

FROM OUR READERS

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Facing North

(for my mother, residing in the Pacific Northwest)

The alder family gently sway,
A dance unites with winter's wind;
White bark stark against skies gray,
That drift on by while facing North.

Dark green moss amidst the ferns
Shroud the bearded old ones lie;
Their lives gone now, not to cry,
Give other little ones a turn.

Remembrance of the summer past,
Results of parent energy;
Not to hide among the leaves,
The bird nests there for all to see.

There's no time left to criticize
A nurtured past's maternal care.
As I sit and contemplate
Appreciation's all I have.

A mother's love still blesses me,
As cold rain drops remind me of
The wondrous days of childhood dreams
That drift on by while facing North.

JOE CROOKS,
San Diego

Encouragement

IT is always amazing to me that encouragement comes out of the universe exactly when your life needs it the most. Thank you for publishing the article on Michael Goodman's experience with photography in the February 1999 issue of *Living Buddhism*.

Recently, I have been struggling with my own practice and which direction to take in a career transition. President Ikeda's guidance, "I have a mission, mine alone, You too have a mission only you can fulfill," has demonstrated to me the path that I need to follow.

Thank you very much.

JEFF GUASCO,
San Francisco

Title: An Antidote To Violence

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