

## My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 89

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### Vision III



"Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you." -- Matthew 7:7

The three components of my vision came together when I met True Parents. I understood that as a "John the Baptist" in the Completed Testament Age, I should be a mediator, a bridge between the old and the new; I understood I was called to create a God-centered family through the Blessing of True Parents; and that the sorrow of Jesus I experienced arose because he had been unable to realize the dream of Heaven, an Ideal Family which could become the root of a new God-centered lineage. Jesus felt the burden of God's heart and deepest longing.

And I came to know that the sorrow Jesus shared with me in our union of heart amounted to only a fraction of the pain True Parents have endured on behalf of Heaven--and I had nearly been crushed by the sorrow and longing of Jesus.

Seven years after joining our movement, I received a further gift of understanding from Heaven in a dream I have earlier described, in which I attended True Parents by putting my arena of responsibility into its proper order. As in the earlier experiences, this dream came at the conclusion of a period of intense prayer as I sought a way forward in my church life. I asked God, I longed for God, and I was answered with a conceptualization of my responsibility entirely consistent with my other, earlier experiences.

Clearly, God is alive and God responds to a longing heart.

In its very essence, my life has unfolded from a longing heart--actually, many longing hearts. The longing heart of my parents gave rise to my existence. Born in love, nurtured in love, my parents continued to long for an ideal future for our family and our nation, as the world about them presented tragedy upon tragedy in a constant drama of human suffering and war. From the earliest days of my education, my Catholic teachers, Franciscans or Sisters of Mercy, missionaries from Ireland, in spoken and unspoken ways, communicated their longing for God and Jesus. We breathed the same prayers in Latin and internalized their sorrows and yes, sometimes their frustrations and disappointments. I grew of age in a world of priests, practicing rites and rituals while breathing an air rich with incense and suffused with longing. I knelt in humility and rang the bells, serving as an altarboy, repeating memorized words of repentance and gratitude, while the universe of Catholic sacramental life gave my longing sound, taste, scent, and substance. When feeling adrift as a university student, retreating to daily mass connected me again to my deepest longing and gave me words to express those movements of my heart which were otherwise indescribable. Though I did not identify it as such at the time, the longing for peace I felt as I protested the Vietnam War, found its root in the very longing of my parents which gave me existence.

Finally, what drew me to the monastery but longing? The monastic life can best be described as an existence stripped of distraction to seek a purity of heart focused on longing:

"O God, you are my God,  
and I long for you.  
My whole being desires you;  
like a dry, worn-out, and waterless land,  
my soul is thirsty for you." (Psalm 63:1)



Generations of monks went into the wilderness to embody the longing for God. Their prayers became the very substance of heart, giving voice to humanity's deepest longing.

Thus, as I look back over the course of my life, it is unsurprising that I one day found myself in the back of a monastery chapel in the Blue Ridge Mountains, sitting in silence, watching my breathing, longing for God and Jesus. Seeking the Way.

I asked; I was answered. I knocked; the door was opened. The longing of True Parents' tear-soaked prayers, the longing of my spiritual mother, the longing of brothers and sisters witnessing and fundraising, campaigning during the Day of Hope speaking tour-- all of these longings drew me to a seat in our Military Road center to hear words of revelation, the New Truth. In secret recognition, with hidden logic, our longings met and joined together as a single prayer and offering to Heaven.

God answered me, unequivocally.

Over the years, I have come to know that the longing I felt, in fact, was the longing God felt for me. We arose from God's longing and God's longing draws us home: This is the most pure

distillation of the New Truth, the revelation of Heaven embodied in our True Parents' Heart.