

Yesterday, it was One Year Ago that I Took Off From America - a Reflection

An Unification Church Missionary in Asia

June 1976

Editor: Vicki Tatz



Bengali drummers

Yesterday it was one year ago that I took off from America. I was thinking so much about all of you, and remembering how determined and eager we felt, and the strange feeling I had as I saw Long Island shrink away below us and disappear in the growing darkness. At that time I learned the true value of looking always ahead, never behind, except as it helps you see your forward direction more clearly.

One year later, I think the personal indemnity must at last have been paid. We've gone through many, many courses and experiences, laying a foundation for giving the Word to this country. Now the stakes have been driven in, and the times I've been so long prophesying to when our mission can at last get under way are finally here.

Also one year ago yesterday I called my parents from New York to say good-bye. It was their wedding anniversary as well, but I was so preoccupied that I forgot. I felt so much of a pull to them in the last month or so, and when you mentioned how Rev. Moon said we were much happier people than he could be, because when this is finished he'll send us home to our families, but he's sure his were killed by the Communists many years ago, I really was stricken. I wanted to call them all day yesterday, as I've discovered that phone calls from here to America are actually very clear, but thinking about Rev. Moon I felt I couldn't indulge in such a blessing for myself.

I'm finding that the Christians I've been witnessing to are somehow not so hampered by the limitations of rigid Western Christian thought, having been converted for the most part themselves by heart and not logic, and maintaining that same kind of relationship with Heavenly Father now, even if they're a little confused.

Another experience with Christians was in a little village where I visited once before at the end of March. I think I wrote you of the standard of love that I found there. They were the true embodiment of the Christian ideal of the family. All of them were literally free of devious designs, and accepted me openly and without embarrassment or hesitation as one of them immediately upon my entering the village. The children were so bright and open, the most beautiful I've seen in this country. They responded easily to love given them, even from strangers, whereas the children in Muslim and Hindu homes are often pensive and fearful, I loved that village and those people so much, and I truly hated to leave.

About two weeks ago I returned. I found the mother was ill with typhoid fever. She was extremely weak, and yet had given up medicine and put herself in Jesus' hands. I prayed twice with her very deeply, and we talked together long. Their church is extremely spiritual. They believe their founder was sent as a forerunner to Jesus' second coming with the same mission, in his own words, as John the Baptist. I told her that the Messiah is very near, and even at the very gates, and that she perhaps is paying the price for one of her loved ones or even her whole family to meet with him and work with him when he comes. She therefore must pray for understanding, and thank God that she could have the opportunity and always keep her attitude up, because Heavenly Father sometimes must take those whom He loves and who love Him most to bear the greatest burden.

They are so precious. We prayed together and I sang a song for them a couple of times at the urging of the children, even using a Bengali drum to accompany myself for "Good News, Chariots a-Comin," In the evening before bed the father, brother, and sister came into the church where I was staying, and we talked and prayed and sang some songs. I witnessed to them about the second coming and about the purpose of Christianity, and Christian responsibility, and God's heart. They were so eager! The mother, in bed in her room in another hut, was listening to all I said, and asked her husband to translate to her when he went to visit her. They accepted it with wide-open and innocent hearts (though I only had spoken of these things as matters for their consideration).

The next morning, as we were leaving, I went in again to the mother to pray with her. At that point she told me, "All my children are your brothers and sisters. This is your family." I was so happy. All of the struggles and indemnity in this country were worth it if only for that single moment.

How happy I was for Heavenly Father that such true Christians were really here in this world of hell. I'm moving slowly, but I've since had further contact with the Church. They are by far the most spiritual church in this country, and I want to build it up to the point where I can speak to them all directly.