



*There is an old cherry tree near Mitsuo Suzuki's home, abandoned and unkempt, home to many insects and pests. Japan's springtime scenery is of beautiful cherry blossom with its delicate pale pink flower, petals falling like confetti and leaves growing in an orderly fashion. Not on Suzuki's tree, his tree does not conform. Beyond the transient appearance of the flower, Suzuki sees the tree, roots and all. He finds beauty in the unconventional, revealing leaves, dark and magnificent, each one perfectly unique, un-perfect and fascinating. He sees with fresh eyes the realisation that beauty is everywhere; if it is in your soul then you will find it always.*