

**Werner Seubert,
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I grew up in a Roman Catholic family in Frankfurt, Germany. My grandparents sometimes spoke about the Fatima revelations and what their significance might be for our time. Listening to the adults, I felt that the return of Jesus was near. One day, while teaching us about how Jesus was misunderstood, the local priest asked us nine-year-olds, how *we* would have treated Jesus. All of us shouted that we would have defended him and not allowed anyone to harm him. The priest pointed out that the people who opposed him did not know he was the Messiah, so how would *we* have known it was him. We knew the answer: He had long hair, a beard, wore sandals, a long white gown, and most importantly, had a halo.

The priest cautioned us that his hair, beard, and clothing were ordinary for his day and made him look similar to most men his age, and the halo was only visible to those with spiritual sight. I was stunned. He then wrapped it up with the words: "If he lived today, he would look and dress like a person today would and look like most other people." I walked home from that class looking at each person passing by, wondering if he or the next person might be Jesus, and feared that I would have no way to tell for sure. The thought left me preoccupied for days. Jesus might already be here, and I would not be able to tell it was him, if he looked ordinary. Eventually this worry somehow lifted, and a peaceful feeling came over me, and I felt in my heart the words, "When he comes, you will know."

Growing up in Germany, a country then divided in two, left a deep impression on me. Without understanding the politics, I felt the presence of the Communist bloc only 50 miles away as something

threatening, dark, and spiritually very oppressive. I loved studying maps of the world and was proud that I could locate most countries and had memorized their capitals and other facts about them. In this way I learned that there was another country, far away, that like my home country was divided too, a small snippet of land at the other end of the Eurasian landmass called Korea. I knew virtually nothing about Korea, but the fact alone that it was divided, instantaneously made me feel a strong sympathy for this faraway place and its people.

In my late teens, the energy of the 1960s was all around me, and I became dissatisfied with my Catholic faith. I asked, "Why does God allow evil to exist?" And I even asked if God – all-powerful according to Christian doctrine – was responsible for evil. But mostly, I wondered if God cared about this world right now, or if he had withdrawn 1900 years ago, and why we should love him, if he seemed to be not very interested in us lately. At one point, I remember praying in frustration: "If you did not exist, this would be bad, but what is worse is that you exist, but do not seem to care." I was challenging God, not very respectfully, but God was not offended, I think, but showed through what followed, that He took it as a child's searching question to know the love of his heavenly parent.

Not long after that, a co-worker invited me to meet a group of people she had recently met and whom she thought I might like, too. This was in August of 1970. Following the invitation, I met four young people in a fifth-floor walk-up apartment near Frankfurt's opera house. The sign at the door read "Association for the Unification of World Christianity."

Over the next five weeks I learned the most eye-opening truths. Listening to the lectures on Divine Principle, I felt that the fractured mass of knowledge I had acquired through reading and classes now formed itself into a unified whole that integrated disciplines which customarily were taught as separate fields of study: philosophy, science, history, religion, the Bible, the purpose of non-Christian religions, spirituality,

even the paranormal, all came together in an amazing fashion. At one point, I saw a mental image, in which I looked down a long hallway, but it was blocked by many double-doors. Suddenly, the first door opened, and then the next, and the next, and on and on, until I could see to its very end, into infinity. I knew my mind had been set free! During the chapter two presentation, I got into a heated discussion with the lecturer. Accepting the Fall of Man required that I had to accept that it was we humans who did not know and fulfill our responsibility, and that I had to let go of any complaint against God, who always had done His part. The process to set my heart free had begun! Finally, hearing that True Parents were walking the earth as Jesus had, and that I would be able to meet them and serve them, made me so glad, I could not stop crying. The promise "When he comes, you will know" had been fulfilled. Further, that True Parents came from Korea, a country I had felt mysteriously connected to, made accepting them easy. Upon accepting Divine Principle as God's truth, and True Parents as my Messiah and Savior, I received a membership card. It carried the number 70. I was the 70th member in Germany.

To fast-forward a bit, I arrived in the United States as one of 120 Europeans invited by True Parents to help the mission in America. A complete new-comer, I was appointed state leader for Wisconsin after only four months in the United States. Having True Parents in America to lead us directly meant life was exhilarating to an amazing degree. In June 1973, True Parents, accompanied only by David Kim as translator, and Daikan Ohnuki as driver, made a cross-country trip by car, stopping at church centers along the way, including our center in Madison, Wisconsin. We had rented a house only one block from the Wisconsin state capitol. Its dome, towering over the town, is an exact replica of the U.S. Capitol dome in Washington, and is scenically located on an isthmus between lakes Mendota and Monona. North Hamilton Street, where our center was located, dead ends at the Capitol building, and True Parents' limo drove right past us, being so

taken by that impressive building ahead. At the last second, Mother sitting in the left rear seat, saw us waving from the other side of the street, and Daikan made an elegant U-turn to stop in front of our house.

After praying quietly, as True Parents do when entering a home, Father opened his eyes and grinned at the 10 of us sitting at his feet, and asked how much rent we paid to be in such an impressive location. True Parents stayed for about 45 minutes, encouraging us, and inquiring about our witnessing and lecturing activities on campus. At the end of his stay, Father pulled out a one-hundred dollar bill as his contribution to our rent expense. Mother leaned over and said what must have been Korean for “but Abogee, don’t be so cheap” and Father good-naturedly pulled two additional hundred-dollar notes from his wallet. After taking pictures, True Parents went on their way. We saw True Father’s arm waving good-bye for a long time until the car disappeared from view.

In 1982 True Father matched me to my wife, Debbie. We were blessed only a week later at Madison Square Garden. Through God’s grace, we are parents of four children — one son and three daughters. Our two eldest children are in exchange marriages: Our son-in-law is Korean, and our daughter-in-law is of Iranian/Muslim/Zoroastrian background.

Looking back at the last 40 years, I am so grateful for God’s abiding love and that True Parents at this time were able to plant the root of True Love, True Life and True Lineage into the physical realm, so that all men and women could connect to it. Thank you Heavenly Father, Thank you True Parents! Aju.