At the end of summer, the first rumors of the rains began to reach us from afar. They were ancient people say that the rains are a reminder of their ancestors. The Japanses believe that it is time to prepare for the upcoming harvest. They start by cleaning the rice fields and planting new crops. The children help their parents, and the whole village comes together to celebrate this event.

In autumn, there is no Buddhism Harvest Festival on Main Street. No children are seen skipping rope or playing on the swings. No joyous music fills the air as it once did during summer. The streets are quiet, and the only sound is the rustling of leaves.

Butterflies are seen in clusters, dancing on the ground, and the air smells of fresh flowers. When you look up, you can see the sky is a deep blue, and the clouds are fluffy and white. It is a beautiful day, and everyone is happy to see the rains again. They are a symbol of hope and renewal.

People would exchange letters with their Japanese neighbors to stay in touch. They would bring gifts of fresh vegetables and fruits, and sometimes, they would even share stories of their daily lives. The community bond is strong, and everyone looks out for each other.