

My life of faith, The eye of a needle - Part 1

Henry Masters

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Henry and Avril Masters

Henry and Avril Masters were witnessed to by their daughter Rosalind. They joined our movement in the early 1970s. Years earlier, Henry Masters had inherited an estate of several hundred acres of land and buildings located in a picturesque village in southwestern England. In 1973, the Masters donated this estate in support of God's providence. True Parents were moved by this gesture of total offering. Henry and Avril found themselves working closely with True Parents on a number of projects over the ensuing years. Here we bring you extracts from Henry Masters' personal story, which is a full-length autobiography.

Joining the movement

Rosalind had brought with her a book she wanted to share with us. It consisted of type written sheets in a spiral binder and was entitled "The Divine Principle." The author of the book was a Korean lady - a Miss Young-oon Kim. Because of the deep love and concern that we had for our daughter, we wanted, desperately, to understand what it was that had

captured her imagination and was, seemingly, taking her from us.

At first Avril was too busy preparing for the Christmas festivities to become involved in what Rosalind had to show but I could not wait. Rosalind and I began to read and we continued to read together for the whole of the two days she was with us. I simply could not put the book down. I sat down to the Christmas dinner with the family and carved the turkey but I could not eat anything. Rosalind too fasted with me that day. We had not finished reading the book when it was time for her to leave, so she left it with us saying only that we should not read the end before we got to it. Of course we did, but it in no way detracted from the message. Avril and I continued to read together for the next few days.



Presenting True Father with a map of the estate he is donating to the church on the Day of All Things, 1973

By no means do I remember the full content of this book but I do know that it had a very profound effect on us both. It spoke so positively about all the things which were most dear to us. It spoke about the centrality of love in our lives, about the importance of family and the sanctity of marriage. It touched on stewardship and about having a clear understanding of our relationship with all living things, and our

responsibility for the Creation. It also spoke so clearly about the reality of the spirit world. The book told of the longing and hope of all people to be able to build a better world - a Utopia - a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. A hope that is expressed by Jesus Christ in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven." But I think that the concept that moved us the most at the time was the idea that, because man was created in the likeness of God, then God, like man, must be able to experience emotions. God could experience not only love, anger, and joy, but also sorrow and pain. It touched us very deeply to think of the painful heart of God as he sees our ignorance of Him and our disobedience to His will. The section on the Mission of Jesus also moved us deeply. We realized that these revelations were not the work of any ordinary person; they were truly inspired and deeply insightful....

As we began to study more deeply and to converse with our new-found friends, we found ourselves becoming more open to the spiritual world around us. I remember clearly walking down the street in Swindon and feeling that I was moving six inches above the pavement. I felt people turning and looking at me as I passed. I found myself walking down a footpath or across the fields and sensing the grasses reaching out to touch me. I could walk into a field where birds, which would normally scatter at the presence of a man, remained on the ground undisturbed.



Henry Masters and Colonel Han accompanying True Parents in 1974 at Blenheim Palace, England, where Winston Churchill (1874 - 1965) was born. Also present are two American security guards.

The eye of a needle

Jesus had told the rich young ruler that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. He recommended that the young man should sell all he owned and give it to the poor but the young man was unable to do this. We felt an overwhelming impulse from the spirit world to offer to God everything we had in absolute submission. We felt compelled to give not only our property, our home and our livelihood, but also our children and one another. A total offering of all that we loved most dearly was the least that we could give....

In April of that first year we had an invitation to go to the United States to attend a special Holy Day, the Day of All Things, and to meet Father and Mother Moon at their home at Belvedere in Tarrytown, New York....

We were invited to attend a special holy day celebration in the converted motor house on the Belvedere estate. Flags from around the world hung from the ceiling and the stage was bedecked with beautiful flower arrangements. On this occasion we were able to make our presentations to Father and Mother. Avril presented a tablecloth that she had embroidered and I presented a small scroll on which I had drawn a map of the Estate. Father shook my hand enthusiastically while Mother bathed us with a beautiful smile. Some years later when the True Parents had moved to a more auspicious home at East Garden in Irvington and we were privileged to live in a little room in the roof at Belvedere, we found the tablecloth on the table beside Father's bed

With Father in Scotland (1978)

One of the first visits Father made was to Aberdeen in Scotland. Father wanted to meet a professor at Aberdeen University who had attended one or two of the Science Conferences. Father travelled to Edinburgh by plane and I met him at the airport there. After a brief visit to the Aberdeen Centre, we went to the hotel where Father would be staying for a few days. While we were there, Father invited the professor to dinner and, for more than an hour, spoke to him through his translator, Colonel Han. Later Father was invited to take tea at the professor's home. He appeared very much at ease, sitting on the lawn, sipping tea with his host.

One part of our stay in this hotel was very precious to me. Father was playing pool, as he often did, in the hotel pool room when he noticed that I was not wearing a blessing ring. For some reason, special rings had not been given out at our particular Blessing. Father reached into his pocket and brought out a rather small ring. He fitted the ring on his little finger and then removed it and slipped it onto my finger, my pinkie finger. This was, to me, such an incredible blessing.

For Father's visit to Scotland, someone had arranged for the rental of a Land-rover with 4-wheel drive. Although it would have been ideal if we had been travelling over the Scottish moors and hills, it was not the height of luxury on paved roads and had a tendency to rock from side to side when negotiating bends. Before leaving Scotland, we drove down to our center at Dunbar, to the west of Edinburgh, where Father spoke to the members. As time went by I became acutely aware of the time it would take to reach the airport if he was to catch the last flight back to London. I rather rashly took it upon myself to stand up and announce that if we were to catch the flight, we should leave soon. Father appeared to be rather annoyed at being interrupted and continued to speak for another half hour. We then made a hurried exit.

The airport was, of course, on the other side of Edinburgh from Dunbar. Hamish Robertson, who knew his way around, led the way and I followed with Father in the Land-rover. I did not know my way around Edinburgh at all and was obliged to follow Hamish at high speed to avoid getting lost. The suspension on the Land-rover caused it to lurch from side to side at every bend. Father always sat on the right side of a car. So, with the steering wheel being on the right in the UK, Father was sitting behind the driver. I was very much aware that, each time we negotiated a sharp corner, Father grabbed the back of my seat with his hands.

We eventually arrived at the airport some 30 minutes late for the flight. Father walked calmly into the airport and found the plane waiting for him. It left as soon as he was seated and returned him to London. Dennis Orme,^[1] who was at the airport already, had, it seems, been most insistent with the flight crew about the importance of the passenger they were waiting for.

^[1] The United Kingdom national leader at the time