

## The seeds of love and compassion for my father and family began when I was 17

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In sixth grade, I failed the test that would allow me to attend secondary school. Because I was 17, I wasn't allowed to continue my education in public school. I had accepted the fact I would be a farmer. And this is where the seeds of love and compassion for my father and family began. It was a mixture of great love, adoration and respect for my father. My father was like my God for me. I respected him so dearly. Even when I was in my late 20s, I never smoked cigarettes or drank alcohol in front of him out of respect. Also, as the oldest son, it was my responsibility to help my father with the farming. I loved my father and respected him a lot. It was difficult for me to see him struggle with the pain every day and I felt very sorry for him.

### **Sprouting Seeds**

After my experiences with dreams and other ethereal phenomena, my spiritual development increased rapidly. During my three years of hard labor on the farm -- the days I was working on the plots of land far from home -- I developed an interesting form of entertainment that helped to shorten my long and lonely days. Not knowing it is foreseen of my future, Not knowing it was a foreseen of my future, I produced a script (like a television series) in my head, and every day, I changed the topic. One thing stayed the same, however. Every script was about me. The script was about my going abroad and becoming a success. I

would travel to different countries and work in them. Of course, I had lots of money, and I came home with gifts for every member of the family. I would also tell them how much I loved them and cared for them. I made up little stories about each one of my family members. When I acted out these stories, I would say the words aloud as if I were talking to a real person. I was so passionate when I acted that I often cried real tears. I adored my family and, in some of my plays, I washed my mother's feet. My father loved to have money in his wallet. So, in my plays, in addition to the gifts I bought him, I also had his wallet full of big bills. In my fantasy, my family lived in a large mansion with many rooms, and each person had his or her own bedroom. I also took them to famous places in the country and big fancy hotels and drove them in a luxurious car. I fantasized so well that sometimes I created two or three plays a day. This, I found, made the day go so much faster.

As time passed, the nature of my plays changed its focus. It went from taking care of my family to being a world-famous teacher. In them, I would teach something so noble, such as a philosophy of life that is based on love and truth. Once again, I became so obsessed with the play that I cried real tears during scenes or situations when I tried to help someone. In my series, I created a play about bad people, like modern-day terrorists. But, at the time, I didn't know they were called "terrorists." I showed how, by true love and caring, they could be changed and become good people. In my imagination, I was able to make myself invisible, and I would appear to them in their homes. I would take these bad people to a place deep in the mountains, where breathtaking landscapes surrounded a beautiful palace. In this palace, I was their counselor. I served and tended them and listened to their problems. I cared for them so much that they became good people and a part of my family. In my palace, there were no servants. Everybody was family and treated with love and respect. I was like their father and closest friend. I taught them love through caring. Nobody ever wanted to leave. I remember during one play, while I was acting, something so spiritual and profound took over my mouth and spoke through me. I believed I was overcome by a spirit. I was speaking a language I had never heard before. Only much later, after I joined my new faith (Unification Church), did I realize I was speaking in tongues. At that moment, I was speaking and crying so loudly, people could hear me a mile away. As my crying reached its pinnacle, I let go of the camel and the tilling gear, fell to the ground, and cried out: "God! Please help me! Please help me find a good job abroad so I can fulfill these desires and help my family and bring them out of this poverty." I also said: "When all these things are fulfilled, you can have my life. You can do whatever you wish with it. You can take my life. I am all yours."