

If Jesus Were Alive Today

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Let's talk about my favorite topic, ME. In 1975 I was 21 years old, fresh out of the Marine Corps and a freshman at Ohio University. I was looking for love and meaning in my life. Like Che and Ho, if I had met an outfit that gave me a purpose and pointed me towards a revolution I would have surely gone down that path. I flirted briefly with The Winter Soldier Organization but was more active in looking for love in all the wrong places. Instead I met the Unification Church. My old high school pal Marty Moran, who I heard had joined the Jesus freaks, called me up one day and invited me up to Columbus for a weekend workshop. I said sure I'll check it out. The following Friday Marty drove down to Athens and sat in the lobby of my dorm for three hours waiting for me. After the bars closed I staggered in and was a little surprised to see him. He said are you ready to go? Yea, let's roll I replied. On the way we had plenty of time to talk and for me to sober up. Near dawn Marty started to nod off and had to concentrate on driving. In the silence I sat back and watched the road. As I watched the sky filled with light pouring through the windshield, the angels appeared and I heard God's voice. He told me this is my time and this is what I was looking for. I was overwhelmed with feelings of contentment and well being. We arrived in Columbus with the rising sun.

The old fraternity house was full of young people, six or seven my high school alumni. And the love bombing began. I felt completely accepted and at home with this crowd. The lectures were right up my alley. The nature of God, Jesus and history were all things I wanted to talk with these guys about. At the end of the Conclusion lecture I asked in group discussion if they were saying that Rev. Moon was the messiah. They acted nervous and hymned and hawed and tried not to answer. Finally I was told that they couldn't say that and I had to decide on my own. Well being somewhat quick off the snap I knew exactly what they were saying and it was ok with me. I struggled a little with the idea that this was a KCIA set up but I rejected that and accepted that the messiah was alive and walking the earth. I did wonder why they were so reluctant to confirm what I thought. Later in the evening, in what I subsequently learned was the "PUSH" somebody asked me "if Jesus was alive today would I give up everything and follow him?" Having been well indoctrinated by the nuns at St. Anthony's I was rather contemptuous of the twelve disciples for their lack of courage in following Jesus and I was sure that given the chance I wouldn't repeat their mistake. It closed the deal for me. The next day we drove back to Athens, threw a few clothes in a bag and gave away my bag of pot. Until today I never looked back.