

Judith Lejeune, Los Angeles, California 1967



One morning in November 1967 around 3 a.m., I was sitting alone near some railroad tracks in Los Angeles talking with God saying, “God, if you don’t take me now, you will never get me,” because I had no money, no car and no place to stay. The police drove by and asked what I was doing, and I said, “I am thinking.” They said “Don’t stay too long,” and left.

Later that day, the one person I knew in Los Angeles took me to meet a friend of his, a member of the “Unified Family” (it wasn’t called the Unification Church then). We went out that night and got back to the Unified Family center late in the evening. The directors of the center, Jon and Sandy Schuhart, woke the next morning to find me sleeping on the couch in the living room. Ray Barlow was the member, and he was famous in the center for bringing people over without notice, so Jon and Sandy had told him not to bring anyone else home. Well, it was raining, and I truly thought he had asked me to stay (though he says he didn’t), so I made myself at home.

Turns out, Jon and Sandy liked me, and let me stay. Well, I never left, and after hearing the Divine Principle from the red book by Miss Young Oon Kim, I finally joined on November 21, 1967.

In 1970, I was sent to New Haven, Connecticut, and then in 1971 I was living at the 71st Street center in New York City.

One day in 1973 I was told True Father had assigned me to work for Col. Bo Hi Pak (he wasn’t Dr. Pak yet) in Washington, D.C. My knees buckled, and I literally fell into the chair. My most memorable experience with True Father was when I asked to see Father to tell him I was not qualified for this position. Father called me to Belvedere, and

he took my hands, looked at my face and said “I can tell by the shape of your face and your hands that you can do this job very well.” Well, I ended up in Washington, D.C., in 1973 and traveled with Dr. Pak through his transition to becoming Father’s translator and his fight to protect Father during the Fraser Committee hearings on Capitol Hill.

To finish, my deepest experience with God, the one I will never forget and which I always came back to when I was tired and worn from the Unification Church work, happened during a prayer vigil at the Washington, D.C. holy ground in 1975. During that time, I was engulfed with the sorrow of God’s heart and his desperate need for me, as unqualified as I am, never to give up. I have never cried since as deeply as I did that night, and it left an indelible mark on my heart.