2011-2012 Luce Scholars, who have lived and worked in their host countries since early July 2011, share their experiences in Asia:

My placement at the Urban China Initiative, an urban planning think tank in Beijing, has afforded me the chance to learn about the largest and fastest urbanization process in world history. In 1978, China's population was 18% urban; last year its urban population exceeded its rural population for the first time in the nation’s history. In Beijing, I've seen rapid population growth and infrastructure development first hand. Here, the subway system has grown from 3 lines in 2006 to 13 lines today, serving a still expanding population of 23 million. International architects have built some of the world's most iconic modern buildings in Beijing, from the Bird's Nest to the National Theater (“the Egg”) to the CCTV building located next to my office. It is a city that is lurching forward to become one of the world's most modern, international capitals while still maintaining connections to its 3,000-year history.

I am the only foreigner living in my building complex in the oldest part of Beijing, surrounded by traditional hutong housing. I've been fortunate to learn about the human side of China's urbanization superlatives through Chinese friends and coworkers who have seen their communities change immensely in just a few years. Through my placement I've also had the opportunity to meet with urban planners and architects in cities in Sichuan and Guangxi provinces, as well as some of the country's top urban thinkers in Beijing's universities.

Much of my free time is devoted to studying Mandarin. This is a fascinating, fun, and frustrating process, one that I have found is key to making strong connections with Chinese people. I also spend lots of time seeking out the best food in Beijing – I've been delighted to find that China has dozens of distinct cuisines, most of which are not available in the United States. When I'm not eating or tackling the tonal and character-based language, you'll find me exploring the city on my electric motorbike or belting out my favorite Chinese rock song at KTV with coworkers.

– Adriana Akers, Beijing, China
Before starting my Luce year, I knew little about China. Seven months later, I've come a long way: I now know how little I know about China. Working as a journalist at the Chinese financial and business news organization Caixin Media in Beijing—editing, writing, putting together an alumni magazine for a Beijing-based business school, and most recently helping assemble a daily TV show on international news—has been a crash course in the benefits and costs of China’s rapid economic expansion over the last decade, from the booming middle class and rising education levels to environmental damage and land seizures by local governments. The job has also taught me about the challenges of running an independent publication in a restrictive media environment, particularly in the run-up to Beijing’s leadership transition in 2012. Studying Mandarin at the Taipei Language Institute has revealed just as much about contemporary Chinese culture as about the language itself, like when my teacher spent a whole lesson teaching me vocab based on the trajectory of modern romantic relationships. Getting to know Chinese co-workers and friends has exposed me to new worlds and lifestyles, if only in small glimpses. But overall my Luce year has been a lesson in humility, as I’ve struggled to understand and explain what’s going on in front of me every day.

– J. Christopher Beam, Beijing, China
This summer was a boom year for Siberian Pine (Pinus sibirica). Trees were laden with cones in boreal forests across the northern hemisphere. In northern Mongolia, on the east shore of Lake Hovsgol, I watched two young boys repeatedly scramble up branchless tree trunks using nothing but shoe leather to whack cones off the tops of 20-meter high crowns. So many tonnes were harvested that the cold winter streets of Ulaanbaatar crunch underfoot from the empty shells of pine nuts discarded in eating. This litter helps feed large winter populations of small birds—pigeons, sparrows, great tits, and waxwings. You can still hear the occasional echo in the forested valleys on the mountain south of town from someone’s hammering on tree trunks to collect the straggling cones.

I spent the short summer in northern Mongolia working with a group of researchers from the Department of Ecology at the National University of Mongolia. I made a small role for myself in their larger climate-change project by studying ground beetle communities along a habitat gradient. Back in the capital city of Ulaanbaatar, I share a small university office with the head of the Department and a visiting professor from Germany. The beetles I collected this summer are now housed in dusty specimen boxes, which I have stacked on my desk in front of me. We hope to donate them to a local museum near our research site. Students are away on winter recess, and the usually noisy hallway outside the door is quiet. The past semester I taught a course in ecological modeling to fourth-year university students. The following semester I will help teach a short course in statistical methods commonly used in ecology and evolution. The challenge teaching offers is rewarding, and I benefit from the stimulation and encouragement of new colleagues and friends. As the winter layers of coal soot accumulate on the streets and buses and trees, it is comforting to think on the coming months of spring, when the winds will sweep the valley clean. The seasonal course of events eases the bewilderment I still feel sometimes over simple daily routines. It gives me a measure of confidence that despite my sluggishness with the language, I may eventually form a coherent picture of my accumulated observations.

— Michael Gründler, Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia
Seoul is an incredibly fast-paced, modern, well-planned, efficient, vibrant, and, more often than not, overwhelming metropolis of 25 million people, half of South Korea’s total population. As you can imagine, the National Digital Library of Korea, where I’ve been working on a web archiving project and on editing an English-language online exhibit of their digital collections, is equally as modern and impressive. But the insomnia of Seoul often brushes right up against its earthier side. Daily summer monsoon rains were no match for Korea’s meticulously fashionable women, and October ushered in its own autumnal tones of urban life. The gingko trees turned a lovely shade of bright yellow, and street vendors roasting chestnuts and sweet potatoes in wood-fired ovens sprang up in crowded alleyways shortly after the temperatures dropped.

With the help of ondol (Korea’s floor heating system and one of its greatest contributions to humankind), subway-accessible winter hikes on the mountains overlooking Seoul, and a year-round whirlwind of events like the Sancheono (Mountain Trout) Ice Fishing Festival, I’ve actually become fond of our chilly winter. I also no longer feel as infant-like as I did during my first few weeks in Korea, and certain aspects of life that were once completely foreign—plastic surgery ads in every subway car and station, the cloud of once-novel sounds spoken around me—have now passed into the realm of the familiar. And in true Korean fashion, I extol the virtues of Hangul, the Korean alphabet, to anyone who will listen.

– Daisy Larios, Seoul, Korea
China is in a period of tremendous growth, which makes for a perfect host for a Luce year. As China finds its footing as a developed world power, each step forward is unprecedented and attracts great interest from the outside world. And so it is with me, living in one of the least developed corners of China. I spend my days trying to make sense of China, a country whose language, culture, and politics are as rich as they are complex. Each day presents a new challenge—“How do you call a plumber in Chinese?”—and I am eagerly watched by my neighbors: “Can he use chopsticks?” In this way, I’ve come to feel a connection with China, especially its rural areas, a partnership for which I feel very grateful.

I didn’t always feel so connected. I arrived in a small, rural city in Yunnan province with the time-honored Luce tradition of not being able to speak a single word of Chinese. Instead of going straight into language training, I spent my first two months working for Teach for China’s summer teacher training program. Teach for China, my placement organization, operates under the same model as Teach for America, taking highly capable recent graduates and putting them into underserved classrooms. During the summer, all of the teachers, half American and half Chinese, come together for an intensive “Teacher Boot Camp,” living, sleeping, eating, and teaching at a public middle school. In the fall, I moved to Beijing, which was a welcomed change not only for the amenities, but also because that’s when language training started. Slowly, very slowly, Chinese started to stick, and the payoff has been tremendous. After three months of living in Beijing and studying Chinese full-time, I’m back in that same small city in Yunnan and loving it. Work has been picking up, and my major projects include producing a series of short videos that demonstrate exceptional teaching in our classrooms and crafting a report on the horizon of nonprofits in China. I spend most nights huddled over a coal fire, roasting sticks of meat and veggies with my neighbors. We sit and laugh, wondering what will come next for all of us. With them, I catch a glimpse behind the headlines of China’s dominance and learn what it’s like to struggle to make ends meet. China is exceedingly complex, but life here is simple, and I love it.

– Christopher Magoon, Lincang, Yunnan Province, China
As the fourth most populated country, third largest democracy, and home to the largest Muslim population in the world, Indonesia is a wonderfully complex and diverse place with some of the most warm-hearted and social people I have ever met. (Did you know that Indonesians are also the second largest users of Facebook and have as many Blackberries as Americans do?) At the AKATIGA Center for Social Analysis, I have had the chance to get involved with ILO- and World Bank-funded surveys of factory workers’ perceptions of sustainable enterprises, and longitudinal study focus group discussions on infrastructural improvements and capacity developments in rural villages. Meanwhile, I am developing a proposal to research the potential for using mobile phones to provide farmers and micro-entrepreneurs with improved access to market information and domestic migrant workers with improved access to information on relevant job opportunities.

Outside of work, life in the university town of Bandung is full of entertainment, with its popular music scene (with everything from indie to hardcore metal bands known throughout Indonesia and Malaysia); graffiti, tattoo and other types of street fairs; bars, cafes, and restaurants (and my house’s roof) overlooking a valley of glittering city lights; and nearby craters, waterfalls, and tea plantations that remind me why Jakarta folk—like the Dutch before them—are so eager to escape the pollution and humidity of the capital for Bandung’s mountains on the weekends!

– Kanika Metre, Bandung, Indonesia
Kung Hei Fat Choi! At least that’s what I screamed at my neighbors last weekend to wish them a happy new year, so let’s hope I got it right. I’m six months into my Luce year, and we just celebrated Chinese New Year, Hong Kong style—tall, flashy, and in epic proportions—with endless fireworks over Victoria Harbor. Fortunately, those aren’t the words I would use to describe my time here. I’m working at Ocean Recovery Alliance, a small environmental NGO that uses business and media approaches to provide solutions to problems facing our oceans today, especially plastic pollution. I love it, and I’m learning a lot while doing exciting work I care about. Beyond my placement, I spend much of my time hiking the great wilderness that is Hong Kong (70% of the land is undeveloped!), exploring the cheap-food-in-cramped-spaces scene with friends, wandering the many street markets, trying to figure out what most of the items at the street markets actually are, and kayaking. I’ll be starting sailing lessons soon too. Goodbye year of the Rabbit, and hello year of the Water Dragon! I’m excited to see what it brings, and I have so much more to explore here.

– Michael Mian, Hong Kong
Prior to my arrival in Thailand I was nervous about learning a new (tonal) language, communicating effectively with new friends and colleagues, and doing meaningful work. However, living in the northern city of Chiang Mai has provided ample opportunities to meet new people and engage in a wide range of insightful activities. I work for the Human Rights and Development Foundation (HRDF) with their Migrant Justice Programme (MJP). As the only farang (foreigner) in the office, I continuously get to practice the language and learn about Thai and Shan-Burmese cultures. Our headquarters is in Bangkok with several field offices that include Mahachai, Mae Sot, and my home for the year, Chiang Mai. HRDF advocates for human and labor rights for migrant workers, organizing educational training programs and conferences, publishing fact-finding reports, filing petitions with the Royal Thai Government (RTG), providing legal aid to migrants and undertaking litigation in cases involving labor violations and trafficking of persons. Working with the Shan population (Shan State in Burma), I have become intimately familiar with the struggles of migrant communities in Thailand.

A day at work ranges from writing policy briefs for distribution to the RTG or the United Nations, to editing or authoring reports and case studies about migrant workers and labor rights. I also have the opportunity to work directly with the people I advocate for—presenting at community meetings and paralegal trainings, visiting migrant camps to do outreach, and attending celebrations and festivals with my coworkers at one of the local Wats (temples). I also volunteer and teach English to migrant workers at the Migrant Learning and Development Center. When I'm not at work I enjoy strolling through one of endless local markets, exploring new eateries in my neighborhood, visiting one of the many locales that offer live music, dancing aerobics at the park or bachata at a Thai salsa club, painting, or spending time with my adopted Thai family.

– Perla Parra De Anda, Chiang Mai, Thailand
Beneath the Long Bien Bridge in Hanoi, a modestly sized island appears jungle-like in the middle of the Red River. Should one gaze toward the far banks of the river, he would see a small floating slum of boathouses, bobbing haphazardly. Once a week I have the privilege to work there, with a support group for women migrants who are survivors of gender-based violence. My work with LIGHT—a Vietnamese public health NGO—has allowed me to peer intimately into a world most Hanoians can only glimpse from the bridge. The work with LIGHT is as diverse as it is rewarding. As a medical student, I also work alongside the doctors in LIGHT’s outpatient sexual health clinic on a weekly basis. Meanwhile, as an assistant to LIGHT’s public health programs, I will help coordinate a museum exhibit on domestic violence, in collaboration with the Vietnam Women’s Museum. Outside of work, I constantly find new ways to entertain myself—from exploring national parks to studying Vietnamese, from writing articles for a local English magazine to trying Tai Chi. And, of course, the food is fantastic.

− Roz Plotzker, Hanoi, Vietnam

Every day at four in the morning, a few hours before the sun comes up, the first of five daily calls to prayer begin to sound through the PA systems of the three mosques in my neighborhood in the city of Solo. Shortly thereafter, the neighborhood comes to life. First, there is the metronomic sound of neighbors sweeping away the dry leaves that collected on their front porches overnight, followed by children waking up, and buckets of water being splashed on bathroom floors as my neighbors take their first shower of the day. By the time the sun comes up at six, many have already kick-started their motorbikes and sped away to their jobs.
During my first weeks in Indonesia, I was typically woken up in a startled state by these pre-dawn activities. Now, seven months later, I have not only grown accustomed to, but at times even miss, these familiar sounds when I travel elsewhere. Similarly, I am no longer taken aback as motorbikes carrying two adults and two children weave in and out of traffic and cut me off as I drive to work on the left side of the road. Indeed, many aspects of daily life here that were once shocking are now something I consider normal. Nonetheless, every day I learn something new about Indonesian culture, and I realize that I remain in a constant state of transition into this mesmerizing society.

Just as I am currently in a state of transition, so is Indonesia. Since the end of the 32-year authoritarian Suharto government in 1998, Indonesia has been experiencing a socio-cultural Reformasi (Reformation), particularly characterized by a decentralization of governance structures and greater freedom of expression. As Reformasi has evolved, Indonesians have been learning to utilize their new freedoms to express their needs and desires, while local governments are working to develop their capacity to effectively respond to these. Today, civil society organizations (CSO) play a critical role in supporting both efforts.

As part of my work with the CSO Solo Kota Kita, I am overseeing an evaluation of the annual government-run participatory budgeting program in Solo. The intent of this evaluation is to identify what is working well and what could be improved in the program to strengthen participatory planning in the city. Through this work I have the opportunity to interact with actors ranging from community members and leaders to government officials. Moreover, I am fortunate to be collaborating with and learning from an amazing set of colleagues whose energy and enthusiasm is striking, and who cheerfully facilitate my transition into their world. In fact, in just a few minutes, my colleagues and I will head off to a neighborhood warung where, over tea, rice, sate, and clove cigarettes, we’ll share stories about life in Indonesia and places around the world, all while the noon call to prayer sounds in the background.

– Héctor Salazar Salame, Solo, Indonesia
Raj wondered if moving forward a piece of himself—a sizeable chunk, really—would always be in another place, a place where Lilly had lived and things were as they should be. He saw himself in one life, his real life, going back to school, getting a good job and finding someone new to pass his days with. But. But. At the same time he knew there would always be that parallel track, a glimmer of his life with Lilly. He could see them living in Italy together, could see Lilly’s stomach swell, could see time sketching lines across her face. He saw their intended life stretching before them, plain and wild and fascinating in its intensity.

That’s a piece of a story I’m working on called “India, Anyway.” I’m spending my Luce year in New Delhi as a writer-in-residence at Sanskriti Kendra, a cultural center and residency program for writers and artists. I make my own days and spend some of them reading, writing, and piecing together my first novel, but most of my time is spent out in the world, out in India. In addition to writing, I’ve organized and run creative writing workshops for kids with a nonprofit, Tara Trust, in the coastal state of Goa. In Delhi, I’ve worked with Salaam Baalak Trust, a nonprofit that educates and houses more than 4,000 former street children. SBT has been running a walking tour of New Delhi led by former street children for years, but I’m helping them build a new project—a walking tour of Old Delhi based on the area’s historical and cultural sites. I’m working with two young men from SBT to research, practice, and implement this new tour. My first six months in India have been wonderful and I can’t wait to see what the next six will bring.

− Mackenzie Smith, New Delhi, India
The true beauty of the Lao PDR lies within the people. Lao approach life with an attitude of never looking in the past and always looking forward to the future. This is especially true in the case of individuals in the country who live with disabilities, as these people thrive to live a happy life regardless of the condition they live with. World Education Laos, which I work for in Vientiane, is an organization that works to provide people with disabilities, particularly unexploded ordinance (UXO) victims, with education and empowerment programs that create opportunities for them to be active in the community. The vast majority of my time at World Education has been dedicated to improving operations at the only wheelchair manufacturing center in the Lao PDR with the goal of providing more individuals with appropriately designed wheelchairs across the country, especially rural areas. Our hope is to provide these individuals with appropriate wheelchairs that will give them the means to access the world around them.

Colleagues at World Education have welcomed me with open arms and brought me in as a part of their family. After just a few short weeks in the office, colleagues asked me to refer to them as “mom,” “dad,” “brother,” and “sister” as opposed to their names. I have created a special bond with each of them and they all truly do feel like family. These people and the rest of my experiences in the Lao PDR have opened my eyes to new levels of beauty in nature and people that I did not know existed.

− Christopher J. Stanfill, Vientiane, Lao PDR
As I sit on the monorail train heading to work, I gaze at the landscape around me: a multitude of glistening skyscrapers embedded against lush greenery and village homes. In a span of two minutes, I spot a set of minarets hiding behind a turquoise dome, a red rooftop with gold ornamentation from a Buddhist temple, a pyramid-shaped tower of gods arising from a Hindu temple, and a white cross hanging atop a Gothic-style church. I am distracted by the young woman in front of me wearing a beautiful red sari, speaking to her friend in Tamil. I turn to my left, and see a mother speaking to her son in Mandarin, while on my right, I hear a woman in a headscarf speaking Malay on the phone. When I reach my station, I pass by a hawker stand and smell the aroma of fresh Naan, fried Chinese noodles, and an array of colorful Malay sweets.

As I try to grasp the richness of the diverse cultures of Malaysia, I head to a refugee nursing home to make rounds with the medical team. To our surprise, one of the patients is having uncontrollable convulsions from ingesting insecticide as a suicide attempt. A Sri Lankan native, the suffering this man faced in his country and the continuous stream of struggles he faces in Malaysia was more than what his life could bear. The feeling of instability and lack of control is an everyday occurrence for the nearly 100,000 refugees living in Malaysia.

When not at work, I am busy with Malay language lessons, calligraphy classes, attending health conferences, teaching English at an orphanage, and volunteering at a soup kitchen. But what I enjoy the most are the conversations I have with my host family and local friends about Malaysian politics—be it about the peaceful demonstration this past summer calling for fair elections, or the recent acquittal of Anwar Ibrahim—as we enjoy a delicious cup of Teh Tarik, sweetened milk tea.

As I walk home, I pass by an endless line of red lanterns in honor of Chinese New Year. Variously shaped lights of an array of colors illuminate the streets for each festival—be it Christmas, Diwali, or Eid. There is always another celebration and set of lights to look forward to, and it has made living in Kuala Lumpur an exciting experience of exponential growth.

– Nazneen Uddin, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
At a stop on a 15-day, 5,000-mile pan-India train ride, my eyes opened to the boundlessness of the Indian spirit, the very nature of existence. Nestled within a sea of its own roots, basking in impenetrable fog, the Banyan tree stands firm, surrounded by the promising crops of the eastern Uttar Pradesh village. Its hollow trunk provides a sanctuary for worshippers, its leaves offer shade for those seeking shelter, and, like the sagacious elm tree, it nurtures wisdom in the young. The non-traditional two-week journey by rail, called *Jagriti Yatra*, supplemented and re-energized my work at Ashoka Innovators for the Public, a citizen sector organization that identifies and supports social entrepreneurs. It allowed me to observe and collaborate with young minds wanting to develop Middle India through enterprise. I now spend my days searching for and meeting with amazing young change-makers—helping them champion their social change ideas by empowering them to start, grow, collaborate, and implement their ideas.

Although my work has been interesting, my most cherished memories have come from experiences outside of the workplace—where playing the *djembe*, conjuring up photojournalist aliases to get front row seats to festival parades, polishing my traditional Gujarat *garba* dance skills, and perfecting the art of making chai tea still leave much to the imagination. India is vast and paradoxical. If someone tells you that they want to capture India in a book, don’t believe them. Why? India is far too complex, challenging, and beautiful a place to relegate to the mere pages of a book. While what I’ve learned here is much more than I could ever hope to capture on paper, the lessons, much like the history of the Banyan tree, continue to reappear every day that I wake up in India.

– Zimuzor Ugochukwu, Bangalore, India
Last week, I needed to buy a light bulb. In the U.S., of course, that would be simple. But as a Luce Scholar in Phnom Penh, it was a reminder that, six months in, I still have a lot to learn. I tried the grocery store, but I found nothing, so I headed for the market near my house. At one stall, I pointed toward the fluorescent bulb hanging from the ceiling and said, “Kgnome jong ting rowbah-nuh, buntie doe-it, doe-it” (I want to buy that thing, but small, small). The vendor laughed and said, in Khmer, “Chicken egg.” He left and came back with a light bulb. As my language teacher later explained, the Khmer translation is “electric chicken egg.” I will never look at light bulbs the same way. As I walked home with my “electric chicken egg,” I thought about how much I’ve learned in just a few months – and how much still remains a mystery.

I spend my days working at the Extraordinary Chambers in the Courts of Cambodia, the United Nations-backed Cambodian war crimes trial. Three top leaders of the Khmer Rouge, the brutal regime that ruled Cambodia in the late 1970s and that led to millions of deaths, are currently on trial. I am an associate with a legal team that represents more than one hundred victims of the Khmer Rouge. I’ve been able to interview clients, many of them elderly people living in Cambodia’s rural provinces. I also attend court hearings and meetings with lawyers from around the world who are working on the cases. Currently, I am preparing for witness examination and a client outreach trip.

But I’ve learned just as much about Cambodia from my Khmer language teachers and friends, who’ve helped me navigate the language and the culture, everything from cooking rice—the ubiquitous food here—to deciphering Khmer wedding customs, to proper etiquette when talking with monks. Some days, I feel like I’m at home in this tropical place, chatting with the men who play Cambodian chess near my apartment, bargaining at the market, and zipping around town on my moto. But then there are “light bulb” moments, and I think how fortunate I am to have six more months here to learn.

– Abbie VanSickle, Phnom Penh, Cambodia
I’m writing from Suao, a little town on Taiwan’s east coast that is moderately famous for its seafood, its carbonated cold springs, and its decades-old store dedicated to selling bean curd cooked in the local spring water. I definitely never would have found myself here had I not decided to rent a bike and ride 700 kilometers of Taiwan’s coastline—an undertaking becoming increasingly popular with the island’s cyclists. For me, the trip has led to a huge appreciation of this little island's diversity: I have biked across the sprawling metropolis of Taipei, through breathtaking gorges inhabited by Taiwan’s aborigines, and past Taiwanese-speaking tropical beach towns next to crystal clear blue waters. My legs are killing me, but the trip has been worth every minute.

When I’m not playing, I’m working at National Taiwan University’s Precision Systems Control Laboratory as an engineering research assistant. My work involves improving the control system of a planar motion stage, a project that has so far led to a publication and possible patent. In lab I have also gained a much greater appreciation of the differences between the working styles of East and West. As much as I love my work, though, planar motion stages don’t have much to do with Taiwanese culture, so I’ve spent as much time as possible out and about in Taipei and Taiwan. In the last six months I have “acted” in a music video and in a Taiwanese lingerie commercial, taken up kiteboarding with a group of locals, spoken bad Chinese to various Taiwan pop stars, and developed a fondness for the legendary “giant chicken steaks” of Taipei’s night markets. And I can’t wait to see what the next few months will bring.

– Craig Western, Taipei, Taiwan
According to the Japanese, everyone has an *ikigai*—something they live for, a passion that burns deep inside, a *raison d’être*. The key is finding it. When it comes to aging, the Japanese government even officially recommends that each senior citizen find his or her own *ikigai*. It is the catalyst to finding and maintaining peace and contentment in later life. Here in Nishinomiya, Japan, I am pursuing my *ikigai*—a deep passion for understanding the lives of the elderly and documenting this through photography.

Placed at Kwansei Gakuin University, with two incredible professors of gerontological social work, I am able to learn about aging and health care in Japan. A kind supervisor at the senior day service center where I volunteer, my co-workers, and members of a local dual Japanese-English church have provided me with a supportive network to find joy and meaning in my life here as well.

Japan, as developed as it is, isn't an easy place to live. You can feel it. Something is different here than from anything I have ever experienced in America or in the other countries where I have traveled. Each day I am learning new things and deepening my understanding of Japanese culture and my Japanese friends. These are understandings that sometimes elude verbal description and would never have been within my grasp had I not been given this opportunity to live and learn here. These intangible elements are something I try to capture in my photography, and something that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

– Bessie Young, Nishinomiya, Japan