

## Messiahs don't float in the air - They leave footprints through the worst hell for everyone to follow

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I'd been matched and Blessed in 1982, but Roseanne started leaving the church and I was too wrapped up in surviving my MFT mission to know what to do. I even moved to NY from IOWC to see what we could do, but every step she took was farther away and I wasn't willing to run after her. She filed for divorce.

We'd been out of touch for a couple of years at least.

In 1986, I was at UTS in Barrytown, NY, working in the kitchen and getting ready to be a fulltime student there. Once a week I'd take the Mid-Hudson line down to the city to see Pat Detlefsen, my therapist and spiritual sister. There was also a group that met one evening a week.

One exercise we did involved rolling your back on a roller, which released deep feelings of pain. One day Patricia had me stay on it much longer than usual. I was howling, letting go of a lot of deep pain that I didn't even know was there. My hair was wet with my tears when I was finished.

Back at UTS, the next day I was told I had a phone call and went into the phone booth we had. (This was pre-cell phone). It was Roseanne, calling out of the blue. "I just want to say I'm sorry. I thought the church didn't have a good community, but now I'm at a Christian community and they don't have any idea. All I saw was how we didn't live up to our ideals. At least we knew what to do."

As we talked, it turned out I was cooking at UTS, on the Hudson River. She was cooking at a Christian community, also on the banks of the Hudson River. Once a week I took the train from Poughkeepsie to New York to see my church therapist. She took the train down the same tracks once a week into New York to see her Christian therapist. We'd been living parallel lives without even knowing it.

She said "I'm so sorry. If I knew then what I know now I never would have left." I said, and it came right out of me, "I don't think you've done anything God can't forgive, or that I can't forgive." I was surprised to hear myself saying it, but I meant it. Letting go of the hurt made me able to let the forgiveness underneath it come out. I think that taking off the scabs and letting the wound bleed gave her room to reach out to me. When my hurt was covered under protective layers I wasn't available. It seems to me that this is a key to unlocking the difficult layers between men and women, to let go of the pain and stop defending yourself against the other.

It's one thing to forgive as long as the person doesn't come near me again, it's another thing to let go of the pain to see what happens next. We didn't exchange phone numbers, and that was that. I didn't hear from her again. There was no internet.

It made sense to me when I heard that Father and Mother spent several weeks in Hawaii preparing before meeting Kim Il Sung. They had to let go of any pain in their hearts, because even a shred of lingering resentment would mean they couldn't embrace Kim Il Sung. It's one thing to read "love your enemy" and "Father embraced Kim Il Sung" as if it was always meant to be, and it just happened. Father and Mother couldn't just hop on a plane one day and go visit their worst enemy. They had to let go of personal pain and resentment first.

We fallen people often think "I'll forgive them when they repent," but Father and Mother's way is to repent and forgive first. Taking down their walls and laying down their weapons signals to the other that it is safe to approach now.

Restoration is neat on paper, but incredibly messy in practice. You can't really restore anything until you're at the point where you could go wrong again, and you decide not to. Where you have every right to lash out, retaliate, sue, gather an audience and recount how badly you've been treated. But you decide not to. You have to be right at the point where you could go either way, and then decide to go the right way.

There isn't a shortcut you can do from your armchair, where you declare in advance "I'd never do that." Ha-ha. We don't soar up to heaven like frisbees, to quote Lewis Burgess. We make our way there trudging through the lost alleys of the human condition, climbing out of the ruts to make a new path. And as Father put it so long ago, you have to be in a position where the changing and unchanging collide. With yourself as ground zero.

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