A young girl with long blonde hair, wearing a pink dress and a pink flower headband, stands on a sandy beach. She is looking out at the turquoise ocean under a bright blue sky with a sun flare in the upper left. The scene is framed by a white picket fence in the foreground, with a palm frond visible on the left side.

# My Journey to Meet the Messiah

Gail Veith

# **My Journey to Meet the Messiah**

**By Gail Veith**

## **PREFACE**

There have been many events, friends, family members and acquaintances in my life.

However, the theme of this story stays on course.

The events and people in this book support the main message.

It is the thread of my calling to meet the Messiah and how I was able to attend him.

I explain how my husband was chosen for me by my Messiah.

I came to know that the return of Christ manifested as a mom and a dad.

I credit my peace and my happy family to the 40 years of love and guidance that I have received from True Father and from True Mother, the Only Begotten Son and Only Begotten Daughter of God.

# Chapter 1

## My Father's Family

It is said that we are the fruit of our ancestors. My father and my mother come from places a world apart, but to understand me, it helps to understand them and their family histories, so that is where I will start.

Family records go back only so far, but my father's story starts in 1635. In that year, a 20-year-old orphan from Greenwich, England, arrived on the small Caribbean island of Barbados as an indentured slave. The orphanage must have been quite miserable for him to elect this path in life. This was just six years after the island had first been colonized by England. This was my father's ancestor. Since he was John of Greenwich, they called him John Greenwich and changed the spelling to Greenidge, because that is the way it sounded. John was sent to the parish of Christ Church to Balls Plantation, where he would work the land for seven years. Unlike an indentured servant, however, he received no land to call his own after his period of servitude. He must have been able to somehow find his way, however, as he later married one of the vicar's daughters. Now, a vicar was a man of substantial standing and position, and it was unlikely that John would have married one of the older daughters, but she was a vicar's daughter nonetheless. He and his wife had fourteen children. We descended from one of those children.

Daddy's maternal grandparents were John Christopher Jones of Welsh descent and Olivia Browne, whose ancestor was a Greek sea captain. Captain Thomas Nicholas' wife had died at sea, so he adopted his three daughters out to a local Bajan family. Two of the daughters married two brothers from the Browne family. Great-Grandmother Olivia comes from one of them. I always wondered why my Grandma Irene, nicknamed "Vally" (not sure why, other than maybe it was short for Olivia, which was her middle name), had such a dark complexion. She did look like a little old Greek lady.

Great-Grandpa John Jones was quite an entrepreneur. We were able to come across his will, and in it he had willed his nearly 70 pieces of property to his eldest son, Henry, as was the custom in those days. They were all located in the Black Rock area, which is just slightly north of Bridgetown proper. As I will discuss later, my father seems to have inherited his entrepreneurial and real estate skills from Great-Grandpa Jones.

The Brownes were small, olive-skinned people. Great-Grandma Olivia was a feisty, religious lady. Her dress went all the way up to her neck and all the way down to her ankles. She had a fit when Grandma Irene got pregnant at the tender age of 16. I was told by my cousin that when the father of the baby came to the house to take Grandma Irene to Canada, Great-Grandma Olivia threw water on him and sent him away. Any time there was an argument thereafter, she would raise her pointer finger and say, "I had one man!" I think I may have inherited some feistiness from her. Grandma Irene left the island for the States and worked in a factory in Milford, New Jersey, where we had relatives. Scandals were not easy to deal with on such a small British island. I think that might be part of the reason why she took a ship to New York, which my uncle told me cost the hefty sum of five dollars in those days.

When Grandma Irene returned to Barbados years later, she met Grandpa Evan Greenidge, whom we called Pa Doots. Grandma Irene used to joke that she had to marry him in order to get rid of him. Pa Doots was a lanky gentleman with blue eyes, blond hair and milky-white skin. He always wore long trousers, and nobody ever saw his legs. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word: kind, gentle and mannerly. The interesting thing about Pa Doots is that even though his sons were not particularly religious, he used to call up spirits on a three-legged table and would have his wife, Grandma Irene, join him.

Pa Doots and Grandma Irene had seven boys. I heard that one died as a baby. My father, Henry Douglas, was their third son whom they had together, but Daddy was Grandma Irene's fourth son, since her eldest, Lionel Jones, was from the boy whom Great-Grandma Olivia had sent away. I was told that Lionel's father's surname was Proverbs. Lionel (nicknamed Roy) was given Grandma Irene's father's surname, Jones. Although Daddy's first name was Henry, for some unknown reason people in Barbados always refer to people by their second name. So, everyone called him Douglas. He

was quite different from his brothers. While his brothers were out fishing and catching crabs, playing cricket and football, Douglas would be home sewing on buttons with his mom. Pa Doots had a shop at the top of the hill on Black Rock Road, where he and Grandma Irene lived and worked. The boys would be taken care of by a black man and woman at the family home at the bottom of the hill on Brighton Beach. A donkey cart would bring the water a few times a week, and there was an outhouse for a toilet. Only two houses existed on that beach back then.

At the age of thirteen, my father went to the neighboring island of St. Vincent to look for a girl he had met. That was the beginning of a very adventurous life that my father would choose to take, in comparison to his brothers. Though Grandma Irene did not deliberately try to be funny, her dry humor made people laugh wherever she went. I think I take after her in that way, since I also have been told that I strike people as funny. I also have her facial profile, I have noticed. She never wanted her boys to marry because, as she would say in her own words, "Women are evil." She wanted to protect her boys. Even though they all married late in life, and some would say that their wives married them, she never went to any of her sons' weddings. Only Pa Doots went. Grandma Irene had a nickname for all her daughters-in-law. Maria was the Lobster, since she flapped a lot when she spoke her Venezuelan Spanish. Grandma Irene called the Venezuelan Spanish "parrot talk." Once before they were married, Auntie Maria called Grandma Irene's home to talk to her husband-to-be, who was the youngest of her boys. His name is Whitney, but with the Spanish accent it sounded like Weedney. So, when she asked Grandma Irene, "Is *Weedney* there?" Grandma Irene replied, "Yes, it is quite *windy*, and there's a lovely breeze off of the sea" and hung up. My mom was the Tin Soldier, since she was small and neat, and I guess she must have walked with purpose.

## Chapter 2

### My Mother's Family

Mom's family was quite different from my dad's. Grandpa Joseph Panico was an incredible artist and a chain smoker from Naples, Italy. His parents emigrated to New York when he was a young boy. However, they had left him behind with relatives until they could get settled. Grandpa had a lifelong grudge about that. He eventually was able to join his family in New York and landed a job with the American Can Company at the Empire State Building. He worked his entire life designing cookie and cigarette boxes. One of those designs was the Newport Cigarette swoosh (looks like Nike knocked it off) and the Maxwell House coffee cup logo. Grandpa Panico struggled with feelings of lack of love and had difficulty trusting people as a result. His Roman nose showed he was a man of strong opinions. Grandma Nancy Panico, nee Dilenge, would listen patiently to him for hours, saying, "Yeah, Joe. Yeah," with her New York accent. She was innocent, gentle and kind, and I am sure she was a healing balm for Grandpa's hurts as she was always bright, upbeat and positive.

Our Aunt Lucy, Grandpa's sister, was the typical Italian mama. She was round in body and heart. When my dad would show up unexpectedly at her doorstep with our family, she would say, "Why didn't ya tell me you were comin'? I woulda gone shoppin'." Then you would turn around, and there would be the biggest spread of lasagna, garlic bread, cake and all the trimmings that you could imagine. You name it, she had it. She had two sets of twins. Carol and Adele, Barbara and Georgie. Georgie would come home from his sanitation job, and my sister Jan and I would watch Georgie in amazement. He was a man of few words, very handsome, and he would sit down and drink an entire blender full of vanilla milkshake in one gulp.

There were six Adele's in the family. My mom was Adele Carmen Panico. Adele means noble and public-minded, and I would like to think of us (Adele is my middle name) as such. My mother would have been a perfect representative of the United Nations. She was well read, articulate, outspoken and had the biggest, brightest smile with white, straight teeth. When red lipstick was fashionable, Grandma Panico would say, "All you see are lips coming at ya!" Ma's righteousness shone through when she would get on the topic of the evils of communism or how terrible it was that sanitary napkins were being advertised on TV. I learned my morality from her. When, as a young girl, I witnessed her praying in the Catholic Church, pounding her chest, it left such an impression on me that I took it with me for the rest of my life. I could tell she really meant it. My great-grandparents could not speak a word of English. Great-Grandma Marianna Felicia Bertoli Dilenge and Innocenzo Dilenge came from Grassano, Italy, though I am told that Great-Grandma Marianna originated from Piemonte in Northern Italy near France. Grandma Nancy Panico would say, "That's why I was blonde before I was gray." After hearing that Mom (Adele) would be marrying a Barbadian, Great-Grandmother Marianna said in Italian, "It's bad enough Adele's marrying a *BARBARIAN*, but he's not even Catholic!"

My memory of Great-Grandparents Marianna and Innocenzo Dilenge is of going to their house in New York as a six-year-old. I can remember it being rather dark inside. I am guessing it was dark so she could enjoy her numerous candles that were lit in front of her statues of Mary and Jesus. I was told that after her passing, she was buried in special ceremonial gowns because she was so devout. I also remember Great-Grandpa Dilenge taking my dad downstairs to see his wine collection that he himself was making. That gesture won my father's heart. I assume Innocenzo means innocent. That would explain the root of Grandma Nancy Panico's childlike nature.

## Chapter 3

### Barbados

Barbados is an island at the easternmost side of the Caribbean Sea. All the other Caribbean islands are volcanic islands lined up along one of the Caribbean fault lines, whereas Barbados is a coral island that was pushed up from the sea floor 10 thousand years ago. It was the first settlement of the British Empire as it began to develop colonies. It is the first place in the New World to which African slaves were brought. The plantation system of agriculture based on slave labor was developed and perfected here before being exported to North America. The island is relatively small, only 21 by 14 miles and 166 square miles, but its importance regarding the trade of rum, sugar and molasses between the American Colonies and England was great. In the 1600s and early 1700s, Bridgetown, Barbados, and Boston, Massachusetts, were the most important cities in the Western Hemisphere. England was tempted at one time to trade all its holdings in Canada for one of the other Caribbean islands because the sugar trade was so lucrative.

George Washington came here in 1751 with his elder brother, who was suffering from tuberculosis. His brother's doctor had told him that the warm climate and balmy air would be beneficial to his recovery. It is said that George acquired his foundation in military strategy by studying the fortifications and armaments here in Barbados. His former home here is now a museum.

The people in Barbados are the friendliest, warmest people you will meet in the Caribbean or anywhere else. My family will say that they are the best storytellers in the world. My sons say that after surfing at Central America, California, the U.S. East Coast and even Bali, Indonesia, the surfing at Barbados has the warmest, clearest water, and the cleanest and least crowded waves they know.

Besides the balmy trade wind breezes, the best parts of the island are, by far, our white, sandy beaches and crystal-clear, turquoise water. It was on these beaches that I grew up. I remember looking at the sunset one evening, thinking that one day I would meet the Messiah and I would help him.

The unfortunate part of the island is that unspoken yet subtle sense of elitism. Though the white population is now only three percent, from the time I was a child I could feel a superiority emanating from the white population in relation to the blacks, so I usually went out of my way to be kind and mindful of that. I got in trouble big time with my dad once for telling our maid that there was a better-paying job to be had somewhere else.

## Chapter 4

### Daddy Leaves for NYC But Ends Up in World War II

When Daddy was 19, he left for New York, which back then took several weeks. There were no one-stop, 5½-hour flights. You first had to hop by boat from island to island to get to Trinidad, where you might be able to catch a flight to one of the more northern islands or, if lucky, a boat to Florida. When in Trinidad, he had to wait a few weeks for a boat, because troops headed for the war in Europe had the priority. The planes, if you were able to catch one, were single-engine planes that took forever, and there were other islands you had to go through before arriving at the destination. When people left the island back then, you would bawl like a baby, not knowing if you would ever see your loved one again.

Daddy went to live with his Aunt Ruby, who was Grandma Irene's sister, in Astoria, Queens, New York. It was not too long before someone advised him that he should register for the draft, as he was a young man and might get in trouble if he did not. He probably could have gotten away without doing so, as he was not a U.S. citizen, but perhaps he was a little too innocent and took the advice. The Americans gave him a choice: Return to the island from where he came or go to war. After spending all his savings and coming all that way, he was not going to be going home any time soon. He was drafted and went off to bootcamp for training.

It was the last year of World War II, and Daddy was sent to Cologne, Germany. He never did tell us any gory details, other than how badly the men smelled and about the rations. He would always tell us how his eardrums burst when a grenade went off next to the foxhole that he was in. Apparently, his buddy "didn't make it," he said. Daddy told us that when he woke up in the hospital in London, he thought he was in Heaven and that the nurses were angels. "They were all in white," he said, and from the sound of it, he thoroughly enjoyed the care. When he was well enough, he was sent back to New York with a Purple Heart earned for being wounded in battle.

We came to discover that Daddy had had several jobs in New York City, one of which was as a bellboy at the Plaza Hotel on Fifth Avenue. He would be sent to pick up the flowers from the local florist where my Aunt Carol was working. Having taken a liking to my dad, she told him, "I got a nice girl I want you to meet." That nice girl was to become my mom, Adele Carmen Panico. I am sure he must have been captivated by her big, bright smile, because they were married not too long after. My two elder sisters, Donna and Jan, were both born in Queens.

Daddy had several jobs and started several different businesses. He gave a shot at the upholstery business to start with. Someone told him that the soldiers coming back from the war would need furniture, and so that business would be a sure thing. But things were not that easy. It never really worked out as profitably as he had hoped. At some point he ended up buying a fixer-upper in Garden City on Long Island. It was the worst house in the best neighborhood, as they say. He renovated it and painted it white with a fire-engine-red front door that had a gold handle. I loved that glossy red door so much. I am sure it was the door that sold the house when he eventually sold it. Unfortunately, after he sold it, he realized that he had only broken even, at best. Uncle Sam had disappointed him. The capital-gains taxes at that time were so high that any profits he may have hoped to gain were all gobbled up by Uncle Sam. His long-held hopes of living the American dream were being shattered right before his eyes.

One freezing New York winter day, my dad said to my mom, "What are we doing here?" He had had a nice life in Barbados, and he was thinking of going back. He borrowed a thousand dollars from his brother Uncle Joey and bought a

soft-serve ice cream machine. That machine became a gold mine. Barbados had an ice milk dessert but not regular ice cream. My father's entrepreneurial spirit was about to kick in again. Whenever he sat and curled his hair while gazing out to sea, you can bet something was about to happen, and it usually would be a winner.

## Chapter 5

### Dad's American Dream Becomes His Barbadian Dream

The soft-serve ice cream got flavored with mango, banana, soursop (a tropical fruit) and whatever other local fruits he could find. He set up his shop across from the local movie theater, and as the movie-goers came out, it was straight to Dougie's Ice Cream Parlor for shakes, cones, hamburgers and hot dogs. Those fried onions for the hamburgers smelled so good, you could smell them all the way down the street. It was that smell that brought the people in. The word kept spreading, and the money kept coming. Daddy never forgot that not one person supported him at first. They all said he would fail. "What? Fifteen cents for an ice cream? Nobody will buy!" said my Uncle Winston. But the triple Taurus that was in my father's character was not about to give in to pessimism. His glass was always half-full. Uncles Clayton, Joey, Winston and Whitney all joined him in the business, and there was an income for everyone. I am 63 right now. Back then I was five or six, but I still remember the long lines of customers. It quickly became the place to go on a Saturday night after the movies. Young people used to come into the city from the country on the weekends just to take their dates to Dougie's. It was the only place where they could share a malted together with two straws. It was not too long after that, that there was enough capital to build our first house.

Nothing got in Daddy's way. As he watched the workmen do their thing, he realized that he also could tile a floor or build a wall. Again, his ideas were rejected. Pa Doots (his father) said, "No, Douglas, you can't build on the beach. There are too many crabs, and it is too hot. You gotta go to the hills, where it's cool and breezy." But it was too late. Daddy had seen the vision of nice homes all along those beautiful beaches. The West Coast, which is now known as the Gold Coast, has been adorned with sixty-five of his houses. Now you cannot find even a small piece of land on the beach that costs less than a few million dollars. Back then, beach land sold for peanuts. We never lived in the same house for more than a year, because Daddy kept building and selling. He would never refuse an offer. I think those offers gave him a sense of value. It was a thrill for him. He once told me that when he was a boy, he would sit and play with rocks, pretending he was buying and selling houses. He would sell a small rock and with that money buy a bigger rock, and then do the same thing several times over until he had the biggest rock. Incidentally, I do believe that his grandfather John Christopher Jones, who owned all those properties, was influencing my father from the other side.

## Chapter 6

### My Poor Mom

My poor mom had to move 13 times one year. It was not easy for her, especially since she liked her home to be so clean that you could "eat off the floor," as she would say. Living in Barbados was also not the easiest, since Mom was an outspoken New Yooaka who liked "chooacate" and "cooafee." She did not fit in that well with the soft-spoken British ladies who drank tea and laughed quietly. After taking a sip of tea that Granny had offered her at a gathering with some of the local ladies, she exclaimed, "That's the lousiest cup a cooafee I ever had!" She was also incredibly talented in how she presented herself. Fresh out of her favorite Lord & Taylor department store, she could turn the heads in any room.

Though modest, she was clean and neat and bright. Her orange lipstick finished off the look. She was a Connie Francis lookalike, and she loved her music as well.

England and America were always at war in our house. Daddy had an ongoing resentment toward America that none of us could understand. I can only imagine it may have had something to do with his World War II experience and his broken American Dream crushed by Uncle Sam himself. My mom got the brunt of his pain when he would vent at her. There was no point in retaliating. She just took it most of the time. Most Italians are known for their deep emotions, and she was no different. Mom would cry at commercials, and Daddy would say, "Come on, Adele, it's a commercial!" I do remember her in tears a lot.

I can never forget when Mom instilled in me how special I was and how loved I was by everyone. Her exact words were "Everybody loves Gailey." She was hugging me when she said that, and the love that I felt from her was so deep that I choked up. Too embarrassed to let her see my vulnerability, I tried to hide it. I never did forget that hug and her statement. I totally accepted what she said as the gospel truth, and my life has been a success because of it. I think it may be one reason that I can feel God's love for me so easily. My mom's letters to my dad were the best. I say that because you can bet that in every single letter you would see these words: "God has been so good to us, Doug." Her prayers and her Catholic Church were her pillars, and I felt her sincerity about it. That foundation that she allowed me to stand on was the springboard to catapult me on to find the Messiah. I love the letters she wrote to my dad. In one of them she wrote, "Donna met a new friend, Carol Brocco. Jannie doesn't like this island (Long Island, New York), and Gail says that when she gets back to Barbados, she's going to TELL you how much YOU LOVE HER."

Mom passed away a week before Christmas, at the young age of forty-one, from colon cancer that had spread to the liver. She had just returned from Italy, where she said she wanted to see her people. I was thirteen years old, a tough age to lose your mom. She had had surgery to remove the tumor but was taking a downturn as the cancer was spreading. She had known for a while that she was not well but did not go on too much about it, so as not to make us worry. In the hospital she said, "I'm not worried about Gail. Gail's gonna go places, but my poor Jannie." The day before Mom passed, she told Daddy, "Tomorrow a beautiful thing is going to happen, in more ways than one." Dad said to himself that if she did die, he would then believe in an afterlife. She also said, "There's a man standing over there, and he's a Greenidge." Pa Doots had passed away three months earlier. He was fond of Mom, so we assumed it was probably him coming to get her. Grandma and Grandpa Panico were staying with us in the bedroom next to the kitchen. Though Grandpa described himself as an atheist, there was no denying that the pots and pans were rattling in the kitchen the night after Mom passed. Grandpa told us about the noises, and I think he may have done some soul-searching after that experience. Looking back, I recall that Mom had told Dad that she thought she would die before 52, because that was the age her paternal grandmother had died. There is truth to history repeating itself. Mom was very much aware of history repeating itself. She had told me about it. What I am not sure of is if she knew why.

God's hope is that we would be able to love the "enemy." Because we have not yet been able to, history repeats. I came to understand through the Divine Principle that history repeats until Cain and Abel can unite as brothers. The original brothers have now grown into the worldwide Cain and Abel camps of communism, representing the Cain heart of atheism, and Abel, representing the God-fearing free world. Our destiny now is to unite North Korea, representing Cain, and South Korea, representing the free and God-fearing world.

Our ancestral resentments do come down through the lineage as well. Those resentments can manifest as cancers. There again the unseen, in time, manifests as seen.

Maybe because my name was supposed to be Abigail, which means "make the father happy," I have lived my whole life to do just that. Mom thought Abigail sounded too English, so they settled for Gail, which means "make people happy." I was the best daughter. I would make pound cake with raisins for Daddy's tea. I would cut his hair and massage his shoulders. I literally loved him like God Himself. When my sister and I heard his car pull up, we would be so excited. We would shout, "It's Daddy, yeah! Daddy's home!!!" It would be the foundation on which I would come to love True Father so much. My Messiah, Father and Mother Moon, whom I later would come to love as the True Parents of all humankind.



Daddy became a multimillionaire. I kept a document of a property that he sold on the beach for ten million dollars. The famous singer Rihanna now lives there. He even managed to make three world trips on the Queen Elizabeth cruise ship. That was the highlight of his life, I think. My father could never stay in one place for long. His mom's nickname for him was "Pond Fly." He could spend as much time as he wanted in the casino on the ship. That thrill of winning that he loved so much developed into a raging addiction. Most of his money went there, as well as to the gaming table in London at his casino, situated in what was once the home of one of the Rothschilds. He would say that he loved the thrill of chasing the winnings. However, when he kept winning, he would get bored. It was the thrill of going after it that he liked so much. I experienced a similar feeling when I would have a crush on a boy. If the boy ever responded to my interest, I would lose mine. "It's all in the chase," someone once said.

## Chapter 7

### I Find God in London

I graduated high school at 15. I was the youngest in the class. I swear it was my prayers that got me through. My high school experience was more like a prison sentence at an English boarding school. It was out in the country, and I missed my parents so much. I would rather not remember the rest. My father then decided to send me to a finishing school for rich girls in London. There I could be polished off and learn how to drink tea like a dignified British lady. Though I did not necessarily want to go to England, my sister Jan was there, so that would make it worthwhile. After Jan graduated, I also wanted to leave. These rich girls looked nice on the outside, but I was surprised at how loose they were on the inside regarding their morals. To make a long story short, I ended up being an *au pair* girl with a family near the countryside. I was doing a lot of soul searching during those isolated days. My bedroom was in a cozy little loft on top of the family home. I could think and reflect about the purpose of life. It was God's way of preparing me for what was to come.

I had seen an advertisement for an Evangelical revival that was going to be held at the Royal Albert Hall in London. I wanted to go. I was going to find God. The pastor's name was Morris Cerullo. It was during his passionate speech that the Holy Spirit descended on me. The room went white, and the healing love that enveloped me was so deep that I was brought to weeping tears. I repented for myself and my sins plus the sins of all my ancestors, from Adam and Eve until now. I was repenting for everybody, for the entire world. All the way home on the train, I cried and cried. In my attic room, looking out the window on the English countryside, I noticed its natural beauty took on another dimension. The green looked greener, and the hills and valleys smoother. Then I heard the voice of God, "Do you see My beautiful and harmonious creation, how everything works in peaceful and loving harmony? Well, that's how you should be also." Still whimpering, I decided that my life would be turning to a new direction. I asked God to help me find a group with young people like myself, who loved Him and who wanted to make the world better.

The very next day in Piccadilly Circus, I noticed a young lady giving out leaflets on the street. I went right up to her and asked, "Are you a missionary?" She said, "Yes, I am." Then immediately I asked, "Can I join your church?" With a surprised look on her face, she said that if I wanted to join her church, I first would have to hear the teaching. I said, "Well, tell it to me then." Not knowing what to think of this eager girl, Alfi Amman, a young German missionary, suggested we go to Hyde Park where we could discuss this teaching. The date was July 7, 1977 – 7/7/77. Seven years after the death of my mother. We sat on the grass, and with pen and notepad Alfi drew diagrams and explained the Divine Principle to me. I learned about God's Original Dream, how that dream fell apart with the sin of Adam and Eve, and how God has been working to restore that Original Dream. I loved what I heard and willingly accepted her invitation to go for dinner and a lecture at the Lancaster Gate church center. It was in a nice part of London. I liked the typical white building that you would see with the black, glossy wrought-iron accents. The people at the center were genuinely nice, and the lecture gave me so much hope that truth did exist and that we are all being guided to come back to our Heavenly Parents. With humans' cooperation, the world would be restored back to God's original plan, since He will

never give up on His children. People were the problem. Humankind must change and listen to God, so that together we can fix this world. It all made so much sense to me, and I loved the message so much that I decided to attend the next seven-day workshop, to be held on a farm in the countryside. All my questions about life were answered, and I was about to have another encounter with the living God. It was out in the field on that farm, where God told me how much He loved me and that He would never leave me. I loved my new enlightened friends and the new mission that I was about to receive in Dunbar, Scotland. It was like somebody had just turned on all the lights. For the first time, I even saw England in a happier way.

I will never forget how excited I was when I finally heard the conclusion of the workshop. I literally jumped out of my seat when we were told that the Messiah was on earth and that his name was Sun Myung Moon from Korea. I knew it! I knew I would meet the Messiah in my lifetime, and I knew I would be working with him. This was the man who had been anointed by Jesus himself to carry on his mission as the Second Coming of Christ. I wanted to shout it out to the whole world, and, naively, I started to do that with my relatives. Who wouldn't be happy to know the Messiah had been born on earth and that we all could do God's Will together with him, which is to finish building the happy world that God originally had envisioned? I came to realize quickly that not everyone at that time was as prepared and pure-hearted as I was.

## Chapter 8

### My First Mission, Short-Lived

My first mission was in Dunbar, Scotland, where we would be living at the church center. We would share the truth with others and sell potted African violets to support our living expenses. It was fun getting to know the members, and I was growing in my rebirth experience. Three months later I received a call from my father, telling me he was sick and wanted me home immediately. I came to learn later that he had been fed a steady diet of bad publicity. The media and his friends were telling him that we were a brainwashed cult that were being starved and worked to death. It was obvious that he had swallowed it all down, whole.

Finding my dad alive and well on my return home, I tried to explain myself, my experiences, and my decisions. However, it became clear that he had his own perspective on the situation, and things went down from there. We had numerous arguments as I tried to explain myself, but it was to no avail. One year later, I found myself on a ship headed for the United States. We were on our way to California, where my sister was living. I was hoping I could join the church there. I loved the States, and I was excited for the prospects. I came to learn, however, that other plans had been made for me. I was to be brought to a so-called "professional deprogrammer" to get out of this "cult" that I was in. These faith-breakers are no longer allowed to carry out their business in America. To begin with, it was a totally fraudulent business, and it violated people's First Amendment rights to freedom of religion. But back then, it was a big business. Desperate parents would be willing to pay anything if they thought their child was in trouble. My father, having become quite wealthy through real estate, was a prime target for these opportunists. I was forced to spend ten days with my faith-breaking deprogrammer. However, rather than relive that nightmare, I will just say that at the end of the ten days, he told my father that I was hopeless and to give him his money so he could go.

Their basic strategy was to badger you non-stop with questions, with their version of the truth about our movement, and with lies about our beliefs. God told me not to have any give and take with it. I sat there and remained quiet. I did not react to him in any way, and in doing so took away all his power and energy. I never did find out how much was paid to him by my father, but I am sure it was not cheap. Besides, my dad did not appreciate his rough language and four-letter words.

Not knowing what else to do, my family took me to the local mental institution. Ironically, that was my saving grace, because my father and I were interviewed in two separate rooms and then brought together into the same room with the psychiatrist. The conclusion was that, although my father was upset at my decisions, I was over 18 years old, I was totally sane, and in America we have religious freedom. We were told that I could choose whatever religion I wanted to. That did not sit well with my father. Before I knew it, we were on a ship back to Barbados.

Not being able to live in peace at my father's house, I needed to move in with the local church members. There were twelve of us at the center, and I was the only white one. With some leftover racism from the slave days, I managed to ruffle a few feathers in the community. It was a very unusual circumstance for the local white people to understand.

I believe it was God Himself who sent a new Japanese missionary to Barbados just to get me. Mr. Hideki Sera did not stay long on the island, just long enough to take me to New York, it seemed. I remember sitting at the bus stop, waiting for a ride to the airport. My dream was about to come true. After all I had been through in fighting for my faith, I was longing to be with True Parents even more.

Father and Mother Moon are affectionately known around the world as True Parents. Their lineages have been prepared by God for generations. They received the mission from Jesus to make happy families on the earth, starting with their own family in 1960. Mother Moon delivered fourteen children of her own. She had seven boys and seven girls. It bewilders me how she could go on after losing four of her precious children and then eventually her husband in 2012. She kept going in order to fulfill all her husband's dreams of a Worldwide Family Under God. There has never been another woman in history who has been through what she has for the Will of God. Though she is seventy-seven years old now, she continues to lead the world under the umbrella of Heavenly Parent's Holy Community. This includes the Universal Peace Federation, the Women's Federation for World Peace, the Interreligious Association for Peace and Development, the International Association of Parliamentarians for Peace, the International Media Association for Peace, the International Summit Council for Peace, the International Association of Academicians for Peace, and the list goes on.

New York was the apple of my eye. Mom was a New Yorker, and we had a few relatives there. My grandparents had come through Ellis Island from Italy as young children with my great-grandparents. We had some extended family there as well. I felt our roots and the warm affinity I had for our warm Italian people.

I can never forget arriving at JFK International Airport in February of 1980. It was True Parents' birthday. Interestingly, they were born in different years but on the same day, so they would celebrate their birthday together with all the members. The celebration took place at the famous New Yorker Hotel in midtown Manhattan, which was owned by our movement. It was a magical experience and a magical time for me. Many years later I came to realize that the New Yorker Hotel was the very place where my grandparents, my parents and my own couple would start our married life. Three generations would honeymoon at the same hotel. I find that very intriguing and mystically awesome. I think that on the other side, ancestors are truly watching our every move and supporting us to do well on earth. I am sure this was not an accident but planned and influenced by our loved ones in the spirit world.

## **Chapter 9**

### **Spiritual Experiences**

I was born on February 28, 1957. I am a true Pisces by nature. Pisces, being the last sign of the zodiac, represents old people who are preparing to go to the spirit world. It is therefore known as the most spiritual sign. Now, neither I nor our movement teach about astrology, put any real emphasis on it, and definitely do not read the daily horoscopes and plan our lives accordingly. But personally, I do see some tendencies and characteristics regarding the signs that seem to

have some truth to them. Pisces people tend to be more sensitive and aware of spiritual things. I resonate with that quality very much and have had experiences in my life in which I have been reminded that we are not alone.

We do have God and our loved ones on the other side, rooting for us and helping us. If we do well, they do well also, since we are all connected like one big tree. The root, trunk, branches and leaves all have their purpose and qualities. Ultimately, those good souls on the other side are hoping we can heal all our relationships together. They support us to perfect our relationship with God our Heavenly Parent and with each other. They work with us to become the most loving child of God, the most loving spouse, the most loving sibling, the most loving grandparent, the most loving patriot and saint. We then become a sphere of love, as we occupy the spaces of heart of up and down, left and right, front and back, with God in the center. In becoming a sphere of love in all those happy relationships, we then can resonate like a tuning fork with the love of God. After all, God is all those loves combined. Hence, our life on this earth is our school of love. Jesus taught us to love our enemy in order to promote the maturation of love. It is also the teaching that True Father instilled in us, and it has liberated millions from unnecessary resentments and struggles. We have come to understand through True Parents' guidance that God is a Father and a Mother, having qualities of both fatherly and motherly loves. We are all, as His children, supposed to resonate with His heart. The father-child relationship between God and all humankind as His children is the central truth of the universe.

I will list here a few instances that remind me of how our loved ones on the other side live with us. On three different occasions I am convinced that it was my ancestors who helped me to find close relatives. At the hospital where my youngest son, Bobby, was born, the psychiatrist working there happened to be my Aunt Ruby's grandson (Granny Irene's nephew). I remember bumping into him in the hallway.

Another time we were shopping with our kids at a used sports equipment shop called Sports Attic. We had been there several times, as our kids were very active in various sports, and all that equipment wasn't cheap. I happened to notice a newspaper article on the wall regarding Tom Dilenge's shop. I said to the owner, "My grandmother's name is Dilenge." His response was that if her name was spelled the same way, we would have to be related. It turns out he was Nanny's (my maternal grandmother) nephew and my second cousin.

Lastly, in the neighborhood where I now live in Barbados, there is a spa. Three sisters own it. It turns out that our great-grandmothers were sisters. I only found that out because I was out one day going door to door and giving the Marriage Blessing to couples. You could say all three situations were coincidences. I say our ancestors were desperate for us to meet.

If our five spiritual senses were open, we would be able to perceive such things more clearly. We would be able to realize that we live in two dimensions. We have five spiritual senses that directly relate with our five physical senses. However, due to the fall of Adam and Eve, our senses were cut off from the love of God and from our awareness of these two dimensions. The spirit world and physical world exist in tandem. There is a seen part and an unseen part to every existence. I can see your brain (so to speak), but I cannot see your thoughts. I would try to explain to my father that when he watches his CNN on TV, the electromagnetic waves are there in the atmosphere and can be captured through the appliance of the television and manifested in an image on the screen. If his TV were smashed, he would not be able to see those images; however, it does not mean that the waves no longer existed. They were still there.

Dad always had a tough time believing. His square, fat fingers demonstrated that he was a man of the earth. He was grounded and would believe only what he could see. Concerning the spirit, he would ask, "What can come out of your body?" His typical expression while swimming in the beautiful turquoise-blue sea would be, "Heaven can wait!" meaning, this is Heaven, who needs an afterlife Heaven? I, on the other hand, got my mom's hands with pointy fingers, meaning sensitive to spiritual things. On our quest to find a place of agreement, there were times when the world of spirit would try to intervene in order to resolve the argument.

One day when we were mourning and talking about the loss of Uncle Joey, my dad's next older brother who had recently passed, the usual topic of the existence or non-existence of the hereafter came up. My father, my youngest son, Bobby, and I were sitting in the living room. There were a few small paintings decorating the walls, and when the

discussion regarding Uncle Joey became more heated, we suddenly noticed that one of those small pictures had moved a few times, quite dramatically. There was no breeze or earthquake at the time to have moved it. We took it as a sign that Joey was trying to say that, yes, indeed, he was still around. My dad was left questioning but still unconvinced.

On another occasion my husband, my son Bobby, my dad and I were sitting on the living room porch at my dad's house. We were again discussing the existence of life after death. My dad once again was relating the story of how his father, on his deathbed, had promised to send his sons a sign after his death to let them know there was life after death. The sign was to be a feather floating gently down right in front of them. He then exclaimed that he had never seen a feather floating gently down in front of him and therefore an afterlife must not exist. Just then we all turned around when my husband noticed a feather, silvery gray, floating gently down at the side of the porch. We were all quite amazed, but my dad still was in doubt as he shrugged it off as just a coincidence. Nonetheless, there was indeed a gently floating feather right there in front of us.

My dad had his own personal experience early one morning while in his bathroom. My sister Jan had passed away from breast cancer just the day before. She was always his favorite (at least since I joined my church). In the final moments of her life in the hospital she was having a hard time breathing. She was gasping for air with a hoarse, raspy sound, and then gently passed on. Oddly enough, that morning in the bathroom my dad said that he clearly heard that same raspy, gasping-for-air sound. Some spirit could have made any sound, but that sound would have been the one sound that he would have recognized as being Jan in particular.

Throughout my life, though it's been a while now since it has happened, I have found myself or my spirit trapped outside my body. I would be up in the corner of my room looking down at my sleeping body in amazement while desperately trying to get myself back into my body. I would be yelling and making all kinds of noise, in hopes of waking myself up so I could get back into my body. It happened several times after I was married, and I would be yelling at my husband to wake up and help me get back into my body. I was relating these experiences to my dad one day years ago, and surprisingly he acknowledged that that very experience had happened to him several times as well. Still, he would not believe.

## **Chapter 10**

### **Up Close and Personal with the Messiah**

*A List of My Favorite and Most Precious Moments with True Father*

I would like to say that I was “the most loved sister” in the front row at Belvedere, but I would make the other sisters jealous, and rightly so. Everyone wanted to have eye contact, to be touched, hit, or spoken to by the only True Man who was now walking the earth. Because I have had so many deep, smiling-eye-contact moments, I will list only the top ones here.

Every Sunday at 5 a.m., Father, Reverend Moon, would speak in the Training Center at the Belvedere Estate. This is a property in New York that our movement owns. The gates would open at 4 a.m., at which point brothers and sisters alike would race down the estate driveway into the Training Center and, as quickly as we could, go skidding like ducks into the front row at the edge of the platform where Father would be speaking. It would be there that you could get the most attention from him. Why so desperate? It was the first time for any of us to feel true love from a True Man who was not only the Messiah, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, but also our dad, grandfather, husband, uncle, brother, friend and son. He was worth any bit of suffering or sacrifice we had experienced the week before. He just made it all

worthwhile; and how we loved him. I confidently showed my adoration, and his colorful response just spurred me on. He was hysterically funny, animated and unpredictable.

Now, I am definitely not the most athletic type. Like most little girls, I did ballet, and growing up in Barbados, I was swimming every day. I am not at all a very fast runner. My husband says that I actually run slower than I walk. From my days doing ballet, my feet actually point out to the side from doing my pliés, instead of to the front. Because of that, when I run, my husband says I look like an angry, vengeful duck. Nonetheless, because my mind was so focused on getting to the front row before anyone else, I was somehow able to fly past all of the sisters and even a majority of the brothers. Mind over matter.

True Mother, Mrs. Moon, would often gaze over at me, seeing my girlish devotion, and so very sweetly tilt her head and subtly chuckle. I sensed she understood my childish, adoring behavior and she gave me the freedom to react the way I wanted to, with a motherly and understanding heart.

Though we were freezing from the cold on those icy New York mornings, our butts numb and our necks stiff, we were as happy as can be. One morning I was looking straight up at Father as I sat directly in front of his feet. My neck being stiff, the expression on my face must have been quite unnaturally scrunched up. Father, noticing my expression, looked down at me and imitated my silly scrunched-up face. We were used to him imitating and teasing us. He was born in the Year of the Monkey, and monkeys like to tease.

I will never forget the first time I saw Father in person. I had just arrived in New York City in February 1980. My mom had grown up in New York City, so I naturally had a mystical affinity for it. I also had just “escaped” from my home country of Barbados, where I had received a lot of persecution from my relatives who did not understand why I loved this “Chinese man” so much. The year before, my physical father had tried to have me “deprogrammed” against my will in California. Going through these two experiences made me long for True Parents *even more*.

It was Father’s 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was picked up at JFK Airport by church members and taken to the New Yorker Hotel, which, as I mentioned before, was a property that our movement owned. I can never forget hearing from the driver that he had to stop for snacks and drinks for the True Children (Reverend and Mrs. Moon’s children). “Pinch me, somebody, this has to be a dream,” I was thinking to myself. For three years I had been fighting for my faith and my Messiah. Now I was about to see him and his family in living color.

When I arrived at the New Yorker, there he was in all his glory, singing and clowning around on the stage, adorned with a Hawaiian lei around his neck. Father was the best entertainer. He had the ability to make the humblest member feel absolutely included in the group. We were all equally valued, loved and cherished. Competition did not exist in the area of love. We were one. Everyone was accepted, and we all knew it. Next to my Blessing day and the birth of my children, this had to be the highlight of my life. I came awfully close to running right up to Father to give him a big hug. I am glad I did not, because the security guards would not have been too happy, and I probably would have been very embarrassed in front of hundreds of people. Tears and emotions were overflowing, as I had come to love this man so much. New York City and True Father. What more could I ask for? My life had just begun.

Since the church leaders were not sure what to do with this girl who had just arrived out of nowhere, I ended up being placed in the 40-day workshop for foreign missionaries, which happened to be taking place at that time. As part of that group, I was therefore included in their visit to East Garden to meet True Father. In the garden, as shown in the photo, I was able to sit in the front remarkably close to him. God, my ancestors, and my desperate desire have continuously put me in close proximity to Father so many times. I am profoundly grateful.

One morning at East Garden, another property our movement owns that often was used for church and Sunday morning gatherings, Father had just finished his speech and was slowly making his way to go up to his room. I stood at the bottom of the stairs, desperate to see him one last time before he left. Noticing me, he stopped, looked at me and said in his Korean accent, “You hab a beautifbul bface.” (Koreans have a hard time with the “f” sound.) The memory of that special moment got me through many a hard time.

Another Belvedere morning, I was in my usual spot in the front on the sisters' side of the room. He asked, "What is your name?" "Gail," I said with surprise. Then he said, "Gail has to run as fast as she can for as long as she can, until she passes the baton on to her descendant. Then her descendant must run as fast as he can for God's Will, then pass it to his descendant." Wow, Father said my name. The Messiah said my name!

On another occasion, a large group of members were invited upstairs at East Garden to see him. The group of Americans were asked to sing, but nobody could decide on a song. Finally I took the lead and spontaneously had everyone follow me, singing a kids' song that I had learned at my child's kindergarten the week before. Well, Father laughed heartily as I tried to lead the words and melody on the spot – ad lib. With my awkwardness, I had made the Messiah laugh. I made him happy. For a moment I had become the subject of his happiness.

A favorite memory was at the end of a Belvedere speech. Usually after the end we would give three cheers of "*Mansei*," a Korean cheer for ten thousand years of blessings, and then True Parents would leave. This time as they started walking out, I noticed Father's shiny shoes had stopped right in front of me. Slowly I lifted my head to see what he was doing. With a beaming smile, he reached out and pinched my cheek, all the while moving it back and forth. Mother gave her usual smile with her usual subtle, elegant chuckle. She was always so graceful and elegant and had a way of turning her head like a graceful queen.

The first time I took my first baby, Brian, to Belvedere, we were standing outside, waiting for True Parents to exit to their car. To my surprise, Mother made a beeline over to see my baby. She held Brian's foot and smiled lovingly into his face. The sister next to me wanted to know why Mother had paid so much attention to my baby and not hers. I imagine Mother was surprised to see that this "greedy for love" young girl, Gail, who had been noticeably pregnant in the front row, finally had grown up and now had a baby of her own, and she was curious to see him for herself. Besides, Brian was also an extremely cute and exceptionally fat baby!

Another highlight would be the day when True Father matched me to my husband. I just remember him pulling Gary toward me and then pushing us onward so he could match the next couple. At one point he told us, "Eighty percent of you don't like who I matched you to. However, the time will come, 40 years from now, when you will be digging gold out of your spouse that you never even knew was there." Looking back, I realize that that has surely come true for me. Gary has shown amazing qualities that my own character was very much in need of.

The Marriage Blessing Ceremony in July 1982 was my most exciting experience, like living in my own movie. I truly felt God and True Parents' deep love, and it made me so proud, humbled and honored to have been blessed in this way by them. To be recognized as their daughter. During the entertainment following the Blessing ceremony, the song *Fly Me to the Moon*, sung by Tony Martin, was not only amusingly appropriate but melted my heart, which was filled with love for New York City, God, my husband, and True Parents.

Years later, I was blown away again by their love for me when I won, as a representative of my ancestors, one of the diamond rings being given out for the husbands at Cheongpyeong (a spiritual retreat center in Korea). There were necklaces for wives and rings for husbands. Father had told us beforehand that, through the lotto system that was used to determine who would receive the awards, our ancestors would have a hand in our being able to win it. This made me realize how much God sees and knows everything.

January 8, 1984. It was just a few days after the Ascension of Heung Jin Nim (one of Reverend Moon's sons). He had been killed in a freak automobile accident. Father was asking us if we would allow him in our house, should he just barge in unannounced. He wanted to know why we would let him in, so I took advantage of the moment to say, "Because we love you, Father!" He replied, "No, you let Father in because I am the first ancestor!" Then he looked down at me and started to laugh. I could see that his heart was melted. He then kissed Mother on the cheek and said that he could not give everyone kisses because you can have only one wife. He said, "I can't marry all of you. However, what I can do is I can raise your husbands up to be just like me. How about that?" Then he laughed again, his face like a burst of sunshine. Incidentally, the night before I had prayed, asking what I could do to make Father happy the following day. I knew my

prayer had been heard, because at the perfect time, God and I together could tell Father we loved him. I could see all those adorable lines in his face deepen as he smiled back at me.

It was Easter Sunday. I knew he would come. At 3 a.m. sharp I jumped out of bed. Melissa, a good friend of mine, and I would be the first to run down the path. I knew Father wanted to see us. He had missed us so much that when he saw me in the front row again, he looked down in my face and laughed. Knowing how much I adored him and how happy we were to see each other again, he looked down in my face and, with piercing eye contact, he smiled the biggest smile which then broke into laughter. Looking back, I think he thought I was hysterically funny. I have been told by many that, unbeknownst to myself, I make people laugh. God must have been using me to give Father some joy.

As he was explaining how men live for women and vice versa, he picked me out as an example to back up his statement. "Look at this sister," he said. "See her earrings and her necklace? Did she wear those for an elder sister, or did she do that for a man? I bet when she woke up this morning, she did that to get a man's attention." Then he flicked the earring back and forth. While stroking my face, he explained that first the man would be interested in the earrings, since he does not wear them himself, which would then lead him to realize how cute I was. "The earrings are the bait to attract the man," he said. How did Father know that that very morning I did put those earrings on to get his attention? He then went on to explain that the look and shape of our faces are determined at the time of conception, just like a computer program.

January 4, 1986. Father love-bombed us. I had done a four-hour prayer the night before, so I had not slept, but my heart was overflowing with love and I was right up there with him during his message. He must have picked up my love vibes, as he patted my head while he was explaining how to separate from Satan. Then he spoke about the unity of the two eyes, ears, nostrils, etc., while touching mine with his chalk as he spoke. Then he poked the chalk in my chest, while he spoke about our attitude. "We should stay firm and unchanging, even in very difficult times," was his message. As he was leaving, he smiled at me with unforgettable kindness. Then he pinched the cheek of the two sisters next to me, as if to say, "I love you all too."

"Among those of you who are blessed [who have received the marriage Blessing], raise your hand if you fight with your spouse," was his question. Leaving my hand up a long time caused Father and Mother to laugh. Then he said, "Nine out of ten times, the woman is at fault. Eve fell first and talks too much. The talker is usually the one who is wrong."

Crying with Father is so special. He had been working so hard for the salvation of America and had caught a cold. Though Mother and Colonel Han (his translator) tried to persuade him to rest, he said he could not miss the third Sunday of the month. Tears welled up in my eyes when he said that. We were all aware of how much he pushed his tired body for the sake of God's Providence. For a few seconds, as he saw my tears, it was just me and him. Our tears, love and understanding all merged into one gaze.

February 15, 1987, the day after Valentine's Day, Father told us that the inmates from Danbury Prison, where he had been wrongfully incarcerated, had sent Valentine cards to him. After slapping me on the head twice, he touched my cheek with two fingers twice. He said that there are billions of raindrops, and they all want to fall on Father's head. Therefore, when Father touches the lucky people on the head, he said that all the spirits get jealous. He went on to say that we in the front row are privileged to have Father touch us. Then, as usual, another sweet smile with eye contact.

March 1, 1987, the day after my birthday, Father hit me on the head twice, one of those times pushing my head close to the floor, then a third time. Then he said, "Why do you follow me? Because I am handsome? That may be part of the reason, but mainly because of true love. You American sisters talk too much! So much that you cannot even pick out the true words anymore. It just becomes a mumbo-jumbo of confusion. However, you would love a bookworm as your husband, if he had true love. You cannot see love. What goes on between two people is the give and take which you cannot see. The vertical line when a man and woman love each other spiritually and physically is beautiful in the sight of God. It is pure and true and clean, much different from fallen love."

Melissa, my best friend at work, and I had the opportunity to sing for Father the Korean song "Umaya Nunaya." As we stood ready to sing, he acknowledged us with a slight bow, his kind wrinkles deepening again. As we began to sing, he



waved to the beat, then he conducted our singing, then he beckoned us to move on for the next singer. For three days after that experience, my longing heart was unbearable. It usually took me three days to recover from a visit with Father.

My good friend would say, "It's not fair that Father always loves you up so much! We come here just as early as you do to see Father." In a way she was right. However, I think that one reason would be that I became such an absolute object of love toward him, the absolute Subject. It says in the Divine Principle that an absolute Subject seeks an absolute object and vice versa. For a cup to be filled all the way to the top, it first must be completely empty.

December 18, 2005, True Parents came to Barbados as part of their worldwide speaking tour. At the speech I sat again in the front row, right next to the two youngest daughters of True Parents. (See photograph.) Though my relatives still had not understood the love I had for this "Chinese man," I was able to bring with me my Uncle Clayton, my niece Alexa and my son Brian, who had now grown to be a 15-year-old teenager. Attached is a photo of the booklet for Father's speech that he signed for me with my name on it, which he wrote in Korean.

Now that I draw this testimony to a close, I have come to realize that it was not just Father who was loving me up, it was God Himself. I am shocked that after all these decades and only after writing this memoir have I come to realize that not just Father but Heavenly Parent Himself was loving me all the time as well.

How often has God's sweet and unconditional love ever been noticed and appreciated? Even though we do not acknowledge God, He is always there and always loving anyway. So pitiful is His existence.

My husband, Gary, often said that parents many times are treated like toilet paper – "take a good wipe," Gary would say. Unfortunately, this has been our Heavenly Parent's situation since the Fall. I really do hope that somehow we can all make it up to our Heavenly Parent for all the lonely, heartless lost time that humankind has caused Him.



The 40-Day International Missionary Workshop attendees. I am in the front row, fifth from the right, in a beige skirt suit. Father is in the middle.



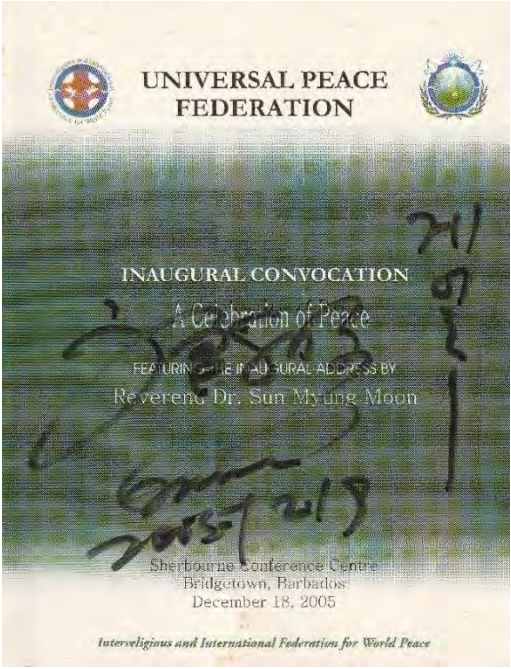
Father speaking at East Garden. I am in the royal blue shirt in the front row, sticking my head out, trying to see who Father was talking to. He wanted to know why the second-generation brother had a beard.



The trophy-winning striped bass from a bass fishing tournament being displayed at East Garden. I have no idea why I was there, other than I love Father so much.



After the 1,000-day prayer condition God blessed our prayer group with babies. I am the third mom from the left, holding our youngest son, Bobby.



Father's Barbados speech booklet which he signed for me, writing my name vertically in Korean.

## Chapter 11

### My Mission in America

In 1982 I was given my mission in America. I would be demonstrating and selling Il Hwa Korean Ginseng Tea in health food stores as well as at health food conventions. I had to wear a beautiful Korean dress, serve ginseng tea to customers and educate them on its health benefits. One box of tea ranged in price from \$30 to \$360. To Americans, it was a terrible-tasting tea that cost the earth, and I had to sell it. One lady told me one time, "How can a nice girl like you sell such awful-tasting tea?" However, miracles did happen, and we did sell quite a bit. My best sale was a six-pack of the \$360-per-bottle tea to rich Mexicans.

We went to Texas, California and New York in teams. It was quite an adventurous life, traveling through Houston, Dallas and Los Angeles, and the members I worked with became like family through all our efforts. The ginseng business did not make enough money at times, so we had to fundraise to supplement. At the end of one fundraising expedition, in Brownsville, Texas, my friend Myrna and I were exhausted, sweltering hot and very thirsty. From what I remember, we had done quite well financially that day. Our last stop was a construction site of a hotel being built near Padre Island. A couple of Mexican construction workers had just filled up the swimming pool. The chlorine had not even been put in yet. Looking at that pool as if it were a heavenly mirage, we asked, "Please, sir, can we swim in the pool?" To our surprise, they had no problem with that. We jumped in with our clothes on, and we laughed and laughed, and we must have drunk half of the pool. It tasted so sweet and cool. The workmen must have thought we were nuts, but they laughed too. We felt a lot of God's love that day.

When I worked on Fifth Avenue at our ginseng store in New York City, I was truly fortunate to be able to live at the New Yorker Hotel. My room was on the 16th floor at the corner of Eighth Avenue and 34th Street. On Thanksgiving I could see the entire Thanksgiving Day Parade turn off of Fifth Avenue and onto 34<sup>th</sup> Street and seemingly head for my room. It was always extremely exciting. I liked living there very much. If I were bored or lonely, I could always find friends coming in and out of the lobby downstairs. There was a shop and a laundry in the basement and a diner next to the lobby. The convenience of having everything I needed at my fingertips was wonderful. However, the best part of it was that True Parents would visit often, and I was always in the right place at the right time when they would come in. We paid exceptionally low rent in exchange for renovating our rooms and sometimes the lobby.

I felt like I was living in the center of the world with all the people I loved. We were all family, since we all loved the True Parents as our very own parents and were all working together for the realization of God's Will. That depth of love united us in beautiful ways. I was young, charming and pretty, and I must have caused some of the brothers to struggle. However, because we all knew the Human Fall lecture very well, we knew what to do and how to stay centered. If there was ever a time when you were challenged with a temptation, you could always report it to your central figure (the person in position as your direct spiritual adviser). That is what I did when things got difficult, and that method always worked to resolve issues.

## Chapter 12

### The Matching and Blessing

In 1980, while on my mission in Texas, we received a message that Father was going to be conducting a matching in New York City. Those who qualified could go. That happened to be all of us in our particular group at the time. You had to

have kept your purity and to have served in a public mission for three years. My friend Debra took me shopping for a Matching outfit. We decided on a lovely lavender shirt that had a sheen to it, and a beige skirt and cardigan. I was quite slim back then, so the clothes fit nicely. There ended up being about 10 of us in the van driving from Houston, Texas, to New York City. As you can probably imagine, we were all extremely excited and quite nervous.

On December 30, we arrived at the New Yorker, exhausted from the long drive, and were hurried into the Grand Ballroom of the hotel. Father was giving guidance. His speech seemed quite long, as we were all feeling the sleep setting in. He was telling us that we should be grateful, even if our match was missing an arm or a leg. We had to see through God's eyes. Finally, just after midnight Father asked, "It's now the 31<sup>st</sup> of December. Who has a birthday today?" A small number of members stood up and he pointed to someone and said, "You and you." Oh, shoot! He started! Startled, we quickly became very alert.

Father continued to match couples for several hours. He wasn't in any way haphazard in the matching process. He noticeably took time to deeply consider each match. He worked in different ways. Sometimes he walked up and down the center aisle between the men and women, picking out one person and then their recommended spouse. Sometimes he would pick out several men and several women, have them all stand up, and then pick out couples from among them. At one point he matched people to pictures of people from other parts of the world who were unable to be present at that time. Finally at one point he stopped and said we would take a break. We all made our way back to our rooms, somewhat shellshocked.

A few hours later, somehow we knew Father was starting again. We all ran downstairs and took our spots in the Grand Ballroom. Initially in that first session I hid behind one of the pillars, since I was so nervous. Later, however, my friend Myrna dragged me out into the open, and just then Father spotted me and told me to stand up. He lined up a few sisters in the aisle in the center of the room where he was walking up and down. He then went over and grabbed Gary, who was sitting near the stage, and brought him to me and kind of pushed us together. I heard my mother's voice from the spirit world saying three times, "What a nice man, what a nice man, what a nice man." I think she was trying to encourage me. We then went upstairs to talk to confirm the decision. To be honest, I struggled a little. Gary was telling me all about his hobbies, etc., and I would have preferred he tell me about his love for True Parents. I told the facilitator, Rev. David Hose, that I really wanted a Korean. I was hoping for someone just like Father. Reverend Hose came back within a few minutes to tell me there was not even a picture of a Korean there. In the meantime, I had told God in my heart that I would stick to Father's choice if there were no Koreans.

Gary was always very sincere. He had the heart to put a note on my door with his contact information. Had it not been for that note, I do not know how we would have found each other again. Gary went east to Florida, and I went west to Texas. He was on a fundraising team, and I continued with the ginseng mission. Father told us that to indemnify the failure of Adam and Eve who had a premature sexual relationship without God's Blessing, we would have to restore that failure with a three-year separation period. Adam and Eve were supposed to be blessed in Holy Marriage when they reached maturity, when they had grown through their own efforts to become one in heart with God, just as Jesus had become. However, because of their failure to obey the commandment, they and all their descendants were cut off from God and unable to feel His love. I enjoyed the separation period, because it allowed me to prepare myself for marriage. It would give me time to get to know Gary better and to strengthen my ability to trust men. We spoke on the phone a couple of times, but it was quite difficult for me. Gary's way of speaking is fast and choppy, and soft. Many times I would say yes, yes, but I would have no idea what he was saying. Our separation period ended up being eight years altogether.

The time had come when we would start married life. I was thirty years old, and my biological clock was ticking. We fulfilled our three-day ceremony to invite God into our marriage. The prayers and devotions that we offered during that dedication allowed me to feel safe and that our relationship was multi-dimensional. It was not just Gary and I, but Gary and I with God in the middle. That made the connection take on a whole new meaning and helped me to feel that now I could trust this man. This was a true-blue kind of guy with whom I could live happily ever after, in a very peaceful and secure way. There was nothing to be afraid of anymore. Gary and I and God were one.

## Chapter 13

### Blessed Children Are Born

I think that the long separation period was probably a good thing for me. It gave me more time to grow up, as it were. I kind of think God worked it out that way on my behalf. Nine months after Gary's birthday (January 11), Brian, our first child, was born on October 11, 1989. It was the best birthday present God could ever have given us. After all, this baby was a product of the love of God, Gary and Gail. G, G, & G. We should have called him a name starting with "G," I guess, but we named him Brian. I like how the name sounded, and I like the fact that it means brave. Col. Sang Kil Han, who happened to be my central figure in the Il Hwa Ginseng business, was the perfect person to ask for Korean names for our kids. He kindly gave the name "Joon," meaning "excellent," for all their second names. Brian received "Yong" (courage), so Joon Yong. Mat got "Gul," so Joon Gul (hero), and I gave my daughter "Mi" (beauty) so Joonmi. Finally our last son, Bobby, got "Hyun" (bright), so Joon Hyun. I am eternally grateful to Colonel Han for taking the time to give our children Korean names.

Baby Brian was delivered by C-section. However, when the nurse brought Brian to me, wrapped in a bundle with a little blue hat on, I felt God was giving us the best gift He could—the fruit of the love of God, Gary and Gail. Brian was blond and had a perfect face. It was round, smooth and clear. However, since he was holding his little fists tightly against his cheeks, those spots were pink, making me think he must have had his little fists held tightly against his cheeks in the womb.

Raising children was a shock for me. Growing up, we had maids to help with the cooking, cleaning and laundry, so I spent a lot of time on the beach or hanging out with my friends. My new experience of raising a family was much more difficult than I had ever imagined it would be. Especially since 15 months later, on December 13, 1990, I would deliver our second son, Mat. He was also a C-section, since the doctor felt that my hips were not expanding in the labor as they should. I did not expect to get pregnant so soon after the first baby, because it had taken eight months to conceive Brian. Having the two babies so close in age was like having twins. I was anemic and exhausted from lack of sleep. Brian and Mat would take turns crying, and Gary was working long hours at the church business. Poor little Mat spent more time in the crib than he should have, and I regret that. I see where having grandparents around would have helped. Father always told us to live with three generations under one roof. That is God's ideal, he would say, and I can see why. Mat was a sweet little baby, and my sister Jan loved him so much. When I brought Brian in the room to see his little brother, he poked his head between the crib bars and said, "Hi!" The upside of having them so close is that they became the best of friends and spent countless hours playing together.

Father had been encouraging us to return to our hometowns. Gary was from Seattle, so in 1992 we picked up and went. Not long after we arrived, Gary volunteered to help with a 40-day Divine Principle workshop that was going to be held in Latvia for Russian schoolteachers and college students. The Soviet Union had dissolved a few years before, and Russians were looking for answers in their lives after experiencing God-denying communism for 70 years. Father had instructed all American members to go to a mission country every year for 40 days. Gary had been assigned to the city of Hobart in Tasmania, Australia, the year before and was shocked to find out how unreligious and uninterested in God they were there. The Russians, on the other hand, were desperately searching for answers, so he felt his efforts would be more valuable there.

It was a difficult time for me, living in a new place, alone, with two little rambunctious boys to tend with. We were so happy to see each other on Gary's return that Joonmi, our daughter, was born nine months later on June 18, 1993. Though I tried hard again to deliver naturally, Joonmi ended up coming out by another C-section. I was so happy to have

received a daughter. Being aware that girls tend to take after their fathers, I knew our daughter would be sweet and sensitive like her dad. I was right.

I did not have enough maturity at the time to get out of myself by loving and serving others. My homesickness for New York and True Parents was taking over. Maybe God was sick of my pining, because Gary got a job offer from his old company in New York to work on displays. Gary was famous for his displays. They needed him, and I was ecstatic to pack up and go back east to New York.

We first lived in Ossining, New York, where the company was, but the surrounding neighborhood was somewhat of a ghetto. Sing Sing prison was a couple of blocks away. The kids, however, did not seem to mind living where we lived. They enjoy talking about their happy childhood memories there, which are seemingly their happiest memories of all. Thankfully, we had some nice neighbors with kids.

## **Chapter 14**

### **My Years of Service**

In the evenings I would drive down to Tarrytown. There was an ongoing midnight prayer at the Holy Rock on our church estate called Belvedere. True Father prayed there in all kinds of weather for America and the world. We would carry on his tradition. Interestingly, it was the prayers in the blizzards that we remember the most. We were praying for True Parents' protection, for the victory of America and for the world to accomplish the Will of God.

God blessed me for those prayers, because not only did we get to move to upscale Tarrytown, near True Parents' residence, but I also received a beautiful plaque for completing one thousand days of prayer. The real reward, though, was that among our prayer group, eight beautiful blessed babies were born. A baby? I would have preferred money. However, looking back, I realized that money comes and goes but blessed children bring joy forever. God's thinking and our thinking are many times different. The doctor advised me to not even try to deliver naturally this time; just schedule the C-section. My youngest child, Bobby, was born on December 3, 1996, at Phelps Hospital in Sleepy Hollow, New York, near our home. He has grown up to be sensitive to the love of God as a result of those thousand days of prayers.

I was involved with a lot of rallies where Father would speak. They were held in famous places such as Madison Square Garden, Lincoln Center and the Manhattan Center in New York City, and RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C., to name just a few. I did interfaith work for fifteen years, since Father's dream was to bring all the religions together as One Family Under God. We blessed and prayed for couples with Holy Candies and Holy Wine at supermarkets, going from house to house, and in parks. The more people we could cut off from the fallen lineage of Adam and Eve, the better the world would become. The Holy Wine that True Parents bequeathed had been paid for with blood, sweat and tears, and God wanted as many people to get it as possible. I also did outreach work at the United Nations. True Parents were working to implement a Religious Council into the UN in order to prevent wars.

I was given the title of secretary general of the Universal Peace Federation, Barbados, by our regional UPF leader, Rev. Chang Shik Yang. I am so grateful because it has helped me to meet a lot of people in leadership positions. In February 2020, Gary and I took seven political and religious leaders to the World Summit in Korea, where seven thousand heads of state gathered for the unity of North and South Korea and to advance the dream of One Family Under God. Thirty thousand couples from all over the world received the Marriage Blessing there. We hope one day to also hold a Marriage Blessing for thousands of couples in Barbados. To be able to heal the family unit on this island and share the Marriage Blessing with Barbadian couples would be the best gift I could offer to God and to my homeland before I die. It would give me a chance to restore all the pain that my white race may have caused during the colonization of this country.

Tribal Messiahs. Every one of you reading this book must also become Tribal Messiahs. What does that mean? It means to practice living for the sake of others until you develop a parental heart like Jesus and like God and like True Parents. Yes, we all must become Tribal Messiahs .

## Chapter 15

### The Conclusion

Gary proved to be an amazing father, cook and handyman. He supported me in all my church work and took such good care of the children. I only had to think we were getting low on diapers, and the diapers would appear. He was the best at making sure the kids had a happy Christmas. Once when Gary and I had an argument, Mat, who was then fourteen, said, "If you guys ever divorce, I'm going with Dad." Another time, when our youngest son, Bobby, was about four or five, he said, "When you got diarrhea, now that's when you need Dad."

In 2018, our eldest son, Brian, and his beautiful wife, Angelica, received the Blessing of Marriage in Korea with 4,000 couples. We were so happy that our new daughter-in-law is Brazilian and Japanese. Father stressed that an interracial couple centered on God brings the most joy. We were all so happy to have some brown added to our all-white family.

Brian grew up to be the perfect elder brother. I have learned from him an amazing love that has a capacity to embrace all the younger kids, no matter what they might be going through. Without judgment, he will just grab his brothers and his sister and embrace them. His Libra character of balance really shines through. From the time he was a baby, he always had to have one small toy car in each hand, like a balanced scale, which is the symbol of Libra. Brian has inherited my father's entrepreneurial nature. He is a financial analyst working with a small boutique firm focused on mergers and acquisitions.

Mat was always the best student when I was homeschooling the kids. His standards and work ethics are quite high. His job involves marrying technology with business. His smarts and diligence have earned him a couple of promotions at work. Mat has inherited from his dad's German side the Porsche motto that "Perfection is not good enough."

Joonmi's first words as a toddler were "Who's zat, who's zat, and who's zat, and who's zat?" She has a very deep desire to make sure everyone is OK and happy and feeling included and uplifted. She may have gotten that quality from my dad, who was always very social. She also inherited quite a flare for interior decorating, which she loves to do any chance she gets.

Bobby, born in the Year of the Rat, is always busy. He invests all his being into surfing, music, you name it. He converted his van into a small apartment and drove it all over the States. He taught himself how to fix cars. His mechanical brain comes from Gary's dad, who worked with Boeing on just about every rocket that went to the moon.

Currently we are in my home country of Barbados. My dad has since passed, but he did leave us a little inheritance, which helps to keep us going. Our kids love to visit every Christmas. They all love to come to surf and to see the family.

I am eternally grateful to God and True Parents for always showing me the way and for giving me the Marriage Blessing. The Blessing has produced our happy family. True Parents have asked us to share the Blessing we received with others. We are currently on a quest to bless 430 couples. We already have shared the Holy Wine and prayers with these 430 couples. However, we continue to offer guidance so that they can have the living God evermore present in their homes.



My only concern is how I will ever live up to True Parents' standard of love and sacrifice. As Tribal Messiahs, we are to become True Parents ourselves, though on a tribal level. Loving the enemy and giving unconditionally come with the job description. It is a tall order to follow, and every single one of us must shoot for that goal. It is our destiny and purpose. I only hope that as a team, together with my good ancestors, we are all able to become that Tree of Life that God originally had hoped we would be. I also hope that those who read this book may gain inspiration to embody God's love in their parent-child relationship, husband-wife relationship, and sibling relationship. Those who can achieve that will become a sphere of love that can resonate with God, who is the encapsulation of all of those loves.

I would like to conclude with the title of this book, *My Journey to Meet the Messiah*. Meeting is just the beginning. When Father Moon was leaving this earth, he commissioned us all to become True Parents ourselves. It is true that Jesus' sacrifice paid the debt for our unfaithfulness. However, he told us to take up the cross and follow him. In other words, walk the walk, love the enemy, give unconditionally. We are called to embody the love and truth of Jesus and the living God. If we embody the spirit and truth of Jesus, God and True Parents, we can very easily resonate and relate to them in the next world. Though I have many shortcomings, it is the words of Jesus and True Parents that I read every day that give me the ammunition to reach the goal of true love.

I pray that we all will graduate this school of love, which is to be the loving child, the loving sibling, the loving spouse and the loving parent. This will enable us to resonate with the all-encompassing love of God; for God is all of those loves combined.

*(FOR THE BACK OF THE BOOK)*

Gail grew up living an affluent lifestyle on the island of Barbados.

As a young girl, she felt a deep calling from God.

She knew that in her lifetime she would witness the Messiah, the Second Coming of Christ.

Through a string of events, she came to meet and study under the guidance of Rev. and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon, whom many believe to be True Parents manifested as the Second Coming.

True Father, as she calls him, matched her to her husband among a group of three thousand in New York City.

She credits her happy family to the guidance and teachings of Sun Myung Moon, whom she claims is the Second Coming of Christ.