

Paolo Smanio, Florence
Like the Kankucho

I started practicing this Buddhism in 1986 in Florence, when I was 21. Until that moment, my life had been very chaotic, and I felt insignificant. I never finished anything I started.

As Nichiren Daishonin writes in the Gosho:

Deep in the Snow Mountains lives a bird called Kankucho which, tortured by the numbing cold, cries that it will build a nest in the morning. Yet, when the day breaks, it sleeps away the hours in the warm light of the morning sun without building its nest. So it continues to cry vainly throughout its life. The same is true of people. (*The Major Writings of Nichiren Daishonin*, vol. 1, p. 255)

I was like the Kankucho bird.

The first benefit of my practice was that I landed, within a few months, a secure job. A year later, I went back to evening school to pick up where I had left off.

That has been the rhythm to my life since I started to practice.

I still make mistakes, but now I have the confidence that I will do my best and accomplish my human revolution.

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