

Memory: 50th Anniversary



**In Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary
of the Passing of Zhou Enlai**

January 8, 2026



I. The Integrity of a Breeze

Clouded peaks hold cold and rain,
pine and cypress face the twilight wind.
A meal of greens and humble rice,
his name lives on in a million homes.

Rain strikes the worn steps—still he stands;
winds sway his thin form into dignity.

A loyal heart lit by truth, not words;
iron will and tender soul devoted to the land.

No need for grand verse to speak the Way;
empty sleeves hold grace enough.

Annotation:

He was born into an age of storms, yet stood like a mountain's bones, as steadfast as ancient pine.

He lived simply, eating what peasants ate, yet nourished a nation's soul.

Even as storms raged and winds cut deep, he stood calm and erect, a lean figure of dignity.

His loyalty shone not through declarations, but by the truth of his life;
his strength came not from force, but from boundless care for the people.

He wore no ornament, did not boast, yet embodied the highest virtue.

In his empty sleeves, there was grace.

In his silence, a great wind moved.



II. The Virtue of Benevolent Governance

Laws were few, yet justice reigned;
his heart embraced all, and the Way was his guide.

With firm hands and gentle heart, he steered the vessel of state.
His example moved others—through clarity, more than command.

His word stood firm across the ages, his presence shaped the seasons.
He thought always of the people, gave his days and nights without complaint.

His virtue was not declared—it was lived,
like spring rain nurturing all things unseen.



Annotation:
He governed with clarity, did not require control.

His heart was broad enough for a thousand voices,
and he studied the Way more than power.

In him, firmness and compassion danced in balance.
His trustworthiness echoed through time.
Though he worked without pause, he never called it burden.

His kindness shaped the world in quiet, lasting ways.

III. The Soul of Home and Nation

**A single letter held a thousand threads of love;
his words brought tears, fresh with every reading.**

**By lamplight he whispered to those he loved—
heart loyal to nation, never divided.
Even in wartime, he wrote with care;
his life belonged wholly to the people.**

**He walked through hardship hand in hand with his beloved;
together, they weathered every storm.**

**Though they had no children, their family was vast:
the people were their sons and daughters, the nation their home.**

Annotation:

His letters home were full of care, subtle and profound.
He lived for others—not out of duty, but out of love.

He and Madame Deng Yingchao shared a lifetime of struggle and trust.
They had no child of their own,
for they had already given themselves to the children of China.

They were father and mother to a nation.



IV. The Light That Never Dies

**The news fell like thunder, and even the skies wept;
snow blanketed Beijing with silence.**

Black armbands filled the night, candles flickered in tears.

**Pines stood watch, holding the memory of his bones;
white chrysanthemums bowed with the sorrow of the people.**

He shared in every sorrow and joy of the age.

His grave is never alone.

Though his body rests, his light endures—shining over rivers and mountains in peace.



Annotation:

It was a day of mourning across the land.
The Premier's death brought snow, silence, and sorrow.
The people dressed in black, held candles, and wept as one.
His spirit was present in every tree and tear.
To this day, people stand quietly at his resting place.
He has gone beyond—but not away.
His light still lives.

V. The Pathway to Peace

**Peace was his vow, and he never strayed from it.
He endured all hardships with greater resolve.**

**Within his smile lay sharp wisdom and deep patience;
within his patience, a love that transcended centuries.**

**With one smile, he erased long-standing enmities;
nations respected him for his fairness and grace.**

**To the weak and the strong, he offered the same hand.
He turned swords into rituals, and conflicts into friendships.**

His vision crossed continents and through all weather, he walked on.

The road he paved is still lit—for humanity, and for peace.

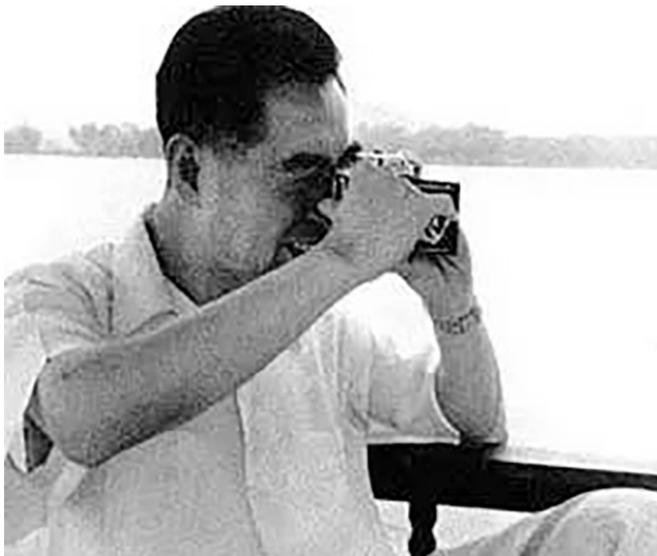
Annotation:

*He chose peace calling, the highest strategy
He endured slights and struggles —
not with resentment, but with love.*

*His smile carried the weight of history, and the warmth of hope.
Even opposing nations bowed to his sincerity.*

*He made no distinction between friend and former foe.
He believed in people.*

He lit the road we walk today.





Memory: 50th Anniversary Video

A two-minute video, dedicated to China's peacemaker -- diplomat, dancer, United Nations flags at half-staff in his honor, the people who mourned his passing.

[Click here to play.](#)





This memory shared with the greatest respect
by the Zhou Enlai Peace Institute

international organization dedicated to the culture of peace
exemplified by the former Premier and his family

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