



The people of Tohoku need a story of a miracle. They may be able to mend their broken hearts with such a story, and calmly wait until the day when they can once again stand up on their own feet, no longer crushed under the weight of their grief. Even though strong bonds were severed by the tsunamis, loved ones could come back home someday. Why don't we listen to the voices of such people's prayers?

Why don't we wait together under the miracle tree until all the trees start to have their own stories to tell and people's pain and sorrows begin to ease?