

Prayer Upon Entering the Mystical Realms of the Kingdom of God

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AH, HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THIS GLORIOUS MORNING! The time has come when every flower will appear on earth and every bird will sing its song. My loved ones awaken, gather before God, and sing His praises. Joy calls forth more joy, love calls forth more love, and happiness and good fortune come to my loved ones. Children grow healthy and make merry in their happiness.

Ah, how fortunate we are this morning! The happy voices of my family are like celestial music ringing throughout the universe. Deep within their voices are fountains filled with echoes of paradise. These voices of joy pouring forth bear the glory of the kingdom of God and, illuminated by the light of God, they emanate all the hues of the rainbow.

All my family now plays in the garden of paradise and enters into the sea of original creation, the True-Image World. Gems and jewels fill our hands to overflowing—countless numbers of topaz, carnelians, sapphires, etc. My children string topaz to make necklaces, link carnelians to make bracelets, and join sapphires to make hair ornaments. Our garments glisten like rainbows. When sunlight strikes them, they change colors, displaying a beauty that is infinite in variety and scope. Ah, the beauty of the sea of original creation, the True-Image World—we are witnessing it for the first time.

Ah, how blessed is this beautiful morning! Through the power of our words, we have brought forth into this world the beauty, elegance, and richness of the temple of the Lord of Seicho-No-Ie. Behold, our loved ones are here. See how they gather around us, touch us, stand before us, and embrace us. Their beautiful voices are like the songs

of birds of paradise. You, whom I love and are now standing behind me, show me your face, let me hear your voice. Your voice is like the music of the harp, like the playing of the seven-stringed zither. As you speak, beautiful flowers of every variety burst forth to adorn the surroundings. Our happiness knows no end.

Ah, how joyful is this morning! All whom I love are filled with joy and praise God. God, indeed, is deserving of praise. He is our source of joy, our fountain of happiness. When God's blessings come, all strife stops, all fighting ceases; former enemies raise their arms in gestures of peace, become like brothers, exchange toasts of love for each other, and praise the peace established by God. Officers and soldiers sheathe their swords, cast away their guns, and exchange their uniforms for beautiful robes lovingly woven by young maidens. On everyone's head is a "crown of peace" adorned by seven golden stars whose magnificence is beyond compare.

Ah, how peaceful is this morning! Clouds of peace cover the mountains like a mantle. As the morning sun ascends into the sky, the mountains take on the seven colors of the rainbow and a curtain of mist appears to bless our celebration. Flowers of every variety burst forth and birds of every kind sing their songs. Their voices are raised in praise of God and to bless us. Indeed, this is a lovely morning that marks the appearance on earth of the sublime purity of the True-Image World, the Pure Land. I humbly express my gratitude to God.

—From *Shinri No Ginsho*, "Recitations of the Truth," pp. 256-258