

Golden Age December 2022 Newsletter

Richard Buessing and Carol Pobanz
December 5, 2022

Dear Brothers and Sisters!

Happy Holiday Season!

Following is the *December 2022* issue of the Golden Age Newsletter produced by the Golden Age Club of the Clifton Family Church. It is filled with great news, inspiring stories and healthful tips especially designed to keep our beloved Senior Unification Members (60 years plus) connected through sharing God's love – what is positive in our lives as a result of finding Heavenly Parent and True Parents.


The motto of the Golden Age Newsletter is “This is the Dawning of our New Age”. We are always in the process of redefining ourselves as we grow older and as we add experiences to our lives. Therefore, we must consider how God can use us even when we may be decreasing in our physical capabilities!

We invite you to share your own article with us for inclusion in a future issue of the newsletter. See more at [Sharing Articles with the Golden Age Newsletter](#).

Please also share the good news about the newsletter with your friends, or complete a gift subscription for someone special at [Golden Age Newsletter Free Subscription Form](#).

Thank you!

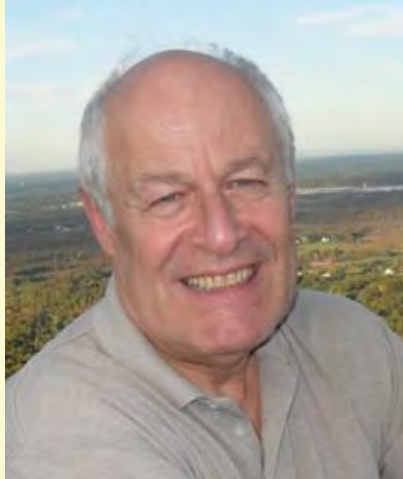
Rev. Richard Buessing
Carol Pobanz
Senior Pastors Association (SPA)



Golden Age Club

This Month's Message

A Closer Look
by Sebastian Huemer



Brenda was almost halfway to the top of the tremendous granite cliff. She was standing on a ledge where she was taking a breather during this, her first rock climb. As she rested there, the safety rope snapped against her eye and knocked out her contact lens. "Great," she thought. "Here I am on a rock ledge, hundreds of feet from the bottom and hundreds of feet to the top of this cliff, and now my sight is blurry."

She looked and looked, hoping that somehow it had landed on the ledge. But it just wasn't there.

She felt the panic rising in her, so she began praying. She prayed for calm, and she prayed that she might find her contact lens

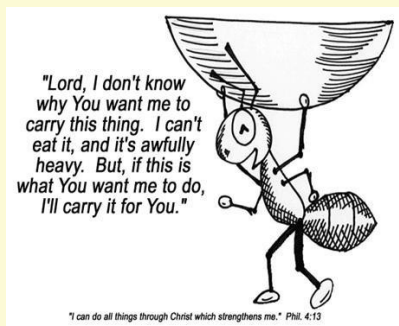
When she got to the top, a friend examined her eye and her clothing for the lens, but it was not to be found. Although she was calm now that she was at the top, she was saddened because she could not clearly see across the range of mountains. She thought of the bible verse, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth."

She thought, "Lord, You can see all these mountains. You know every stone and leaf, and You know exactly where my contact lens is. Please help me."

Later, after they had hiked down the trail to the bottom of the cliff, they met another party of climbers just starting up the face of the cliff. One of them shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?"

Well, that would be startling enough, but you know why the climber saw it? An ant was moving slowly across a twig on the face of the rock, carrying it!

The story doesn't end there. Brenda's father is a cartoonist. When she told him the incredible story of the ant, the prayer, and the contact lens, he drew a cartoon of an ant lugging that contact lens with the caption, "Lord, I don't know why You want me to carry this thing. I can't eat it, and it's awfully heavy. But if this is what You want me to do, I'll carry it for You."



I think it would do all of us some good to say, "God, I don't know why You want me to carry this load. I can see no good in it and it's awfully heavy. But, if You want me to carry it, I will."

God doesn't call the qualified. He qualifies the called.

Yes, I do love GOD. He is my source of existence and my Savior. He keeps me functioning each and every day. Without Him, I am nothing, but with Him... I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. (Phil. 4:13)

Unification Thoughts

Rearing Monarchs - #18

by Prof. Gerry Servito

Dominion and Creativity, part 4

Welcome back

In case you're joining us for the first time, it'd be best to take a look at the *purpose* and *focus* of this *Rearing Monarchs* series, of which this article is the 19th.

Where we left off and where we're going

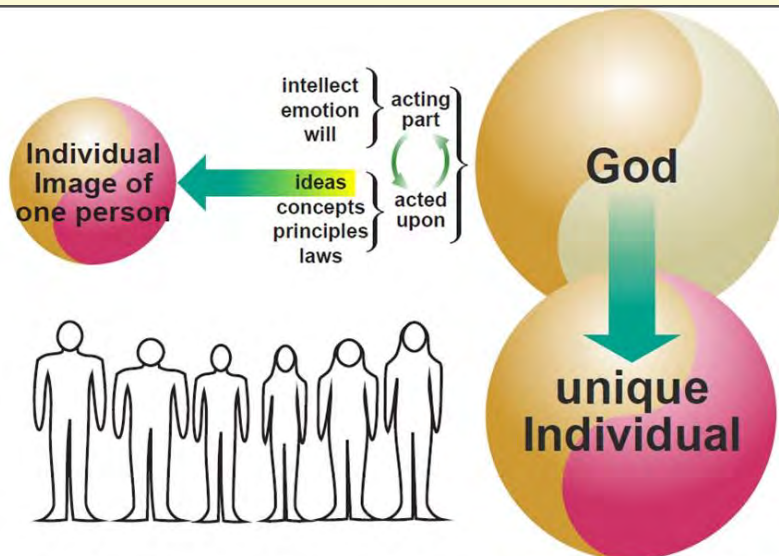
Last time, we'd explored the idea that our creativity should be guided by "object consciousness". Though that's not a term normally associated with creativity, it's an *original* state of mind, and thus it nurtures truly inspired creativity. So it's a critically different perspective that needs to be gradually introduced to our young ones, in order that they can fully manifest and enjoy their God-given creativity in their adulthood.

Today, we'll look at another essential characteristic of creativity that's quite specifically personal: their own individuality.

We'd previously mentioned that self-expression isn't the main purpose of creativity, but that's not to say it's selfish or lesser value. In fact it's precious when expressed properly. So if a child's creativity is carefully encouraged and wisely guided, their uniqueness will be naturally expressed. And over time, this can blossom into a growing confidence in their creative powers and in later years, a grateful appreciation of it.

A child's individuality

Let's step back a bit to understand the basis for this idea. As previously mentioned, the individual images of created things originate in the "mind of God". And this holds especially true for individual people. In an earlier article in this series, the sacred uniqueness of a person was explained in some depth. If you'd read it, your memory might be jogged by this diagram that appeared in that article:



A person's individuality was to be a gift that originates within God's mind and heart.

But if you'd not read that article or need a refresher, it's [here](#). And as that article points out:

"Every human being possesses a unique individual character. No matter how many billions of people are born on the earth, no two will ever have exactly the same personality. Each person...manifests a distinctive aspect of God's dual characteristics. Hence, that person is the only one in the entire universe who can stimulate that distinctive aspect of God's nature to bring Him joy."

• *Exposition of DP*, p. 164

Expanding on that quote from the Principle, here's a quote from a chapter in a later text on Unification Thought:

"Each person is a being with individuality, created in resemblance to one of the Individual Images in God. Accordingly...creation is an expression of...individuality.... (A creator) gives joy to God and to others by manifesting his or her individuality...."

• *New Essentials of Unification Thought*, p. 314

If you've ever experienced the excitement of a child when they succeed on stage or in a sports competition (manifesting creativity in a broad sense), perhaps you'll remember the exciting feeling: a physical and audible explosion of joy over that special child! It's for that reason then, that we want our young ones to discover their uniqueness and one day enter a field where they can creatively and fully exercise it. And so Godism advises: ",,, the field a person chooses varies depending on that person's preference and aptitude." (*UT Theory of Education*, p. 189)

Because of this understanding, I felt really obliged as a new parent to pray for Heaven's guidance to identify my child's abilities....

[To read the whole article, please click here!](#)

History Bytes

Unification Theological Seminary Orientation

in England “The Loving Heart of Christ”

by Carol Pobanz



In June 1978, my seminary class was sent to Great Britain. It was meant to be a sort of orientation to seminary life, preparation for future church leadership – but basically, it was pioneering Home Church.

True Father met us at Lancaster Gate, London. We were a ragtag group of recruits.

Some of us had only been out fundraising our entire church life, others were from small centers or from church businesses, but few had ever been out pioneering. As we sat together in an intimate group on the floor with Father he explained, “You are going out like the disciples of Christ; go out and serve. It was a simple instruction. Please try to understand what it is to be Christian.” Then he gave us \$100 each and told us not to return for one month.

Up until that time in my church life, I had led a somewhat sheltered existence being housed at Belvedere, working in publications and simply following someone’s direction for my daily activity. In England, I was being sent out alone. I felt happy to be on my own, able to test the spiritual truths I had, up until then, simply “believed.”



I left Lancaster Gate in anticipation and with great hope to better understand the life of Christ. I created a simple strategy:

- I randomly chose St. John’s Wood as the area of London I would claim as my home.
- I would go door to door to find a place to stay.
- I would not eat unless food was given to me.
- My money would be used only for others.
- And finally, I would pray for the people in my area to know God through me, and for me to experience the heart of Christ. (I had always longed to have the much-celebrated Christian conversion experience when the Holy Spirit descends. I understood that to be the “Christian” experience.)

I had no idea what St. John’s Wood would be like. I chose the area only for its saintly name. It turned out to be one of the more affluent areas of London, surrounding Regent’s Park. My persistent search for a place to stay resulted in me securing lodging with an Irish nurse who cared for an old man – a millionaire, who was blind and deaf from aging. They lived in a mansion flat off of Regent’s Park. Everything was quite different from what I had expected as a missionary, a disciple of Christ. I slept in satin sheets, and had tea served in my room at 5:00am as part of the wake-up routine. I ate fine food with decadent desserts, and I polished silverware as service for my keep. But in the afternoon, after helping nurse Sarah, I went into my chosen pioneer area, praying for my neighboring

people and helping anywhere I could. I did voluntary service in St. John's Wood, i.e., cleaned, gardened, painted, and read for old people. I conversed with the local vagrants living by the door of the Anglican Church and kept company with the children and people in the neighborhood.

The pastor from the Baptist church was the most interesting person I met. I had visited his church and he knew that I was a Unificationist. He lived in my area and I saw him often or, should I say, he saw me. It seemed that every time I started working on one of my service tasks, he was passing by. One day he stopped and said, while slowly shaking his head, "You are an enigma to me. You are the best Christian I have ever met but you are not Christian."

Though he mistrusted my church affiliation, he invited me to attend his services and to join his midweek Bible study as well. I came to deeply love this man and his family. I prayed for him every night before falling asleep and I woke up thinking about him and praying for him each morning. I thought, I was surely coming closer to the powerful Christian experience I longed for, and that perhaps it would be through him and in his church. I wanted so much to feel the heart of Christ that Father had encouraged us to know.

It was a Wednesday evening when I attended his Bible study. The pastor seemed strange that evening, not warm and relaxed as usual. After his Bible study, he invited me into his office. There he explained to me that, that afternoon, he went to Lancaster Gate, where he bought the Divine Principle. He read some of the book, he explained, beginning with the conclusion, and he didn't agree with our teaching. Finally, he told me that I should not return to his church. I was shocked and confused. How could he treat me like this? I had done no harm, I had only done good, he said so himself. As I left his church, tears welled up in my eyes, and God softly whispered to me, "You asked me to allow you to experience the heart of Christ."



That was just one of my many profound experiences in England. Truly it was a summer to remember. As we left for the airport, Father came to the door of our van, sticking his head inside to scan our faces and he said in his husky voice, "Study hard." I snapped a photo of him then, which I posted in my study cubicle. Whenever I sat to study, I could hear his words and feel – the loving heart of Christ.

Culture & The Arts

Studying Korean Language
by Christine Libon



Learning Korean is intriguing, bewildering, fun, challenging, a long-term investment with spiritual rewards.

Fifty years ago, I was a bit jealous of members who were studying/being taught Korean.

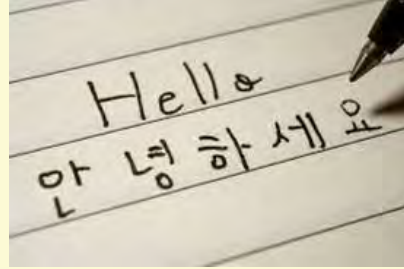
I wasn't given that opportunity then. Moving forward five years, I purchased a textbook and attempted to study Korean independently, but I found it an arduous task and lost hope. Moving forward about six years, I had the chance to participate in a basic class where I got a solid foundation in the Korean alphabet, consonants and vowels. Moving ahead three years more, I could participate in Korean classes with the children at JinA Child Care Center. A few different Korean-born teachers taught at JinA over the years, including the late Mrs. Schanker. Classes were fun! We learned songs accompanied with dance-like movements and vocabulary using picture cards. The song melodies and lyrics still stick in my mind. Through learning children's songs we were also exposed to basic vocabulary, although not fully aware of it.

More adult classes were offered at our Clifton church, then located on Van Houten Avenue. By now the vocabulary and grammar were becoming more advanced. I enjoyed learning and dissecting the lyrics to a few songs that were favorites of True Father, including one we heard sung many times about the barley fields. I also bought my first Korean dictionary and learned to look up words!

How many years ahead are we at this point? Well, perhaps 20 years ago, Korean classes were offered at New Hope School under the direction of Mr. Kim. Monika Lewis was one of the instructors. In the second year there, I was put in the "advanced" class. But it makes me laugh to think of that label because my proficiency in the language was probably not even at the kindergarten level of a Korean-born child. In my first few advanced classes, I had an experience similar to my first few times in church choir. It was above me, yet all around me, like a cloud, a fog. But the fog gradually cleared as I continued to attend. I found I was digesting compound vowels, attempting to create sentences, attempting to discern audio recordings and adult-level speech, and was perhaps fair (or worse) at writing Korean. In forming the characters, a couple of my strokes are made in habitual, unconventional ways due to my self-taught, independent learning. So, I appreciated having been properly taught later on. For a short time, I even had a semi-private tutor.

As with anything we try to accomplish, fallen nature seems to get in the way; unconstructive comments from peers also discourage us. This resulted in me abandoning my study for some years. But whenever I read True Parents' words, the desire and motivation to learn would tug at my heartstrings. So, again, I tried studying independently. And at my current age, I offer my study with the goal of being more proficient in Korean before I die. Sometimes, I study daily for two hours. Then there are periods of time when more pressing practical matters or tasks related to spiritual work distract me from my studies. But I return to them.

Each person will have their own level of ability with their own unique forte and unique difficulties in learning Korean. Previously, I admired those who could converse in Korean and had less respect for those who studied using books but could not converse casually. Now I see that I have become like the latter.



With continued practice, each student will see improvements in speed of reading, writing, recall of vocabulary, and many other skills. So, while it is fine to recognize the greater or lesser proficiency of others, it is most constructive to focus on one's own and to diligently plow ahead.

Currently, I study reading Mother of Peace in Korean. Though I may not comprehend the full meaning with complete accuracy, I often have rich experiences with God and True Parents in which I am brought to tears as I discover the deep meaning of even one sentence. Such sentences have an impact on my prayer life, my perspective, my walk of faith, and my interactions with others. They are truly gems that I have mined. I enjoy investing diligently to dig them out. I will share just one of these gems that moved me: "All religions are clearing up this world of sin, making the ideal world with God and humans as life partners."

Just this morning I had the inspiration to study using DP in Korean. So I am now trying to get a hard copy of it.

Reflections of an Aging Surfer Dude

By James B. Edgerly



I am proud to be one among an elite, highly select group of Unificationists: First Gen Surfer Dudes. There are many surfers now among our younger generation, including several among my own flock. But the name list of legendary surfing pioneers among the elder generation is brief, including Jack Ashworth, John Hessel, John Modesett and myself.

I received the request from Carol Pobanz to write this short article the day after returning from an extended surfing trip to Kauai (northernmost island of Hawaii). This was my only surfing trip this year, thinly disguised as a destination wedding trip for my wonderful nephew Jakob and his bride Alyssa. Other than the two days of wedding events, we paddled out into overhead surf at Hanalea Bay (North Shore of Kauai) once or twice each day. To say the least, I now struggle to catch my share of waves in a crowded and competitive line-up. Even more challenging than muscular exhaustion, my biggest fight is trying to shrug off a deep sense of discouragement and sadness, that the "glory days" of my surfing

career are behind me.

We started surfing when I was 13, in the irresistible era of the Beach Boys and *The Endless Summer*. At that time, the sport was in its infancy, perhaps a couple thousand surfers in each of a handful of surfer communities: in Southern California, Florida, Hawaii and Australia.

Surfing was a solitary and rugged adventure back then. I learned to ride waves, wearing a thick scuba diving wetsuit, in the cold waters of Southern Maine, New Hampshire and Cape Cod. My small group of high school buddies were obsessed with the sport. We surfed year-round, and took unforgettable surfing adventures to Virginia, California and Mexico.



Becoming a Unificationist at age 19 radically transformed my life including my values and passions. I put away my two surfboards, with the expectation of never riding waves again. Then one day, at least 15 years later, my two sons found those two dusty surfboards buried away in a basement closet. In a moment that we will never forget, they brought them before me as I was sitting out on our front porch. It was as if they were presenting hard evidence of the secrets of my past life, seeking to force a confession regarding my misspent youth.



That conversation with my two sons was the starting point of Phase 2 of my surfing career - surfing as a family sport. I taught my two sons to surf and showed them the best "breaks" in New England. Eventually, we started taking adventurous surfing trips together – Southern California, Northern California, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Hawaii, Barbados, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and more.

Surfing, along with skiing, is now an integral part of our family culture and identity. Paddling out to a point break; being surrounded by the breathtaking beauty of the sky, moving ocean and shore;

experiencing the muscular power of ocean swells; paddling into and connecting with the invisible power of that wave, the power of God's creation, for just a few quick turns, to me is a holy experience like no other.

Absolutely, some of the most physically challenging but also holiest experiences of my life have been while surfing. I am grateful to God for every surfing trip, every surfing session, and every wave that has been part of my life. And also to John Hessell, who has been my surfing partner on trips to El Salvador and Nicaragua during what now seems to be Phase 3 of my surfing career.

Thanks to massive amounts of information about surf breaks that is now available on the internet, and the celebrity status of 11-time World Champion Kelly Slater, surfing has been promoted to become a fully commercialized mainstream sport. Now there are many millions of surfers in the U.S. and all over the world. Every single surf break is overcrowded. So, the sport has fundamentally changed. But, at the same time, surfing now has a more profound context for me than during my teenage years. I always pray before paddling out into the line-up, inviting my Heavenly Parent to please enjoy His magnificent creation through me. After kicking out at the end of a ride, I always say "Thank you Father!" out loud, at least once, three times after a really good wave.

I am the founding father of surfing in my family. However, last month in Kauai, I was completely outperformed by my younger sibling, my son, and my nieces and nephews. Very discouraging! However, I am comforted (and I am being 100% serious about this) by my expectation that even better waves, much less crowded line-ups, and countless glassy point breaks, await us all in the spiritual world. As a devoted student of Dr. Yong, I am making spiritual preparations for that now.

Health and Recipe

Over the past few months we've been so happy to be able to share Dr. David Carlson's article on Wholeness. We thank him very much for his contribution to this newsletter.

During the next few months we hope to present some practical tips on wellness offered by AARP. Yes, God can also work through AARP – Carol Pobanz

60 Ways to Live Longer, Stronger and Better
Part 2

How to replace pandemic bad habits and get healthier now

by Nicole Pajer with Clint Carter, **AARP**



Automated behaviors — making the coffee, reading the news, playing a game on a phone, checking email — account for nearly half of the average person's daily activities, according to research by Wendy Wood, a psychology professor at the University of Southern California and author of *Good Habits, Bad Habits*. “We do the same thing in the same context almost every day,” she says. “And we do it without thinking about it.” Intentionally or not, you've spent the past year or so creating new, often unhealthy habits.

But as we strive to get back to normal, we're presented with an unusual opportunity to reset our patterns. Here are 60 ideas from [health experts](#). Just remember: **Your brain requires up to three months of daily repetition to develop the neural pathway that automates a behavior.** “But the biggest gain comes during that first month,” Wood says. “So it's important to stick with it initially.” Be persistent: The habits you set now may be the habits you stick with for life.

Go to Sleep Easier



7. Make your bed each morning. According to a survey by the National Sleep Foundation, those who make their bed nearly every day were more likely to report getting a good night's sleep

8. Change your bedsheets every Sunday. Allergens can disrupt sleep. To cut down on buildup, wash your sheets weekly. Also replace pillows at least every two years and mattresses every 10, both for hygiene and for comfort (they can break down over time).

9. Face your alarm clock toward the wall. And place your cellphone facedown. Artificial light disrupts sleep. Instead of night-lights, keep a flashlight next to your bed to use when needed.

10. Turn the fan on when the lights go off. Or invest in a sound machine. Snoring partners, traffic and other ambient noise can cause you to wake during the night and experience more daytime sleepiness and fatigue. A source of white noise, like a fan, can help modulate that problem.

11. Enjoy some chamomile tea at bedtime. In a randomized, double-blind study from the University of Michigan, those taking a chamomile extract twice a day zoned out 16 minutes faster, on average.

Chicken Soup (Good for the Soul)



My husband eats chicken soup for lunch every day. I make chicken soup just about once a week, then freeze it into single servings. When he's down to about 1 or 2 containers, he reports to me that the soup's almost gone (which of course means I need to restock), This is such a simple recipe, so delicious and great especially in cold weather or when you aren't feeling well. (Kerry eats it all year round.) - Carol Pobanz

Ingredients

- ½ of a rotisserie chicken
- 2 quarts of chicken broth
- 4 cups of water
- 2 bouillon cubes (enough for a quart of broth)
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- salt and ground black pepper to taste

Directions

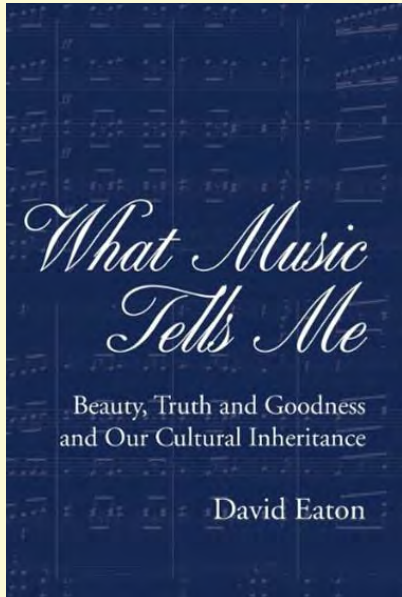
1. Place ½ a rotisserie chicken into 2 quarts of chicken broth plus 4 cups of water and 2 bouillon cubes. Bring to a boil then cover and simmer for 1 hour.
2. Strain out the chicken and put it to the side to cool.
3. Add carrots, onion and celery, salt and pepper to taste. Stir to combine and bring to a boil. (optionally you can add noodles)
4. Reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes.
5. In the meantime, remove all the chicken from the bones. Shred or cut chicken to bite size pieces. Then add chicken to the pot. Mmmm so good.

What Goes With Chicken Soup?

Chicken soup is a meal in and of itself, so you don't really need to pair it with any sides (besides maybe a few saltine crackers). But, if you want to go the extra mile, try something bread-based to soak up all that delicious broth.

Monthly Book Review

Greetings from Korea,



At long last, my book is available. If you're interested in purchasing it, go to Amazon and search my name and the book title ---*What Music Tells Me*. Below is the table of contents and I've attached the Preface to provide a glimpse into the various narratives.

The essays in this book span several decades and some were written for publications including *World & I Magazine*, the *Journal for Unification Studies*, the *Peace Music Community Blog*, and the *Applied Unification* website, and draw upon many of my experiences as a musician, as well as my interest in music in relation to politics, philosophy, commerce, education and religion.

Also on Amazon is the first of four CDs of music I've composed going back over 40 years and includes the birthday hymn I composed for TPs in 2016 (Music attached).

www.amazon.com/What-Music-Tells-Me-Inheritance/dp/B0B592YNCX

Thanks.
David Eaton

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