

*Diana Weber,  
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In the fall of 1967 I met the Unification Church in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Sang Ik Choi (Papasan and Mamasan) were the center leaders, and they took very good care of us. I was a freshman at San Francisco State College studying music (I played the violin). After just two months of classes I met a nice young man, Clint Sterry, at a bus stop while I was leaving campus to go home. Clint would soon become my spiritual father.

I listened to one lecture at a time over the course of about two weeks. I was impressed that the Divine Principle explained the existence of God with scientific reason and taught about the heart of God as that of a parent. It embraced all religions, clarified the fall of man and Jesus' mission, and even explained the interaction between the spirit world and the physical world. It all made so much sense! What could I say except that I wanted to join. Then the question was when? I wasn't in any hurry – I thought maybe during the summer after classes were over – then I'd have more time. They said I absolutely needed to move in before January 1, 1968 – we were going to celebrate God's Day, and I needed to be part of it. They said that I would understand later why it was so important but for now I just had to trust them. (That seemed to be a repeated message that got me through many tough times in my life of faith – “trust now and you will understand later.”) Fortunately, I did, and I had the honor of joining during True Parents' first seven-year course.

I was one of the first Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP) members. My first days in the center included going to classes, studying, helping to witness on campus (or in the

Haight Ashbury area), coming home, taking care of evening guests, and then sewing holy robes for the first God's Day. I remember that we would have to take a shower and then go to the prayer room before we were allowed into the sewing room to help with the robes. It was a special time, and I will never forget it.

At that time, we called True Father, "Master" (which is how *Seung-Sang Nim* was translated back then). We read precious copies of "Master Speaks" that were printed out. We didn't own any businesses or workshop sites. We didn't hold big conferences for important people. We had no personal money, and no one we talked to knew who Father was! It was a very different time. We had a long way to go ahead of us. I never thought restoration would happen quickly. After about six months in the church, I wrote a song that expressed how I felt at that time. It's called "Move Forward." It starts out saying "Move forward, keep going, we've got a long, long way to go. We must have faith, we must be strong, we've got a long, long way to go." We've certainly come a long way since then, but we still have a long way to go!