

A Revelation - God's Prayer To Us

Ken Owens
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Photo by Ken Owens, Christmas 1979

What is wrong? Why can't I feel God's heart, True Parents' heart, the heart of an innocent child?

God's prayer:

Why can't you realize how hurt I've been, seeing you suffer, hearing your screams, feeling your deep wounds? Why can't you realize that there is a barrier between us, a barrier of death, a spiritual death? I can't stand the smell of it, I never have and I never will. It's been with me ever since you left me, and you never realized how much it was really hurting. I love you so much. And, I cry from the deepest depths of my heart to you. But, it's so hard to let you know that I'm crying, that I'm shedding tears of sorrow, tears of misery. I can't cry out like you can. I can't let loose the flood of all my tears of love out of my heart, to pour over each one of you. I feel so alone, so helpless. I want to cry out to you, scream to you, but all I can do is cry in my heart the tears of a lonely, rejected, broken father for his long, lost children. But, it's so difficult for you to understand, for you to be where I am, to feel the weight of my tear-filled heart that carries the over-burdened responsibility of my children's lives, to know that my precious ones, whom I brought into the world, have been and are suffering under the terrible pain of a dust-filled death. You would cry so much from just one tear of my sorrow. I feel your tear stained hearts, but you can't feel my universal, suffering heart, which is so sensitive to even the slightest pain, the slightest bit of sadness.

Now, my son is with you. Only he can show you how my heart really feels. He knows me so well, because he knows how I feel, and how all of you feel. Oh, how I want to make you happy, but I can't with this heavy, miserable heart that I now have. Please look to him, please listen to him, please feel him. You see him, you see me. You hear him, you hear me. You feel him, you feel me. You cry with him, you cry with me. He is your father. You are his children. But, I am his father, so all of you are my children. I don't want to see my family suffer. I don't like seeing my children cry. I cry when you cry, but even more so, because I made you, you came from me. I want to love you with all my heart. I want you to be my children, again. I want you to feel joy. I want to love you and I want you to love me. I want to become one with all of you, to embrace you, and cry tears of love together, as father and children, as one family. That is all you've ever wanted. That is all I ever wanted. I am praying for you.