

## Reverend Sun Myung Moon and the young man in Boston who loves his wife

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In 1977, we were a young blessed couple (blessed December 1976, among thirty-five married couples). True Parents came to Boston where we were working. I had the honor of joining True Parents at the lunch table. Loretta had the honor of assisting in serving them. She was eight months pregnant with our first Blessed Child. When she came in and served plates to them, True Mother noticed and asked, "Who is your husband?" Loretta indicated that I was her husband and left for the next round of service.

True Father looked straight at me and asked, in his gruff English-speaking voice, "So, do you like your wife?" I responded almost defiantly, "Father, I love my wife." True Father's face lit up with a joyful smile. He put down his chopsticks and leaned back in his chair and laughed a most loving laugh. He said something to the Japanese older brother sitting to his left, Takeshi Kono, in Japanese. Of course I didn't know what was said. But afterward, Mr. Kono told me that Father had said, "That's a very nice couple."

As a previously married couple, during that time when everything was about sacrifice and offering, we had often wondered, "Should we split up in a total offering of faith and be matched?" We both went through many internal struggles and offered to God that we were willing to each be matched to someone else. By this short statement, True Father was saying to us, "You're a very nice couple. I could have matched you." It was a special moment for us. He probably did not know our history as a married couple.

A few weeks later, our daughter was born. Our leader at the time said, "You have to ask True Father to name her." Elder couples in the 777 and some in the 1,800 couple blessing groups had been doing this back then. But we felt it was too much to ask and we declined. But he spoke to Father's personal assistant at the time, Colonel Sang-kil Han.

Two days later, I got a call personally from Col. Han. He said, "I have a name from Father for you, Henri, and a little story: At first, Father did not remember who you were, but I simply told him, 'That's the young man in Boston who loves his wife.' Father remembered you and your wife right away and gave this name -- 'Lomy.' It means 'soft beauty.'"

How wonderful to be remembered by Father in that way! This is an experience we will treasure for eternity.