

TODAY'S

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The Day of All Things



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The Best Thing: A Big & Beautiful Mind

It was a great insight to see how one person could embrace both the highest and lowest extremes in life.



Reverend Sun Myung Moon
January 4, 1981

What is the best thing? Man keeps asking that question, and we could make an endless list of answers that would fit various situations. For a factory worker, the best thing may be a hammer. If you are going to bore holes, the best thing is a drill. On a cold day like today, woollens are the best thing. When you are starving, food is the best thing—even food that you do not ordinarily like very much. Maybe you usually eat sweet foods, but when you get sick the medicine you need is usually bitter. All these examples show that at some time any given item can be the best thing.

All these items that we have cited are best in relation to a person; in other words, when they meet a need they are the best thing. They are good in an external way. Even such a treasured experience as love is relative in that it requires two people. For the internal self, however, what is the best thing? What is the best possession that you as an individual have? Is it your eyes, nose, mouth—or perhaps something invisible?

People tend to regard their best thing as something they can see externally. Imagine a husband who brings his wife some beautiful gift every day, even a diamond ring. His wife may thank him a thousand times, but still if he does not offer his mind along with the present, she does not feel the value of the gift.

You have life, love, personality or character, which you cannot see, although they are very real. You can, however, see an expression of love or feel vitality coming to you. Love, life, ideals, thoughts, conscience and mind are invisible aspects of us which we may find to be more valuable than objects we can see.

What is external cannot be altered, but what is inside can be changed at your will. Your mind can be big as an ocean, but it can also be so narrow that nothing can pass through freely; a person with such a limited mind cannot be called good.

Your mind can be so big that no matter how much you toss and turn in your sleep, you would never be able to touch the far boundaries of that world. But at the same time, the mind can be so small that an ant walking through would become a major irritation.

Your mind can be big enough for a car to drive through, with room to spare. Some minds are wide enough for only one or two people to fit inside, but others could contain a car moving at the speed of 100 miles per hour.

If you have a big mind, it can contain many things: fine clothing or rags, nice things or ugly things. Regardless of its nature, everything can

be comfortable in a big mind.

Not all big things are good. So what is so good about having a big mind? When we say the mind is big, we mean it has a capacity for tolerating things it dislikes until the situation changes. Such a mind tries to be generous and understanding about things that are foolish or even bad, and attempts to transform them into something good.

Nowhere in religion is it specifically taught that you must have a broad mind. Jesus, for instance, never taught that one must always broaden his mind. Nevertheless, religion does admonish us to be meek, humble and sacrificial. In pragmatic terms, if one is meek and humble and sacrificial, his mind will expand.

God would like to live in some person's mind. Would He prefer to visit the mind which is small

My whole purpose is to broaden your minds so God can come in. In some way or another, all of you do incredible things; your minds have become bigger.

and dirty, or one which is big and beautiful? Religious teaching directs a person in a way that will develop a big, beautiful mind.

God's dwelling should be the best palace, but there is no one with the kind of mind suitable for Him to live in; no one yearns for the kind of mind to which God can be invited.

When millions of people come against me, how can I tolerate it and embrace them all in my mind? If I were a woman, after just a fraction of that opposition, I would be unable to endure it! Did Jesus really know what he was talking about when he told us to love our enemy? Whoever is able to do that truly has a big and beautiful mind.

If I were to enter one of your minds, would I choose a big mind or a small one? No one's mind is big enough, so I have to expand them all by getting inside and kicking around. I have to be careful not to rupture things, however!

Many times I have told you to persevere and sacrifice, because I would like very much to see the kind of person you would become by doing that, but there is no opening in your minds for me to enter. Perhaps I could crawl inside and then afterwards be unable to get out! I am looking for such a mind, simply so that you and I can live together.

Looking back over my life, I can see why God sent me into situations such as prisons which were very difficult to tolerate and allowed me to

When God's seed is implanted in your mind and you let it grow, it becomes as big as God Himself.

be hated and persecuted. I know it was so that my mind would broaden. When God sets foot in a mind so small that His foot gets stuck. He kicks around with His other leg to make the opening bigger. That is how God enters your small mind. But even your small mind can expand without limit.

If a woman's normally small womb can expand enough to accommodate even a ten-pound baby—plus all the amniotic fluid and placenta—and then contract again after birth, how much more can the mind expand? Has there ever been a woman whose womb would not expand and allow her to have a baby? If the womb does not expand, the baby will die, because it cannot grow. The womb never thinks about whether it will expand. When God's seed is implanted in your mind and you let it grow, like a baby in the womb, it becomes as big as God Himself.

Before God sends His seed, He knows what kind of environment your mind is. If He knows that a person's mind will not expand, He will not plant the seed in the first place.

How big, then, is your mind, and how long will it continue growing? If your mind is very specific and limited in its likes and dislikes, God would not like to penetrate it. This is not just a concept, but a very religious outlook and an explanation of something invisible.

Even when a man with a big mind tells God not to come to him, God would insist on paying a visit anyway. If you warn God that you will post a sentry to prevent Him from coming in, God will sneak in while you are asleep. Then when you wake up, you will find a note left behind in the form of a dream or revelation.

When I push you hard and you go out to fundraise and witness, you do not know how you are growing. But the person who puts forth much effort will change greatly over the course

of ten years, and people who know him will be amazed. In the past, you might have reacted negatively to anything your parents told you and liked to argue with your brothers and sisters, but after ten years you will be totally different. No matter what they say to you, you can accept it. Brainwashing is the only explanation people can invent for this phenomenon.

Certainly, we have expanded our minds to be able to handle any situation. For instance, a white girl who is persecuted by white people will go later to Africa and be persecuted by Africans. If someone feels he has gone through everything in both white America and black Africa, God would like to check him out to find out what his mind is like.

You usually remember the person who has done the best for you and the one who has done the worst. I only pound on you, instead of giving praise. When I pound on a person so hard he feels he cannot take any more, I appear in his dreams and make a tour to see how he has grown.

Yesterday, the leaders of the Japanese church visited me and I spoke with them for many hours. They work incredibly hard, but I did not praise them. I scolded them instead and said they must do twice as much. They were not hurt, but understood that is the way we ought to go.

No other Japanese members could have received such a direction from me, only our older staff members. They take it in, understand it and try to be thankful. They can remain when others would run away, simply because their minds have become big, even without their realizing it. What's more, I am ornamenting their already big minds with other jewels, by telling them to love others.

You may respond, "Father, I really take all this very seriously, but why did you not tell me this ten



Father and Mother's 21st wedding anniversary celebration in Korea.

years ago? I could have grown so much faster.” But then the door of your mind was not open. Even now, can you receive what I am saying?

From 1981 on, we have to attain the best thing in the world. You might say that we have exhausted ourselves, so the best thing would be a long sleep! I would like that too.

Regardless of the kinds of friends and relatives you may have, they will treasure your mind more highly if it is big and beautiful. When you see a person whom you dislike sound asleep, how beautiful it is to stoop and cover him to make sure he will not be cold! Don't you want to have that kind of mind?

Because I gave you instructions, you have passed through and overcome unbearable situations. Some of you white women, for instance, will marry black men; in fact, in one way or another, all of you do incredible things. My whole purpose is to broaden your minds so God can come in. Your minds have become bigger.

When your nation sends you to the front line, it is expecting you to become a patriot. A patriot is born only on the front line, not in the non-combat areas. The mind of a patriot can encompass a country; the mind of a saint can embrace the whole world. You may think you are ordinary people, but I am determined to make you better than the saints, and even better than Jesus. To do that you have to stretch yourself to the maximum, and even that is not enough.

Just think of all the years you spent obtaining your education, and look where you end up! Now you sell flowers on the street, and even when people buy from you they give you a hard time. Here you receive only difficulty! I know the hardship you go through. How wonderful it is to persuade a Harvard-educated person to sell flowers. A small flower is a lighthouse beacon, signaling to all mankind.

Recently I sent Col. Pak to South America. When he came back to report to me, I was at Morning Garden, sitting on the ground, mending nets. Col. Pak said it was a great insight to see how one person could embrace both the highest and lowest extremes in life. Because I have a big mind, it makes no difference to me where I may be, whether in a high position or low one.

I can be aware of the most minute things, yet can tolerate great difficulty, almost as though I had no nerves at all. I can stretch to both extremes. I still remember the name of one Japanese detective who was pounding on me, many years ago, and I was almost ready to retaliate, even though it might have cost me my life. But then I thought of how Jesus said to love our enemies, so I tried it to see if I could

overcome that situation. Without knowing that principle, I could never have been victorious.

I have often dined at McDonald's and have eaten New York pretzels. No one thinks it could really be Reverend Moon eating at McDonald's; they think I just look like Reverend Moon. How fantastic it is for you to be doing menial things

If one is meek and humble and sacrificial, his mind will expand.

for the public good! That is why I have never felt ashamed—even when I was handcuffed and on my way to prison. I knew that by going through that course, I could later ignite the minds of many people and teach them historical lessons, so what was there to be ashamed of?

Whatever I do looks natural. After the entertainment on God's Day, you saw how I got up on the stage and danced. I was not planning to show you dancing, but I just felt like dancing.

I am very particular. Even though you may feel bad when I point out your errors, I want to raise the standard in even the smallest thing. Still, at East Garden, I do not often point out such things, even though the staff makes mistakes like breaking things in the kitchen. (Americans think a broken dish can just be replaced, but it is not that simple; such an incident must be recognized as a mistake.)

Big and beautiful things attract people. Even the Germans and British want to visit the Louvre in France, because it is such a big and beautiful place. Furthermore, those who really oppose me want to see me. If the mind is big and beautiful, everyone would like to see it, whether they be your enemies or your friends.

I say this so that you can broaden your mind. You must make your mind grow to be so big that it can surround your body and encompass all people on earth, including the spirit world. How could a person be better than that?

Religious people have understood meekness and humility only in a conceptual way, but for us it is very realistic—or we want to make it real. For instance, would you rather have me send you fundraising here in America, or in Africa, where it would be much harder?

Two nights ago we held an international yoot match, and an African team was one of the finalists. One white brother was cheering them on, chanting “Africa, Africa,” for five hours. Later, his voice was gone and he could no longer speak, but still he was chanting, “Africa, Africa.” I felt that perhaps he loved Africans



Father and Mother with marble sculpture made by our Korean family and sold in Japan.

more than I did. If you go to work in Africa when the world is focused on that continent, how much more real will be the love you express! Your prize for that victory would include God, the spirit world and all mankind. Everything would be included in the reward.

Don't think I picked today's topic at random. I feel that 1981 will be our best year, and since this is the first Sunday in 1981, I wanted to give you the best talk of all. By giving you these words, I feel that all of you can try to be beautiful for the rest of the year and forever.

My conclusion is that suffering broadens one's mind, and loving others embellishes the mind with jewels. Now you know the deep reason why I never leave you alone but keep on pushing you out to make you suffer and sacrifice—my goal is to make your minds big and beautiful. What better present could I offer you on the first Sunday of 1981?

The best thing, then, is a big and beautiful mind. You must consider what to do in order to have one. From now on, if you are sitting comfortably and doing nothing, you must realize

that your mind is getting narrower. If you hate someone, remember that by doing so, your mind is becoming ugly.

My conclusion is that suffering broadens one's mind, and loving others embellishes the mind with jewels.

If you are to have a broader and broader mind, you must seek persecution and suffering. I came to America from the other extreme of the world in order to broaden my mind, and as a result I feel that everyone wants to come to rest and live in me. To make my mind beautiful as well as big, I have resolved to love the people of this country. I will be proud, not of what I have made or accomplished, but of how I have broadened my mind. I will not stop and rest; I still have further to go, because there are more people to reach out to and embrace. Will you join me in doing this?*



Meditations

Mrs. Won Pok Choi

In early 1976, Father asked Mrs. Won Pok Choi to speak in his stead at Belvedere on Sunday mornings while he was out of the country. These four meditations, given at that time, are reprinted from New Hope News. Mrs. Choi is now director of the Little Angels School in Korea.

○ God, You are as old as all the time that has passed. And yet You are as young as time yet to come. Your height, width and depth I can never measure. I only know that You are of such size that can embrace all that You have created. And yet that same immeasurable size can become as nothing so that You can also come and dwell in me, this infinitesimal grain of sand in the vast ocean of life. God, thank You that through an example of a perfect man, Your son, I learned that in You I can become big enough to accommodate the whole universe.

What a wonderful feeling I have standing at the horizon of my life! You are already there waiting for me. In a tight embrace I become one with You and without difficulty understand Your heart. But alas, when I so ardently wanted to share this blessing with my beloved ones, they rejected it. I could not understand this at first, but now I understand that if I would turn to heaven, I must turn away from the earth. It is more than natural.

Once, back in time immemorial, I turned away from You, making a left turn. Then in coming back to You, I had to make a right turn. Having left You, I lived an abnormal life among the sick and crazy people of the satanic world. After being used so long to the abnormal way, people think the abnormal normal and the normal abnormal. I was once like that myself, so I understand them. But from their part, of course, they cannot understand me. Still I don't mind crazy people calling me crazy; I only pity them. I don't give them up, just as You don't give up in restoring me. Nevertheless, I cannot afford to go back to the old world even to save them until I am completely cured of my sickness and have become strong enough to be able to bring them to Your side.



O God, You are my everything. I can find You in every imaginable capacity. When I am helpless, You are my father. When I am lonely, You are my mother. When I am isolated, You are my friend. Thank You for being my everything. On the horizon in a profound solitude I meet You, with the cares of the world miles away and all the ugly past washed away. Sometimes with the far distance between You and me, I can see You much, much better. Above all, when I find You in a man of Your image I not only see You but also come to know You, understand and love You with a sensation that is so real and intense.

Thank You for having sent Your son, who is so perfectly Your image, as Your representative in human society. If and when You are clearly reflected in a man, it is quite safe to call him God incarnate; You have told us that we too can become as perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect. I want to resemble You, Father. That is my only desire.

It is so strange and frustrating that no one has ever truly seen himself or herself directly, but only as reflected in a mirror. I know, God, that You too could not look at Yourself directly; therefore, You created man to enjoy looking at Yourself reflected in a person of Your creation who is another You. So You said to him: "You are my flesh, my bones. And sometimes You are My son and My second self." That is God incarnate.

Your son is another You, so he is our visible father. He is our True Father, having nothing to do with sin or falsehood. He would only give and give to the world and yet receive so little or nothing in return except rejection and persecution. He found a pure unstained bride and married her to make her perfect and mature. What a beautiful thing! Under common parenthood alone can we really become brothers and sisters of one human family. Coming into the True Family of divine origin, we are given rebirth into the heavenly lineage.

Now we understand that God's creation of man was no different from mankind giving birth to children. We understand now that there was a total investment of Your whole being. We are the product of Your love, the love between father heaven and mother earth. From heaven we were given the spirit; from earth, the flesh. As we grow and mature, we too learn to love and want to multiply. Then we experience the heavy burden of conception and the sharp pangs of labor in childbirth, a new awareness of being parents to a newborn child. We learn to feel a true parent's heart. What pain there is! But the labor we go through is nothing compared to the joy of having the child. We want to be prolific in bringing children to You, even having multiple births. Raising our children is another whole realm, but with every child, love is born anew to make the job easy and joyful. Through experiencing childbirth we really experience all loves: parental, fraternal, conjugal and filial.

Thank You, Father, again and again for having given us new life—life dedicated for Your great cause, which is worth living and dying for. We welcome this opportunity to shed tears, sweat and blood. We will not hold back from the fight because we know that we cry to build a world without tears and we fight to build a world where there will never be fighting again. Our hearts sing in Your praise, drumming out a loud pitch to You. For all this, I turn to You. In the name of our True Parents, Amen.



O God, You are my alpha and You are my omega. You are my beginning and You are my end. Look, we are on an endless pageant of life, acting out Your drama, going round and round in a grand circle, where start is only next door to the end. But we are set to go the clockwise way ever to the right, to reach the end, which is only another start for a better and better day.

Round and round we go on a dial of time, touching high noon and then midnight, only to come back to the zero hour, not in a void but marching forward there to start a brand new day, while the pendulum in rhythmic precision marks the seconds, minutes and hours to cover the days, months and years.

For this giant procession of life, we cannot remain just spectators; but we as active participants, if possible, want to play the major role with myriads of spirit men watching and cheering us on.

In the great ensemble of harmonious movements, like the beautiful celestial parade of the orbs on the orbits, we as planets revolve around the heroic sun, rotating on our own axes, enjoying the privacy yet partaking in the public. In solo and ensemble, there we go!

Like the wheels thus we go, sometimes up and sometimes down in a repeating circular motion advancing forward on and on with the wheels of human history. We are neither arrogant when we are high, nor are we humiliated when we are low, because we know this is the way life goes.

On the clock, thanks to God, we have hands pointing the time; on the dial of life, too, Your hands are there pointing the way, never letting us go astray. Hand in hand and step by step we go up and forward on and on, dancing on the rainbow bridge to reach heaven and down to earth into a reality repeating the rhythm again and again.

To our attentive ears You chat and whisper the sweet, sweet word of love which is often a word of lesson and at times a word of warning. Our understanding then is so illuminated that we know by heart that You created man with Your word, as You are now re-creating us also with wonderful words of truth and love.

We then speak back and forth, not in a language where "I" is so loudly capitalized but rather where "You and I" in happy togetherness sing and sing along the beauty of life in the plural sound of music.

Yes, "I" am forever singular and lonesome without You, but "We" are always in plural happiness. In a single life nothing is multiplied, but in plural we go in oneness, giving birth to what is viable not only in its optimum environment but also in any climate or soil, whether it is native or foreign. A fearful thing is the state of ennui, where we may become a non-conductor of love.

With the fruitful days ahead, O God, let us wind ourselves for the day and unwind our tension for the night. Let our day be duly active, but not in such a breathless haste. Let our



night be moderately passive, but not in such an absolute pause. Let our day be a king-size garden for the healthy growth of beauty and happiness, and let our night be a queen-size room for the delivery of love and wisdom.

Life is short, so we want to live one day like a whole life: morning for childhood, noon for youth, afternoon for adulthood, evening for middle age and then the night for advanced age in a quiet rest and retrospect, rejuvenating if feasible for another such beautiful cycle.

To live our life is to love our experience, loving our lover most of all. "Do it yourself" should be our philosophy of life. To let others do our part is hiring someone to live our life, making even the love for us.

This is our life, our own to claim. So why not invite and welcome anything of value for the richness of our life experience! Then we sort out solid things, grind the rest and sift the powder, make a dough and bake it right, and finally eat it up with challenging appetite. Everything will be so well digested and will become part of us, helping our health help our life.

Even for the bleeding investment in the vicious cycle of the depressed world, we will never go bankrupt at all, because God is there as our brain. On the stormy sea of nether darkness we are all in the same boat, but gone with the wind are all the worries, because our Father is the captain. In the deafening noises of jarring and grating, we are not a bit disturbed, because we are deeply in tune with an entirely different channel.

In the blinding dazzle of the spotlights focused on us, we are only warned against the red light, being the danger signal. But we are never affected at all, because in our world with our Father we are using a different dimension of lightwaves.

We are a great ensemble of white, yellow and black, all in consonance playing the music of which our Father is so great a conductor. We blend and shade off all three colors because our Father is so great an artist that he teaches us that love is the magic solvent to blend them all. With the variety of colors to blend, we have already many things in common and respond in unison to anything and everything that is ever so good and beautiful. In complete oneness in response to Your love, O God, we all are ready to shed tears, sweat and blood—springing out from our inmost source to move the hearts of humankind.

We are a variety of vehicles dashing to the goal at full speed, but without violating the traffic laws. We stop from time to time just to charge the hungry tanks with adequate amount of delightful oil, because we know that when they don't move they are not out of gear but only out of oil.

We are impossible people for Satan, possible and obedient only to God.

In our anguish, we remain cool and collected still, withholding our pearls of tears, reluctant to show them to evil ones. We are also most unwilling to reveal our grief to our Father who is already grieving for us. To pretend nonchalance is another pain, so we turn to a piece of paper and in naked honesty write on the vacuum of the silent paper the bitter experience we



now undergo and let it speak out eloquently for us; then we become a step wiser.

"They drew a circle that shut us out, calling us names in every possible way, 'heretic, rebel, a thing to flout,' but Love and We had the wit to win. We drew a bigger circle that took them in."

In love everything turns beautiful. Beautiful still is the nature around.

Look, winter has retired and spring is here. Now the thaw of the ice-locked minds, slowly merging underground, will give a new rise to the plump breast of pulsing earth.

Let us go on the march of springtime.

Our hearts sing in Your praise, drumming out a loud pledge to You. For all this, we again turn to You in the most precious Names of our True Parents. Amen.

O God, You are as bright as the light that brings out everything in the honest truth. And more than that, You are as hot as the heat that melts away every element into the sweet warmth of love. You are like the power of electricity. Yes, You are always there. Our job is just to plug in and switch on to have the light or heat or both according to the receptive capacity we are prepared with. If my light is not bright enough, the blame is on me; or my heat not hot enough, the blame is also on me. Like someone with sore eyes, we sometimes choose to have our light dim, where we feel more comfortable, not being able to stand dazzling brightness.

Sometimes, we take the heat for granted and burn harmful ingredients within ourselves, only to puff out future pollution to affect others. We feel disconnected and turned off. We complain that it is dark and cold. Then we grope in the darkness for the light. We shiver in the cold, in need of warmth. But we are apt to forget that with You turned on, everything is solved. In the broad daylight of truth, we find that Your son is the sun. And in the dark of the night, he is the moon to shine out to the world, representing God during the welcome days, and still reflecting His light during the negative nights.

God, how we wish to become Your stars. We want to resemble You as Your son. Furthermore, the stars are small suns and together they complete the celestial beauty. We learn from You the light of truth and warmth of love that are the very essence of our lives. Truth incarnated, we will assume a perfect shape. And love infused, we shall ever wear perfect beauty. O Father, we want to resemble You in such a degree that in any way, shape or form we resemble Your beautiful image. Then in our perfect resemblance to You, we want to truly represent You. Before anything else, we want to be re-created by Your hands. Humble and obedient, we shall become the clay utterly at Your disposal. If I exercise my stubborn will there, crush me again in a fast squeeze to undo the whole thing like one would a disobedient dog.

Make me a perfect image of Yours, molded, conditioned and programmed by Your hands. No other hand can ever "deprogram" it. In the recreation process let me participate in assistance to You by destroying my old ways. I am more than willing to go back to the zero point to start over



again. Even though we may have to go down to zero, it will leave something for You to work with because zero is not a blank nothingness but as possibility. Though smaller than zero, there is a dual invisible quality ever left there and never coming to naught. Don't say, "I'm impossible." Yes, I may be less possible, but not impossible. Possibility is what created us. With that possibility left in us, You can recreate us.

I once tried to blow into the balloon of hope—empty dream of endless greed—to the maximum point where it was likely to explode. Now I want to become a ball with such flexible elasticity that the stronger it is hit and pounded on the ground, the higher it will bounce, even to the sky. I once surrendered to every adversity but now I want to be a tumbling doll, standing upright no matter how hard it is knocked down. I once yielded before every blast of wind, but now I want to sail faster, taking advantage of the strong wind.

Gone is the old jealousy, anger, grief and resentment after the simmering vortex of chaos. On the verge of explosion, I breathe deeply, and all emotion—at the boiling point—evaporates. Emotions are evaporative, so why not wait a second until they do evaporate to leave you to be once again serene and tranquil? With challenging appetite, let us swallow the hardships and digest them. Emotion exploded, we feel defeated. But with emotions pressed, we feel victorious.

Ignored and rejected by the outside world, we are still Your proud children to live strongly as long as there is Satan. If the people insist on stubborn rejection, let them alone, because we are drops of water from the same origin. And water can never rebel against water. Somewhere downstream, we are sure to meet. At the latest, we will meet at the estuary where all the tributaries merge. Then we will be going hand in hand to the heart of the sea.

Men live and die, ever retreating into the remote obscurity on the panoramic scrolls of human history. Let us feel at home in the whole universe until the day of our final homecoming to our permanent domicile, our everlasting world, which is so much higher, so much wider and so much deeper, where we plunge into a new life in divine love, where obscurity turns into a dawn so glorious, where oblivion once more wakes up in a brand new reality. There, our good life achievements will be cited and rewarded. Our bad life record will of itself be judged and exposed. After all, it is we ourselves who either praise or punish us. So we have no right to complain or feel resentment.

O God, You are deeply aware that You are not a God of love alone but of judgment too. Being our Father, You would of course rather not judge or punish. But as long as there is Satan as the prosecutor, You cannot but do the job. But You wish Your son, the mediator, to play the role of good defender.

O God, once and for all, this time forgive us of our sins by remembering what we have done right and good. And chastize us, not to crush us to death, but to the point where we can survive and start again. With Your forgiveness, we can lift the veil of obscurity and of oblivion so that we will shine forth with Your light and warmth, giving a surge of truth and love to spread among all Your creation. And we know that this will reflect back to You the echo of Your goodness coming again, O God, that we may rejoice in eternal give and take. Our hearts sing in Your praise, drumming out a loud pledge to You. For all this, we turn to You.



O God, You are the sun and You are the moon. You are the day and You are the night. You are the great eternity. And here am I, a small I, nothing to the world, but something to You.

Utterly enveloped by the tight hug of the night, I feel so close the presence of God. In the dark of the night I see more things, and in the hush of the night I hear more things. When the dawn unfolds a new day, I feel released but still enjoy the lingering reverberation of the nocturnal tranquility.

After miles of travel in my dreamland in search of evasive happiness, I wake up to come back home into reality and find happiness right there at my bedside. It's perfectly simple and simply perfect!

I jump up and stroll out into the dreamy garden, treading on the virgin snow, where sleepless lamps with blurry red eyes are anxiously awaiting me to present a day and fade away.

After the glorious sun is up, I breathe deeply the light and air and space together. I smile back at the beaming sun with a broad daylight smile. And I, too, shine out in all readiness to reach every corner of the earth.

Look at the world! Look at life! O what a fool we are to shun the world that is so full of life, to confine ourselves into a small cell, when the world is so wide and open for us to enjoy free of charge!

I feel I am different today. I am no longer what I was yesterday. Yes, O God, You don't change; You don't have to, because You are already perfect. O no, You must not change, because You are our goal. But we do have to change because we are imperfect, destined to have progressive changes towards perfection until we attain the goal, which is You, with whom we want to unite once and for all.

As everyone else, I loved life but have not realized until now that to love life is to love people—those immediately around me—with Your design to put into order the whole creation. I'm here to love them, and they are there to love me.

Up to the present, we have lived fragments of life day by day and moment by moment. Now we want to thread the pearls of the moments to decorate us, throwing away what is bad and ugly. It is so strange that I don't get tired of life after having lived so long. But alas, being old is not necessarily being wise or advanced or matured.

Weatherbeaten by age, sometimes we are like the earth's crust, hardened with dried apathy, all the feelings completely petrified. But somewhere far, far below the layers and strata, the very marrow of ourselves is alive, still warm and soft, ready to erupt at any moment. So we are yet an active volcano waiting for the time to ripen.

Sometimes, yes very often, we feel empty like a cave eroded by wind and rain, where only loneliness echoes and reaches its rhythmic resonance. We shrug our shoulders, cock our heads, raise our eyebrows, sometimes nodding and sometimes shaking our heads, but all in



vain. But we know that God is the only visitor there to see us when we are desperately in need of someone. Then in the hollow vacuum of our hearts where even dreams are absent, He would pour the beautiful message of life, inviting us to drink a nectar of love and elixir of truth.

Sometimes we are like a poor man's house in a desert, with high walls to check the frequent winds, but without roof to welcome the shower so rare. Poverty is inconvenient but not a shame, maybe painful but not a sin. Contented in an honest poverty, we don't want to cheat the people for undue money for our own use. We are poor, but thank God, we always have something to give out.

With everybody trying to give, give, give, every other person will surely receive, receive, receive. But don't you see? With everyone holding back what they have and just extending bare hands only to receive, receive, receive, no one will really receive, because without mutually giving at all, it is more than natural that no one at all will be receiving.

Give and take is the greatest expression of life, isn't it? Yes, though we have traits and characters contrary to each other, when we become one in give and take action, we complement each other, to make us whole and perfect. Though we may stand far apart on opposite extremes— like north and south poles—when we face each other on the communication line of the axis, we meet somewhere in the heart of the earth.

In harmonious give and take, colors melt and sounds blend, making a great symphony of life. With myriads of sounds reconciled with one another, great harmony resounds, with individual instruments still articulate. O God, as Your delicate fingers run on the dormant strings of my mind's harp, my heart, chiming with Your resonance, sings out Your song in the celestial chorale of cosmic magnitude.

Yes, Father, as You said through Your son, "To know man is the knowledge of all knowledges, and to be harmonized with man is the art of all arts." What a beautiful truth!

Just wait, Father. We will prove the truth of Your words. We will do it. Thank you! We are proud of being Your sons and daughters, millions of times over.

Our hearts sing in Your praise, drumming out a loud pledge to You. For all this, we again turn to You, in the precious Names of our True Parents. Amen. ✱



The situation in Uganda allowed us no freedom. No freedom to witness. No freedom to meet each other. Yet, God did not stop. He commandeered the spiritual rebirths of five Ugandans.

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE



Hideaki Kamiyoshi

When I received the news that I had been selected as a foreign missionary, I had been inviting people for the festival at Shinjuku. Tears welled up in my eyes. I prepared my heart to meet Father. Each person was to stand in front of Father after he was assigned to a particular mission country. Until that instant, I had never thought of going to Africa. When I heard my name, I stood up and without hesitation took my place in front of Father. He spoke to me, "You have a good face." This experience became one of the motivating forces during my mission in Uganda. Father was not talking about my physical face but my internal attitude in response to heaven's call.

Before I left Japan, in a revelation I saw Father wearing a golden crown and a white robe; three people stood before him. Among the three people were one white, one black and one yellow (me). The black person came to me and pleaded, "Please save me. Save me."

This was my nation. My life, my understanding of God, would change in this place.

Soon after this revelation, my central figure called to tell me the real situation in Uganda. He especially stressed how much the Christians had been persecuted in my nation. He informed me that a missionary of Brother Andrew's group had been martyred there. Again, tears flowed from my eyes. Unceasingly I could spiritually sense the heavy historical burden and indemnity of the black Africans.

The evening of May 25, 1975, I arrived in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, where I stayed overnight. Early the next day I flew to Entebbe. To my surprise, Entebbe airport was beautiful. Located at the shore of Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa, it also claims title as the source of the Nile River. Even now, I cannot forget the impression I had when we landed. This forgotten continent and country of Uganda was actually a land of perpetual spring. Year round it was bordered in lush green and countless

flowers of brilliant colors. The colonists of Britain referred to this nation as the "pearl of Africa," or "Switzerland of Africa." I looked around, surveying even the airport. This was my nation. My life, my understanding of God would change in this place. I couldn't know how at that time, for that day I only entered this beautiful garden's gate.

From Entebbe I headed straight for Kampala, the capital. It was the rainy season, and true to its character, a drizzling rain accompanied me during the long ride into the city. I couldn't help feeling the heart of Jacob after he left Canaan for Haran. In many ways, Uganda was to become my Haran.

In the city, the rain stopped. After registering in a hotel, I walked along the streets of Kampala. I could see no white people, no yellow people. There were only black Africans. I felt like I did not belong. I went to an African restaurant. No sushi. No tempura. I had to eat African style. I had my first taste of matoke, a steamed green banana.

Little by little, the reality of Africa was revealed to me. I was approached by many types of people. I saw the lame and the lepers. People stricken with elephantiasis also came to me, begging with pleading eyes.

I walked around various places until evening. Through God's guidance, I met two young people who took me to Makerere University, where I wanted to register as a student. Truthfully, I was worried whether or not I could keep up with the classes and manage in such totally unfamiliar circumstances in a university of all black students. I didn't feel I had a good enough grasp of English; but immediately I was filled with the knowledge that I could give joy to Father by going forward in faith.

The next day I was introduced to a graduate of Makerere University who took me to the university and helped me with admission. I submitted the papers and was told I had to wait a minimum of several days for the answer.

Four days after I entered the country, he also found an apartment for me,

I felt I was facing my limitation, but Father appeared in a vision and angels sang hymns to encourage me. I felt cared for by the angels.

which I shared with two others. One of them, a graduate of an American university, introduced me to a woman lecturer in sociology. Since I wanted to enter the university as a student of sociology, she helped me to enroll successfully.

During the first week, my new friends were concerned about me and took good care of me. However, they soon fell in love with each other and forgot about me.

This housemate occupied the bedroom next to mine. He had an extreme problem with lust, and every day I could hear him and any one of his lady friends enjoying each other's company. He also suffered from a stomach ulcer, so I suggested that he practice morning exercises with me. He would come in pajamas and dutifully and willingly do pushups and situps. After the exercise, he would lie on the bed and for about a half hour I would give him Shiatsu massage. It was the first time in my life I ever touched black skin. At first it took some getting used to, but I slowly became accustomed.

Gradually I began to understand how much Father loved and forgave such sinful people. I noticed that when his physical condition improved he began to have more energy which he reinvested in committing sin more and more often with more and more women.

Meanwhile, I received notice that my admission to the 1975 class at Makerere University was denied. My visa stability was worsening and I felt concerned. Yet during that time, Father appeared in my dream. Standing on a rock on the top of a huge craggy mountain, he told me sharply, "You must erect a large splendid white temple here."

Once when Jacob lay his head on a pillow of stone, the Lord comforted and encouraged him. However, in my case, instead of comforting me, Father ordered me to make the impossible possible. I could only think of the practical aspects. How could I erect a temple on the top of such a tall mountain which did not even have footholds? I felt God needed me to understand not a sympathetic love from Father, but rather a stern love.

After I was able to extend my visa,

my housemate persecuted me more and more severely. He accused me of being a spy and once he literally almost drove me out of his apartment. He violently slandered and accused me and threatened to report me to the police. What could I do? I prayed desperately. In a sense, I felt I was facing my limitation, but Father appeared in a vision and angels sang hymns to encourage me. I felt cared for by the angels. After my desperate prayer, God guided my housemate, and he did not report me.

I had entered Uganda as a non-Christian and could therefore not pray loudly or even sing hymns. I used to have pledge service but felt so tense. In order to simply wash my face, I had to go through four doors. I had to be extremely quiet and could not make a sound when I unlocked them. I felt like a spy. I would place a desk lamp on the floor and cover it with a bath towel so that the light would not stream through the cracks of the door. My pledge services were secret.

Yet, God also allowed me to enjoy myself at different intervals. For example, it does not snow in Uganda, but something comparable is the season of the locusts. Countless locusts swarm around the street lights; they actually resemble snow. People vie in gathering them. My housemate stirred up my excitement when he started to catch them. I joined him. After stockpiling a good supply, he put them in hot water, which softened them up. Then he tore off their legs and wings and roasted them in a frying pan. Our snack was ready.

At first I was at a loss, wondering how or even if man could eat them. Yet, in order to become "African," I ate them. I was amazed; they were quite good. "Delicious!" I exclaimed. He was so pleased that I liked them that he asked his students to help gather many of them for his Japanese friend. They obeyed him and gathered more than an ample supply. It took me several days to boil them and get them ready for roasting. I think I was a bit hasty in my cry of "delicious," because locusts piled on a plate were served at every meal for a week. After the first



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time or two, it was all I could do to be able to swallow them.

What comforted me at that time was the friendship I had with two high school students I met the day before my 26th birthday. On my birthday, the three of us went to see the tomb of Mutesa I, the King of the Buganda Kingdom. One student had dreamed that many black people, including King Mutesa, gathered together in the tomb to welcome me. He was a devoted Muslim and lived in the middle of the slum district with his grandmother. I would secretly sneak away from my housemate and the maid to visit this student. I saw so much unhappiness in the slums. Whenever I walked along the streets there, nearly a dozen naked children would follow me in amazement. Whites never visited there. I became a popular figure.

Instead of comforting me, Father ordered me to make the impossible possible. I feel God needed me to understand not a sympathetic love from Father, but rather a stern love.

I had never heard a Principle lecture given in English. I couldn't speak the language well myself, yet one day Mr. Sudo appeared in my dream and gave me a lecture in English about the dispensation centered on Jesus' family. He showed me his English study guide of the Principle. Encouraged by it, I was determined to learn how to give lectures in English to the two students.

As a result of such determination, in September of that year, one spiritual child was born. He came through so many tears cried by both of us. His rebirth took place in a humble hut of mud in the midst of the slums. To do this, I had to take many risks. My housemate and the maid often locked me in the apartment. Therefore, in order to go out for witnessing, I had to climb down the drain pipe from the fourth floor where I lived to the third floor, where I would ask my neighbor to let me out of the building.

I heard that one of the students was the ringleader of a gang in his high school. One day I could not get up

because I felt too sick, but he came to see me and told me that he was about to be expelled from school. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he begged me to act as intercessor and talk to the director of the school. He pledged to become a good Christian and repented of his past. What else could I do? Even though I was sick, I walked one hour to go to his school.

The director, a black man and a missionary, blamed the student for causing trouble in school and wanted to insist on his expulsion. Yet I appealed to him and told him I would take responsibility for him and educate him to be a good Christian. He began to soften his attitude and agreed to let him stay in school. In fact, he took him to class. In front of 70 or 80 students, the director gave the student 20 lashes. From outside the room, I heard his screams and the other students' laughs. The director forgave him, but made him "pay" for it by that punishment. Still, the student became a man of character. He was true to his word and did become a Christian. He studied the Principle eagerly and at last accepted True Parents.

Since the secret police were everywhere, I was wondering if the American and German missionaries might have been deported. However, several months after I entered the country, God guided me to meet the German brother. Meeting him was a miracle in itself. Both the American and German missionaries had been jailed for three days. As well, the three of us as foreigners were under great suspicion by the secret police.

The situation of Uganda allowed us no freedom. No freedom to witness. No freedom to meet each other. Yet, God did not stop. He commandeered the spiritual rebirths of five Ugandans. Because of this, the three missionaries decided one night in October 1975 to hold a meeting. Each missionary and each native member knew the danger we all faced. We decided that we would make a holy ground and that would be the common base for our meeting. Since my father had sent me chocolate, it was this we shared together as a family for the first time.

Whenever I saw the people suffering, indignation and righteousness rose in my heart. I was driven to the idea of martyrdom; I felt I had to do something for Uganda, no matter what happened to me.

My housemate's girlfriend abandoned him, and he became spiritually dead. His depression lasted for days. This taught me the lonely world of the archangel. However, after this happened, he began to pay attention to me once more. Since he recognized that I had a positive attitude, he no longer suspected me of being a spy. He wrote me a letter of recommendation for admission to Makerere University. Because of that letter, the next year I was accepted. This taught me that until we subjugate Satan, God cannot work.

The American missionary obtained a job as a high school teacher and made many strong conditions, such as fasting 400 hours. The German missionary was also able to secure a job.

After the security of our visas was taken care of, the three of us started living together in April of 1976. We rented a second-floor apartment next to the African market. A few days later, we received our itinerary worker. Living under my housemate for ten months was indeed Jacob's tribulation in Haran. Yet, Heavenly Father had invested so much in that situation; it taught me forgiveness, perseverance and self-control.

To me, living in the new center with my missionary brothers was like heaven. However, the conflicts and differences of culture, manners and customs among the three of us came to the surface from that moment. Since my classes at the university had not yet started, I was to take care of the house. My life began to revolve around preparing food and shopping. When I cooked a la Japanese, the other brothers did not seem to be able to appreciate it so much; therefore, it became a challenge to me to learn to cook so that they would be able to eat the food.

We did morning exercises together and rotated taking responsibility for pledge service. Later, we held morning services. We also decided that we would have two Sunday services: one for core members after pledge and one for the public later in the morning.

Each evening we held something akin to a revival meeting. In addition, we studied VOC and Unification Thought. We wanted to direct everything towards

making even a small condition for the victory of the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies.

However, before the Yankee Stadium rally, I overworked myself and developed a severe fever. My German brother was anxious and prayed for me in tears. But even though I was terribly sick, I attended school each day. I felt that during this period I was on the boundary between life and death. I came to understand a little of the heart that Jesus had as he walked up the hill of Golgotha, shouldering the cross, as well as Father's heart in the concentration camp in North Korea.

We experienced betrayals from our core members three times, yet Heavenly Father always protected us. I felt that the more we suffered, the more blessing Heavenly Father gave us.

At the same time these feelings and deep revelations were coming to me, so did a few trials. One day a thief broke into our center and stole all our valuables. My beloved spiritual son began to work for the secret police and threatened us. I loved him so much; I had given him all I could. I remember when he had said, "I can die for you. I would like to live with you at least 40 years." But I found that I had loved him with too humanistic a love and ignored the Principle. Because of this, I feel Satan could take him away. During this time, all I could think of was the kind of heart Jesus felt when he was betrayed by Judas Iscariot.

Father had told us that we should stay in our mission country, no matter what, until the Washington Monument rally was over. We took this seriously. We experienced betrayals from our core members three times, yet Heavenly Father always protected us. I feel that the more we suffered, the more blessing Heavenly Father gave us. We often had dreams of Father. Mine was a recurring dream in which I was invited to True Parents' house and they treated me like a member of their family.

The holy ground we had established went through its own trials. We had to establish our holy ground three dif-

I remember when my spiritual son said, 'I can die for you. I would like to live with you at least 40 years.' But I found that I loved him with too humanistic a love and ignored the Principle. Because of this, Satan could take him away.

ferent times because it was destroyed twice—by bulldozers! Our holy ground is now located on a hill in Kampala which has a lovely view of the city. At the time we established this one, the secret police were constantly watching that area. Again, it was done at the risk of our lives.

When I was a student at Makerere University, I rarely attended classes. I felt it was more important to devote myself to door-to-door witnessing in the dormitory. Yet during the time I was doing that, the armed forces of Uganda rushed onto campus and severely punished students. I had an appointment to meet a student at 3:00 p.m. that day; yet I had the strongest feeling that I should not leave the center. I followed it and did not go to school. The next day I saw only a few students on campus. I

I feel that whenever we face our limitation, the best way to overcome it is to think of Father. Fortunately, as time passed, we became spiritually stronger and stronger, and with God's guidance we overcame this chain of trials.

was bewildered and asked several people what had happened. They were afraid to speak. Yet through the the few things they said as well as their silence, I began to piece together what must have happened the day before. I learned that students were brought to the hospitals in serious condition. Many others had head wounds or had to have casts put on their arms or legs. I heard that the forces attacked the campus at exactly 3:00 p.m.—the same hour I was to have been in the dormitory. I realized how much I had been protected.

Since the beginning of July 1976, when the world-famous Entebbe airport incident happened, all foreigners in the country were under strict surveillance. Our spiritual children were fearful and stopped coming to see us. They knew that if they came, it might cost them their lives.

At that time, we had strong spiritual feelings that we must dispose of all materials related to the church. Therefore, we somehow prepared, in case they decided they wanted to search our

apartment. Each of us prayed desperately every day.

The eerie sound of tanks resounded in our ears all night long. People no longer walked along the streets. The Japanese ambassador ordered me (us) to leave Uganda and temporarily stay in Nairobi. We heard his voice, but instead listened to the order of heaven: we stayed in Uganda.

After the Yankee Stadium rally, I had a dream. Although I couldn't realize at the time that it was the Manhattan Center, I saw many brothers and sisters gathered in a large place, enjoying themselves. I was seated just behind the True Parents and their children. Everyone was in high spirits, except Father. He looked pale. He stood up and prayed in solitude. I could spiritually understand what Father's position is. He is alone. No one can really share his burden. Because of this dream, I felt that we must persevere to participate in the Washington Monument rally. The American brother continued to pray between 12:00 and 3:00 a.m. as a condition. Therefore, until the dispensation of the Washington Monument rally was over, we had no time to struggle with unity or engage in conflict with each other. We only pushed ourselves to do God's will.

Yet after the rallies were finished, I felt spiritually heavy and experienced so many difficulties. I had a real test of faith. It started when I received a letter from my spouse. She related to me a dream that she had had repeatedly. In the dream I was always charging ahead, but ignoring the situation of other brothers and sisters. They could not follow me, and I was always thinking of something in my mind and trying to go forward. I feel that had I been able to sense how to change myself based on her dream, things would have gone smoothly in my life of faith. But I somehow could not accept it and at that time I began to struggle internally.

After Washington Monument, I was invited to the home of a person I had met on campus. While I was away, the American and German brothers had a fight. When I returned to Kampala, one native member told me that he



I remembered that one time Father said, 'If you have done things with your utmost sincerity, don't just look for results.'

simply could not get along with white people. I could no longer feel that we had smooth unity. However, even though I was the central figure at that time, I did not heartistically understand the real problem the other brothers had. I was a student, and after class I would stay on campus and witness until late at night. Now I look back and find how little compassion I had.

One night, on the way back from witnessing on campus, I was attacked by two robbers. Two big men stood in the darkness. I could not discern their forms and stopped to look at them. They were holding a big sickle in their hand. When they shouted, I ran as fast as I could, and they threw the sickle right at me. Fortunately, they didn't throw it with as much power as they would have hoped. It landed near my feet and I escaped.

I felt that since I was in Uganda as a representative of the True Parents, it was my duty to visit the Christians, and I tried always to comfort and encourage them. I often spoke to them emphasizing the mission of Christians in Uganda.

Through witnessing to Christians on campus, I got accustomed to the English terminology of the Principle and the Bible. It was good training for me. We attended weekly luncheon meetings with leaders of Catholic and Protestant churches in Uganda. Each of us gave a speech based on the Divine Principle. Through a contact in this meeting, we came to be able to attend a Bible study meeting held at the home of the chairman of the meeting.

When the archbishop of the Uganda Church was killed, I found myself in an unbelievable situation. Around that time, there was an assassination attempt, and soldiers invaded homes and brutally killed many innocent people. One Christian student to whom I had witnessed met tragedy. He heard the first part of the Divine Principle and understood well. His brother was among those killed, and he could not stop crying. He felt at a loss for what to do. I felt the same way: he simply could not be comforted by anything I did or said.

Because of the danger, university students were not allowed to stay in the dormitories. They were asked to return to their home villages. Yet soldiers lay in the bushes and ambushed the young students going home. Even though he heard about this, my Christian friend was determined to return to his village. He knew God and Jesus and felt that his belief in them was enough. I felt that since he did not have enough preparation and foundation, I could not testify to Father. All I could do was pray in tears for him. He did not survive the journey.

When I heard the news of his death, I cried hard, thinking about the deeply distressed heart of God. Whenever I saw the people suffering, indignation and righteousness rose in my heart. I was driven to the idea of martyrdom; I felt I had to do something for Uganda, no matter what happened to me.

One night a native member had a dream that Jesus came to sleep with him. I realized how much Jesus loved Uganda, and I could not stop crying. Other members also had dreams of Jesus. In one dream, he promised that many Christians would accept the Principle and come to know the True Parents, when the time was right.

Many people were coming to our center, which was centrally located downtown. In fact it became dangerous. We tried to love each of them and welcomed them with the best hospitality we could. We gave them notebooks and ballpoint pens to use while they listened to lectures on the Principle. We shared our meals with them. After lectures, the German missionary would drive them home. But our results were not so good. After a while it became clear to us that their motivation in coming was not very pure. Compared to their poor life, ours must have been attractive. Since the center was located in the middle of the city, people could easily come. Sometimes we had as many as 21 guests for Sunday service. Yet when we moved to a larger but less centrally located center, we found that only those with pure motivation would come. Still, at this time, several of the native brothers moved in.

Since I could no longer stay in the

I understood Heavenly Father is love and does so much to comfort and encourage us when we find joy and delight in His creation.

country as a student, I started to work as a high school teacher. However, a high official in the ministry of education rejected my application as a teacher. I seriously prayed every day and made conditions. The results did not change. I remembered that one time Father said, "If you have done things with your utmost sincerity, don't just look for results."

That same moment I looked out the window and saw that on the branch of a silk tree just in front of me, a bush warbler was singing so sweetly I felt he was singing for me. I felt he was trying his best to comfort me. As the weeks went by, that bush warbler was joined by another. They diligently worked to build a love nest on the branch that brushed my window sill. One day a small egg appeared in the nest. I felt the love of God. I understood Heavenly Father is love and does so much to comfort and encourage us when we find joy and delight in His creation.

When I was struggling with my visa situation, the president of the Happy World Company in Japan often appeared in my dreams and taught me about business. Therefore, from the middle of 1977, I chose the course of businessman.

Each of us was plagued by many trials. As a result of family problems, one member could no longer stay in the center. Another was possessed by an evil spirit, suffered from headaches and had to stay in bed for days. The German brother was bitterly persecuted in the company where he worked. He often cried into his pillow and felt he simply could not witness.

At the same time, the American brother received a letter from his mother-in-law, stating that his wife was going to break off her relationship with the Unification Church. He became ill and suffered from a high fever, diarrhea and vomiting. He groaned loudly every night, and I felt it was also the bitter cries of his ancestors. I was totally at a loss what to say to comfort him. Even though I knew this hurt him deeply, I was able to find a deeper relationship with him through understanding his situation.

I received a letter from a sister in

Japan who often visited my parents. She said they had been in bed because of high blood pressure and my father also had problems with his neck. Since I am their only child, no one was there to take care of them. The doctor recommended an operation on my father's neck, but warned that it might paralyze the lower part of his body. The German brother's father developed heart troubles.

I could spiritually understand what Father's position is. He is alone. No one can really share his burden.

Hardships seemed to hit one after another. Around that time, one brother who had been struggling with evil spirit possession came into my room and secretly read the diary I had been keeping (written in English). He misunderstood when I mentioned about him, and he was hurt. I had served him with all my heart, but because he read my diary, our relationship made a 180° turnabout. I explained to him in tears what I had meant and at the time he seemed to understand. However, his past resentments towards me grew. If I could have practiced what my wife had indicated to me in her letter, I feel that I could have become humble in my attitude of faith. But somehow I could not do this and brought absolutely no results, no matter how hard I worked. I felt that Satan was taking everything away from us.

However, about this same time, as I walked along the street, I had a vision of Father as he was in his early 30's. I felt as if he were with me. I could not stop adoring him. I was drawn to incorporate in my world the intensity and the perceptive heart Father had found in his youth. Because of this experience, I feel that whenever we face our limitation, the best way to overcome it is to think of Father. I felt grateful that God gave me the perception and understanding of Father's heart. Fortunately, as time passed, we became spiritually stronger, and with God's guidance we overcame this chain of trials.

The American brother was recovering from his shock, and the German

In one dream, Jesus promised that many Christians would accept the Principle and come to know the True Parents when the time was right.

brother's father had a successful operation which relieved his heart. Some time later, both his parents attended a workshop for parents. My father's health improved, and he did not have to undergo the operation after all. The native member who had growing resentments against me forgot them because he was physically ill.

Through the trial with the native brother, I repented of my attitude, and my feeling towards the other brothers changed for the better. Through this experience I realized that the way of indemnity is strict and merciless. A little word said in haste or without thinking might hurt a person so much that it would drive him to resentment. I had never had such an experience with anyone: I suffered immensely, but learned in proportion to my suffering. I learned so much about repentance and relationships between brothers and sisters. I understood it was hell to be resented by someone.

In February of 1978, we went to a regional conference in Kinshasa, Zaire, where we heard the testimony of our I.W. During that conference, she talked to us about Uganda and told us that Father was praying for our nation: she also informed us that Satan was seeking our lives to pay the historical debt of Uganda, since not enough blood had been shed. She then suggested that we each draw some blood and bury it in our holy ground. Later she had personal interviews with each of us. She told me that I should not relax my mind. Her words became deeply engraved within my heart. I felt at that moment that the humanistic attitude I had towards life and my mission was gone: I found that I became extremely serious. That night, she again prayed for Uganda. She decided that we should do a 40-day witnessing condition in Uganda, in case we would be unable to continue much longer in the country, and that each of us should put our hearts into it. She told us that if we did, we would not have to leave with regret.

When we arrived back in Uganda, we witnessed with fierce determination. Yet, trials were waiting for us. Without notifying us, our landlord sold the center. Since the housing situation in

Kampala was bad, it was extremely difficult to find houses for rent. We reached the point where we could do no more. Yet at that time, an opening became available in the apartment house of the Uganda Church. We learned about man's portion of responsibility and God's portion of responsibility.

Each of us felt God's unlimited guidance and blessing when it became possible for us to send one of our native members to the very first 40-day training in America. Because God could do this through us, I felt that some part of our missionary task had been accomplished.

Thus the first three years ended: none of the missionaries had been expelled even once. The American brother and I left Kampala for the first time and made a trip around the eastern half of the country. Everything seemed so beautiful. I felt it might be the first and last time we could do this. We visited Murchison Falls National Park. We had experienced many hardships in the city of Kampala and could not imagine that Uganda had such a beautiful place. We saw elephants, bison, antelope, zebras, etc. The Nile River was immense and to our surprise was home for many hippopotami. It flowed as if it were lord over the land. Murchison Falls is the largest falls along the Nile, and it draws many tourists.

In the daytime, adult and baby elephants walk around the hotels, but at night the hippopotami come out of the river and sleep on the hotel lawns. "Woah! Woah!" Their voices echoed everywhere. We visited a hotel called Chobe Lodge; this was a favorite spot for a number of baboons. They even came into the hotel rooms. When I looked out of the window one day, I saw a big baboon running away with a bed sheet on his back, and one small one running after him. The hotel had a rule that we could not leave the windows and doors of the hotel rooms open, because of the baboons.

We went fishing on a rocky spot along the upper reaches of the Nile and saw about four large hippopotami coming in and out of the water. They didn't bother us, but rather looked

I realized that the way of indemnity is strict and merciless. A little word said in haste or without thinking might hurt a person so much that it would drive him to resentment.

bored by our behavior and simply yawned. On the left bank, two tall and beautiful giraffes were quietly eating their breakfast of leaves. Water birds swooped over the river and flew around us. I was so impressed by the greatness of God's creation that I felt I had entered Nirvana. At that moment, I totally forgot all the sufferings I had experienced. It was peaceful; I felt as if I were in a trance.

As long as I live, I shall not forget the African nights, especially those experienced during this one-week refuge. The calling of the hippopotami sounded like a symphony when accompanied by the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers. Numerous fireflies winked at us. I could understand why Uganda was called the "Pearl of Africa." And I had a vision of the future: once she becomes stable politically and economically, I know she will prosper and draw people by the vibrance of her beauty.

One day there was a phone call from headquarters for the American brother. He came to me and said, "Hideaki, Father decided I should go to the Seminary." At that moment, I could not stop my tears. I could not believe it. Honestly speaking, I had felt so close to him, especially after his wife left our church. I felt that we didn't have to hide anything between us at all. All of us recognized how much this brother had contributed and how hard he had worked for the restoration of Uganda. Our hearts were reluctant to see him go.

Persecution against the Christians began to worsen. Many church buildings became empty and Christians had to work underground. At that time, I had a close relationship with one group which was banned. I often attended their meetings and taught them some of our holy songs. On my way to attend their meeting one day, I saw a few Christians in front of the African market preaching about Jesus. Even though this kind of activity was banned, they used a megaphone and looked like they were not about to stop. Later we heard that one of them was arrested and imprisoned. Yet the leader of the group said, "Don't worry! God is with us. Let's pray for our brother." All

of us prayed together for the safety of his life. Yet it became a serious commitment to all who attended; we again had to risk our lives in order to come. Two days later, the Christian was released. However, one day soldiers armed with guns stormed the church. Gunfire was rampant; some of the leaders were arrested and imprisoned.

I felt that since I was in Uganda as a representative of the True Parents, it was my duty to visit them, and I tried always to comfort and encourage them. I found that the word "hope"



became totally meaningless to them. I made efforts to meet as many earnest Christians as possible. I visited many places and actively contacted people. I studied the Bible with them and spoke some words of encouragement whenever possible. I often spoke to them, emphasizing the mission of Christians in Uganda. Because of my situation, I could not mention the Unification Church.

To our surprise, in the middle of November, a round-trip ticket between Kampala and Kinshasa was sent to me from New York. We were not able to find out why it was sent, so I went to Zaire in faith, not knowing what to expect. Gregory and Pamela phoned New York to ask why I was to come, and we found out that headquarters had not sent such a ticket. In fact, they

Our center inhabited a hill in Kampala; unfortunately, it was the same one which housed the army headquarters. Our neighborhood became the final battleground of the war.

called everywhere, for two weeks, to try to find out who had sent the ticket, but no one knew.

However, the two weeks I was in Zaire was a totally wonderful experience for me. I especially cannot forget the relationship I had with Pamela. I listened to the severe battle she had to go through in Zaire and sympathized with her from the bottom of my heart. We prayed together in tears. We had no missionary sisters in Uganda and I didn't know their heart. But through my relationship with Pamela, another world of the heart opened for me. I believe it was under God's guidance, and I am grateful for it.



I also talked with Gregory for many hours every day. I was really moved by his parental heart and could see how warmly he embraced each one of his members. Through him, my pessimistic view turned a bit more optimistic.

Seeing that the Zaire family was developing, I felt hope for the future of all Africa. Until then, I was bound by the idea of martyrdom. However, Gregory always gave many testimonies as if he were encouraging me. I also gave testimonies of the Uganda mission and delivered Sunday sermons. For me it was really an experience of the Kingdom of Heaven. Except for Heavenly Father, to this day no one knows why I went to Zaire.

After I returned to Uganda, I invested myself into my business with even greater vigor. We started to sell women's blouses, skirts and dresses. I became a popular figure. Wherever I went with my big vinyl bag full of women's clothes, they stopped me and looked at the goods. Of course, there were many temptations. Since Africans are very open people, right in front of me the women would take off their clothes in order to try on a blouse or skirt. Since I had gone through the trial with my housemate, I was trained against such temptations and only thought about my selling mission.

The war continued to escalate, and the German missionary urged me to go to Nairobi and get out of danger. I thought that he might die if only he and one other native brother stayed. On the other hand, I felt that as a blessed member I should continue God's lineage. However, when I even thought of what might happen to them, I felt I should share their destiny. I told my German brother, "I will not leave Uganda unless there is an instruction from headquarters."

Meanwhile, Entebbe closed. Kampala was surrounded by Tanzanian troops. Amazingly, the city itself was calm. Therefore, we continued our business and witnessing activities. The other members could not stay in Kampala and either returned home or went to other countries.

We celebrated Parents' Day as usual. That same night, long-range bombs were fired from Tanzania: their target was Kampala. Bombs over one meter in size flew in from a distance like missiles and exploded. Tremendous vibrations were felt throughout the city. The three of us started to pray desperately. We felt as if it would be the last day of our physical lives; we prepared to go to spirit world. Only tears of repentance welled up in my eyes. I felt I had accomplished nothing and that I was not qualified to go to the spirit world. I felt so sorry in front of Heavenly Father and True Parents. Unknown to the rest of the country, that was Parents' Day. It was the day when the war developed into a full-scale battle; many foreigners ran away.

A 6:00 p.m. curfew forced us to

Ugandans are incredible people. They lost everything through the war. Yet after a few months, stores and offices opened again. I have great admiration for their vitality and determination.

stay in the center. The new center did not have tap water; this forced us to draw water in cans. We devised elaborate plans for every use of water: washing dishes, using the toilet, laundry, taking showers, etc. Before Parents' Day we made up a huge batch of kimchi. This turned out to be our good fortune, because it was our only vegetable during the war. We ate it with dried foods.

We were so tense every day. Late one night, the army pushed its way into our apartment in search of guerrillas. I looked out of the window and saw war planes and anti-aircraft guns. Tanks passed by constantly. I always had the feeling that the next bomb would come to us. At night soldiers came into our yard and started shooting each other.

Because we lived under this constant pressure, the German brother and I prayed together and studied together as much as possible. I remember one day in particular when I stubbornly refused to listen to him. He cried. His next words pierced my soul: if we did not make unity, we might die. We were on the borderline of life and death. I had acted self-centeredly. I realized my fallen nature and cried to God desperately to be able to change. The three of us then persevered through the war under the warm and embracing leadership of my German brother.

Our center inhabited a hill in Kampala; unfortunately, it was the same one which housed the army headquarters. Our neighborhood became the final battleground of the war.

Yet in the midst of this, I received a telephone call from Japan. (At that time we could not make outgoing calls, but could only receive them.) What a surprise! I heard the voice of my wife for the first time in four years. The only thing I could tell her was that I was all right and that it was impossible to leave Kampala, so I had made up my mind to stay there. I sensed her inner anguish, but I could not do or say anything else of any comfort.

One day around 1:30 a.m. there was a phone call directly from Rev. Kwak in New York. He spoke to me in Japanese and suggested that we all try to go to Kenya. Even during that conversation, bombs were falling around the center.

Actually it was impossible to escape Kampala, yet I made myself ready to faithfully follow whatever Rev. Kwak might instruct us. It was difficult for anyone to go but literally impossible for Ugandans to cross the border. My German brother and I could only look at our native member and cry. Rev. Kwak told us that we should pray deeply and act with absolute faith in God.

The same night of that phone call, I had a spiritual battle. A huge black man came beside my mattress and tried to kill me. I was overwhelmed by his spiritual power; I knew he wanted to kill me. All my strength was completely drained away. I knew that if I continued to fight against him with absolutely no strength, I would die, but I could not do anything at all. After persevering about 40 minutes, I felt strength grow within me. Finally I managed to push him away. He ran and I ran after him. When I caught him, he turned out to be a beautiful woman. I pushed her away. After this, Rev. Kwak appeared and smiled at me. From this experience I could understand a little of Jacob's battle against the angel at the ford of Jabbok.

Later that same night, more fighting broke out. The three of us woke up, and we could do nothing but go to the prayer room and pray desperately. The battle was so gruesome we thought we might die. The army was making a last attempt to defend its headquarters. Fortunately, the peak of the battle was over by morning. Immediately, we started to pack our bags, following Rev. Kwak's instruction. The next flight out of the country was not for three days. We felt that we simply could not go back to our center, so we prepared to move to a house in the section of town in which the embassy personnel lived.

I wondered about my fate. It was risky to leave; we did not know what would happen. It was as if my life flashed before my mind. I felt sorry for myself and did not feel worthy to go to the spirit world. My heart filled with the feeling that I was a real son of Father. I had compassion on Heavenly Father who had to watch such miserable people as us. I felt sorry for my wife. I went to the prayer room and collapsed in tears. I could only pray, "I

After my experience in Uganda, I deeply realized how the way of restoration through indemnity was strict. I could not go into victory through indemnity with simply conceptual faith.

am Your true son. And here I am now." An indescribable calm came over me.

About 6:00 p.m. I heard noisy voices outside the apartment. Then my German brother and our member rushed into the prayer room shouting, "Kampala has been liberated." All three of us jumped up and embraced each other. We slept peacefully for the first time that night. The three of us shared our feelings of gratitude that we could share these most trying experiences with the peoples of this nation.



After not seeing any of my friends for a long time, I met two of them on the hill where our center was located. It was a joyous reunion. I took many long walks during the next weeks. When I walked around the devastated city alone, I could not stop crying. After the war people went through the stores and looted them. All shops were empty. Our office was completely burned. The skyline of the city showed wisps of smoke from many burned buildings. Dead bodies were left lying about.

Kampala had to begin again. Until the war, we had so many good contacts with shop owners. It was as if that was our home church work. Yet, because of the racial conflict, they had left Uganda. When I walked around the devastated city of Kampala, I deeply understood how the prophets cried upon seeing the devastated city of

Jerusalem. I prayed with tears, asking Heavenly Father how this country could receive His blessing and prosper again.

Ugandans are incredible people. They lost everything through the war. Yet after a few months, stores and offices opened again. I have great admiration for their vitality and determination.

My heart was filled when I thought Uganda could gain true freedom and people could once again be happy. I wondered how it was possible that man was treated like a small insect. Life was so easily crushed. I could not stop crying. I thought deeply about how we had to teach the people of Uganda about the value of man.

Meanwhile, I received a letter from my spiritual father. He mentioned that he had recently been matched. It was the first time a Japanese man had been matched to a black sister. He said that it had always been in his mind that I was working hard in Africa and he wanted to accept matching with a black sister; in this way, he hoped that he could assist our mission. I realized that we were devoting ourselves to restoring the world. Father is undertaking the entire burden, and each of us in our respective missions helps him to the degree we can.

I reapplied for a work permit again and again. I met the minister of internal affairs three more times. Yet, I was not permitted to stay in Uganda any longer. I had to leave my beloved mission country.

After my experience in Uganda, I deeply realized how the way of restoration through indemnity was strict. I could not go into victory through indemnity with simply conceptual faith. Through living together with other missionaries and native members, the hidden problems of my faith and personality were clearly disclosed. I had no way to avoid them; I had to face them squarely and deal with them. By doing so, I believe that my faith and personality strengthened.

Even though we had some conflicts with each other because of the differences in language, customs, manners and cultures, I realized that we are brothers of the same True Parents and have the same heart.✱

ASPECTS OF UNIFICATION THEORY OF ART

Jonatha Johnson

Stand before an exquisite work of art, and a sense of wonder comes over you. Go ahead, make yourself vulnerable to all of those emotional stimulations that wash over you. The Creator put them there with the intent of evoking in you just such depths of emotion. First, at the simplest level comes a sensation of beauty. We feel this as a response to the harmony we see. Our curiosity may be stimulated also, as we seek to understand the motive for why the artist created as he did.

Our capacities for awe, wonder, understanding, insight, compassion, our appreciation of beauty, our acknowledgment of order and harmony, and finally, a transcendent joy, may each in turn be triggered within us. Art with religious themes may evoke us in a feeling of



within ourselves: something beautiful!

Dr. Sang Hun Lee is the author of *Communism: Critique and Counterproposal* and *Unification Thought*, both considered authoritative expressions of True Father's thought. Dr. Lee has been a faithful follower of our True Parents for a quarter of a century, dedicating every moment of his life to the search for a perfect expression of the truth revealed by our True Parents!

His new book, *Explaining Unification Thought*, is a synthesis of his research, meditation and prayer during his entire life as a disciple of Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

As he states in the preface, "My chief concern in this text has been to preserve the authenticity of the core of the Unification Principle, while seeking for wider and wider application

Artistic creations stimulate our thinking and emotional awareness of the world and we experience a reflection, a recognition, of something around us, within ourselves: something beautiful!

sanctification, or purity, as we experience spiritual enlightenment. For one crystal moment, we are put in touch with eternity,

with eternal values which God meant for us to have from the beginning.

Artistic creations stimulate our thinking and emotional awareness of the world around us, and we experience a reflection, a recognition, of something

of it to philosophical areas. While substantially identical with my other book, *Unification Thought* (New York: Unification Thought Institute, 1973) the present book differs in breadth of scope, including new chap-



Photos taken by Jan Parker in Korea.

ters, new concepts, and new expressions of old concepts. Four new chapters have been added: Logic, Theory of Education, Theory of Art and a newly constructed Methodology. Furthermore, Theory of the Original Image previously dealt with as a section of Ontology has now become a chapter by itself. Thus, the book has now 11 chapters, now covering almost all fields of traditional philosophy.

"The ideas set forth here represent an effort to compress 24 years of study and reflection I have had the opportunity to do after becoming a follower of Reverend Sun Myung Moon."

Explaining Unification Thought, now undergoing its final preparation for publication as edited by Paul Perry, should be available soon through HSA-UWC Publications Office. This article is an adaptation of one section of the chapter Theory of Art. Supplementary material added by this writer to the final section appears in brackets.

Why a Theory of Art

A chapter on the philosophy or theory of art occupies an important part of Unification Thought. The act of creating is central to man's identity as a child of God, the Creator. The coming ideal restored society of Unified Culture which we envision will manifest more creativity than ever before possible. The principles examined in the Theory of Art apply to the many fields of architecture, music, sculpture and painting, as well as theater arts.

Why have a philosophy of art? Earlier thinkers considered such topics as the nature of art, the classifications of types of beauty and the role artists play in their society. In Unification Principle, it is explained that all human endeavors spring from the three primary inter-related functions of man's inner being:

His *intellect* is concerned with

thinking and cognition, as discussed in the chapter Epistemology.

Man's *will* determines the direction, modifying the strength and/or quality of desire and effort, in the attempt to bring about goodness and value in his life.

Finally, it is man's *heart* which is concerned with loving and emotions, appreciation and the corresponding return of beauty. In this view, the study of the Theory of Art emphasizes the interrelatedness of emotion and creative activity.

Man's original creative nature is a central theme running throughout Unification Thought. Indeed, most chapters touch upon some aspects of man's creativity.

In the Theory of the Original Image, the origin of creativity is decidedly placed in God's own heart; the desire to create is an unquenchable desire to love and to experience joy.

The chapter Ontology (the theory of created beings) elaborates on God's creations and their resemblance to their Creator. The very motive, ideals and methods for creating the universe become embodied in every creation. The Principles and laws of *sung sang/hyung sang* complementarity, dual purposes for existence, two-stage structure of creation, and the desire to feel joy are inherently the core for all human cultural activities.

Theory of Education is a chapter bursting with expectation that the greatest creativity mankind has ever known will issue forth in every field of human endeavor, when education of the heart takes priority over technical education. Indeed, here we see how God gave man creativity for the purpose of dominion, so that man can create things and dominate with love.

Theory of Art has many important aspects in completing an academic understanding of creativity, but most significant is its power to forge together, within the life of an individual, the motivation for creating with the practice of morality and ethics.

Art and Ethics

Creation and appreciation are activities of dominion. If man had not fallen he would have gone through the three stages of formation, growth and completion and would have been given authority of dominion after having grown through these three stages. Only when artists understand this in detail will they seriously endeavor to become truly ethical.

Numerous artists have dealt with themes of love in their novels, plays, movies and other art forms, but very rarely were the artists themselves persons of high ethical standards. In fact, a great number of them spent their lives wantonly. The kinds of love mundane artists have usually portrayed are not God's love but fallen love—that is, the fallen love of the archangel, who deceived Eve, as well as the fallen love of Eve, who deceived Adam. As a rule, artists have modified and embellished fallen love.

Accordingly, artistic beauty has been expressed on the basis of fallen love, not true love or God's love. Only when artists realize God's love in their lives—that is, when they realize the unity of art and ethics—will they be able to create a true work of art.

The Aim of the Theory of Art

Art is a treasured element of mankind's cultural heritage. In this chapter we will attempt to clarify our attitude toward it.

Reverend Sun Myung Moon has begun artistic activities with the Little Angels group in order to inspire people to give joy to God. It is not good for art to be used for political contrivance; true art can never be made into a tool of politics, for true art is that which pleases God and man. Another reason why a theory of art is necessary is that when society is restored to its original state, it will become an artistic society,

where the purpose of creation is completely realized. In that society, people will love one another; for that reason, they will want to dance, sing and engage in various kinds of artistic activities. In the ideal society, economic problems will be solved; as a result, artistic activities will come to the fore. To those leaders who are trying to build such a society, a theory of art is indispensable.

If it is our aim to construct a new culture, we must pay attention to art, for art is the essence of culture. First, we must protect the cultural heritage we already have. This heritage includes architecture, sculpture, music, painting, industrial design, and so on. We feel responsible to inherit our own culture, and to keep it alive, and on this foundation, to develop a new culture.

This new culture will come about through the integration of the best elements within the cultures of various national and racial groups. So, keeping our national cultural heritages is a *sine qua non* for building a new culture.

I have developed the Unification Theory of Art deductively from the teachings of Unification Principle of Reverend Sun Myung Moon, making almost no reference to the traditional theories of art. Reverend Moon himself has a highly developed artistic sense, which I would like to make known through this theory. Based on this new theory we must play a central role in constructing a new culture.

Definition of Art

Generally speaking, intellect is related to philosophy, will to morality and ethics, and emotion to art. So, art is the emotional activity of creating and appreciating beauty. The purpose of art is to produce joy. In other words, the purpose of creating and appreciating beauty is to be joyful. Therefore, in Unification Thought view, art is "the activity of creating joy through creation and appreciation of beauty." As explained later in this chapter, appreciation is a



form of creation; accordingly, we can simply say that art is "the activity of creating joy through beauty."

Other scholars define it in various ways. Sir Herbert Read, for instance, said that "art is an attempt to create pleasing forms," along similar lines with Unification Thought view.

Types of Beauty

Beauty is determined by the give and take action between a subject (man) and an object, centering on purpose. There are numerous kinds of objects, such as flowers, birds, mountains and rivers; accordingly, numerous kinds of beauty can be perceived. Furthermore, the same object displays different kinds of beauty when perceived by different subjects. Flowers, for example, are perceived by a poet differently from the way they are perceived by either a scientist or an artist.

In the Unification Principle, beauty and love are inseparable. There is no beauty apart from love. When considering types of beauty, therefore, we need first of all to think about the types of love. Take parental love, for example. The more parents love their children, the more beautiful the children become. The relationship between love and beauty is reciprocal. When the subject loves the object, the love of the subject is perceived by

the object as beauty. Conversely, when the object gives beauty to the subject, the object's motive (starting point) should be love.

What types of love are there? There are three types of love in the Unification Principle: parental love, conjugal love and children's love. Then, what concretely are the types of beauty corresponding to the three types of love? Let us clarify this

Infants and small children in their state of helplessness and innocence exhibit a special unique type of beauty.

question by explaining love more deeply.

Parental love is either paternal or maternal. When parents love their children, their love is perceived emotionally by the children as beauty. I visited a certain family some time ago and asked the children, "Whom do you like best, your father or your mother?" They answered, "We like them both." "But whom do you like best?" I insisted. One child answered "Father," and the other said, "Mother." To like someone is to feel that he or she is beautiful. The children felt their parents were beautiful because the parents gave them love.

Paternal love becomes paternal beauty for the children. Fathers do not always give their children tender, warm love. When the children are disobedient, fathers may punish, scold or frown at them. Although children may feel bad at that moment, they are usually thankful later. Strictness also can be an expression of love. Not only spring-like warmth, but also autumn- or winter-like strictness are expressions of the same love. This kind of love also may be felt as beauty by children. This may be called sublime beauty.

When we see the ocean, or majestic mountains or a waterfall that cascades over a high cliff, we feel a kind of awesome beauty. Where does this feeling come from? This type of beauty in nature is a modified extension of the paternal



beauty we felt in our childhood.

Maternal love is different from paternal love. A mother is gentle, kind and peaceful. Children perceive maternal love as peaceful or graceful beauty.

We feel such beauty when we see, for instance, a statue of the Virgin Mary. After we have experienced such maternal beauty, we may feel it transformed into the peaceful beauty of the natural world.

What is children's beauty? Children with a loving heart look beautiful to their parents. Children's original nature is to make their parents happy. They do that through little things, such as showing their parents something they have painted or drawn, or making them laugh or romping cheerfully about. Sometimes children show their parents actions and gestures that are ludicrous and comical. This is comical beauty.

[One form of children's love is their expressed need for love, attention and care. Infants and small children in their state of helplessness and innocence exhibit a special unique type of beauty, which may be called the beauty of vulnerability. This beauty stimulates or elicits the universal response of maternal love. Much poignant literature is centered on the theme of how maternal and paternal love is stimulated, when a child is orphaned or abandoned. The character development centers on fulfillment of need in this crisis of love. The power of

children's vulnerability to stimulate love is documented in many classics.

As children grow, the love they express changes as they strive to find themselves in the proper roles of young man or young woman. Children's love takes the form of friendship: as boys and girls grow toward adolescence (top of the growth stage), their diversified beauty correlates with the changes of their love. Of utmost concern to them is their self-development and their position within their family and society. Social (horizontal) forms of love, like brotherly love and team participation, take high priority, as a young man (or woman) finds his (or her) self-image defined in these relationships. What beauty corresponds to these types of developmental love? Just as love takes many forms of diversity, beauty is returned in as many varieties.

Just as love takes many forms of diversity, beauty is returned in as many varieties.

As boys develop into men and girls into women, their loves will culminate in conjugal love, or married love, where the two complementary natures are merged into completeness. To love means to become one.]

Once we have experienced children's beauty, we can begin to perceive such beauty all around us. For example, young animals, such as baby chicks, are lovely; flower buds also are delicately beautiful. These are extensions of children's beauty. In a family, the father sees the beauty of his children differ-



ently from the way the mother does. Similarly, a man and a woman probably appreciate different aspects of the beauty of nature.

Feminine beauty becomes the response (the complement) to masculine love, and masculine beauty is exchanged in return for feminine love.

Since everyone has a unique character, there are a great number of different kinds of masculine and feminine beauty—among persons as well as in nature. The arts, cultural activities and our social life contribute to broaden our range of appreciating feminine and masculine beauty.

Our own wife (or husband) serves as the microcosm, or representative, of femininity (or masculinity), yet we are free to appreciate beauty from many sources, to enhance our knowledge of God's own multifaceted divine beauty.

In summary, the types of beauty correspond to the types of love. Parental love is felt as parental beauty (paternal and maternal beauty); conjugal love as conjugal beauty (masculine and feminine beauty); and children's love as children's beauty (including brothers' and sisters' beauty). These three kinds of love are God's love expressed divisionally through the basis of the family. Accordingly, beauty, as well as love, originates in God. This is the philosophical basis for the different kinds of beauty.★

The Unusual Boy and the All-night Weasel



Larry Moffitt

Once upon a time it was winter and a light snowfall had put an inch of fluff over old snow that had turned to an icy crust capable of supporting a grown man if he went slowly and spread his weight along his stride.

For a boy of 13, however, the crust was thick enough to run on without constantly breaking through into the foot of snow below.

Ice crystals sparkled on the moonlit ground with the appearance of a careless diamond baron having passed through the woods. There was no wind to disturb the delicately formed weasel prints and no sign of wear to indicate whether the tracks had been there an hour or a thousand years. All the boy knew was that he was a half hour into the hunt and that he would go the distance.

The boy clearly saw, not his face but his spirit, reflected in the eyes of the weasel.

The air coming into his chest was cold and dry, and when it came out an instant later it tried to take the lining of his throat with it. His mouth kept filling with mucus as his body rallied to defend itself from the dryness. As he ran, he turned his head to spit, but the wind of running was quicker and soon a trickle of ice began to form across his cheek.

The hunt wasn't a whim of the moment but came from the question country children always ask whenever they come upon a set of prints in the woods: Where do the tracks come from and where do they go?

And though he never spoke them, the questions that always filled the boy's mind were beyond those of other children. He asked himself: "Where is this weasel going? He wanted to know the whole story of this weasel and how many brothers and sisters it had. He burned to know in detail, what this weasel was thinking that could make it run so far.

There were always tracks of one kind or another around the house, but this morning he decided he would follow the clearest set he could find that night. And he would follow them until he caught the weasel.

Thus, within a day, he had told himself that morning, I will know better than anyone else where the weasel goes. And I will know what he

thinks.

He knew if he were ever to be as wise as Solomon, he would have to do many things like this. And wasn't that his dream? His determination? Someday I want to know everything, he had told his parents. Someday I'm sure you will, they answered. He believed them.

He had been at it for over an hour now and for the first time, caught a glimpse of a brownish gray tail as it slid out of sight behind a rock. For the first time since he began, the weasel was aware of him and the hunt was now a chase.

In reply to the boy's mercy and in respect for his determination, the weasel's eyes told of its life and gave up its secrets. The feeling of kinship brought tears to the boy.



The sight of the weasel alone was renewal to the boy's energy and warmth to his limbs. Hands and feet which had begun to feel the cold and fatigue were forgotten. They, and the other parts of his body, would have to fend for themselves. His mind was abandoning all for weasel.

He burst up an incline and suddenly found himself knee-deep in an erosion gully that had filled with snow. The animal scampered up the 200-foot run and into the trees beyond, but the boy had to lift his knees to his chest in a slow and painful trudge. He began to crawl on all fours and finally to skim on his belly to keep from sinking. Snow went up his sleeves and into the front of his cloth coat where it melted next to his body, turning his sweat to ice water.

It was three in the morning and he had been going for five hours without rest. He alternated

running with walking but avoided stopping altogether. He told his mind that if running was normal for chasing, then walking was the same as stopping to lay down. Because he knew the weasel wouldn't be stopping tonight, he would rest by walking.

He looked ahead in the moonlight. The weasel was pausing to look behind, trying to understand why he was being pursued as no other had done before. Even a wolf would have stopped before this. There were plenty of other tracks crossing mine. Why me? Why doesn't he stop? The weasel stepped on stones across a small creek, leaving four bunched prints atop each powdered mound.

The animal was almost in sight now. It rested whenever it could, by walking over deep soft snow to delay the boy. Once, it lay down, looked back and wearily rose to go.

The sky in front of the boy was becoming a lighter shade of black. He had never gone so far without stopping, but whenever he thought about resting he would see the weasel less than 50 feet ahead. For the last two hours he had begun to feel as if he were touching the animal's fur. He could feel its heart beating in its chest and when their eyes met, he thought he could see his own face reflected.

By 6:00 the sun flecked through the trees and he found himself on a knoll near a village 20 miles from his home. At the clearing's edge, the weasel was laying on its side, breathing heavily, watching the boy's approach. It didn't move as he came closer.

The boy touched his fur, then knelt beside it to stroke it soothingly from head to tail. The weasel's eyes watched every move but they were eyes of surrender nonetheless. From so close, the boy clearly saw, not his face but his spirit, reflected in the eyes of the animal. No matter the redness of the boy's face, the blood-laced eyes and the ghastly beard of frozen breath and mucus on his cheeks and chin; no matter his appearance. As the weasel understood the boy's spirit, all panic left it and its fur lay down on its back, sleek and calm.

In reply to the boy's mercy and in respect for his determination, the weasel's eyes told of its life, and gave up its secrets. The feeling of kinship brought tears to the boy. He spoke softly, "Thank you," and rose to walk toward the village.

He was intensely aware of his hunger, so he knocked at the first house to ask for breakfast. Between bites he told them who he was and what he had done and why. When he had finished eating, the farmer's wife smiled and asked, "And what were the weasel's thoughts?"

"He was thinking of me," the boy said.★



Mission Happenings/First 21-Day Seminar Oceania Region

Rodney Cameroon

Fifty members from the Oceania Region came together in March for the first 21-Day Regional Seminar. Missionaries from Tonga, the Cook Islands and Papua New Guinea, along with six brothers and sisters from Australia, attended the seminar, which was held on our church farm in the beautiful countryside 50 miles south of Auckland, New Zealand.

Since the region was initiated by Father, Christopher Olson had been planning to hold regional seminars for the missionaries and their spiritual children, as well as for the benefit of local members. Christopher intended to give the lectures of the seminar, but he was called to New York for 120-day training. His goal for the workshop was to strengthen members individually and collectively, by hearing Father's words

and sharing in deep fellowship.

Divine Principle, Unification Thought and VOC were presented in three five-day periods. Many new and younger members hearing UT and VOC for the first time were deeply moved by the content of the lectures, and they were more able to feel God's internal heart and see the incredible contradictions which VOC points out.

Christopher wanted emphasis to be placed on love and service. Based on this, Trevor Sargent, workshop coordinator, chose the motto, "Let us love and serve each other as Heavenly Father has loved and served us." Through the 21 days, there was strong competition between the six workshop groups. It was beautiful to see and experience the love of brothers and sisters and to feel their desire to sacrifice for others. The creativity of the family members

serving each other has inspired many new ideas for home church.

Unlike other regions, the nations of Oceania are not connected to their neighbors by a common land mass. Instead, they are only connected by the vast Pacific Ocean. Each nation is completely separate and seemingly isolated from the rest of the world. With regional church development and new links formed with brother and sister nations, the Pacific is shrinking and the feeling of being part of the whole world is much more real. In participating in the growth that took place over 21 days we could see great potential for the future, a future as great as our cultural differences. The deep bonds that were formed between us are a living testimony to the power and embrace of God's true love.

Mission Happenings/ Missionary to Train Auto Mechanics



After his last world tour, Rev. Kwak assigned Takeda Tadahisa to develop plans for training African members as auto mechanics. The government of the Ivory Coast gave Takeda a

grant of land on which to begin his training programs. A recent newspaper article in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, featured a workshop sponsored by Toyota of Japan, to train repair shop

managers, who in turn will train future mechanics. Tadahisa's photograph appeared in the newspaper, along with Africans in the training program.



The Day Of All Things

In gratitude for the blessing of receiving all kinds of love, the creation will want to return glory to God by giving the very best of the universe to man. That is why all things provide you with food, themselves becoming your flesh and bone, letting you grow and develop a noble character so you can live in heaven for eternity. Everything in nature will take great pride in becoming the flesh and blood of men who are children of God. Through man's spiritual quality, all things can influence the center of God's love. That is the pride of all things.

This is a most beautiful and holy world of creation. Can you men and women fulfill the position of representative of God and truly love all things?

Have you ever had the experience of apologizing to the earth for having to step on it? If you have such a loving heart to want to step softly on the ground, the ground will eagerly respond to you and even push your feet up.

Man is not meant to be a robot, but rather to see all things with a loving heart and to express that love in a descriptive way. Do not ever have the attitude that we men are the lords of all things; it is God who has given men that supreme position.

All the earthly elements are contained within the human body, and in the same way we also possess all the elements of the spirit world. Thus, when one man moves, a small universe moves, and this is why man's actions are precious and supreme.

Because you are a microcosm of the universe, when you are genuinely happy it is not just you who is happy, but the entire universe and spirit world as well. Therefore, we should live in joy and happiness for the sake of the universe. We have only one truly worthwhile way of life: acting for the sake of others and always feeling grateful. If you can praise nature as the masterpiece of God's work, you can find many ways to show your gratitude. When you always feel grateful, you are truly living in heaven here on earth.

Father, 6/17/77

