

**PERSPECTIVE: We Will Be Children**  
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Once upon a time, long ago and far away, a ceremony took place in the air. Beautiful bodhisattvas from all corners of the universe gathered to pledge to return at the time of the Latter Day of the Law to lead all people to happiness. They promised to be born at that time with terrible troubles, which they would overcome in order to show the power of Nam-myoho-rence-kyo.

“Who wants to have serious health problems?”

“We do!” declared one group.

“What about severe financial troubles?”

“Over here, we’ll take those on.”

“Painful relationships?”

“Oh, please, let us have that,” offered another group.

One very large group of particularly splendid-looking bodhisattvas stood silent, waiting.

“What will your group do?” they were asked.

“We will be children, in a time when children are an endangered species.

“We will be born to parents who themselves were wounded as children. We will choose mothers, fathers, teachers and other adults who are in pain, confused, overwhelmed and unsure of how to raise us. And we will help them by loving them with our whole beings; a love we will silently express each time they look us in the eye.

“We will change their lives with our hugs and kisses. And no matter how much we are shushed, sent to the back of the room, made to feel unwelcome or likened to devilish functions, we will continue undaunted, because we understand that anger comes from the pain of their past.

“So we will smile until they smile back. We will cherish and be heartened by those adults who communicate the treasures of the heart with us each time they wink at us, give us a smile or hug, tussle our hair or get their faces close to us when they speak.

“We will use our life force to encourage all those we interact with to embrace the spirit and heart of our mentor. We are the emissaries of the future.”

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