

In 1978, True Father called the UTS students to London - I was one of them

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After time, many memories fade and some disappear. Yet, there are also some that stick with one for a long time, especially if they are shared from time to time.

In 1978, True Father called the UTS students to London. This included the graduating class, those entering senior year and the new juniors. We all flew Laker Airlines from JFK Airport to London's Gatwick. To get on the Laker flight we had to Que up (sit in line) for a couple of days until we were finally able to purchase a ticket and board the plane to London. We were divided into groups of 10. Two of the 10 always had to hold our place the line . At night we rolled out our sleeping bags on the sidewalk surrounding the Laker building.

When we arrived at Lancaster Gate, the London center, Father Moon spoke to use a few hours, gave us each a little money and told us to visit 120 homes a day for three days to find a place to live for the next two months. I ended up in Fulham in a bed and breakfast run by a nice Welsh lady.

One Sunday, while riding a borrowed bicycle to Lancaster Gate for some reason my mind kept pondering, "What is it like if you are touched by the Messiah." My heart and mind had already been touched by Father Moon and his deep understanding of the Bible and life in general. I was thinking and mulling over in my head the physical touch of the Messiah, like the woman in the Bible who was healed after touching the hem of Jesus' garment.

I was hoping to sit close to Father that day but arrived a bit late and was seated in the middle of the back row. I felt disappointed. However, Father entered the back of the room and we were all directed to turn our chairs around to face the back stage where Father chose to speak. Suddenly, I was on the front row, right in front of True Father.

Father Moon was speaking vigorously, as he usually did and walking back and forth in the narrow space in the front of the room. He stopped in front of me a couple of times and stepped on my toes. Maybe I was not spiritual enough, but I did not get some tingling feeling all through my body. Rather, I just felt a lot of love. My heart was filled with joy. And I felt grateful to God and True Father.

In the middle the speech Father grabbed me by the shoulder, pulled me out of the chair, and began pushing me across the stage to illustrate a point in his sermon. I wish I could clearly remember what he was saying, but it was something like, "if Father tells you to go this way, will you go?" I felt a couple of different things from this experience. Father is a real person, not a magician or sorcerer. Father Moon emits an incredible love energy that permeates the atmosphere wherever he teaches God's word. I was a lucky person. Jesus' words, "But many that are first will be last, and the last first."

We had many great experiences in London that summer. Fortunately, one of my fellow students took a Kodak photo of this event and it is one of my prized pictures. [The photo above]