

My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 50

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By any objective assessment, our existence is an impossibility. In this vast universe, the conditions for life appear nearly nonexistent and yet, here is our planet with its sustaining atmosphere, hospitable climate, and rare biological development. Earth teems with life, from microorganisms to whales. When we stand and look into the star filled night sky, unfolding infinitely beyond our limited vision, we slip into silent, uncomprehending wonder.

When we consider the brief span of human history relative to our 13.8 billion year old universe, our existence seems even more improbable. Geology, paleontology, and archeology have revealed our planet's history to be one of violent eruptions, drastic swings in climate, mass extinctions from meteor strikes, shifting continents, swelling and receding oceans, and inescapable Death. There are so many ways for human beings to die. Disease. Starvation. Natural disaster. War. Treachery. Despair. That I am sitting at my laptop, in my kitchen, writing on this perfect Saturday morning as a gentle breeze comes off the coast, stirring my wind chimes into random melody, is inconceivable

in light of both Natural and Human History. Considering the course of our existence, none of us should exist. How can it be that our ancestors made their way through this morbid and unforgiving gauntlet?

And consciousness. From where does our capacity to question, to wonder arise? Certainly, the material universe is incapable of birthing an immaterial state of awareness. The very stones cry out, but only metaphorically. Moreover, our consciousness of being and longing to live, our sense of contingency, our fragility, have given rise to the ultimate paradox, sacrificial love. How is it we will surrender this hard won existence (tethered to the beginning of time) to preserve another? And yet we do. Moreover, though each love is unique, infused with personality, and expressed in a singular fashion, our love strains towards universality, seeks permanence, and longs for eternity.

When we stare into the stars and fall quiet, we discover that silence is not an absence but a presence. We exist in the midst of this vast cold emptiness, and look outward with our consciousness, singularity, and longing to love. From where do these originate? In the face of our improbability, I do not think Atheism is rational. It is a rejection of hope, an emotional response to a hidden injury, and at its heart, it is rebellion. Agnosticism is more intellectually honest: "I don't know" or "I've not yet experienced God." For, in the infinite universe, it is impossible to prove a negative. Atheism is a denial, a perverse act of faith.

Equally improbable, nearly impossible, is that we are living at this time. When Jesus walked the hills of Palestine and roamed the streets of Jerusalem, the Mediterranean world was alive with commerce, Augustus Caesar expanded his power and proclaimed his own divinity, Virgil wrote of the founding of Rome and the glory of its history, the High Priest performed the sacred Temple rites, the Pharisees and Sadducees disputed religious truth, and the mass of humanity coupled, struggled to establish families, and strove to exist in prosperity and peace. Jesus came and went and died, an essentially anonymous figure. The luminaries of his age, the powers of the world, could not conceive of the forces unleashed, the disruptions to follow, and the transformation Jesus initiated. Who could imagine that the oral tradition preserving the words of this rejected prophet would dethrone the old gods, shatter ancient traditions, and form the basis of a radically new world?

We live in the midst of wars and rumors of war, earthquakes, and floods, pandemics and riots. The old certainties no longer hold, the center has given way, and nihilism shakes the very foundations of our civilization. In the midst of these tragedies, as humanity remained preoccupied with its own affairs, True Parents emerged in a war torn and devastated land, with the promise and hope of a new history, a new heaven and earth. Though mocked, rejected, and disdained by the mass of humanity, as well as by great powers and principalities, somehow, we met the Messiah and experienced rebirth, achieving what Nicodemus could only wonder at: we have been engrafted into the lineage of True Parents.

We were, we are, the lightning striking from the East to the West.

How improbable is that?