

## The Liberation of God and the Way of the Filial Child (Ba)

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*Photo date and location unknown*

### **The path of restoration True Father has walked**

God would offer a hundred thanks to the brave man who would confess that he has not fought enough, that he lacks the qualifications to shed tears, or that he is concerned that the Father would shed tears if He saw him in sorrow. God would offer those thanks to the brave man who, in the unbearably bitter position of being whipped, would worry that God would be in a miserable position or who would be concerned that God would shed tears when he cries through clenched teeth, "My grief is nothing, my pain is nothing, my sorrow is nothing." God would offer those thanks to the brave man who would cry out and raise the flag of victory as the vanguard on the path to take vengeance upon the enemy. God would express His gratitude one hundred times, saying, "Should I call you a patriot, should I call you a son of filial piety, or should I call you a virtuous person? In all the history of the world there has been no person more precious than you." (153-269, 1964.3.26)

To this day, I, Rev. Moon, have walked a lonely path as an individual. Though it has been a lonely path, I know God more deeply than anyone else does. In history, many lonely people cursed their circumstances while asking for blessings. Yet, centering on God's grieving heart, I did not think like those people. Instead, I said, "God, do not worry." That is a different way. I am not a man to retreat due to personal

trials. A man who pledges to die only after overcoming the trials of the world and liberating God cannot write a letter of surrender during that individual course. He cannot be cowardly. Even though my wife opposed me, my children opposed me and my parents opposed me, I cut them off in order to walk this path. I walked the path in spite of opposition by my nation of 40 million or even 60 million people. (175-257, 1988.4.24)

Time is so short. A lifetime is not enough time to rectify this and compensate for it. That has been my life course. So from a secular viewpoint, my life would be pitied. Try asking God, "What kind of person is Rev. Moon?" The pain I feel causes me to lament in sorrow; I am experiencing bitter pain like that of a man writhing in agony while having his heart cut out. On this earth I am a miserable man. Nobody knows about my suffering. People may boast about themselves, thinking they are wonderful. Yet they do not know my suffering. Even Mother does not know. (213-278, 1990.1.21)

None of you knows the bitter circumstances of my going to Hungnam prison after I lost all the foundation for which God had toiled for over six thousand years. Leaving my hometown was not the problem. My wife and child were not the problem. It seems like yesterday that I cried for those who, as the future hope of heaven and earth, were to welcome me as liberated people. But they vanished into hell in the clouds, disappearing into the world of darkness, even while I cried out to them that we would meet again. It seems like yesterday that I proclaimed, "Although you have disappeared, I will keep to my path and bring the bright morning sun to find and liberate you again!" I cannot forget the sound of my shouting this while in chains. I cannot forget the times I prayed while in difficulty. (220-205, 1991.10.19)

When I ask God, "God, are You not this kind of person? The God I know is like this." God would take my hand and weep profusely, asking, "How did you find that out, my son?" When God hears this He will weep. Then how loud the sound of His weeping will be! God knows that this situation cannot continue for a thousand more years. Thus, He wipes away His tears, stops His weeping and says, "My son!" You must understand God's need for such a son and daughter. (176-263, 1988.5.11)

"I will become God's true soldier. No matter how terrible this battlefield for God may be, I will join the frontline." That is my spirit. I never once complained to God even when the world's persecution swarmed about me -- even when I was in a position of utter loneliness due to persecution and suffering. This is what I can take pride in. (193-73, 1989.8.20)