

The Blessing of Heung Jin Moon and Hoon Sook (Pak) Moon

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The fog covering the sky over Manhattan was dense. Misty-eyed on the dawn of this momentous occasion, like many others, I felt as though this were Heaven. It was February 20, 1984. Both the spiritual and physical worlds were waiting in anticipation; we were all to witness a miracle....

In less than four hours, everything would start. Peeking from the back entrance near the kitchen of Belvedere's Main House, I saw staff members scurrying between various rooms. White sheets leading in and out of the Blessing Hall were still being tacked over the usually-bright red carpet of Belvedere's main hall. The banner needed straightening. Candelabras accepted long white candles. Several brothers finalized details of the stage construction, while others placed flower arrangements with care. A sea of white seemed to engulf the transformed library. The Blessing Hall was decorated beautifully.

As the buses arrived, the sky erased its grey and replaced it with bright blue. A table was set up in the parking lot below the steps near the side entrance in order that we could register those who attended, giving them programs and asking them to sign guest books. Shortly after their arrival, participants changed into their white robes and gathered near the registration table waiting to enter the Main House. The anticipation to witness such an event was not only in the air, but in the faces of those Korean, Japanese and Western blessed couples. Special smiles seemed to turn up on almost everyone.

After registration, as the participants filed into the Main House, I slipped into the basement and made

my way up the back stairway to find my own white robes. I had left them in a small room not far from the kitchen. When I went in, I was astounded to see some of the blessed children who were to attend the brides and grooms in the two different ceremonies. Dressed in pale pink and ruffles, there was no way these young girls could contain their excitement. Laughter. Talking. More laughter. And after a few minutes, they broke into Korean songs. I was impressed by their beautiful harmony, definitely not simply the blending of their voices.

When it was time, some of the elder couples from the different Blessings took their places in the Blessing Hall. Space was reserved for the True Family as well as for the Pak family. Many other participants stood in the doorways of the living room and dining room, craning their necks at appropriate times for the best view possible. In addition, there were members several rows deep along the two walls of the hallway.

Several of us had previously talked among ourselves, speculating as to who would represent Heung Jin Nim. But until I saw our very dignified elder brother, Col. Bo Hi Pak holding the picture of his daughter's bridegroom, I could not imagine how special this scene would be. I was not alone in the experience of taking a look through my tears. I will never forget Hoon Sook Nim's face: beautiful . . . serene . . . calm. And ready to become a daughter of Heaven. Most of us have seen Col. Pak so many times before, but that day in one way he did not look like Col. Pak to me. He brought more than simply the picture of our Heung Jin Nim into the ceremony.

The atmosphere of this Blessing ceremony seemed different somehow. One had the sense that there was virtually no "elbow room" left because of the thousands or perhaps millions of spiritual beings who had crowded themselves into every corner to witness this union. I could not see our True Parents or the couple as this ceremony was performed. I only have second-hand bits of information about the tearstained faces

of the True Children, particularly Ye Jin Nim and Hyo Jin Nim. But I think that even second-hand bits of information can speak to us.



I regretted deeply my inability to understand Korean. Although Father's Blessing prayer for this ceremony has been translated, we who are the recipients of a translation lose a great deal of the depth and character of the original words our Father proclaimed at this historic event. I am sure that Dr. Osami Kuboki, Rev. Jae Suk Lee, and Mr. Kwang Yul Yoo [\[1\]](#) who offered the opening prayer, congratulatory address and congratulatory poem for the ceremony, prepared long and hard to bring forth the glory of this event through their words.

I could not help but notice the three second generation girls standing directly outside the Hall, across from where I stood. I could see them gaze into the Hall. Their eyes were filled with tears; I saw them mouth prayers.



Perhaps the greatest climax of the day for me was watching this couple exit the Hall. Again, I did not know what to expect, and at first I was rather surprised that it was Hoon Sook Nim who carried Heung Jin Nim's picture. Of course it was appropriate; for all eternity, they belong to each other. It was more than the word "beautiful" could describe. When she walked out with her groom, Hoon Sook Nim absolutely shone. Just as I will never forget her face when she walked into the ceremony, the picture of her smile as they walked out is forever etched in my mind. Her happiness and joy spilled into each of our hearts. I don't know how many people could keep their eyes dry. There was no mistaking her love for God, for True Parents and for her new husband. And she gave a piece of that joy to all of us who attended that morning ceremony.

There are countless things one could describe about the Banquet; the decorations, the candlelight dinner, not to mention the wonderful entertainment provided by the members of Performing Arts. When Hoon

Sook Nim came to the stage, she gave her testimony first in Korean and then in English. As she spoke, tears came. Later she explained that the reason she had cried was that she felt so unworthy to receive such a Blessing; she pledged that during her life on earth, she would strive to bring joy to the True Parents, living in the place of Heung Jin Nim, especially to wipe away Mother's tears. Col. Pak sang when it was Heung Jin Nim's turn. And for all his apologies regarding his singing voice, I thought when he sang that time, he sounded pretty good! Perhaps someone harmonized with him...?

We were even treated to a speech by our True Father, educating us also about the reality of the unification of physical and spiritual worlds. He even shared with us some details of Heung Jin Nim's mission in the spiritual world. Each of us who attended was mesmerized by the spirit, and felt that we tasted a bit of Heaven that day. Reading over Father's speech, I was inspired once more by the providential role that Heung Jin Nim is playing in history. Father is asking each of us to unite with both Heung Jin Nim and Hoon Sook Nim. This can be done when we respect, in our hearts, the loyalty, filial piety and sacrificial spirit of Heung Jin Nim and when we can connect our prayers for Hoon Sook Nim with her own spirit of sacrifice.

After Father and Mother sang several songs for us and we closed the celebration with three cheers of Mansei, I again felt so strongly the presence of the spirit world. The last cheer was dedicated to Heung Jin Nim. I believe he led those same cheers in the spiritual world, but that he, too, was on the stage with his True Parents, his bride, and all those present.

His pledge has already been made before Heaven. It is up to each of us to receive the benefit of his pledge gratefully and help him by solidifying our own.

[1] Dr. Kuboki was president of the church in Japan, Rev. Lee president of our church in Korea, and Mr. Yoo the head of the History Committee Archives based in Korea

Nancy Barton worked as an assistant to Chung Hwan Kwak in the World Mission Department, serving the missionaries that had been sent out around the world in 1975. Some years ago she visited Korea to help organize the many testimonies and missionary records from that time. This reflection was drawn from a longer article written in 1984, shortly after the Blessing Ceremony she describes.