

## AN ESSAY BY SGI PRESIDENT IKEDA WINTER MAKES SPRING BEAUTIFUL

*President Ikeda rejoices at the arrival of spring in this poetic essay to the members of the Tohoku Region in Japan. He reflects, 'It is overcoming the harshness of winter, be it in nature or in human life, that makes the spring so beautiful.'*

Spring is near. Though the snow still lies deep in the villages of the Tohoku Region, the footsteps of spring's approach can be heard, advancing softly but surely. In time with that song of hope, poetic inspiration rises in my heart, like a bubbling spring flowing forth without end.

Our fresh spirit soars once again today, bathed in the sun's glorious light. When our efforts blossom and we glow content with the honest sweat of our labors, a new music rings forth, and we look around us to see new flowers, new leaves, new saplings.

Tohoku is the perfect symbol of the drama of winter turning into spring in all its glory and triumph. The people and the land of Tohoku know best the harsh trials of winter and the sweet compassion of spring.

The lot of many, many people is dark and cheerless. But in the world of the Soka Gakkai, the fragrance of honest happiness that welcomes joy, determination and sincere effort pervades — here, there, and everywhere. The Mystic Law applies equally to all, whether king, farmer or invalid. In it, there is no sadness or loneliness, no false prosperity, no abyss of despair.

The Mystic Law is a happy spring song, always wafting gently over you. It is a new and beautiful palace of youth from which all darkness has been banished.

You stride across the silvery land. A cheerful wave from the windows of your simple homes, and those of your comrades along the way, is an unsurpassed source of delight. The essence of human existence, happiness, reverberates therein.

For us kosen-rufu champions, supreme leaders of the Mystic Law, the earth is an eternal treasure land. The cold seashore, too, is an everlasting realm of sunshine and light.

The stars we gaze upon on high appear to us as stars of invincible will. Their undying light shines in our hearts, with certainty, with sureness, with quiet tranquillity.

In the cold night sky, the dreamy first star twinkles brightly, and warm is the breeze of triumph and nobility of another day lived to the fullest.

Blow, storms, blow as you will!

Howl, blizzards, howl if you will!

My heart only leaps all the more in excitement.

Countless heavenly deities and Buddhas protect us.

Among us there are no differences of fame or rank, big or small.

We stand fearless, the noblest of Treasure Towers, dedicating our lives wholeheartedly to the Mystic Law.

Howling winds! It is useless to attack us. Better that you should see your own true nature.

The poison of your weakness, your delusion, your envy, your baseness of heart.

Buddhism stresses the importance of the present and the future.

Title: Winter Makes Spring Beautiful

Subject: World Tribune 04/23/99 n.3239 p.7 WT990423p07

Author: Daisaku Ikeda

Keywords: Beautiful Daisaku Essays Ikeda Makes President Spring Tribune Winter World

From the moment we are born in this world, we embark on the journey of a new life, a series of new beginnings.

Those who bravely triumph in each of those fresh departures will find themselves, at death, too, eternally victorious.

You must know of these invisible but unrelenting laws that bind you.

When seen in this light, all evil is nothing but arrogance, envy and foolishness.

It is no more than the last traces of dirty snow that melt under the sun's bright rays.

Know that there is nothing superior to the supreme, unparalleled Mystic Law, the well-spring of all happiness!

Bigots and do-nothings may chance upon this wellspring, but they cannot draw its waters. For they are like buckets full of holes.

Unnoticed by others, you willingly make your way along a solitary path through fields deep with snow to encourage a friend. That path leads to the palace of eternal joy and ease.

Our commitment to kosen-rufu, bathed in the light of unsurpassed goodness — absolute happiness — is manifested as a realm of ever-more brilliant victory.

When I think of our Tohoku members bravely weathering their long winter, I always want to fly to them and give them encouragement and support.

February is the month of President Toda's birth. If he were still alive, on Feb. 11, he would have been 99.

Every single day I spent with my mentor is a golden page of my life, a priceless honor.

I accompanied Mr. Toda to Tohoku many times.

In spring 45 years ago, I visited the ruins of Sendai Castle with him. I remember fondly the luminous vision of kosen-rufu he shared with me then.

“The Soka Gakkai will build its castle with talented and capable people!” he said to me. It was a dream he entrusted to me.

Sendai Castle was once known as the Castle of a Thousand Generations.

“Please build an indomitable castle of capable people here in Tohoku that will be a model for the Soka Gakkai for thousands and tens of thousands of generations to come!” — this was my beloved mentor's profound hope, his call to us, his final wish.

It is overcoming the harshness of winter, be it in nature or in human life, that makes the spring so beautiful.

An indestructible foundation is built by weathering hardships.

The foundation of Tohoku is approaching completion.

The cheers of triumph that resound through the citadel of Soka there warm my heart.