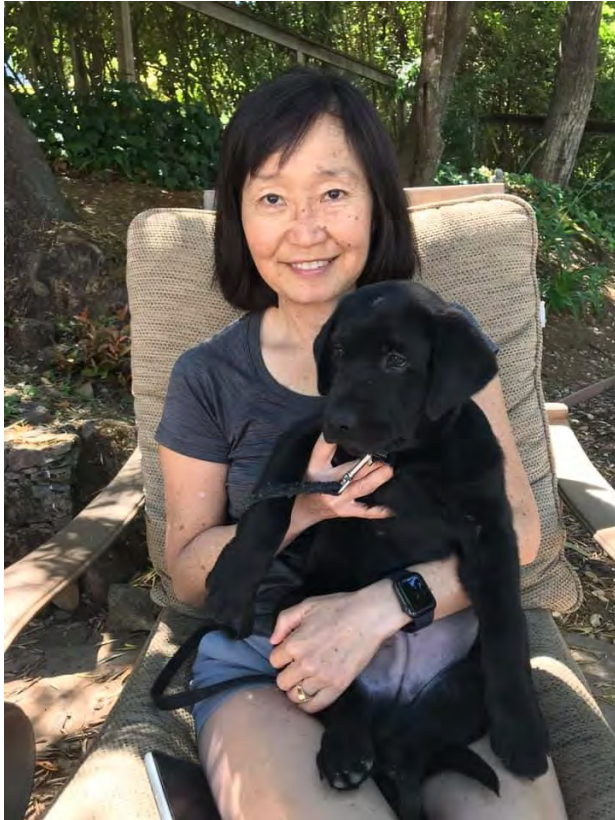


My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 94

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A Daughter of God and Her Keys

There are some mornings when Dr. [Chung Sik] Yong delivers his daily guidance, I feel as though he has been listening to my prayers and even more, watching over my interactions with my wife. After this morning (09.29.2021, Episode 339), when Dr. Yong delineated the relationship between a husband and wife as one in which we need to shed our prejudices and concepts, and simply serve one another, I felt this to be particularly true. I called Mr. Kobayashi, a trusted 777 couple in Tarrytown, New York to share my observation. He felt the same way as I did. Obviously, Dr. Yong couldn't be watching both of us, so something else is going on. Chalk it up to prayer.

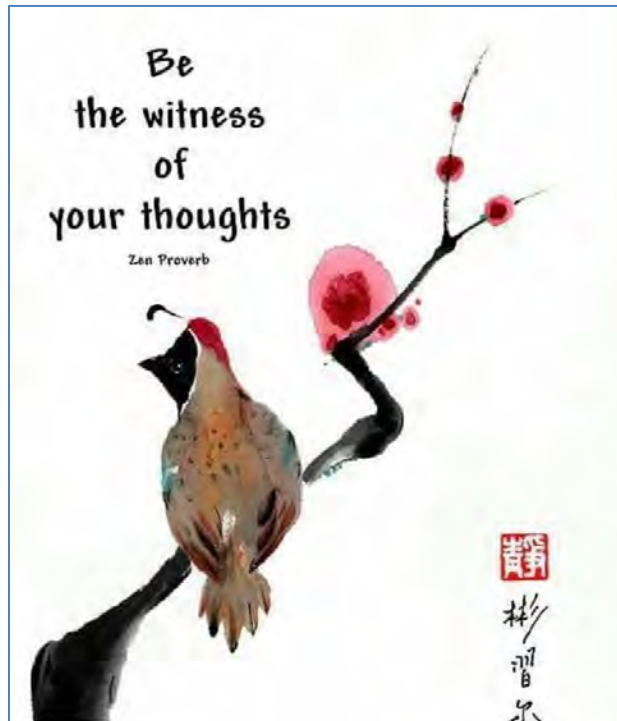
My wife, Cindy, is brilliant. She received an academic scholarship to Pomona College, graduated at the top of her class, and received a Regents' and Chancellor's Scholarship to the UC San Francisco (UCSF) Medical School. Before there was a "match" process for residency, the three top Radiation Oncology programs in the country competed for her: Harvard, University of

Pennsylvania, and UCSF. She chose to stay at UCSF because I was in law school in San Francisco at UC Hastings. While a resident, her colleagues confided in me that she was one of the most organized and bright intellects they had ever encountered--as well as being compassionate. Once, we were in a Thai restaurant in the Inner Sunset of San Francisco. The owner, a devoted Buddhist woman, kept studying us as we were sitting and ordering. She came over to our table and said to me "You are very bright (referring to my spirit) but your wife is so much better than you!" I would agree.

However... My ever competent Cindy always misplaces her wallet and other--usually vital--personal items. This morning, she could not find her car keys. These are not an ordinary set of keys. The ring has the keys to both cars, her house key, her office keys, and most importantly, her physician's identification card that allows her access to various hospitals with all the attending privileges. Since we have had this problem in the past, Cindy attached security tiles to her wallet and keys, so she can find them with her phone. There's a catch: if the batteries aren't replaced, the tiles don't emit a signal and become useless pieces of appended plastic. As I was out hiking with our dogs this morning, I received a somewhat desperate call. Cindy had a spare key and could take her car to work but she needed me to locate her key ring.

I returned home and began to search. We had attended a Guide Dogs for the Blind meeting the night before, so we knew that Cindy had her keys when we came home. They had to be in the house. Or in her car at work. I looked everywhere, in the obvious places and in the seemingly most unlikely places. Up

and down the stairs. In and out of the kitchen and garage and bedrooms and laundry room and office. I opened every drawer in the house. In the pantry, her brown leather purse hung from a coat hook. Every time I passed the kitchen, I checked her purse, maybe a dozen times.



Every 15 minutes, Cindy would call: "Have you found my keys? I need my keys."

I kept centering myself, holding Dr. Yong's words close to my heart: serve; make an offering; don't complain. And yet... This being a recurring problem, my mind kept drifting to the things I really wanted to say but really shouldn't say--like, "from this day forward, you will wear your keys around your neck and never remove them!" There's a Zen saying, "Be a witness to your own thoughts." As I returned to that practice, I recognized that my "serving" had become seriously tainted by my irritation. I wanted to read. I wanted to write. I wanted to do my chores. "I" "I" "I". What happened to serving my spouse, a daughter of God?

I spent two hours searching. Had we somehow lost her keys?

I stopped and I prayed. Really prayed. As a measure of my desperation, I even said to my Guardian Angel, "I don't ask much of you, but..." That "still quiet voice" spoke to me: "check your heart." I prayed some more.

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I then returned to the pantry to start my search where I began--my wife's purse. I stuck my hand deep into a front pocket that had been facing the wall and pulled out her keys.

Surprise followed by relief followed by gratitude!

My desires and plans for the morning, unfulfilled, became instead part of the chemistry of God's design for my day, an opportunity for me to deny myself and serve my wife with love. Dr. Yong gave the morning lesson and God provided the practicum for me to internalize Heaven's curriculum: give and forget and give again.

God will intervene and God will teach us.

We live in a special time.