

WOW! Eagle Peak Is Here
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I have amazing reasons to appreciate life right now. I look into my 3-year-old daughter's eyes and relive the magic of her age. I watch my 16-month-old zoom through his world and wonder where his boundless energy comes from. I feel the new life growing inside of me and marvel that through me a whole 'nother person can emerge from the state of latency. I look into my husband's eyes and see all of me — the parts I admire and the parts I'd rather deny.

“The Drum at the Gate of Thunder” is definitely on my top 10 list of Nichiren Daishonin's great writings. In it, he tells his elderly, devout follower, Sennichi-ama: “Merely seeing each other's face would in itself be insignificant. What matters is one's heart. Someday let us meet on Eagle Peak, where Shakyamuni Buddha dwells” (*The Major Writings of Nichiren Daishonin*, vol. 5, p. 289). Time and again Sennichi-ama stayed home while sending offerings along with her husband, Abutsu-bo, who made the treacherous journey to Mount Minobu to visit the couple's beloved mentor.

I'm so glad that the Daishonin wrote this letter, because with my juggling-act schedule these days, Eagle Peak — right smack in front of the Gohonzon (or in front of the one I envision in my mind when I'm not at the altar) — is where I get to chant for my family when we're apart, and for the happiness of the participants of an SGI activity that I cannot physically attend.

Sometimes a day of just hanging out with my husband and children is my choice over an SGI meeting. Other times I relish participating in an SGI activity without my kids in tow, because I need some personal Buddhist-community recharge. And most of the time it simply feels good to have the Daishonin's assurance that, where ever I am, what matters is my heart.