate, creating within her a sense of calm and freedom — a welcome escape for her exam-stricken soul.

Gu O-eun (a teacher) and Na O-beom (an employee of an architectural firm) attended high school in Suwon about the same time as Kim did. They both state that the imagery of Hwaseong Fortress strongly influenced their emotions. Unlike other fortress cities that boast of their war narratives and anecdotes of heroic battles, the dominant sensibility of Hwaseong Fortress is in “filial piety” which, many believe that it encourages visitors to cultivate a more serious view of history.



In particular, for Kim, Hwaseong Fortress played a significant role in reestablishing her values. In fact, a crucial moment came when her history teacher in high school introduced a passage from the Epitaph of the Tomb of King Jeongjo, noting “Anyone who attends school in Suwon must know this fact at least.”

<In the 13th year of King Jeongjong Munseong Muyeol Seonjin Janghyo the Great, the Giyu year (1789), the king relocated Hyeonryungwon (顯隆園) to Hwasan Mountain in Suwon. Inside the memorial house hung the portrait of the late king, imbued with the devoted respectful spirit to venerate him every morning and evening, while a large castle was built within the town and a variety of forms as guardian symbols were erected. The king visited Hyeonryungwon once a year, and every time, he sobbed loudly to such an extent as to have difficulty standing up. In the first month of Gyeongsin year (1800), the king climbed up the foot of a mountain in the east and said with a sigh: “What a magnificent mountain! My vassal, I command you to erect a stele here and record this fact.”>

In the eyes of Kim, King Jeongjo was a person with superhuman self-control, one who became a great king although, given his circumstances, he could have very easily turned into a tyrant. With immense self-control, he engaged in politics with those who were responsible for his father’s death; and through this, propelled his kingdom to new heights. This anecdote helped Kim realize when she was in high school that one is responsible for one’s own life.

In effect, whatever bus you take in Suwon, it is inevitable to find a vestige of the fortress at some point—and this presents deep significance. Somewhat a sense of being protected, and at the same time, a sense of protecting something yourself, along with the sense that the ground you are standing on has somehow become more solid – these feelings come and go, propping up your unstable state of mind. Such feelings provide you with far higher levels of confidence than what is provided by landmark hospitals or schools in other cities. Choi O-yeon, a public servant, who moved from Seryu-dong to

Yeongtong, says he likes the fact that the city has a lot of stories to tell his children. Several years ago, while his children were still in school, there was a popular TV drama about King Sejong. He remembered with embarrassment that they were really excited and upset as well.

"Gwanggyo Historical Park is home to the tomb of Simon, the father-in-law of King Sejong. I talked about him for quite a while. Simon lost his life because of his relationship with the king . . . because King Taejong purged his wife's family to ensure his son Sejong would inherit a strong throne without any obstacle. I also had much to say about Queen Soheon who was Simon's daughter and Queen Consort to King Sejong."

Choi told us that while trying to explain these things to his children, he even found an interesting passage from a website that provides Korean translations of the Veritable Records of the Joseon Dynasty, written in classical Chinese.

"After Simon passed away, when his subjects said, 'When her father is a sinner, a daughter cannot remain as queen', King Taejong firmly objected to their argument saying, 'Even among commoners, once a daughter is married, she is no longer considered complicit in the affairs of her 慰敵璜 family. If so, how can the queen ever be exiled? Your rationale does not apply in this case.' This is what the record says. I think politics is such a complicated matter."

Suwon is a really hectic city: The old downtown that revolves around Suwon Station is just chaotic. The novelist Kim says that she has made it a habit to take a deep breath as soon as she gets off a KTX train at Suwon Station. But then she adds that she knows there is a healthy energy in the midst of all the hustle and bustle of the city. She goes on to define Suwon as a city of "stillness in movement," a city imbued with unwavering serenity in the midst of rapidly rolling motions.



Riga Centre's lady

Marija Rapa





My part of town is the most gorgeous, the most buoyant and the most prideful. This neighborhood is known as the Centre. It is the most visible – her high, ancient towers can be seen from a great distance.

She is proud of the churches'cocks and house ornaments, the bridges and the beginning of the history of Riga, Old Town, with its ancient houses and small streets.

Each of her residents and visitors is important to her.



In summer, she is green, in autumn-colorful, and only during winter is she the most grey among all the neighborhoods – white snow melts beneath the many feet of pedestrians and car tires.

But it is always beautiful. My neighborhood is considered to be the greenest center, because greenery wants to nip in every patch of gray here.

My neighborhood loves to entertain. I've visited cinemas, museums, theaters, libraries and cafes.

Each place attracts and tells about the Centre's diversity and accessibility.



During my childhood, I have built sand castles in the center of Riga, I've swung and been naughty there. I grew up there from my childhood till schooling years. I create my future here. I grow and develop together with my neighborhood, which will always be with me.

I am a part of my neighborhood Center, and it does not matter how large it is. Miera Street, where I live, is very special – paved with cobblestones, so it reminds me of streets of Old Town. Here is my most beloved and only house that I have.

I haven't had any other.

Peace on my street is a rare phenomenon, because every day you hear the shivery songs that the cobblestones sing under the traffic, the fun in the cafes, and see friendship between its residents and feel the tempting chocolate smell that comes from the big chocolate factory "Laima".

Every year Miera Street hosts the Pentecost, where one can get to know the street's culture.

Each person loves their own neighborhood the most and believes that it is most important, so it needs to be respected, studied, explored and be proud of,

but I will not find another one more dear and so full of value than mine.



Sunday Morning, People
Riding Bicycles



*I cried all night long for I couldn't get you out of my mind.
As I walked alone in Georgetown,
where we used to walk together, all the darkness
of the world seemed to press down on my chest.*

*However, it is really amazing.
The placid Sunday morning and the sound of the
bicycles heralding the arrival of morning created
cheerful echoes
in my heart, as if the dreadful heavy rain overnight
had transformed into the bright sunshine.
Now, I'm all ready to move on again.*



เจ้าอธิการเกษมวุฒิ
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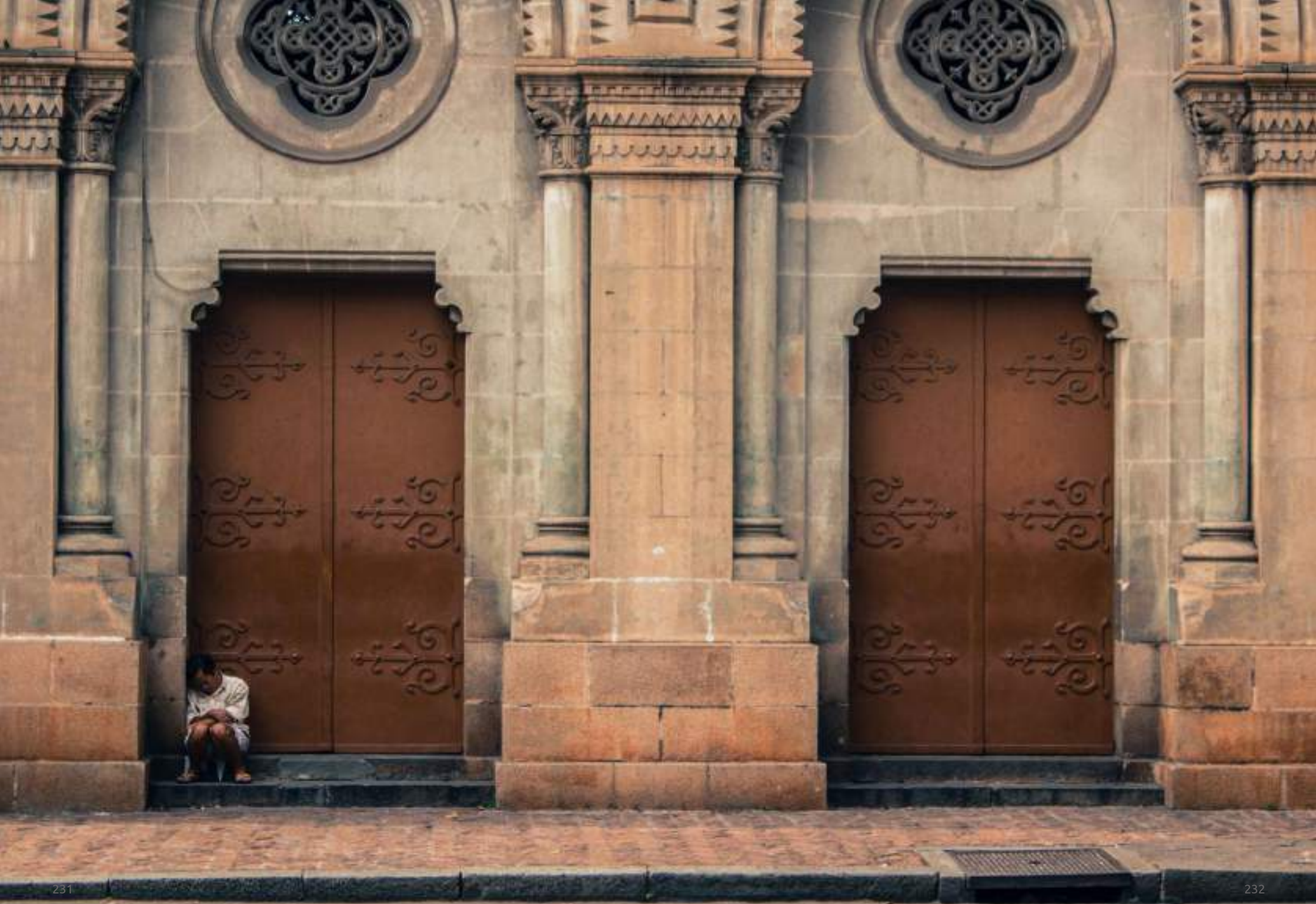
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และคณะภริยา. วัดหัวฝาย
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- 087 A Historic Town of Vigan in the Philippines Bernard Pasatiempo Recirdo II
- 111 In Reverence Lee Do Eun
- 141 Scenery of a Floating Home See Thoe Tuck Kuen
- 151 Khmer smiles Tsui Piu
- 169 Evora Carlos Afonso
- 177 Scenes of life from an ancient village in Myanmar Saing Kaung Myat
- 207 Walking Changgyeonggung Palace Shin Seung Hee
- 225 Sunday Morning, People Riding Bicycles Ho Cheng Woh



Authors for Cities

- Kim Soo-Sang Gyeongju
- Kim Mi-jeong Iksan
- Kim Jin-gyu Andong/Hapcheon
- Nam Mi-young Ganghwa
- Nam Woo-hyeon Gwangju(Gyeonggi Province)
- Park Seong-ha Gongju
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*Tracing Back in Time,
We are Here*

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