

Marie Ang, Washington, D.C., 1968



There are several events in my life's journey of the past 40-plus years that come to mind, which I would like to share, but I have chosen the following two events or situations in which I felt the love and power of God at work.

In the fall of 1966, my cousin, Linna Miller (Rapkins), and I were living and teaching in Fairfax County, Virginia. We had spent the summer traveling with a youth-hostel group to Japan, and when given some free time, I made plans to go to Korea for three days to meet a 10-year-old girl living in an orphanage that I was sponsoring through the Christian Children's Fund. There were very few tourists going to Korea at that time, as it was still recovering from the war years, but I fell in love with the country and found myself in tears as we took off from the airport, a part of me wanting to stay there.

After returning to the States and resuming my teaching role, I saw an ad in the paper that the Little Angels from Korea were performing in Washington, D.C., and I talked Linna into going with me to the performance, which we found delightful. Then, later that year, Linna talked me into going with her to a reunion of Church-of-the-Brethren volunteers who had served in Europe. The reunion was held on a weekend in the Dumbarton Oaks Methodist Church in Georgetown. On the last day there, a young man wandered in, and I noticed he was speaking to Linna. She was busy, so he came over to me and told me he belonged to a group of people who were wanting to restore the Garden of Eden and be able to live as one family, perhaps even being able to communicate through ESP... at least that was way I understood it! I took his card and stuck it in my wallet and shared with Linna on the way home what he had said. His name was Gordon Ross,

and on the card it said the name of the group was the “Movement for the New Ideal.”

A year went by. It was the 1960s, when New-Age movements were sprouting up. Linna had become interested in ESP, and I was reading Jeanne Dixon’s book, *The Gift of Prophecy*, wherein she foretold of a person who was born who would unite the religions and bring about one world of peace. Although Linna and I were attending church, we wanted to look for something new and different. I recalled the conversation I had with Gordon in Georgetown, looked in my wallet and found his card! We called to see if they had a service we could attend. A lady’s voice with a slight accent (Miss Young Oon Kim) said there was one that evening and invited us to come. We drove to 1907 “S” Street, which seemed a little dark and spooky. Linna said if there was a parking space in front of the house, it would be a sign we should go in. There was.

We attended a service with a small group of people, with three Koreans sitting in the front row. After the service, I eagerly introduced myself to them, to tell them how much I loved my trip to Korea. Those three individuals were Miss Young Oon Kim, Col. Bo Hi Pak, and Col. Sang Kil

Han. We were invited to come to hear a lecture at the center, which began our introduction to the Divine Principle. We returned weekly to hear the lectures given by Rebecca Boyd (Salonen). I was fascinated by the parallels in history, and really loved the thought that Jesus was to marry. The explanation of the Holy Spirit as the female counterpart to Jesus...it all seemed to fit. When, after about six weeks we heard the conclusion, we were struck by the fact that the Messiah was here! Becky invited us to stay for dinner, but we had made plans to attend an opera that night. During the performance, though, all we could think about was that the Messiah was on earth and the people in the opera house didn’t know it!

However, the excitement faded away. After a few weeks, we received

a call to come and study more, which we did over the course of the next few months. However, I had made plans to go to Europe during the summer, and while there, I received the news that Linna had joined the Unified Family. I was really surprised.

During the fall of that year, 1967, Linna spent most of her time at the center. I was still struggling, resisting becoming involved, though I was being drawn to them and would go with them on weekends to Dupont Circle to sing and witness.

At one point during January 1968, I was really upset. Somehow, Philip Burley, who was the national president and director of the center, told me I should come and live with them for two weeks, then make a decision whether or not to join. The end of the two weeks happened to be True Parents' birthday, although at that time they were referred to as "Master, or leader, and his wife." Miss Kim gave her testimony, which really moved my heart, after which there was unison prayer. During that prayer, I felt this energy moving throughout the room through all the brothers and sisters. I knew I was feeling the presence of God, and I, tearfully, joined the prayer. I had been brought up in a Christian home, attended our church-related college, and attended church, but I never felt the reality of God as I did in this prayer service.

The next day we had a cake and celebrated True Parents' birthday with members coming from New York. In the afternoon, Miss Kim took most of the members to see a house at 1611 Upshur Street, the former Libyan embassy that was for sale. A couple of sisters and I stayed back, and during that time, I filled out a membership form. I felt like I was joining a nunnery, but so relieved I couldn't stop smiling. I sat down at the piano, played and sang with a couple of sisters, "Born Free"! From then on, every free moment from my teaching position in nearby Vienna, Virginia, was spent at the Center, studying the Principle and joining in all the activities. I'm so thankful to Heavenly Father and all those precious brothers and sisters who patiently led me to accept the truth and come to know our True Parents.

The other experience which I would like to share was in 1972 when I was serving as an Itinerant Worker to assist pioneers in the Plains states just after Father had sent out a pioneer to each state. I had left our two-year-old son, David, in Berkeley with Shirley Stadelhofer, who had volunteered to care for him. At one point, while traveling from one rather lonely pioneer center to another, I became very homesick to see David. Then I had a dream that True Father visited Berkeley, and as Shirley was standing in the crowd with David, True Father came over to her and took David in his arms with a big smile. That really comforted my heart. I wrote Shirley about my dream.

A few weeks later, I received a letter from Shirley, saying that my dream had come true! True Father had visited the Bay Area family, and at some point, he came over to Shirley, who was holding David, spoke to him a little, and gave him a monetary gift. I cried in gratitude when I read her letter, and was able to fully give my heart and energy to my mission as a “mother” to the lonely pioneers. From that time on, I knew that True Father understood the hearts of the IWs as we traveled from state to state.