

# Blessing Quarterly



Theme: Homeward Bound  
Autumn 1991 — Winter 1992

---

## CREDITS

Publisher  
Editorial

Blessed Family Department / HSA-UWC

Nora M. Spurgin

Annie Iparraguirre

Linna Rapkins

Jonathan Gullery

William Repke

Children's Section Editorial  
Production  
Distribution

---

# Blessing Quarterly

AN EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL  
FOR THE BLESSED FAMILIES OF  
THE UNIFICATION MOVEMENT

Theme: Homeward Bound  
Autumn 1991 — Winter 1992

## EDITOR'S MESSAGE

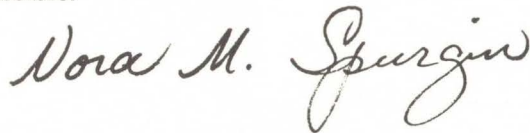
... this is a double issue. Due to the many changes taking place in the church worldwide, we decided to combine the Autumn 1991 and Winter 1992 magazines into one large issue.

As this issue goes to press, our True Father is accomplishing a long-awaited and cherished goal — to visit his hometown in North Korea, along with all its providential implications.

The changes in the church are, in the short run, challenging — and maybe a little threatening — but in the long run, liberating. To see a church make such revolutionary changes even within the founder's lifetime is such a sociological feat that it's almost unbelievable. Through all the changes, I have felt so much more deeply what Unification Church membership is all about: We are here to bring God's truth to all mankind — not necessarily to make Unification Church members! To worry about what is going to happen to the church is external.

As tribal messiahs, we are the embodiment of the Truth, wherever we go. We take the "church within" with us. To share the truth by "being the truth," rather than "members of the Unification Church," — is so much more natural, effective and meaningful.

As Blessing Quarterly editorial and publishing staff, we want to wish our members well as we all find in our "home" a "church". Since I will be moving from the New York area, the Blessing Quarterly will continue under new editorship. My many thanks to all contributors and subscribers who make this publication possible.



Nora Spurgin

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>Hometown</b> .....	6	<b>Hidden Treasure</b> .....	81
<i>Reverend Sun Myung Moon</i>		<i>Grace Sasaki</i>	
<b>Rev. Zin Moon Kim Speaks at Family Camp</b> .....	19	<b>The Holy Grounds in the United States Blessed in 1965</b> .....	86
<b>Testimony</b> .....	28	<b>CHILDREN'S SECTION</b>	
<i>Mrs. Bong Ae Park</i>		<b>The Time of America's Visitation Part I</b> .....	93
<b>Merits of the Providential Time</b> .....	50	<b>Part II</b> .....	111
<i>Hidenori Yagasaki</i>		<b>Circle of Love</b> .....	123
<b>Personal Reflections on the Hometown Experience</b> .....	56	<i>Creating New Music at East Garden</i>	
<i>Rev. James Baughman</i>		<i>M.J. Yasuko Tashiro</i>	
<i>Farley Jones</i>		<b>Parents Have an Influence</b> .....	126
<i>Alice Boutte</i>		<i>Alice Boutte</i>	
<i>Joy Pople</i>		<b>Shimjung Experiences: What the Children Teach Us</b> .....	130
<i>Sandra Schuhart</i>		<i>Sharon Goodman</i>	
<i>Richard Karnowski</i>		<b>Resources for Parents</b> ...	134
<i>Clare Yasutake</i>		<b>Moses to Preteens</b> .....	136
<i>Jan Ota</i>		<b>New Babies</b> .....	139
<b>One Prayer Which Can Revolutionize Your Life</b> .....	70		
<i>Donna Ferrantello</i>			
<b>On Homebirth, Motherhood, Companionship and Spirituality</b> .....	74		
<i>Nancy Callahan Hanna</i>			

## HOMETOWN

*This speech was given by Reverend Sun Myung Moon on February 12, 1989, Chongpadong, Seoul, Korea*

As I think back to when I was young I remember I was very curious about my country and the eight provinces of Korea. I thought Korea was ideal when I looked at pictures of the country but I also felt there was a lot of suffering. It was hard for people in the villages to make a living. The more difficult the environment, the more effort is needed to make a good living. It is difficult to carve out a living in a place where there are mountains and rocks and not much fertile land. Man's external environment is given to him. He cannot choose it.

On the internal level, in history there are many factors which make it difficult for a people to preserve their identity without being swallowed up by enemy cultures. If we can see how difficult it is for a physical nation to survive and maintain its identity, how much harder must it be for a people who live by religion in the spiritual realm to survive. To find identity and place in the spiritual realm, a man must invest even more.

A nation must go through difficulties to find its true home. For an individual, it is much more difficult to find his true home in the spiritual world. A person's true home is in the spiritual world with God.

Man has body and mind. Can the hometown of your body and mind be different? Where is your mind or heart's hometown? Where is the place it wants to find permanent rest?



Father left his physical hometown many decades ago. He has lived in many prisons. But when he saw the sunlight come through the prison bars it was the same sunlight in Japan, America or Korea and he always felt great joy. In prison he met his enemies. In Japan, he met Japanese people and thought, "Even though they are my enemies, they are close to me." Through his prison experiences Father learned to love the people of that nation.

Where is hometown? It is where our parents are. Parents can give so much. If you are sad, parents can give you comfort; if you are happy, you can share your happiness with them.

Your relationship to your parents is an eternal one. We always long for eternal and unchanging relationships. Our relationship to our parents is unchanging wherever we go. The true companions of our heart are our parents. We are longing for a partner who does not change his or her loyalty to us. For me, this point is with my parents; for them, it is their parents and so on. If we follow the line back, we come to the ancestor of mankind. Whom does the ancestor of mankind relate to? To God. Our longing to return to our hometown, the homesickness we all feel, is related to that original root.

As we grow and go through education from kindergarten to university, it seems we go further away from our hometown, from that beginning point. But the further we go the more lonely we become and the more we long, perhaps unconsciously, to return to that beginning. Our memories from high school are usually fonder than those of university, and so it goes back. Our fondest memories are when we went holding our parent's hand and met our kindergarten teacher for the first time.

The animals have extremely strong maternal

instincts. In my hometown the magpies built their nests very cleverly. It seemed as if they knew ahead of time what the weather that year would be. They seemed to know if there were going to be many storms that year. They built their nests according to how the weather was going to be. The birds put so much energy into making their nests just to protect their babies. Every day I went to see them. At first, they protested but later they seemed to be glad to see me.

Nature is like a textbook. The memories I have of studying nature in my hometown are unforgettable. I caught so many frogs, big ones and small ones and studied them. I made a pond at home and brought them there. But sometimes in the morning they died. I felt so sad and said to the frog, "Your mother will be so sad. Why did you die? You shouldn't have done that."



In spring the mountains were full of flowers. It was so beautiful. Just sitting against a tree in the mountains in spring, dozing, was an unforgettable memory. The basic things we learn are in our hometown. As a child you played and fell down and your nose bled and

---

you came home and got told off by your mother. Then she would wipe your nose and comfort you. When my mother comforted me and I said, "Thank you, mother," it was a great feeling. I could feel that she was proud of me.

---

*I can see now that the things I learned with my family and my relatives and neighbors gave me the education and strength to build up the Unification movement.*

---

I had many brothers and sisters and lots of relatives. We had many beautiful customs. For example, when one relative married and brought his bride to the village, for many days the family members would take turns according to their closeness to the relative to give feasts. So for many days I could go around without feeling hungry. The hospitality and happiness people displayed was beautiful.

When my mother sent one of her daughters to marry, it was like a thief stole the daughter. She would cry for days before she had to send her daughter away to join her husband's family. It was as if she were losing her daughter forever. Today's Unification Church parents have it good. You can be reassured about letting daughters go with the husband that Father chooses. Another thing I cannot forget is watching my mother working. She worked so hard her legs swelled. When I grabbed her legs I could feel how swollen they were. When I pressed my hands against her leg the mark remained for a long time. But she still kept on running around. I was deeply moved by her devotion.

In your hometown you learn the basic things of life, how to put on your clothes and so on. I remember when my mother scolded me, for example, when I climbed up a tree. Once she hit me very hard but afterwards she cried and

---

said to my brothers and sisters she was sorry. But I think she did well. I think when parents hit you they feel even more hurt than the child. These incidents of being spanked or hurting yourself become strong, fond memories and make you feel so sentimental about your childhood.

I can see now that the things I learned with my family and my relatives and neighbors gave me the education and strength to build up the Unification movement. You cannot imagine how much I long to return to my hometown. This desire was very strong in me even from very early on when I went to school in Seoul. In my first summer vacation I naturally longed to go home but I didn't. I denied the longing and purposely did not go home.

All of us have so many childhood memories. We long to go home. In the spiritual world we will need a museum exhibiting the places we loved. It's a beautiful experience to return to a place you loved long ago and find it the same — to find a tree as you remembered it.

We have to preserve the things that remind us of our past. In the Unification Church, too, we must do the same. Would it be better for you if we preserve the original church building or tear it down and build a new one? Which would give you more pleasure? You would be happy to find things as they were when the movement began. Would you like to go to my hometown? But I won't let you go. If you still want to go, then I'll let you. You have to have such a strong desire. Why don't we have a church museum? We have to make a museum that shows the history of the church from the beginning. Don't you think God Himself would like to visit such a museum?

Our hometown is the place where we can find the center of the foundation of our life. Why is that? Because our parents are there

---

and their eternal, unchanging love is there. What about orphans who have no physical hometown? We should not pity them so much. Their hometown is where their fond memories begin. When they are blessed, they find the partner who loves them and their life can begin.

---

*The love of parents is at the root of your love for your nation and the world. When you really love your country it is like loving your parents and brothers and sisters.*

---

When I was in school I never ate lunch. I felt I couldn't because there were so many who couldn't afford it. At that time I was teaching Sunday school in Sobingodong in Seoul where they used to have ice houses for the collection of ice from the Han river. (Sobingo means "east ice house.") In those days when I was a high-school student teaching Sunday school, my speeches were much more interesting than now. When I cried in front of them, they cried, and when I said something funny, they exploded in laughter.

I didn't eat lunch but brought food to the poor people in order to share their suffering. I didn't return to my hometown in order that I could share the loneliness of people and of God.

When you leave your hometown, like Father went to Seoul, it is like going into exile. It was the same when Father went from Seoul to America. What about when you go to the spiritual world? Why is it that even in the spiritual world people feel that their home is still that tiny spot on the earth? It is because of their parents. The love of parents is at the root of your love for your nation and the world. When you really love your country it is like loving

your parents and brothers and sisters.

The ideal world is where everybody is at home, where the world is your hometown. The world of heart is the world of your parents. All the people who have developed the heart of parents make up the ideal world. In the spiritual realm, a world where there is no nationality is forming. Here we still have France, Germany, England and the different nations. But in the spiritual world, in the world of the heart of the parents, there is no longer nationality like that. People are welcomed as if they are all members of one family.

The lesson we can learn from the fond memories of our hometown is that the fond memories are where there is love. Because man is born from love, the place where we meet love for the first time is where we are happy.

If you are a member of the Unification Church you have to live like Father. This year alone we have spent hundreds of millions of *won* for the benefit of the Korean people. It cost a great deal to send the Korean professors to America. Now they want us to send school principals. Who will pay for it? President Kim, will you sell your house if necessary to send these people to America? Everybody in the church who lives at the expense of the church and gives nothing will have no place to stand. You have to give more than you take. I have come not to leave debt behind, but to leave debtors. Maybe you have not experienced this, but when you come out and proclaim, "I have come to make debtors of love, to give the love of True Parents," and declare it in front of his-

---

*The world of heart is the world of your parents. All the people who have developed the heart of parents make up the ideal world.*

---

tory and mankind, the response from the spiritual world will be, "Amen! Amen!"

Don't you think the person who has invested everything and has gone through all kinds of hardship, not allowing himself peaceful sleep throughout his life for the sake of establishing true love, will be welcomed by all the spiritual world?

You know how difficult it is to support a wife and children. But because they are your loved ones, you forget the difficulties and you are happy. In the same way if you can save one person by your effort and suffering you feel so worthwhile that you forget the troubles. If one husband, through his dedication and sacrifice, can bring salvation to his wife, liberate her from misery and sin, wouldn't he be glad to do it?

The longing of our original heart for our hometown is actually a longing for a universal hometown where all the directions of the universe are represented in a three-dimensional way. This home is at the center of true love. The mission of our life is to find and go to this universal hometown.

Even when you think back to your childhood home and the friends you wrestled and fought with and who made your nose bleed, you still long for them even though they were your enemies at the time. You have no feelings of animosity, but rather you long to be with them. When Father went to prison in America he was actually longing for the prison in Korea. He felt tremendous love for the people who had put him in prison in Korea. He felt that prison is not a place of misery. It is a place where you can learn to love your enemy. Going to prison, Father felt he could understand Jesus who was able to love his enemy. It is a heavenly principle for us to want to go to our hometown, the universal hometown where

you can live together with God. Throughout our whole life we are marching to find the eternal parent who can give us our eternal hometown. Let us pray.

Father prays: *Father, we have to understand that our life is a way of returning to our hometown. It is a course of returning to the hometown of our hearts. We know, Father, when we are investing more of our effort into returning to the spiritual home of our heart to establish a spiritual home for mankind beyond any national boundaries, beyond any narrow borders, we know Your blessing is with us to a much greater degree than if we had just concentrated on our physical and national hometown. Father, please help the members of the Unification Church to become people who can, without any feeling of shame, go the way to establish the home for all mankind, the home for the original mind. Father, please make them strong and courageous on this way, that they may become your proud sons and daughters. All of this we pray in the name of the True Parents. Amen.*

*(The following excerpts are from The Tribal Messiah, which Father gave on February 5, 1989 at Chongpadong, Seoul, Korea. — Ed.)*

The providence of the tribal messiah could only be established after Father had sacrificed the family and tribe for the nation and world. Three years ago, after Father had paid indemnity for 40 years, the Moon clan asked Father to be their leader. Since Father became the head of the Moon clan, the tribal messiah providence could start. That is the basis for you to become tribal messiahs. Now is the time for you to go back to your home area to your relatives and family members who have



been sacrificed for the sake of the world. You must ask them with tears for forgiveness for not having loved them during this time and in that way restore them.

When you go to your home area you have to dedicate everything to your relatives to restore them even if you have to sell your house and belongings to hold a party for them. You must win their hearts. In order to establish yourself as a tribal messiah you need to restore three families on the vertical level—your own family, your parents and grandparents — and you need three families on the horizontal level. You have to love your tribe with the heart of love for the nation. If you are in the center, your love has to go in all directions to the extreme end. As you love the world, you must love God; to love the nation, you love the world; you must love the nation to love your tribe. This way it is impossible for Satan to take any part away. Your love for your partner and children has to equal your love for the nation, the world and God. If your love for your partner is not connected to God through all the levels, then Satan can invade and take away that love.

The mission of the tribal messiah is to set up the foundation for all the world to be adopted into the tribes. Father has paid worldwide indemnity conditions for the worldwide blessing to come into Korea. The establishment of tribal messiahs is laying the foundation for the whole world to be adopted into these tribes. When you establish the unity of three generations, you establish the vertical avenue for God to come into the family. Only through true love can God become your personal God. God must become the God of our family and nation and world. Centered on true love you have to break down the walls that have pre-



vented tribal unity in history. Even Jesus could not establish the foundation for tribal unity. You must create the foundation to establish yourself as tribal messiah. From now on, don't expect me to do the work for you. You have to connect yourself to the indemnity of True Parents and fulfill that responsibility yourself.

*(Following are excerpts from The Responsibility of Tribal Messiahship which Father gave at East Garden on May 12, 1991. —Ed.)*

At present, your relatives are registered in a satanic country; your mission is to register your relatives in God's country.

The Blessing represents every position and is the ideal center of love. Everyone will be drawn to that center just as, when a beautiful flower blossoms, the butterflies and bees visit

that plus/minus, collecting the pollen. How can anyone be against you? To deny such a couple would mean denying the original purpose of creation.

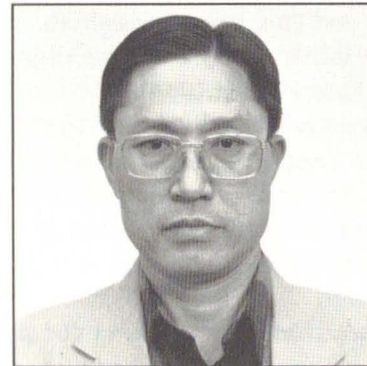
Through fulfilling tribal messiahship, you will find your native county or hometown. Messiahship means you are to become the true ancestor of your native county, which represents the whole world. You must digest Satan completely, making it God's county.

This is the first time we will embark on this purpose, with True Parents as the horizontal center. So spread out horizontally to the four corners of the earth, becoming the central person of your county.

So, children, go back to your hometown! You need a hometown. You need your parents for the completion of Adam's family. Your grandfather, your father, your younger brother, your elder brother were all against you; now, you will be the center of these three generations. You need 120 families. That is home church—360 degrees. When you do that, you are protected completely—Satan can no longer exist. Then it is fulfilled.

## REV. ZIN MOON KIM SPEAKS AT FAMILY CAMP

*EDITOR'S NOTE: On July 21, the families attending Camp Sunrise and seventy children from the Senior Children's Camp gathered to hear Rev. Kim's Sunday Service. Here we share his speech to the children and some of their parents.*



As you know, we do not own this camp. It belongs to the state of New York. Many times when we use facilities, we don't like to take care of them. Children need to learn to take good care of the camp. Also, there is 21 day workshop here now. If you make too much noise, they can't study. We have to think of others all the time. Children usually only think of themselves, but you have to think, "if I am shouting, what kind of feeling will other people have?"

### We Need Heavenly Words

Whenever we hear a heavenly speech, we must think it has the same value as God. If we love God, we need to love heavenly words. Every day, we need to read The Principle or our Father's speech: I tell your parents, "every morning you should get up early, around 5:30, to prepare for morning meeting. Then get the children up and bow together to True Parents. Then the parents should bow to each other." Then, children, you need to bow to your parents and the parents should pray. After this, read Father's speech. All that

think, "how can I send this food to Africa?"

In Zaire, there are around one thousand Blessing candidates. At this point, headquarters has enough money for only about ten people to come to Korea for the Blessing. To make enough money to send all one thousand, they need to fundraise every day for ten years. It is such a poor country. You can fundraise for one week to make enough money for a round trip ticket. We are very rich. They are very poor. Yet we are all fallen people. We enjoy food while they are suffering. I worked there for three years and I know very well that Africans way of thinking is very beautiful. They respect their elders. They don't divorce like Americans. In some parts, of course, they have polygamy. But in America one man can marry many times and keep getting divorced. It's the same as polygamy; it's just that in America, we want to keep only one wife at a time and in Africa, they keep all of them. Honestly speaking, which way do you think is better?

One African tribe leader moved to North Carolina. He had 23 wives. A television station went there to take pictures and do a program. The tribal leader said, "I think you are worse than me. I never kick away anyone but when you are done with one wife, you kick her away." Through

Unification Church, we want to make a heavenly monogamous system. You can't change your husband or wife. Even if they die, you can't change because in the spiritual world, there is your wife or your husband waiting for you to come and join them.

### **A Testimony From Africa**

Through my experience in Africa, I learned so many things. In 1982, I arrived at the Department of Central Africa. They had just completed a 21 day workshop. The missionary sister who gave the graduation speech was crying. She knew that Africa had suffered so much under white people. She said, "I am repenting to you, Africa. If you accept, I am repenting as a representative of all white people and I am repenting for our ancestors." When she was finished, one African man who was 65 years old, stood up and asked to be able to give a response. He was also crying and they embraced each other in tears. Such crying is beautiful. He said, "I need to sit down in the electric chair because I secretly killed one friend. My parents and I were slaves to one family. My daddy had a wild nature. One day they cut off my daddy's arm and he lost so much blood that he died. My mother was so sorrowful, she got sick and died. I became an orphan. One day, my owner told me to make a big pit in the corner of the

yard so he could plant a tree. The pit was very deep. When the owner came to look at it, this black boy pushed the owner in and planted the tree on top of him. Nobody knew where he went. Until now, I never told anyone about this. Today, when I heard this very heartistic repentance, I realized, I must repent, too." He cried and repented.

You can never say one person is better than the other. The Africans are suffering very much materially and we enjoy many things materially. The American population is around 16% of the world population but we are using 60% of the world's natural resources. When there is that kind of imbalance, there cannot be peace. Until African people enjoy good food, world peace will not come.

You need to make a good tradition and make America God's country. When the pilgrim fathers came to America around 400 years ago, they made a really good American tradition. Today, we have made a selfish tradition. When we say "I, my, me" more than "we, our, us", it is not good. Human beings were made by God, resembling God himself.

### **Selfishness Is Unhealthy**

All organizations were created to serve. The best cancer center in America is in Baltimore, The John Hopkins center, but we still don't

have a cure for cancer so the doctors are looking at the spiritual side. They divided the cancer patients into two groups. One group focused only on themselves. When the doctors checked their blood, they saw that the number of cancer cells were increasing. The other group were people who said, "before I die, I must make other people happy." So they tried to help people all the time. In their blood, the number of cancer cells were decreasing. What a wonderful testimony that is! God created human beings to be public. For any one of us, if we live our life selfishly, then we will have physical and emotional problems. To solve emotional problems, try to live life for the sake of others, try to make other people happy, then you can sleep very soundly.

In Korea we have one problem. We get angry easily but it is over quickly. If you get angry for a public purpose, it's okay. Many people get angry for selfish reasons. This is bad for the health.

In San Francisco University a study was done on people who had had heart attacks. It was found that people who had heart attacks were also selfish. Americans often say "my country". It is not my country, it is OUR country. Even sometimes a wife says "my baby" in front of her husband. Who made the baby? It is not my baby, it is our baby.

## Anger

At Drake University in Iowa, the professors wanted to find out why American young people and even elders get angry so quickly. When you watch television, you see that people get angry quickly. Those people who had enough of their grandparent's love do not get angry as easily. Angry people often have parents who dislike taking care of their own parents. Children like grandparents very much. If you love your children, you need to let your children contact old people many times. If your father is already in the spiritual world, then



sometimes you need to bring your children to the grave. Also, take them to the senior citizen home and let them play together with the senior citizens all day. Children need old peoples' love, not just young peoples' love. Old people have adjusted to social life and are more slow to anger. If children are angry, it's okay but when adults get angry it is a problem. When they become teenagers, it becomes a problem. When children get angry, they may be fighting now and one hour later, they are peaceful. This is not anger. They are just growing up. When chil-

dren are fighting with each other, shouting at each other and scratching each other, it is not really a problem. But adults who scratch each other is a big problem.

## Understand God's Sorrow

When we sing, we should make people understand about Heavenly Father's sorrowful heart. People think it is impossible because songs should be happy. This is the wrong idea. Songs should express both sorrow and happiness. In the other countries, songs are both sorrowful and happy. God

has a sorrowful heart. We need to console God's heart with sorrowful songs. Even Holy Songs are sorrowful. They are not meant to always be sung with enthusiasm. If you don't understand other people's sorrowfulness, including God and True Parents, you limit your ability to understand both sorrowfulness and happiness. Through music, you can make people cry! When we understand God's sorrowful, suffering situation, we become sorrowful and cry. This is real music.

Even I am influenced by western ways of thinking. When I was in

Korea and Africa, many times I cried when I prayed, but in America, it is more difficult to cry when I pray. We need to understand God and True Parents sorrowful, suffering heart's as if it were our own.

Even in Korea now, young people don't know about music. Even when they sing a song which has very sorrowful content, they are smiling when they sing. Sorrowful songs should be sung with a sorrowful face. Fearful songs must be sung with fearful gestures.

## Read *The Principle*

True Parents are sleeping only two or three hours a night in order to take care of fallen people. How long do you sleep? I think you sleep many times a day. If you are not like True Parents, you are not true Moonies. These are difficult words for you to understand. One thing is very clear. You, the second generation, are the hope of the Unification movement. If you have a problem, Unification Church will have a problem.

I have four children; they are all grown up. The first one is 22 years old. The second one is 21 years old, the third is 18 and the fourth is 15. When they were in elementary school, I gave them one special instruction. You must read *The Principle* 70 times before you go to University. Parents, you must push your children to read *The Principle*. In the beginning,

they can not understand; just read it and then read it again. Without *The Principle*, the human being has no value.

## Dress Correctly

In New York last night, one of my members came to see me before she went fundraising. She was wearing very short pants. I told her to go home and change before she went fundraising and wear pants that covered all of her skin. You have to take care of your skin. Also, I said, if you go there and show your skin to other people, they may hurt you. You do not need to show your skin to other people. When sun and wind are always touching your skin, they will damage it.

## Teaching Responsibility

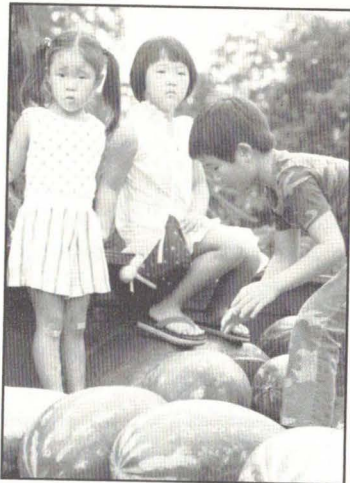
My last point is about freedom and responsibility. When we like freedom, we must like responsibility too. From a small baby, we must teach children to take responsibility before they enjoy freedom. If we do, then they will not have problems later in the fallen world. When a child is one

---

*I have four children; when they were in elementary school, I gave them one special instruction. You must read The Principle 70 times before you go to University.*

---

year old, if you go to their room, you will see toys everywhere. It is okay., but at the end of the day, the parents need to go to child and say together, "let's put all your toys together in one box and put it in the corner of the room." Eventually, the children will do it by themselves. It is a small responsibility. A small person can do a small responsibility. Often, in front of the door there are many shoes. Children can arrange the shoes. You need to tell your children to arrange the shoes. If they follow, you need to embrace and kiss them. If they don't follow your request, you need to shout! Sometimes shouting doesn't work because our children are very stubborn. Daddy and Mommy are stubborn so the children are "stubborn squared"! If you scold them but they don't follow, then you need to take them to the basement and spank them. Usually, if you scold they will follow. Spanking is the last resort. If the parents are good people, just scolding should bring them around. If the parents have difficulties, then the children will follow the parents example. Everything depends on Daddy and Mommy. Children can be influenced by parents more than 90%.



When God created human beings, what did God give them first? Freedom or responsibility? When you read the first book of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, you will see that God gave responsibility first. "Don't eat the fruit." That was the first responsibility. Father never said, "please, my kids, enjoy your freedom." It means, "if you do your responsibility, you will enjoy many things which I prepared for you." So we must lead our children to understand responsibility first, not freedom. If you don't teach responsibility, then the children can't enjoy freedom. So children, you should take responsibility much, much more than freedom. Then God will give freedoms to you. When you go back home, you need to arrange the shoes in front of the door, you need to clean in your home, you need to help your parents.

### Weed Out The Satans

Parents must teach the children to be good, upstanding people. This country is full of Satan. If you look at a movie, you can always see Satan. But these movies are running all the time. You should kiss only your parents

and your spouse, nobody else. But in America, you can kiss everyone. Now, AIDS is a big problem. Father said AIDS is a providential disease. Some small children have problems because one of their parents has a sex problem. So they have AIDS. Did God give Adam two or three ladies? No, God gave Adam only one lady. To Eve, God gave only one man, Adam. It means we need only one wife, one husband. One woman having many men and one man having many women, or two men or two women is not natural. Eighty percent of the AIDS problem belongs to those groups. So children, when you are watching television and a scene about sex comes on, turn off the T.V. You don't need to see those kinds of things. It is psychologically bad for your growing up. Sex is a God given ability. you don't need to practice.

You have one responsibility. Don't follow people with sexual problems. Especially girls, you

must dress very carefully. If you wear very sexy clothes, you will be bothered by outside people. You must be very careful. You are special children. You have to be very careful in taking care of yourself.

### Learn To Help Your Parents

You need to feel responsibility more than freedom. How can I help my daddy and mommy? How can I keep my house clean? You can do many things. It is not a hard job. Even when you wake up in the morning time, you need to make your bed. It just takes one minute. I checked the brothers and sisters rooms and they are very messy. It means we still have some bad character. Before enjoying freedom, we must think how to do our responsibility first. This is a very big subject. Anyone who is doing his responsibility can be a good person. Selfish people do not like responsibility. We need to raise our children with responsibility.

## SUNDAY SERVICE AT BELVEDERE — TESTIMONY BY MRS. BONG AE PARK

July 7, 1991

Translated by Col. Han

*Translator's note:*

*Mrs. Bong Ae Park was born in Chin Ju, Korea on September 12, 1908 she joined the church in 1955. By hearing testimonies of our elder members, we can understand how the dispensation started and took shape. It is a precious opportunity to have her tell us about the early church in Korea, because she was one of several persons of high-ranking position in the government. Her affiliation with the church was very helpful when the church was undergoing terrible persecution. She was an executive member of the Korean Women's Association and was instrumental in maintaining this organization. There was no organization, especially women's organizations, which she could not speak to as a strong and powerful proponent of government and civilian activities.*

I'm very happy to see you. Even if I speak just one hour for each ten years of my eighty year career, it will take eight hours, so I will only give the highlights in a few hours. I will divide the talk before and after 1945, the end of World War II.

Before 1945, I taught in Ching Young High School and Ehwa University for more than ten years. After Korea was liberated, I was involved in women's activities for ten years. I fled to Pusan in 1950 and came back to Seoul. I met a colleague, a former woman professor in Ehwa University. Her name was Sun Wha Kim, the mother of Young Whi Kim, who was president of the Korean church for a long time. She told me there was a young man who interprets the Old and New Testament in a way that no one has ever done. "It's incredible. Would you like to go to listen to him?" This was the first time I visited Unification Church. It was February 22, 1955.

For three days, I listened to Divine Principle, morning, noon

and evening. From the "Principle of Creation" to the "Second Advent," I listened very intensely. The late Hyo Won Eu, the first president of H.S.A. and his wife, Mrs. Gil Ja Sa, asked me to stay one more day. I had already listened to a lot; "What more could there be?" I thought. It was about the imminent coming of the Christ himself, how he would come, how blessed the soil of Korea was, and what bless-

ing Korea will share along with the rest of the world and mankind — things you could only dream and fantasize about.

I had decided by then that this is truly fantastic — hard to believe, but true. I decided to dedicate myself to this religious movement in order to serve my country. I joined immediately and felt like I was floating. Only one thing mattered — the Divine Principle and God and His work.

### Political Work for God's Sake

At this time after the war, the political party system in Korea was very inexperienced and corrupt. I wondered how I could help.

Mrs. Soong Chun Pak, head of the Korean Women's Association, came to me and suggested that I join an opposition party. I said, "No, I will only dedicate myself to a religious movement. Anything else, I don't want to join." But she persuaded me strongly and I joined an opposition group. I worked with many very important people and the opposition party became very strong, threaten-



ing the incumbent liberal party. At that time the parliament members of the opposition party had to organize a whole new party and campaign against a very strong incumbent party. In addition, they had to win seats in the Congress. It was a very difficult, almost impossible task.

The liberal party used muscle power, political power and money to lead the polls in their direction. I was then in my forties (at the height of my energy) fighting against this party. I said that Korea's president, Syngman Rhee, was not above the law; the president, himself, has to be under the law. My party started to fight

squarely against this liberal party. This newly formed party was the democratic party.

There had been just one party and now a strong new party was emerging. People recognized my influence and many, many people wanted me to run for a seat in Congress. I would have been elected, no problem, but I declined, saying that my work is God, not politics. I made it very clear that the reason I joined that political party was to meet many capable people. I did not join for politics. At that time, many congressmen, members of parliament and professors came to the Unification Church. As you may easily guess, there were many trials and tribulations. It was not an easy path to join Unification Church and uphold it. One by one, they changed their color and faded away. Among them, one prominent person, the minister of the treasury, who had been the ambassador to Japan, donated, out of his five-million-won budget, 500,000 won. He took that off up front and donated it to the Unification Church. He was so confident he would be elected because Father was behind him and I was working to get him elected. But when the results came in, he had lost. So that man, Young Sun Kim, once very promising, lost. Then Young Sun Kim joined a powerful Catholic leader named Sun Myung who was inter-

nationally known. This upset me very much. I protested very strongly. "What integrity is this? Why do you have to go back to two thousand years ago?" But that was the end of his spiritual life and we never heard of him again.

### Persecution

Many things were happening very fast. Father was imprisoned in a South Korean prison and there was the Ehwa University incident. In spite of freedom of religion, the school demanded that people choose between religion or the school. These were big, big happenings in the Unification Church and I was kept very busy. I would like to spend some time telling you about each big happening, but it is my pain that this is impossible. The Ehwa University incident alone would take hours. Even then, it was a social problem. Everyone, even a child would know that the school was doing something wrong, but with the power of the presidency behind it, it simply was overruled. This became a big social problem but there was no way to fight against such power. There were 50 students who said, "I will fight against this to death." But their parents said, "The school says 'If you just bend your rules, you can graduate,' then you can join the Unification Church. Just deny the Church for one year and then you can join later." This was the tactic



**Officials of the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency  
visiting the Pusan branch of Ehwa Women's University  
in May, 1952.**

of the parents and school. Of course no student who took this course ever joined the Church, as you can imagine. One by one, they retreated and finally, only 14 members stood faithful to the end. Even though they had a half year or one year remaining at the university, they would not yield, were expelled from the University and joined the Church.

I can clearly see that God closed the door on everyone but those 14 who joined at that time and who now serve in central activities of the Unification Church. Many of them became members of the 36

Blessed Couples.

Years after Ehwa University expelled the students unjustly, my own daughter (a student in Ehwa High School) was persecuted for being a member of Unification Church. Virtually every professor talked to her and tried to dissuade her from being in the Unification Church. They said she will have no future in the society and may even be expelled from school. She never succumbed to that. I was asked to come to the University for my daughter and face the faculty of the school. I went and met the president. I walked into

the school and said, "You are a busy person and I am a busy person, too, so we don't have much time to spend on this." I asked pointedly, "under what university or high school clause would you expel my daughter from school? If you are going to expel her from the school, I will let all Korea know about this. What are your grounds for expelling her?" It turns out that the school did not know that I was the mother of that student. Only the student's father's name was on the student card and his name was not well known. The school changed once they recognized the student's mother because they knew that I had great political influence. So they offered to make a compromise with me. "We will transfer your daughter to a better school. Would she not resign from the school and go elsewhere?" The school could not expel her. But the school did everything but that. I decided to fight against Ehwa High School as I hadn't been able to fight against Ehwa University.

Before teaching class, every teacher would talk negatively about the Unification Church. My daughter had to go through this ordeal. She was an excellent student. She was the head of the class. In the last year or two before her graduation, her grades came down to 70% and she was much harassed, but she hung in there and graduated. When she

graduated, she reported to Father; he said it was very good that she fought back. Then we felt better that we had gotten at least that much of a victory.

### Women Had No Rights

There was a women's movement but all the laws in Korea were remnants of the Japanese occupation laws. There were no rights for women except to vote. Even when a man died, the woman could not be head of the family. Today she is, but not then. When the husband died, all the property went to the sons rather than to the wife or any of the daughters. If the husband took another wife, the woman had no right to appeal that.

Two candidates ran for the Congress to promote women's rights. Although many people supported them, in such an environment no one was elected. I thought I would be elected, but I did not make it. The government was so powerful. Then in 1950, the Korean war came and the North Koreans arrested all of the previous political candidates including me and declared us reactionary. We were arrested, imprisoned, and persecuted. There were two communist soldiers with guns, one on the right and one on the left, as I walked 20 miles from Seoul to U Jung Bu. When I got to U Jung Bu, there were 2800 prisoners there — all men. They were going

to put me into prison but since I was the only woman, they isolated me in a single room. They were going through a trial. All day long, they did not say a word to me. At the end of the day, they asked me one question. "Why did you run for parliament?" I answered, "I don't know about North Korea, maybe equality between men and women is already accomplished. In South Korea, women have no rights. I ran for parliament to promote the power of women and the rights of women." "How much money did you spend," the man asked me and

---

*...I felt the great power and protection of God who had spared me. I promised, "God, I will live for the rest of my life for Your cause; this is my extra life. I realize that my life should have ended here but You had a reason to spare me and I will live for Your sake from this point on." Even to this day, I keep that promise.*

---

I said "300,000 won". He said, "You should have spent 3,000,000 won. Then you would have been elected. That was too little money." He told me that on August 18, on the day of the general election, "I absolutely guarantee that a person such as you will be elected." It turns out that this was the day the war ended. Then

he asked me if I had a place to stay that night? I said "No" since it was a totally new town. I asked, "What are you going to do with me tomorrow?" They said, "You can go home tomorrow." I could go home the next day but they were worried about me for that night. They were doing a big favor for me. There was no other person whom the communists treated like that. I was arrested and released the next day without being harmed. That was absolutely unprecedented. I was the only person at that point arrested by communists and not by mistake, with good reason, yet I was released the next day. Almost all of the 2800 other prisoners at that time were killed. Then I felt the great power and protection of God who had spared me. I promised, "God, I will live for the rest of my life for Your cause; this is my extra life. I realize that my life should have ended here but You had a reason to spare me and I will live for Your sake from this point on." Even to this day, I keep that promise.

After that time, I gave up all the ties to my family, friends, society, and all the relationships I had. I had no desire to leave Unification Church. This was my home. Where would I go? Every day I felt grateful to God. This was the family that God provided and I was grateful. Even though other people did not act that way, I always felt free and excited and grateful.



Every day I was living the life of excitement.

### Revival Meetings

Then I went into full time activities for the church. Every year for three months, I would go around the nation three times and hold a revival meeting in all the major cities of Korea. Rev. Ahn, who teaches the 40 Day Workshop, Do Whan Kim and myself were a team. I would negotiate with the government and, with their support, we would do nationwide revival meetings in each city. This was before the Unification Church was recognized in Korea. It was the darkest time for the Unification Church. We were not allowed to put up any posters even though the Constitution guarantees freedom of speech. We were not allowed to put up our Unification Church signboard. Persecution was heavy. When we had meetings, very strong people came and disrupted the meeting. Since I spoke directly against the liberal party which was the incumbent party, the government hated me, labeling me the most vicious speaker against the government. They did not encourage the government officials to help or support me.

With that situation, Father told me to go straight to the officials and introduce myself as a member of the Unification Church, say it directly, and get their permission

and support. It was very, very difficult to do this but in complete obedience to Father, I went to all the police stations and printed my own name card and gave it to them and asked for their support. They all had heard my name but had never met me in person, so they invited me in. They would ask, are you THAT Mrs. Park Bong Ae who participated in the election campaign? I answered "Yes". I said, "I spoke too strongly against you. Now, I've corrected my mind and I'm going to make good of it. Now I am in a religious movement." The police chief would say, "If that is your position, then I can help you. What would you like us to do to help?" I would say, "First, let me put up a poster and let me go around town and call the public to come to the meeting with the public address system. This is a small area, so I can call everyone in a couple of hours going around town in a jeep with a PA system." The police chief would agree to this.

"That is what I would like to do, but the Unification Church has no money for a jeep so I will just carry the PA system with me and walk around the town." The police chief would laugh and say, "You do your religious work just like you did your political work, with no money but lots of zeal." So the police chief was happy to help me. Then I asked one other favor. "We're not doing this revival just

in this township. We'll be doing it in the other 14 or 15 townships around here. Please speak to the other people and tell them to give us the same kind of support that you are giving us." Since the police chief had asked if there was anything else he could do, he could not refuse. The police chief called all the other branches and they gave us the same support. So I was able to do the state-wide revival meeting all at the same time. I went in this way from province to province all around the country.

---

*Looking back, I feel it was nothing other than God's power that did it. I had nothing to fear because I had an absolute belief that God was behind me so what should I fear. I forgot to think, I just went in like Father told me.*

---

### Visits To Newspapers

The next instruction Father gave me was to go and visit all the newspapers around the country and have them cover what we do. Whatever meeting the Unification Church does, the newspapers should pick it up and cover that story. It was a nearly impossible task. But God was there and I believed in God. I would call the top man in the newspaper or the second man in charge and when

they agreed to meet me, I would go there. So I met every newspaper head or editing chief. Some newspapers covered our meetings from start to finish. Others just touched on the meeting but every one said something about our revival meetings. I was very strong with all the newspapers. The newspaper heads were used to treating people and especially women on their terms, They would say, "Oh, Mrs. Park, I would very much like to cover your whole meeting if you had told me a month ago or a week ago. But now the newspaper space is limited." I would say, "Don't speak to me like that. Every day there is a fire in the town. Every day there is a burglary in the town. Do you reserve the space for that or do you report about that one month later?" What could the newspaper head say except "Yes, I will do my best." They almost always wrote an article about us.

Looking back, I feel it was nothing other than God's power that did it. I had nothing to fear because I had an absolute belief that God was behind me so what should I fear. I forgot to think, I just went in like Father told me. Then with confidence I could speak. I could set my own time to speak with the newspaper head.

### Visits To Universities

The third instruction Father gave me was to visit all the uni-

versities in Korea and speak directly to the president of the university. "Have them listen to the Divine Principle. If that is not possible, have them send students to our Church to listen to Divine Principle." So I did. I went around to meet all the university heads. That was during summer recess so I could not reach all the students. Instead I talked to all the faculty in all eight provinces. The last one was Pa Wang Do, the mountainous province. In Pa Wang Do, the governor himself came and brought all the high-ranking and famous persons from that province. Usually they rented the public hall, but let us use it this time for free. He listened to the Principle of Creation and was fascinated. Even to this day, he gives us very important support. Our Church leaders can go to that province and give lectures in all the areas of the province.

### **A New Mission**

Every summer and in the winter too, without exception, every Unification Church member would go out witnessing. Every single person, young and old, president and student, everyone went every year. That year I was prepared to go out but, surprisingly, Father told me to remain behind. I thought Father would use me to witness in Seoul instead of the countryside. Then Father told me to join Mrs. Won Pok Choi, serving

the young girl who is now Mother. Mother was engaged to Father at that time. Unexpectedly, Father gave me that new mission. I was over 50 years of age.

Those days were very busy days. I had to wash and clean and run errands. Father's instructions to me were not to use anything that I had used before the day of my new assignment. Everything must be brand-new, even the smallest thing around me. To replace everything, I only had three hours to sleep for many days. HSA never gave me even a penny of money to spend to serve Mother. They said I should be on my own, find money somehow to fulfill my mission. Then I found a ready source of money which I never doubted was God's plan. My son had a house and was going to the University. I sold that house and used the money to serve Mother. I did my best but, looking back, I feel pain because I always wish I had done better.

### **Victory for the Little Angels**

Then my mission changed and I came to be in charge of the Little Angels. I told Father, "Other people could take care of the Little Angels better," but Father said "No, you do it." Around 1968, I was a part of the tour that went around performing in America. When they got back to Korea, around ten of the children had missed enrollment in school. It

was my job to reinstate all ten of these children in school. Going to a good school was difficult to begin with, and the Unification Church was under persecution. For a Unification Church member to be accepted in that school in an irregular way was nearly impossible. I woke up at 4 o'clock and took a cold shower and prayed. "If we fail to get these children into school then the Little Angels have no future because no more parents will allow their children to join if they can't go to school." Then I really came to know that if I had some strong plea to ask God, He cannot refuse. He simply has to listen. All schools were controlled by the Ministry of Education of Korea, the central government. The minister had to give permission for the children to enter school in this way. Of course, I could not get an appointment to see the minister so I just went to his office and sat down and waited there for him to walk in, no matter how long it took. Then I would follow him and talk to him about why it is so important for these Unification Church children to go to school. I was determined to fulfill Father's instruction.

Because I followed the minister like that, I was hated by secretaries everywhere. I pleaded with the minister of education and others. The minister would listen and say he very much would like to help me and the Little Angels but he

could not find any way to help me. I went after him for two months to no avail. After two months I said, "I think there is a way if you want to help us." The minister asked for my idea of how he could help. "When the ambassadors' children return to Korea after having served in a foreign country, their children will always be able to be admitted to school. There is a way," I reminded him. I found out that the ministers are not as smart as I was. When I really spoke strongly, the minister admitted that all the children of the diplomatic corps are allowed to go to school when they come back. I said, "These Little Angels are not the children of the diplomatic corps, they are the diplomats themselves! Nobody around the world knows where Korea is, but the Little Angels represent Korea. After people see them, people come to know that there is such a splendid folklore and culture of Korea through the dance of these little girls. They come to really applaud Korea. The president of America and the Queen of England praised Korea. What diplomat ever was able to do so much for Korea? If the diplomats come back to Korea and would not be allowed to re-enter school then there is something wrong with the policies of our education system. If you are blocking the way for these children to go back to school, then we don't need you. The Ministry of



**The Little Angels at the White House, just prior to their performance there on December 18, 1970. With President Richard Nixon is then-British Prime Minister, Edward Heath (right) and Dr. Bo Hi Pak (left).**

Education should be abolished." I spoke very strongly. The minister said, "I wish I could help but there is no way." Then I said, "I'm not asking you to bring the students back to school. All I'm asking of you is, don't oppose me. Pretend you know nothing. Don't say you don't approve publicly." I had confidence to say that because a lot of my friends were now the principals of the schools. I felt I could go and talk with them. But because I was with the Unification Church, they were afraid the government

may persecute that school because they helped us. Also the newspapers may oppose us because the government was doing a favor for us that was unfair. That's why they were afraid. They would say, "It's okay with us, but what about the newspapers?" At that time, people were using all kinds of money and influence to get their children into school. The newspapers were very sensitive and would write stories about every irregular entrance to school. I asked, "What newspapers are you

afraid of? Tongilago?" That was a very, very powerful paper of that time. "I assure you they will not give you a problem because they are sponsors of the Little Angels troupe. The parent of one of the members of the troupe is owner of one of the largest other newspapers. The last one that can be a problem, I will just tell him not to say anything." The Minister of Education listened to me and said, "Yes, that's possible."

That day I enrolled all ten children in school. The school did not charge anything extra which they usually do if children register late. They just paid tuition and finished the processing and brought the ten children and the parents of these ten children and had a party. Then that evening, I really cried because of what I had gone through.

The school which received these children happened to be co-educational, which was rather rare at that time in Korea. When these ten children came to school the whole school atmosphere changed and the school was very, very happy. They had been around the world and had stood on stages many, many times. In the morning, they would say good morning to each other in a radiant way. They would speak to the teacher unabashedly which really surprised the teacher. They excited all the children with their stories of their experience and the way

they spoke and acted. The school had an unexpected glad change in the atmosphere, so they were very happy. That became a very good precedent. Other schools wanted the Little Angels too. Then every school opened up their doors. After that, I didn't have to work at all. The students would come back and the schools would accept them.

### **Recognition for the Unification Church**

After tumultuous times for Korea, many new religions had evolved but recognition by the government was very difficult to obtain. Unification Church was not registered with the Ministry of Education which controlled most of the cultural and religious activities. The minister of education, at the time, was my long-time associate. We had taught school together for four years. After becoming president of Korean University, he moved into the position of minister of education, so I talked with him. If you know such a person then things become easier because he understands you. Starting from the bottom up is very difficult. I walked right into his office and spoke clearly to him. "The Unification Church is not a small or mediocre church as an uninformed person may think. It is well received by other countries such as the United States and Japan. In all other advanced

countries where there is freedom of religion, it is recognized. Such a religion with a high level understanding is recognized by other countries but the country of its origin is still in darkness. Koreans do not understand Unification Church as much as other countries. How can this be? It even started from Korea. The Korean government must recognize it as quickly as possible. What would you say if someone from another country came into Korea and asked if you know and recognize Unification Church here in Korea? Would you say, 'No I don't know,' because you do know Unification Church exists in Korea. If they asked why you fail to recognize it, what would you say?" Also I brought a Divine Principle book to him and said, "Sometimes if you need hope and you need something new and refreshing, like you go through the Bible, go through this book. You will find it very refreshing and attractive. Leave this on your table and read a page or two when you have time." I talked in many different ways of why he should accept the Unification Church. Finally he agreed. He said if I would just submit a paper with perfect documentation then they would give us recognition. Even though it took a long time, and I went through a lot of difficulty, I feel, looking back, it was relatively easy because I was not dealing with a

total stranger. God prepares everything, then Father says, "Do it." When I look back, I can feel that what I did was very right.

To do this, I did not bring any present or spend any money this whole time. But now, I was so happy, I took a huge bouquet of lilies to the minister's office. I thanked him formally for recognition and registration of the church. That day I went there was a day the newspaper had set for an interview with this minister. This big bouquet of lilies shone out in the interview. The minister was very happy. I told the minister, "You don't know what you have done but, with the name of Unification Church, your name will shine together for many years to come. You have done a more wonderful deed than you know." The minister's name was Jung Woo Lee. It would be good for you to remember that name. (Col. Han explains: She was righteous enough to get us formal recognition in this terrible persecution time in Korea. That day was a festive day. Everyone was very happy. Even the secretaries who hated her so much because she would always bypass them were also very happy. They asked her to come and opened their desk drawers and she saw stacks and stacks of letters from many, many people saying Unification Church is a bad church and do not give it recognition. They were all those types of

letters slandering our church, all letters of opposition. These secretaries were stashing these away. Mrs. Park asked if those were letters advising them not to give us recognition. The secretary said, "Yes, and there are more somewhere too." This is how the minister of education could have denied us recognition but with God's grace this was done.)

### Through the Storm

The time came when I had to go around the country again. I went to the province of Ulsan where the church center was my mother-in-law's house. I stayed at the center and gave sermons from there. I heard about two sisters who were witnessing about ten miles away. So I decided to visit them. The road was very rugged and it took a long time to get there. The previous night there had been a big storm. The two missionaries had slept on the seashore and were drenched to the skin, so the police had picked them up and had just sent them back to their own home. I could not control my anger. I went to the police station and scolded the police. "Here are two beautiful people who came to witness to you and you let them sleep outdoors?" I went to City Hall and protested in the same way. Then I went to the bus station to go back to Ulsan but there was no bus until the next day; so I decided to walk. Walking ten miles in Korea

is not a big deal. That's only about a half a day's journey. While I was walking I met a young man and asked him if there was another way back to Ulsan since it was a rugged and wooded area. The young man said that it was the only way, but nobody walks to Ulsan. He offered for me to stay at his house since it was already late and the next morning I could take a bus. I thanked him but continued walking along the wooded way. I could see the trail I had come and, at the end, that young man was watching over me. He didn't leave that place. I kept on walking over mountain after mountain. There were no villages. I looked at my watch and I had gone three hours and had covered just 30 shimris ( a Korean measurement of distance). That young man was right. Nobody walks that road, especially at night. It was raining very hard, for that was the night of the infamous typhoon, Sara, one of the worst storms in Korean history. One side of the road was woods, and the other side was a very steep cliff. I would find myself on the edge of this precipice. I was horrified and would go back the other way. In that manner, I covered the distance of 40 shimris back to my village. My athletic shoes were torn into pieces and my feet ached so much I could not move. It was still raining very hard. I was in a desperate situation. So I prayed to

---

God saying, "I cannot die here." I started talking to the rain and the storm from the bottom of my lungs. "You cannot stop me. Even if I die here I will still go forward for the will of God." I spoke with the loudest voice I had but I was so weak, it really was not that loud. Then a miracle happened. The clouds were rushing by the mountains and the rain stopped. My confidence came back. I said, "So be it. I am the daughter of God. Who will stop me?" Then I resumed my original pace as my energy returned. From the top of

---

*I started talking to the rain and the storm from the bottom of my lungs. "You cannot stop me. Even if I die here I will still go forward for the will of God." I spoke with the loudest voice I had but I was so weak, it really was not that loud. Then a miracle happened. The clouds were rushing by the mountains and the rain stopped.*

---

the mountain looking down, I saw a village. There were women around the well, dipping water from it. For the first time I felt thirst, so I went and dipped some water. The women were asking where I came from. I explained that I walked from Tongsil. They were amazed because nobody

walks from Tongsil. But they believed me because my dress was all torn in pieces. One and one fourth miles away was a highway. As soon as I saw the bus passing by, I could not even walk one step. Many buses passed before one finally stopped in front of me. The others thought I was not healthy. I waved like crazy but no bus would stop. I finally took the bus to the church headquarters. When I got to the church headquarters I found the two sisters I had been looking for in the first place. They and all the other members were crying and were very happy to see me. They wondered how I could have walked back from there!

That was a special lesson for me. I had an extraordinary, deep insight about my life. God gave me preciousness through that incident. I knew clearly that the path of religion was like this. If I had known clearly that there was a bus going back to where I wanted to go that day, I would never have started walking and walked those ten miles back to Ulsan. Without knowing what was ahead, I just took the path I had to go; then I had the strength. The path of religion is like that. Somewhere you are destined simply to go, not thinking about how easy or how difficult it is; just go. Without this, you cannot go the path of religion. There were so many hills and mountains, one after another, so many you would not believe. I

became curious later and asked how many mountains there are between those two cities. There are 99 hills. These are the famous 99 hills of Korea. I didn't know, so I just walked.

I was overwhelmed and couldn't wait to share this with Father. I went and really bowed down to him and then shared my story with him. I expected him to say, Oh, you learned a great lesson, or, You've done well. But do you know what Father said? The activities this summer were extremely important in the dispensation. I expected that one person would die. But not a single person died yet in this dispensational time. That's what Father told me — as if he expected me to die. Then I felt, I might as well have died there. I would feel much easier. I felt a little regretful that I had come back. I had almost died on the path. I have come to realize that each time there is a great move forward in dispensational history, someone has to die. Even to this day, I regret. I should have died there, it was an opportunity. Now I am looking for the place to die well.

### **Victory Over Communism**

Later, Father told me to become a women's representative for the Victory Over Communism. If women participate in Victory Over Communism activities, then it will progress faster than if men alone

work on it. So I became the president of the women's movement for Victory Over Communism. I sent many, many people to 40-day workshop and the people that joined at that time are even today the center of the work in Korea such as VOC, Federation for World Peace and Unification of Korea work.

### **Still Another Mission**

Now I am close to 80 years old and I thought I would rest. Then Father directed me to head the association for all the members from 60 to 100 years old. This association was started when Father left North Korea. Father wanted two famous halmonis, Ok Shi Halmoni and Sun Gwa Halmoni, to take care of everyone he had left behind. That association even now keeps the tradition. Now, there are two other organizations. Those age 40-60 and those age 20-40. Then all of these three organizations would form together to make one women's association. This is the Women's Association I have been heading. I integrated all the funds of the three organizations and all together that turned out to be 70 million won, which is about \$100,000. Father said not to touch it. Put it in a savings account in the bank and do not touch it. With that instruction, Father came back to America. To make this big organization takes money, but Father didn't give me

money. I borrowed 3 million won, or about \$4,000-\$5,000, from my friend and bought stationery and used tables and chairs for an office and started doing things. Then activity became brisk and I needed more money. I asked Father for permission to use the interest on the money that was in the bank. But Father didn't say to go ahead. Instead Father spoke something to Mother and Mother went inside and came back and gave me about \$100,000. Now the other fund with interest is about \$200,000. I remained in a public mission as president of the Women's Association until I resigned that mission when I was 80 years of age. When father looks at the American members, he can see that no one is even 60 years of age. There is hardly anyone who is even 50. Until you are 80 years of age, you have nowhere to go. If you think about retiring, forget it. You have years and years of public mission ahead of you.

The times are changing. In Korea in the early days you wouldn't have been able to survive. Now you have good food and good medical attention. I expect all of you to live up to 100 years of age. That's a normal life span. Get ready to take your public mission up until about the age of 100. Nothing less. In one word, looking at all of you, I envy you because of your age. There is nothing else I envy except if I were younger, like

yourself, I could do much more. Father said to me once, "Mrs. Park, you wish you were 20 years younger, don't you?" I agreed, but now I understand fully what that means. Now I feel that if I were 10 years older, I would be grateful.

### **You Are So Blessed**

On July 4th, all the children gathered here at Belvedere for the Olympics. When I looked at them I was really moved. This Belvedere is a sanctuary. Sanctuary means holy, protected area of God where Satan cannot set one step. You had better believe that and keep it that way. It is that way. This is different from a secular area. It is a position which defies imagination. The people who belong in this holy land are the chosen people. God hand-picked each one of us and blessed people who have the privilege of living with True Parents and True Parents' family. You cannot even imagine the preciousness of all of the blessings we are receiving within this holy land. This is a reality which cannot even be imagined by outside people. It is too good to be true. I really feel the Garden of Eden. There are children, cloudless, happy, uninhibited, free children roaming around and parents looking at them with great love. I felt this is the Garden of Eden.

For the people who are sitting here and living in this area, I really believe you are chosen peo-



**At the blessed children's Olympics, July 4, 1991, Belvedere**

ple and this is a chosen environment. This is not some place you can come because you wish or, by the same token, you can leave because you wish. No. It is beyond you. Maybe the privilege is owed to your good ancestors, we don't know. Maybe they did some good things along with all the bad things. We don't know what brought us here but the fact is that you are the chosen of all the chosen people. Even in the Unification Church, not all of the members can be here. This is something you cannot even imagine or dream but which is reality. It is my conviction that Father and Father's family are standing

on the position of victory by winning over many, many levels of Satan. Father physically fought each step of the way to win his foundation. What about us? We are guaranteed that position. We are going toward that position but we are not in the same position as Father, are we? We must look at Father and we must live our lives with the same principle and the same goal as Father. Father won over all levels of Satan. Still ahead of us remain many areas where we have to fight and win. Just like Father won, we have to win. We cannot just jump to where Father is. We have a way to go ahead to reach the same level Father is at

now. To do that, we have to be as determined and strong as Father has been in his own life.

My personal goal of faith and life is to believe 100% in what Father says. How can I obey Father 100%? How I can dedicate my body and soul to be not only obedient but dedicated and loyal to Father? This is my life's goal. It is truly challenging. Nobody can look back in their life and say, I gave 100%, except Father. If we believe 80% of what Father says, we can only obey 80% of what he tells us to do. Then our dedication will be only 80%. It is not possible to go God's way if we do that. Each goal has to be 100%. What percent have we done? With God's help, maybe we will be close to 100%. Even today, our Parents are expecting that Unification Church members run full steam because they trust us. As you know, we are undergoing great challenges. Father told us many times that Heaven is not somewhere you go alone. Our Parents do not want each one of us to go to Heaven individually. It doesn't work that way. All of us, brothers and sisters, and even beyond that, must go to Heaven together. That's

what God and True Parents told us and want for us. We have to always help each other. We have to push each other up. Looking at that, God and True Parents would be very happy. We must reform heaven together and serve Parents and their family.

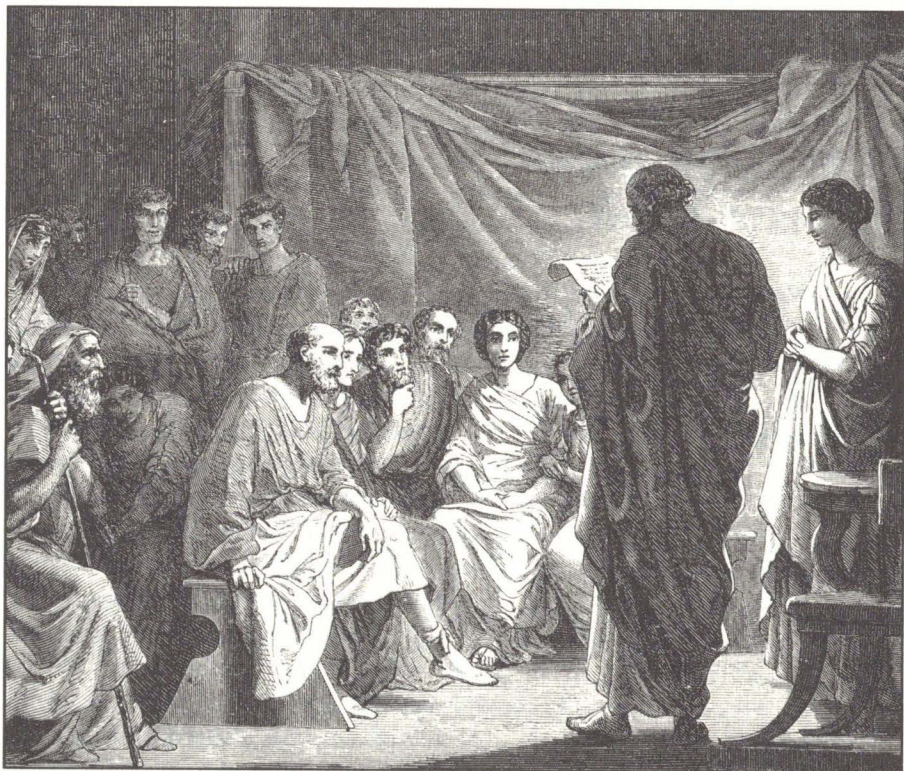
As you see now, nobody makes heaven and gives it to you. Heaven we must create ourselves. We must make our individual heaven and family heaven and then expand the realm of heaven. Even if we are doing an impossible mission, we must be determined to make our own heaven. If someone else makes it for us and invites us there, we have no place to stay. To look at you, who have already begun to live in heaven, in this protected place, I am proud of you, I am envious of you. I am also proud of being a member along with you. Even if you have a small mission in front of you, if you dedicate 100% of yourself to making that a success, then you are already successful at making Heaven. Even in the smallest mission, if we devote 100% of our heart and dedication, Heaven can surely be made.

## ST. PAUL SPEAKS ON WITNESSING

*Editor's Note: The following message was meant for America. We therefore share it at a time when many members will be seeking to witness in a new way in their hometowns.*

I come from heaven because you are influential and your question (how to evangelize America) is not of little concern. I come to you to answer this question because many are asking this same question. I want you to look at my ministry, for I am still the Paul of ancient Rome. I want you to look at what I underwent in order to lay that foundation; and I want you to look at what my followers underwent to lay that foundation. And though it is a different time and place, the price of tears, the price of suffering, the price of loneliness, the price of nailing yourself to the cross is no different.

You question how we can reach the minds of modern man with modern technologies; I am here to tell you that the forms can be many. You have at your convenience this day many modern mechanisms of electricity which the Father Himself prepared for this day, and these conveniences must be used more broadly. The creativity of the western mind for those on the Earth who are capable must move out into these areas, for our Master cannot do it by himself and he is waiting for those people to



**“To all God’s beloved...who are called to be saints...”**

**— Romans 1:7**

### **Early Christians in Rome listening to an epistle of Paul.**

come forth who will proclaim and demonstrate their capabilities. He is waiting and until such people come forth and assert their abilities and demonstrate what they can do, he will not know. You use various electronic devices such as television, movies, videos and slide shows — the form is modern, but I tell you the content must be that of old — it must be love for the people. It must be from your heart. With this the western world has a difficult time, just as the Romans

had. Roman religion was form; but we are contents.

It is not that Koreans shall be the only chosen people, but it is that they suffered and they inherited a legacy of heart. If we speak of the Koreans, we must speak of heart. If we speak of any chosen people we must speak of heart. That you must know. And, my daughter, you are that kind, you have that kind of heart. All you need to do is show it and tell others.

You see, my conversion did not

come because I understood everything; my conversion came because my heart was so deeply touched by this man who appeared to me out of the blue and touched me so deeply and forgave me. This alone I cried about those three days I was blind, and this changed me. It was this content of my heart that propelled me forward to move endlessly, courageously, boldly, fervently to do my mission. Was I afraid? Yes, at times I feared inside, but the Master, Jesus, stood beside me and walked with me for I was also clairvoyant. Otherwise, I would not have had so many experiences from the beginning; I could not have seen angels coming to my prison cell and in other areas where I traveled. Through this great gift I was able to do more than the average person.

What I say to you and what I would say to many others is “sensitize yourself toward the spirit, sen-

sitize yourself toward the spirit.” Do not fear it. Sensitize yourself not to be a medium, not to be fully clairvoyant, not to be clairaudient, but to have a greater inner awareness through your intuition and through your heart. So you see, there is nothing different needed to “missionize” America. I bless you and ask you to please ponder this question which you have asked. Let the answers rise up within you as you know many answers; because we are giving them to you. From whence does inspiration come? It is from spirit, and I simply come as the personification of that oversoul of mankind. But it is I personally, Paul, who is sent to you this day. I would have you mark well in your mind this historical moment because this is not caprice or accident. I am indeed here to both salute you and bless you, and to encourage both you and your husband. God bless you.



## MERITS OF THE PROVIDENTIAL TIME

Hidenori Yagasaki

*Editor's note: The author is an 1,800 Couple. This article originally appeared in the Japanese Blessing Quarterly, Summer, 1991, and was translated into English by Go Ezaki.*



Though I feel I am still inadequate in giving a testimony of tribal messiahship activities, it is a great privilege to share with you my course, which was so guided by the hands of Heavenly Father. I sincerely hope that this will be of help to you as you work to fulfill your hometown providence.

First of all, in the restoration of a tribe, there is always a figure who is crucial in the fulfillment of the dispensation. If that person comes close to God's side, through him or her, you will be able to give great influence to other members of your family and relatives. However, if that person fails to accept or understand God's will, he or she could be the person who will persecute you most. In my case, that key figure was my mother. It is almost unthinkable how difficult it would have been to accomplish my mission as a tribal messiah if I had failed to restore my mother.

### **My Mother's Background**

My mother was born as the eldest daughter of seven children. At an

early age, her father started to train her in trade and pushed her to pursue a career as a successful merchant. Along with managing a business owned by her family, she had taken care of her younger brothers and sisters. Many people regretted that she was a woman because they felt that if she were a man, she could have attained a greater success with her abilities and her unceasing desire to excel. At that time, it was rare for even a man to drive a car, but she got a driver's license and was seen as a woman in the vanguard of the time.

Also she often went to hear speeches by famous politicians, philosophers, and religious figures. Although she desperately searched for truth, nothing seemed to satisfy her thirst for it. During a time of struggle, she quite incidentally encountered a book called "True Natures of Life." It touched unanswered questions such as the relationship between God and man, Buddhism and Christianity, and the meaning of religious life.

The book enlightened her so much that she felt as if her spiritual blindness was healed. However, she still felt something missing and continued her search for truth by meeting many spiritualists and studying various religions.

When I was introduced to Divine Principle, knowing my mother's struggle for an absolute truth, I

felt a strong urge to share this great truth with her. I was convinced that all the suffering and struggles that she had gone through were to reward her someday with joy and happiness that she would experience in an encounter with Divine Principle.

### **Hometown**

When we had a campaign to return to our hometown, research our genealogy and invite our parents to attend a one-day seminar, I was determined to witness to my mother by bringing her to the seminar. I clearly remember how desperately I prayed on the train on the way back home. When I arrived at the station, I did not go home directly, but instead, I climbed a nearby mountain to pray in order to mobilize spirit world. When I saw my mother, she said, "I cannot help but feel that there is somebody behind you." With such strong assistance of spirit world, she eagerly agreed to attend the one-day seminar.

However, often such spiritual phenomena tends to be temporal in its effect. My mother was not an exception. She had completely forgotten about the seminar a week before the event; moreover, she had made a firm commitment to attend a wedding of one of our relatives on the very same day.

I felt as if the sun had darkened. In spite of my determination and desperate prayer, not only had she

forgotten all about the seminar, but, by coincidence, there was a wedding of a relative taking place on the same day. I was completely shocked and almost lost hope. But I decided not to give up and asked my mother to come to Tokyo, where the seminar was scheduled to be held two days prior to the wedding.

Whenever my mother had a chance to visit Tokyo, she always wished to visit a doojoo of Mikkyo (a branch of Shingon-shu, a denomination of Buddhism, which emphasize mysticism in its spiritual discipline) since she had a great interest in Mikkyo. So I pretended to take her to a doojoo (a training facility used by Buddhist monks), but actually took her to one of our revival meetings that featured Rev. Sudo as the main speaker instead. Although she felt somewhat deceived, she was deeply moved by Rev. Sudo's dynamic lectures on the Principle of Creation.

---

*I was grateful for my mother because she courageously chose to follow God's will by denying this fallen society's standards.*

---

### The Battle for Truth

On the next day, the day of the seminar as well as of the wedding, Rev. Sudo gave a lecture on the Fall of Man. To me the content of the lecture was so intense that I felt as if it was pressuring my mother very hard to choose either God or Satan. After the lecture, I challenged my mother rather bluntly by saying, "If you choose to attend the wedding, you are indeed choosing Satan's side. You will certainly regret your decision for eternity."

As I think of it now, it was an unreasonable demand to make of her, as she could not possibly be expected to understand battles between God and Satan. However, persuaded by her son, whose insistence was beyond the realm of reason, my mother gave up the wedding and decided to attend the one-day seminar instead.

I was grateful for my mother because she courageously chose to follow God's will by denying this fallen society's standards. For such an action — not attending a relative's wedding — she could be ostracized by the relatives. If she had given a worldly thing a priority, not only my mother but also other members of my tribe could never have been restored.

After all these struggles, she was finally scheduled to attend the one-day seminar. However, that was not the end! God gave us more trials and hardships.

This particular seminar was organized, as the first attempt of its kind, to invite parents and relatives of church members. For this reason those who participated were all extremely negative and made all sorts of accusations and insults throughout the seminar. Among them there was even a father who was determined to stab his son (who had joined the church) and kill himself right there.

No words would be able to describe how the seminar went. My mother attended, just faithfully believing her son without knowing any of these problems. She was so shocked by all this that the pneumonia from which she chronically suffered, resurfaced.

I was not at the seminar site, so I was assuming that everything was fine and glad that my mother could gain a better understanding of the church. I did not worry about a thing. Then I was told that my mother had collapsed due to illness and was staying in bed. I almost lost my mind because of this shocking news. I could not believe this was happening to me. I had prayed more desperately than I ever prayed. I had fasted. I had made a cold-shower condition. On top of this, my mother had cancelled attending the wedding, which was a great condition to make. I felt angry and wondered why these things were happening to me. However, when I thought of

---

*I suddenly began to sob uncontrollably because I could feel to my bones the parental heart of Heavenly Father. In spite of all these difficulties, I realized that God had been guiding me and my mother in a deeper way than I had ever realized.*

---

my mother who was in bed at the seminar site, I continued the cold-shower condition in sub-zero temperatures of February for her immediate recovery.

After a few days, when I was about to go to bed after finishing my cold-shower condition, I suddenly began to sob uncontrollably because I could feel to my bones the parental heart of Heavenly Father. In spite of all these difficulties, I realized that God had been guiding me and my mother in a deeper way than I had ever realized.

Because of her illness my mother had not attended the one-day seminar fully. However, since religion was one of the main concerns for her life, she decided to attend the seven-day seminar which immediately followed the one-day seminar at the same location even though she had not fully recovered. If she had just attended the one-day seminar, she would not have come to know about the church and our teachings as deeply as she did in



The author with his family in April, 1991

the seven-day seminar.

So I was able to gain the strongest ally among all my family members and relatives with such deep guidance from Heavenly Father.

### Targeting My Next Ally

Next I selected my cousin who had just entered Tokyo University as a key figure for the restoration of my tribe. Since I was working for CARP at that time, I was looking for someone who could relate to my mission and work with me. If I would be able to make a team with my cousin, I was certain that the restoration of my entire tribe would be quite possible. With great expectations I started witnessing to him and he finally decided to attend a three-day workshop.

At the end of the workshop I vis-

ited the center with great hope and excitement and even prepared a card to congratulate him on graduating. However, when I got there, I was told that my cousin had left in the middle of the workshop. I could really feel the pain and sorrow that Jesus felt when he saw John the Baptist failing to accomplish his mission despite all the energy and effort that Jesus had invested in John.

After the workshop, I could not even get up from bed for about two days. But on the third day, when I visited a nearby Holy Ground, I saw a big rainbow in the sky. At that moment I heard a voice assuring me that my tribe would be restored.

Nevertheless, my cousin, who I wished to be a key figure, did not join the church. Instead, God pre-

pared another cousin of mine and restored not only him, but all of my mother's family members and relatives who were living in Tokyo.

Strangely enough, I had not necessarily tried to encourage them to study Divine Principle. When the Little Angels visited Japan, I mobilized my family members and relatives to go and see their performance as a symbolic condition. Now, the ones who went to see the performance are all restored.

### The Providential Time Brings Success

The providential time is a time for great blessings, far beyond what we are able to accomplish with our own abilities. Because of the recent direction of tribal messiahship, for the first time I was able to visit and stay at my home for many months to witness.

Until then, I had visited my hometown in Nagano prefecture, where most of my father's family members and relatives were living, only one or two days out of an entire year. But it was truly a

great blessing that I was able to base my activities right in my hometown to witness to my tribe.

When we had our first one-day seminar in Matsumoto, the capitol of Nagano prefecture, we were blessed to have a representative of the president of the church who gave spirited lectures with much heavenly fortune. My elder brother, to whom I had wanted to witness for many years, came to hear the lectures. Also a key family among all my relative on my father's side came to hear the lectures and was deeply moved. Now this family has set up a video library in their home to educate my relatives and neighbors in their community.

It was not my efforts which brought results, but Heavenly Father and True Parents who guided my course in the blessing of the providential time so that my tribe could come to know True Parents. I am deeply grateful to Heavenly Father and True Parents for their unceasing love and guidance.

---

## PERSONAL REFLECTIONS ON THE HOMETOWN EXPERIENCE

### The Homecoming of True Parents

*by Rev. James Baughman*

Some forty years ago, Father and Mother left their home towns in the north and separately journeyed to the south—each with their own remarkable story. This was years before they would meet for the Holy Wedding in 1960.

On November 30, 1991, our True Parents traveled together as they returned to their hometowns in the north at the invitation of the North Korean government. Nothing is ever coincidental when it comes to True Parents schedule. Although things are never actually planned to correspond with other matters of significance. As it turns out, the date of their arrival in Pyong Yang corresponds to the lunar date October 25 — Father's mother's birthday.

The depths of significance of this historic event may never fully be realized for many years to come. For instance, it is important to

note that it was Kim Jong Il, son of Kim Il Sung, who was the main actor behind the invitation of our True Parents to the north. As Father said for many years, especially recently, that it would be the second generation who would welcome him to their countries. Unlike Jacob who was never invited by his brother to return home, Father was invited by the son of the leader of North Korea.

It is important to note several distinctive factors about this visit. First of all, True Parents were invited for the primary purpose of visiting his hometown and holding a family reunion for his relatives. This dream has been in the depths of Father's heart ever since he left Pyong Yang on his dangerous trek south with Mr. Pak and Rev. Kim. It is no coincidence that the invitation from the north corresponded with the deepest spiritual purpose intended by Father. As we know from what he has been telling us for many years, Father had to resolve the "han" of his own family, and more importantly fulfill a dimension of his mission which Jesus was unfortunately unable to accomplish.

The second purpose of Father's visit, as understood clearly by the North Korean government, was to discuss the future of the two Koreas, especially in terms of bringing reconciliation and unification promoted by economic and humanitarian projects between

our movement and the north. This is in keeping with the largest of Father's providential goals -to serve Esau and unite the two brothers on a cosmic level. It is remarkable to realize that Father has been able to achieve in this one visit both extremes of his providential goals, ranging from the tribe or clan level to the unified nation, world and cosmic levels.

A second distinctive factor about this visit is that True Parents were invited specifically as the founders and spiritual leaders of the Unification Church. As the church was Father's beginning point, as well as his central focus throughout his life's work, this was the way the North Koreans identified and honored his presence. It is almost ironic that this particular government, unlike many in the West, recognized him not as a businessman or political leader, but rather as a genuine religious leader. has gone on in Father's mind and heart prior to and during this historic visit to the north. To feel what he was feeling when he saw his sisters and other relatives after forty years of separation and great sacrifice on his part for millions of people, not just outside of his family but beyond his own nation. To fathom his liberation at the prospects of breaking through at the highest levels of North Korean society and setting the stage for

national unification. To experience the vindication of his entire life's work to come full circle to the place of his birth, his upbringing and the revelation which sparked the beginning of a course which would change history forever.

As I reflect on these and other matters, I cannot help but weep to think that I along with all other members of our church worldwide have been witness to the most spectacular events of history. And it is only because Father hand-picked us, trained us and endured our lack of heart and faith that we have been able to participate in this history from such a special vantage point.

In realizing this we cannot help but repent for our greatest historical shame of consistent disbelief in our True Parents from the first days of his mission to today. How often in the early days did members lack faith in Father's vision and word? How often have we followed suit today, even with the record of the miracles which surrounded the fulfillment of every vision and word given to us? How quick we are still to despair and be confused; to feel bitter and beaten: to subsequently condemn others and seek to merely maintain our own personal and family survival during times of crisis, turmoil and difficulty in our church. I think our shame is greatest when we realize how we have fallen short of the faith necessary to get

through the present difficulties facing our movement.

What we have failed to do historically as well as in the present is to notice and practice the manner and attitude with which Father approaches such challenges. In his seemingly darkest hours and greatest challenges of life and death Father never retrenched or retreated, only to think of his own survival. Instead, he consistently did the opposite. He gave more, loved more, reached out to others more—all at the greater sacrifice of himself. If indeed our movement is facing a critical phase in its history then it is no wonder that Father responds by putting the entire movement on the altar of sacrifice in order to give even more to those who would see themselves as his enemies.

This is the greatest moment in the history of our True Parents. I believe that the greatest way in which we can behave as responsible sons and daughters is to imitate their pattern of sacrifice and true love for the sake of God and the world, even if it means to forsake our personal, and often petty concerns. In this sense I reinforce Father's request that we read his speech, "The Way that Our Blessed Families Should Go", given in 1971 in Korea. Long live the glory of the two greatest people ever to live who have touched the depths of our souls and saved our lives so unselfishly.

## Building the Global Family: the Vision of Reverend Sun Myung Moon

Farley Jones

*Editor's Note: Farley & Betsy are a 777 couple blessed in 1970. They moved to Farley's hometown over 10 years ago where Farley is now in law practice with his father and brother. Farley has rented a storefront in his hometown, where he has been presenting lectures. The following excerpts are from those talks.*

Our century is the first century to witness the emergence of various images and ideals of global unity. Forty-five years ago the United Nations was created in the aftermath of World War II. While the U.N. has not been entirely effective, it nevertheless represents a global ideal. twenty years ago, we learned through Marshall McLuhan that we had begun living in a "global village." These days those from one part of the village are very much aware of developments in other parts. Space exploration has also offered us new perspectives. According to the poet Archibald MacLeish, pictures of earth from space disclose us to ourselves as "riders of the earth together".

It was prior to all of these developments that one young Korean man, then in his teenage years,

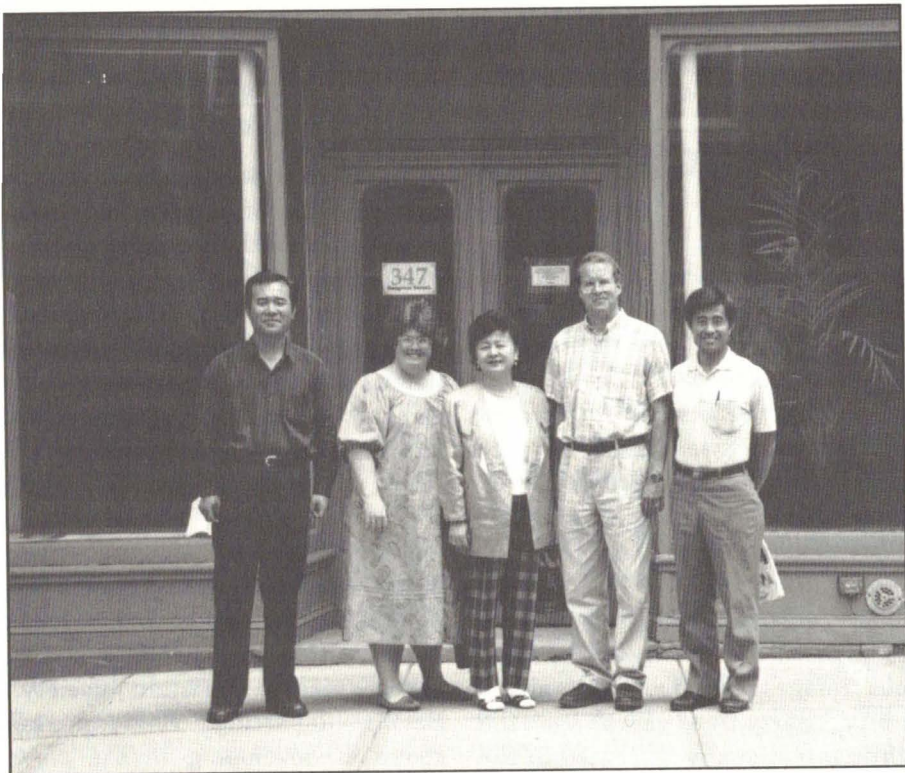
had begun dreaming of a deeper human unity, unity in the sense of a harmonious global family. This is Rev. Moon's ideal.

One of the ways of describing what Rev. Moon is trying to do is to say that in the midst of a fragmented human society he is working to build a seminal global family — an international, interreligious and interracial society that can serve as the seed of a new global society and global family.

✦ ✦ ✦

John Winthrop, the first governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, came to the New World with the idea of establishing a model Christian society. Before departing England he spoke of developing in the New World "A Model Of Christian Charity." In coming to America, he sought the construction of a society which would be a "city on a hill", exemplifying to the rest of humanity an ideal community. That is what Winthrop wanted to build and that was the idea behind the founding of the Puritan colony in Massachusetts.

It was Winthrop's goal then to establish a model on the societal level. Perhaps he was not entirely successful, but it was not entirely a failure either. Many of the great institutions in our society flow from our Puritan heritage. Further, many aspects of our tradition have been emulated by the



**Rev. Joong Hyung Pak, Merith Heumer, State Leader's wife, Mrs. Pak, Farley Jones and Mr. Hoshiko in front of the store front center.**

rest of the world.

Finally, it may be said that what Reverend Moon is calling for, and pointing the way to, is a type of global spiritual renewal. This is needed not only on the world scale, but, more immediately, in our own nation. The problems we face as a nation can in large measure be traced to moral confusion and spiritual decline. Unfortunately, this is happening "on our watch". We need to effect a moral and spiritual renewal in our society to

arrest the ominous trends we face and move toward a brighter future. The relevance of Reverend Moon to this task, it seems to me, is that he is offering the "new thinking" and new vision that can assist this turn-about.

So, we are living in a very exciting time. Vast, surprising changes are taking place, apparently very suddenly. As we approach the year 2000, many other great changes will develop, not a few of them in the direction I have been

discussing. We all need to do our part. Assuming we do, great things can happen. You can be a part of it, and I hope you will.



## Response To God's Call

*By Alice Boutte*

*Tom & Alice Boutte are one of the 74 couples blessed in 1976 — Ed.*

After renting homes all our church life, we were finally due to settle a contract on our first home of our own on July 17 in Columbia, MD. The plan was to pack in July and move into our new home the first week of August. For once it seemed that Father's new direction to go to hometown was not applicable to us. "Later for hometown," we thought.

My heart was particularly set on a new, bigger home for our bigger family. So while Thomas went to settlement and finished packing up the house, I took the children (as I have every summer) to visit my mother in our family's summer hometown in the heart of the Adirondack mountains in upper New York State.

The spirit world and Father's hometown direction grabbed us so

hard while we were up here for the month that our whole direction completely changed. We just stayed on, moving four times into various relative's unoccupied summer houses until we can move in early October to my father's winter home for the year.

Instead of our stuff being unloaded at our newly-bought house in Maryland it is going to be unloaded here in Keene Valley, N.Y. — back into another rented and too-small house we go!

Our eldest son has just gone to Korea for a year and Thomas must remain, probably for at least this year, down in Washington D.C. in order to sell our new house and maintain his mission at the Universal Ballet Academy to support our family. Recently I kept getting flashbacks of the CARP condition, but this one is for my own tribe and hometown. Instead of the diverse educational environment which the children had in McLean, Virginia, they are now living in a town of 1,000 attending a rural, all-white school that has 163 students in 12 grades.

My mother, siblings and aunts, uncles, cousins, distant relatives and numerous family friends are still adjusting to the sudden decision we made, wondering what I've got up my sleeve! Am I out to convert them or am I leaving the church? Its one thing to accept us as Unificationists but quite another to worship and sing

hymns every Sunday in the same local Congregational Church together.

Everyone in this small town knows that we're Unificationists and that we've decided to live here permanently. Three families (one relative and two friends) have given us warm support and are enthusiastic about our being here. The rest have, for the most part, a "wait and see" attitude. A lot of prayer and divine guidance will be required to cut through the walls of reserve, caution, suspicion and in a few cases, prejudice. That "a prophet is without honor in his own country" is an historical reality that Father evidently thinks we are now capable of reversing. We were given Father's direction, the inspiration, faith and support to make this more possible so we will try our very best to live up to God's hope and expectation for us here, despite the sacrifices and isolation from the Unification Church community.

We send our farewells and much love to the D.C. Church Family. What great memories of everyone we have to keep with us up here. To say the least, we welcome church friends, prayers, calls letters and even visits. Let's please keep in touch. Our address is:

Thomas and Alice Boutte  
(74 Blessing, 1977) P.O. Box 525,  
Keene Valley, N.Y. 12943  
(518) 576-9893

## Moving to New York

*Joy Pople*

My husband, John's, initial inspiration to return to his hometown (Cato, N.Y.) area, was sparked two years ago by a telephone conversation with his mother, who reported that his only sister and her family might have to relocate for job reasons. John's parents are retired, and his concern about someone being near them if they needed help coincided with Father's new direction of the hometown providence.



**The Pople Family in 1989.**  
John and Joy are on the left.

With nineteen years of working in a church-related printing company in San Francisco, John had

no trouble finding employment in the nearest city, Syracuse. Both John's parents and my father helped with relocating expenses, which were higher than anticipated. Our children, Stacy and Jason (now seven and a half and five years old), missed the company of blessed children in Northern California, and Stacy initially talked frequently of returning to California.

For a while, our closest known church neighbors were about 50 miles away. This was hard for me to adjust to, since our best joint efforts as a couple had been focused on community-building in Northern California. Now, with two other blessed families in the Syracuse area, we meet for Sunday Service.

It took time for me to feel connected to central New York. Now I work as a family counselor for a human-services agency in Syracuse, and I often see people I know on the streets. In addition, two photos I took of John's hometown twelve years ago have been accepted into a show at the local art museum. One is a portrait of John's grandfather, a dairy farmer in Cato. In this small way, I can gain some recognition for John's family.



## Back to Our Roots

*by Sandra Schuhart*

*Jon & Sandra Schuhart are among the first 13 couples blessed in America in 1969 — Ed.*

Many times during the past few years, my husband Jon, has asked me to consider returning to the place of our birth. My reply was always the same, "if Father gives us permission, I will gladly return with you." Shortly thereafter, Father began to speak more and more of Tribal Messiahship, followed by the prime directive, "return to your hometown."

My husband would have been overjoyed if we had immediately packed and left that very day. But we decided to make a plan and prepare spiritually as well as physically for our return.

Both Jon and I were born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. We left home when Jon was 21 and I was 18. We both have several generations of relatives buried in Wisconsin and many relatives still living in the area.

In planning our return, it was decided that I would take my vacation from my place of employment and spend two weeks in Oshkosh, visiting with family and friends, checking for places of employment and looking for a place for our family to live. With our youngest son, Nathan, (age 12) who has never met any of his relatives and has never been to

our hometown, we flew to the dairy state.

I want to convey what I felt and experienced spiritually. First, I felt a great desire to visit all the graves of our relatives and friends. With the help of older relatives, we journeyed throughout the countryside searching and finding as many sites as possible. At each grave, I prayed and explained why our family would be returning to Wisconsin, what their responsibility was, and how they could assist us in fulfilling the directions of our True Parents. After this condition, I felt our next step was to visit each of our living relatives, to greet them, pay them our respect and tell them of our plan to return. I always kept in mind Father's direction that one cannot teach the Principle directly to our family members until first making a foundation of love and service. I found this to be true in almost every situation that I encountered. As a blessed family, we must first win our families respect. To them, we are foreigners, we have been gone all of these years, while they have continued to live out their lives in the same town. We must return in a very humble position.

The strongest, most powerful asset we have in returning home is our FAMILY. Our family unity, closeness, interaction of love and truth centered on God and True Parents is most noticeable to everyone we encounter.

The fact that we are not only together, but united, when so many husbands and wives are divorced or in bitter disharmony, says more than any words about ourselves.

Secondly, they saw that we have a good relationship with our children; their respect, obedience and love for us and ours for them was felt by other family members. All the years of following the tradition that our True Parents have set down for us, shows in the quality

---

*As a blessed family, we must first win our families respect. To them, we are foreigners, we have been gone all of these years, while they have continued to live out their lives in the same town. We must return in a very humble position.*

---

of our family and the interaction between us when we return home.

As the days of our visit began to pass, over and over relatives and friends commented about our family. "Your children seem to respect you. Why? I can't even get mine to listen to me." Or, "Your children are polite and thoughtful. What do you put in their food?" A few days after our arrival, our older daughter Jonna, arrived in time for a family reunion. As people watched our interaction, the questions con-

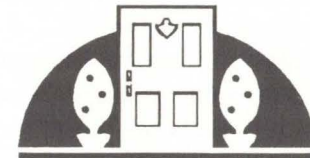
tinued to come.

The culmination of our visit was a family reunion, the first one held in the past ten years. Aunts, uncles, cousins I had not seen in over thirty years came. I greeted each and every one, showed our respect to the eldest and introduced ourselves to those new to the family. I felt drawn to one corner of the room where I found to my great delight, that someone had spent a great deal of time and money, researching and gathering information on our past ancestry. A cousin approached me, the one who was responsible for all this diligent work. She was thrilled to see how interested I was in her labor of love. After talking for some time, she confessed that hardly anyone seemed to be interested in the past history of our family, therefore, she had lost interest in pursuing the project any further; she then offered everything to Jon and I. She felt pushed to do so and to my great excitement, I felt we could now bridge the past to the present.

The very next day while visiting my husband's family, his sister, who had done all the research on their family tree, told me that all her work was in eight albums and books gathering dust. She then offered everything to Jon and I also, and then said, "Why did I do that?", but was more than comfortable with giving me all the material. So we were given the family

trees from both sides of the family.

That evening as I prayed, I thought about the hard lives our ancestors led, and dreams for a better life for their future generations was far greater than the hardships they faced in coming to a new country. I thought about how they must feel now, as this nation, and their own families are decaying. Their hope of entering into heaven also decayed as time went by. But by giving us their family histories, their hope has been renewed, for we are coming home. We are sons and daughters of the True Parents armed with True Love; we are coming home!



## To America's Heartland

Richard Karnowski

*Richard & Barbara Karnowski were blessed in the Madison Square Garden Blessing in 1982 — Ed.*

When the direction concerning the Hometown providence first came in the Spring of this year, my wife and I called my parents to arrange a visit home in August when the Karnowski family has its annual reunion. My mission



has been at the Seminary in Barrytown since April of 1988, in the financial office. Because of the importance of the Seminary and the lack of staff in the financial office, I did not see how I could possibly go to Kansas for the hometown providence. I did not have such a good relationship with my father, so I was not looking forward to this new direction. My wife and I, however, wanted to at least make our best effort to unite with Father.

I come from a very large family, the eighth of sixteen children; fourteen still alive. There were no multiple births and we all have the same father and mother — both still alive, still together and still very much in love.

Suddenly, after July first, there were several significant changes. First, the head of the financial office at UTS, who was working outside to get her CPA license offered to come back to the office to work full-time until her baby was born. Then Dr. David S.C. Kim, the president and spiritual leader of the seminary told me that I was not needed at the seminary now; I was able to go to my hometown.

When I called my mother to tell her that we would be coming to the reunion, she said that we could stay with her and my father. My wife, our four children and I prayed for some miracle for the sake of our whole lineage, so that I

could improve my relationship with my father.

We arrived safely and were warmly greeted by my parents. My younger sister was there also. She guided the conversation to the stormy relationship between my father and I. Then I opened up my heart, speaking clearly about my experiences over the last seventeen years in the Unification movement, and how they had helped me to work through many of the internal barriers I had encountered and that my difficult relationship with my father had a significant influence on my relationship with leaders in the movement. My younger brother had told me on several occasions to treat my father as a person rather than as this concept I had of "Dad". I went on to say that I hoped that my father would do the same and treat me as a person rather than as the boy "Richard" they knew twenty years ago. My mother became all teary-eyed. My father said, "Let's go". So I went with him. I didn't ask him where we were going or what we were going to do. I just went with him.

Well, I found my father to be a really neat person. Wherever we went people know him and treated him like he was a celebrity. I discovered that he was very respected by the people he met and I could see why. Here was a man who lived his convictions and what very strong convictions they

are! He is a very strong and tough man who has endured countless hardships. I remember when he used to go campaigning for Senator. I was only a child then and had only ridden in the car. But, most of the people not only remembered him but had maintained some type of relationship with him over the years. We talked a lot about philosophy and the problems of the world. Somewhere along the way dad found himself in his son, Richard, and he liked what he found.

With such a big barrier overcome, my wife and I started thinking seriously about staying in my hometown. After searching for housing for several days my father called my older brother and we went to look at his farm. he had bought it five years ago, spent one year renovating the house, and then recently bought another house, moving off of the farm. It had been vacant for most of the year. Barbara and I just loved it and my brother said we could stay there as long as we wanted. The gates of heaven were opening up and hometown was not only beckoning to us but was embracing us with open arms.

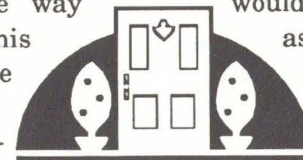
My older brother offered me a good-paying job so I could provide for my family. He said to start as soon as I want and work as long as I want. I contacted a local law school since I had been studying

law before joining the church and though I might be able to take it up again. The school sent the necessary documentation to get me enrolled by next September. Barbara said decided to stay in Kansas as I boarded the bus back to UTS to break the news to the people there.

My biggest worry was breaking the lease on our apartment. It was rented until next February, and I would lose the deposit as well as cause bad feelings if I just packed up and left. When I told my landlady she said that she didn't blame Barbara

at all. I promised to do my best to try to find a new tenant. Within a week the apartment was rented. That problem was solved. I then packed up an old van with some of our things, loaded up an old truck with my tools, hooked it up behind the van and headed back to Kansas. Most people said the van wouldn't make the 1,400 mile trip...but it did. And then I drove the van back through Chicago to New York again. It is loaded now and ready to go back to Kansas again.

So much has happened since I started to plan to go to hometown that I felt I had to write it down and share it with brothers and sisters so that everyone will make the effort and let our Heavenly Father work.



## From Hawaii

by Clare Yasutake

(Steve & Clare Yasutake are an 1800 couple, blessed 1975 — Ed.)

During the past year, it seemed that whenever True Father spoke, he was telling us to go to our hometown. We began to make plans to go from New York to Hawaii as soon as our fifth child was born.

She arrived on May 26th.

At that point, our final preparations began.

We sold or gave away all of our furniture and many other items

and then shipped some boxes of smaller things. But to just land in a new place with such a big family could be quite an ordeal, so my husband Cliff flew there for a few days ahead of us to try to make arrangements.

With the help of my brother-in-law, Paul, who is the ACC leader of Hawaii, Cliff got in touch with the church fish company, Tensuke, where he was offered a job. There just happened to be a house available, owned by my husband's relatives, which they rented to us at far below the usual sky-high Hawaii rates. Things just "fell into place" for us. We feel that spirit world really had a hand in

helping our family to come here and that this was meant to happen.

We arrived on July 15th, 1991, and are now getting settled. Our eldest daughter is back in Korea attending the Little Angel's School. The other children are starting their first year of school in Hawaii. Our baby is now 100 days old. I have become the co-president of the "Kukoa" Group,

a Hawaiian term for a parent helping group like PTA at my children's school.

We two couples, Cliff and myself and

Paul and Gertrud are looking forward to deepening our relationship with each other while working toward the restoration of relatives and other families in our hometown.

So far, we have had two family gatherings with relatives. One was at our home where we showed a video about True Father. Gertrud and I are doing a prayer condition together at the moment. We are very hopeful and are determined to be brave and bold as we go forward to fulfill this tribal messiah responsibility for our True Parents.



## In Memorium

### Hometown — Her Last Mission

(Shigeru & Jan Ota were blessed in 1982 — Ed.)

Jan Ellen Borendome Ota and her husband, Shigeru, made the decision to go to her hometown, Chicago, after Father's July 28, 1991 speech where he commissioned American couples to go to their hometowns as Tribal Messiahs. In August, they went to Chicago and visited her family, secured an apartment, and Shigeru was able to obtain a job transfer from the travel agency where he worked in New York. On September 13th, they moved to Chicago.

Jan had been fighting cancer for the last three and a half years. In spite of this, she strongly desired to follow God's providence and

consequently fundraised to earn the money to go to Czechoslovakia in November of 1990. She victoriously completed this 40-day International Exchange Program. Her health was waning, but when Father announced the Hometown Providence, Jan and her husband decided to move to Chicago. She desperately wanted to bring unity to a family which had been separated for many years.

On September 23, after spending ten days in her hometown, Jan passed on to the spiritual world. She joyfully left a legacy in her reunited family. At her bedside, her two brothers, who had not met or spoken to each other for seven years, embraced and cried in each other's arms while Jan rejoiced.

In her Seung Hwa Ceremony, both brothers spoke tearfully in their testimonies about their only sister, Jan. "They were united, centering on Jan.", says Shigeru. "Jan's desire is fulfilled."



# ONE PRAYER WHICH CAN REVOLUTIONIZE YOUR LIFE

by Donna Ferrantello

*Editor's note: The author and her husband, Anthony, are special lecturers for the Unification Thought Institute.*

*But recall the former days when, after you were enlightened, you endured a hard struggle with sufferings, sometimes being publicly exposed to abuse and affliction, and sometimes being partners with those so treated. For you had compassion on the prisoners, and you joyfully accepted the plundering of your property, since you knew that you yourselves had a better possession and abiding one. Therefore, do not throw away your confidence, which has a great reward. For you have need of endurance, so that you may do the will of God and receive what is promised.*

*"For yet a little while, and the coming one shall come and shall not tarry; and if he shrinks back, my soul has no pleasure in him." But we are not of those who shrink back and are destroyed, but of those who have faith and keep their souls.*

*Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.*

Hebrews 10:3, 11:1

I have always wondered how the great saints and visionaries who hold such high ideals and visions about life and the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, as Father had throughout his ministry, maintain them in a fallen world which manifests such tremendous problems and tragedies. As Father has said, the answer lies in the person. The individual's relationship to God is the key. The person of faith has a vision which lives inside his or herself regardless of the external circumstances in society and in his or her life itself. What enables this vision to live inside the self, seen often only within "the mind's eye" and felt often only in the soul, heart, or original mind? Prayer.

Prayer establishes the blueprint for the person to live in God's image, thoughts and will. My grandmother once wrote in her Bible, "prayer is the key to the day and the lock of the night." Prayer is the crucial key to victory.

There are different kinds of prayers — prayers of repentance, prayers of supplication, prayers for individual purpose and prayers for the whole purpose, etc. The prayer which has revolutionized

my life is the prayer of "praise and gratitude." I was taught this kind of prayer from the Pentecostal tradition which emphasizes the importance of the life of faith through prayer.

## A Prayer Of Praise And Gratitude

The key to this prayer is to "pray the victory". Set the blueprint for success by praying the victory before it has even happened. In other words, pray the solution, in God's original image, not the problem. Pray in gratitude to God for the potential, or the result as though it has already happened. Here is where secular psychology and religious tradition intersect.

---

*Set the blueprint for success by praying the victory before it has even happened. In other words, pray the solution, in God's original image, not the problem. Pray in gratitude to God for the potential, or the result as though it has already happened.*

---

The power of positive thinking! But more than that, this prayer affirms that through God, the victory is possible. This prayer is an offering to God of faith and trust in Him.

Let's take a real life exam-

ple. You might have struggled with another person in your life. You felt the tendency to react negatively about his/her behavior. The prayer: "Thank you God for....He/she is a righteous person,

a loving person. Thank you for the harmony that we have through You, God. The point is to pray the original qualities of the person. Unfortunately, I have witnessed a serious problem of gossip and "talking negatively" about others in our church. I cannot stress enough the importance of this prayer for us to start believing in each other's original natures by speaking about it even when we may see the opposite. This is how Mother Theresa is able to work with the poor, the destitute and the sick — she says she "sees Christ in each person."

If you are in a situation in which you feel unclear about your direction, how can you pray the victory if you don't know what it is? Instead of dwelling on your feeling, you can pray this prayer: "Thank you God that through You, I have clarity and purpose. Thank you for preparing and guiding me — through You, God, I see Your will." Again, an attitude of trust is engendered and things are set spiritually in motion.

Hebrew 11:1 says, "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things unseen." When we pray for the victory, we increase our faith in what has yet to be seen. We cannot see it outside ourselves. By speaking the prayer, we begin to see it more in our "mind's eye" and believe it more with our heart. The key is repetition, practicing the affirma-

tion in prayer. And then — the vision begins to "come alive" within us, just like the metaphor "the light within" or "the inner light" implies. Prayer then becomes literally the key to the daylight that dispels "darkness" both within and without.

### **Prayer Changes Me**

I have experienced this in my own life course. The religious sense in me, perhaps inherited directly from my grandmother, has sought to finally clear away the ignorance about God and find the way to live a religious life — the life of faith. During the times when I see results in my circumstances and/or my relationships, my faith is confirmed. Yet, you know, the beauty of this prayer is that the prayer changes me whether things out there match up or not. My purpose is strengthened and my inner power is increased. Indeed, I have faith in things unseen, not just lip service to ideals. Faith then lives within me as an inner strength, not just an intellectual notion.

Personally, this faith has brought victories in my mission this year. But I would like to share an experience which involves both my husband and myself. Most recently, we intensely struggled with not being able to conceive a child. The medical treatment we tried did not seem to help. Time seemed to be

our enemy as I approached 42 years of age. Some of our friends did not really feel it was possible to conceive and suggested we seek to adopt. Amidst sometimes feeling completely despairing, neither of us really believed that God wanted us to give up. I began to increase my prayer and started attending a weekly healing service at a local Pentecostal church. My husband and I both started again a monthly prayer condition suggested by Lady Doctor Kim. I realized that it was also very important to believe in the victory and to nurture this attitude through being around people who believed in God's power to bring miracles through prayer and a higher faith in things unseen. I began to pray in gratitude for the blessing of having beautiful children to love through our friends' families whom we dearly love. I no longer prayed in lack but only in thanks for the children I knew and loved. I began to feel so different. I felt joy through this prayer. Then in May, we agreed to do the GIFT operation (GIFT refers to Gamma Intra-fallopian Transfer, a process where the egg and sperm are put separately into the tube unfertilized. They then go

through the normal process) at the University of Pennsylvania Medical Hospital. When I entered the operation room in June, I was entirely high spirited — even though some of the medical team painted the worst scenario — they had had almost no successes for women over 40. The day after the operation, my husband and I drove to the Unification Theological Seminary for 5-day seminar on Unification Thought. During that time, I had two dreams. In one, I was holding the hands of several children. In the other, I raised a baby high up into the air in glorious joy and then kissed it. When I returned to the medical hospital for my tests, I learned that I was pregnant!

Beyond my personal testimony, I hope to share this method of prayer, for I feel it can revolutionize our providential lives. Please pray the victory as it is given by God in His ideal as though it has already physically happened. Pray it strongly with the words, "through You, God..." and please pass this prayer on to someone else. We have a glorious church when we truly believe the victory. God believes it. Father has always believed it. And we can too.

---

## ON HOMEBIRTH, MOTHERHOOD, COMPANIONSHIP AND SPIRITUALITY

by Nancy Callahan Hanna

I had never seen myself as a candidate for a homebirth. That was for the more fearless, unconventional type of woman. But with the pregnancy of my seventh child underway, to my surprise it seemed that God was closing all the doors to a hospital birth and beckoning me to a homebirth. Behind the practical facts that were making it hard for me to plan a hospital birth, there were some strong convictions that had been growing within me that now made a doctor-assisted, hospital birth less attractive.

First of all, I had come to the conclusion that birthing was an activity that should belong to the domain of women, and with the exception of the husband, men should not be present. In the ideal world, I was sure that all gynecologists and obstetricians would be women. I had never felt right about having to go to a male doctor for women's medical affairs, although in the circumstances where each of my children had been born, I never had a choice.

Secondly, experience had taught me that giving birth is an inherently spiritual activity and birth itself, the most sacred of events. But I knew from my hospital births that this precious reality gets lost in the modern hospital environment of secular doctors, technological hardware and businesslike efficiency. I felt that God could be more fully present at a birth in the spiritual atmosphere of a God-centered home. The presence of God at this greatest of events in a woman's life became a priority for me now in the same way that getting all the right medical care had been in my first pregnancy.

Thirdly, after already giving birth to six children, I no longer needed or wanted to give so much responsibility for birth to the professionals. Of course I wanted to have the latest in scientific developments near at hand if perchance there was a complication for my baby or me, but I had come to feel that the modern medical profession was guilty of overkill when it came to normal births. Because of the dominance of the medical profession, women are subtly encouraged to think that it is the medical staff that has the responsibility for getting a baby born. All their interventions, however well intentioned, are often unnecessary; I felt it took away from the woman the full experience of giving birth.

My first birth of twin daughters

---

*With each birth, not only a baby was born, but I always felt that I also had been reborn. I felt deeply grateful that I could have my children naturally without complications. I regarded these natural childbirth experiences as the ultimate experience in birthing.*

---

was in Chile. I had prepared for a natural childbirth, but as there were no doctors in Chile who would attend a natural childbirth, it just wasn't possible. Besides, my twin pregnancy was considered especially high risk and due to my age as a primipara (33), I was given a spinal block at the last moment with no complications.

My next four children were born in Mexico. They were natural childbirths in birthing rooms with doctors who specialized in assisting at natural childbirths. I even gave birth to a second pair of twins by natural childbirth, something almost never permitted by doctors in the United States.

With each birth, not only a baby was born, but I always felt that I also had been reborn. I felt deeply grateful that I could have my children naturally without complications. I regarded these natural childbirth experiences as the ultimate experience in birthing.

## Homebirth Seemed To Be My Only Choice

With the advent of our seventh child, I planned to have it with my regular doctor, the natural childbirth specialist in a hospital. However, my due date was December 31 and the doctor informed me that he would not be in town at that time. His backup doctor was not experienced in natural childbirths, so he recommended another doctor in town who assisted in natural childbirths. I visited this doctor but was not comfortable with him as a person. My suspicions were confirmed when I heard from other women in town that he had had affairs with several of his patients. I certainly did not want this kind of a man participating in the birth of a blessed child.

With no qualified doctors available, I didn't know where to turn. Inquiring around, however, several women recommended a highly regarded American midwife who specialized in homebirths. Could it be that God wanted me to have a homebirth? Well, I thought, it won't hurt to meet this lady.

From my first appointment, a whole new way of treating pregnancy and childbirth was revealed to me. I say "revealed" because in each event, I felt God tangibly close I think because for the first time, I was having a child in circumstances much closer to the ideal.

## Heavenly Planning

My midwife was trained in the states and was medically knowledgeable and experienced. To my delight, she was also a homeopath (she practiced a system of medicine that our family had been using with wonderful results). More than that, she was a deeply spiritual person, loving, sensitive, and sharply attuned.

"If you had called me yesterday" she said, "I would have had to say no. I was already booked for the month of December." (Actually, I had been trying to call her yesterday, but hadn't been able to get through due to Mexico's infamous phone system.) "But last night" she continued, "I began to get a very strong intuition that I could not provide a homebirth for one of my patients, although I had no idea why. I was just about to call her when she called me to say that an exam had just showed that she had a placenta previa and therefore was no longer a candidate for homebirth." Both she and I recognized this as a sign that forces beyond ourselves had brought us together.

I told her I felt guided in the direction of a homebirth, but was very uncertain about the risks involved. She and a friend, who had already had a homebirth, provided me with a stack of books and magazines and I proceeded to educate myself about homebirths. I discovered that homebirth candi-



**Nancy Hanna with baby Faith (center), with Geita Olsen (left) and Patzia Galy (right).**

dates are carefully screened. The midwife said that in spite of my age (41), I had a "great obstetrical history" and was a good candidate.) I also understood there are almost no medical emergencies for baby or mother that do not announce themselves in time to get to a hospital. The midwife brings along her own oxygen tank and other equipment to meet on-the-spot emergencies. She has a back-up obstetrician on call at the nearest local hospital in case of emergency. I discovered that countries like Holland, where more than a third of the births are at

home, have among the lowest infant mortality rates in the world. From my reading, I also understood that birth in a hospital carries its own risks, for example, there are more possibilities of infections because of the sickness of in the hospital environment. Gradually, through reading and questioning, I became confident that medically I was on solid ground.

My prenatal check-ups became great treats which I looked forward to. A checkup was not simply to monitor my physical condition, but a time to share my heart with

a strong, loving woman who knew so much about the beautiful, yet difficult challenges of pregnancy and birth. As a woman, she could give with a care and sensitivity that only a woman can when it comes to women's affairs. She never failed to have a chat with the baby within me as well. I left each appointment as high as a kite, thinking "now THIS is the way pregnancies should be handled."

Nine days before my due date, the waters broke but there were no labor pains. Once the waters are broken, labor must begin within 24 hours to prevent infection. For a moment, I thought I would have to cancel my home-birth. If I had been with my regular doctor, he would have called me to the hospital to induce labor. But as a homeopath, my midwife had some natural ways to induce labor. First she gave me the most common remedy and nothing happened. A little later she gave me another and within half an hour, labor had begun.

### My Companions

Like a doctor, a midwife needs attendants and I had given this some thought. First I had chosen Geita Olsen, a member of our blessing trinity, who because her husband was replacing my husband in the mission, just happened to be living in town. Secondly, I chose a very fine and

dear friend who herself had had a homebirth and was in the process of becoming a spiritual daughter. I had begun teaching her the Principle some months back and had had the goal of concluding before the birth of the baby so that she could participate in it as a full church member. She had accepted all of the Principle so readily that I knew she would receive the conclusion just as well; she did. Because the baby came early, I ended up teaching her the conclusion the very day of the baby's birth as I was going into labor with the homeopathic remedies. As it was, I would have a spiritual daughter born on the same day as a physical daughter.

An ultrasound had shown the baby to be a girl. My husband and I had experienced a difficult change of mission in 1990 and since having faith seemed to be our theme, we had decided to call this little girl, Faith.

My husband had been able to be present at the births of all our other children. Because of our mission change, he had already gone to the United States and I was still in Mexico with the children. I notified him that morning and he was going to try to get the first flight out to try and make it for the birth. We didn't know if he would make it, but for the first time, I felt in good hands even if he couldn't be there. Actually, I was most concerned to have Geita

Olsen at my side. She had had to make a quick trip to the border to renew visas for her family and had just returned that day when I called her to come. My husband arrived two hours after the baby was born. It seemed that the baby had waited precisely for Geita's arrival.

Suddenly, we were all there in our bedroom, my midwife, my spiritual daughter, Patzia, and Geita. A church member had been called to take care of the kids. An altar had been set up with the birth candles for that member to pray when the birth was imminent. The only person present who wasn't a church member was the midwife, but she respected our religion because she respected me. True Parents picture was on the wall smiling down on me. Even at this last moment, I felt a little amazed that I had found the courage to have this baby in this unconventional way. The time before birth always has some anxiety, but I also felt great peace because God's guidance had been so clear.

From the first moments, the feminine spirit of God was intensely and richly present. You could feel it, if not touch it. The four of us worked hard as one body, in one Spirit. It was rough going at the end. For some inexplicable reason each birth has been more painful than the last. But I had wanted a natural childbirth because I felt it was best physically and spiritually

---

*From the first moments, the feminine spirit of God was intensely and richly present. You could feel it, if not touch it. The four of us worked hard as one body, in one Spirit.*

---

for the baby. Now there were three beautiful women there to support and encourage me.

Geita Olsen is a tall, sturdy sister. She did what my husband had always done: massage my back with all her strength. My spiritual daughter held me and the midwife got ready to receive the baby and gave me knowledgeable encouragement. Then suddenly and finally there was a beautiful baby girl for all of us to behold; there was also joy and relief all around. The baby was immediately given to me to hold and hold. I have no idea at what point the umbilical cord was cut. I nursed the baby and we all shared in the sacred wonder of it all.

In a hospital, it is all business after the baby is born; the doctor is in a hurry to stitch you up and be on his way. Anticipating this pace, I asked the midwife, "Aren't you going to stitch me up now?" to my surprise, she said, "No, we can do that later. Let's just enjoy this baby." Someone went downstairs to make tea. I held my precious, hard won baby and we women sipped tea and communed. I don't

think any of us can now remember what we talked about during that hour. We had all been transported to another spiritual realm and we were all just being there.

### God's Presence

A lot later, when it was time to say good-bye, I asked if I could close in prayer. I prayed in gratitude for the safe delivery of this baby and for True Parents who made it possible. I also prayed in gratitude for being a woman, for the privilege of having this most awesome of women's experiences and for sharing it with these special women.

Mustering all my inner strength, empowered by God, I gave birth. Without undue interference, the women who assisted me reverently took supporting positions to the miracle taking place. The spiritual atmosphere and simplicity of a home setting combined with the

spirituality of the women present, made possible the presence of the motherly spirit of God.

Wherever birth takes place, it is holy and it is woman's finest hour. Whereas, for me a hospital environment had distracted from the sanctity of birth and the dignity of women, this homebirth had made it beautifully manifest.

In Mexico where I live, and in much of the so-called underdeveloped world, birthing is still a woman's experience, assisted by women at home. In the best of these traditional circumstances, birth is recognized as the most natural of processes, yet at the same time, is a sacred activity. When modern man better understands the limits of science and technology and people truly return to spiritual values, I believe homebirths will be one of the many traditions that will be renewed.

## HIDDEN TREASURE

by Grace Sasaki

*We met suddenly,  
without preparation,  
almost unexpectedly.  
Yet others had been waiting for that day,  
full of hope and anticipation.  
They had been making the preparations for us  
while we went about our daily tasks, unaware.*

*There you were.  
A quick, shy smile.  
Did you know I felt relieved,  
seeing that first smile?  
With that smile, we began.*

*"Our journey together", now there's a story.  
We expected occasional rough terrain -  
but not such big rocks!*


*It soon became obvious you hadn't been  
expecting...me.  
Equally obvious I hadn't been expecting...you.  
In fact we both had been trying desperately...not  
to expect.*

*When we came to a tough crossing,  
you suggested we  
join hands and pray.  
I protested, every cell within me rebelling.*

*You asked me to  
see God when I looked at you.  
But inside of me,  
Japan, China, Korea,  
the three enemy nations of our blood,  
were waging war.*







Join hands?  
See God?  
Tears flowed at the thought.  
Desperation.  
I can't do it.  
Impossible.

But you insisted.  
How did you become so wise?

Gave it a try.  
Thought we made it through.  
Thought the tough part was over.

I'm sorry, but I still think you were the one  
leading the way  
when we came upon:


#### THE BRIDGE,

the only  
way  
forward.

So terrifyingly narrow, so treacherous.  
Too far to see safety on the other side.  
Voices of earlier couples who had perished here  
echoed hollowly from the cavern below.  
From first sight, I was sure we'd never make it.

The doors of my heart slammed shut,  
as if locked forever.  
This is it; this is the End.  
I can't be expected to continue.  
Not over that Bridge.  
not with you  
The journey, for me, was over.

I turned and ran to the forest,  
seeking a haven in which to rest.



God, please help me to see as You see.  
Tears came, but not tears of healing.

God, please plant a seed from this  
forest in my heart.  
No love, no life there anymore.  
Hopeless, barren.

But this was a strange and unfamiliar forest.  
Cold and silent.  
Where was the comfort, the warmth,  
the inspiration?

What were you doing at that time?  
What were you thinking?

Days passed.  
I think I heard you trying to find me once,  
but I hid, deep in the trees.

On the third day  
I was pushed out of the forest.  
Would have stayed there forever if I could have.

But I couldn't deny God.

No place to go but back to the edge of the Bridge  
where you were.  
I stopped a few steps away from you to survey  
the scene:  
What a relief; you seemed to be sleeping,  
lying there alone in the dark,  
At least we wouldn't have to face  
the Bridge tonight.

Only a few steps away, but my legs  
were like stone.  
Hardly able to move.  
How could I go and lie there  
next to the Enemy?

Quietly I lay down next to you,  
careful not to touch.

Suddenly  
God was there.  
In a rush, His Love, His Grace,  
His Forgiveness surged into my empty heart.  
Boundless, deep, and overflowing.  
Wave after wave,  
powerful, healing  
Unconditional.

Immediately overcome, unable to resist  
I turned to you,  
trembling.

I should say something to you.  
Can't keep this inside, it's too great, too giving.

I whispered,  
"Don't worry. Everything will be alright. God  
loves you very much."  
Such simple words,  
but you knew.

Your response, your tears  
I will never forget.

In God's loving embrace, we sipped from the cup  
of True Love.

By the light of new morning, we awoke to find  
ourselves  
already on  
the other side of the Bridge -  
reborn into a gloriously lush and fragrant  
Garden,  
a Garden we hadn't seen from the darkness of  
the other side.

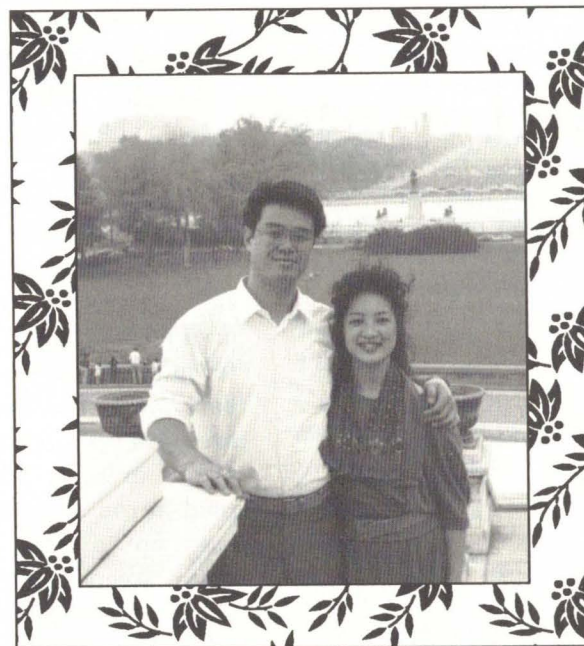
We hadn't even known it would be there.

I looked at you as if for the first time,  
to see our futures  
beautifully intertwined.

To see our children to be,  
the best of both of us.

To see God smiling,  
deep and wide.

I looked at you as if for the first time,  
to see  
my hidden treasure.



(For my beloved husband, Shinichi Sasaki, and for those  
couples who have encountered the Bridge: Happy  
Valentine's day, February 14, 1991. Grace Sasaki)

---

## LIST OF HOLY GROUNDS IN THE UNITED STATES BLESSED IN 1965

*Editor's Note: The following list is reprinted from the May 19, 1965 New Age Frontiers, an early church newsletter. We include this list of history as a complement to the story of Father's first trip to America (see children's section). Also, we felt it was appropriate to have this information at a time when members were going back to hometowns across the nation. We are reprinting the description of locations as they were recorded. Each state center probably has more thorough directions for location the Holy Grounds.*

### 1. San Francisco, California

2/15/65

Northernmost peak of Twin Peaks (renamed Parents Peaks). Center is rock on top. Southern peak (Mother Peak) is also regarded as Holy Ground, although only Father Peak received blessing ceremony.

### 2. Los Angeles, California

2/21/65

Griffith Park. Enter from Fern Dell Drive, pass vertical parking area on right and picnic ground #7 to parking area on right. Walk past men's rest room #4 & picnic area. Go up dirt pathway to left of picnic area to where large dirt road turns left and steeper trail goes up to right of picnic area. Take steeper path. Climb past small water faucet with spigot about 72 paces. Holy Ground is on plateau 6 paces from middle of trail.

### 3. Mt. Whitney, California

2/25/65

At entrance to peak, approx. 9,000 feet, in a grove of pine trees. Center between three pines, one a straight tree at its approach to maturity.

### 4. Death Valley, California

2/25/65

Badwater to west of pond.

### 5. Las Vegas, Nevada

2/26/65

Lyon's Park. Central tree 25' high, third tree from north fence and second tree from west fence.

### 6. Phoenix, Arizona

2/27/65

Canto Park

### 7. Albuquerque, New Mexico

2/28/65

Roosevelt park. Tree 36' high near park bench, 275 degrees west to tree on top of dirt mound, 105 degrees east to left-hand corner of school building.

### 8. Dallas, Texas

3/1/65

White Rock Lake Park. Take Lawther Drive around lake to Dreyfuss Lodge House. Walk 150 degrees south to southernmost of two small elms about 4' apart. There is squatty tree with much grass at base about 10' southwest.

### 9. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

3/2/65

Lincoln Park. Holy Ground is picnic area #8, center isolated forked oak tree, first tree east of next to last picnic table.

### 10. Kansas City, Kansas

3/3/65

City Park. Hill overlooking the city.

### 11. St. Louis, Missouri

3/4/65

Forest Park. Center is largest of 4 cedars northwest of parking area on Art Hill (81 degrees from parking area to trees)

### 12. Paducah, Kentucky

3/5/65

Bob Noble Park. Northernmost tree of two near a road and "comfort station".

### 13. Memphis, Tennessee

3/5/65

Overton Park. Cedar tree between 2 double-trunk trees, south of roadway and east of building.

### 14. Little Rock, Arkansas

3/6/65

War memorial Park. Oak tree on hill to west of gate 4 of War Memorial Stadium, east of St. Vincent's Infirmary which is about 1 mile away.

**15. Jackson, Mississippi**

3/6/65

Livingston Park. Fourth tree from road (third pine from road). South of tree are three pines very close together. Arbor to west, zoo to southeast. Orange and white check water tank to south in distance, lake to north.

**16. New Orleans, Louisiana**

3/6/65

City Park. Grove of trees just north of Harrison Ave., east of Magnolia Drive, southwest of two small lakes. Take road which forks to right off Magnoliato point 2/3 of distance to lake (fifth tree from lake on west side of road). Third tree to west is marked with carved triangle on north side. This is center tree.

**17. Mobile, Alabama**

3/7/65

Municipal Park. Park out Spring Hill Extension, west past Braywood St. Central tree tall pine, south of small green building with cement walkway, north of small white home with brick foundation, 11 paces east of a garden, southwest of high curving pine about 15 paces.

**18. Tampa, Florida**

3/8/65

Lowry Park. Tall pine, 100 yds. west of Greek theater type structure.

**19. Miami, Florida**

3/8/65

Municipal Park. Tall straight palm tree flanked by 3 other palms bent toward west, in SW corner of park.

**20. Savannah, Georgia**

3/10/65

Forsythe Park. Oak tree (largest of several) to NW of large white fountain, on northern side of park near Huntington and Whittaker Streets.

**21. Columbia, South Carolina**

3/11/65

Earlewood Park. Go down road a ways then walk downhill toward creek. Central tree is tall pine between basketball court and creek. Fourth tree to north along eastern side of sandbox, second to east along southern side of same sandbox.

**22. Raleigh, North Carolina**

3/11/65

Umstead Park, near Umstead Drive and Boylan Street. Central tree is large oak near foot of hill which rises to east. Second tree from small white pavilion with hexagonal green roof.

**23. Richmond, Virginia**

3/11/65

Monroe Park. Large tree in center of plot of grass between fountain and twin-steepled church with domed roof on Laurel St.

Round house to left as one faces church. Central tree is smaller than other two trees near it.

**24. Martinsburg, West Virginia**

3/12/65

Berkeley County War Memorial Park, off North Tennessee Ave. Small tree, sixth in a row to south from east-west line of bush trees, in valley running north-south. Valley to west of small house-like building with green roof which is south of tree, west of swings and small building with white roof to north.

**25. Washington D.C.**

3/14/65

White House. No central mark. Grassy area in ellipse in front of White House. facing east, center is south of second column from right, east of space between third and fourth metal poles of baseball screen on left, west of first street-light on right of baseball screen.

**26. Washington D.C.**

3/14/65

Capitol Building. Central tree evergreen in middle of lawn to west of Capitol Building.

**27. Baltimore, Maryland**

3/18/65

Druid Park. Large tree near top of hill between Administration Building and duckpond.

**28. Wilmington, Delaware**

3/18/65

Brandywine Park, near Van Buren and Park Streets. Large tree SW of baseball backstop in small glen, new bridge to west. Walk up road reading "no parking beyond this point".

**29. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

3/18/65

Fairmount Park. Large tree with spreading branches to SE of main gate on lawn about half way between main gate and opposite street. Second tree to west of road.

**30. Trenton, New Jersey**

3/18/65

Cadwalader Park. Tall thin tree near baby evergreen which is near an ancient tree bound with wire. Near bear cage and statue labelled "Gettysburg Appomattox". Enter at Parkside Drive.

**31. New York City, New York**

3/19/65

Central Park, near 98th Street. Small cherry tree on large grey rock (about 20' wide). Rock covers entire area of blessing. SW of building with green roof, near boathouse parking lot.

**32. New Haven, Connecticut**

3/19/65

West Rock Park. Middle part of flat rock in ground next to path which leads NW from summit.

**33. Providence, Rhode Island**

3/19/65

Roger Williams Park. Small thin tree in group of trees near lake. Two small evergreens between tree and bridge across lake to south. Across lake to south is building and sign reading, "Pony Round".

**34. Boston, Massachusetts**

3/19/65

Washington Monument and bridge.

**35. Portsmouth, New Hampshire**

3/19/65

City Park. On State St. Large tree NE of monument.

**36. Kittery, Maine**

3/19/65

City Park, just over New Hampshire Main Bridge. Small evergreen toward north end of park.

**37. Brattleboro, Vermont**

3/20/65

City Park. Large tree, second from last toward east.

**38. Cleveland, Ohio**

3/21/65

Wade park, at University Circle. Exact center of lawn, parallel to fifth hedge from pond.

**39. Detroit, Michigan**

Belle Isle Park. Large tree near rocks, next to building, near Inselruhe St.

**40. Hammond, Indiana**

3/21/65

Harrison Park. Large tree near lamp, to west of Food Centre (grocery store), east of 3 small trees close together.

**41. Chicago, Illinois**

3/22/65

Grant Park South. Fifth tree to west in third row of trees running east-west from walkway. third row is third to south. Trees run perpendicular to "Harrison Hotel Park Free" sign on top of Harrison Hotel.

**42. Madison, Wisconsin**

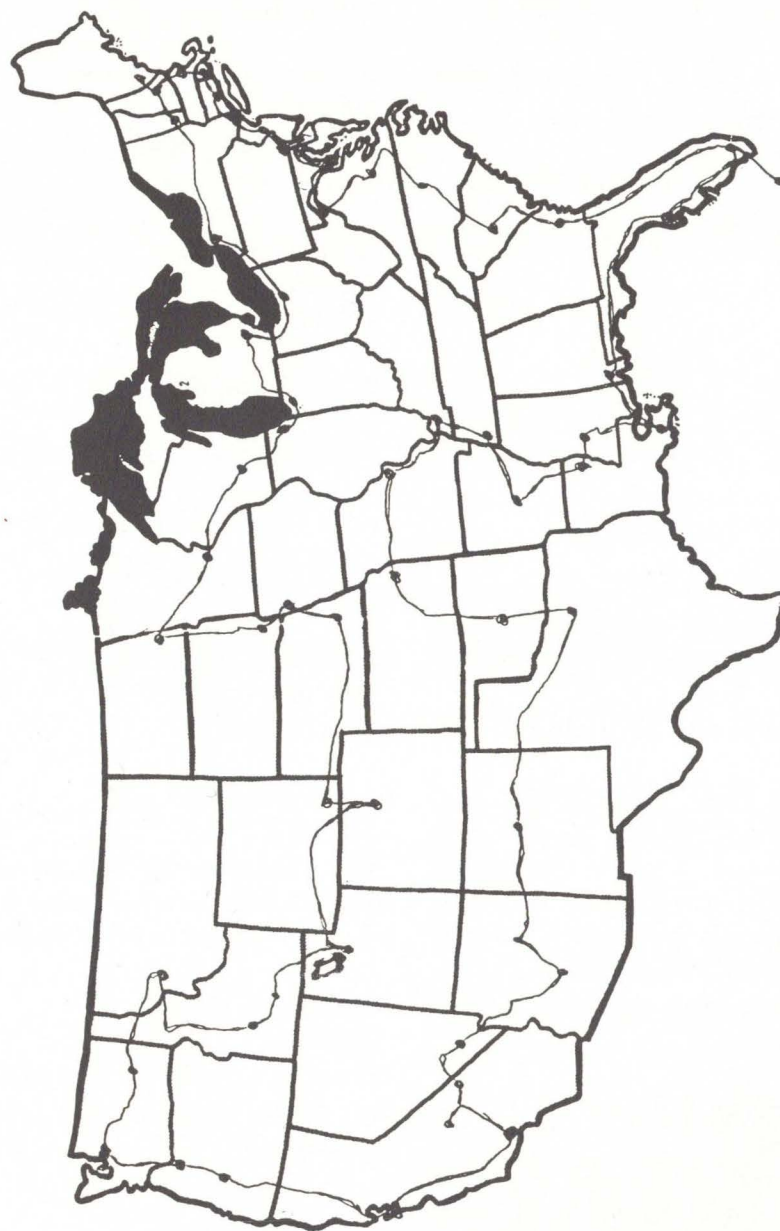
3/22/65

Hoyt Park, on Regent St. Next to Hoyt School. White oak, standing alone, to north of stone shelter house and wide grassy field.

**43. St. Paul, Minnesota**

3/23/65

Como Park. From park building, go up hill directly opposite. Small evergreens to left as you go. Center tree medium sized, second to north of lamppost.



**The route that the party followed to bless all the American Holy Grounds in 1965**

**44. Fargo, North Dakota**

Island Park. Central tree double trunk, second to SE of fire hydrant, east of playground, south of statue.

**45. Sioux Falls, South Dakota**

3/23/65  
Sherman Park. Tree at top of high hill.

**46. Sioux City, Iowa**

3/23/65  
Grandview Park. Modern lamp-post with fluorescent light.

**47. Lincoln, Nebraska**

3/24/65  
Antelope Park. second tree to south from SE edge of fence which surrounds sheep and goat pen.

**48. Cheyenne, Wyoming**

3/24/65  
Lyons Park. Enter across from Wyoming national Guard. Fir tree, second from end tree toward stone monument in SE dedicated to crabapple tree (official tree of Cheyenne). Playground and bar-b-que pit to west; road runs to north and west.

**49. Denver, Colorado**

3/25/65  
City park. South side of park at North end of Esplande St. large elm tree 140 paces north of edge of large statue with road looping around it. Tree in middle of large open area. Another elm between it

and road to north, group of cedar trees to west.

**50. Salt Lake City, Utah**

3/26/65  
Ensign Park. Rock on peak to north of city.

**51. Boise, Idaho**

3/26/65  
Julia Davis Park.

**52. Missoula, Montana**

3/27/65  
Greenough park. First evergreen to NW (third tree to NW) of small bridge which crosses creek. Tree is next to creek, one small tree to its west.

**53. Seattle, Washington**

3/28/65  
Seward park.

**54. Portland, Oregon**

3/29/65  
Mt. Tabor Park. Central tree trinity (3 trees in one), redwood on top of hill located to SE of Summit

**55. Eugene, Oregon**

3/29/65  
Hendrick's Park. Central spot of five trees growing very close together.

**THE TIME OF AMERICA'S VISITATION, PART I**

*This is a story of Father's first visit to the United States, during which his main purpose was to establish holy ground in each of the mainland states. It was a grueling, and sometimes harrowing, journey that had to be accomplished in 40 days.*

*Information for these stories was gleaned from old newsletters and conversations with early members. George Norton, one of the drivers on the trip, was especially helpful, and the photographs are from slides he took and then carefully safeguarded all these years.*

**Over the Pacific to California**

The long awaited moment had come for Father to visit America. But this would be more than just a visit to America. It would be a trip around the entire world to bless plots of ground in every state and in many countries. In each location, Father would choose a piece of land, bless it, and it would be called holy ground. From these holy grounds, God's heavenly kingdom would grow. It would be the beginning of reclaiming the physical world for God.

Father called Mrs. Won Bok Choi to his room. "Kim Young Oon has been back in the States for about four months," he said. "Now, it's time for me to go, too, and I want you to accompany me and be my interpreter."

Mrs. Choi had been helping Mother with the children, so she had to quickly train another person. As she prepared to go, she spent every spare moment studying English and praying, for this trip would be very demanding. To translate Father's exact words into English even as he spoke would be an awesome responsibility.

On the day of departure, a small

group went along to see Father and Mrs. Choi off at the airport. Their faces were calm enough, but inside they were excited. Their Son-Sengnim was going around the world! He looked so handsome in his new Western-style suit, and so dignified.

In Father's suitcase, there were not many clothes. Instead, he carried gifts and little bags of dirt and rocks. At each holy ground, he would bury some dirt and a rock from Korea. In turn, from each state, he would find a stone to bring back to Korea. Heavenly Father had revealed to him all that he should do.

The flight was very long. Never, had Father or Mrs. Choi traveled so far from home. When the airplane touched down in Hawaii to take on more fuel, they got their first glimpse of the United States — palm trees, white beaches, and balmy February air.

Then they were in the air again for the final leg of their journey. The time was drawing near when Father would meet the members he had heard so much about.

"What are Americans really like?" he wondered. "I've heard so much about them. I've met American soldiers, but are they typical?"

Then he remembered something else. Turning to Mrs. Choi, he said, "Americans like to smile a lot—big smiles that show their teeth. So we must smile, too." He had already been practicing his

smile in Korea. It wasn't easy, for Koreans usually have serious faces. Maybe it is their suffering life, but they just don't smile or laugh out loud very often. When they do smile, they usually look down discreetly or cover their mouth with their hand. He smiled at Mrs. Choi. Mrs. Choi smiled at Father. They laughed silently.

The sun hadn't come up yet when Father and Mrs. Choi landed in San Francisco, California. They were a little weary from the journey and from the time difference. In California it was early morning, but in Korea it was time to go to bed. Yet, Father was eager to see these precious American members and he felt wide awake. It was 5:50 a.m. on February 12, 1965.

There they were—27 bright-eyed, excited people neatly lined up, obviously eager to catch their first glimpse of him. He strode through the gate with a big smile.

First, he greeted Young Oon Kim, David Kim and Bo Hi Pak, his three missionaries. They bowed only slightly to him and shook hands, for they were in an American public place and Father had learned that Americans shake hands instead of bow. He looked at ease with this custom, but Mrs. Choi looked a little uncomfortable shaking hands with Bo Hi Pak and David Kim. They had never done that in Korea.



**True Father being greeted on his arrival at San Francisco airport.**

Wasting no time, Father proceeded down the line, shaking hands with each member. He listened to their strange sounding names: Edwin Ang, Galen Pumphrey, Doris Walder (Orme), George Norton, Carl Rapkins.... And his face lit up when he saw a familiar face—Ernie Stewart.

They all gathered round to pose for pictures before heading for one member's home in Oakland where they would be staying.

For one exciting week Father and Mrs. Choi stayed in the Bay Area. During the days, they saw the sights. They rode the cable car up and down the steep streets,

they went to the zoo, they drove over the Golden Gate Bridge, and ate at Fisherman's Wharf.

"Master says things look very big and spread out here," Mrs. Choi told them. "And there's much unused space." It looked like just a crowded city to the members.

Every evening there was a meeting, and Father talked to the members, learned their names, asked them to sing for him, and answered their questions. They, in turn, felt as if they were in a dream. To finally be in the same room with their Leader left them breathlessly in awe.

Father presented them with a special gift from Korea, a beautiful



True Father presenting the flag

lacquer box containing a big white flag with the HSA-UWC symbol. Father explained to them its meaning—the twelve gates, the four positions, and the circle of give and take. It was the first time the symbol had been brought to the West, and they proudly hung it up in the meeting room.

On the second day, it was time to create the first holy ground of America. Father led the members to two peaks overlooking San Francisco. The wind blew strongly, and they wrapped their coats tightly about them as they took their positions on the northern hill. Four members were told to stand in four spots to form a four-position foundation, approxi-

mately 10 giant steps apart. The hill came to such a peak that one person had to stand on the side of the hill.

Father walked slowly and prayerfully to each position, scattering holy salt as he went—back and forth and around it three times. Heavenly Father had instructed him exactly how to do it. In conclusion, he buried the Korean soil and rock in the center and prayed.

"Twin Peaks shall have a new name," instructed Father. "This northern peak will be Father's Peak and the southern peak will be Mother's Peak, and together they will be called Parents' Peaks. It is Heavenly Father's own sanc-

tified spot, a place where you can come to pray and not be bothered by Satan, a place that is restored.

That evening, Father explained to the members, "I must travel to all 48 states on the mainland United States, and I will make at least one holy ground in each state. I need someone to plan the trip for me, and we will leave in about ten days."

That announcement caused quite a stir. "Who might be lucky enough to accompany him on such an historic trip?" wondered each person.

"I also need two good drivers," he continued. "We will have to travel fast, and we will not be able to stay in the other states as long as we're staying in California." He paused and looked around the room. He and the Koreans discussed something in Korean.

Then, "Gordon Ross! George Norton! Are you good drivers? Can you drive through 48 states in 40 days?"

That would be at least 8,000 miles, maybe more. Was it really possible to travel that far in 40 days? George and Gordon looked at each other, then answered, "Yes, we can do it."

"Then, please prepare," said Father.

Gordon and the AAA worked together to plot a route that would take them to every state and avoid the cold winter snows as much as possible. George prepared the car

and gathered supplies.

On February 19, one week after their arrival, Father and Mrs. Choi, along with Miss Kim, moved on to the second stop, Los Angeles, California. There they were greeted by center director Doris Walder (Orme), Teddy Verheyen, and a dozen others or so.

As Father shook their hands, he could feel once again their excitement, and they in turn sensed his powerful love for them. He knew that someday they might take him more for granted, but for now they were obviously overwhelmed with emotion.

For a few days they showed Father around Los Angeles — Hollywood, Paramount Studios, Disneyland Then they said to Father, "We would like to take you on a whale hunt in San Diego. It takes a couple hours to drive there."

Perhaps he hadn't expected to spend time in America on the ocean, but as he got into the boat, dressed in his western suit and tie, there was a happy and thoughtful look on his face.

Much of the day Father gazed silently out over the ocean, looking West toward Korea in the East. Was he thinking that, up to this point, he had only seen the Pacific Ocean from the other side? Was he thinking of the vast resources hidden in the depths of its powerful waves? Was he thinking of God's dominion over the seas? Perhaps,



*That evening, even though Father still wasn't accustomed to the American time zone, and even though everyone else was tired from the day on the ocean, he was ready for an evening meeting.*

*He gave a long lecture, an overview of the entire Divine Principle. It was the first time the Americans heard the Principle directly from Father.*

but he didn't express his thoughts that day.

He quickly proved his seaworthiness, and the members later remarked, "You could see that he loved the ocean very much, and he kept his balance better than anyone else. Some of us got sick, but not him. It seemed that he would have been happy to stay there forever."

That evening, even though Father still wasn't accustomed to the American time zone, and even though everyone else was tired from the day on the ocean, he was ready for an evening meeting.

He gave a long lecture, an overview of the entire Divine Principle. It was the first time the Americans heard the Principle directly from Father.

The next morning was Sunday. Mrs. Choi announced, "Master

says everyone may come along to the blessing of holy ground." Approximately 20 people piled into the cars and made a procession to Griffith Park.

At the foot of a big hill, a mountain almost, Father walked around, looking for the right spot to climb. Suddenly, he shot up the side, and the stunned group scrambled desperately to catch up. Wasting no time, he chose a flat spot at the summit, among the tough shrubs and sandy soil to perform the ceremony.

And so it came to pass that day, unknown to the rest of America, that the Western world had two holy grounds. As the members prayed with Father, a spiritual fire seemed to flash through their arms, and they felt like they were lifted up to heaven. They would never forget how close they felt to Heavenly Father and to each other that day as they stood on the new holy ground of L.A.

Each evening, Father met with the members and talked to them and answered their questions. He even answered questions about their personal situations. And always they sang and sang. He really loved singing.

### **Cross Country into the Sunrise**

"Tomorrow we will begin our journey," announced Father. There was a last minute flurry of preparations—filling up the gas

tank, packing, and tying suitcases on top of the car.

Next morning, bright and very early, Father, Mrs. Choi, and Miss Kim took their places on the middle seat, Gordon and George sat in the front, and two other members climbed into the back.

"Goodbye, Col Pak. Goodbye, David Kim. We'll see you later on the trip," they called out. "Goodbye, brothers and sisters. We'll see you later, too—when we get back."

It was Thursday, February 25, as they headed into the sunrise in their shiney blue '65 Plymouth Fury station wagon.

As they left the smog and freeways of the congested city area and put the miles behind them throughout the day, the first thing Father noticed was the feeling of spaciousness. The brown shades of the Mojave Desert stretched endlessly on and on.

At one point, a great mountain jutted sharply out of the landscape. It was the highest mountain in mainland USA, the 19,000 foot Mt. Whitney. Following their plan, they left the highway to climb the mountain. They drove until they reached about 9,000 feet above sea level. There, in the mountain's snow and thin air amidst some hardy pines, Father created holy ground.

Their ears popped as they descended back to the highway and down further to the lowest

point in America, 280 feet below sea level, to Death Valley. The ground that Father blessed in Death Valley was white with salt, and yellow cliffs rose high around them in a protective embrace. On that day, America had four holy grounds, and they were all in California.

Later, as the sun set behind them, they sped through the desert toward the bright neon lights of Las Vegas.

"Tonight, we will splurge and stay at the famous Stardust Hotel 'on the strip,'" said Gordon.

"What's a strip?"

"It's the most famous part of Las Vegas," he answered. "It's a string of fancy hotels and nightclubs where celebrities like to come."

Las Vegas was an entertaining city, but it was late and there was very little time for sightseeing. The next morning Father blessed ground and they just went quickly on their way.

Hoover Dam came next. This was not a place chosen for holy ground; this stop was for Father, the engineer.

"Master wants to take a tour to see how it was built and how it works," said Mrs. Choi. The half hour tour revealed to them what an architectural marvel it really is—and how enormous. Father was duly impressed.

The rest of the day, as they drove through Arizona, they saw desert, desert and more desert where only

the most determined can live and grow. They marveled at its towering 500-year old cactus plants that were as big as trees. They marveled at the miles and miles of unused land. They marveled at the great heat in February.

When they arrived in Phoenix, it was late at night. Jon Shuhart had prepared a place for them in a hotel, but Father said, "We would like to stay in your center." Jon was surprised, for the house was very small, but they quickly cleared the area in the little living room, and all seven travelers slept on its floor.

The next morning, in a warm sunny park, Father chose a sapling to be the center of the blessed ground. Soon after, it was time to say goodbye. Two new passengers joined them in place of the two that had come with them from L.A., and they were off once again.

The next stop was Grand Canyon. They soon learned that the word "grand" is really too small a word to describe this natural wonder, and Father loved its magnificence: the many shades of color as the sun danced upon its cliffs, the river snaking its way through the bottom in its everlasting task of carving the canyon even deeper, the overpowering depth and breadth and length. God's handiwork was beyond words.

The group of seven proceeded east through Arizona and into New Mexico, where they drove

past, and sometimes over, its dry flat mesas. After blessing ground in Albuquerque, they went over to the city hall to get some earth and a rock to take back to Korea.

"Everything is concrete here," they soon noticed. "There's not even one loose pebble we can take."

After searching awhile, Father walked over to the building itself and pointed to one of its corners. Mrs. Choi explained, "He suggests chipping off a piece of concrete from the corner and using that in place of a pebble." They got out their tire iron and quickly whacked off a piece.

"Here's some dirt stuck in the cracks of the sidewalk," someone offered. "Would that do for dirt?" They dug it out and quickly went on their way.

In many states there were no members, and the travelers were on their own to find a park or mountain or some other likely location for a holy ground. Sometimes, they used their map; sometimes, they asked for directions to a park. The moment the car came to a halt at the park, Father was out searching for the right spot. The others had to hustle to keep up.

One person—usually George—recorded everything with a movie camera as well as a still camera. Another—usually Gordon—wrote down instructions on how to find

the holy ground. But these same men often had to participate in the ceremony, so it was impossible to do everything and still keep up with Father. The moment he was finished with the blessing ceremony, Father hurried back to the car eager to continue.

They could only shake their heads in amazement. "He doesn't walk; he speeds," they laughed. "We should have gotten in shape before we came on this trip."

Father had told them to change drivers every two hours. Once, as George was taking his turn driving, he suddenly heard a single English word from Father, "Faster." He looked at the speedometer and he was already doing 110 mph! Throughout the trip they went "faster" and, strangely, they seemed to be invisible to all police patrols.

As the days went by, they settled into this new lifestyle. Often, the three on the second seat carried on conversations in Korean. Sometimes, they translated a few things for the others, but more often they didn't. Mrs. Choi sometimes used the time to teach Father some English.

Miss Kim took care of the food. She bought bread and lunch meats at the grocery store and made thin dry sandwiches. "Here's your sandwich," she would say as she handed them out. One sandwich! Their growling stomachs sometimes protested, but no one said

anything.

One day, after they had eaten, Father asked, "Are you still hungry?"

"Yes," chimed in all the voices at once.

"Then let's get more food," he answered with a big smile. From that point, they had more to eat.

They usually tried to get gas at Chevron gas stations, because George had a credit card. Often, Father watched intently over his shoulder or followed him into the station to see how this piece of plastic worked. Nothing like it was available in Korea.

---

*In many states there were no members, and the travelers were on their own to find a park or mountain or some other likely location for a holy ground. Sometimes, they used their map; sometimes, they asked for directions to a park. The moment the car came to a halt at the park, Father was out searching for the right spot.*

---

The trip across Texas was amazingly long, broken only by the rolling tumbleweeds and scattered ranches and oil wells.

"So much unused space," Father commented again and again, with Mrs. Choi or Miss Kim translat-



Creating the Oklahoma Holy Ground

ing. "In Korea every centimeter is used. Why does anyone worry about overpopulation with all this land?"

No one had the answer. On the way to Dallas, Texas, they were given a quick lesson in just how dry and brutal the area really was. A storm brewed; but not a rain storm. It was a raging dust storm. The earth of Texas suddenly whirled up, building into thicker and higher clouds. It sifted into the car until everything was covered with grit. They could hardly see where they were going, but they kept moving anyway. It seemed like an eternity before the storm gave up. Neither snow, nor

rain, nor sleet, nor hail—nor dust—would stop the progress of this heavenly mission.

Father blessed ground in Dallas. Before they left, they had to buy some more rope for the cartop carrier. As George walked out to the car he happened to look back, and there was Father following him. He wanted to come along and see the big American hardware store and watch him pay with a credit card again. Everything was new and interesting to him.

Oklahoma's red soil was a change and so were its bumpy roads, but it also had few people compared to Korea. Everywhere,

there was plenty of space.

"Yes, there is a lot of room here," someone explained to Father, "but the people are generally quite poor. Ever since the dust bowl of the 30's, it has not prospered."

There was a small prospering center in Oklahoma City, however, and Philip Burley and others were ready with a very warm welcome. That evening was spent singing and sharing. Each person sang a solo for Father, and Father sang a solo for them. Holy ground was created in a park amidst the picnickers and canoers.

They crossed from Oklahoma into Kansas that day. Suddenly, someone in the car saw something interesting "Look over there! A herd of buffalo!"

"So this is where they roam."

"Yes, well, years ago, there were thousands of them all over the plains, but most of them were killed. We seldom see them anymore. Of course, with all the people moving in, there wasn't really room for them to roam anymore."

A bit further, as they climbed onto the flat plains of Kansas, another change was noticed. There was snow on the ground.

"The weather will be colder for the next couple days," remarked one of the passengers.

"Well, let's hope this is all the snow we'll find on this trip," responded Gordon. "We planned the trip so that we would get to the North last, so hopefully by

then the snow will be mostly gone."

"Yes, hopefully," agreed the others.

The 80 mile-per-hour Interstate 80 was a welcome relief after the potholes and narrow roads of Oklahoma, and they sped with all due haste through the flat winter fields of Kansas where corn and wheat would soon thrive. In City Park of Kansas City, Father blessed the holy ground wearing his new winter coat. It was definitely still winter there.

Missouri became a little more hilly with more trees. It was snowing, and the roads became icy. They had to slow down—but not too much—and, after some uncomfortable moments, they managed to arrive safely in St. Louis.

There, Bob and Vivien Oswald, along with another couple, welcomed them into their home.

"How did you hear about the Principle so far away from other members?" asked Mrs. Choi.

"Mary Fleming wrote a correspondence course and sent it to us," they answered.

Miss Kim added, "Approximately 12 to 15 people have taken that course and joined."

There were just two couples in St. Louis, so what an occasion this was for them. To meet any members would have been a joy, but they began by meeting Father himself!

In the midst of some cedar trees



St. Louis, Missouri

of Forest Park, the cold wind cut through their coats, and their fingers and toes soon felt frozen. Father paced off the holy ground a little faster than before. The four Missouri members were amazed to notice how completely Father focused on what he was doing.

"He wore no gloves or boots, and he didn't shiver from the cold," they reported, "and his shoes didn't even seem to get wet."

Heading back South, the little band of travelers looked forward to leaving the snow and ice behind. There wasn't time to drive to Kentucky's capital city, so they just drove into the western tip of

Kentucky where snow still covered the ground and blessed ground in Paducah. Quickly, they pressed on to Tennessee.

When they reached Memphis, Tennessee, it was already dark. In heavily wooded Overton Park, they groped their way with flashlights through the pitch blackness and slushy melting snow. As they tramped around, trying to find a good spot for a holy ground, they suddenly received visitors—the police.

"What're y'all doin' out here?" they asked suspiciously.

George went up to them and showed his HSA-UWC card and explained their unusual mission

the best he could. "We just want to pray for Tennessee," he said. "We want to choose a spot here, and have a little ceremony to pray that Tennessee can be blessed."

The policemen looked dubious, but, for reasons probably unknown even to themselves, they gave their consent. "Well, I reckon it's OK this once, but don't stay long, ya' hear? The park's not supposed to be open after dark."

Using their flashlights, Father quickly performed the ceremony, and within minutes they were speeding into the countryside once again.

They made it all the way to Little Rock, Arkansas, late that night. In the morning, bright and early, Father chose a spot in War Memorial Park beside a golf course. As he spread the holy salt and prayed, the others kept a wary eye open for speeding golf balls.

For a short time that day they traveled the narrow hilly roads of Alabama, past small farms and simple shacks. Father made note of how green everything was even in late winter and wondered why there should be so much poverty.

The swamplands of Louisiana revealed still another side of America—green and stagnant and rather eerie, and yet there was a certain beauty about it.

Father blessed ground in New Orleans that night. Ernie Stewart, who was on his way to Florida

where he was to be stationed in the army, was there to greet them. When they left early the next morning, he was their new passenger.

The dancing blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico on their right made their spirits bright that day. They barely stopped for anything, as they made good time through the day and shared the roads with the truckers throughout the entire night.

Early on March 8th—the 11th day after leaving Los Angeles—they arrived in sunny Tampa, Florida, where Rebecca Boyd (Salonen) and the other member had been eagerly awaiting their arrival. Col. Pak had come down from Washington D.C. Doris Walder (Orme), who had been going ahead of the party to help prepare the way, was also there. In Lowry Park, among the tall pines covered with Spanish moss, the 15th holy ground was blessed. The alligators nearby paid no attention.

Then it was on down to Miami in southern Florida. Since they would be sleeping in Miami that night, George did not try to sleep while Gordon drove. Gordon decided to drive the whole 4 or 5 hours himself.

When they arrived, they went to the most obvious attraction, the beach. While Father got his first view of the Atlantic Ocean, Col. Pak bent down and ceremoniously wrote in the sand in Korean let-

ters three feet high, "Abogee" (Father). Father smiled and in smaller letters he wrote, "Omonee" (Mother). Then, he dipped his fingers in the ocean and a gentle wave reached up to touch the soles of his shoes.

Father chose a beautiful piece of soft green turf with a tall slanting palm tree overhead for a second holy ground in Florida.

Then Mrs. Choi informed the drivers, "Master would like to see Key West."

This was not in their travel plans. By this time, Gordon was tired from driving from Tampa. George was tired because he hadn't slept. And it was 150 miles over the Key Islands and connecting bridges to reach Key West, the southernmost point in the United States.

It wasn't easy, but George did it. As soon as they arrived, they stopped at a restaurant.

"I'll just stay in the car and sleep while you're eating," said George. He curled up on the seat and quickly went to sleep. After awhile, a tapping on the window woke him up. There was Father, smiling and holding up a hamburger for him to eat.

So bright and beautiful was this land of blue-green waters, white sparkling sands, rows of waving palm trees, and billowing white clouds. The herons, ducks, pelicans, and other abundant wildlife obviously loved it, too. Father col-

lected a few seashells and some sand to take back to Korea, and they visited the home of Ernest Hemingway.

"America has so many different kinds of places," he remarked. "It's like many different countries rolled into one."

### Up the East Coast

The time came on March 10 to point the car north. After a day on the east coast of Florida, they were introduced to the red clay soil and pink magnolias of Georgia. In a beautifully flowering park in Savannah, among some strong oak trees, ground was blessed.

Then, on through Columbia, South Carolina; Raleigh, North Carolina; and historic Richmond, Virginia. There were no members throughout this stretch, and they moved quickly on.

The next day, they were met in the mountains of West Virginia by Col Pak, Moon Hye Yoon (Seuk) and several other members from Washington D.C., who presented Father with a big wreath of yellow flowers. Father blessed ground among some young trees in a "hol-ler" (in Appalachia that's a small valley).

One car from D.C. had been festively decorated with little flags the way they do for dignitaries in Washington. "Would you like to ride our car into Washington?" invited Col Pak. The answer was

yes, and they quickly made the change.

Arriving in D.C. couldn't have been more perfectly timed, for spring brings out the best in that city. The budding trees, the cherry blossoms almost ready to bloom, the spring flowers, and the patches of bright green grass all promised, "spring is coming."

It was 1965—the explosive sixties. The streets were peaceful, and President Johnson was at home in his White House. It was hard to imagine that in a couple of years these same streets would be the setting for "peace" demonstrations with riots, tear gas, and tanks.

As the holy procession came down from the hills of West Virginia and into the nation's capital, they marveled at the massive white government buildings and memorials and the great grassy mall.

"Overpowering, solid, inspiring, impressive," were some of the words used that day. The little flags fluttered gaily on the car, and passers-by wondered what dignitary had come to town.

Then they headed over the Potomac River into Virginia where Col Pak had prepared his home, called Arlington House, for Father's visit.

The spring sun touched everything with brightness, and as Father climbed out of the car, he

*It was 1965—the explosive sixties. The streets were peaceful, and President Johnson was at home in his White House. It was hard to imagine that in a couple of years these same streets would be the setting for "peace" demonstrations with riots, tear gas, and tanks.*

saw the eager members lined up to greet him. They had come from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia—Ken Pope, Pauline Phillips (Verheyen), Jhoon Rhee, the traveling Doris Walder (Orme), and two brand new members: Diane Griffith (Fernsler) and Barbara Mikesell (Ten Wolde).

They passed under an arch of flowers, walking upon a white carpet rolled out for the occasion, and shook hands with each member.

"Please come in and sign our guest book," said Col Pak graciously. And after they were seated inside, he ceremoniously announced, "We would like to present you with the keys to Arlington House, the Fellowship House in D.C., the Jhoon Rhee Institute, the New York Center, and the whole city of Washington, D.C., for they all belong to you."

Father lowered his eyes in gratitude and accepted them on behalf of Heavenly Father. Then, they

were treated to the most delicious food on earth—pulgogi, fluffy white rice, and all the trimmings—a most welcome change from hamburgers, French Fries, and sandwiches.

The second day was for sightseeing, and on the third day Father had decided on two sites for holy grounds in the nation's capital. First, they went to the Ellipse behind the White House. With the White House before them, and the Washington Monument behind them, Father stepped off the 4-position foundation and scattered the holy salt. Police were patrolling all around, because a demonstration was expected to take place later that day. Father's little group must have been invisible, because the police didn't pay any attention to them.

Next, they went over to the Capitol building for a picnic lunch. With the great white dome of the Capitol looming before them and the Washington Monument piercing the sky behind, they stood

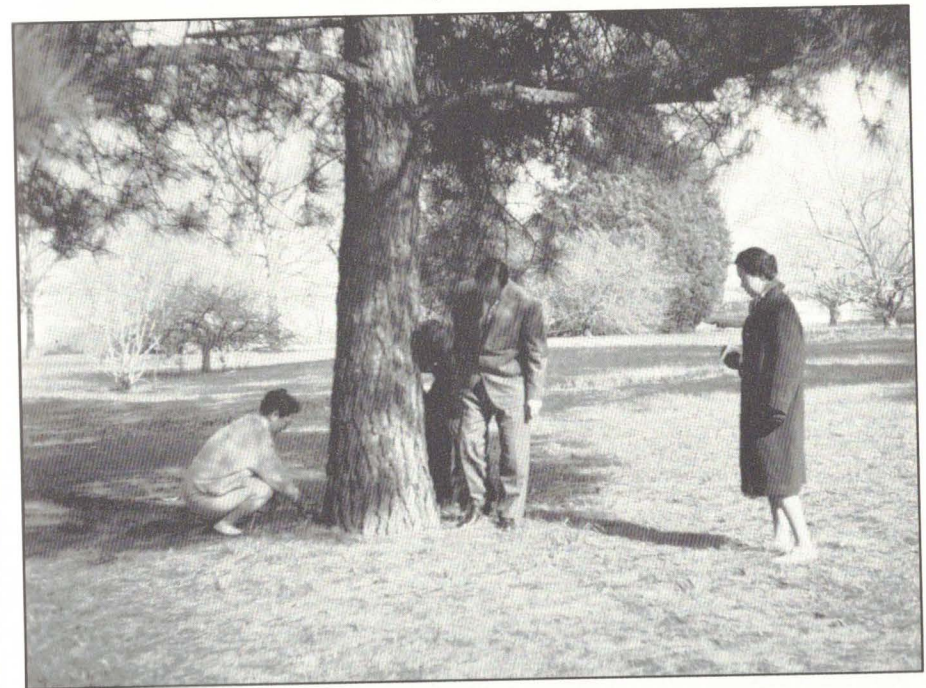
around a fir tree (it is now gone and walking on the grass is forbidden), and Father blessed the ground. They closed by praying fervently for America. Suddenly, the chimes from a nearby tower began pealing, "God Bless America." They smiled at each other with tears in their eyes and knew this moment belonged to their Heavenly Father.

For five days, Father stayed. He visited the Jhoon Rhee Institute and Fellowship House, a row house at 1907 "S" Street, which would be the Center for many years.

Every day, Father met with the members and visitors. Sometimes, he talked far into the night. Never before, had these members experienced such long meetings without breaks, and they surprised themselves by sitting still so long and getting by with so little sleep. They felt tremendously blessed to be in the presence of their Leader at last.



Mobile, Alabama



Jackson, Mississippi

**THE TIME OF  
AMERICA'S  
VISITATION,  
PART II**

After almost a week in Washington D.C., Father announced that it was time to continue their journey. The group of five packed up their things and prepared the car. They still had more than half way to go, and, since winter was almost over, they were hoping it would be spring-like most of the way.

Mr. Sank Ik Choi, the first missionary to Japan, had come to D.C. with Daikon Ohnuki to see Father. They became the new passengers on the trip West. Col. Bo Hi Pak and Moonhye Yoon (Seuk) rode along as far as Cleveland—nine people in all.

The trip west meant going north for awhile to hit the rest of the East coast. They left a trail of holy grounds in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

**A Visit to a Medium**

"Abogee," said Col. Pak, before starting. "In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, there lives a famous trance medium named Arthur Ford. We can schedule a meeting with him, if you'd like."

"Yes, that would be good," responded Father. "But we must do it quickly. There is very little time." Arrangements were made.



Phoenix, Arizona



Eugene, Oregon

In Philadelphia, they sat around a table with a few other people who had come. Arthur Ford had never met Father before and didn't know he was special. He went into trance, and his spirit guide, Fletcher, spoke. He said many things about Father.

For example, he said, "It was necessary that Mr. Moon should come to earth. God had to have some man through whom the Spirit of Truth could speak...."

Toward the end of the reading, Fletcher informed them, "I have to go now. The energy is waning."

But Miss Kim quickly asked, "Have you anything to ask for Mr. Moon?"

Without hesitation, Fletcher answered, "I ask that those who have been blessed by knowing him ... hold up his hands, shelter him, and feed him with their love. Give him your whole support.... He is an instrument through whom God is revealing himself...."

When Arthur Ford returned to his body, Father took the subject position.

"When a spirit speaks to you from spirit world, it has a certain viewpoint," he said. "It will lead you in one direction. When another spirit comes, it will lead you in another direction. It is very important for you to learn the principle behind spirit world.... That way you will be able to grow to a higher level yourself.... You were created to be Lord of Crea-

tion, so you should be higher than the spirits. *They* should help *you*.... Also, you should find out what level Fletcher is at, so you can understand best how to work with him."

Arthur Ford was surprised by Father's remarks. He was also interested. He asked questions, and for about 45 minutes Father explained many things about spirit world and about God's plans for restoring the world.

At one point, Dr. Ford's face lit up. "Do I understand you to say that those who are now in the spiritual world are able to advance

---

*"When a spirit speaks to you from spirit world, it has a certain viewpoint," he said. "It will lead you in one direction. When another spirit comes, it will lead you in another direction. It is very important for you to learn the principle behind spirit world.... That way you will be able to grow to a higher level yourself...."*

---

only when they help people on earth to advance but that they don't reincarnate?"

"That's right," answered Father.

Dr. Ford was obviously intrigued. "Is that right? Is that right? he murmured thoughtfully."

"Well, who exactly are the

angels? Just what is this Divine Principle you speak of? Should I work more on my own growth, or should I concentrate on helping others?" His questions kept coming, and Father's answers inspired him.

There were several priests in the group and Father gave them advice, as well. It was a day none of them would soon forget.

The carload of nine was truly in high spirits as they left Philadelphia, and they had much to think about.

### To New England

After New Jersey came the Big Apple—New York City. In Central Park, Father found a small tree growing out of a huge flat rock.

"Here," he said. Among the towering grandeur and bustle of New York City, the entire holy ground was blessed on a rock measuring at least 20 feet across. The tree growing out of it seemed to be splitting the solid rock apart.

"This shows the strength of even a small plant," Father said to the group around him. "You should be like this tree and break apart Satan's kingdom. You may feel small, but with the Divine Principle you have the tool to be powerful."

Although New York is very large and important, Father spent only one day there. They stopped by the little apartment of Moonhye Yoon (Seuk), New York's first

member, for a bite to eat; then headed out of town..

North they went to the church spires and peaceful villages of historic New England. The car whizzed through Connecticut, Rhode Island, the Public Gardens of Boston, Massachusetts, and on to northern New Hampshire. In that single day, Father blessed ground in six states!

They reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, around 10 o'clock at night. It was cold, and as a full moon shone upon the frozen ground, Father performed the ceremony.

Although it was night, their "day" was not yet finished, for they still had to hit Maine. There was not enough time to drive to the capital; therefore, while peacefully sleeping, the quiet village of Kittery received the blessing for that northern state.

### Cross Country into the Sunset

In Maine the car turned around and headed west. Into the night, past the sleeping villages, over the hills and dales and rivers, and through the woods, they sped at breakneck speeds.

If someone had been watching, they would have wondered who was chasing this station wagon so loaded down with people and luggage.

Reaching Brattleboro, Vermont, at about 3 in the morning, it was March 20. Rather bleary-eyed and



saddle-sore, they collapsed into their motel beds (or on their floor space). But as tired as they were, the sky had barely begun to lighten when Father woke them up and urged them on. With haste, they found City Park and blessed its ground.

---

*"Whew! The angels sure must be guiding us," said the driver of the moment, "because I don't know what's keeping me on this road ..."*

---

The next stop was Niagara Falls. It was a long drive across New York, but they reached it by late afternoon. The ground was covered with snow there, and the spray from the roaring falls froze onto their clothes as they stood by the water's edge. The sheer power of so much water plunging non-stop over the cliffs made them feel small, indeed; and once again they marveled at the magnificence of God's handiwork. Yet, Father had taught them that creation is only a reflection of their own image. One little person is much more important than the greatest and most awesome object of creation. They turned to go feeling exhilarated—and very cold.

As they passed around Lake Erie to Cleveland, any notion of spring was put to rest. It was snowing, and it quickly developed into a blinding blizzard. For once, they

had to slow down, as the driver squinted into the swirling whiteness and kept a tight grip on the wheel. Not many cars were on the road now. Occasionally, snow plows whizzed by in pairs, looming out of the blizzard like friendly monsters.

"Keep going," said Father.

"Whew! The angels sure must be guiding us," said the driver of the moment, "because I don't know what's keeping me on this road. I can't even see it, and the way the wind is blowing, I feel like I'm getting hypnotized."

While the drivers were under great strain to push on, Father looked serious but relaxed. His mind seemed to be focused on another realm, and the storm was only a minor inconvenience.

The little clapboard center in Cleveland was truly a welcome haven prepared by Pauline Phillips (Verheyen) and Ken Pope. The steaming bowls of rice and meat served at midnight quickly warmed the weary travelers and helped them forget the day's ordeal.

"Is it our imagination or is winter unusually long this year?" someone asked. It's the first day of spring, and we're battling snow and zero degree weather all the time. Isn't this the time to be looking for rain and thawing temperatures, and maybe a robin or two?"

"Yes, absolutely," responded

another. "It's usually warmer by this time." They all agreed that Satan was probably working overtime.

Saying good-bye to Col. Pak and Miss Yoon, they shot up to Detroit, Michigan, the land of the car factories. Then it was south and west again, past the factories and polluted skies leading into "The Windy City," Chicago, Illinois.

Eileen Welch (Lemmers) welcomed them into her "Center" and served her best food, and then she cried because Father stayed only one night.

They finally admitted that the snow was not likely to leave them alone for awhile, so they purchased a set of chains for the tires.

"The instructions say not to go over 35 miles per hour," said George to Gordon. "It's not safe to go faster."

"Yeah," answered Gordon. "And it's hard on the car." They made very poor time.

"You can go faster," Father said. They sped up a bit.

"Faster," Father kept saying. They sped up, but within 15 miles the chains broke.

"We better get a stronger set," they agreed. Although the chains made a terrible noise and the car bumped along, they went faster and faster.

"Good," said Father.

In Madison, Wisconsin, another student of the correspondence

course, Marjorie Hill, welcomed them into her home, and Father chose a little park nearby for holy ground.

Father smiled when they arrived in St. Paul, Minnesota.

"He likes the idea of staying in a city named after Paul of Jesus' time," explained Mrs. Choi. "He loves Paul and feels close to him in many ways."

The temperature was 4 degrees below zero in that northern city settled by so many hardy Scandinavians. They bundled up the best they could, and as they followed Father to the snowy hill, they literally followed in his footsteps. The snow was up to their knees in places! As always, Father's energy was far ahead of theirs. As he paced off the 4-position foundation, he walked very fast. Long gone was the leisurely pace of California.

The next day, they drove on into the vast frozen North. In Fargo, North Dakota, there wasn't as much snow on the ground and the sun was shining, but the temperature was 16 below zero—and that was at noon! They rubbed their hands together vigorously and stamped their feet to keep warm—but not Father. He didn't even wear his gloves. He concentrated fully on the ceremony and didn't seem to notice that his fingers had quickly become red and stiff.

"Why can't we be like that," wondered the others. But if they

asked, he gave no answer. To follow Father means learning on our own sometimes. "Study the Principle" or "That's how serious I am," he would probably say.

In South Dakota, they had to climb up a hill on their hands and knees because of the ice and snow. The men helped Mrs. Choi and Miss Kim the best they could.

"Those two ladies are amazing," remarked one.

"Yes," answered another. "They often have to run to keep up with him. They must get tired, but they never complain."

The next day, as they drove south to Nebraska, yet another storm hit them, and they put on the trusty chains again. Carefully, yet speedily, they made their way to Omaha and found a motel. As they often did, they all slept in one or two rooms, some on the beds and some on the floor.

When they awoke the next morning, the world was a dazzling wonderland of white, and they had to sweep at least a foot of new snow off the car. They located a park with a small zoo, and a flock of sheep watched silently as their True Shepherd sanctified the earth around them.

The road to Wyoming was also icy, and once again they prayed unceasingly that they wouldn't skid off the road. Very few cars were even attempting further travel that day, and they passed

abandoned cars all along the way. Yet they continued on. Neither snow, nor rain, nor sleet, nor hail...

Father blessed land in Lyons Park in Cheyenne, Wyoming, with a toy railroad track running beside it.

A meal had been prepared in the Center, but Mrs. Choi informed them, "Father is anxious to travel on to Denver. He doesn't want to take time to eat here. Perhaps we could take the food with us and eat it there."

They quickly packed it up and headed south. The smell of the food accompanied them and urged them on. Eventually, seated with Galen and Patty Pumphrey in Denver, Colorado, the food was a banquet. And it was very late.

"We'll leave early," said Father, "right after we bless ground." But the next morning, right after they blessed ground in City Park around a huge oak tree, the car suddenly rebelled.

"No! No! I won't go!" it seemed to scream. "I can't go another inch on this burnt-out valve." By the time it could be repaired, it was 3:30 in the afternoon. Precious time had been lost.

"Should we wait until tomorrow to leave?" asked one driver as he looked apprehensively at the overcast sky. In his heart, he knew the answer before it was given, and soon they were driving off into what was left of the cold gray day.



At the Salt Lake City Holy Ground, high above the city

Father must have had a premonition, for suddenly he said something in Korean and Mrs. Choi translated, "Father says we should not go west over the Rocky Mountains as planned."

"We could head north and spend the night in Laramie, Wyoming," suggested one of the drivers. "From there, we can drive straight across Wyoming to Salt Lake City."

"That is good," said Father. Both drivers heaved a sigh of relief, for they knew how treacherous the mountains can be in winter and spring. The northern route would be less mountainous.

But the next day, their sighs of

relief turned to sighs to relieve tension. Snow began to fall once again, and the winds soon followed. The snow was whipped around them and over them until they could hardly see. As they came up behind big trucks, huge clouds of snow and ice were flung onto their windshield. The visibility was zero. Whenever they reached the side of the truck, they could see again, but each time it was a terrifying experience.

"Don't worry," Father kept telling them. "Go faster." At some points they went 80 miles per hour, even though the roads were covered with snow. Lesser people would have died of heart attacks.

Well after dark, they arrived at the home of a member in Salt Lake City. David Kim had come from Oregon, and the cozy home looked extra warm and inviting to the travelers after such a harrowing day on the road.

The next morning they took a quick tour of the Mormon Tabernacle. It is a grand church built by the Mormons in the city founded by the Mormons.

Father blessed ground on a bald mountain top nearby. The view of the city on one side and snow-covered mountains on the other provided a stunning setting. As usual, they didn't take much time to enjoy its beauty.

"Kapsidah! (Let's go!)" said Father.

That evening, they were welcomed by Vernon Pearson in Boise, Idaho. As the rain softly fell, Father chose a spot in Julia Davis Park to bless.

Then, "*Kapshida!*" And they were off again.

The plan was to go north to Grangeville, Idaho, that night, and then on to Missoula, Montana, the next day. In the West, the cities are far apart. There are miles and miles of empty land. Even though he had already seen much of America, Father still shook his head in amazement. "So much space," he said again and again.

After they were on the road

awhile, it became evident that Mother Nature had other plans for them, for the gentle rain turned to gentle snow.

"Snow!" they exclaimed in mock joy.

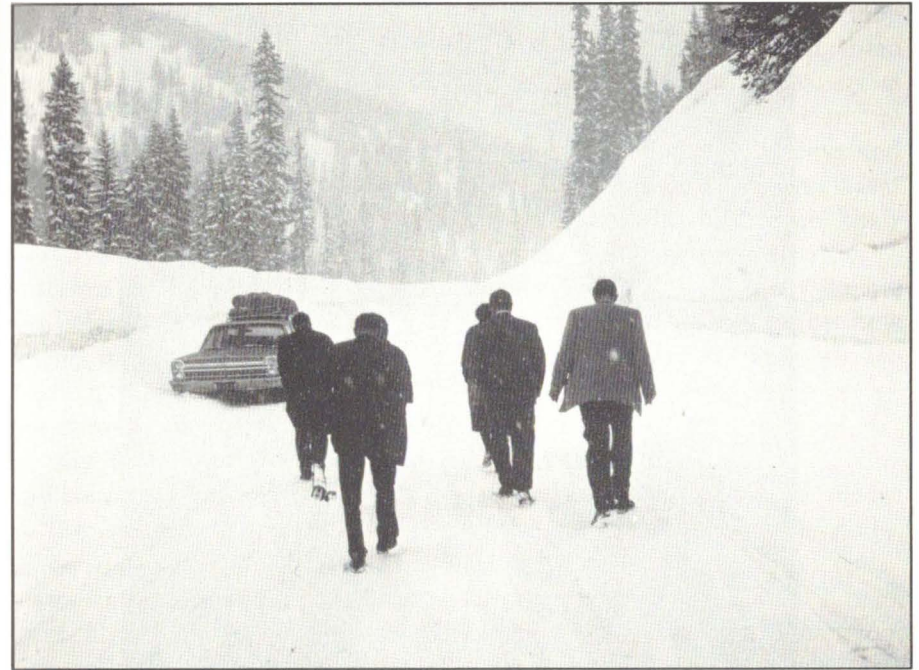
They drove along the "scenic route." It wound around the hills and up and down, and the snow kept coming, heavier and heavier. Before long, they noticed cars stalled in huge drifts along the way. Even the plows weren't keeping up with the deepening snow. Finally, as they entered Cascade, Idaho, much to the relief of everyone, Father said, "Let's stay here tonight." They were only half way to Grangeville.

The next morning it was still snowing. Dare they venture onto the roads in such weather? Normally, they would not.

"Master says we cannot wait," Mrs. Choi informed everyone. "The snow will probably continue, and we must not get snowbound."

They pulled warily onto the snowy highway and hoped their prayers and chains would be strong enough. Mr. Choi, as always, helped them relax with his jokes and cheerful manner, and they all tried not to think of the possibilities.

As they neared Grangeville, they wound along White Bird Hill. "Turn to the left. Curve to the right. Careful now. On this side a thousand foot drop. On that side a 4-thousand foot drop! Whoops!



**Taking a break from driving in Idaho**

The car is sliding! Oh, no! The driver has lost control! Heavenly Father, please protect us!"

There was nothing that could be done! Just then the car seemed to bump against something soft. It gently came to a stop at the edge of the road. They looked out and saw nothing soft that could have stopped it, only a steep cliff. It seemed that an invisible hand had reached out and brought their car to a stop just in time. Their hearts remained stuck in their throats for much of that day. And Father looked calm.

"The view was breathtaking," said Gordon much later in the safety of a warm center in Califor-

nia, "and so was the ride."

It would have been so easy to turn left and head for milder lands at that point. But Montana needed to be blessed, and it was east. They *had* to make it to the "Land of the Big Sky."

Luckily, after Grangeville, the storm quieted down. The roads became more friendly, and everyone's hearts settled back where they belonged. They could even look around a bit and enjoy some of the scenic pine-covered slopes looming above and the icy rivers rushing below.

Once, when they stopped to change drivers along the way, they all got out and took a playful



True Father in 1959

walk along the road, exercising their stiff legs and taking in deep gulps of the pure air.

As they resumed their journey and came into Montana, "Oh, beautiful, for spacious skies" took on new meaning for them. There is such a feeling of endless space and sweet air in Montana. In Missoula, holy ground was blessed among the Montana evergreen

trees. Nearby, a pure sparkling brook sang its song.

Then they turned back West and headed for Spokane, Washington—land of warmth and sun and dry highways. They were just beginning to relax, when Satan made one last stand. The familiar curse of the journey hit—snow.

Entering the treacherous mountain passes that had challenged

countless pioneers of the past, they marveled at how those brave people were able to get through at all. For them, there was only a rough trail to follow, and thousands died along the way. Yet thousands got through and started new lives with their families.

George and Gordon picked their way along the treacherous roads, trying to keep their speed up as much as possible. They had worn out three sets of chains and were on the fourth set. By now, they had been terrorized so many times by the icy roads that they seemed to be drained of all fear. They were in God's hands, and they were almost as calm as Father. Naturally, they came through safe and sound.

West of Spokane, they finally discarded the bumpy chains and sped smoothly along the highway, for they had entered the more temperate zone of the West coast. The car slowed down a little for the Cascade Mountains, but then, through the night, they made up for so much lost time in the snow.

It was as if someone was fast-forwarding them to their final destination. The Washington police, just like the police in the other states, seemed to be busy or going the other way, and they were not noticed. They entered Seattle at 4 in the morning.

The drivers found their spot on the floor and fell immediately

asleep. It wasn't just the long hours of driving that tired them so; it was the constant pressure of fulfilling Father's condition to reach all the states in 40 days and to keep him safe in even the worst of conditions that drained their energy.

They slept deeply, restoring quickly their energy for the new day. Still, morning came all too soon.

#### Down the West Coast

What a relief to shed the winter coats and walk among the daffodils in the gentle rain.

After blessing ground in a park overlooking Lake Washington, they drove on to St. Helen's, Oregon, where John Schmidli had a big dinner waiting. They had one of those wonderful meetings, with lots of singing and shy laughter—Vernon Pearson, Galen Brookes, and others. Father sang, too.

The next day they drove south to Portland, Oregon, the land of the liquid sun (that's what they call rain because it rains so much there). In beautiful Mt. Tabor Park overlooking Portland, the City of Roses, Father chose a large tree, which was actually three trees in one, around which to bless ground.

When he was finished, he looked to the darkening sky and said quietly with great emotion, "Heavenly Father, it is fulfilled." Mrs. Choi translated his words. It was



The group visited the house where Miss Kim had lived.

March 29. All 48 states on the mainland had received their holy grounds.

Technically, the condition was complete, but there was still one more stop to make. As they drove toward California, they turned off the highway where Miss Kim had first begun her work six years earlier—Eugene, Oregon.

In good spirits, they drove through the city, and Miss Kim showed them all the houses where she had lived and worked. They drove out to the little community of Oak Hill where her first members had lived and to which she

had moved. Father showed great interest in each place.

To reward this historic city, Father blessed one more holy ground, the 55th in America. This time, when it was completed, Father raised his hands in a strong gesture of victory and shouted in English, "Finished!" He strode away like a victor. Everyone absorbed the same feeling and strode victoriously after him.

After a well-deserved victory feast at a Chinese restaurant, they headed on down the highway to San Francisco, where the circle would be complete.

by L. Rapkins

## CIRCLE OF LOVE —

### Creating New Music at East Garden

by M.J. Yasuko Tashiro

After almost 6 years as a church member, I had heard Father speak about True Love countless times and determined to write a composition about it before I stop publishing. Since I had already published 3 books of piano music for the True Children, it seemed time to push myself to do this. The following story is about how this project turned into the longest course in overcoming obstacles.

Just the thought of attempting to write about True Love paralyzed me. What if I couldn't write something moving and beautiful for such an intense and important subject as True Love? I wanted this music to be simple and go straight to the heart of the listener. Spirit world would have to help me a lot. Father's direction about hometown providence as a priority and my not being able to go because of my mission, gave me the impetus to begin composing. This resulted in the composition *Hometown*. My heart was light because the children really loved this set.

Then through Sun Jin Nim, the way opened up for me to start

another composition. This came about because she gave such support to her younger brother, Hyung Jin Nim when he was struggling to prepare his trumpet pieces for his birthday. This required practicing twice a day to get his lip into shape to play well. Even though Parents were coming home, which is always a big incentive, it was still difficult for him to practice consistently. After a successful performance and the festivity over, I wanted to offer something to Sun Jin Nim to thank her for her caring. One day she was excited about some music on a cassette tape and wanted me to listen and write it down on staff paper. I worked about a half an hour with Sun Jin Nim singing the melody to help me. As soon as I finished, she was so jubilant and thought I was such a genius to figure it out that it seemed this may be my gift to her. However, later I thought I should try to write a similar "flowing-style" composition to give her. I didn't know then that this composition would ultimately turn out to be the True Love composition for Father.

As soon as I finished, I had a dream about a pendulum with three circular rings swinging back and forth. When I woke up, I knew that the title of the True Love song should be *Circle of Love*. I also knew I shouldn't stop with one composition but write two more. The second one became a



**Yasuko's family at East Garden Gate House. (Left to right) Peter Kim, Yasuko, Yun Shim, Phyllis Kim and Sun Jin Nim**

contrasting waltz, bouncy and spirited. The third one sounded like the Appalachian Suite with majestic mountains and a melody that reminded me of a holy song giving it a spiritual feeling.

Sharing and receiving feedback of impressions helps me to refine my music's impact. When I first played *Circle of Love* for some of the Belvedere staff, Joy Lascari said that it reminded her of the three blessings. Bruce Laberee said he saw the evolving of a person to a higher level. If they heard all this in the music, it was important that the ending sound triumphant.

I want people to understand the process of what happens to me when I compose. It's difficult to understand without having been obsessed with something. It consumes every waking minute and it pervades my dreams. This explains why it took many hours

of listening by tape to my different endings before I could sit at the keyboard and try again to experiment and see whether something would click into place. With this kind of repetitious, thoughtful work, my level of understanding spiritually and intellectually grew and one day, I suddenly found it. It was not a dramatic conscious act. My fingers played the right combination of notes for the ending as if it were always there for me to discover. It brought a feeling of a new dimension because it suddenly went into another meter. I called a prominent black composer, George Walker (to whom I have been witnessing) and his "input" explaining the correct notational writing, was the final reassurance that *Circle of Love* was ready to go to the next stage of preparation for the printer.

The set of three compositions were sent to my engraver and musician, Bill Miho. However, each time I played *Circle of Love*, it haunted me that my hands longed for a feeling of something more. A fleeting thought was to extend it by repeating the first theme but written differently, maybe a variation of the theme. God worked through everyone on this project. After playing the new idea for Bill, I was surprised when he voiced my thought to have a variation too. I, happily took this comment as a "go-ahead" to make the important change. Although it was already

9 p.m., I was determined to have the final music ready by the scheduled time so I worked non-stop until 1 a.m. to complete it. The variation emerged, having more intensity of feeling, emphasizing the importance of our individual responsibility to make the *Circle of Love* have the depth of True Love. To help God and I celebrate this moment, I walked Reggie Woolridge, a man of musical talents, who was capable of sharing the joy of musical creativity.

Printers usually receive typesets and print them. One interesting aspect of their profession is dealing with crazy artists. I must have tormented this man with my corrections. Finally I bought business cards as an excuse to go into his shop to make one last correction.

Winding down at the gatehouse where I live at East Garden, I began counting the number of pieces I had published since joining the church. When I realized the total was 71, the same as Father's age, it struck me as more than a coincidence. A last surprising note is that the printer overcharged me \$39.99 and so 4 days later, gave me back \$40. Heaven has a wonderful sense of humor. My prayers are to make a substantial offering to Father. An inspired thought that followed was to print on the inside front cover of the book the following words: *TRUE LOVE* that flows from the individual, to the family, to the world, forms a *Circle of Love*.

## PARENTS HAVE AN INFLUENCE

Alice Boutte

### McLean, Virginia

Should we send our children to private schools or schools established by other churches? Should we create our own schools? Should we home school our children? Many of our families are choosing one of these alternatives.

Still, for many parents, the only realistic option is to send their children to the public schools. In this case, the best they can do is try to locate in a good neighborhood near good schools and hope for the best.

With Home Town Providence being more vigorously encouraged, more of our families may find themselves moving into new neighborhoods around the country, away from the comforting support system of the church to which they have become accustomed, away from any hope for a church school or other church programs. What can be done?

A Christian parent, who had become involved in PTA and eventually got on the curriculum committee of their child's school, testified that they were able to have considerable influence on what was being taught in the school. Their feeling was that

Christian parents should change the system rather than run away from it.

With this in mind, a few examples of community action by Unification parents have come to our attention and we would like to share them here. Hopefully, these accounts will inspire others by proving that one small parent *can* have an effect on the system.

In Fairfax County, just outside our nation's capital, it is prohibited by the school system to sponsor events that promote a specific religion. This means they may no longer have Christmas parties, exchange gifts, or put up Christmas trees or other decorations. That magic time of year has been all but erased in the schools.

Mrs. Alice Boutte (74 couples), who had four children in school, decided to do something about it. She started talking to parents and educators in the school.

"The school sponsors programs dealing with the problems of the world — Save the Environment, Say No to Drugs, and so on," she said. "I think we need to offer something with a positive theme, as well."

At first, no one responded. But Mrs. Boutte didn't give up. "Why not honor all religious customs?" she asked. "How about emphasizing a multi-cultural approach so the children can learn about many different religious and cultural

traditions and thus be able to appreciate each other better?"

After many calls and visits and considerable campaigning, she got the PTA interested. They decided, "Yes, maybe you're right." In the end, they adopted an official "accept-the-whole-world" philosophy.

The first event was a week-long celebration called "Spring Holidays Around the World." The children were guided to do research on all the holidays of spring they could find. They brought in objects and pictures to illustrate each one, and they set up a hallway display. It included Passover, Easter, Ramadan (Muslim holy fasting month), No Rooz (Iranian new year), Earth Day, St. Patrick's Day, Korean Independence Day and Labor Day, and Mother's Day.

It was a resounding success, and in the end, the Director of Student Services of Fairfax County Public Schools came out with a new statement. "Our basic philosophy is neutrality with respect to religious beliefs, but we are not going to regard religion as a taboo subject." This was a breakthrough.

Another breakthrough was the fact that it was reported in three papers: the McLean city paper, the Fairfax County paper, and The Washington Times. According to the Times, "It's a risk for public school employees to talk about religion, even in a month packed with Easter, Passover and Ramadan. But a McLean elementary

school may have found a way to do it risk-free — by letting parents take charge of the sensitive matter.”



**Irvington, New York**

*Mrs. Yukiko Furuta*

Mrs. Yukiko Furuta (777 couples) decided to become involved in her children's school as a way to be a witness.

“From the time our children first entered the Irvington schools, I was always thinking about how I could be of help,” she says. “Then I learned that, every year, they had

and a few Koreans in this school, also other nationalities.”

She began by joining the PTSA and volunteering for various projects. From there she volunteered to help with International Week. She arranged for several of our church parents to go in and teach something in the classrooms — someone demonstrated the koto musical instrument, someone told a Japanese story, someone demonstrated a Japanese tea ceremony, and so on.

Then she suggested to them, “The children are learning to understand other cultures and therefore each other better. What



**Our family members — young and old,  
always love to entertain**

International Week. This was a week when an international theme was used throughout the school. They have many Japanese

about the parents? Why don't we have a family night and present entertainment from different cul-

tures for them, also?”

The school principal was interested and so were the committee members. Mrs. Furuta was put in charge of it. Again, she invited several church parents to perform — Dr. Baughman and Dr. Hendricks each sang and played the guitar and Dr. Shimmyo played the harmonica.

“I hope we can share with others Father's spirit as we share songs and other entertainment from different cultures,” she explained. “Maybe it will help win their hearts. Finally, I really want to include one of Father's children in the program, even though they don't attend this school. Maybe this year, I will try it. For example, Jeung Jin Nim plays the violin so sweetly and always wins over the audience whenever she plays.”

“My mind is always busy regarding things I can do in the community,” she continued. “I'd even like to make this International Night a community event, rather than just a school event. Now that my children are in Middle School, I'd like to get all the schools involved together. I believe activities like this give us many possibilities for making known Father's loving heart and be a witness to him.”



If others of you have done something in your child's school and/or community, we would like to report it in upcoming issues, so please mail your story (even a rough copy) to Children's Education Office, 4 West 43rd St., NY, NY 10036.



## SHIMJUNG EXPERIENCES: WHAT THE CHILDREN TEACH US

by Sharon Goodman

This is the second in a series of little stories about Sharon's work with children. In our ongoing quest to understand and develop the shimjung style of education, we must learn what Shimjung Education is in theory and we must learn to practice it day by day, being firm in teaching the children the correct way of growing and being able to do it with a loving heart. It really all comes down to interacting with individual children in individual situations. Here is how Sharon dealt with one little girl one day.

### Christine's Story

It was Christine's first day of school. I had observed her before to be a bright, strong-willed 4-year-old girl. Today, as she entered the school door, I put out my hand for a handshake greeting, which is customary for all the children in my preschool.

"Good morning, Christine. We've been waiting to see you. Come on in!" But she looked at me unconvinced and withdrew her hand and threw it behind her back. Several



**The Education of true heart begins at home**

thoughts flooded through my mind: number 1, she's shy so I better not push it until she knows me better; number 2, I came on too strong, and I should back off; and number 3, she's stubborn and wants things on her own terms.

Judging by the look on her face (jaw set like a muppet character), I chose number 3. I wasn't absolutely sure, of course, but I took the risk.

"Christine," I said, as I very slowly reached around her back to take her hand, "I know that you are a very friendly person, but if you pull your hand behind your back like that, it would be an unfriendly thing to do. So, 'good morning, friend,'" I said as I held

her hand gently between my two hands.

Christine remained skeptical. Her face didn't change; it was still a straight-mouthed muppet face. But she walked slowly into the school room, thinking about what had just happened to her. I knew that there would be another confrontation sometime down the road, but to my surprise it came only minutes later as the group gathered for a music lesson.

The two, three and four year olds all knew the standard for preparing for the teacher. They were to sit in the circle, cross their legs Indian style so as not to disturb anyone, and be quiet as they waited for the teacher to come in.

Christine came to the circle but wasn't about to conform to any rules just yet. She sat down, but tucked her feet out as far as they could point. The other students were compassionate and kind, as they had been taught, and they tried to help.

"Christine," they offered, "here's how you're supposed to cross your legs for the lesson." Christine remained in the same position, feet sticking out as straight as a rod. She was not about to change. All the while the children around her became more urgent to show her the way to do it. I pretended not to notice. Then, I quickly entered from around the corner.

"OK, everybody," I said. "Let's begin. But—(pretending to see Christine's legs for the first time) Ah-oh, Christine. Maybe you didn't know, but when you prepare for the teacher, you always cross your legs. That way, your legs won't disturb anyone around you and you can concentrate better." I thought if I tried first with the situation in a light easy way, I might be able to avoid a tug of will situation. But she was clearly engaged for battle—muppet mouth and all—and refused to budge.

What should I do? If I chose to ignore her refusal at this point, I would have a big problem. There were 10 little sets of eyes carefully watching how I would handle this situation. If I did nothing, I would

disappoint them. Furthermore, if I didn't do anything to remedy the situation, I would also be in bigger trouble with them, because then whatever I say would have no meaning. Then the other children would surely try me out to see if any of the other rules still hold up. So I *had* to do *something*.

Taking both her hands had worked before and had just the right amount of drama for effect, her hands in mine. I led her just far enough around the corner so that no one could see us. The other children were absolutely silent wondering what would happen next. I sat down at eye level with Christine and held both her hands in mine.

"Christine," I said, "I'm going to tell you something really important. Your body and face are saying 'no' to me, and I don't want you to say 'no' to me, as your teacher. I also don't want you saying 'no' to your mom and dad. And now I'm going to tell you why. We love you and are trying to help you grow. And when you say 'no,' you are saying 'no' to growing, and that would be very sad. We love you too much for you not to grow up into a beautiful person. Now, Christine, I'm going to stay here for a few minutes, and I want you to go out to that circle and sit down and do the right thing."

She left and, after a short pause, I went out to find out what she had chosen to do. I was already

thinking about what might be a good natural consequence if she chose to say 'no' again. But, happily, I arrived to find her legs neatly crossed. To my surprise, she also had a big smile on her face. No words needed to be exchanged. The lesson promptly began, and everyone was happy.

The best part came later when her mother called me that night to tell me that Christine had decided what she wanted to be when she grows up—a teacher!

Not all scenarios work out so swiftly or completely. But throughout this particular day I felt I was taking a risk. Perhaps I could have read the situation

incorrectly. I am always looking for clues from within the child that tells me if I am right or wrong. But I work on the following premise: #1, God is my partner and will help me; #2, if I make a mistake, but it's out of the right heart, I can always apologize to the child; and #3, if I can convince the children that I live to help them grow—even rules are to help them grow—then I am met with little resistance as they become self-motivated to do the right thing.

These three elements are always a parent's (and teacher's) guidelines for the shimjung heart of education.

## RESOURCES FOR PARENTS

### God's World Book Club

Every few months this book club provides a catalog of books, cassettes, and products for parents, home schools, teachers, libraries and others interested in educationally-oriented books for young people. However, there is no bothersome card to send in by a certain date if you don't want to order anything, thus, it is not a book club in the usual sense.

The catalog contains approximately 30 pages of selections on many different topics for children of school age. The books are selected for their moral quality and educational value, and many are difficult or impossible to find from other sources. Some of the books have a Christian perspective, and they are marked so the buyer knows what is being ordered.

Best of all, the prices are very reasonable, and there are always some publisher's closeouts included for less than half price.

They also have current event newspapers for children of all ages similar to *Weekly Reader*.

For information, call 800-476-8924 or write God's World Publications, P.O. Box 2330, Asheville, NC 28802.

### Waldorf Materials

The educational philosophy of Rudolf Steiner has been mentioned to us by a number of members. According to Sylvia Norton (Seattle, Washington), the Waldorf philosophy of education is somewhat complementary to Montessori in that they are oriented to the development of imagination and heart. Mrs. Norton suggests three publications which may be of interest to parents.

*Hearth Song: A Catalog for Families* is a catalog of toys, crafts and teaching materials that emphasize creativity and heart, and which help teach children a reverence for life and nature. The materials are made of renewable natural materials, and because they are made to last, they are as environmentally sound as toys can be. They are beautiful and a welcome change from the usual plastic fare of modern-day toy stores. They also have a *HearthSong Craft-Kit-of-the-Month Club*. Request a catalog from: *Hearth Song*, P.O. Box B, Sebastopol, CA 95473-0601.

A general publications catalog by the Waldorf organization can be

obtained from the Anthroposophic Press, RD 4, Suite 20, Hudson, NY 12534, (518) 851-2054.

*Mothering* magazine seems to have a large contingent of Waldorfers associated with it. Says Mrs. Norton, "It is a spiritually-oriented, natural-emphasizing magazine on an entirely different level than secular magazines such as *Parents* or *Child*. It is published quarterly for \$18. per year. For information write to *Mothering Publications Incorporated*, 515 Don Gaspar, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

### Math Aid

For parents whose older children need extra help in math and algebra, a helpful publisher is Saxon. They have developed a series of books which present math and algebra in clear step by step processes that help students quickly raise their scores at school. They are highly recommended by home school expert, Mary Pride. For information, contact Saxon Publishers, 1002 Lincoln Green, Norman, OK 73072.

MOSES TO  
PRETEENS

May 31, 1991

*Editor's Note: A Sunday School teacher received this inspiration while she prayed about her lesson on Moses. She felt that he wanted say these things to the children.*

You are young, young children. You are the ones leading the world now. You are the new chosen ones under the leadership of the True Parents. You are at the beginning point of having entered Canaan.

Canaan belongs to Satan and he wants to make you filthy. Your job is to cleanse Canaan. Only by the hands and heart of the True Parents can you have any power at all over the Satanic world. Learn The DP because it will give you strength.

Love and appreciate. Appreciate that you live now, rather than thousands of years ago. Appreciate that you have the benefit of Christianity as your foundation. Appreciate your parents who went against the tide of fallen society in order to follow God, to follow the True Parents. Your parents provided the situation whereby you could be born sinless. Your role is close to my heart. I pray for your strength.

I didn't have True Parents — you do. In that sense you can do more than I. Your love can very easily be much, much greater than mine — tremendously so.

Soon you will have your own children. Please protect the unified

front. Protect the True Parents, protect your families. How? By living purely. You may not be “cool” in the eyes of the world, but you are “cool” in the eyes of heaven.

I am so sorry for my own mistakes. I'm so sorry I did not gather the chosen children together in my time and educate them like this. If only I had understood the heart of True Parents then. My anguish is strong.

Please never give in to the false temptations of the evil of the evil fallen world. I am sorry there are some things you have to suffer just by being Unification Church members. You are different, your minds are different, so maybe you are a little separated from others your own age, maybe some of the very people you want to have as your friends.

Also, you may be suffering financially because your parents are serving True Parents instead of themselves. Thank you so much for being the willing and oh-so-beautiful sacrifice. Try hard not to complain ever. Try hard to take in even your poverty because it is for the sake of heaven. God's blessing will be given and it will all be made up for sooner or later.

The other thing I want to tell you is that I really like each one of you. We in the spirit world, who are close to Heung Jin Nim, are interested in your lives. Yes, you each have certain personality problems, you each have your lim-

its. Sometimes you even hurt one another. Yet I see such a tremendous beauty in each of you.

Why? Because you have the smile of our True Parents in your hearts. You are the few who have the hope of heaven. You are the ones who have the key to unlock that heavy, iron Satanic door, to let the flood of people enter heaven. That is why you are beautiful to me. That's why I like you. You may be weak. You may not be able to do everything Father asks you to do. But hang in there. Keep going. Try very hard. Give all your heart. Be happy and be sad. Cry with heaven. I'm close to you. I know what is going on.

You have the benefit of Jesus. He raised you up way beyond the level of the Israelites. And then there is Father. If only you could see your spiritual position like I can, you would bow 100 times every day to our True Parents. He, because of his own blood and sacrifice, separated you from evil, horrible dungeons. You are already greatly freed from the reality of hell.

All you have to do is give your heart to our True Parents — your whole heart. That means to love others, to love one another in that very special way that only True Parents can show us. It is a different kind of love than anyone else knows about.

Imagine the greatest mother. How does she love her child? Try



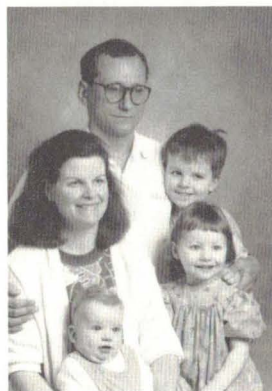
Takao & Paula  
Fujiwara  
Dae Young 8/2/91



Ulrich & Anne  
Haider  
Marlies Nan Young  
5/20/90



Jean Henri & Fumiyo  
Vanalderwelt  
Dominic Fukuaki  
6/13/91



Chris & Christine  
Hempowicz  
Michael 5/19/97  
Elizabeth 5/4/89  
Nicholas 12/21/90



Michael & Annie  
Graf  
David Jacob 5/2/90



Jacob & Wendy  
Johnson  
Mirahnda Kaylee  
8/21/91



Edgar & Mubina  
Lagare  
Sonya Jamila  
6/05/90



Rina & Renata  
Rigassi with  
grandparents  
children (from left)  
Nico 7/27/89  
Tina 2/19/87  
Alma 6/21/91  
Lisa 3/29/88



George & Ann Vargas  
Alexander Jung San  
12/11/90



John & Catrine Von  
Dinklage  
Naomi 6/20/87  
Neal 5/9/89  
David Jin Do 8/20/91

# Veils

## Blessed Family Department

has a quantity of wedding veils from the Madison Square Garden Blessing. It is unlikely that they will be used for any future blessings. They would make excellent play items for little girls. The veils include headband, flowers and net, and have been well stored.

Send \$4 for each veil plus \$1 for shipping and handling to: B.F.D., 4 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Flashcards** — 70 double sided cards in a pretty box. \$7.95

**Dong-A's Korean-English Dictionary** — A good, all around mid-size dictionary from Korean to English. \$17.95

**Korean poster** — 8-pages, 25 x 18", \$9.95

**Korean poster** — Double sided, 36 x 24", \$7.95

Available from **Children's Education Dept.**, 4 West 43rd St., NY, NY 10036, 212-997-0000, x288. Add 15% for shipping and handling in the USA.



## Our Church Begins

COLORING BOOK

**H**sa Publication's new coloring book contains 40 drawings. It follows the early years of Reverend Moon and the early church. A brief description accompanies each illustration. Order from HSA Publications, 4 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036 (Include \$1.00 shipping for each book up to 15 books, 50¢ for each book after that.)

**Available Now**  
48 pages, \$4.95

# BACK ISSUES

## Today's World

Today's  
World

= \$

<b>1980</b>	JUL ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$4	FEB ○ \$4	<b>1990</b>
APR ○ \$3	AUG ○ \$3	JUN ○ \$4	JUN ○ \$4	MAR ○ \$4	JAN ○ \$6
JUN/JUL ○ \$3	SEP ○ \$3	JUL ○ \$4	JUL ○ \$4	APR ○ \$4	FEB ○ \$6
NOV ○ \$3	OCT ○ \$3	AUG/SEP ○ \$7	AUG ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$4	MAR ○ \$6
DEC ○ \$3	NOV ○ \$4	OCT ○ \$4	SEP ○ \$4	JUN ○ \$4	APR ○ \$6
<b>1981</b>	DEC ○ \$3	NOV ○ \$4	OCT ○ \$4	JUL ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$6
JAN ○ \$3	DEC ○ \$4	NOV ○ \$4	NOV ○ \$4	AUG ○ \$4	JUN ○ \$6
FEB ○ \$3	<b>1983</b>	DEC ○ \$4	DEC ○ \$4	SEP ○ \$4	JUL ○ \$6
MAR ○ \$3	JAN ○ \$3	<b>1985</b>	<b>1987</b>	OCT ○ \$4	AUG ○ \$6
APR ○ \$3	FEB ○ \$3	JAN ○ \$4	JAN ○ \$4	NOV/DEC ○ \$8	SEP ○ \$6
MAY ○ \$3	MAR ○ \$3	FEB ○ \$4	FEB ○ \$4	<b>1989</b>	OCT ○ \$6
JUN ○ \$3	APR ○ \$3	MAR ○ \$4	MAR ○ \$4	JAN ○ \$4	NOV/DEC ○ \$10
JUL ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$3	APR ○ \$4	APR ○ \$4	FEB ○ \$4	<b>1991</b>
OCT ○ \$3	JUN ○ \$3	MAY ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$4	MAR ○ \$6	JAN ○ \$6
NOV ○ \$3	JUL ○ \$3	JUN ○ \$4	JUN ○ \$4	APR ○ \$6	FEB ○ \$6
DEC ○ \$3	AUG ○ \$3	JUL ○ \$4	JUL ○ \$4	MAY ○ \$6	MAR ○ \$6
<b>1982</b>	SEP ○ \$3	AUG ○ \$4	AUG ○ \$4	JUN ○ \$6	APR ○ \$6
JAN ○ \$3	OCT ○ \$3	SEP ○ \$4	SEP ○ \$4	JUL ○ \$6	MAY ○ \$6
MAR ○ \$3	NOV ○ \$3	OCT/NOV ○ \$7	OCT ○ \$4	AUG ○ \$6	JUN ○ \$6
APR ○ \$3	DEC ○ \$3	DEC ○ \$4	NOV ○ \$4	SEP ○ \$6	JUL ○ \$6
MAY ○ \$3	<b>1984</b>	<b>1986</b>	DEC ○ \$4	OCT ○ \$6	AUG ○ \$6
JUN ○ \$3	JAN/FEB ○ \$5	JAN/FEB ○ \$8	<b>1988</b>	NOV ○ \$6	SEP ○ \$6
	MAR ○ \$4	MAR ○ \$4	JAN ○ \$4	DEC ○ \$6	OCT ○ \$6
	APR ○ \$4	APR ○ \$4			

## Blessing Quarterly

Blessing  
Quarterly

= \$

Sum 86 ○ Making Marriages Work (\$5) Aut 86 ○ Intercultural Marriage (\$5) Win 87 ○ Beginnings In America-Part 1 (\$5) Spr 87 ○ Beginnings In America-Part 2 (\$5) Sum 87 ○ Guidance for the Blessing (\$5) Aut 87 ○ On Parenting (\$5) Win 88 ○ Living Providentially (\$5) Spr 88 ○ The Second Generation (\$5) Sum 88 ○ Pregnancy, Childbirth & Family (\$6.50) Aut 88 ○ The Congregation of Believers (\$6.50) Win 89 ○ One Nation under God (\$6.50)	Spr 89 ○ The Role of True Women (\$6.50) Sum 89 ○ The Role of True Men (\$6.50) Aut 89 ○ Educating of Our Children (\$6.50) Win 90 ○ Nurturing & Raising Children (\$6.50) Spr 90 ○ Steps to Restoration (\$6.50) Sum 90 ○ Stewardship and Finances (\$6.50) Aut 90 ○ Making the Family Work (\$6.50) Win 91 ○ Go Ye Forth and Teach (\$6.50) Spr 91 ○ Healing the Mind and Body (\$6.50) Sum 91 ○ The Second Generation: Growing with Heavenly Values (\$6.50)
---	--

## Blessed Family

Blessed  
Family

= \$

Vol. 1 ○ The Meaning of the Blessing (\$5) Vol. 2 ○ Shimjung Education of Blessed Children (\$5) Vol. 3 ○ Spiritual Life of Blessed Families (\$5) Vol. 4 ○ Korea: Home of our Tradition (\$5) Vol. 5 ○ The Community of Blessed Families (\$5) Vol. 6 ○ Called to Lead (\$5)	Vol. 7 ○ The Fulfilled Person: Intellect, Heart and Will (\$5) Vol. 8 ○ Shimjung Education #2 (\$5)  <i>There will be no more issues of Blessed Family.</i> <b>SPECIAL OFFER</b> <b>8 for \$36 4 for \$19</b>
--	--

*Don't Forget the Postage*

**SUB-TOTAL**

### POSTAGE for back issues:

Postage

= \$

**United States orders:** add \$1.50 for one back issue (add \$1.00 per issue for 2 to 5 issues, \$.70 per issue for 6 to 11 issues, \$.50 per issue for 12 issues or more).  
**Foreign orders:** add \$2.00 for one back issue (add \$1.50 per issue for 2 to 9 issues, \$1.00 per issue for 10 issues or more).

Enclosed is my Check or Money Order Payable to ACCORD for...

**TOTAL**