

## On White Ashes

"As we deeply observe the transient form of man's life, we realize that in this world, from beginning to end, nothing is more fragile and fleeting than the course of human life.



Thus, we have not heard of anyone receiving human form that lasts for ten thousand years. Life swiftly passes. Can a person preserve his body for a hundred years at the present time? Not knowing whether death will come today or tomorrow, those who depart before us are as countless as the drops of dew.

Therefore, in the morning we may have radiant health; in the evening we may be white ashes. When the winds of uncertainty strike, our eyes are closed forever. When the last breath leaves our body, the healthy color of the face is transformed and we lose the appearance of radiant life. Our loved ones may gather around and lament, but to no avail. When such an event occurs, the body is sent into an open field and cremated, leaving only white ashes.

Thus, we see that what man cannot control is the passing away of young and old alike. Therefore, we are brought to understand that each moment of our life, every day, is precious and unrepeatable."