

## My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 81

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September 11, 2021



### **The Only Begotten Daughter, Part X**

Time moves inexorably forward. Swimming has taught me this on a visceral level. What can I accomplish in 60 seconds, 45 seconds, or 1 minute 20 seconds? Can I fill 80 minutes with 4,500 yards? Not only do I fill time with motion, but my mind registers the quality and precision of each stroke. Did I catch water? Am I balanced? Did I drop my hand too quickly? Am I gliding? Lost in exertion, I expend my time, and it is forever gone.

Not only swimming but watching my parents age has driven home this lesson on time. My siblings and I have grown together through our family: we elevated our father and mother to parenthood. And then, as we married and bore our own children, our parents earned their graduate degrees in God's love as grandparents--and very soon, as great grandparents. We have filled our family time with weddings and baptisms, graduations and funerals. We spent many evenings together around my parents' dinner table during days of celebration and periods of mourning. Friends passed from life and others occupied their chairs. Time moved inexorably. Our mother has ascended, and our father, confined by COVID, mostly spends his days in a comfortable chair, waiting for phone calls from his children. We closely hold the memory of our lives together, reflecting on those moments in our hearts.

Subjectively, I do not feel as though I have aged. Mostly. There are exceptions to this, moments of insight and honesty. I wrote a lighthearted poem about one such moment--I titled it, "Prufrock's Gym"...

Old men on parade,  
It's the locker room charade:  
I'm buff,  
I'm tough,  
But oh! Putting on my shoes,  
It's rough!

It seems as though our physical bodies conspire against our minds, and not only in the sense described by Saint Paul in Romans... "Oh wretched man that I am!" Rather, In our deepest heart, we can feel our infinite natures like a fresh spring of life and ray of brilliant sunshine. We know we are sons and daughters, eternally the children of our Heavenly Parent. We ought to perform exuberant cart wheels in acknowledgement of this ultimate truth and unchanging reality, but our reluctant bodies prevent us--whether it's the arthritis in our knees and backs, or the pain in our hips. Time inexorably moves forward and our bodies register the change.



No matter how much we prepare ourselves, death always arrives as a surprise. I could not believe nor absorb True Father's passing when it occurred. I enjoy the spiritual intimacy I share with True Father in my heart but I still miss the physical intimacy of our times together. I miss Father's words. I miss his singing. I miss being chastised and pushed forward. I miss Father's smile and his tears and his steely intensity--and his desperation. I cherish my experience of his forgiveness. And I know, what I feel is only a fraction of the pain and burden of loneliness felt by our True Mother.

When I rest in this thought, even for a moment, sorrow and tears immediately follow. I know True Mother feels the inexorable movement of time. She fills her life with exertion, with her most sincere effort, making hyo jeong an embodied reality within the limited days she can physically spend with us. She translates her heartbreak and longing into substantial results, moving from continent to continent comforting God and True Father as the Mother of Peace, establishing an eternal tradition and historical record. Since Eve, and until our True Mother, no woman has existed who could manifest

the maternal heart and love of our Heavenly Parent on the face of this earth, the Only Begotten Daughter of God. How valuable is this time! But how quickly it passes!

Brothers and sisters, how shall we use the precious few moments remaining to us? Our innermost hearts push us out, encouraging us to fill our days with sincere effort, joining our Mother in her labors to give life to this suffering world. True Mother too will ascend. And when that day arrives, we should be left with memories of sharing in her longing and her love, her determination and her exertion, moments we can cherish--and not regrets we lament. Time moves inexorably forward: let's inherit our True Mother's heart and tradition while we can.