

## Overcoming resentment is lot messier than it sounds when you write it down

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Overcoming resentment is lot messier than it sounds when you write it down on paper.

One morning, Dr Yong was talking about filial piety. I have never liked those words. Every time he said it, I cringed, my gut clenched. But he kept saying it, and I kept listening. Something was coming up in me.

Days later, with my therapist, I went back to when I was 8 or 9, learning to dog paddle in a couple of feet of water in our little concrete backyard pool. I made it across the short end of the pool, and cried out "Dad! Watch this!" When I swam across and looked up at him joyfully, he said "Well, ok, but now can you swim the long way?" My heart sank. It wasn't enough. He wasn't happy, I couldn't share my joy with him, he just wanted me to do more.

This was just one time of many.

I got absolutely stuck there, always feeling that I could never please him or anyone else. That it was hopeless to try. Pain turned into despair, which pressed heavily on me. Then in that gap, resentment whispered to me. Rage at him covered my feelings.

Anyway, with my therapist I went back to that moment. She said "Ok, now, you can invite anyone you want to be with you here. A parental figure, a wise person, anyone you want." I asked for Rev Moon, True Father to be there.

What did he say? He joyfully (and you remember how joyfully he could look at you) said "That's great! Yes! Now, can you try the long way? Let's try that!" beaming encouragement. That was better.

The next time I did this exercise, I asked Mrs. Moon, True Mother, to be there with me. She said "Your father is trying to help you grow and be strong. He knows you have more in you. I know it seems harsh, but he loves you. Don't worry. I love you too. I'm here. Let's try together." That made a huge difference. '

The huge emotional chasm that I had fallen into and almost died in now had a bridge across it, to the other side.

There is, deep within every one of us, each child, every adult, a desire to see our parents smile when we do something. That disconnected in me. Throughout my life, I have avoided anything that reminds me of this, making anybody happy, or fulfilling anyone's expectations. I have run away and abandoned things when they started working, and many have suffered because of this. I had no idea how to control it or deal with it.

Through this experience in therapy, I felt Mother connecting me to my original desire and mediating between me and my father. It was about sharing joy. It was always about sharing joy.

In my life I have tried, like a fly with a broken wing, to do things by myself without any help, and I got knocked down every time. I can see now why mother-child cooperation was essential for any central figure to succeed, and why it was impossible when it wasn't there.

That connection, which was broken for so long, is now coming back to life. It's a very weird feeling, being in my late 60s and starting over. But there you are. I'm trying to live my life in a different way, and I don't really have much of a clue how to do it. But here I go anyway. I've gotten so worn out pretending that I knew what I was doing when I didn't have a clue. Or just derailing things when they started working because that was the only way I knew to feel in control and safe.

Having True Parents gives me a way to feel loved, safe and connected to God. Because I asked them, they were right there with me through some of the worst moments of my life, and they showed me the way out of something that had made my life hell. I'm not there yet, but I'm working on it.

I am so grateful to Dr Yong for the depth and practicality he has brought to our Parents' teachings, especially about filial piety, and for Mother opening the Cheon Shim Won. There I can speak to God more directly than I ever have before, and hear answers immediately.