

## My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 75

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### The Only Begotten Daughter, Part IV

Most mornings after my meditation, study, and prayer, I swim. Like running, swimming stimulates reflection and cultivates mind-body unity. The repetitive motion, the steady breathing, the focus on body position and form, combined with situational awareness, work together to create a meditative sense of attentiveness. As the body releases endorphins, the sense of wellbeing increases and the drive to work hard is renewed. I have found that endorphins coupled with the camaraderie of my teammates, helps me endure punishing sets and importantly, stimulates my desire to improve, a state of mind that ripples out from the pool to affect my entire life.

Over this past year, I have found a new source of inspiration. Early every morning, I have been listening to the sermons of Dr. [Chung Sik] Yong on understanding the sorrowful heart of our Heavenly Parent. Later, as I swim back and forth over the bright blue line on the pool's bottom, I cannot help but reflect on each day's theme.

One morning, I cannot recall which, I began to meditate on the pool water as being the collected tears shed by our Heavenly Parent for humanity, all of history, and our present world. The longer I reflected, the pool seemed to be a reservoir insufficient in size to capture God's tears, and that the salty waters of the oceans would better serve as a symbol. In my thoughts, the pool came to represent the tears of True Mother. As I swam back and forth, meditating on her course of suffering, I felt awash in love and reborn.

Though for decades, I have meditated, prayed, and studied Father's words every morning before dawn, participating in Dr. Yong's daily devotions have changed how I experience the world. My heart engages Heaven's heart with an intensity I have not often felt since my years on MFT. The light of God's Word reveals more of my hidden flaws, while simultaneously strengthening my faith and drawing me closer to True Parents. Tears come more easily. My commitment to our providential course has deepened. Empathy for others seems more accessible. I would like to think that I have become a better husband, father, brother, and son as the result of our morning services.

I can no longer begin my day without these shared moments of grace with brothers and sisters. Then I swim. My workout begins in the dark and my endorphins kick in just as the world, as if newly created, explodes into light. Seeded by Father's word, True Mother's presence awakens in my heart, while the sun casts a golden light on the ripples of the water and sets the palm trees ablaze with the brightness of the new morning.