



# Princess Kaguya: A Preexistence Tale

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EVERY so often I succumb to the unfolding story and shed a tear. I cried at the ending of ‘Terminator 2: Judgement Day’. I cried when William Wallace howled for freedom from the torturers table in ‘Braveheart’. And then there is that home viewing of ‘Dirty Dancing’ when Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey had the time of their life. I confess to feeling something wet and moist on my cheek, but in my defense, I was also in the kitchen cutting up an onion. I am blaming it on the onion and sticking to it. The point that I’m trying to make is that tears don’t happen often in the movies, but when they do, I remember them. ‘The Tale of the Princess Kaguya’ is one such occasion. Maybe it is because my wife had just given birth to our first daughter and my heartstrings were already being pulled upon. But then I can also say with certainty that I’ve watched the entire catalogue of

**Studio Ghibli** films since her birth, there's maybe 22 or 23 animated features in their vault, and none of them affected me quite like this one.

The story is about **preexistence** and the **divine**. I probably should have given you a spoiler alert because the preexistence element does not come into the plot until the third act. But then it should also be a given by this point in our relationship that the purpose of these discussions are to address the esoteric, and whenever possible, the heavenly Mysteries. FYI, preexistence is something which I have already covered. [Preexistence](#). Boom, there's your link. Give it a read. I reference an assortment of extra-Biblical books at my disposal, which is to say, I am completely sold on the concept. And despite Princess Kaguya, it's not simply a teaching deriving from the far east. Our place in the preexistence narrative isn't exactly a side note either. Grasping our former standing in heaven and likewise our fall from grace brings stunning clarity to the notion that some of us will reclaim our stature as Sons of Elohiym.



‘The Tale of the Princess Kaguya’ is closely based upon ‘The Tale of the Bamboo Cutter,’ a classical story of Japanese folklore. Her name is **Kaguya-hime** in that one as well. I am showing you a couple of illustrations from the whereabouts of the late 1800s to early 1900’s, though the actual story dates back to the **9<sup>th</sup>** or **10<sup>th</sup> century**, and its

original author is unknown. It's actually considered the oldest surviving work in the monogatari form. If you're already familiar with the Bamboo Cutter narrative, then you'll recognize these prints as the conclusion to the tale. Despite giving away the preexistence element, I'm still holding back a couple of those very important plot points.



The story begins when a bamboo cutter discovers a glowing bamboo shoot in the forest behind his house, which in turn reveals a miniature girl growing within. As he leans in for a closer look, the petals of a lotus flower blossom, revealing the girl to be in a meditative posture. Her disposition indicates a divine origin, an observation which obviously doesn't escape the bamboo cutter, as he takes to calling her Princess.



Also evident is that the mystery girl chose the bamboo cutter for a father as well as the bamboo cutter's wife for her mother. Case in point, it is when the bamboo cutter's wife takes the miniature child into her hands that she instantaneously transforms from her preexistent divine soul into an infant baby. Her adopted mother then immediately sets

out in search for a wet nurse. Because milk was the order of the day. But even that task is given up when, within moments of their journey through the forest, her breasts enlarge, miraculously producing milk from her mammary glands.

From that moment onward, everything that a baby requires is provided for, but not just her daily needs, either. Upon returning to the bamboo forest behind his house, the bamboo cutter discovers two more glowing shoots. The first contains gold—all the gold that anyone would require for a lifetime of comfort. Though I think a better substitute would be ‘purpose’. The gold was intended as a tool, not the end means. The second shoot reveals dozens of colorful silk fabrics which might be sewn into elegant robes. The divine child had set herself up for a perfect existence on the earth which, mind you, is not the same thing as saying carefree. Had the girl gotten her way, then she would have been shaped according to her toil in the mountains. If only her adopted father didn’t go about misreading every signpost, ultimately botching the meaning of life, but I’m getting ahead of the story.



To claim that the girl grows rapidly is an understatement. We’re talking about a baby’s development from a shuffle to a crawl and a walk all within a few short moments. Her progress happens in spurts, nearly always seemingly due to a newfound discovery, in this instance because she wanted to catch a frog.

Observations such as this one earned her the nickname ‘Little Bamboo’ among the village children. They even begin shouting the new name at her while she proudly bumbles about. Perplexed with wonder at his