

The Blessing

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In October of 1975 I was fortunate to be at Barrytown for training when Rev. Moon was a frequent visitor. One day we were told to wait patiently in the lecture hall as he was on his way. Meditating, I suddenly felt my mind go into a trance like state and my hand began to move my pen around on paper. After I came more aware again, I looked at the paper and noticed this message in a rushed scribbled text. After reading it, I wondered where or what part of the spiritual realm this had come from? Then without more thought, we were asked to get up and walk with Rev. Moon down to the Hudson River. Many foreign missionaries were there too and I'm sure he was eager to see all of us after being away in Europe speaking to members who were going through much persecution. It was a very stressful time in our church's history on a world level period of growth.

Since he had spoken many hours in the previous days, his voice was completely gone. He basically had come to see us and allowed someone else in his party to report what was going on in Europe. Then he asked us to sing a song individually. Then it struck me...maybe my automatic writing experience was meant for his ears or maybe the Holy Spirit was sending him some comforting words. It was then that I hoped to be chosen to offer this to him. The plan was that the one who sang picked the next one. After one missionary finished his song, he spun around and his finger landed right at me—I almost fainted, being a very young member! But I bowed and explained how I had just received it moments earlier. After I read it, Father looked at me and whispered, "That was beautiful." Later Rev. Sudo told me that it was rare for him to directly comment on anyone's talents or offering. Then I suspected that the reading was from heaven and I was just the messenger. I gave it a simple title, "The Blessing" It may be helpful to anyone who is taking or about to take a spiritual path in life.

The Blessing

In a valley of despair I searched for life.
A life of freedom from fear, hate and guilt
I looked upward to the mountains seeking a path on which to climb
 out of this cold, dark valley.
But I had to wait....
Father in heaven knew when the time was right...for I had much
 growing to do before I could bear the climb.

My heart needed to be strong in faith and pure in humility
My mind longed to make quick and accurate judgments—
My limbs needed to become steady and confident.

If I had been too eager too soon without the knowledge and the
understanding of truth, I would have fallen only to increase my
 present confusion and despair.

But then the day came—so great yet so terrible!
I could now be free—but could I make it?
 "Help me!" I cried.
No, no one could help me.
I was on my own, yet not alone because Father was urging me—

showing me where to step.

My first step was the hardest—though I hated my life in the valley,
it was all I knew—
Would I make it to the top of the mountain?--
I knew I couldn't look back so I focused my eyes on the next ledge above me.
Clouds hung low overhead—casting a threatening shadow along my path.
A storm was building up—
I needed to hurry, Father was waiting.

I became determined to move onward.
I didn't even feel the stones and rocks falling down on my head.
I felt good—the light from above was getting brighter
as I climbed higher.
The chill I had felt for so long in the valley was leaving me—
instead felt the warmth of something—
“What could it be?” I asked.

Birds flew around me and sang to me songs of praise and love.
I knew now I had made the correct decision when I took that first step.
Only a short ways to go.
It had been a long climb, but I felt myself becoming lighter as I
challenged myself from one step to the next.
My body was working with my mind.
Thank you, Heavenly Father, for giving me this chance for new life!

Approaching the top I began to take my first deep breaths of freedom.
I felt re-birth, like a new-born baby taking its first breath of life—
not recalling the trauma of birth.

No, I couldn't remember the struggles I had had earlier to get here.
All I knew was I had found True Love...

And then like a flash of lightning it happened—the most glorious moment of all!
In His presence I bowed and upon my head He blessed me.
I was now His daughter.

I stood up and my Father pointed....
My eyes grew wider and wider as I beheld His creation as far as I could see---
He then told me it was mine and I cried.