

My Deflated Heart Hooked - January 1976, at Powell and Market St. San Francisco

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The realm of heart welcomed me in January 1976, first, at Powell and Market Streets in San Francisco peering into the eyes of Poppy. She hooked my deflated heart, where I sheltered my ego and pride like a stray dog under a deserted car. Timidly, I sampled the biscuit she offered. I began to relax and trust a little.

Weary from experiences with too many strangers on various paths, the heart of familiarity never diminished day to day. Her attitude was motherly. I tried to persuade myself: "But, I am on a quest to find God." Running away was suddenly not an option. While discovering myself as the proverbial "stranger in a strange land," I conceded to relentless conversations with younger sincere folks while being introduced to a delightful natural cuisine at each gathering that followed. I was a push-over to go up to the land.



When the lectures of the Divine Principle welcomed me, my heart and mind found common ground. The security of the isolation on the farmland in Booneville, CA allowed for a zone of safety as inhibitions dissipated daily. The nights were filled with dreams of confirmation for making my stand on the land. Every day was another revelation of truth. I had found God! I could finally surrender. I was home in the heart of God as long as I kept within arm's length of my new brothers and sisters, our family. Admittedly, I was growing and learning from these young people and it all came to fruition in New York City in June for the upcoming Yankee Stadium Campaign.



I was introduced to a system vertically oriented like nothing I had ever known since my time in the military. I was catapulted into doing outreach to people on the streets who just wouldn't stop to listen to me! Some took my flier and disappeared into the masses. How could they not want to know more by this guy in the white jumpsuit? Couldn't they read my suit labels affirming "God Bless America" and know I was trustworthy? My competitive juices kicked in on the ride home to the center that first day. We had a subway ride to and fro, and the captive audience in the cars were mine!

Despite what happened during the day at our assigned area in the Bronx, my totals sky-rocketed in the subway cars. And so it was that no one could refuse my trusting Midwest smile exposed through the top of my pure white jumpsuit with the bold label of "God Bless America," - not even in NYC where inhibitions were extinct for the sake of survival.

