



Vol. 1

"I Am in This Place"

Testimonies about Jesus and Sun Myung Moon

Edited by Clark Eberly

"When I read the passage about the similarity of the time of Jesus' birth and the Second Coming, I started to joke about this "nonsense." In the next moment, I was stunned. I saw Jesus pass through the room, saying, "I am in this place!" Then he disappeared as he had entered. A wave of peace settled around me."

*—From the testimony of Barbara Grabner
environmental journalist in Slovakia*

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*Testimonies about Jesus and
Sun Myung Moon*

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Acknowledgments

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Finally, I would like to express undying gratitude to the True Parents, Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon, who courageously answered the call of God and Jesus. They, like others before them, have dared to dream of a world characterized by beauty, harmony and peace, and they have inspired many others to share that dream.

Foreword

This book, intended for members and friends of the American Clergy Leadership Conference (ACLC) as well as for readers in general, presents a collection of accounts of very beautiful modern-day revelations, many of them coming directly from Jesus. In 1973 I began working with the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification movement, and during the last thirty-three years, it has been a great delight to ask other members of the group to tell me how God guided them to make a similar commitment. The memories they have shared, recounting their experiences with God and Jesus, and with Reverend Moon, are deeply moving. In some cases, it seems that God guided them quietly and subtly. In others, He guided them in very dramatic ways, through vivid dreams or waking revelations. In a number of instances, people have told how Jesus visited them and gave them direct answers to questions which they had brought to him in urgent, heartfelt prayer.

Over the years, I began to realize that such accounts are not only powerful and moving, but extremely numerous! It began to seem more reasonable to think of them not merely as the experiences of a number of individuals, but much more importantly, as a fascinating and profound phenomena—a body of messages from Heaven concerning the authenticity of a man and his message. It is a phenomena which, once seriously considered, cannot be easily dismissed.

Of course, all major faiths have their share of accounts of miraculous events, but the experiences surrounding Reverend and Mrs. Moon tend to be so touching and profound, not to mention current, that they deserve a wider audience. Therefore, in January 2004, with the encouragement of Rev. Levy Daugherty, Secretary General of the ACLC, I began to put out an appeal, both directly and through the email network of a friend, to ask people associated with the Unification movement, now known as the Family Federation for World Peace (FFWP), to share some of their memories for compilation in a book.

Many people graciously replied, sharing their

testimonies, that is, their declarations about events which they personally experienced. These experiences were precious to them and were in many cases life-changing. In fact, so many responded to this initial appeal that for the most part I simply used accounts selected from these responses. This compilation includes primarily the recollections of those who had experiences with Reverend and Mrs. Moon or revelations about them in the '60s, '70s, '80s and early '90s, prior to the conception of the ACLC. I did make an exception and include the accounts of five pastors so that the ACLC would be represented in this first printing.

I apologize that we could not include the testimonies of all the pastors and religious leaders of the American Clergy Leadership Conference. It is well known that many more ACLC members have fascinating and compelling experiences to share about how God confirmed for them the authenticity of the work of the ACLC, and of Father Moon's message. These accounts could easily comprise another book!

The purpose of this book, then, is to share with you a small sample of these wonderful memories. I hope they will make you curious enough to begin investigating on your own about Reverend Moon. I urge you, whenever the opportunity arises, to ask Family Federation members and other members of the ACLC to share with you what God did in their lives to convince them that Father and Mother Moon are genuinely anointed for a special mission. There is nothing like hearing these memories in direct, face-to-face conversation with the people who experienced them.

A few short comments may help to make the following accounts more easily understandable. To begin with, the writers often use the names "True Parents," "True Father," or "True Mother." These names reflect the belief that at the human fall, humanity lost not only its original parents, the first human ancestors, but also the ability to experience and manifest true love. Family Federation members believe that God and Jesus have asked Reverend and Mrs. Moon to convey a true and parental love to all people whose lives they touch, and to teach

their followers how to become true parents themselves—to build loving families where children can grow and thrive. These titles reflect the feeling of a parental kind of love from Reverend and Mrs. Moon by those people who refer to them as “True Parents,” not unlike the Roman Catholic practice of calling their priests “Father.” These names do not imply that Father and Mother Moon are meant to replace one’s own parents, who deserve greatest respect and love in their own right.

In reading the testimonies, you will find a few in which people report having had an experience with God in which He shared some of the pain in His own heart. The idea of God experiencing pain may seem alien to some readers, but there are many theologians and a growing number of others who do believe that He can experience suffering. Many today feel that God does indeed suffer, in part because His original hope for mankind remains an unfulfilled dream, in part because He feels so deeply His children’s own sorrows and heartaches. Again, many have concluded that our Heavenly Father will not be entirely liberated from this sorrow until humankind can manage to live in health, harmony and peace, as He has continually asked us to do through the holy scriptures of all the major faiths.

There are over 40 accounts in this collection. I have tried to organize them in a rough way into seven chapters. Although many of the testimonies relate how Jesus personally guided people regarding Reverend Moon and his work, the first chapter focuses almost entirely on such accounts. Chapter Two contains testimonies which more generally tell of encounters with God or with Reverend or Mrs. Moon. Chapter Three presents accounts which describe how God continually and carefully led people over the course of many years, while the fourth chapter includes testimonies showing His love and help in situations where the writers faced tremendous challenges. The accounts in Chapter Five are ones in which the writers describe God’s help and direction through the medium of profound and

unforgettable dreams. The sixth chapter is different from the preceeding ones, in that it does not present accounts of spiritual, or revelatory experiences. Instead it contains testimonies of people’s direct, personal encounters with Reverend and Mrs. Moon. These provide a few very vivid glimpses into the personalities and deep hearts of this amazing and extraordinary couple. One Family Federation member, Joe Kinney, provided an entire collection of brief memories of time he spent with Reverend and Mrs. Moon and their family, and these are presented in Chapter Seven. Finally, to allow Reverend Moon to speak for himself, I have included, in Chapter Eight a collection of excerpts from his speeches over many years which give some insights into how he began his ministry, following the guidance of Jesus. In addition, you will find a few very beautiful passages from an address, “God’s Hope for Man,” delivered in 1973, and four entire speeches that Reverend Moon delivered in the United States, two in the 1970s and the other two quite recently—in 2004 and 2005.

I sincerely ask you to carefully, even prayerfully, consider the testimonies you are about to read. The individuals who share them are rational and responsible men and women who were blessed with extraordinary experiences. It may help to bear in mind the promise found in the Bible, that “I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions . . .” (Acts 2:17).

Finally, the essential intent in presenting these testimonies is not to convert but to promote understanding. It is my hope that while remaining loyal to your own faith tradition, you will find the following accounts to be as beautiful and thought-provoking as I have. Perhaps you will also find that you want to begin an open-minded investigation of Father Moon and his ideas about how a more peaceful world can be achieved.

*Clark Eberly
April 19, 2006*

Even if I falter, one Reverend Moon after another will pick up the banner and continue to march forward with it. Don't you want to possess such a noble dream? Everyone is curious that I never seem to get tired, but they do not know this secret—with such a dream, how can one get tired or bored?

*Reverend Sun Myung Moon
"Noble Dream"
December 1, 1981*

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CHAPTER ONE—JESUS

Testimony of Pamela Stein

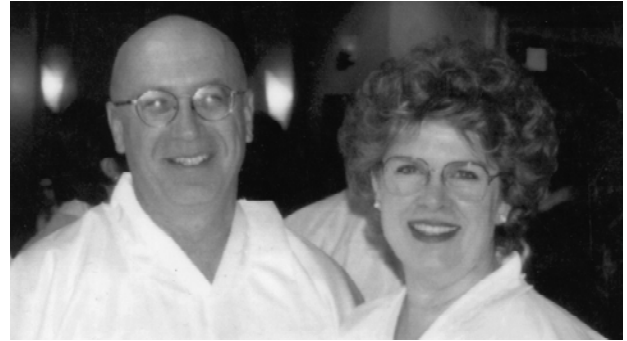
Religious Background

Born a Catholic, I loved the ritual of the Church. I loved the stories of the saints. I loved the thought that I could get people out of Purgatory by saying the Rosary. As early as 7 years old, I was comforted to know that my little self could influence the lives of souls, who meant well on earth but were nevertheless trapped in the flames of Purgatory—souls crying out with anguish who wanted to be healed and move closer to God. I often fell asleep with my rosary, mumbling Hail Marys, with visions of souls lifting off hot rocks and flying to heaven.

When I was nine years old, my family became Lutheran. In the Lutheran Church, I learned to sing in the choir, and I could go to Sunday School. I loved Thursday night choir rehearsal and even though I couldn't sing on key, I was still a member of the "junior choir" and very proud of it. The Luther League became my social life in high school.

As I grew up, I wanted to become a missionary. I took it literally that God was my Father and I was His daughter. My life of faith was very real, and I talked to God daily about all sorts of issues. Yet, much as I loved God as my Heavenly Father, I had never once "met Jesus." I greatly admired his message, but I did not understand what it meant to be saved, and I didn't feel like a sinner.

Then a momentous encounter happened in my twenty-first year, on February 5, 1967. I was "reborn in the Holy Spirit" in a little attic in Berkeley, California. I was visiting a friend of mine, Grant Scott, who was a reborn Christian. We were having an ongoing discussion about God and our lives of faith when he said something that struck me to the core—something I believed, but didn't know I did because I had never heard it put into words.



Grant told me with utmost sincerity and passion that the message of Jesus is this: "The purpose of our lives is to be loved by God and to return love to God. We were created by God to be loved. We are born to love each other. That is why we are a family. We are God's family. We are actually all brothers and sisters. Jesus wants to gather us up together and bring us to God. That is what he came to do, to create God's family."

It was so simple, so beautiful. I cried as the Holy Spirit filled me 100%. In that little attic, at 3:15 PM on February 5, 1967, I was reborn in the Spirit. For days following, I danced with happiness. At that time I was working in a hospital in Oakland, California. I said, "I love you" to everyone I met, even to dogs and flowers and the food I ate! I hugged patients and their family members. I didn't want to go to sleep at night. What a treasure I carried!

Thus began my personal relationship with Jesus, an intimate and caring relationship that ultimately led me to the "Unified Family" in 1969.

A natural expression of my rebirth came in service to others. I loved working in the hospital as a Patient Care Receptionist on various wards, taking care of patient requests, patient visitors, nurses' messages to doctors, deciphering doctors' handwriting, ordering medications, and just generally loving and working to heal the world around me. When I was working at

the hospital, I never cared what time it was, and I didn't want to leave. I could have easily moved in and lived there 24/7. I felt a calling to live the love of God, to treat every person as my brother or sister.

I was praying daily to know the will of God in my life and how I could help God change the world. I opened the Bible each morning randomly and put my finger somewhere on the page. I opened my eyes and read the passage. That became my direction for the day. I studied any book I could find about the life of Jesus, and I felt genuine regret that I was two thousand years too late to meet him. I used to daydream that I was a young woman of his era and that I was his follower. I imagined that I would make him sandwiches and make sure he had a place to stay at night. I cared for the people around me as if we were living with Jesus during his time on earth. I felt deeply that this was the time when the messiah would return, and that I was being prepared to follow him.

One morning in March 1968, I had stayed up all night typing a thesis paper for my college friend. I banged away on the old machine (not electric!) until the wee hours of the morning, and around 4:30 AM I finally finished and went outside to watch the sunrise. I was disappointed that there was no sun peeking over the horizon, just lots of clouds. As I watched the cloud formations, I was thinking that even though there were so many clouds, the sun was really shining behind the clouds. I was thinking that God is like the sun, always shining, and our lives on earth were restless like the clouds: unpredictable and shifting, sometimes cloudy, sometimes raining, sometimes just plain foggy. Yet the sun was always there.

It was a comforting early morning meditation, when all of a sudden my eye caught a cloud formation in the middle of the sky. It was the face of Jesus! His eyes were closed, and he looked very serious. I couldn't believe it! It was the face I had seen so often, in pictures of his image on the Holy Shroud that had been recently discovered. I stared at the sky with my eyes open wide. I closed my eyes and shook my head, because I thought for sure I was hallucinating from lack of sleep. I looked again, and the face was still there. It was truly remarkable. Then the clouds shifted, and the early morning sunlight began to pour through the eyes of Jesus. Finally, his whole face dissolved in sunlight breaking through. I was so moved, and I began to cry. Jesus wanted to talk to

me. I went to my Bible and opened to a page and read the passage. I knew I was having a sign from God. The passage read: "At that time men will see the Son of Man coming in clouds with great power and glory. And he will send his angels and gather his elect from the four winds, from the ends of the earth to the ends of the heavens." (Mark 13: 26-27) All day long, I knew that I was being called by God to find the messiah.

Continuing to pray and work in the hospital, I had wonderful experiences of studying the Bible and attempting to discover Jesus' life. Through my efforts and prayers, I concluded that Jesus should have married and had a family for God. I wondered who that woman was. Despite the sins of humanity, he made every effort to teach each person he met about God, to uplift their spirit so each one could love God and become God's child. During this time, I received in my prayer, "Pamela, you are a bride of Christ and you will have blessed children." I asked God who would be my spouse for these special children, born of God's blessing, and God said to me, "I will choose your spouse. He is someone who has suffered more than you."

In April of 1969, I went to Europe. In my firm belief that we were brothers and sisters in one family of God, I set out with only my air ticket, a little cash and the clothes I could carry. I wanted to prove that if I just cared for the people that God sent on my path, they would care for me. My message to others was that we do not have to be afraid in this world if we love God first. I traveled in Europe, and in June I found myself in Spain. I was caring for a sick man, living in a little house by the Mediterranean. I ate goat cheese and figs; I meditated and studied the Bible. One day I was meditating in the early morning under a fig tree, and I received a message: The messiah is on the earth: return to America. I felt to my core that this was true. But I did not want to return to America, and I struggled a whole lot about leaving my idyllic life in Spain. I did not respond right away, and misfortune began to find me. I got the message real quick that I was no longer in the right place at the right time!

I returned to America on July 4th, 1969. I returned to hospital work, and only a few weeks later, on August 15th, I was taken by my friend to the Unified Family center to hear the Divine Principle revelation. By this time, I was very desperate to know how I could give my life to God in service. I was reading

eight books on different religions, searching for where our messiah was. I asked Jesus to guide me daily. When I heard the Divine Principle, I recognized many points from the revelations I had personally received. I was amazed and honored to be guided to this small group of young people like myself, who wanted to transform the world into one family for God. On September 9, 1969, I moved into the Berkeley, California church center and began my life as a missionary.

Missionary to Congo

During my various missions in the Unification movement over these past thirty five years, I have met Jesus on many an occasion. I especially walked close to him during my years as a missionary in the Congo (1975-1979). In spring of 1975, I was assigned to Congo-Brazzaville, a Communist country. Just before I left America, I was struggling greatly. I did not want to go to Africa and (as I imagined) be eaten by cannibals or be flung around the jungle by gorillas. I did not want to fall off a boat and be eaten by a crocodile, and I did not want to sweat with malaria or eat boiled monkeys and fried caterpillars. I was struggling a lot with the idea of being a missionary to the Congo. My fear was stronger than my faith. I told Reverend Moon that there was no American Embassy in the Congo because it was a Communist country. He looked at me for a minute and said, "OK, you don't have to go." *I did not say to him, "Oh, goodie, thank you so much!"* I sighed; my conscience told me what I had to do.

One day, not long after this meeting with Reverend Moon, I was walking down the street and I passed a Catholic Church. I felt a yearning to sit in the cool pews and to breathe the air of my early childhood religious tradition. I went into the church and lit a candle. I prayed for a minute, and then I looked around. I noticed the Stations of the Cross and decided I would walk around the church and pray at each Station, as I was taught to do in my childhood. This particular church had the Stations made from cement molds, in 3-D style. When I came to the Station where Jesus is receiving the Cross, I stopped and was awestruck by what I saw.

I saw Jesus receiving the Cross with his arms wide open. The Holy Spirit touched me, and tears streamed along my face. I heard such sweet words inside my

heart: "Pamela, look: I do not hide my face or turn away. I received the Cross with arms wide stretched. I chose what was chosen for me. Be brave, and I will walk with you." Knowing Jesus would be right there beside me, I had the courage to go to the Congo.

So it was, that on May 28, 1975, I arrived in Brazzaville. Weeks earlier, in faith, I had applied for a visa in Paris. Miraculously, I was given one. As the weeks and months followed, in faith I lived a life of poverty, with no language skill and sick with malaria most the time. In faith I was imprisoned, and in faith I came out. All in the short time of 6 months. By the time I left Brazzaville, I had renewed my simple faith that we are here to be loved by God, to love others by service, and are free at all times to choose the way of Christ, even if imprisoned.

While in prison, I talked with Jesus. I was so afraid I would be abused or tortured. I cried in front of the big African guards, "I want my Mama! I want my Mama!" I was a real ninny—a real sincere one. I think it was at that moment they decided I wasn't a CIA spy, in spite of my being an American. Instead, they saw a sister who missed her mother.

In the middle of the night, I asked Jesus how he forgave the people who had wanted to kill him. Where did that kind of love come from? I was afraid of my captors. I was afraid of the cross. Jesus said to me, "Pamela. I wanted to comfort my Heavenly Father. I didn't want my Heavenly Father to become discouraged and disappointed by my situation, so I encouraged him: 'Father, forgive them! They don't know what they are doing!' I wanted Heavenly Father to have a victory, the victory of forgiveness, even by my death. Can you do that Pamela?"

I got such peace that night, and I was ready to help Heavenly Father love the African communists who kept His daughter a prisoner. I couldn't wait to meet the first one. That was the day I was set free. It was truly a dramatic miracle. I had passed over the cross to the other side.

A few months later, I was sent to the other Congo — Kinshasa Congo, Zaire — and there I worked for three years as a member of a dynamic mission team. I established a typing school for girls, to give them skills as an alternative to prostitution. We were free to teach our mission of unity and true love. We lived together: white, black, yellow. Within two years, our membership grew quickly and successfully. Jesus helped us so much, especially when we were perse-

cuted by Christian missionaries. After awhile, they realized that we were all on the same team and to fight with each other was actually laughable to the African people. The Africans understood the message of Jesus better than anyone! In the end, they assisted the white missionaries to become friends with each other.

Exchange Marriage

During my teen years, as I was learning about God as my Heavenly Father, I discovered the Holocaust stories of the Jewish survivors. I told Heavenly Father that until I had suffered as they did, I could never expect Him to love me. I felt humbled by the stories I read, and strengthened that such amazing people were living in my lifetime. As I studied the faith of the Jews, I read the Bible with a different perspective and remembered that Jesus was also a Jew. I was so deeply touched when Reverend Moon matched me with the son of Holocaust survivors — Dan Stein, born of Jewish refugees from Los Angeles, California. We agreed to the exchange marriage, where for the sake of world peace, we marry the descendant of our ancestors' enemies.

Jesus was very strict with me when I married my husband Dan. We were matched by Reverend and Mrs. Moon and married in the 1800 Couple Blessing on February 8, 1975, in Korea. The week after that, we went to Japan to a huge rally at the Buddakan center. Despite my pride in having an "exchange marriage" I was having a difficult time feeling comfortable with my Jewish husband. Although we spoke the same language, English, we had a terrible tension between us. It seemed that we couldn't understand anything the other one said or meant; I felt rejected by him, and he felt agitated by me. We didn't like to be together, even though we were both proud of our marriage for world peace. It was a real dilemma, and I was very unhappy. As we gathered inside the hall for the great rally, I became extremely fatigued. I went to the ladies room to splash my face, and I felt a great need to cry. I went inside one of the toilet stalls and cried very deeply. I was not a happy bride at all. I said in my prayer, "Jesus, dear Jesus! You are Jewish! My husband is your brother! Surely you must love him! Please give me your love for him!"

I became extremely drowsy, and I fell asleep right there on the toilet seat, my head against the wall. I

had a very amazing dream. To this day, more than thirty years later, I can see it clearly. I saw Jesus being pushed to the ground by Romans. I saw their big sweaty back muscles, and the huge arms that held an iron hammer. I cried out, "No, no! Don't do it! This is Jesus! Don't hurt him!" I was hysterical in my dream, yet I couldn't be heard by the Roman soldiers.

Then a voice said to me, "Pamela! Look here!" I looked up and there was the hand of Jesus with the wounds of his crucifixion before me. He held his hands out to me and said, "Pamela! This was my wedding day! Do not complain about yours!" I awoke shocked. This dream had only taken a few seconds. I was deeply chastised. Jesus was to have been blessed in holy marriage; his only desire was to create a family for Heavenly Father. A blessed Family! Now I was blessed by True Parents, with God having guided them to choose my spouse, just as He had promised me! It was a great day! And I was pouting like a child, unable to feel gratitude for the great blessing I had received. I repented with tears, and then I ran upstairs to look for my Jewish husband. I found him and took his hand and said for the first time to him, "I love you. Thank you for accepting me as your spouse and the mother of our future children."

That was thirty years ago. Today we have four children. Three of our children are also blessed in marriage, and in July 2004, Dan and I became grandparents. We are expecting a second grandchild at the end of the year 2006. One of the ways we have taught our children is through the Old and New Testaments. We taught them, "Here are the models of men and women of God. You are also from this lineage of people who loved God, and you must find out what God wants you to do here on earth. Let's study these heroes of the Bible and see if you can become strong and wise and loving as they are." We also taught them: "If you could help Jesus, what would you do? By living for others as Jesus taught, you bring him back to earth." ■

Pam and Dan Stein have been members of the Unification movement for over thirty five years. They were blessed in 1975 in Korea and have one daughter and three sons. In July 2004, they became the proud grandparents of Liana, baby daughter of their first son. They are currently the National Messiah family to Britain and live in Bowie, MD.

Testimony of Susan Fefferman

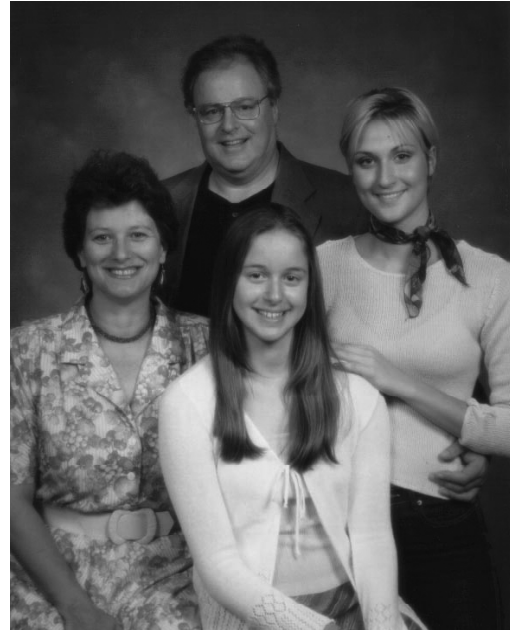
1972—Visitation by Jesus

In January 1972, I had been a member of the Unification movement for eight months. I had grown in many ways and had become comfortable in our (then) communal style of living. But the challenges had not been enough, and I intuitively felt I needed more.

Reverend and Mrs. Moon came to the United States at that time and I could meet the “True Parents.” They were a new experience for me, and I struggled with the words of “Teacher Moon.” I didn’t know what to think or feel, so I began to ask God. I had to stretch my mind and heart to understand this man, who spoke little English at the time. He was very animated when he spoke, and he challenged many of my limitations.

But God guided me, and, amazingly, I found myself on a bus traveling the countryside with “brothers and sisters” from across America—ninety seven of us altogether, I believe. We traveled with True Parents for the next few months and lived in very humble, cramped situations. But I loved it. I had many experiences with the heart of God. I was even healed from what I considered to be a serious illness in my chest (probably a bad cold leading into bronchitis) by simply following Father Moon’s direction to our members to go out and win the hearts of the people we met.

One morning, Father Moon talked about the extreme time in which we were living. He said there would be a need for martyrs (meaning people who loved God so much that, like the followers of Gandhi or the people who worked with Martin Luther King, they would be willing to go into dangerous situations and even risk death in order to help the cause of peace). I was sitting up front at his feet, and after I realized what he said, I wanted to dig a hole under me and escape. Die! I wasn’t ready for that. So I struggled with it all day long on the cold streets of New York. Finally, that night I left my usual sleeping place and found the coldest place in the house. I needed a showdown with God. I



wrote out all my fears and anger and confusion. I wrote them out, emptying myself of the struggle, with tears flowing until my eyes were nearly swollen shut. I could finally say with total conviction, “Heavenly Father, I give my life for Your cause. I will die if that is what You want me to do.” Then I felt Him answer me, “Now that you have given Me your life, you don’t have to die. Be a living offering.” The next morning I was back at Father Moon’s feet, listening with red, swollen eyes but with a big smile on my face.

As we traveled across the country in a caravan, I had begun to read the Koran to learn what Muslims believed. My parents’ closest friends were from Iran and were marginally Muslim. I found that the Koran mentions Jesus and Mary. I was encouraged, as that would be a common point that would allow us to come together in heart. As I finished my reading by flashlight, sitting in my bus seat by the aisle, I saw something wonderful. It was Jesus in flowing white, silvery robes with a cowl hood over his head. I could not see his face, but he moved down the aisle. I looked around, thinking he couldn’t possibly be coming to me, but everyone else except the driver

and co-driver were sound asleep. He continued to come down the aisle to me, and he stretched out his hands, his beautiful hands, to me. They had scars on the palms where the nails had been, and I remembered how lonely he had been, on the cross. He reached out to me and said simply, "You are doing the right thing. No matter what anyone says, you are doing the right thing." He then turned and simply disappeared.

When we arrived in Los Angeles, I met for the first time some angry, accusing Christians. They would not be the last ones that would literally call me Satan and even hit me with their Bibles. Nonetheless, Jesus was with me and comforted my heart. I could experience what Jesus felt when he was opposed by his own people and called a blasphemer. I could love them and not get angry, but deal with them patiently and with love, because of him. I carry him with me until this day and thank him for all he has done for me.

Testimony of Experiencing God

One night in 1971, prior to the experiences mentioned above, I stayed up all night with another friend listening to the music of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. That night, I came to realize how much Jesus had suffered—just how much he was misunderstood and alone, and yet how much he loved God and continued his mission because he had promised he would. I shed tears to comfort Jesus. With this heart, I met the fledgling Unification movement in May of 1971 at twenty-two years of age. I was fresh out of the University of Michigan, quite full of myself, and open to a new start far from my home in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

I immediately loved the international flavor of the San Francisco group led by Rev. and Mrs. Choi, (pronounced "chay"). I spent a weekend at a typical workshop, listening to lectures, and I even had to sing at the evening program for the first time in my life. It was scary! Yet during that weekend, I understood that history had a pattern that one could uncover to see what God had been doing to save humankind. I also saw that all problems had a "root," and that root led right back to the first man and woman and Lucifer, who became Satan. It was basic stuff, but all new to me.

My mind was hungry to know more, but I was no fool. I felt that this stuff they were teaching me had strings attached, and I kept up my guard. After the weekend, I returned to the little center in Oakland—with 8 people, if I remember correctly. The first night, at our evening prayer meeting, I was asked to pray. I said all the right words and did not embarrass myself (I was a very proud girl). But the next night, I was asked to pray again. Hmm. I don't like doing the same thing twice; I always want to improve on it and make it better. Quick as a flash, I thought, "This time I will use my heart!" I said, "Heavenly Father..." with my heart wide open. To my utter astonishment, He answered me, "YES, I AM YOUR FATHER." I have no idea what I said after that. It didn't matter. I floated for the next two weeks. I had been hit by the love of God, and I had to have more.

I spent two weeks with Mrs. Oni Durst in Oakland before moving to San Francisco to the bigger church center. There I learned to live with thirty to forty people in the same house. I think my bedroom held four to six "sisters" at a time. I began to realize my "fallen nature" as I lived and served with this group, and so I began to pray each morning to be able to feel the heart of God so I could change myself. I wanted to become less selfish and self-centered—to become a vessel for God's love. It was an effort to be reborn. I offered my personal prayer each morning on the hardwood floor, with all the brothers and sisters. One morning, I awoke late! I threw on my clothes and ran down stairs. My knees hit the wooden floor hard, and I launched into a serious prayer.

This time, I was overcome by intense sobs and unbearable sorrow. My body shook, and I lost awareness of my surroundings. I wept for forty-five minutes, and when I finally sat up, my sweater, skirt and the floor around me were all wet from my tears. I felt numb and wondered what had happened. My heart had been broken in the past, and I knew heartache, but I had never before imagined anything like this pain. Then I felt a voice in my heart say to me, "Because you are so small (my heart), I could only give you a very little of My heart." I was shocked and ashamed and redoubled my efforts to change myself so that God could share more of His precious heart with me.

My faith has remained unchanged since that

time. My heart has been broken and damaged many times, but it heals each time and I try to become a deeper person. The taste of God's love has intoxicated me and has been my source of joy and continued strength. I am deeply grateful and consider myself very fortunate. ■

Susan Fefferman joined the Unification movement in May of 1971 and was blessed to Dan Fefferman in February 1975 in the 1800 couples blessing in Korea. She then postponed her

honeymoon and spent the next four years, "loving Iranians and Turks instead of my husband, to bring reconciliation, understanding and world peace." She graduated from the Unification Theological Seminary in 1988. Susan and Dan have two daughters, Donsu, 23 and Kaeleigh, 17. Susan was recently the pastor of New Hope Family Church in Maryland, and is on the national board for Women's Federation for World Peace-USA. She is currently focusing on efforts to help bring peace in the Middle East and South Asia.

Testimony of Debbie Scott-Robbins

*"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
(Luke 11:9)*

As I was growing up, my best friend was Jesus. I talked to him and often praised him, as he was my personal Lord and Savior. He silently but lovingly guided me through the painful trials of my teens.

I was in my third year in college, and it was St. Patrick's Day. I was just coming from mass when I stopped a young lady on the street to ask the time. We started a conversation, and she ended up inviting me to the "center" where she said they were discussing how a world of peace could be built. Being a political science student, I found that topic very interesting, as it was a goal of mine to work for world peace. So I went to the church center, and when they were talking about world peace they talked about God and His principles of creation. This was exactly what I was thirsting to hear. I had already established in my heart the understanding that a world of peace could never be built by politicians and political ideas, no matter how well-intentioned. I believed people had to work in partnership with God to build peace. Only God is big enough to embrace cultures at war, and people who believe in



God can best share His love with one another.

They invited me to go to a workshop where we would be able to pray and talk about the principles God used to create the world and humankind, about how the first people fell away from God, and how God is working through history to restore us. It sounded fascinating, and I decided to go. The work-

shop would begin on Good Friday and conclude on Easter Sunday.

My workshop lecturer was a young lady who came from the same faith background as I did, and we instantly connected in heart. Very quietly, and with much insight and wisdom, she set out to explain the Divine Principle.

It was Saturday afternoon. She had finished two lectures: "Principles of Creation" and "The Fall of Man," and now was in the middle of the lecture, "The Mission of Jesus." This was something most interesting to me, as I loved Jesus very much. I doubted there was much she could explain to me about Jesus' mission that I didn't already know, having read the New Testament many, many times and having participated in literally hundreds of Bible study sessions. Still, I consider Jesus to be very much my personal Lord and Savior, and was always interested in talking about him.

Then she started talking about John the Baptist and had an interesting angle on his life, one I had never heard before. But she backed up everything she said with evidence from the Bible. It was a bit unsettling for me to learn this other perspective on the prophet's life and work.

She went into great detail about Jesus' mission, and how God had prepared His chosen people for thousands of years to love, follow and accept Jesus as the messiah. Using Jesus' words and actions, she illustrated how intensely Jesus wanted people to understand his mission and believe him. She made history come to life, and I understood more deeply than I ever had before how great was Jesus' anguish when he wept over Jerusalem and lamented how he had wanted to gather his believers under his wing, as a hen gathers her chicks. She gave a deep explanation of the prayer of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, of asking that the way of crucifixion be reconsidered, but in the end offering himself as a complete sacrifice to God's will.

Through the lecture, I understood something I never had before. I understood that the anguish of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane was entirely without selfish motive. Jesus' tears in the garden had nothing to do with a last-minute struggle with his humanity. Intuitively, this explanation just seemed right to me.

Then she came to the conclusion that shocked me out of my mind—that Jesus' crucifixion was not

God's original plan for Jesus. He was not sent here to die. He came to save us by living and demonstrating by his own example, how to embody God's standards as a brother, a husband and a father.

"What?! Did you say Jesus didn't come to die? No way!" I was shocked. I couldn't believe it.

I stood up suddenly and said, "I have to go pray." They were surprised that I was leaving, but I didn't care. I went upstairs to the bedroom where I had slept the night before and locked the door behind me. I wanted to be alone.

I got down on my knees and I started to pray. I am now forty eight years old, and in retrospect, I have to say that my prayer at that time was the most sincere, most ardent and the most desperate of my entire life! I remember the prayer as if it were just yesterday that I offered it. "Jesus! Jesus! Can this be true? Could it be true that my Lord and Savior did not come to shed his blood for me? How could this be? Jesus," I cried aloud, "I have to know if this is true! I will not move from where I am kneeling now until you tell me what is true. I will not eat. I will not sleep until you tell me what is true! It doesn't matter how long it takes for you to answer my prayer—I will stay here, at this spot until you answer my prayer!"

"Jesus, if these people's teaching is false and you were sent by God to die on the cross, then I promise you that I will bring this movement down with my bare hands. Whatever it takes, I promise to bring them to the dust. We can't let falsehood be spreading like this through these workshops.

"If, however, this teaching is correct . . . If you did not come intending to die for our sins, then the world must know, and I will share this with everyone I know, and especially all my friends who have committed their lives to you and who love you."

By this time, I was praying and crying so hard that I felt like my insides were pouring out my eyeballs. I was sweating and praying so intensely that time stopped for me, and all that existed in the world was my desire to know the truth. I have no idea how long I was on my knees but I know that I was very loudly wailing in prayer, and the bed at which I was kneeling was sopping wet, as were my clothes and the floor around me. I begged Jesus to let me know the truth about his mission. I had to know! I told him I couldn't live another day without knowing. "Did you come to die? Or didn't you?" I

demanded. “I have to know. Is their teaching true or not?”

I would not budge until I knew the truth. I was exhausted from crying so hard and so long, but I would not get off my knees until I clearly knew the answer to my prayer. I had been choking because I had been crying so hard. Finally, I was trying just to get my breath back. Then I heard something . . . a voice... I heard a voice.

“It is true.”

I stayed still as a statue on my knees. I waited . . . Did I actually hear what I thought I had heard?

“It is true.”

I looked behind me. I was alone in the room. I felt the voice came from within me, not from outside, but I looked just to be sure. I had never ever before heard a voice like this. I was stunned. I couldn’t believe it. I was shocked to hear that the voice was saying what I didn’t expect.

“It is true.”

Hearing the voice the third time, I knew that this was Jesus answering my prayer. “Oh, Lord Jesus! Thank you! Thank you!” Once again I broke into tears as I rejoiced to learn the truth about Jesus’ mission. Once again, I watered the bedspread, the floor and everything around me, but this time the tears were shed in gratitude to know that my Lord and Savior cared enough to answer my prayer. I wanted

to shout it from the mountaintop. I wanted to immediately go out and tell all my friends at my church. But how could I help them understand? Well, Jesus would help me.

The next day was Easter Sunday. It was the most special Easter for me. I felt so much closer to Jesus than ever before.

Thank you, Jesus, my love and my life! ■

Deborah Ann Scott-Robbins, after living abroad for nine years and having done missionary work in Luxembourg, Germany, Great Britain, and New Zealand, now resides in Maryland with her husband, Cecil Robbins, and her three children. You may have met her if you ever attended a conference sponsored by the American Family Coalition, CAUSA International, the World Association of Non-Governmental Organizations, the ACLC, or the World Media Association, as she has been conference director or served on the staff for numerous conferences held all over the United States, as well as South Korea, Thailand and Hungary. Debbie presently works in the health field and is executive director of the Sunshine Foundation, a non-profit organization that donates food, blankets and clothing to people in North Korea.

Testimony of Barbara Grabner

I grew up as an only child in a village twenty miles south of the town of Salzburg, Austria. If you have seen the movie *Sound of Music*, you know the surroundings of my childhood. The first deep religious experience I had happened around the age of four. Suddenly, I noticed the cross in the corner of our kitchen. I asked my father what this was. My father explained that the man hanging on the cross was a very good man—the Son of God, who helped and healed many people. Alas, some



people who did not understand him tortured him and nailed him on the cross. My father showed me how the nails pierced the hands and feet. My young mind was so upset! I begged my father to take the poor man down from the cross—on the spot. My parents were at a loss because they could not calm me down. Finally, they found a solution. “Well, we shall take him down next time we paint the kitchen.” I was satisfied, because I thought this would happen soon (in reality it took years). When I became older, I still was unable to perceive the death of Jesus as having been the desire of God—despite the explanations of the church.

As soon as I was able to read fluently, I started to study the Bible. It was really hard work for a nine year old girl, especially as our family Bible was printed in ancient German lettering. But I was deeply inspired by the stories of our Catholic village priest about the calling of young Samuel or the battles of David, and so on. I enjoyed reading the dramatic accounts in the Old Testament, though some of the content and many expressions were impossible to understand at my young age. At that time, my mother took me to church, even on weekdays. While praying the rosary, my mind started to wander. I promised God to become a defender of the faith or maybe a saint, if I did not marry.

At the age of ten, I started to have visions. They were so vivid that I needed days to understand that it was “just a dream” and not a real event. One time, I saw stars circling on the ends of the roof of our home and mysterious fiery signs in the sky. I was excited, because I thought that the Last Days had arrived, and I called my mother to look at these signs. My mother looked up but could not see anything. Her reaction disappointed me.

My teenage religiosity intensified when I watched the newly released movie *Quo Vadis*. I started to read the book and asked myself if I would be willing to die like those martyrs. To endure martyrdom became for me the ultimate test of faith. In my mind I went through various kinds of torture, like being roasted or facing the lions, always worrying about my capacity to endure pain.

In my late teenage years, I also was exposed to various types of materialistic thoughts, like Marxism and Darwinism. How could I prove that God really existed and that the Bible was superior? I felt that I had to unlock that “Book of Seven Seals”

from the Bible. But who had the key? Our priest suggested to me several modern books, but their explanations did not satisfy me at all. Finally, I was ready to change my denomination if some other faith could help me. However, considering the strong Catholic tradition in our family, this was a rather heretical idea—one which I kept to myself.

At the age of twenty, I was introduced to the faith of the local Unification community by my girl friend, Brigitte. At that time I was working as a kindergarten teacher in Salzburg. During the first lecture, I was so inspired about the explanation of the relationship between God and human beings that I had a vision of the gate of heaven opened! God finally started to answer all my questions.

I was a very active listener, one who demanded to know everything—immediately! (I found out later that the church members almost gambled as to who had to lecture me, because I gave them such a hard time.) After the fourth lecture, I was sure that this teaching was congruent to the contents of the Bible. I asked, “Who is the author of this teaching? Is he a prophet? Where does he live?” They said, “At the final lecture, you will hear about him.” I shouted, “Why later and not now?” I almost exploded with impatience.

When I finally heard the lecture about the time parallels in history, I was sure: The time has come! The center leader was very pleased with my response and immediately went to show me a picture of the Second Coming. With a gentle smile, she gave me the picture. I was flabbergasted—what is that? The picture showed an Asian man and woman and a few children, casually dressed and sitting relaxed on a couch. I thought, “This man looks rather like some Protestant minister. If he is the messiah, I shall eat a broomstick!” But at that moment, I remembered the problem of John the Baptist. “Oh, well, let us give him a chance to prove himself.” I told the church members that I would continue to study.

The next time I came, they led me to the study room and gave me a book written by Dr. Young Oon Kim, introducing the Divine Principle revelation. When I read the passage about the similarity of the time of Jesus’ birth and the Second Coming, I started to joke about this “nonsense.” In the next moment, I was stunned.

I saw Jesus pass through the room, saying, “I am

in this place!” Then he disappeared as he had entered. A wave of peace settled around me.

In the following days, I was so concerned not to make a mistake. When I knelt down to pray to ask if this was really the truth, it was ringing from all sides, “Yes! Yes!” and God chastised me gently, “Why do you ask me again? This was my answer.” From that time on, I started to study the Divine Principle and Reverend Moon with a calm mind and the assurance that God and Jesus had led me there. In 1976 the movement was much persecuted, and bad rumors swept through my hometown. I responded to the accusations this way: “I shall leave if I find out that this teaching is wrong.” Despite my watchfulness, I just became more and more convinced over the years. It was not people who convinced me, but revelations given by Heaven.

(Editor’s note: In many of the testimonies one will find the term, “messiah.” It is very important to define the term. In Reverend Moon’s teaching, “messiah” does not mean as it does for many

Christians, a concept of God, as expressed in the idea of the Trinity. Rather, the word means a human being—a man—albeit a man with a special mission, given him by Jesus. This mission is to be a teacher, healer and parent for people living in a world much in need of wisdom, healing and love. Moreover, Father Moon teaches that all people should become messiahs, or teachers and healers in their own families, communities and societies. For Christian readers it is important to explain that the assertion of messiahship for Reverend Moon does not mean that Reverend Moon is Jesus, for no one will ever take Jesus’ place. It does mean that God and Jesus anointed him for his mission.) ■

Barbara Grabner joined the Family Federation movement in February 1976. Presently, she is living with her husband Milos (Klas) and son Laurenc in Slovakia. Barbara is working as a journalist for environmental organizations.

Testimony of Richard Francis

First Encounter

My name is Richard Francis, and I was born on the Caribbean island of Barbados in the year 1954. My grandmother was a member of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, and my mother was a Seventh Day Adventist. Between the both of them, my brothers and I had more church than we cared for, but we had no say in the matter!

Whenever I was in church, I always day-dreamed that the messiah would come while I was in church. In 1970, at age sixteen, I was knocked out during a martial arts session, and I experienced something that changed my life forever. It was from that experience that I became aware of the spiritual world.

One year later, in 1971, I began having dreams every morning at around 5:00 AM. For



exactly three years, I would dream of an Oriental man who would appear to me in what appeared to be a huge stadium filled with people. He was always dressed in a suit and tie, and he would always look me straight in the eye while pointing his index finger at me and smiling. When I discussed it with my grandmother, she said, "Because you love martial arts, you are having those dreams." It was during that time that I began the quest to find the truth.

Sometime around early 1975, while walking through one of our bus terminals, I saw a young native man with a book in his hand. The picture on the front of the book caught my eye. Immediately, I recognized the face of the man in my dreams, so I walked up and said, "I know that man." The guy replied, "You do not know him," to which I said, "Yes I do!" But I did not tell him how I knew the man. However, the picture on the cover of the young man's book was exactly how True Father appeared in my dreams.

Part Two

Two weeks later, I met one of the Japanese missionaries from the Unification Church and was invited to the church center. While waiting for the lecture, I curiously opened a Divine Principle Book, and I saw the picture of Father Moon. The book immediately seemed to turn to gold, and a blinding ray of white light from Father's picture came out at me. I froze; then I regained my composure and ran out.

Part Three

After a few weeks, I went back to the church center because I could not sleep. After the first lecture I was asked to pray about it. After seven days of praying, Jesus appeared to me with Father Moon beside him. Then Jesus went behind Father Moon and into him. This was not a dream. This occurred while I was praying on the

last day of that prayer and fast. Then I knew that God and Jesus had sent Father Moon.

Ironically enough, I found out that the first missionaries sent out by Father Moon in 1974 had established their first center up behind the hill which was a stone's throw from my house. I finally answered God's call on January 1, 1976.

As a young church member, I was always curious as to whether Father Moon could heal people. Then in 1982, I got the answer through a direct experience. I had injured my right hip during a martial arts training accident one Saturday afternoon and had to be carried out. I did not want to go to the hospital, because I did not want to miss our early 5:00 AM service, even though I was in excruciating pain. "I will see a doctor after service," I thought.

But during the night Father Moon came to me, looking very serious, and touched my right hip. He pointed his finger at me with that look in his eyes, as if to say, "You doubting Thomas," and then he left. I was awakened at 4:30 AM, and my thoughts went to my injured hip. Suddenly, a voice said, "Get up," which I apprehensively did. To my amazement there was not an inkling of pain. Everyone was shocked when I walked into the room. After service I gave my testimony.

God is truly walking with the couple we know as True Parents.

Thank you, and may God richly bless you.

Richard Francis ■

Name: Richard J. Francis

Hometown: Bridgetown, Barbados

Joined our church: January 1, 1975

Blessing Group: 360,000 Couples

Member of the Clifton, NJ congregation

Korean Mobilization 2003

Israel Mobilization 2004

Presently working as a member of the New Yorker Hotel Middle Management Team. Richard and his wife Evelyn have a daughter, Jazzera Adia, and a son, Ethan Taeho.

Testimony of Yolanda Watanabe

A Testimony of Finding Reverend Moon In My Life

After hearing the statement, “Jesus didn’t come to die” from my friend, there was no doubt in my mind that whoever had told her that had to possess an amazing truth. From a very young age, I just knew that the death of Jesus couldn’t have possibly been something that God had planned. Something was wrong with that picture. But where could a nine-year-old go with this issue? Therefore, it lay there, silently, in my heart.

I had grown up in Argentina, in a household where religion was not a priority, to say the least. Although no one at home had encouraged me to do so, I became very interested in Jesus and developed a great love for him. I would rise early on Sundays to go to mass, by myself. I would walk one mile to church, because somehow I felt that I would meet Jesus there. However, I remember giving up religion by the time I graduated from high school. My attention had turned to the world, and I was very opinionated and passionate about the political and social issues of my country. I longed for equality, for justice, and sympathized with the “Montoneros,” a Communist youth front very active on all college campuses at that time, thinking that they might be able to bring about a better society.

I was twenty years old when I was finally introduced to Divine Principle, almost thirty years ago. My long-time friend had met the Unification movement on a trip she had taken to England, and on her return, she shared with me what she had learned. At that time, I was very open to new ideas and thirsty for truth. I received Divine Principle like someone receives water after being in the desert for a long time. I felt that all the pieces of the puzzle were finally put together in front of me. My heart just knew that this truth would change my life forever.

My friend and I went to meet the Unification



Church missionary, who at that time was living by himself in Buenos Aires, to hear in more detail the contents of the Divine Principle. He invited us to a small room with blue walls, which I’ll never forget, and lectured us for hours . . . hours that felt like minutes. We didn’t want to go back home! We wanted to stay there forever. I can’t express how swollen with joy my heart was after I heard the conclusion of the lectures. I had difficulty breathing, because the joy was too much to handle. From all the people in the world, from all the people in history, God was calling little me to meet Jesus in his second coming! I felt like I was a twentieth century Peter!

That night I had a powerful dream. In my dream I went back to the room with blue walls, and as I walked in, I saw Father Moon sitting there. It was just he and I in that small room. My heart spoke to him, “I have longed for you all my life.” The deepest longing for Jesus and God was being expressed right there, and Father received it on their behalf, with a reassuring smile. I ran to embrace him and basked in that divine love until my heart felt full.

After that experience with Father, I felt Jesus was back in my life. He became very real to me. I would go to the big cathedral in my city and talk to Jesus for hours. I wanted to comfort him and reassure him that this time things would be different. One day,

looking at him on the cross, I cried to the point that my eyes were so swollen I could hardly open them. I decided to buy a big silver medallion with the profile of Jesus in it, his hair in the wind, and I wore it proudly on my chest. I felt I knew the real Jesus, and, yes! I was right all along: he hadn't come to be crucified! "Look, world! I'm with the Jesus whose hair is blowing in the wind! He's back, and he's alive!" This knowledge kept me awake at night, many nights, with my heart in awe.

Three years after that, I had the opportunity to attend the first international 40-day workshop in New York. Young members came from forty nations, as the first fruits of the missionary work around the world. I felt I was already in heaven. We had never met each other, we couldn't even speak each other's languages, coming from totally different cultural and religious backgrounds, all colors of skin, all personalities, and yet we connected immediately like brothers and sisters.

At that time, we had the opportunity to meet Father in a very intimate way. One day we were all sitting tightly together in the living room of his little apartment at the New Yorker Hotel, sharing cheesecake with him. Father looked at us with much love. We represented the hope, the dream of True Parents, although we were just the seedling of that dream. I just wish I had not been so young at that time! I wish I could have given Father more hope and more confidence. I wish I had been a bigger, more influential person in society, so more people could have listened to me and understood True Parents' vision.

During our visit to his apartment, Father gave us a chance to ask him questions—any question. I raised my hand, and Father picked me. I asked the question I had always asked to missionaries or elders of our church who came to Argentina. Everyone had tried to answer that question, but I could never feel completely satisfied with their answer. The question was, "Father, what was the exact moment in which Lucifer turned into Satan?"

Father became very serious, understood exactly what I was asking, and answered very simply, "When he looked at himself." He went on to elaborate more, but honestly, I couldn't focus on what he was saying after that, because behind those simple words there was a revelation being unfolded for me. I just knew exactly what he meant. Even today, those words carry a lesson that I need to learn again and again. I will treasure that experience forever.

I remember the holiness of Sunday mornings during those forty days, when we prepared to go to Belvedere (Reverend and Mrs. Moon's residence in the early 1970s) to see Father—the precious memory of all of us getting ready as early as 2:30 AM, sharing a simple breakfast in silence, with a special knot of anticipation in our stomachs. I remember the spirit of the group on the bus; the deep silence at times; the singing of holy songs at other times; the feeling of awe all the time, and the bond of love among us. The trip itself was like a prayer.

In 1982, four years after that workshop, I came to America and received the Holy Blessing in Madison Square Garden. Father gave me a Japanese husband, and together we have five beautiful children. We love each other, and we love True Parents.

The last time I saw Father, in December 2003 at East Garden, I was fortunate to sit in the very front, in a crowd of hundreds. I could see even the tiniest wrinkle on Father's face. We spent fourteen hours with him loving us, educating us, and indeed exhorting us to make efforts to bring peace on earth substantially. I basked again in the warmth of my Father's presence; I drank the living water that flows from his heart, and felt to the bone his passion to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Thank you, Father. Thank you, True Parents. We love you.

Yolanda Watanabe ■

Yolanda Watanabe is presently a 4th grade teacher at Pyong Hwa School, New Jersey.

Testimony of Ginger Nicholls

I first accepted Jesus as my personal savior in my Sunday School class at twelve years old and then publicly confirmed my commitment at my confirmation when I was fifteen years old in the First Lutheran Church of Columbia Heights, Minnesota. During my teenage years, I felt God's heart was crying to see the problems of young people. I had an experience with the Holy Spirit while reading "The Cross and the Switchblade," which led me to study for a B.S. in Sociology: Criminal Justice/Psychology at Winona State University. After doing an internship with the juvenile court system, I realized that God needed me to help with the prevention of juvenile delinquency, so as I prepared to graduate in May, 1980, at the age of twenty two, I began to pray to know God's path.

It was seven years since I had made my confirmation, and I found myself in college where my faith was being tested by friends. There were many tears of loneliness as I tried to cling to my faith, and it was only by the consolation of the Holy Spirit and Jesus' love that I could be victorious. The local Methodist Women's Bible Study Group was praying for God to lead me. I considered the Peace Corps and Youth for Christ and had applied for one job as a police officer and another as youth director with the local Lutheran church.

However, it wasn't until I moved back to my parents' home in Minneapolis after graduation that a telephone call from my college friend, Diana, helped me to find God's calling. Diana was moving from Iowa to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and she invited me to travel with her. I felt Jesus was guiding me, and that I would find God's path on my trip. Besides study, sports and parties, my college life had been spent searching for a deeper understanding of the Bible and God's existence. I visited different churches, talked with Muslim students, and invited a Seventh Day Adventist minister into my college apartment for a series of Bible studies. During Easter holiday of my final year, I watched the movie *Jesus of Nazareth* on TV. I had seen it before, but this time was different. As I watched Jesus carrying his cross to Calvary, I was suddenly struck with



deep-felt emotion, pain and tears that seemed to come from somewhere outside of myself, revealing to me the heart of God at Jesus' crucifixion. I felt something was very wrong about the crucifixion, and that Jesus was not meant to die.

Earlier, one month before graduation, I had to make a serious decision whether to continue my relationship with a boyfriend that I felt could lead to marriage. He came to visit one weekend, and the desire for intimacy was very strong. That evening as I prayed, I received a very clear message telling me that I had come to a fork in the road of my life. If I married my boyfriend, I was told that my life would be comfortable as a social worker, but that I would always feel there was something missing. If I separated from him, on the other hand, my life course would be more difficult, and I wouldn't marry until later in life, but all of my deepest desires would be fulfilled.

It was a very dramatic moment for me. With some difficulty, I decided to separate from my boyfriend while at the same time, I pledged to remain abstinent until marriage. A week later, when

doubts started to creep into my mind, I prayed again and received the revelation that one day I would have a very special child who would be worth the wait. It wasn't until I was introduced to the Unification Principles after my trip to Albuquerque that I began to understand the meaning of my revelations. I left my friend Diana in Albuquerque and caught a bus to Denver, Colorado, where I met a Unification member who took me directly to the workshop site in the mountains above Denver.

God was guiding my every step and I felt embraced by the peace of the Holy Spirit upon entering the workshop site. I recall that I wrote in my reflection that first evening, after studying the "Principle of Creation," that I felt I was with the disciples of Jesus. After studying for two days, I knew that I had found God's path for my life when it was announced after the lecture on "Parallels of History" that the messiah was on the earth. I was so spiritually sensitive then, that even before the lecturer said the words, I knew what he was going to say. Without hesitation, I stayed for twenty-one more days to study the Principle and determined to join this amazing group of people.

At the end of twenty-one days, I watched a video of True Father (Reverend Moon) for the first time. As he appeared on the screen, I started to hear angels' voices singing a song I had sung every Easter with my church choir back in Minnesota: "The King is coming, the King is coming, I can hear the trumpets sounding, and soon his face I'll see." With uncontrollable tears streaming down my face, I again felt embraced by Jesus and the Holy Spirit and received the revelation that Sun Myung Moon was God's son (messiah). I realized that everything in my life had prepared me for this.

Twenty-three years later, I am sharing my testimony with you. Through all the difficulties and the many tears shed, I have no regrets about following the True Parents, only that I wish I could have been a better follower. My three years attending the Unification Theological Seminary, founded by Reverend Moon, were the most blessed years of my life. My husband and I (matched and blessed by True Parents) were fortunate to become overseas missionaries to Nepal in 1996 and now live in Nepal with our precious baby daughter and Nepalese Unification members.

Seven years ago, we had little confidence to become overseas missionaries to a third world, Hindu nation. We had to finance ourselves and have given all that we have had to love and sacrifice for the nation of Nepal. There were so many difficulties along the way. However, by applying the principles of faith that we learned from following the True Parents, and by God's grace, we were able to help establish a foundation for the Unification movement in Nepal. Teaching the Unification Principles and the life of Reverend Moon to Nepalese people, who are predominantly Hindu, enables them to come closer to God by explaining God's original ideal of true love and true family. We also explain the mission of the messiah, and how Hinduism experienced several transformations just prior to Jesus' birth as preparation to receive the messiah had Jesus been accepted when he came. The result is that, in addition to several thousand associate members and VIP contacts of the Unification movement of Nepal, including former prime ministers, there are one hundred full time dedicated Unification members who receive no salary and take responsibility to raise funds for their activities and living costs. They have had conviction to continue their activities and teach about God even during the Maoist insurgency, which has kidnapped and killed many young people in remote areas of Nepal.

Twenty-one years after our Unification Blessing ceremony in 1982, and after remaining childless for fourteen years of our married life, God fulfilled our deepest desire and the promise He made to me when I was at college. Our baby daughter was born in September 2003. Another Unification couple, moved by the Holy Spirit and their love for God and True Parents, offered us their eighth child as a gift from God, to be raised as our own. With Japanese/English birth parents, our daughter resembles the Nepalese people. She will be raised to carry on our mission in Nepal, as her beautiful, bright spirit has already won the hearts of many people at just five months old.

My husband and I are eternally indebted to God and True Parents for our beautiful daughter and the joy she brings to our lives, as well as for leading us along the path to true life. I remain eternally grateful to the guiding influence, love and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. ■

Ginger Nicholls was born in Rice Lake, Wisconsin in 1957 and attended church and schools in Columbia Heights, Minnesota. She graduated from Winona State University with a B.S. in Social, Criminal Justice and received a Divinity Degree from the Unification Theological Seminary in 1986 in New York. In January 1997, she and her British husband began an overseas mission to Nepal as

volunteers with the Unification movement. In the last eight years, they have helped to establish branches of the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace, the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification, the Women's Federation for World Peace and CARP, four non-governmental organizations which involve working with VIPs, families, women and students.

Testimony of Bruna Allen

My name is Bruna Allen and I belong to the San Francisco Bay Area Family Church. I am the Chair of the "Women of Faith" series of the local chapter of the Women's Federation for World Peace.

I'm Italian and met the Unification Church in Milan in 1973. I was raised Catholic, and at the core of the education imparted to me and my friends by my religious counselor was the importance of developing a personal relationship with Jesus. At age twelve I set out to learn meditation, reflecting on Jesus' teachings and on inspirational writings. In a couple of years, not only was I able to meditate, but also my love for Jesus blossomed greatly, and I started to "dialogue" with him at any time of day. I felt his presence every time we dialogued, and I rejoiced in his love, guidance, and protection. As I grew older, my mind filled with more and more questions concerning salvation, original sin, and Jesus' crucifixion. I longed for answers. Jesus provided them to me, using various means—books, dreams and inspirations. At the same time that my love for Jesus deepened, a conviction developed in me that I (and anyone) could become like him. He was the model. He was my elder brother, my friend, and I trusted him totally. By the time I was eighteen, I "knew," through his personally teaching me, that original sin had to do with loss of sexual purity; I "knew" that Jesus was not God Himself but His beloved Son; I "knew" that salvation was not completed by the crucifixion alone; but even better yet, I "knew" that there was someone great walking on



this earth that I was supposed to meet and follow.

Soon after, when I was introduced to the Unification movement, I immediately "knew" I should not look any further. Jesus had guided me all the way to meet two great people, Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon, and I felt I had arrived "home." My mother supported my decision to join the Unification Church, and I happily gave up my lifestyle to follow. I truly felt like an apostle of Jesus' time, willing to sacrifice my life for the sake of helping the messiah build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

My most valuable experience with True Parents took place four years after joining. It was my matching for marriage in 1980. I cannot deny that I was a bit nervous, but all thoughts of anxiety left me as I entered the room. There were about two

thousand church members in that room, yet I felt that True Father had me in mind.

A short time after, True Father pointed to eight male members and had them stand in line. Then he pointed at me. I got up timidly and stood there while he walked up and down in front of those young men. At one point, he said something in Korean that translated into, "You are too tall." All of a sudden, he came close to me, took me by my sleeve, and pushed me against my future husband who jolted a little backward. I have to admit that in my mind, my ideal husband would have blond hair and blue eyes. To my surprise, my newly-given husband had blond hair and blue eyes! True Father had picked him, even though two other young men were as tall as he but had dark hair. He wanted to please me. How could he know?

But most importantly, I found that Father had

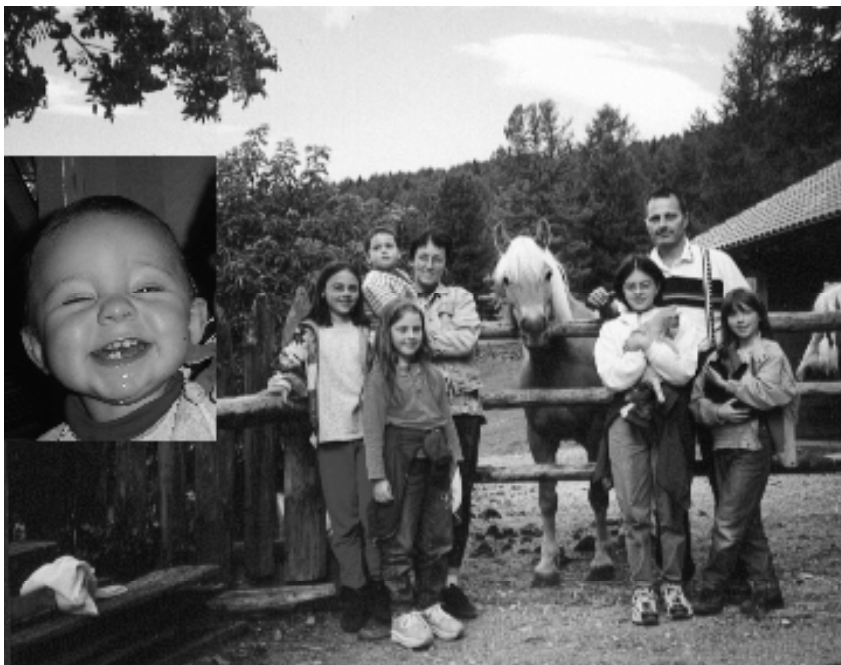
chosen for me a very calm, steady, compassionate husband, a husband who would never hurt me in any way. I discovered many years later that in my lineage there was past history of abuse of women by their husbands. Often, the same sin gets repeated in subsequent generations, but my husband would be the one to stop such sin from recurring. He has been my personal messiah. ■

Bruna Allen lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. She came to the United States from Italy as a Unification Church missionary in 1980. Since 2003, she has been the coordinator of the local Women of Faith Series, a project of the Women's Federation for World Peace. She is also a co-founder of the Women's Interfaith Circle for Service, which is part of the United Religious Initiative.

Testimony of Burgy Celi

When I first got involved with the Unification Church, I went to a Catholic church for mass. After taking communion, I asked Jesus, "Shall I join this Unification Church or not?" And Jesus answered, "Don't worry, and go. I will always be with you." And so it was.

Once, after many years in the Unification Church, Jesus came to me and said, "I am your Father." This comforted my heart very much in that particular situation, as religious people go often through lonely and hard times. So I know that if a Christian is joining our church, Jesus will always be with him as a father. Nevertheless, we all have our portion of responsibility to keep our faith, allowing Jesus and the



great saints to meet us again and again on higher levels.

One time, I was praying for our witnessing activities when Jesus appeared to me in white clothes. He told me, “You have to forgive.” I was surprised, since I wasn’t expecting Jesus to appear to me. Also, I thought that I didn’t harbor any bad feelings against anybody, so I asked, “Whom should I forgive?” In this vision, Jesus left and came back with a Divine Principle book, indicating that I had to study it more. I did so and read the Divine Principle book almost seventy times. I understood that we have to forgive our ancestors, who may have gone through incredible difficulties. Forgiveness means also to digest our daily life in a victorious and joyful way, but ultimately I have also to forgive myself for being so incomplete and sinful.

When I went to the [marriage] matching in Korea in 1982, it was the first time I ever saw Father Moon in person. In my mind, I was expecting to see a very shining, bright person. To my surprise, Father Moon seemed to me a person totally covered with darkness, and so I started praying to understand this situation. The answer came to me: he is coming down to our level, down to the deepest level of the

people present, to pick us up and bring us closer to God. I felt deeply ashamed. When the day of the marriage blessing ceremony came, finally I could see the real spirit of Father Moon, a very, very shining and bright spirit—very powerful!

I would like to share one more experience I had with Jesus. Once I was studying True Father’s teachings in the Korean language. Jesus came to me saying, “I am your Father. What do you want to know from me?” Usually when my mind is full of questions, I set a goal of studying True Father’s speeches, and then I receive answers from Heaven. ■

Burgy Celi, born 1957 in Italy, received a call from heaven at seventeen years of age and decided to search for God. This brought her through many different situations: internally, by meeting many different groups and beliefs, and externally, through work as a professional nurse. In 1982 she married, participating in an international marriage ceremony (eighty-two nations were present) conducted by Rev. Sun Myung Moon in Seoul, Korea. Through marriage she began another challenge to find true love, together with her husband and six children.

Testimony of Rhonda Williams

I finally took the time to put my experience into words, though it was not easy. It was such a profound moment; one that transcends time and remains as vivid today in my mind and heart as if it had just happened this morning, although it was twenty-six years ago. It is so difficult to capture the full impact of such an experience in mere words. I would like to ask that you please pray before reading my testimony, since I feel my ability to convey it is inadequate, and I truly want God to help you gain from my sharing.



Near Barrytown, New York, is the Unification Theological Seminary, a training center where 21-day, 40-day and 120-day workshops were held. The experience I would like to share happened in 1975 as I participated in the second 120-day workshop led by Reverend Sudo.

Reverend Sudo was always praying for us to have deep, breakthrough experiences in prayer. It must have been after a lecture on Jesus' life course, around Easter time, that a prayer walk was planned for early in the morning. All the workshop participants would participate, easily over one hundred. It was to be in "Benedictine silence," meditatively walking single file, along a path that later would be called "True Mother's Trail." At the beginning of the walk, there would be a small choir, singing traditional hymns; along the trail, there would be readers stationed at intervals, reading passages from the Bible and Father's words about Jesus. We would continue along this path that wound through a wooded area, down a hill by a lake, up a hill, and then ended at a clearing where we would all gather, sing a few songs, and close our walk with prayer.

I was in the choir. There were three or four of us on each side of the path, and we sang some beautiful and simple hymns. I remember "Be Thou My Vision" was one of them. After the last person passed between us, we fell silent and followed behind. I was the very last in line. From where I was standing, I could see people winding their way into the woods and disappearing from sight, then a long trail of people reappearing up the hill in the distance and already beginning to gather in the clearing.

Suddenly, I felt myself to be in the crowd of people following Jesus to Golgotha. I began weeping uncontrollably. I was shocked, dismayed and horrified. I was also confused; how could it be two thousand years ago? But the leaves on the bushes beside the trail revealed to me that Jesus had just passed by them, sharing with me the scene with all the sounds, the colors, the smells. The air was charged with energy. Every leaf was intensely clear and vivid, screaming out in agony, "What are you doing? What are you doing?" Their accusations were piercing. "Don't you know who this is? The Lord of Creation! God's Son! What are you doing?"

I can still feel the intensity of the air; every particle of creation, every molecule was participating in

the grief, writhing. Nothing was indifferent. Groaning, groaning, groaning in travail, I felt an immense, profound longing, as though my soul were screaming desperately to stop what was happening, yet I was unable to stop it, in an hysteria of helplessness. Creation had an excuse, without hands and mouths and feet. But here I was a human being! Why could I do nothing?! Why could I not stop this insanity? Why? Why? Why? Why? The sobbing continued to wrack my body as wave after wave of despair and misery swept over me. I felt imprisoned in powerlessness, drowning in agony.

It was difficult to walk, to put one foot in front of the other. I wanted to crumble to the ground and scream and wail and beat the earth. In my mind, I was screaming, "What can I do?" What could I do at this very moment, a witness to history, the worst tragedy of humankind? All of creation was glaring at my sin, humankind's sin, and it was irreversible. In the alternate, diminished reality, I knew I was supposed to reach the top of the hill and sing; my sense of duty kept me from collapsing. I begged Heavenly Father to help me see from His point of view, hoping to rise above this anguish and continue on to my destination. Instead, my sorrow only intensified, piercing me from every direction. Heavenly Father shared that this scene was excruciatingly painful for Him to watch. He shared that turning away from His son on the cross was the most difficult thing He ever had to do. Wave after wave of anguish beat down upon me, relentlessly. I don't know how I made it up that hill, but I finally staggered to the clearing and sang the required amount of time, tears pouring down my face. When unison prayer was announced, I gratefully crumbled to the ground and allowed the sobbing to completely overtake me. The realization of the enormity of this tragedy flooded me in unbearable, uncontrollable grief. I moaned and shrieked and wailed. The creation stood as mute witnesses, in shock of such an unspeakable violation of love.

Eventually, everyone left from the clearing, except one brother. He stood by, watching, wondering what he could do. He very kindly asked if he could help. When I reassured him I would be all right, he left. I was all alone and still could not stop my weeping. Every muscle in my body was spent as though I had run a marathon. Never in my life have I ever cried so deeply, so uncontrollably, yet I felt

that the depths from which this sorrow came were unending. I wondered if I could endure more; perhaps I would die from the physical demands that such sobbing and sorrow required. At that moment, a voice spoke clearly and calmly in my mind, “Even if you died, completely consumed by grief, it would be as only one of God’s tears.”

The very vastness of God’s suffering stunned me into a sobering calmness. My sobbing quieted to tears. Like the aftershock of a tidal wave, they would well up, pour out, then subside in successively diminishing waves until, finally, I just sat in stunned silence. Exhausted and in solemn awe, I sat for a long time. My limited mind and heart so confronted by this enormous reality, my being so drenched by the emotional ordeal, I was unable to move, unwilling to move. Creation had returned to its previous state—unintimidating, soothing, serving. Birds chirped. Trees swayed. The air allowed me to breathe freely. There was no visible evidence of what only an hour or so ago was blatantly exposed. How calm everything appeared. I continued to sit, almost afraid to move lest Heavenly Father had something more to share with me. I sat listening, listening, waiting. Finally, after a long silence, a voice spoke simply and definitively,

“Follow him. Follow him.” Having been plunged into the depths of grief, confronted by the holocaust of God’s heart, seared to the marrow of my bones with regret and remorse, I survived—to receive this direction. Slowly, I got up and walked down the hill.

One cannot “leave” Heavenly Father’s heart; it is everywhere. If God’s grief were released, we would all be consumed by it. In the face of such vastness, it is easy to feel minuscule, insignificant. Yet True Parents have taught us that God’s children all have the power to liberate His heart. How eternally significant we become! ■

Rhonda Williams grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania. Her mother is Jewish, and her father is from a Catholic-Protestant family. She heard Reverend Moon speak in Chicago, November 1974 (during the Day of Hope speaking tour). A few months later, in February 1975, Rhonda dedicated her life to serve God and humankind by joining the Unification movement. She was blessed in an interracial marriage in July 1982 and is currently raising four children in Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER TWO—ENCOUNTERS

Testimony of Dagmar Corales

The Sea of Italy

(Editor's Note: The following testimony is excerpted from the book, *How I Ran Off to Sea and Became a Moonie*, by Dagmar Corales. It is reprinted with permission from the author and from the publisher, Athena Press. This account tells of Dagmar's experience during a break while working on a fundraising team in Italy).

We went to the beach on a regular basis, usually on Sunday afternoons. Sunday afternoons were sacred. It was our time to relax, to write letters home, to go to the beach, or to simply rest.

By and large, we did some real swimming. With Elisabeth and Eveline, we went once truly far out into the Mediterranean Sea, and it took us quite some time to come back again. But I had my own goals. Once, quietly, I went out by myself and swam and swam into the open sea, until I could not see the

beach anymore. There, in the wide open sea, totally surrounded by nothing but water and totally by myself without anybody even knowing where I was, I felt the presence of the Living God very clearly. I felt no fear, just a little anxiety not to lose the direction from where I came. It was a powerful feeling, a feeling of being all alone in the universe, but then again not being alone at all! That one experience of challenging my limitations showed me that YES, I CAN!■

Dagmar Corales has been a Unification Church member since 1976. She went through what was then known as the "Formula Course" of Unification Church life-style, was matched and blessed by Rev. Moon in 1982, and re-blessed in 1989. She now lives with her family in Argentina. She works primarily as an English teacher and free-lance translator and is involved with the different activities of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification.

Testimony of Joy Pople

Dramatic changes began on January 17, 1975, when I received a letter informing me that I was a candidate for the matching and Blessing in marriage on February 8 in Korea. Father had been talking for several months about a Blessing. Rumors of a Blessing spread periodically. During the night, I saw a vision of Mother. I saw her smile, and it seemed that all the feminine elements of the creation responded in delight. She smiled, and the hummingbirds danced, and the stars waltzed, and the moon radiated. I had never before



dreamed of Mother, but to me she is the source of one polarity of radiance, beauty, harmony, rhythm and color. How wonderful she is! What a wonderful vision of how we as women can complement our mate and reflect aspects of God! ■

John and Joy Pople, from the 1800 couple Blessing, live in New York with their children, Stacy and Jason. Joy is the Assistant Communications Director for the Universal Peace Federation.

Testimony of Mary Matsushita

I have suffered from depression for a long time. I know now that it has been for most of my life, but at the time of this testimony I did not know or understand the depression. I had often wanted to commit suicide and only knowing Divine Principle and the certainty of spirit world (life after death) kept me from doing it. I knew that if I committed suicide, far from escaping misery, I would be going into greater misery.

For two years after I joined the Unification Church, I told God every day that I was not good enough to be in the church, and I should leave. Yet every day He would convince me to stay. I was constantly plagued with feelings of worthlessness, and I struggled to do the two basic activities in the church at that time: fundraising and witnessing.

After three years in the church, I joined a team where we fundraised every day. Every morning, I faced terror to go out and do this. I felt like I would die if I went out to face people. Trying to use reason and logic didn't help. The feelings were so strong, and my feelings of worthlessness and sinfulness became stronger—so much so, that I started to tell God that I couldn't possibly be His daughter, that I was so bad that I must be Satan's daughter. Even though Divine Principle clearly teaches that we are all God's children, I was sure that there was more of Satan in me than God.

One evening I was fundraising in a parking lot. Because I was struggling to talk to people, I had gone to the back of the parking lot where it was dark, and there was nobody but me. Again I was telling God that I couldn't be His daughter; I must



be Satan's daughter. Suddenly, in front of me appeared Reverend Moon. He was standing straight and tall and moved his whole arm out and pointed straight at me and said, "You are MY daughter! I have paid for you."

That is all he said, but with spiritual experiences, a few words express visions and pictures and feelings that could fill volumes. Just to express some of that meaning, I saw briefly Reverend Moon's whole life of suffering. Then one moment stood out. It was the time when he was in prison in Heung Nam, North Korea, where he and the other inmates were being worked and starved to death. Rev. Moon would divide his rice in half and eat only half. Sometimes he would save the other half, but often

he would give it away. I saw him give his rice to another inmate, and I realized that it was payment for me and all people. Reverend Moon was paying for us. He was ransoming us from Satan with the suffering of his life by giving away his rice at a time when he himself was starving.

Divine Principle says that when man fell, part of us came to belong to Satan. Well, Reverend Moon showed me that he had bought that part back and that now I was his daughter and God's daughter. Satan could no longer claim ownership over us before God. I said to Reverend Moon on that evening, in that dark parking lot, "I didn't understand before. Now I do. I promise that never again will I say that I am Satan's daughter, no matter how awful or sinful I might feel." I have kept that promise. Now I know that as well as being God's children, which we all are, I am Reverend Moon's daughter, and he is my father, my True Father.

This has given me strength to continue trying, and over time I have learned to combat the depression and begin to find the joyfulness that God wants all of us to have in our lives. But that is another story. ■

Mary Matsushita grew up in California near San Francisco and met the Unification Church in San Diego. Because of the church, she was able to live

and work in many different places in the United States. She now lives with her husband, Tatsuro Matsushita and their children in Fresno, California, where they own a small restaurant. She says:

"Though he is not in this picture, our family just added another boy, so now we have five beautiful boys."

(Editor's note: In 1948, as a result of his continuous and determined teaching about God, the North Korean government arrested Reverend Moon, tried him and sentenced him to five years in a labor camp at Heung-Nam, North Korea. The prisoners at this camp were worked so hard and fed so little that hundreds died from exhaustion and starvation. Reverend Moon has explained to followers that he determined he must overcome the desire for food in order to survive. For a period of at least two weeks, he divided his minuscule ration of grain, keeping only half for himself and giving the other half to other prisoners. After training himself to live in this manner, he began to eat the full ration of grain. He considered the "extra" amount to be a gift from God. Mary Matsushita's moving spiritual experience suggests that in giving half of his food to other prisoners, Reverend Moon was offering this act to God not only as a discipline, but also as a prayer for the sake of suffering people everywhere.)

Testimony of Valerie Shimoyama

While I was a student at the University of California, Berkeley, I was a communist and a radical feminist, very anti-religious, and particularly anti-Christian. I had often argued with the Unification Church members who were witnessing on campus. Then one week in February, 1974, this big group of "Christians" came to campus, carrying placards with the face of their minister on it (Reverend Moon). They were giving tickets to a speech he would give that night. Despite my adamant opposition to these people all throughout



the day, right before I left the campus that night, a young Japanese man approached me, thrust a ticket at me, and said, "You should come!"

He spoke no other English, so I couldn't argue. But the thought occurred to me, "I SHOULD go!" I suddenly wanted to go. I justified it by saying to myself I would go there to stop the speech. And I did go, and yelled a bit. I discovered that a lot of other kids at Berkeley had decided to do the same thing: to go and yell. Halfway through the speech, in a lull in the speech, I found a chance to ask a question to Reverend Moon that really expressed my question to God, maybe the seed or core of my resentment. I yelled out in a brief silence, "Why is God a He?" This short question embodied all my other questions, such as: Why is this a man's world? Why do women get raped? Why do women sacrifice to put their husbands through college, only to be divorced by them? Why do men make more money, build the space rockets, historically receive more education, and found all the religions and philosophies? And so on. For the rest of the speech, the translator, Dr. Pak, began translating each pronoun referring to God as "He or She." I was kind of dumbfounded and embarrassed to hear how it actually sounded from the stage. And I was humbled. They were so much nicer than I, or any of us, were.

I sat down. (I'd been standing, so that gives you an idea of the atmosphere at the speech.) Actually, I think the entire audience quieted after that, but I know that I for one sat down and started listening. I felt chastened by love and humility. I listened, and to my great surprise, joy and dismay, my heart changed. I listened to the remainder of the speech, and I realized that everything Rev. Moon was saying was true: that there is no joy in life without family, that true love is the source of all our happiness, etc. I had been going in the direction of radical feminism and Marxism/Leninism for three years, atheism for eight. I realized that what he was saying was true, and that he was a true man. I didn't believe in God, but I felt that what he was saying about love was true, and that he embodied it. I had a vision of him, like Jesus, sitting by the Sea of Galilee, speaking to his followers while broiling fish they had just caught. I wanted to be there, sitting beside him. I wanted to be his first true follower. I wanted to convince him there was no God, and then change the world together.

I went out of the speech flying so high, so thrilled and happy. I stayed up all night studying in the 24-hour study halls they had at the school, like a ball of energy, planning to save the world with this great new man. I can remember that night in the study hall so well. A whole new universe of possibilities was spreading out before me. For so long I had wanted to change the world. Now I knew we would change it through true love.

About three months later, at the end of April, I was invited again, for the hundredth time, to the Unification Church center. This time I went. I listened to the lectures and felt that everything they were saying was true (except the part about God). I agreed that we needed more morality and more love, that Jesus' heart had been broken, and I joined the Church. Only later, when I went into the Church prayer room and saw the picture of Reverend and Mrs. Moon, did I realize that it was the same group that I had met at the speech in Eshelman Hall in February. I had met the Christ. And I had the biggest job in front of me that I would ever confront: changing myself and my character from one who was set to destroy the world to one who would try to rebuild it.

That's my story of Father Moon. Ever since then, I've felt that he is walking with me, talking with me—the girl he snatched out of the flames of Berkeley. I'm profoundly grateful to him from the bottom of my heart and will be forever.

I had almost completely forgotten about that 1974 experience, blocked it out, I think, and always told my story as just how I met and joined the Oakland church center. Then a few years ago, when I had to dig to the bottom of my guts in prayer and tears to re-find why I was here, I remembered how I had really met Father. I saw myself in that crowd, dredging out a memory that I hadn't thought of for almost thirty years. I suddenly realized that I had directly confronted Father in a crowd and yelled at him personally, and he had answered me. And he loved me. We had had direct one-on-one give and take. I had gone there to stop him, to kill him actually. I was VERY radical, and wouldn't have stopped short of that, in a certain sense, in terms of my ideology. With shock, in my prayer, I suddenly realized that once I had been that person in relation to Father. He had taken me in, into the bottom of his heart, and turned me around in the course of ninety minutes. I

prayed and cried and looked at his picture, and said to Father (in the picture), "Do you remember me?" And I felt him say back, clear as day, "I do remember you!" It almost knocked my socks off! Here I had always felt like just a face in a crowd, one of many thousands of church members.

In that moment in prayer, I realized that maybe God, and Father did remember me, someone who had gone to his speech dying, and in a way, planning to kill him, physically or spiritually. Yet he had won me through his prayers, maybe prayers going back to the rock of tears*, for American young people who were so lost, so loud and noisy, but so sad and afraid, and crying tears for a God whom they had lost. I was one tiny, noisy, ugly unlovable fish he had caught that night in Berkeley. Though my way had been long and winding, he was still pulling me along.

That prayer was the second time he saved my life, and my second new spiritual life began then. I truly realized Father is the messiah, and the one who saved me. He is my personal messiah. I feel as if he is my spiritual parent, as clearly as if he put a line in the water and pulled me up. Because he was able to love me—all of us that night—he saved my life. That is how he will save all of us unloved Americans, who nevertheless retain the ability to see a bright light shining at the end of a tunnel, and to follow it.

It may be a little hard to understand how someone such as I, who was so far on the side of communism, could change so quickly. It was because of my youth. When I was young, I had been deeply religious, but then I lost that faith. But when I went as deeply into communism as I could go, what I found

was that there was no love. I realized that without love, wherever we went and whatever we did, we would just recreate all the problems that we were trying to solve. We would make an "icebox" world. I had come to the conclusion that because of this fundamental problem in communism, it could never save the world. So when I met Father, and later the movement through the Oakland Church, I realized that they had the key. I thought I would just have to convince them there was no God. It was very simple. Then we'd take their love and spread it all over the world. It took me a while to realize that God was the source of that love. ■

Valerie Shimoyama joined the Unification Church in 1974. She was on a Mobile Fundraising Team (MFT) for five years, first in Los Angeles, then in the Chicago region (Michigan, Wisconsin, and later Ohio). She graduated to the Richmond, Virginia witnessing center in 1979, and was chosen by Father to work at the Washington Times, from 1982 to 1986.

She joined her husband at New Future Films in 1986 and worked for the business end of that department from that time until approximately 1999. From that time, she began helping the Clifton, New Jersey Church Center as office support. She is now taking classes at the Unification Theological Seminary Extension in New York. She is also an Ambassador for Peace for America for the New York region.

Mrs. Shimoyama is the wife of Hiromichi Shimoyama, and the mother of three children, Tokuhiro, Karin and Marina.

**(Editor's note: The "rock of tears" refers to a rock on a steep hillside in Pusan, South Korea, where Reverend Moon spent many hours in tearful prayer in the first months following his liberation from the North Korean prison camp at Heung Nam. The rock stood just a few yards above a hut that he and a disciple built in Pusan after their arrival there as refugees.)*

Testimony of Ken Owens

I joined the Unification movement in Honolulu in 1973. When I first saw True Parents, it was in Honolulu the following year. I was amazed because when Father entered the room, he came with a bright light around him. Since 1980, I have been with New Future Photo and have photographed True Parents countless numbers of times throughout the entire United States, as well as in forty countries. I photographed them holding conferences, marriage blessings, and rallies, and meeting with heads and former heads-of-state, prime ministers, leaders from the world religions, scientists, scholars, Nobel Prize winners and entertainers. But photographing True Parents with their children and grandchildren gave me so much pleasure and love for True Parents. I was with them, looking through wide-angle and close-up lenses, when they were happy, serious and loving. But, it was also very difficult seeing them closeup in those lenses when they were tearfully sad, even to the point when my own eyes were filled with tears.

Even though I have been honored to be with them so many times, so close to them, I still feel unworthy. There are many brothers and sisters in the Family Federation who have worked far harder than I ever did, but who have only seen True Parents a few times. Still, I did have several spiritual experiences involving God and True Parents. While attending a 120-Day workshop at Barrytown, New York in 1976, I received a revelation and a vision from God. Then I had a special dream. I will share these experiences with you. The following is the revelation which God gave me in 1976.

My prayer: "What is wrong? Why can't I feel God's heart, True Parent's heart, the heart of an innocent child?"

God's answer: "Why can't you realize how hurt I've been, seeing you suffer, hearing your cries, feeling your deep wounds? Why can't you realize that there is a barrier between us, a barrier of death, of spiritual death? I can't stand the smell of it; I never have, and I never will. It's been with me ever



since you left me, and you never realized how much it was really hurting. I love you so much. I cry from the deepest depths of my heart to you, but it's so difficult for you to understand, for you to be where I am, to feel the weight of my tear-filled heart that carries the over-burdened responsibility of my children's lives—to know that my precious ones, whom I brought into this world, have been and are suffering under the terrible pain of a dust-filled death. You would cry so much from just one tear of my sorrow. I feel your tear-stained hearts, but you can't feel my universal, suffering heart.

Now, my son is with you. He can show you how my heart really feels. He knows me so well; please listen to him.

I want to love you with all my heart. I want you to be my children once again. I want you to feel joy. I want to love you and I want you to love me. I want to become one with all of you, to embrace you, and cry tears of love together, as father and children, as one family. That is all you've ever wanted. That is all I ever wanted."

Five days after receiving the revelation, my 120-

day workshop class began the day with a special morning service. The staff members came in very quietly with serious faces, carrying water pans. We all knew then that something special was going to happen. David Hose read from the Bible about Jesus washing the feet of the disciples. We were going to re-enact this event and we became very serious. After Reverend Hose's feet were washed, he washed the other staff members' feet. Then, they passed the ceremony on to each one of us who would then in turn, wash the next person's feet.

After my feet were washed, I then washed the next person's feet. I looked around the room to see how everyone was doing. Some were looking at others, some were praying, and others were crying. I then prayed about this ceremony and that God's heart would be with everyone. Then I meditated. While meditating, I suddenly saw myself kneeling before Heavenly Father. He was sitting on a throne, and all I saw were His knees, legs and feet. It was all black around us, yet He was shining brightly. For several seconds, I looked at Him. Then, He reached out His feet to me and in the vision, I washed God's feet. After I finished, I knelt back, looking at Him. Then, all of a sudden, the scene shifted, and I was now sitting on the throne, looking down at God who was kneeling before me. His face was shining very brightly. He then took my feet and He washed them! I was so surprised that God, who is Almighty, would humble Himself to me, sinful, little me. I was so dumbfounded that I began to cry, crying for the first time in twelve years.

After the ceremony was over, I told Rev. Hose what I had just experienced. He then asked me to share it with the whole class. I told them that I understood now that it wasn't just Jesus who

washed the disciples' feet, but God as well. God loves us that much.

The third experience involved True Mother. It was in the late 1970s and she was pregnant. I asked a church sister what I could do to support True Mother during this time. The sister said I could pray every night for her. This I proceeded to do. One early morning, just before waking up, I had a dream. True Father was sitting on a small balcony. Beyond him were multitudes of people, as far as the eye could see, cheering and clapping, for he was holding and playing with a small baby dressed in blue, his new son. Father would bounce his son on his knee, and every once in awhile, he would raise him up over his shoulders, much to the delight and cheers of all the people. He would do this over and over. Father was so happy with his new son. A few hours after I woke up, True Mother gave birth to Hyung Jin Nim. Ever since, I have felt very close to him because of this special dream. ■

Kenneth Rand Owens was born on March 6, 1950, in San Diego, California, and he joined the Unification Church in Honolulu, Hawaii on July 2, 1973 while stationed on the USS Preble in Pearl Harbor. He helped with the Madison Square Garden campaign in September 1974. He went to Barrytown for 40-Day and 120-Day leadership training in late 1975 and early 1976. He joined the MFT in April of 1976, and also helped photograph the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies. He joined New Future Photo in May of 1980, and was blessed in marriage to Meeyung Cho from Korea. They have two daughters, Julie and Leilani, and one son, Douglas.

Testimony of Brenda Ferguson

In 1972 I worked as a biochemical research assistant in London. I was offered free tickets to three public lectures given by Reverend Sun Myung Moon. These were to be held at a Quaker Meeting House near where I worked.

I was brought up in the Church of England and was actively involved in church life. Living in London, I questioned many aspects of my faith, especially the age-old question of “why God allows so much suffering.” I was studying for a B.S. at university in the evenings, but I decided to skip classes and listen to what this man from Korea had to say. I had not heard of him, nor met anyone connected with him. His lectures over the three nights were quite deep, covering God’s original ideal, the fall of man, Jesus’ mission, historical restoration, and the Second Advent. Here was a new perspective. I had never looked at history from the religious viewpoint of how God was working. I had never really considered the Second Coming of the messiah. This man had such dynamism but also radiated warmth, his eyes sparkling with the animation of his words. I found myself fascinated by him.

I left the hall on the third evening with much to think about and headed off for the bus stop. As I was walking along, I heard a voice. It simply said, “I want to use you for a mission.” I was astounded! Was this the voice of God? Surely not. What would He want with me? I put this thought out of my mind and headed home.

Later that year, having graduated, I enrolled in a post-graduate nursing course. Whilst shopping, I was approached on the street by a young woman selling magazines. I looked inside the publication and saw a picture of Reverend Moon. I told the woman I had heard him speak earlier in the year. She was amazed. The chances of our meeting in London were extremely remote. There were only a handful of people who knew of this man at that time and only a few had attended his lectures, and yet here we met each other. I wanted to find out more



about this group and especially to study and read again the content of the lectures. I agreed to go with this woman to a workshop on the weekend at a farmhouse just outside London.

Over that weekend, I was able to study the basics of the teaching of Reverend Moon, the Divine Principle. I was astounded at the logic of this revelation and realized this was something precious. At last, here was an explanation of evil and why God cannot just use His power to overcome it, why we need the messiah and the importance of these times.

Truly I felt all this was revealed by God to Reverend Moon. I knew these teachings would change my life. I felt such deep sorrow at the suffering of God, and I was determined to share the truth with others. I became a fulltime member of the Unification Church almost immediately and witnessed to this truth in many areas of Britain and Europe. Now, nearly thirty years later, I remain convinced that God is working through Reverend Sun Myung Moon. With interreligious, international and

peace activities taking religious ideals into all walks of life, the reality of this is becoming more and more apparent.

I urge you to study this man and his teachings. There are plenty of his sermons on the Internet. Pray about what you read, and I am sure God will lead you. ■

Mrs. Brenda Ferguson, of Fraserburgh, Abredeenshire, NE Scotland, has an internet and gift shop in Fraserburgh, where her son also has a computer servicing business. She raises funds for the International Relief Friendship Foundation and does community work.

Testimony of Monique Derflinger

When I was fifteen, I was told in a dream, and then later by a spiritualist, that I would find a new truth and meet a very special man. From that day on, my search for the messiah started. In the spring of 1972, I was given an invitation to a religious meeting. When I saw the symbol printed on the pamphlet, I knew that I had finally arrived.

I heard the Divine Principle. The lecture on "The Mission of Jesus" moved me the most. I quickly realized that the man who received the Divine Principle had come to us representing the living Jesus, and so I joined his new church. In 1975, while working with the church in the USA, I was invited to go on a Korean tour with the New Hope Singers International and the first Global (evangelical) Team. We would be traveling throughout Korea, singing and accompanying Reverend Moon on his speaking tour. I prayed each day and offered my life for Korea. Just before a huge public rally that we held at Yoido Island, however, I became so ill that I was sent to the hospital.

In a vision, I saw Reverend Moon praying for me. He told me that everything would be fine and to keep a strong faith in God. He added that one day I would be blessed in marriage, and that he was "keeping" the ring for me until that day. The next day when I awoke, my fever was gone, and I was healed! From that day, I felt truly reborn and I could never forget. God had touched my heart. I had found the messiah and the True Parents. ■



Monique Derflinger joined the Unification Church in October 1972. She travelled through forty-eight states, Japan and Korea with the performing arts. She participated in the 2075 couples Blessing at Madison Square Garden in July 1982. She has four children and is currently a Montessori pre-school teacher in New Jersey. She participates in many different activities of the FFWPU.

Testimony of Superintendent William Ephriam

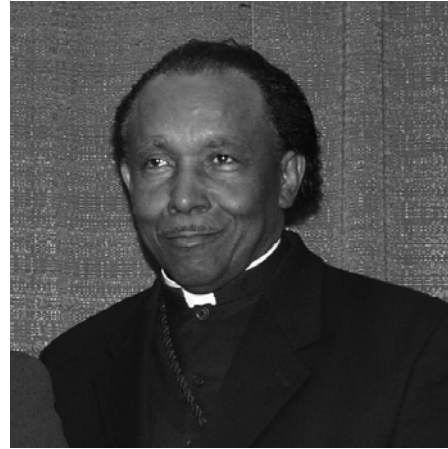
(Note: The following testimony was offered by Pastor William Ephriam on October 30, 2004 at the Crown of Peace Awards ceremony in Denver, Colorado.)

It certainly gives me great pleasure to be able to stand before you this evening. I appreciate this opportunity. I am pastor of the Progressive Church of God in Christ, founder of New Hope Outreach Ministries.

Twenty years ago, I would have never thought that I would be standing before anyone talking about Reverend Moon. I had the pleasure to experience being in his presence, I believe, in the latter part of 1983, at the Senate hearings in Washington, D.C., when many religious leaders were being persecuted for their beliefs. Reverend Moon happened to be one of them, and I was part of the religious freedom movement. I was part of the Colorado Coalition for Religious Freedom at the time. We were invited to go to Washington, D.C. to the Senate hearings. Some of you may remember those hearings. Dr. Jerry Falwell and other religious leaders were testifying before the Senate committee.

As I sat in that great hall, listening to the testimonies from each religious leader, I was deeply impressed. But I had not yet seen Reverend Moon. Finally, after everyone else had testified, I noticed that over on the far side of the room, there was a stirring, and a gentleman was led in whom I could not see well. As he sat and read his testimony, men all over the room began to cry, including me. Hardcore Baptists and staunch Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and even men who had no religious faith of any kind, began to cry because of the sincerity that came through as Reverend Moon testified. I was impressed, but not really changed by his words.

I was with a young man whose name was John Bellevance. He said, "Reverend Ephriam, come out here in the hall and maybe we will have a chance to



see Reverend Moon as he passes by." So we went out in that great hallway, and I was standing there, and as Reverend Moon came out, the news media was crowding around him, snapping pictures. We were standing about ten to fifteen feet away as he passed us. If John had not caught me, I would have fallen to the floor. I thought that he stopped and paused for a moment and looked at me and pointed at me and said, "I need you!" But he never really stopped.

Every time I give this testimony, I come to tears. I am saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit. That doesn't mean that I'm perfect, but I'm saved. The spirit within me knows the spirit of God when it feels it. When Reverend Moon stopped and spoke and said, "I need you," he poured into my mind everything that he was about. I understood immediately who he was. I knew this — that he loved Jesus, he loved America, he loved people, he loved God, and that is what he was about. All of the things that I had been reading about him—I understood immediately that they were not true. The spirit within me related to the spirit that was in him, and from that moment on, there was a troubling inside of me. I knew who he was and I knew what he was about, but I could not have previously conceived

that there was anyone on earth who was truly good. The one thing that came through to me was that this man was truly good. From that moment on, I have been an individual who has been trying to help Father Moon accomplish the goal which Jesus Christ has given to him.

We used to call the members of his organization “Moonies.” Once an acquaintance of mine was trying to denigrate the followers of Reverend Moon, and I told him, “I’m not really qualified to be a follower of Reverend Moon because I could not easily give up my family, career and everything else to do this work that these young people are doing for God.” I came to have a great deal of respect for these people. I have watched Reverend Moon through the years, during the religious freedom movement and during the CAUSA movement, which fought against Communism not only in the cities in which we live but in every continent of the world. Reverend Moon sponsored the CAUSA movement in South America, Central America, and all over the United States and Europe. When other people talked about doing it, he did it.

It bothers me when I see programs on TV about the fall of Communism. They show President Reagan, and I love it when he says, “Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall.” But before that wall ever came down, there were thousands of CAUSA meetings all over the world, educating people to the dangers of Communism, sponsored by Reverend Moon. No one has ever given him any

credit for it. But I know, and many thousands know, that had he not done that, the wall would not have come down like it did.

A real man of God is not looking for praise, for he lives for the sake of others. I want to say this to you as I close. If you really want a prince of peace on this earth, it has to be Father Moon. Everything that he has done has been to bring about peace. Now he is working on a peace initiative in the Middle East. You never see anything on the major news networks about the peace initiative that is going on over there that he is sponsoring. But I would imagine that there must have been over fifteen to twenty peace conferences and initiatives over there in the past year that he has sponsored. They are bringing together people of all faiths and races, proving that you can come together. And he is doing this in the midst of the battle zones. No one else is doing this except Reverend Moon. So I feel honored to be working with Reverend Moon. He is worthy of honor. ■

Superintendent William Ephriam is the pastor of the Progressive Church of God in Christ of Colorado Springs, Colorado, and the founder and president of New Hope Outreach ministries. He recently celebrated the 32nd anniversary of his ministry. Elder Ephriam and his wife of over fifty years, Missionary Ophelia Ephriam, received the marriage Blessing in 1992 in Korea with 30,000 couples.

CHAPTER THREE—JOURNEYS

Testimony of Reverend John Paul Hong

Concerning how God guided me to meet Father and Mother, it was an interesting path. In 1981, I joined the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles at my university in Kwangju, South Korea. Kwangju was a city with a lot of Communist students. In 1980 there had been a big massacre there; about two thousand students died in violent anti-government demonstrations. For eighteen years, President Park Chung Hee had been a kind of dictator, but on the other hand, he built up South Korea's economy. The students wanted to move the country toward democracy but did not know how to accomplish this constructively. Their violent protests led to clashes with the police and military. We had a unique situation. In some respects, North Korea was behind the anti-government ferment, because instability in South Korea might allow the North to attack, as they had at the time of the Korean War. It was in this atmosphere that these two thousand students tragically died. Kwangju is an interesting, unique city.

As for myself, I was struggling. I come from a poor family with six brothers and sisters, and my family could not afford to send me to college. I was a capable student, so I challenged myself to get a government scholarship to enter a special technical high school. The graduates of this school were guaranteed a job after completing their education. But in 1979, one year before I was to graduate from this school, President Park was assassinated. His death brought great turmoil to Korean society. The school administration shocked us by saying that they could not guarantee a job for us after graduation. They suggested that maybe we could find our own way, maybe go to college. So I determined to



go to college after all.

In Korean society, high school is very, very strict. I had expected to find college to be also strict and very difficult, but I was surprised to find that the exams seemed rather easy. I was even more surprised when I realized that the lifestyle of many of the students was very undisciplined. There were many parties and a great deal of heavy drinking. Often, students would wake up on the streets after a night of partying. I was rather shocked and wondered if Korean young people should be going in this direction. I wanted to find people who were living constructive, positive lives. At the same time, I often saw Communist students speaking out in front of the library, calling for opposition to the government. These young people at least seemed to have a purpose and to know where they were going. So I

determined to find a Communist group and begin to study their ideas.

I heard of a student group named the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP) and thought that this group must be a Communist study group. I was very curious, so on May 17, 1981, I knocked on the door of the CARP center. Actually, I consider this day to be my spiritual birthday. When I entered, the leader of the group took time to speak with me at length. I soon realized that this was not a Communist group at all, but a religious group! Yet I found the people there to be kind and the conversation interesting. I came a second time, and the CARP people told me about an eight-day special summertime seminar in Japan and asked if I would like to attend. To me this sounded very exciting, and I eagerly consented.

The workshop in Japan, and a previous seminar in Korea before we left, gave me a chance to study the Divine Principle in depth. I did not understand all of the ideas, but overall I found the message to be moving and persuasive. Also, we studied a theory called "Victory Over Communism" (VOC), which made a very powerful and logical argument as to what is wrong with Communist theory and practice. I was so moved by this VOC theory that I joined the group there in Japan.

After I returned from the trip, I felt initially that I had learned all that I needed to know. I would visit the CARP center from time to time, sometimes declining to come when invited, sometimes coming, especially when the event seemed to be less academic and more fun-oriented. Sometimes I would attend seminars. This kind of on-again, off-again relationship with the CARP group continued until a time when around twenty young people, including some older CARP members and a number of new members and myself, attended a workshop in the mountains. There was a terrible traffic accident following this workshop.

On the evening the workshop concluded, a group of us had gathered to wait for a bus, which was to take us back to the city. It failed to arrive at the appointed time, and some of the students were getting anxious about getting back home in time to prepare for classes the next morning. A young delivery truck driver, a local fellow, happened to be at that place. Hearing our problem, he offered to give us a lift to the nearest town, where we would be able to

catch another bus back to the city. One of our CARP members knew this young man and vouched for his character, so it was decided to accept his offer. Not all of us could fit into the back of his truck, but, one by one, some of our CARP members and guests climbed into the truck and sat on boxes on the floor. I was just at the point of climbing into the vehicle when one of the elder CARP brothers called out, "Oh, Mr. Hong! Would you like to talk with me? Come on, let's walk around a bit!" I had thought that it would be fun to go in the truck, but on impulse, I decided to accept his offer. We had been walking and speaking together for around fifteen to twenty minutes when the bus we had originally been expecting finally arrived.

The rest of us boarded the bus. We had not been traveling very long before we saw that an accident had occurred. The truck that our people had taken had gone off the side of the road, plunging down a slope, and people were strewn around it on the ground where it had finally come to a halt. We stopped the bus, and several of us ran down to try to help. Some of our people had died. Others were alive, but hurt. We managed to help the injured people get rides down to the town to get emergency treatment at the hospital.

All of us were deeply affected by the loss of those who had died. Among those who had lost their lives were three of my close friends. The four of us were all new members of CARP, and we had pledged to each other that we would use our lives to make a difference, to help heal our nation. One of the brothers had wanted to become a lawyer, the other brother a journalist, and the sister had planned to become a teacher. Of the four of us who had made this pact together, I was the only one to survive. If the CARP leader had not asked me to talk with him at the last minute, I might have died too.

Ten years later, I saw my three friends. I had been chosen for a mission in the United States, and I was at the CARP center, preparing for my last Sunday prayer service before leaving Korea. I had gone into the prayer room, early and alone, to prepare for the service. Then I noticed out of the corner of my eye that three other people had come into the room and had sat down beside me. I turned to look at them. To my astonishment, it was my three friends! They smiled at me and a moment later, they simply disappeared. One moment they were there right beside

me; the next moment they were gone. But ever since that experience, I have felt that they have been close to me, helping me.

My relationship with Father Moon was not the kind in which God gave me many revelations. However, I came to know him more and more from the times when CARP students would be invited to hear him speak. I began to listen closely to his ideas and to learn from him. I simply came to love and trust him and to feel that he was my spiritual father. I do remember vividly the first time I went to hear him speak. I was with a group of other young CARP students. What left such a deep impression on me was that his words and ideas were so fascinating and profound. I felt at times that I was absorbing the very deepest essence of what he was saying, as if it was sinking into my bones. It felt like I was grasping his ideas both intellectually and spiritually at the same time! It was a very profound experience for me, one which I will never forget.

But now, let me take you back to 1981. Shortly after the accident, I had the opportunity to attend a 21-day seminar. I felt strongly that I could easily have perished with my friends in that truck, and it seemed to me that perhaps I had been spared for some reason, to do something special. I felt that in this workshop I could learn more about God and the spiritual world. This was my turning point. It was here that I made my full commitment to God and asked a friend to teach me how to pray.

After this, I went to work at the CARP center at my university, trying to invest myself completely in the effort to promote the CARP activities. Thanks to the help of a kind professor, we were able to get CARP officially registered at the university.

One of my best memories of this time was when we were working to invite students to a 7-day seminar on the Principle. I had put a lot of effort into trying to interest one particular student in coming to the seminar. He told me that he wanted to attend, and that I should meet him the next day to discuss it further. The next day, I met him, but to my great disappointment, he told me that he couldn't go after all. But another student was standing among some people near him. He was looking at me intensely, with great interest. He asked about the seminar and expressed his desire to go. He then explained, "I know you! I've met you in my dreams the last few days. You told me that you had some wonderful

ideas to give to me. In the dream, some of my ancestors were there, and they encouraged me, telling me what you have to share is very important and something that I should learn." This young man not only came to the workshop, but he also brought six other friends. I was so happy! Together, the two of us brought twelve guests.

Over the next several months, I became kind of well-known as a leader of CARP and a representative of Reverend Moon. I would go early in the morning to a special place on the university campus where I would pray and then attend my first class. After that, I would often take some time out and set up a display outside the library. This display consisted of twenty colorful panels which illustrated aspects of the Divine Principle. When a student would come up and look curiously at one of the panels, I would begin to explain the concept in more detail. This was a great way of introducing the Principle to new people. Sometimes I would even cut class, but I was so excited with teaching, I felt it was worth it. By God's grace, I was able to bring many spiritual children in this time. This period of working and teaching on the college campus is, I feel, a "golden" time of my life.

In five years, including one year of military service, I was able to graduate from the university. I then stayed on as CARP leader for five more years. During those ten years, we were able to bring fifty new committed CARP members and we developed good friendships with around one thousand students. Many of our CARP members became Family Federation church leaders, working in Japan or in various activities in Korea.

During this period in the 1980s, we did a lot of anti-Communist education. It was very effective in that it showed what was mistaken and destructive in their ideology, but we always tried to conduct ourselves with love for others, even our adversaries. At one point, one of the Communist groups on campus issued a threat that they would kill me. At another time, they ordered me to stay off the campus. I just went on with my work, visiting professors and students, sometimes going in the company of other male CARP members. In spite of the threats, I found that there were some Communist students with whom I could talk. I tried to be friendly and reason with them. Still, we had to guard our CARP center against attack. At some other college campus-

es in Korea, Communist students had firebombed the CARP centers, using wine bottles filled with gasoline. We were constantly under threat, so we would have two students on the roof of the center just to guard against any such attack.

At the end of these ten years, I was given the chance to go to America to attend the Unification Theological Seminary (UTS). So I came to America, but even more than taking the seminary courses, my great desire was to learn English. I wanted to learn English well and take this skill back so that I could continue working with CARP in Korea. While I was CARP leader in Kwangju, a number of American Family Federation members had come to Korea to work, and they had been put under my care. It was a great frustration to me because I wanted so much to take good care of them, but I could not speak English, and they did not speak Korean.

Unfortunately, when I arrived in America, I encountered complications that simply made it impossible for me to go to the seminary right away. It took over a year to finally be able to enroll at UTS. During this period, I helped with the work of our Korean church association in New York City, but I was also determined to begin learning English. I did not have enough money to afford language courses, but one day I was on the streets of Manhattan and wound up talking to a homeless man. Here I discovered a way to learn English! I developed sincere friendships with a number of homeless people and learned so much from them. They were happy to have a friend who would talk to them, and for my part, I learned English from many hours spent in their company. I will never forget one day when I went down into the subway, intending to take a train. All of a sudden, in quick succession, I heard, "Mr. Hong, come and talk!" and from another corner of the platform, "Hey, Hong!" and then from still another homeless man, "Hong! Come over here; let's talk!" No less than three of my homeless friends were calling me at once. All the subway riders nearby seemed to think I must be very, very strange, but I was glad to have these relationships. This is the main way I began to learn English.

When I finally did enroll at UTS, my English was

developing but it was still far from perfect. I studied hard, and with the help of some of my American friends there, I was able to graduate. Following graduation from the seminary, I had the privilege to work as a Family Federation for World Peace leader in a number of posts. First, Father assigned me to be the state leader in Idaho, where I was able to help contribute to the success of one of his speaking tours. Later, I worked as state leader in New Jersey for several years.

During my time in New Jersey Father often asked me to translate his talks to our members from Korean into English. Of course, if Father was giving a public speech, then Peter Kim would translate. But if Father was just meeting with our members, I would often be the translator. At the time, this seemed like a thankless job. But toward the end of almost three years of my serving in this capacity, Father suddenly asked me to change missions and take the role of regional pastor in Washington, D.C. I realize now that during those three years of translating Father's talks, I was getting trained in the way he thinks. This work helped me so much in my present mission, because it enabled me to understand more clearly Father's profoundly deep heart and character. I am so grateful to have had the chance to have translated for him, and eternally grateful for all that he has taught me over the years. ■

Reverend John Paul Hong was born in Kwangju, South Korea. As a university student in 1981, he joined the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles. He served in CARP throughout most of the 1980s, first as a student member, and then as the local CARP leader. Later in the United States, he graduated from the Unification Theological Seminary, after which he served in leadership roles for the Family Federation for World Peace in Idaho, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. From 2003 until July, 2006, Reverend Hong was FFWP Regional Director for the Washington, D.C. area, where he lived with his wife and five young children. In the summer of 2006 at Reverend Moon's request, Reverend Hong returned to his homeland to assist in efforts to secure peace on the Korean peninsula.

Testimony of Pastor John Gyasuma Mutogo

I am John Gyasuma, a forty-three-year-old pastor in a spiritual church named The Church of Christ by Revelation of the Prophet Ntualani. The following account documents some of the revelations and dream messages given by Jesus and our ancestors regarding the Lord of the Second Advent and recorded in our church. We quote them for the sake of the world and humankind. There is only one God who speaks and reveals truth to His children through the different ages.

I am writing these words as a testimony to my dear beloved ACLC members and to the numerous people who are still waiting for the Second Coming on the clouds. These stories are revelations, a set of messages ranging from visions, dreams and actions given to a spiritual church in Central Africa, the Democratic Republic of Congo, starting in 1916.

Church Background

In 1916, a brave man, Thomas Ntualani (1880-1942), on his way to Lukunga village, saw a man near the Lulowo stream. The man was standing up on the edge of the branch of a tree. The man called to him by his family name, "Ntualani!" "Yes, here I am," replied Thomas Ntualani, noticing the astonishing way he was standing up in the tree. Quickly, Ntualani realized that the man was not a physical human being but an angel. The angel said, "You are elected to lead the way of God, but someone has to go ahead of you." Ntualani replied, "How shall I know that what you say is true?" The angel told him, "You have a seven-month old son at home. Go and order him to stand up and walk." Ntualani rushed back home and did exactly as the angel instructed. His seven-month old son began walking and could run as well as older children, to the surprise of everyone who knew the family.

On April 6, 1921 another man, named Simon Kimbangu (1887-1951), started performing power-



ful miracles and teaching the word of God in the name of Jesus Christ. People came from far away to be healed, blessed and to hear the word of God. The three main themes that he preached concerned repentance and the denial of polygamy and false gods. On April 21, 1921, Thomas Ntualani went with his entire family and relatives to receive the blessing given through Simon Kimbangu. Upon seeing Thomas Ntualani, Simon Kimbangu was unable to straighten his hand on the head of Thomas Ntualani. Then he heard a message, "Thomas Ntualani is a prophet, like you. You are both chosen to serve the Second Coming of the Lord." They shook hands, and from that time Prophet Thomas Ntualani started his mission at Nkenge Kimani

named "Nazareth." Prophet Simon Kimbangu in Nkamba called his mission "Jerusalem."

The Early Days

Though with no means of modern telecommunication technology, the two prophets were able to communicate spiritually and regularly transmitted messages to one another. They were the John the Baptists for the Second Coming in Africa. Thomas Ntualani prophesied, "The Lord of the Second Coming is born. The Christ has come from an Eastern country," meaning he is of the yellow race. "You have to build houses to welcome at any time the different guests who will come. Western people have become too materialistic. You have to work hard for the sake of the Second Coming. It is the black people who will have to proclaim the Lord and get all the other children of God to follow him."

Meanwhile Prophet Simon Kimbangu was giving revelations saying, "The Lord of the Second Advent is born. He has come from an Eastern country. He will work with the pure persons in his government. No man will be under colonialism or slavery any more. The justice of God will be applied to all humankind and all people will be equal. You have to work hard and build houses with many rooms to welcome our brothers and sisters who were sold abroad, who will come to help us."

As the result of these revelations, the Congolese Prophetic Movement was quickly formed, but it underwent severe persecution under Belgium colonialism. Members were arrested and imprisoned. Two-thirds of them died in prison under forced agricultural labor. Reverend Sun Myung Moon recognizes these sufferings. He declared in a speech in 1978, "It's incredible. White people occupied Africa and made colonies there, but they never educated the people. They just took everything for their own use. They didn't show them how to make farms, and they didn't tell them how to reap crops, vegetables or fruit. They never introduced anything, not even how to make bread . . . How can they [the Africans] hope to survive? All these wrongdoings were done by white people. If people don't try to solve these things, it may be that the yellow people will go there and correct them . . . Most recently in Zaire there has been a spiritual church which the white people have massacred. It was a new Christian

denomination, and this awful thing is now history. No one tells this story in public. They just want to put a lid on it. We will have to open that up and indemnify it. Someone will have to pay for it and ease their hearts. When I bring these things out in the open, am I cruel or just trying to find fault with white people? Do you think that it's good for me to bring this out? It's good because it's the only way to make things even and start things new. We have to be sure about that. We cannot hide the things that we did." (Sun Myung Moon, "The Foundation for Africa and South America," from *God's Will and the Ocean*, New York, March 1987).

Testimonies from Prison and Bequeathing the Mission

At this time there appeared a new Christian spiritual church named "Kintuadi," an abbreviation with the letters "Ki" for Kimbangu, "Ntua" for Ntualani and "Di" for Dibundu (the church). The fire of God was set, and the word was preached along with healing and manifestations of the Holy Spirit. What was too difficult for the foreign Catholic and Protestant missionaries to change was resolved in a short period of time—fetish objects of art were brought out and burned weekly, polygamy was quickly rejected in favor of monogamy, and practices of polytheism were changed to monotheism. All this was scrutinized by the white Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The echo of the first black prophets Kimbangu and Ntualani went so far that people rushed for the blessing they gave, coming from as far as Gabon, Central Africa, Angola and Congo Brazzaville.

The white Belgium colonial government arrested the central figures and jailed them after inflicting severe, unspeakable pain. The authorities condemned the Prophets as disturbers of the social order and jailed them separately far from their hometown. The Prophet Simon Kimbangu was sent to Lubumbashi, a southeast province of the Republic, while the Prophet Thomas Ntualani was sent with all the disciples to Lowa Kivu, in the northeast of the Republic.

In 1936, the Prophet Thomas Ntualani was in prison with his son Kiamosi, the one who walked at seven months old, who was then twenty years old. The prophet told his son, "The Lord of the Second Coming is already born. I will not be there when he

will establish the Kingdom of God . . . but you, my son, will be there.” “How will I recognize the Coming Lord?” inquired his son. “You, my son, will work with the Lord of the Second Coming. There will be a time when you will see someone coming from an Eastern country looking for you and will have you travel around the world. You will know that it is he, the messiah,” answered the Prophet. This remains the greatest revelation recorded in the history of the New Christian Spiritual Kintuadi Church. This message was made into songs and used as encouragement for those who were under trial and hard labor while in prison. The two Prophets, who were imprisoned for thirty years each, both died in prison. They bequeathed their mission to their children. The country became independent in 1960, and the black Congolese political leaders recognized the church, which was later divided into two branches: the Kimbanguist Church and Ntualanist Church, and so it is until this day.

In 1972, the son of the Prophet Ntualani, now the representative of the New Christian Spiritual Church, stated during the annual church general assembly, “It is known by all that my father revealed the Second Coming and prophesied that we are to work with foreigners. If you don’t want to cooperate with the foreigners working in other churches, how will you make harmony with other races? Open and widen your minds and be ready to respond to God’s call.” Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon began their worldwide mission in 1975 and sent their disciples to all the continents of the world. The Democratic Republic of Congo (formerly Zaire) received Reverend Gregory Novalis (American), Annette (German) and Akaishi (Japanese) as representatives of True Parents in Central Africa.

They had been generally informed about God’s preparation work in the Democratic Republic of Congo and particularly about the New Christian Spiritual Church Kintuadi. Reverend Gregory walked day and night from big hotels to the universities, where he became a professor, planning how to witness to the Congolese people about the new expression of truth, the Divine Principle brought by the messiah. He met the New Christian Spiritual Church Kimbanguist branch, but they rejected him because the prophecy said to work with an eastern yellow race coming as the messiah

rather than with an American.

Discouraged, packing his luggage to return to the U.S.A., he met on the eve of his departure Mr. Kimbula, who introduced him to the prepared New Christian Spiritual Church Ntualani branch in 1979. His first meeting at the church headquarters was confirmed by a medium, “This man [Reverend Gregory Novalis] works with the coming messiah, Reverend Sun Myung Moon. The time has come that our church Representative has to travel. He will go very far, and you have to support him.” A special contribution was made by the church members, and Reverend Gregory Novalis reported the meeting to the World Mission Department of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (Unification Church) in the U.S.A. Our Church Representative, Kiamosi (63 years old with a basic elementary level of education) received a special invitation from True Parents to attend a 40-Day World Seminar in the U.S.A. The church voted that His Excellency Kiamosi be accompanied by his cousin, Reverend Bakua Ntona, who was working as the Vice Representative of the church. They made their long tour of the world, visiting many countries of Europe, the Middle East and the U.S.A. This confirmed the prophecy given in 1936.

*Proclamation of Reverend Sun Myung Moon
in the Ntualanist Church*

After returning to Kinshasa from the U.S.A., the two leaders asked Reverend Gregory Novalis to organize a 40-Day Seminar for the Ntualanist Church, which was attended by my spiritual father, Mr. Diate Mbuta, on September 19, 1980. Mr. Diate Mbuta, 56 years old, declared: “I was twelve years old when our parents used to escape the Belgium colonialists and hide in the forest, praying ceaselessly. Through their suffering, they always remembered the promise of the Second Coming, and so they endured. Educated in a Protestant school, I couldn’t accept the concept that Reverend Sun Myung Moon was the coming messiah, for the Bible says that there is no salvation in any name other than Jesus Christ. But my first experience was rooted in the 7-day Divine Principle Seminar where I saw Jesus Christ in a dream telling me, ‘Why don’t you believe in Sun Myung Moon? He is the Coming Lord of the Second Advent. Look.’ Then I saw

Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon standing with Jesus Christ.”

Arriving home, his wife, Mrs. Lutinako Diate Mbuta, could not believe her husband’s testimony nor the report of the Divine Principle. Her husband had not been serious regarding his marital relationship, his adultery causing much grief for his wife. Some days later, she dreamed she saw her husband teaching the Divine Principle to a huge group of people sitting under a big baobab tree on the top of the mountain. She was at the foot of a mountain that was difficult to climb. She saw one of her ancestors who had passed away during her childhood saying, “We can’t attend the Divine Principle lecture along with the ancestors of your husband because of you. Please follow your husband. The messiah is on earth with you. Divine Principle is true. We cannot be helped without you.” She woke up and reported her dream to her husband and decided to attend the Divine Principle seminar.

On April 10, 1992, the Holy Blessing ceremony was held in Seoul, South Korea. It was attended by twelve previously married couples from their church, including Mr. and Mrs. Diate Mbuta. The Holy Wine part of the ceremony had been held on April 9. That night, Mr. Diate Mbuta dreamed he saw many of the African Prophets in blue suits standing up in two rows with the Prophets Simon Kimbangu and Thomas Ntualani in the front rows. They shouted out loudly, “VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY!” holding their fingers up in a “V” while the couple of Mr. and Mrs. Diate Mbuta were passing between the rows. Mr. Mbuta woke up, discovering that it was a dream.

Actually, although Mr. Diate Mbuta once was not trusted by his wife because of his many concubines, today he and his wife are among the most faithful elder couples in our church, serving as a model and representative of True Parents. They are proud to follow Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon as the messiah and True Parents. He has witnessed to many people, including me. He is a powerful lecturer of the Divine Principle, able to teach the “Providential View of History” centered on the African Prophets. He is called a living prophet by church members.

One young lady lived in a Unification Home Church center where her father was pastor. She did not believe in Reverend Moon as the messiah, the

Lord of the Second Coming. Jesus Christ remained for her the only messiah. She saw new members being educated in Divine Principle, trained in church activities, and being blessed from 1980 to 1990. Suddenly she dreamed three times that she was stuck in a deep pit with no way out. After many efforts trying to escape and crying in vain for help she finally saw Reverend Sun Myung Moon extending towards her a long arm to rescue her. Without reporting these dreams to her father, she decided to attend the Divine Principle seminar. Since then, the nightmares have stopped and she has become a devoted member. We were blessed together in marriage on August 25, 1995.

In November 1999, a very aged member of the Unification Church in the Democratic Republic of Congo, Father Kayiba, then 86 years old, had a dream in which he saw Jesus Christ, who asked him, “Do you remember me?” “Yes, I do,” replied the old man. “And who do you see over there?” continued Jesus Christ. “I see the Prophets Simon Kimbangu and Thomas Ntualani, and near them I see the True Parents Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon.” Jesus ordered him, “Wake up and proclaim the coming of the messiah. They are saving humankind through the Blessing of marriage.” The old man woke up very early and went house to house witnessing that Reverend Moon is the messiah. Many considered him crazy, but those who gave him time to speak came afterwards to the church and got the full explanation of the Divine Principle. They later congratulated the church grandfather for being their spiritual parent.

Very recently, my own nephew, Mabanza Benjamin, when he was 21 years old, attended a 2-day Divine Principle seminar in November 2003. Two weeks later he fell into a deep coma from malaria fever and could not move, talk, open his eyes nor eat for two consecutive days. Finally, when he opened his eyes at eleven o’clock on his third day, I questioned him and we had the following dialogue:

Uncle: “Do you know me?”

Nephew: “Yes, I do.”

Uncle: “Who am I?”

Nephew: “You are Uncle John.”

Uncle: “What did you see?”

Nephew: “I saw our grandmother, Gina Mutogo.”

Uncle: “Is she alone?”

Nephew: "No, she is with her husband Phusu and Uncle Vilo." . . .

Uncle: "Is that all?"

Nephew: "No. I can see again True Parents, Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon."

Uncle: "Really? Are they black people?"

Nephew: "No. They are yellow people."

Uncle: "What do they say?"

Nephew: "True Mother, Hak Ja Han Moon, has put her hand on my head and prayed and told me to believe in God . . . They appear surrounded in a blaze of fire."

I understood that the nephew had had a spiritual experience and that he wouldn't die. I told him that he was sick, and that we were in the hospital. Grandmother Gina Mutogo died in 1998. Her husband Phusu died in 1973, and his Uncle Vilo in 1975, before my nephew was even born. He had never seen them nor any photos of them.

I am eternally grateful to Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ and True Parents who saved my life many times! I had such a hard time. I did not know why, but finally, over the last decade, I have come to clearly understand that I am blessed to help the Lord of the Second Coming and have a hand in the building of God's Kingdom. ■

Pastor John Gyasuma

The Church of Christ by Revelation of Ntualani

Pastor John Gyasuma Mutogo was born in 1962 in the Democratic Republic of Congo and educated at the Institut Pedagogique National College. Matched and blessed in a wedding ceremony in 1995 by Father and Mother Moon, he is the father of one son, and his family includes his widowed mother-in-law. He is the Director of Publication and Education for Family Federation members in the Congo.

Testimony of Annette Schmidt

My name is Annette Schmidt. When I was sixteen, I started an apprenticeship as a chef, following family tradition. There was no boy in our family, so the expectations lay upon me to continue the family business located in the southern Black Forest, close to the French and Swiss border. I moved to a small village in the mountains to learn from one of the best cooks of the old school.

I had always been interested in religion and prayed to have my questions answered. They were primarily: (1) What is the absolute standard of goodness? (2) What is it that should connect the Old and the New Testaments? (3) What is God's will in this day? (4) What is my mission? In the second year of my apprenticeship, which entailed fourteen-hour work days with little pay, I had a dream I will never forget. The dream depicted the fruit in the

Garden of Eden as the premature sexual experience of Eve without God's blessing. My lifestyle was not very religious in those days, and so I was shocked.

I continued studying various religious and spiritual books, pushing myself to look into traditions other than Christianity, as I did not want to be limited by my own cultural upbringing in pursuing the truth. I also received an insight that evil in the last days will be fought by multiplying goodness and that, as in a physics experiment, once an absolute pole is set up, all other elements will align themselves eventually. Hence, there is hope!

When I finished my diploma, with intentions to build a formidable resume, I went to Switzerland to get good working experience in a famous hotel there. But I had started suffering anxiety about the trivialness of my activity as a cook. I wanted to make a difference in the world. My own interests had always been music and religion, and I read books and composed songs in my spare time; however I became more and more unhappy. I bought different translations of the Bible and tried to find the essence of its words. Then came Christmas Eve, and all the staff was sent home to be with their families. I did not want to go home, as I was suddenly overcome with the somber notion that if this day was really about the birth of the Messiah, I would not want to just go through the motions of a customary celebration with my parents this year. They are Lutheran and are conscientious people, but not very religious.

I received an inspiration to take a train to Bern, the capital of Switzerland, which I did. I arrived, walked around and came to a secondhand bookstore. On display in front of the store were two books that caught my interest, the *Book of Mormon* and a paperback called *Rabbi Jesua*, written by a German Protestant theologian. I bought the two books and took the train back to the hotel. I was alone in that giant place and went to my room. I tried to read the *Book of Mormon*, yet found it difficult to read. Then I read the second book, and I couldn't put it down until the next morning, Christmas day. I was in total shock. I had just learned that Jesus' crucifixion had been the biggest cover-up murder in history, and its glorification was distracting from the fact that he had come originally to build an earthly kingdom! He was to be an earthly king and spread heavenly peace throughout the

earth in his lifetime!

I was shivering and couldn't work. But when I tried to talk to my friends about it, nobody cared, and they thought I was too high-strung about things. I chose the Star of David as a symbol of my beliefs because I had read that it means "the Messiah has come," and I found that so much more empowering than the cross. It also was a possible unifying point between the Old and New Testaments.

Then, on my twenty first birthday I received the revelation that I should go to the United States of America, and that I would find a church and my mission there. So I packed my bags and told my parents, "I will leave to the U.S." I took only two books with me, the Bible and a book of Confucius' dialogues with his disciples. Those were the only books in which I felt total trust; everything else I threw away. I went with a friend, yet we parted in Miami, and I went to New York by myself. Of course, I had little money and stayed in a cheap hostel in a real bad area of Manhattan, where I found a job as a waitress. I used to go out in the streets and approach people that were witnessing for their various denominations. Yet I was always disappointed by their words. Nothing they said resonated with what Heaven had taught me.

After three months, I became very anxious, to the degree that I quit my job and stayed in my room for several days just reading my two books. I read the revelation, and Jesus' words, "I wish you were hot or cold, but because you are lukewarm I have to spit you out." That rang in my ears. I broke down and prostrated myself in front of God and cried and prayed. I called out to God and said, "I came here and I am ready to do anything You want me to do. Shall I be a nun? I don't believe that is what You want, because the absolute standard of goodness should be applicable equally to all. But if You say so, I will do it. I am at the end of my rope. I cannot live in this crazy, terrible, painful world. If You don't tell me what to do and what You want, I might as well become really bad—join the mafia or something like that. Please help me!" I cried and fell asleep. That night I had a dream. Confucius sat on the floor in my hotel lobby, eating a bowl of rice. People said, "He is crazy!" Our eyes met and I felt such wonderful peace, and I said, "You people are crazy; only he is not."

That morning, I felt suddenly bright and chipper.

I decided to go for a walk to the library to read up on the Amish community. I was walking down the avenue when just two blocks before the library, a warm wind blew on my back. It was a spiritual wind, and it felt like it almost carried me—I hardly had to walk. It took me around the corner to 43rd Street and “set me down” at number 4 West, which was at that time the U.S. headquarters of the Unification Church. I looked in the window display and saw a drawing of a guardian angel and the words, “Man asks why there is so much suffering in the world; why can God not stop it? We have to understand that God cannot do anything if man doesn’t fulfill his responsibility.”

Moved by these words, I entered and began studying the video lectures on the Divine Principle. I was overcome with incredible joy as each lecture confirmed my convictions and infinitely enlightened my mind. I was in tears, feeling totally reborn. I joined the Unification Church three days later, upon completing the lecture series.

Before long, I joined a fundraising team and soon started struggling. I decided that I wanted to meet God to strengthen my faith. So I made a 21-day cold shower condition, prayed, and slept very little, going out fundraising with roses in the streets of New York. The closer I came to the end of the twenty-one days, the more difficult became my day, with so much spiritual pressure that it seemed dark even in broad daylight. Then, at the end of the 21-day condition, our fundraising team had just been picked up by the church van, and I sat in the back, trying to go to the place where God lives in my prayer. Suddenly I was taken up into the spirit world. A giant orange oval light was in front of me.

I asked, “Are You God?” and the answer was, “Yes.” I looked closely and saw many holes in that orange light. So I asked, “Why the holes?” God said, “Each human being is my child and should fit like my counterpart. Yet you are all deformed because of the fall and don’t fit. You cannot truly meet me. That’s why you have to go the way of restoration following the True Parents.” Then I saw my own face, and it was spinning like in a time warp, going toward God while changing and changing. I was shown how it will be when I do go that way of restoration and can finally meet God. The

moment we met, I felt indescribable joy such as I have never felt before. I was overcome with tears, understanding that present human existence is like a black and white movie compared to the color version we have never seen.

Then God allowed me to experience His own heart, how He will feel when we meet. I felt overwhelming parental pride—the naive boundless pride a father feels watching his daughter doing something well, thinking she is just so great. I again cried, understanding that God is so “human”; that is, that there is nothing unattached about His love. Then the light faded and I saw the number “4.” I saw fire springing out of that number. I “returned” to the van, contemplating the number “4.” It is the symbol of the Four-Position Foundation in the terminology of the Divine Principle—the foundation of the family, the eternal base of true love where God can dwell on earth and in Heaven.

I had many more experiences after that time, confirming the path I have chosen. It was not that I needed or was seeking more confirmation. Rather, I feel that following in the footsteps of True Parents enlightens the original mind and conscience and thereby provides evidence as a natural result when living according to the Divine Principle and the teachings of True Parents.

I hope that my testimony will inspire greater understanding of True Parents’ position and role, as they are leading the invisible, yet most real, spiritual battle that engulfs mankind. May each human being restore his or her divine uniqueness. And may we all honor our calling for the sake of aiding in this great work. How blessed we are to live in these times! ■

Sincerely,
Annette Schmidt

Annette Schmidt was born and raised in Germany. She came to New York in 1987 and joined the Unification Church soon after arriving. She was a missionary in England for three years.

Testimony of Christine Froehlich

This is a little of my story. Please read with an open heart and mind, and I hope you find it interesting.

Searching For God

I did not know why I had this tendency, but ever since I can remember, I have been interested in religion and making a better world. It doesn't mean I was always such a good person! I also had some very deep experiences of an inexplicable love coming to me as a child, especially when running around out in nature, in the woods and the back yard. It was so strong, I almost found it overwhelming at times. I think it made me extremely energetic. I could not stop running from place to place, exploring everything I could get my hands on. As a child, I used to read the Bible to animals and other such silly things.

I adored my grandfather. I was just crazy about him. I admired his love for people. I followed him everywhere. When he died, I was heartbroken. I picked up a children's story book when I was sitting alone in our attic, just thinking. There was a story in it that said, "When you are missing those whom you loved, who have passed on, you must always think of them. Whenever you think of them with all of your love, they come alive in the spiritual world." So I determined to do this with all of my might for my grandfather. I wanted to keep him alive forever. I did this for some years. This was the beginning of my interest in the afterlife.

I also determined at that time to become a doctor and find a cure for cancer, the awful disease that took him away from us. Soon thereafter, I came to realize that the healing of the soul is even more important. I used to visit many different churches in our hometown of Westfield, New Jersey, when I was in high school, looking for the one which would truly touch my heart and satisfy my desire for answers to my questions. I never found one to which I could really fully commit, until much later.



My mom told me that she used to question like that too, when she was young.

Peace Movements

Those of us who went to college in the late '60s and early '70s remember all the peace movements. Peace and love! I took these very seriously, and I went to one huge rally in Washington, D.C. I had, at first, a wonderful experience carrying a candle during a peace vigil where the demonstrators walked across the bridge from Arlington Cemetery into Washington, D.C. We were surrounded by "marshals" who had organized the vigil and were very eager to keep the march orderly and peaceful. As the day went on, I became more and more curious to find out who were the organizers behind this wonderful peace march. As I went from group to group, I met the Yippies, who were one of the main organizers. They were meeting and boasting about their ties to Moscow. I thought that was really cool at the time. However, it bothered me that they called all the policemen "pigs." Later that night, two of my friends went to the Yippie-led part of the demonstrations at Dupont Circle, where they were shouting

“Pigs” and throwing rocks until finally they got tear-gassed. To them, this was proof of the evils of our government. To me, it made me question thoroughly the validity of the entire “peace” movement all in one day.

After attending several big peace marches, I came home to my dormitory and thought deeply about it. I came to a surprising conclusion—there can be no peace without God. Human beings are not capable of peace by themselves. We are too much at war even deep within ourselves. I wanted to make a relationship with God and find an inner solution, and so I plunged into a search of all kinds of religions. To further this search, I decided to take a year off from college in the middle of my sophomore year.

As a culmination of all my searching, while I was at home, I had an amazing, life-changing experience with Jesus. Amazingly enough, my mom had been searching for a church where the minister could speak about his or her own real experience of God in a convincing way. Finally, she found a wonderful Presbyterian minister, a man named Rev.

MacFarlane. After she was “converted,” he set his sights on converting me. I put up a terrific fight. I was really mean to him, as I had become rather bitter and skeptical about a lot of things by then. In the end, however, I was deeply moved by his capacity to come back again and again with, “God loves you, Christine! Jesus loves you!” even when I had rejected him so many times. At this time, my dad had his first heart attack, and Rev. MacFarlane had the whole church pray for his recovery. The doctors said my dad’s recovery that time really was miraculous. Dad told my brother later that he had one of those near-death experiences where he went down a tunnel and saw a beautiful warm loving light, and a voice told him it was not his time yet, and he had to go back.

I, too, had an amazing experience. One night in a dream, Jesus came to me. I was standing before him under a big tree, as he turned the pages of the “Book of Life.” He turned to me and handed me his staff, and he told me I had a mission to fulfill, though he did not tell me what it was at that time. I woke up at 3 AM and furiously wrote down everything that had happened in that dream. It was so real! It was truly a life-changing experience for me.

Then I began more and more to feel a calling to give my life to God. It was not because I was so

good that I received this very real experience of Jesus appearing to me in my dream. I think it was because of the goodness of others whom I represent, ancestors, and relatives . . . Who knows?! Maybe it happened because I was asking God so many questions.

The message of the Prince of Peace really caught my full attention. I was totally reborn. I changed so much! I found hope and I found the capacity to forgive. That was the essence for me. I thought that if Jesus could forgive and love his enemies on the cross as they killed him, there must be something I can learn from him. I wanted to develop that same capacity. I saw that as absolutely the only hope for me, for the world, for anybody to pass from hell to Heaven, from inner turmoil to inner peace. That was the key. The true man I could believe in was Jesus. I decided I had to return something to God and to Jesus, but I did not know what.

Called By God to Work for Peace

Then I went back to college and finished the last two and a half years at Wesleyan University. At graduation, I had a crazy plan to go to India. I wanted to study music there and see Asia. I had come to the conclusion that Western civilization had reached its limits and could go no further on its own. I also felt that America had become a great spiritual desert. I was spiritually famished. I went to New York City on a bus to go get my visa. I did not know why, but I had a profound feeling that I would meet someone important that day. I went to the Indian Consulate, and as soon as I had the visa stamped, I looked around the room and began to think further about my plan. I had a belief at that time that in the eyes of the old people one could see the wisdom and contents of a culture. There was an old man sitting there, but when I looked into his eyes, this particular man looked completely spaced out, with a vacant expression. For the first time I doubted my own plans!

I decided I had better go take a walk and think some more about this. I headed down 63rd Street toward Central Park. Just at that moment, a very short Japanese lady named Tomiko came up to me. She was very confident and friendly. I thought she was very brave to come up and talk to me, a stranger, in the middle of New York City when she

was having difficulty speaking English. That made me think she must have something very important to say. I liked her immediately. She was a real “no nonsense” type of person. In the first few minutes that I met her, she asked me, “Are you searching for the truth?” I said, “Yes!” She invited me to take a walk up 5th Avenue, towards the building where the Unification Church was located at that time. I walked into the building on 71st Street and felt like I had entered the United Nations! There was every nationality and language there before me: German, French, English, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Belgian, Mexican and so on.

I felt such a peaceful atmosphere and a sense of being in the right place at the right time. I thought right away, “Who is the leader who could bring people together like this?” I turned around as I looked about the room, and there was a picture of Reverend Moon. “Who is this man?” I wondered to myself. His face looked so peaceful. Then Tomiko asked me if I believed in God and began to speak about God’s hopes for humanity. She said that something tragic had taken place for God and tears involuntarily came down her cheeks. I was really surprised. I had never met anyone as sincere as she was. When she asked me to listen to a lecture, I said no at first. I was sick and tired of lectures, having just graduated from college. But I could not say no after a while because she was so sweet, and I didn’t want to hurt her feelings.

The first thing I heard that day was called “God’s Ideal of Creation.” It struck me then that I must not only know who God is, but God’s will and desire. If we love God, then we naturally want to become closer to God. We would become God’s sons and daughters, who know God’s hopes, God’s will and what God feels and plans for us to do in our lives. During this lecture I had a “This is it” experience. The lecturer, a Dutch woman, drew a diagram on the board of the “Four-Position Foundation,” the ideal of the family with God at the center as the basis for harmony in the family, society, nation and world. This was when I heard as a shout in my mind, “This is it! This is what you have always been seeking—and not only you, but all of your ancestors have always been searching for this!” I began to feel a great flood of tears coming up, but I did not want to cry in front of others.

She finished the lecture and I was just quiet. It

struck me with such a peace inside. I thought, “This is not an ordinary truth. This is not the postulation of a theory, not a defense of a position, or the argument of someone’s opinion, or just some information about life and the world. This is really a message, some words from God.” That is what I felt. It was a truth about life, rooted in the heart of God, not just an intellectual exercise. I just cried with joy. I had found a spiritual oasis in the desert.

Then Tomiko asked me, “What do you think?!” I could only say, “Well, this is true. I would like to hear some more.” Later on, when I did not come home for Christmas, my parents were really concerned, but they were brave enough to come and see me a few weeks later and they heard a few of the lectures. My dad bought a copy of the Divine Principle and later on he read it. God bless him for that!

The Way to Peace

Where does God live? Why did He create us? God seeks to live in a heavenly world that is not divided by so many walls and barriers as we have in this world. We need to know the nature of a heavenly world, not just this physical world of politics and conflicts. Boundaries and barriers do not come from God. The ultimate path to peace that Reverend Moon teaches is to love one’s enemy. True peace is only real when we overcome destructive conflicts, and become brothers and sisters under one God. This one God is behind all the great major world religions, which He inspired through their founders in a way suitable to that particular culture. Christianity should fulfill a certain central role to serve and love all the others.

Through Judaism, God was revealed for the first time as an active being in the course of human history—guiding events towards a purpose and a goal. That goal was revealed as the kingdom of God, and for that kingdom to take place, the Jewish people awaited the coming of the messiah. What is the meaning of “Messiah”? It is a mission, not just a title. It is a mission that the “anointed one” has been chosen by God to fulfill. At Christmas time, in our celebrations, the best thing we can do is remember and ask, “Who really understands the heart of Jesus and what does he truly desire?” I believe I never heard a more profound understanding of Jesus’ life

and mission than I did through Divine Principle. I believe that he led me to the Unification Church. I joined the Unification Church, with all my heart, at the end of December 1973.

Fast Forward 30 Years

Even today, Reverend Moon is working for peace. I never met anyone more serious for peace than he. That was Reverend Moon's vision, given to him in a revelation from Jesus Christ when he was only sixteen years old. To reconcile all religions and accomplish a real world peace—this is his mission and goal. How can there be world peace if religions are fighting with one another? Since the spring of 2003 Father Moon has initiated an ambitious movement for inter-religious reconciliation and peace in the Middle East. It is a very serious matter for us in the world today.

As with any great visionary who is ahead of his time, Reverend Moon has been very controversial. To me, that has always made things more interesting and exciting! There has never in all of history been a great thinker or leader, especially a religious leader or reformer, who was easily accepted and appreciated in his or her own time. They have almost always suffered misunderstanding and ridicule. Jesus Christ certainly suffered in that way, as did Galileo, Martin Luther King, St. Francis, Joan of Arc, and many more.

Many Americans find it hard to relate to Reverend Moon. Why? He comes from a distant

land with a different culture. He is of another race than the majority here. He speaks another language. It is hard to relate to him without direct personal experiences. But there is no doubt in my mind that he lives what he teaches. He loves his enemies, at the risk of his life, even now, at eighty-six years old. He is misunderstood and has been vehemently persecuted throughout his life, yet he survives and does amazing things. A well-known journalist, Carlton Sherwood, wrote an account of Rev. Moon's life in the United States in a book called *The Inquisition*, which you can read for yourself. It explores many of the controversies he encountered in America and abroad.

I feel that I owe it to you to do everything I can to let you know about who Reverend Moon is and what he teaches and does. I do not want you to miss the making of history, or the great blessings God brings in these times! I believe it is a great historical injustice the way he has been mistreated through ignorance. ■

Christine Froehlich joined the Unification Church in December 1973. She graduated from the Unification Theological Seminary in 1980 and was blessed with a wonderful German husband, Tom, in 1982. She has been working with young people for over twenty years with CARP (Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles), and is presently head of the parents' association for a youth leadership training program named the Special Task Force.

Testimony of Ron Pine

My story covers a series of events that directly led me to begin going to Christian churches to ask questions about God and the meaning of life. During the summer of 1966, I was sitting in a park in the early evening. That night there was a full moon. Suddenly, when I looked up at the moon, I saw another bright light in the sky, almost as big as the moon. What was so unusual was how everything was circling around it. It was as if I were on a

merry-go-round, circling around the light. This experience lasted for a few minutes, and then the bright light was gone.

The same experience happened again in the summer of 1967. This time, when the light appeared in the sky next to the moon, I seemed to be much closer. Just like before, though, everything was circling around the light. After a few minutes, this light just disappeared.

The next time this bright light appeared was the



repair it on the roadside, a person pulled over and asked me if I needed any help. The man was riding a new motorcycle and was very friendly. We began riding together. When we got into town, he paid his own money to have my motorcycle repaired. This was a big surprise to me. Also, we stopped a few times during our journey to sit and talk. At one point he said to me, "Ron, I have been listening to you for a while, and I can tell you, in this life, you are riding on a fence. If you continue to associate with the Hell's Angels,

day I was listening to the Divine Principle lecture at Ashby House, a Unification Church center in Berkeley, California, in 1969. The light appeared in front of me and the person giving the lecture, Roger Hellman, was in the center of it. Finally, the last time this bright light appeared to me was when I met Reverend Moon at the San Francisco Airport in 1972. That time it was Reverend Moon who was in the center of this bright light.

Another experience occurred when I was at the Calaveras County Frog Jump in the summer of 1968. There were more than three hundred members of the Hell's Angels motorcycle club at the frog jump that summer. Because I owned a chopper motorcycle, I was invited to join them in their camping area. After three days of parties, I witnessed a group of Hell's Angels beating somebody very badly. A few years later, I learned the man was an undercover FBI agent, and that he was beaten to death! After the brawl, a couple of Hell's Angels asked me if I wanted to go to another party in the mountains, and I agreed to go. So three of us started riding on two motorcycles. We left the Frog Jump camp grounds and went riding into the mountains. The guy in front, riding only about twenty yards ahead of me, was suddenly hit by a camper truck. He died right there at the scene of the accident. When that happened, I left the other Hell's Angel there at the site of the accident. I decided to leave and go home.

As I was headed home on my motorcycle, the engine stalled a few times. While I was trying to

then you will fall off that fence into darkness and never get out." Needless to say, I found this a very shocking statement!

When we reached his home in Stockton, California, we stopped at his house, and I said goodbye. I then drove to the corner and wrote down his address and the street name. Three days later, when I tried returning to his house, I just could not find it. It was as if the street where his house was did not exist! Not only did the street not exist, neither did his house, for which I had a street name and address. I immediately went door-to-door asking people in the area if anyone knew a man named Charles who owned a Norton motorcycle. No one knew him, and several people said no one even had a motorcycle in this neighborhood!

At that time this experience was completely unexplainable. It did, however, completely change my life. I sat on the street corner for hours trying to understand what had just happened. These two events caused me to begin going to churches and asking questions about the meaning of life. It was only the Divine Principle that Reverend Moon is teaching that could explain the nature and the reason for these events to occur.

I have reached two conclusions. One, if that man had not been hit head-on by a truck and died, I would have driven into the woods and most certainly would have been killed by those two Hell's Angels. They were thinking I was a clean-cut, clean-shaven guy who could have been with the FBI guy that was killed. Two, if I had not met Charles, I

would never have heard that I was riding on a fence and that I would fall into darkness if I continued to ride and associate with the Hell's Angels. This encounter with Charles helped me make the decision to leave the Hell's Angels, the fence on which I had been riding, and allow my life to take a new course.

Just a few weeks after I joined the Unification Church, I received a spiritual vision. In the local center on Ashby Avenue, we conducted prayer meetings every Wednesday evening. In the third such prayer meeting after I joined the church, during our prayer, we listened to a tape recording of Doris Orme, one of our church pastors, offering a prayer in Rome in 1967. During the time we were praying, I had a vision. In the vision, I saw myself sitting on a picnic blanket with a woman with black hair in the middle of a small valley next to a running stream. I saw myself and her from the back. The scene was beautiful beyond description. Words cannot describe it. It felt like Heaven, and I was there with this beautiful woman. Also, while I was experiencing this, the words of Doris Orme were being played, wherein it seemed that God was saying through her voice how He will make a creation so beautiful that it is beyond the imagination of man. Then it seemed to me that God began to cry, hoping I could be with Him in that picnic scene, with Him and the beautiful black-haired woman.

These profound experiences have shown me that Reverend Moon has been given a central role in God's providence. I learned that my physical life was saved and then guided by an angel to change direction, and I was given an understanding of what heaven will look like for my wife and me. She, by the way, has black hair, because she is Korean. I have never lost my faith in thirty-five years that Reverend Moon is the messiah.

Finally, when I was fourteen years old in 1963, I was inspired to tell my father, Leslie Pine, that I would meet the Lord of the Second Advent in my lifetime. I not only remember saying that to my father, but he remembered what I said as well, and he reminded me of this in 1971 when he and my

mother joined the Unification movement.

This is my story. These events really happened. I hope and pray that whoever reads my testimony will believe that my words are true!

Ronald E. Pine

P.S. The following is not part of my story; these are just historical facts: When Reverend Moon toured the United States in 1965 to make holy grounds (prayer grounds) in all fifty states, he stopped at one Native American Indian nation to pray for the Indian people. This was the Cherokee Nation in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. True Father visited the Indian Heritage Center where they have a traditional Indian village, depicting Cherokee Indian life a thousand years ago. After visiting the Indian village, Reverend Moon wanted to pray at the statue of a Native American Indian chief, to pray for all North American Indians. True Father prayed at the statue of John Ross, who was the chief of the Cherokee Nation for fifty years, and who died during the Civil War in Washington, D.C. Chief John Ross is one-eighth Cherokee Indian and his wife is a full-blood Cherokee Indian. Chief John Ross is my great, great, great grandfather. Moreover, to the best of my knowledge, I am the first person to join the Unification Church who has Native American Indian blood. ■

Ronald E. Pine, born October 17, 1949, grew up in Stockton, California. He is currently a real estate investor/entrepreneur who buys houses from banks and at city tax sales to hold as rentals. He is now semi-retired, living from real estate investments.

At this time, he is completing his college requirements for a Bachelor of Arts degree, after which he is planning to enroll in the Unification Theological Seminary to obtain a Masters of Divinity degree. He says that, with such life-altering experiences in his youth, he is determined to work with religious leaders and appeal to them to reach the same conclusion that he has concerning the mission of Reverend Moon.

Testimony of Gwenn (Baldwin) Bair

The Story Begins 130 Years Ago

In 1873, the wife and four daughters of Rev. Horatio Spafford left Chicago and took a ship, the *Ville du Havre*, to Europe. In a tragic collision with another ship, all four daughters drowned. Mrs. Anna Spafford was among the forty seven people who were rescued. Upon arrival in Europe, she sent a telegram back to her husband stating, "Saved alone." After that, when Rev. Spafford was traveling across the sea to meet his wife, the ship captain told him, "As far as we can ascertain, this is the location of the shipwreck of the *Ville du Havre*." With pained heart, Horatio Spafford sat down and wrote the beloved hymn "It Is Well with My Soul," still sung today throughout the world, bringing a spirit of comfort to many.

Back in the Spafford's hometown near Chicago, people began to gossip that God was punishing the Spaffords because of some unorthodox beliefs they were known to have. As a result, the Spaffords decided to leave America and move to the Holy Land of Jerusalem, bringing a number of followers with them, then called the "Overcomers." The group settled permanently in Jerusalem, where they served the local people of all religions extensively. One of their outstanding accomplishments was when a large group of Yemenite Jews arrived to settle in Jerusalem in 1882 but were not accepted by the local community. The colony rose to their aid, feeding and, where possible, housing them in their initial need.

Although some persecuted them as a "cult," including the American Consulate, many others were moved by the heart and activities of the Spaffords and the American Colony, who fed, clothed, taught, and gave medical care to thousands of people. In the meantime, an American named Rev. Edward Baldwin, the first missionary to the country of Morocco, was going through much struggle and suffering, attempting to witness to people there. Rev. Baldwin was also regarded as unorthodox, mainly because he was rather extreme in taking



Jesus' directions to his disciples seriously—that in going out to witness, you should take nothing with you. He became known, rather disrespectfully by the Americans back home, as the "Matthew 10 Preacher." He traveled to Jerusalem and learned of the American Colony group. He became a member in the 1890s. Rev. Baldwin is my great grandfather.

On July 23, 1896, a group of Swedes brought together by an evangelist who had lived in Chicago, formed a tight group of believers. They felt called by God and left for Jerusalem. Fifty of them went through the misery of selling their farms and possessions, and leaving behind family and friends forever when they moved to Jerusalem to join the American Colony. Christina Larsson, my grandmother, was a child in this group. This band of Swedish pilgrims brought with them much know-how and money. The American Colony proceeded to purchase a large and good building to house their group, which had grown to 120 people. They lived self-sufficiently with a life of prayer, hard work, and service to people of all religions. They also were awaiting the Second Coming of Christ.

From 1890 through about World War I, Christina Larsson was raised in the American Colony among the believers and an endless stream of colorful visitors. The missionary Rev. Baldwin also brought his

children to be raised for some years in the Colony, although his own wife, a medical missionary to Africa, opposed the group, and they separated. Eventually, the little Swedish girl, Christina Larsson, and Rev. Baldwin's American son, Norman, who grew up together, married in the courtyard of the American Colony. They later moved to New Jersey and raised a family of their own, into which my father was born. They are my grandparents, and they spoke many languages. Their biggest secrets would be expressed in Arabic! I grew up hearing them mention the Spaffords frequently and seeing their photos of the Holy Land. I also remember several times in my life while growing up, my father would look at me, saying, "Gwennie, you're special!"

Meeting the Unification Movement

I believe it's because of this background and the great sacrifices made by these pilgrims to Jerusalem over one hundred years ago, that I could respond so quickly to Reverend Sun Myung Moon's vision and efforts for world peace through reconciliation. In 1975 I met the Unification movement in New York City, and everything "clicked" for me.

I admired the fact that young people were giving the best years of their lives to witnessing, teaching, studying, serving, even fundraising for the sake of others. After months of study in Barrytown, New York, I made the decision to devote myself to serving God and humankind through the structure of the Unification movement. Reverend Moon shows a confused world a clear and straight path through the Divine Principle. If I had not met him, I probably would have been married and divorced a few times by now.

Return to Jerusalem

In December of 2003, Reverend Moon invited members and guests to attend a conference and historic rally in Jerusalem, in order to bring unity among the major religions of Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. I immediately planned to take the trip, and received excited phone calls and e-mails of support from my relatives who know the story of our ancestors in Jerusalem. My eighty-seven-year-old Aunt Sandy, just before I left, even called me from

her hospital bed after a heart attack. She told me my great grandfather is buried there in Jerusalem.

When I arrived in Jerusalem and heard the theme song of our conference, "Peace, Shalom, Salaam Alaikum," I felt clearly I was continuing the work of my ancestors and their painstaking efforts over 100 years ago in the Holy Land. Besides the honor and privilege of helping with the conference and rally, I had two places I was determined to visit. One was the American Colony. Today, the American Colony building is a five-star hotel called the American Colony Hotel, well known for being a neutral place where diplomats and writers can meet without hostility. Secondly, I wanted to visit the grave of my great grandfather. I arranged to have lunch with Mrs. Valentine Vester in the hotel on Friday, December 19th. She is also a descendant of the group of believers, and is an owner of the hotel, although she is now ninety years old. I visited the very courtyard where my grandparents were married, and Mrs. Vester told me in a sketchy way where the small American Colony Cemetery is located on Mt. Scopus.

The next day, two of our church brothers, Kent Trabing and Vincent Young, accompanied me on a search for the grave. The taxi driver promised me he knew just where the cemetery was, but it took many stops, two and a half hours, and questioning many of the locals to finally find it, as it is hidden from the main road. When we arrived at the cemetery, I immediately found Great Grandfather Edward F. Baldwin's grave. The sun was shining, and there was a warm breeze. I had picked a handful of purple flowers to put on his grave. It's a pretty, well cared-for little cemetery, surrounded by a stone fence, overlooking a beautiful valley. I felt very peaceful and happy. I prayed a simple prayer and sang a song, grateful that I was in Jerusalem for the historic rally. I turned around and then saw the grave of Lulu Baldwin, my grandfather's first wife, who died during childbirth. I greeted her tenderly and placed a few flowers on her grave too.

March for Unity

On December 22, thousands of us marched through the hills, alleys, and streets of the Old City of Jerusalem. I felt a tremendous presence of the Holy Spirit and a great sense of history. I felt we

were marching together on the threshold of the long awaited age of peace. Somehow, Heaven and earth felt very “near” to each other. In this glimpse of the ideal, it was a joy to greet the Moslems and Jews and Christians who participated with us.

I would like to express my gratitude to my ancestors. I appreciate my parents, relatives, and my husband and children for their love and support. I especially express my gratitude to Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon for continuing the precious work of Jesus Christ. Jesus needs people on the earth to cooperate with one another—not only the people of

one religion—to fulfill all the dreams of Heaven. “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven.” ■

Gwenn Bair is the Director of the Women’s Federation for World Peace of Ohio. She and her husband Roger and two daughters, Waverly and Wyndra, reside in the Columbus, Ohio area. Gwenn does freelance mural artwork and also coaches developmentally disabled adults. She was blessed in marriage in 1982 by Reverend and Mrs. Moon.

Testimony of Ken Hendricks

How I Discovered Reverend Moon

At age sixteen, my family and I were living in a three-room makeshift house made out of railroad ties and mud. The windows were at ground level and there was neither running water nor indoor plumbing. This meant that in 1963, while most of America’s youth were bopping to the Beatles, my brother and I were still carrying pails filled with water by hand, daily for drinking and weekly for laundry. Topping it off, winter or summer, the bathroom was always outside. Poverty can be good for a while. It builds character. After all, humility, kindness, love and compassion are talents tempered only through hardship. The poor simply have to work a little harder at everything, and value is definitely not determined by dollar amounts.

I learned a lot during my first sixteen years of life. For example, August 1956 was the year I entered the world of humiliation, bullying, and self-preservation. In other words, I started school. I quickly found out that school, whether public or private, was a prime agent for molding future saints and sinners. I fluctuated between both, some days as saint, some days as a sinner. Still, during this period



something special happened. I discovered Jesus through a film the Catholic sisters had shown one day. They explained Jesus’ love and his promise to return to take away the sins of the world. Hmm, I thought. I liked this person. Suddenly, I wanted to be just like him. I was hooked.

However, that moment of inspiration was quickly suppressed. High school only exacerbated the

tumult inside me. Suddenly I was faced with another dimension of life—more bullying, and of course girls. Hormones raged. It was impossible to focus on anything, especially school. The battle for my soul was furious. I had proved there was a hell, and I was right in the middle of it! Bound and chained by the system, which understood me less than I understood it, I held on until graduation. That was no consolation either.

In 1967 I was eighteen. The Beatles were talking about breaking up, and I was scared stiff about going to Viet Nam. I had successfully evaded the draft, but not the draft lottery. In December 1969, I received my number: 56. My brother got number 364. Reality hit. Whether I liked it or not, I was going to the military, unless, of course, a miracle happened. I failed miserably at school. Deciding to just go ahead and get it over with, I packed up and volunteered for the military. My reasoning was that at least I would get out in two years, if I could just survive. The Army was swift. Suddenly my life was all discipline and schedule, exactly the opposite of my school days. There was another big difference: I was excelling in every aspect of military life. The Army was slowly shaping me, molding me, and drawing out some qualities I didn't know I had—like responsibility, courtesy, honor, integrity, pride and patriotism.

I was changing. I was becoming a man. I liked it, but . . . what about Viet Nam? It turned out I was the only one in my platoon with college experience. Consequently, I received the highest test scores, and got to shoot a live round from the new anti-tank TOW Missile (Tube-launched, Optically-tracked, Wire-guided). I was even written up in my hometown newspaper. After four months of intensive training, the miracle finally happened. While most of the troops were going to Viet Nam, I was one of the few to be assigned to the mechanized infantry division. In other words, instead of going to Viet Nam, I was going to Germany. In Germany, my inner voice became uneasy. My interest in God renewed. I began meeting re-born Christians of the Pentecostal persuasion. I spoke in tongues, or so I thought, but I didn't really like it. It didn't comfort me. I ascertained it wasn't for me and moved on. I finished military service December 11, 1971.

By 1974, I was living and working in Fargo, North Dakota, my home state. At age twenty-five, I

was still going nowhere. Sure, I was the lead singer of a local rock 'n' roll band. Sure, I was back in college. Sure, I was cool, or so I thought. Nevertheless, I was literally becoming the "Nowhere Man" John Lennon sang about years earlier. At wits' end, I quit the band, I quit school, and I quit work. I spent the whole summer screaming over and over again at the top of my spiritual lungs, "Where is my Jesus? He promised he would come. I know he wouldn't lie to me." Little did I know that Jesus was watching and listening.

On the night of Sunday, August 25, 1974, Jesus appeared in a dream. With arms outstretched, he invited me to join him. Overwhelmed by his presence and realizing my responsibility, I fell to my knees in deep repentance. "No, no. I must do more," I cried. "I must do more." Jesus had returned for me! He had fulfilled his promise. Now I had to fulfill my promise. I awoke in a deep sweat, my heart pounding uncontrollably. I rose from bed and immediately fell to my knees. "Dear God," I prayed. "If you show me what to do, where to go, who to follow, I will do it without question, and without hesitation. I will leave everything behind, no questions asked."

Three days later on Wednesday, August 28, 1974, I met two Unification Church members witnessing on Main Street in downtown Fargo. The rest is history. That night I heard the Divine Principle for the first time. That weekend I attended a three day workshop and heard the conclusion—the messiah is here! On September 1, 1974, I formally and unabashedly committed myself. My prayer had been answered. Jesus Christ had personally witnessed to me about the Second Coming. He led me to meet Sun Myung Moon. The Divine Principle changed my life forever, and its message is very simple: God is our parent, and we are His children. ■

Ken Hendricks presently works in stage production for True Parents' events and church holidays. In addition, Ken also works with the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace conferences as an audio/visual assistant or transportation coordinator. A graduate of New York University, Ken produced an independent feature film in 1995 entitled Dakota Sunrise and is presently working on a detailed movie script about the life of Christ from the Divine Principle viewpoint.

CHAPTER FOUR—CHALLENGE AND VICTORY

Testimony of Reverend Levy M. Daugherty

The year was 1976. I was living in a small beach community named College Park near Norfolk, Virginia. I was with my first wife, Catherine, and my four children at that time. We also had several members of the Unification movement living with us. We occupied a small two-story town house. At that time, we received an appeal from the church leadership in Washington, D.C., asking if we could move to Washington, D.C., and then go on to help prepare for the very important “God Bless America” rally that Reverend Moon planned to hold at Yankee Stadium.

They asked us to move in less than one week, which meant that I had to take drastic action in order for this to take place. I called all of my friends and relatives and said to them that I was moving to Washington, D.C., and would be working in New York City, so I needed to get rid of all of my furniture because I was closing the house. I told them they could take anything they wanted. Of course, while they were removing the items, they were mumbling to themselves saying how crazy I was, and that I must have lost my mind. However, this did not deter them from moving the newfound prize possessions as quickly as possible before I changed my mind!

After the furniture was removed and the items cleared out, I began cleaning the house. At that time I was the owner of a janitorial company and a carpet cleaning company. Normally, I employed workers to do the cleaning jobs. However, I had to do all of this work by myself in one twenty-four hour period. That meant the entire house had to be cleaned and made ready to be either rented or sold.



With no sleep, I began to work as if there were no tomorrow.

My mother said that she would take responsibility for the children and that I should leave them with her. She said that since she had already raised eleven children, including me (I was the youngest of the group) certainly she knew how to take care of four boys, even though she was up in age at the time. My mother is half Indian and part Black American, and you just didn't argue with someone like that! However, I was truly grateful because I knew the children would be in good hands, and it gave me the opportunity to work fulltime on the campaign. My oldest son at the time was nine years old.

By then, I had been going more than twenty-four hours with no sleep. I packed up my van and got on the road headed towards Washington, not considering that I might need a few minutes of sleep.

Altogether, the trip from Norfolk would take approximately four hours.

But after the first hour, I cannot remember anything. Apparently, I was asleep at the wheel for at least three hours! Somehow the car stayed on the road the whole time, and when I woke up and came to my senses, I was crossing the 14th Street Bridge, entering Washington, D.C. I was so startled and afraid that I screamed at the top of my voice. I looked over at my wife, who had also been asleep most of the time and was awakened when I screamed. It seemed as if my spirit had left my body, and something else had taken over the whole time!

When I settled down, it came to me that it was an angel that had taken over the controls and had been driving the van. I began to cry and thank God, and I knew that God wanted me to work in the “God Bless America Campaign” with Reverend Moon. This lost three hours convinced me. The only thing that I regret is that I was absent from the body while

that great experience was taking place.

This is just one of many incredible spiritual experiences that I have had since I’ve been in the Unification movement. ■

Rev. Levy M.B. Daugherty is the Executive Director of the American Clergy Leadership Conference and a Vice-President of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification, as well as the Manager-in-Chief of the American Clergy Magazine. Raised in the Pentecostal faith, he began to work with Reverend Moon in 1976. Rev. Daugherty was awarded an honorary doctorate degree for interfaith and international ministerial work. He is the president of the Martin Luther King Family Life Institute based in Norfolk, Virginia, and is the founder of the King Maker Magazine. Rev. Daugherty and his wife of twenty-four years, Claire, reside in Hyattsville, Maryland with four of their five children. One daughter lives in Connecticut with her husband and two children.

Testimony of Reverend Dr. Margie De La Rosa

I am Cherokee, from the Wolf Clan. Even as a child, I always wanted to help others to live the best life that they could live. As a teenager, around fourteen, I was introduced to True Father via the media and heard others talk about him. If the talk was negative, I would correct them. I would then ask, “Well, what are you doing to help others?” During this time, there were parents who were saying that Reverend Moon was taking their children away, causing them to not communicate with their families, and imprisoning them—a persistent concept during this time. I didn’t have the exact understanding, but I always found myself in the position to defend the work of True Father. God and the spir-



it world inspired me to do this even before the time I met the Unification movement.

I felt that I knew Father. For Cherokees, our grandparents are almost as significant in our lives as our parents are. I would say to my grandmother, "I want to help; I am going to help him." She also had never met him, but we would talk together about the things he was doing. Before my grandmother died, she told me that Father would be one who would help me. Native Americans share a common lineage with Mongolians, Koreans, and Japanese, so I knew from my grandmother and other family members that our roots were in those nationalities. Also, we commune very much in the spirit. My family in the spirit world told me that Father was receiving very much from God and the spirit world, helping him to lessen the suffering in the world today. It was many years ago that this kind of talk was going on in my circle of spiritual helpers and protectors. There are many today who are not closely in touch with the reality of the spirit world; they don't understand that concept.

My first direct contact with the Unification movement came when my husband and I were living in the Bronx, New York. While working in a Christian prison ministry, we were invited by some Unificationists to join a faith journey to Korea. But the leaders of our ministry did not approve of Reverend Moon, and said they that they didn't want us to go.

At that time, our ancestors told us that we should leave this particular organization, not only because of their opposition to Father, but also because of their resistance to acceptance of other people and their beliefs. So around 1989 or 1990, we left that ministry.

We then began visiting different Native Americans who had come off the reservations and we worked to help them get established in their lives. We would visit different spiritual denominations as well. I visited a rabbi at his synagogue who would teach me, and I also visited a mosque and spoke with the Muslim women there. In addition, we began a new ministry to children in the juvenile justice system.

In the meantime, I tried to find where True Father was and to make contact with Father Moon's movement. By this time, my husband and I were pastors

of a local church, but sadly, we were severely mistreated because of our love for True Father and our understanding of who he is. People would criticize us when we were not even around to defend ourselves.

But then there was a prayer meeting that I attended in which there were two women who gave me a kind of prophecy. They told me, "You will always be surrounded by Asians. There is a Korean person who is going to be with you and is going to help you greatly."

This prophecy was given to me on a Friday. The following Sunday three people—a Japanese gentleman, Pastor Sakamoto, his Korean wife, and their baby—came to our church and introduced themselves. They were from Father's church. My grandmother had long ago told me to wait for contact from Father, that it would be coming. When his representatives came, I knew that they had come to help us. As a Native American, I have the concept of family and togetherness, and I saw a true parent as being one who will bring others together. So when these representatives came together, not just a single person but a whole family together, I knew it was a true sign.

We became involved with the Family Federation, and we loved the marriage Blessing ceremonies. My husband and I would rededicate our marriage every time they held the Blessings! And I would invite members of our congregation to come and participate in the ceremonies. To my surprise, however, I was criticized because of that, even from within our own church. Some of our congregation left our ministry, and a number of those were people who had been giving substantial offerings. They thought that when they left, it would perhaps cause the church to have to close, because our building still had a mortgage on it. Indeed, we did have financial concerns.

At that time, my husband became ill and had quadruple bypass surgery. When he had the surgery, Pastor Sakamoto and Japanese missionaries came and ministered to us with so much love. They took my husband to the doctor. Then, when I became sick as well, they would come and take me also. It was so amazing that these people cared for us while many of our former associates turned against us because we associated with True Father.

In the services we held at our church, we started

inviting Japanese missionaries and other guests from the Family Federation. One night, we met with a group of Christian pastors that we thought were our friends, and some of the Japanese and Korean missionaries attended. At the end of the meeting they approached the ministers to talk with them but were told, "We cannot talk to you." Shortly after that, one of the Christian organizations that we were involved with told us that we were no longer wanted. In addition, some of the Christian pastors told students at the certified college my husband and I ran, "She's associating with the Moonies." But my students didn't pay much attention, aside from being curious.

Then other pastors decided they would not associate with us. They wrote us letters, severing their ties with us. We were no longer welcome in their churches, and they would not come to ours. They instructed their members accordingly. But my husband and I told these pastors and our own congregation, "If we have no members, it's OK, because we still love our Heavenly Father and Jesus, and we are thankful to our Heavenly Father and Jesus for True Parents. This church will open at the time it is supposed to, and we will welcome anyone who chooses to come through the door." I reminded them that Jesus associated with people others would not associate with.

So other Christians would not talk to us. In 2001, some of them even dispensed propaganda throughout the locality of our church. Of our original congregation of one hundred ten members, our numbers dwindled to twenty eight. Some left because they opposed our association with True Father; others simply because they received so much humiliation and persecution for being associated with us.

The female pastors whom I thought were my friends stopped talking to my daughter. They persecuted her by talking about her parents. It was really very, very difficult. I had a very deep talk with my daughter though, in which she told me, "Mommy, the Family Federation people will take care of you." She died saying, "Stay together with them." We had not known it, and neither did she, but on June 5, 2004, she went to the hospital for a routine checkup because of some pains, and by June 22 she was dead from kidney failure. Cancer had localized

itself. She was our first baby to survive childbirth, this special angel.

I am sure that the pastors who opposed us so much know within themselves that Heavenly Father has sent True Parents, that True Father is the savior for the family. He has been the only person that many of the Christians know to this day who has been able to help so many people to have pure, faithful marriages. I have talked to many of them, and they have said, "Yes, I understand, but I still can't follow anyone like that." In a way, they do give a kind of grudging acknowledgement of Father's good work, but so many traditions have kept us from realizing the entire truth. It hurts me to see scriptures misinterpreted. I always have my Bible along with the Divine Principle, which I study together.

As far as the ones who hurt us, we have told our Heavenly Father that we have forgiven them. We didn't have to think about it; we just knew that was the right thing to do.

In May of 2003, my husband and I traveled to Israel to take part in the first Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Altogether, I went on five of these inter-religious pilgrimages in 2003 and 2004. When I was in Israel, the most magnificent thing happened in the spirit world. I was able to see all of the great religious leaders talking to True Father. The Holy Spirit of God said, "Yes! It is he whom I have chosen." This was a vision. I literally saw it. We were in the Garden of Gethsemane. I had sat down, and as I was sitting, I was thinking meditatively about Father, and I was able to see into the spirit world. All the faces were very clear, and though I couldn't identify exactly who they were, I knew that they were very important people. As I was seeing the vision, the Spirit was allowing me to know that these important people in the spirit world would cause things to happen through True Father on this earth. It was my impression that I was seeing the founders and saints of all the major religions. They were with Father, and they were in unity. Matthew 6:9 says, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth."

I just love Father for teaching me how to treat the enemy. When I was going through persecution, I would think of what Father and Jesus did when they were persecuted. Just to think of how he suffered in

the North Korean prison and was still able to love—it's too much to comprehend. He was still able to help those who were there, making the best out of any environment and any circumstances that he had to endure in life.

The more you think about Father and Mother, the more you understand who they are. I cannot tell you the amount of gratitude I have for them. I needed to have them as a role model to make it through the torments my husband and I suffered. But the more the torment, the more I understood who Father is and why Heavenly Father wanted me to be in his care.

In fact, Father had me come to his home in East Garden, and when I was there, he put his hand on my head and gave me a blessing to take care of the Native American people. From the time that he blessed me, so many hundreds of Native people from off the reservation have come to me for their own marriage Blessings. Many Native people as well as Portuguese, Caribbeans, and Hispanics, have come to our church. We have been able to help them understand who True Father is.

In our own church, we have a smaller congregation now, but they are very supportive of what we are doing. Four of them have gone with us to Israel. Our congregation is really understanding and open. These are very precious people. Our aim is to fully reach the needs of the husbands, the wives, the children, the aunts, the uncles. We want the whole family to be able to come. We let them know that we want to teach them about Jesus, but also to show them how they are to be towards one another—how to build a holy relationship.

At this time, it is very important that we can take to the people those values and be an instrument of true love ourselves, because my husband and I work with a lot of broken people, in part because of my

profession as a psychotherapist. We work with children in the juvenile system, children who kill, children who are abandoned, children who are arsonistic and suicidal; we work with hurting people.

Hurting people need to know true love. They need to know that there is someone through whom Christ and our Heavenly Father can express their love.

I would like to share a final thought. After the revelation I described earlier, I saw it manifested physically, on December 13, 2004, in Washington, D.C. I saw Father speaking to a large gathering of religious leaders of many different faiths. There was so much harmony and support there among them all. It reflected the harmony and unity I saw among the religious leaders who were with Father in my revelation. The words he spoke to the leaders there on December 13 were so clearly depicting what I saw in my vision. It was absolutely amazing. I felt it was straight from Heaven. ■

Bishop Dr. Margie Simmons de la Rosa was born in Cherokee, North Carolina in 1942 to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simmons. She was raised by her grandfather, "Big Ben Harrison," on the Cherokee reservation till the age of nine, with her parents' consent. She is a Native American of the Cherokee Nation. Dr. de la Rosa is a psychologist, licensed by the state of New York. She is also Chief of the Cherokee/Tsagiagi Intertribal Nation's Schakaaimaxon Nockamixon Band, and a member of the American Clergy Leadership Conference. She is married to the presiding prelate, Archbishop Moses de la Rosa, of Christ Family Church, Mount Vernon, New York. She is the mother of Yolanda, who recently crossed over in June of 2004 and Nereida de la Rosa. She is the grandmother of three and the great grandmother of one.

Testimony of Alan Roghanian

Holy Land and Marriage Testimony

Back in 1984, when I began my studies at the Unification Theological Seminary, it was made clear to me through numerous spiritual struggles that my victory in the seminary was crucial for my being able to contribute to God's providence as well as for my own restoration. One of my most significant spiritual battles was related to the study of the Old Testament. Being born in Iran and having grown up as a Muslim had naturally placed me in an historical enemy position towards the Jews and their religious heritage. Thus, the moment I would open the books of the Torah, a very clear sensation of sharp pain would originate from the back of my head, shooting like an arrow towards my eyes. At times, I would feel like my eyes were about to pop out! Whenever that happened, I would run to the chapel and find refuge in many long hours of tearful prayer. I sincerely repented to Heavenly Father for all the historical animosity between my Islamic ancestors and the Hebrews, and I renewed my pledge to God and True Parents that, if necessary, I would die fighting this battle. I would never give up my God-given mission at the seminary. I must also add that our Heavenly Father was watching and supporting me very closely during this period of incredible turmoil, since it turned out to be the richest period of my spiritual life as well.

During a short span of a few months I had numerous significant spiritual experiences, one of them concerning my marriage Blessing and my future spouse. One night in a dream, I saw myself standing in an open space in the midst of heavy fog. Then, I saw a young lady walking slowly toward me out of the fog. I was spiritually told that she was to be my future spouse. I remember questioning that direction on the grounds that I did not know her at all, and perhaps a person that I already knew could be a better match for me.

Suddenly, I saw the Garden of Eden, with the same young lady standing in the very center, sur-



rounded by magnificent heavenly flowers. At the same time, a Spirit Voice proclaimed to me, "This is your True Eve!" The voice was so loud and so strong that it seemed the whole world, including myself, was shaking violently. Naturally, I surrendered immediately and remember saying, "OK, OK, OK, I get the message!" For some reason, Heavenly Father was making it very clear to me that my future spouse had already been chosen by Heaven, and that I was not to have any ideas of my own in this matter. This happened of course during a time in our church movement when only Reverend and Mrs. Moon were suggesting the marriage partners for our church members.

About two years after that experience, I had a

dream in which Father Moon was matching me for marriage in the ballroom of the New Yorker Hotel. That was my clue from Heaven to prepare myself for the upcoming matching and Blessing. I immediately started a discipline of at least one-hour of prayer and repentance at midnight each night.

As was customary at the time, there was only a three-day notice before the actual event. I was matched to my wife Christiane exactly twelve days after the start of my prayer discipline, and the start of this prayer was eight days before any news was ever released about the upcoming event. Heaven was continuing to prepare me for my Blessing!

On the day of matching, there were around two thousand brothers and sisters gathered in the ballroom of the New Yorker Hotel. Father asked the Western brothers who wanted to be blessed with Western sisters to stand up. I felt spiritually that I was to stand up also. I stood up in the front row, and I saw Father coming down the aisle, intensely focusing on me. I immediately closed my eyes and began a very tearful prayer of gratitude to Heavenly Father. A few minutes later, I began to feel some commotion around me, and I opened my eyes. At first, since my head was bowed, the only thing I saw was Father's feet right in front of me. Naturally, I was shocked and raised my head quickly, and I found myself staring into the eyes of my wife, Christiane. Father was still holding her shoulder.

At that same moment, the entire spiritual experience from two years ago was repeated for me, and I felt as if the cosmos was shouting, "This is your True Eve!" A tremendous explosion of energy hit me right in my chest, and I almost passed out. In truth, it took all my effort and determination not to fall flat on my back. Needless to say, I clearly remembered her face from that dream, and it was as if I was looking into the exact reflection of my own soul!

Ever since that time, I became fully convinced that Father Moon is indeed the instrument of God on the earth. Think about it: How could he find, literally, the girl of my dreams, among hundreds of women standing in a very crowded room? Only God could do it, and He guided Father Moon in choosing my bride.

Now I will return to my experience at the seminary, two years earlier. Gradually, after innumerable hours of prayer and intense spiritual battles, and

with the help of a deep heartfelt relationship with Rabbi Hausner, our professor of Old Testament studies, I began to develop a genuine love towards Judaism and the nation of Israel. My final spiritual victory was sealed through a beautiful dream in which I was invited to the Jewish spirit world as a guest of honor. I was surrounded by hundreds of people who were joyfully giving me a tour of their world, while explaining the spiritual significance of their external traditions. Ever since that time in 1985, I have had a deep longing to visit the Holy Land in order to substantiate my spiritual victory.

A recent opportunity came at the "Heart to Heart" rally for peace in Israel. Although I had had numerous tearful experiences in various places related to the life, ministry, and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, my prayers at the Wailing Wall were the most significant of all. I prayed there twice, and both times my experience was of very deep and uncontrollable tears of joy and relief. Deep in my soul, I felt that I was sharing God's tears of joy and liberation. God had endured thousands of years of pain and agony and hatred among His children. I felt that He was ecstatic to see that the final chapter of His providence had arrived at last, and the children of Abraham could finally unite under His love, guided by their True Parents. Amen! Amen! Amen! ■

Alan Roghanian was born in Tehran, Iran in 1958. In the midst of the revolution which ultimately ousted the Shah of Iran, Alan emigrated to the United States at the insistence of his parents. He arrived in New York in 1978. In 1981, partway through a Masters of Engineering (M.E.) program at Manhattan College, Alan met and joined the Unification movement. He graduated from the Unification Theological Seminary in 1987, and throughout most of the 1990s, he conducted missionary and educational work in Kazakhstan and in the Ural region of Russia, followed by work in Tajikistan to help introduce a universal non-sectarian approach to morals education in the public education system.

The Roghanian family ended their Tajikistan mission in 1997 and returned to the United States. They currently live in Nutley, New Jersey. Alan works in the securities industry on Wall Street and remains active in teaching Divine Principle workshops in the Tri-state area.

Testimony of Charles Kannal

My mother, a preacher's daughter, taught me about God and Jesus. When I was eleven, with my mother's guidance, I accepted Jesus as my savior. Time proved, however, that understanding God's will was not easy. Life became more and more bitter for me. By age thirteen, my life was falling apart. Our family had moved to a small suburb. I had trouble making friends. My parents were ready to divorce. Adjustment to a new school went poorly, etc. I finally acquired a new friend, and promptly did my best to share my faith with him. He visited my church with me, but ultimately failed to accept Jesus the way I thought he should. That soured the relationship; I couldn't treat him the same, imagining he was bound for hell. Things got worse. There was no hope in this world. Suffering was everywhere. My misery was unbearable. I read through the Bible. The Book of Job impressed me, but I found no answers. I longed for the world without tears promised at the end of the Book of Revelation.

I reasoned very simply: I believe in Jesus, so I'll go to Heaven when I die. Life is miserable. I figured the easy way out was to kill myself and go to Heaven. I swallowed a handful of pills, intending to never wake up. Looking at myself in the mirror, I was suddenly struck with fear. I believed I would go to Heaven, but I did not know for sure. Killing oneself was probably a sin, a sin for which I did not know the consequences. I ran to my father and told him about the pills. After a call to emergency help, he had me vomit up the pills. Afterwards, I recognized that God's gift of life was something that I, in my ignorance, had no right to disdain or devalue.

In high school, I found chess. In fact, it was such an escape from the troubles of this world that later I found it a challenge to give up chess in order to serve God. One chess player friend became a born-again Christian and had a Pentecostal experience, something my conventional Baptist upbringing had never afforded me. Laying hands on my head one



day, my friend prayed for me to receive the Holy Ghost. After a few anxious moments, I realized this was something neither I, nor my friend, could force. I surrendered myself to God. If He wanted me to have a baptism experience, fine, if not, fine. Suddenly, peace and love welled up within me. The love came as a crescendo, burst like a dam, and flooded every cell of my body! I trembled from head to foot with the power of an all-encompassing joy.

After this, I began to attend spirit-filled services and visited a number of churches. I spent one summer with my uncle's family in Oil City, Pennsylvania. With the church he pastored, I attended Expo '72 in Dallas, Texas, a tremendous gathering of believers with many memorable experiences.

I met a girl in Oil City and fell head over heels in love. But at the end of the summer, she dropped me for her previous boyfriend. I was devastated. How could God shatter my hope and happiness? Maybe God was not real! That seemed unthinkable. Yet

how could I come to grips with this utter disappointment? I could not go on like this. Finally, I made a pact with God. I told Him I needed someone to love. I would trust God to choose who would be my spouse; but I absolutely needed someone. I knew this was not giving myself completely to God's will, but it was the only way I could survive. I chose to go to Ohio State University where I could play on the chess team. At the end of 1975, I was finishing my second year. God had not sent any special woman. In my internal struggle to give myself to God's will, I finally reached the point where I told God, "If you don't want me to marry, I will accept that."

One week after making that commitment, two young women, one white, one black, invited me to their church. Inspired by their unity, I accompanied them. It turned out to be Reverend Moon's Unification Church. I had never settled in one church, as I had found some disappointing, or others too extreme on one point or another. Attracted by the good spirit I felt at the Unification Church, I agreed to attend a workshop.

Reverend Moon's Divine Principle came as a shock. I was deeply moved by the "Fall of Man," the "Advent of the Messiah," and the "History of Restoration." These lectures answered numerous questions about the Bible and explained the struggle between good and evil more clearly than anything I had seen before. I felt this new revelation could be true. But Jesus warned of false prophets! How to know? I went home and prayed. I asked for guidance, "What should I do?" I could not sleep for two days. Finally, based on Jesus' words, "You will know them by their fruits," I decided to join this Unification Church, carefully observe their fruits and discern if they were of God or not. I was especially sensitive to how the Unification Church treated Jesus. A false prophet would try to draw me away from my faith in Jesus. But there was nothing of the sort.

After a few months, I had my first opportunity to observe Reverend Moon in person. His appearance was unimpressive: a stout, balding man, speaking in

a strange tongue, understood only through an interpreter. But the content of his words, his commitment to God, and his sincerity were contagious. Reverend Moon teaches that we should not only believe in Jesus, we should become like Jesus, who was a man of perfect love. No one has better expressed Jesus' suffering, and the Father's anguish at having to sacrifice his only begotten son. Reverend Moon is a man who has deeply experienced God's heart.

I have dreamed about Reverend Moon many times. All my dreams were spiritually inspiring and instructive. In my most memorable dream, I stood in a cozy little room, watching Reverend and Mrs. Moon by the hearth of a fireplace. They held a baby in their arms. Completely enthralled, they lavished tender love and affection on their tiny bundle. Their love overflowed, filling the room with the same ecstatic sensation that I had experienced at my baptism of the Holy Spirit. God is love. Upon awakening, I imagined that the tiny baby represented me. Later, I recognized that the baby really represented each of God's children.

During my early years in the Unification Church, I struggled a lot. Persecution was a small matter. The big challenge was self-control. How was I to transform this weak, selfish human being into a channel for God's love? My personal struggle became much lighter after my engagement. Divine Principle upholds the pivotal role of marriage in God's plan for human beings. We seek God's approval and blessing for our marriages. So it is a great privilege to have Reverend Moon match and betroth us. In 1979, Reverend Moon emphasized the value of interracial marriage to resolve historical resentments. At the end of 1980, brothers and sisters gathered from around the world for Reverend Moon to match. Those who could not attend in person sent their photos. I arrived late for the first session. Eventually, Father Moon handed me the photo of a lovely Japanese sister! Misako and I now work as missionaries in Brazil with our two children, Joshua and Maira. We teach about God, Jesus, and True Parents. ■

Testimony of Dr. Charles (Tom) Phillips

Testimony #1

Upon listening to introductory seminars on Divine Principle in my twenty-first year, I had a Wesleyan experience of the warming of the heart and a personal spiritual experience with Jesus. This powerful transforming experience left me with little doubt concerning the authenticity of this “new truth” as genuinely Christian and directly approved by Jesus. Excitedly, I wrote about my experience with the Divine Principle to my mother and grandparents, who had always encouraged my spiritual pursuits. My letter crossed a letter from my mother in the mail. Enclosed in her letter was a clipping of a paid advertisement in the local newspaper concerning the Watergate crisis, called “Forgive, Love, Unite!” Deeply touched that a foreigner would come to America and demonstrate the Christian response to the moral failings of our president, she was convinced this was a message from God for the American people. Upon receiving my letter, she marveled to discover that I had met the movement inspired by the same person who had brought this Christian message of forgiveness, love, and unity to the American people. For our family, this was a testimony of God’s wondrous and mysterious work, both within our lives and within the world.

After they received my letter sharing my encounter with Jesus, my grandparents went on their knees, thanking God for the effect of Reverend Moon’s work on the religious life of their grandson. This had been an answer to their prayers for my conversion from the secular lifestyle of the ‘70s to a life dedicated to God’s calling. Personal experience with Jesus was an important tenet of faith in the Bible Missionary Baptist Church where my grandparents served as pastors. However, even after years of attending revivals and summer church camps at



my own family’s church, I still lacked any genuine experience with Jesus and eventually dismissed organized religion.

A soul-transforming experience awaited me. After listening to the Divine Principle lecture on the “Mission of the Messiah,” my heart became burdened. Having just heard that Jesus’ original purpose was not to die on the cross, I cried out in prayer, asking Jesus in earnest to confirm or deny this assertion. This simple outpouring of my heart opened the way for an overwhelming spiritual experience. Jesus came to me in a powerful vision saying, “I could come to you because you understood my heart. Now any time we share the same heart, I will be with you.”

My grandfather shared my joy and saw the movement as an opportunity for a revival of the Christian spirit in America. Later, he was reprimanded by the superintendent of his church district for openly supporting the controversial Reverend Moon before his congregation. His superintendent, who had been my church pastor said, “I don’t believe Tom would go too far in the wrong direction, but you simply don’t

know the whole story of Reverend Moon.” My grandfather countered, “The reason you don’t like Reverend Moon is because he is doing what you and the other Christian leaders have not been able to do—to bring revival to the youth of this country, which is rapidly abandoning the Christian spirit!”

Testimony #2

After joining the Unification Church, I initially had an experience of what perfection must feel like: that is, being unable to even think of anything that would bring heartache to God. Later on, though, I struggled with feelings of being an impure, sinful person. The church in which I was raised, the First Nazarene Church, had many prohibitions stemming from its birth in the Purity Movement in the late 1800s. I was raised to believe that not only smoking, drinking, gambling, and promiscuity were signs of concupiscence, but going to movies, watching television, playing card games, or even wearing short sleeve shirts were considered signs of immorality. The early period of feeling so close to God after my first forty days in the church were followed by intense spiritual battles that forced me to confront my “fallen nature.” These experiences reminded me of Paul’s references to being spurred on by a “thorn” in his side. In my student years, I had often challenged my limitations through working on projects for days at a time without sleeping. In order to overcome my present struggles, I recognized that I had to set a higher goal than I had set during my educational pursuits in order to gain spiritual progress.

Therefore, I determined that I would challenge myself to stay awake for seven days during a fundraising condition.* My team leader didn’t seem to believe that I would really keep the goal, but he was still supportive. For the first few days, I was simply dropped off to fundraise for the last period of the day, with the team leader returning in the morning with breakfast. Each day was increasingly challenging. However, my “thorn in the side” spurred me on to go beyond my limitations in order to reach a new level. I couldn’t imagine remaining in my current situation and didn’t see any other way out of it.

The sixth day was particularly challenging. In the early hours of the morning, I went to the Waffle

House for a bottomless cup of coffee. While drinking the coffee, I suddenly felt a warm sensation around my stomach and going down my legs. As the warmth transformed into a scorching heat, I awakened to the horrified expression of the waitress who had watched me pour the entire contents of my cup into my lap! While the caffeine failed to stimulate, the embarrassment of the moment wired me wide awake and ready to go, as by now everyone in the Waffle House was looking intently on what certainly must have appeared to be a strange incident!

Even though the grocery store parking lot where I was fundraising was empty, I walked from corner to corner of the parking lot, as though weaving an invisible spider web. I was imagining a web of true love that would grasp people’s hearts and connect them to the love of God. As soon as people came to shop and the parking lot became busier, it was easier to focus my attention on things other than my weariness and desire to sleep. There were no miraculous results. In fact, each of the seven days, my monetary results dropped day by day. At the end of the day, as the store closed, I was again faced with an empty parking lot, and I began to walk from corner to corner of the parking lot to weave the web of true love and reflect on my experience that day. My legs were increasingly heavy, and my back ached from standing on pavement all day long. Then I collapsed.

I became conscious of myself face down in the parking lot. At first the feeling of lying on the still warm asphalt baked in the summer sun was a welcome relief. Recognizing, however, that I might be run over by a passing motorist, I tried to get back up on my feet. However, my body was unable to move. Then I had the sensation of footsteps coming towards me. I couldn’t see anything and considered that it must be a spiritual phenomenon. First, I was struck with fear, but then a sense of calm came over me as I was spiritually transported into a room where a very youthful Reverend Moon was giving a lecture on the nature of good and evil! The lecture was seemingly simple but truly profound, explaining that good and evil are not decided by one’s action, but by one’s motivation and results. Thus the same act—going to a movie for example—could be good or evil depending on the motivation and the results.

This was exactly what I needed to hear. And it

was not heard simply with my physical senses; a reverberation in my soul brought this cognition deep within my heart.

It is often easy to forget dreams and spiritual phenomena. However, this was a truly transforming experience which remains as vivid to me now as the day it occurred. Often in my life of faith, when I struggled with my fallen nature, this lecture from Reverend Moon provided guidance and hope that I could change. This experience defined my relationship to Reverend Moon as my savior, my messiah, and my true parent.

Now as a result of many years of struggling to reach the high standard of perfection set by Reverend and Mrs. Moon, I have reached a state in which I long for these experiences of spirit triumphing over the flesh. Have I reached perfection? Well, I hesitate to respond affirmatively when Reverend Moon asks, "Who is not struggling to unite their mind and body?" However, I can confidently say that I am on new ground each day with no desire to return to where I have been.

* The term, "condition" refers to an effort offered to God, usually for a specific period of time. It

might involve endeavors such as prayer, fasting, or simply hard work. One might offer a commitment, for example, to pray for a certain number of days for the health of a friend, for an answer to a very serious question, or for God's help in overcoming an obstacle, or in accomplishing a goal. ■

In his capacity as President of Service for Peace, Charles (Tom) Phillips has been leading the organization in the strategic development of service learning programs to foster character and promote civil society among diverse groups of volunteers. This is seen as a catalyst for genuine peace and unity among the peoples of the world.

This builds upon his past experience as the Executive Director of the International Relief Friendship Foundation (IRFF) Russian Branch, where he has implemented training programs for service projects providing assistance to orphans, and community development projects with cooperation from local governments.

Blessed in marriage in 1982, Charles and Fusako reside in Bridgeport, Connecticut with their four children.

Testimony of Larry Moffitt

The last war bride in Yatsushiro

Taeko Sonoda and I met, were matched together by True Father, and made the commitment to become engaged on May 12, 1979. During that first summer of our engagement, Taeko's mother called from Japan to invite not only us but also my parents to come to Japan for a Shinto wedding that October. This would not be our official wedding. We were waiting for the one that Father and Mother would preside over, three years down the road. This would be a wedding for the benefit of the small community in which Taeko was raised. Not being the final real deal in our view, the ceremony would not be fol-



lowed at that time by consummation. We would still live as singles until the big one. Taeko's parents were Unificationists, and so none of this needed to be explained to them. My parents are not Unificationist, but we told them how it was and they were fine. To Taeko's village this was our wedding; to us it was a Shinto celebration of our engagement. I had no idea how Shintos tie the knot, but we loved the idea of our parents getting together.

There are any number of ways to visit another country, including touring, doing business—even invading during war. Or you can combine aspects of all of these by going there and marrying one of their people. First, the concept of being matched by some authority figure was no problem for her parents, because that was the story of their marriage and most of the people of their generation in the rural parts of Japan, Korea, and China. Taeko was born and raised outside Yatsushiro, a small farming town in Kumamoto Prefecture on Japan's southernmost island of Kyushu. Even today, many rural communities have self-appointed grandmothers who keep books of photos of marriageable young men and women and visit parents to help them find someone suitable for their child. Although this practice is changing, more small-town children than you might think still want parental guidance in choosing a spouse—up to a point. Today, the kids insist on the right of veto.

Oriental mothers have a truism regarding the difference between marriages arranged by the couple's parents and "romance marriages" (the "normal"—i.e., Western—idea of a couple falling in love on their own). A romance marriage, they will tell you, is like a kettle of boiling water sitting on a fire. After the honeymoon, the kettle is taken off the fire and set on the sideboard, where it grows less warm, then tepid, and after a time, cold. An arranged marriage is a kettle of icy water dipped from a snow-fed mountain stream. After the ceremony the kettle is placed on the fire and, over the years, begins to warm until it comes to a rolling boil. Your mileage may vary, of course.

The way they figure it, who else but your parents know you inside and out, and who has your interests and happiness at heart? Taeko's older sister, Shigeko, found her husband through the suggestion of a neighborly "yenta" and her book of photos.

My parents, Taeko, and I arrived in Tokyo and

boarded the first of a series of trains that would carry us into smaller and smaller capillaries in the national rail system until we ended up at Yatsushiro station. The town is smallish, maybe seventy thousand people, and the Sonoda family lives outside of that town in a very small village of about sixty houses, called Kitade. The whole region farms, growing rice in the summer and igusa over the winter. Dried igusa reeds are used to make tatami mats (Japanese floor mats), and the igusa from this area is prized above all others in Japan for its quality.

It had been five years since Taeko had been home and this was an emotional reunion. But there was no jumping into each others arms and wailing. No Western style physical displays at all, not even a hug. Taeko bowed deeply to her parents, and they bowed in return. All three had tears in their eyes. The farmhouse was lightly furnished, as Japanese homes tend to be. Big rooms opened onto other big rooms by sliding back the paper-paneled shoji.

It took a while to get used to always sitting on the floor. And what to do with our feet? Shoes are for outside use only, which is why we remove them at the front door, and feet are only a cut above shoes. Touching someone with your feet can be quite an insult. But sitting on the floor at those low tables, a Western person really needs to uncross and stretch those legs now and then. Within half an hour, both my parents and I had kicked Mr. Sonoda under the table numerous times. He just smiled and asked Taeko to tell us we could kick him all we wanted. And with that, we were family.

The next day was the wedding. Being the end of October, this was a quiet window between the end of the rice harvest and the start of the igusa planting. It is a momentary calm in the lives of farmers in southern Japan. Frosty mornings are followed by sweater-optional afternoons and crisp nights. The days are for visiting neighbors and the nights for snuggling. It was perfect honeymoon weather—for those who follow weddings with honeymoons. Sigh.

The wedding took place at a local "wedding palace," a well-designed assembly line where I entered the front, was led into a side room and stripped to my shorts and t-shirt by two old ladies who were experts at peeling awkward young men. With tape measure eyes, they scurried back and forth to the shelves, pulling things out of boxes, dressing me up to look like a samurai retainer of

Lord Tokugawa. The womanly version of this transformation was happening to Taeko at the beauty shop across the street.

The Shinto temple sat in the courtyard of the wedding palace. With the wedding palace video cameras rolling, we entered the temple with our families and took our seats. It was done all in one take, the rehearsal also being the wedding. We bowed, clapped our hands once sharply, drank the ceremonial sake in three small sips, and laid a leafy branch on the altar. While reciting his part of the ceremony, the priest stumbled over the “L” and “r” parts of my name, transposing the sounds and adding a few of his own. This broke up his young assistants and caused them to snort through their noses. Taeko, in turn, failed at suppressing her laughter as the camera zoomed in for a close-up. In Japanese tradition, if a bride smiles on her wedding day, it’s considered starting off on the wrong foot, up to and including the curse of having daughters. If a smile can cause girl children, her guffaw could have shifted the gender balance of the Pacific Basin.

The ceremony was brief, and we were all immediately ushered out the side door into a photography studio just as another wedding party was entering by the front. Photos were taken in every possible combination: the groom’s family, bride’s family, all the women, all the men, all the children. I was pointed to a door that took me into the same room where I had started, with the same two grannies who stripped me to the girders again and reassembled me as a Western man.

Back at the house, the shoji were slid back, and a twenty-foot-long table was set across two rooms. The outside walls of the house, a series of sliding glass doors, had been opened as well. Fifty of the most immediate Sonodas were inside, while a good part of the rest of the village surrounded the house ten-deep, unself-consciously watching everything. As we ate, people got up and spoke or sang a song. Taeko’s mother and two sisters did “the chopstick dance,” in a version known only to people in the area around Yatsushiro.

Everyone getting up to do something also necessarily included a toast to the newlyweds—your basic wedding toast, preceded by a few wishes of good luck and maybe a slightly bawdy reference to love, passion, and abundant children. The end of the toast was where the toaster and the toastee (me)

had to do bottoms-up with the little tumbler of sake. But I tell you, those little tumblers add up, and after about the fourth “Here’s lookin’ atcha,” it dawned on me that we were well into that wedding reception favorite—get the groom bombed. Each of us refilled our tumbler from the personal sake vases we all had. After about five tumblers, the vase was emptied, and all the men in the room loudly summoned the caterer to bring me another vase filled to the rim with the hot, steaming liquor. The problem was, I was a missionary, and way out of practice in the drinking department. Though on the doorstep of tipsy, I mentally did the math. Lessee now . . . fifty of them, one of me. That means one times fifty is fifty. And one times me is me. One. Good. Okay, sounds like we’ve got a plan.

I got through the second vase (they weren’t very big). Taeko’s mother personally delivered steaming sake vase number three. An uncle approached my end of the table with toasting on his mind. I poured my tumbler. He made his little speech, and we both drank. He slammed back his sake and I slammed back my . . . cup of warm water.

God bless my mother-in-law. I would survive the day.

Kyushu is the island where Nagasaki is, and Yatsushiro is on the other side of the bay, about eighty miles as the crow flies from the second city famous for being destroyed by a U.S. atomic bomb. Taeko’s mother was a teenager when the war ended, and she was outside in the garden when the bomb hit Nagasaki. There are hills in the way, so she didn’t see the blast directly, but she knew it was a bomb because she had heard plenty of them by then. This one must be very near, she thought. Then, when she saw the entire horizon, from north to south, rise as dust into the air until it covered the sky, she added another thought: or very big.

The island of Kyushu, being heavily industrial, was a frequent target for American planes. Every city had suffered greatly under the American B-29s throughout the war. Every family had lost a grandfather, father, uncle or brother. The memories were by no means fresh, but nearly everyone in their fifties and older recalled a loved one killed, who would forever be eighteen years old in their memory.

My father had just graduated from high school and was being trained as a Navy pilot to fight in the Pacific when the war ended. In a quick deconstruc-

tion, the military handed him his walking papers, and Dad never saw combat. He studied geology at Oklahoma University, met Margaret Blanche Brown, and they contributed three sons to the baby boom.

Yatsushiro, being off the tourist track, had many people there who had never been up close to an American in the flesh. Out for a walk one morning, we passed an elementary school during recess. Children rushed over and accompanied us to the end of the schoolyard. "Did he come from television?" they asked Taeko.

Near the end of the banquet, both sets of parents were asked to stand at the front of the room, on either side, and Taeko and I were requested to offer a few remarks. The most nervous person in the room was the new Mrs. Moffitt because she only spoke beginner English and would have to translate my words into Japanese. We started by singing a well-known song "Homeland," in Japanese, and I played an instrumental bridge on the harmonica between verses. Seeing the two of us together, singing this sentimental song together in their language, turned out to be more powerful than anyone expected. All the women and some of the men were brought to tears.

Staring out over a room filled with faces the age of my parents, I could not help but think what it must have been like to be a member of that generation. I was filled with gratitude for all of them and for my parents. I offered some thoughts about what a tragedy it was that our two countries should ever have fought one another. I pointed out that the East has a strongly developed tradition of family, and that the West has excelled in coolly efficient pragmatism—and that the two are halves of the same whole. We do need one another in order to be complete, and the loss, the delay, the distortion of that ideal is a greater tragedy than even the loss of our loved ones. Specific generations replace themselves, and everyone continues on; but the meshing of cultures is a fragile ecosystem of attitude and remembrance upon which war has the same lasting effect

as pollution does in a river. Happiness and potential benefits from our bonding are affected for generations afterward.

I speculated that in a very small way, Taeko and I represent a part of the future. Nations are made of families, and our future is made up of many small steps we take today, one at a time. I told them we would do our best to make sure our children grew up loving their mother's country as much as their father's.

I honestly had not meant for my remarks to be anything but light patter. Something about the song, I think. I was moved that they were moved. Most all of us were in different states of tears by the end of the talk. I sat down with mixed feelings about whether opening this topic had been a good idea or not.

Then, as people milled around afterward, the older guests approached my father one by one. A translator grandchild stood by as the first one put a cup of sake into his hand, bowed and then reached out to shake his hand Western style. He offered a toast and apologized to him for World War II. My father doesn't shed tears easily but he did this time as he raised his cup and apologized in return. The room seemed to be quieter than it probably actually was. The crowd outside was similarly stilled. Or maybe it was just me. But I thought I heard, as though on the breeze, the banging couplets of two different trains merging at a spur, after forty years of separation, to become a single train, and move out to meet whatever awaits it. ■

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Larry and Taeko Moffitt were blessed in marriage, along with four thousand of their closest friends, in July, 1982 at Madison Square Garden. They are the parents of Kathy, David, Theresa, John, and Sunhwa.

Testimony of Richard Van Loon

Our family was Catholic, and my mother, who had converted from Protestantism to marry my father, was fervent in faith. I remember saying the rosary on my knees at night and reading about the lives of the saints and martyrs. I enjoyed the sacredness of Mass and the Stations of the Cross. My sister, brother and I went to Catholic school. My sister would become a nun.

In my teen years, during the sixties in San Francisco, I became dissatisfied with Catholicism. I delved into Buddhism, astrology, Yoga, and drugs. When my friends and I discovered drugs were a dead end, we began studying the Bible. Soon after, we met the Unification Church. I remember attending a weekend workshop. At the time, I was taking a college class on Religious Philosophy, which I thought was pretty deep. But when I listened to the lectures on the Divine Principle, I was completely bowled over. Here, during one weekend, I had found a teaching that included all the religious and philosophical knowledge I had come to know, had wrapped it up in a unified, systematic package, and had then gone on to answer some of my as-of-yet unanswered questions about life, God, and the universe. Not only did I find the truth profound, but also the people were refreshingly sincere and caring.

I was twenty-two, and my life had come to a crossroads. I realized the world was polluted with selfishness, and it repulsed me. I felt I didn't belong. Yet to join the church, I knew I would have to change. I'll never forget the moment I decided to join. One instant I was torn in two; the next I was feeling a sense of deep inner joy that comes after you have made the "right" decision. It was as if something had clicked inside me. Still, I knew I was a sinner and had plenty of what Divine Principle calls "fallen nature." I felt it wouldn't be easy. I was right. I moved into one of the centers in San Francisco, shaved my beard, cut my hair, and traded my blue jeans and T-shirt for slacks, coat, and a tie.



But it was hard to live in the center, and I was not a good member. Months came and went. Finally I had a showdown prayer with God.

The purpose of the Divine Principle is to teach about the Heart of God. We were created with the capacity to know God's Heart, and I realized that unless I could come to feel God's Heart strongly, it would be almost impossible for me to change. I begged God to let me feel His Heart.

Soon after, I had the most frustrating time of my life. Everything I did seemed to turn out wrong. Two weeks went by until it dawned on me that this might be the way God feels. That was the beginning of a lifelong journey of mine to know the Heart of God.

The Divine Principle explains that the Messiah comes to teach us God's Heart. Truly, Jesus was the one who knew his Father's Heart. This is why he taught us to love our enemies and, thereby, to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect, perfect in the love of God. Life in the Unification Church is not easy. This is because Reverend Moon always pushes us into difficulties, not because he hates us, but because he knows that only through experiencing difficulties can we come to understand a God who has endured thousands of years of human betrayal and faithlessness. The key, I have learned,

is to take my difficulties to God in prayer, saying, “Now, dear God, I know how You feel.” In my church life I have had innumerable such experiences. Through them, I have developed a very close, personal relationship with God.

The same applies to my relationship with Jesus. Based upon the explanation of Jesus’ mission and life that Reverend Moon has taught me, and buttressed by some very deep, personal experiences, I have come to feel at times that I have entered the very bone marrow of Our Lord. No longer is he “way up there,” existing across an eternally uncrossable chasm. Rather, I feel that Jesus’ heart has beat within mine, and mine within his.

Over the years, I have heard much criticism about our church. Deep in prayer, I have considered what critics, some of whom were my close friends and acquaintances, have said about Reverend Moon and the Divine Principle. Every time, the teachings of Reverend Moon have won out. I have never, since I first met the church, found a deeper, higher, truer “truth.” This is my sincere conclusion. Not that my faith hasn’t been tested. Yet, although I don’t have frequent spiritual experiences, I have had a few prophetic dreams and special intuitions at crucial points in my life.

One of the most contentious issues that divides Christianity is the doctrine of predestination. I like the way Reverend Moon’s revelation, the Divine Principle, explains it. The Divine Principle explains that God, in all His power, accomplishes “95%” of the task of building the Kingdom of Heaven. Then He leaves “5%” for man, whom He’s endowed with free will, to accomplish. If man fulfills his portion of responsibility, the overall job is done. If not, God has to move on, recreate the opportunity and circumstances at a later time, then give man’s responsibility to others. This explains why, though God is all powerful, there is evil in the world. It also sheds light on the mission and life of Reverend Moon.

Reverend Moon was called at the age of sixteen by Jesus to fulfill his mission. Ever since, he has unwaveringly given his all to that task. Enduring untold suffering and persecution, he has consoled the broken heart of God. Uncovering the past mistakes throughout God’s Providence, he has fought to

correct them. Sorting through the tangled knots of history, he has struggled to straighten them out and work through them. Especially when it comes to Jesus, Reverend Moon has striven ceaselessly to fulfill the Lord’s desire, namely, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Reverend Moon is the one who is totally committed to building the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Look at what he does. Study what he says. You will find no one like him. He is the one who believes he can build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and he has a clear plan, which he is carrying out. I have pondered this aspect of Reverend Moon innumerable times and have come to the conclusion that he is indeed doing the work of Jesus. He is fulfilling the role of the Second Coming of Christ in that he is totally one with Jesus in heart and in deed. Reverend and Mrs. Moon have taken on the role of True Parents, which means they are playing the role of parents for all mankind. What a daunting task! Do you know anyone else attempting to accomplish such an incredible role? I don’t.

To many of those who know them, including myself, Reverend and Mrs. Moon are truly their parents. They have taught me profound truth. They have guided me to a meaningful life. They have loved me with true, sacrificial love, a love that is only concerned with my well-being in the deepest sense—the same love they have extended to the world.

They even matched me in marriage to a wonderful wife. ■

Richard Van Loon was a baby boomer born in Berkeley, California. His family moved to San Francisco when he was ten. Searching for a better way in his early twenties, he met the Unification Church. When his lifestyle turned around one hundred and eighty degrees, his family and friends thought he had been brainwashed. It wasn’t brainwashing though—just the transforming power of God’s love and truth. After some thirty years of missionary work, he returned to his hometown, where he is striving to raise a God-centered family and share the many blessings he has received with those around him.

CHAPTER FIVE—DREAMS

Testimony of Nathan Loew

My dream, 1968: I was at the lookout point on Mt. Tantalus, which rises up from the edge of Honolulu. Ten to twenty people gathered there each day to watch the sunset. The view was exciting. Below was the majesty of a modern city, surrounded by an amazingly beautiful tropical jungle. The horizon was creating an even more amazing and unique sunset. This was a chance to relax after a hard day's work pouring tons of wet cement.

Suddenly, without warning, I had a terrifying premonition. I "saw" what no one else around me seemed to see. The surf of Waikiki Beach receded from the shoreline, leaving miles of ocean bottom as far as the eye could see, until there was only a glimmering narrow strip of ocean blue way out where the sun was beginning to warm the horizon. Everything stopped—the wind, my breathing, my heart. I knew that I was being warned of what was about to become one of the most destructive tidal waves in human history! I knew this wave would soon come rushing toward the shore with the force of the entire ocean pushing it forward. It would not stop at the shoreline, but would meticulously grind forward, devouring everything in its path, destroying hundreds of years of human history that had been born and developed on this side of the island of Oahu. Even halfway up Mt. Tantalus would not be safe.

I could hear the voices of others nearby. These people were not the least disturbed by the scene;



they could see nothing unusual. They commented on the perfect weather, the beautiful ocean, and the surfers who looked like dots in the distance. It seemed that only I could see the impending disaster about to engulf us all. Somehow, I was being warned before the storm. Time would be short. Who would believe me? No one, of course.

Wait! My fellow construction laborers. We worked together every day, surfed together, and trusted each other. Maybe, if I traveled as fast as I could, at least someone might follow me to higher ground and be saved.

Several miles later, at the top of King Street near the University of Hawaii, my three "construction" roommates were startled by the highspeed slam of the wooden screen door and my obviously excited presence. "What is wrong with you!?" they asked

simultaneously. Hardly able to breathe, I desperately stammered, "We have to run for our lives right now. There is a tidal wave coming, and we've got to reach the highest place quickly! Trust me!" Of course, they thought a hard, long day in the sun might have overcooked my mind a bit. Or was I just kidding? Emotionally disturbed? And how did I know? Were there any news reports?

Six months earlier at the same time, we had arrived at the landlord's office, all trying to rent the same cabin. We decided to share the place. It was big enough, and we got along like brothers. Unfortunately, our brotherhood was not enough to sway them. Mark was studying for a civil service exam. Brian was to start a new part-time job that night. Bob was my only hope. He was my closest friend. We had discussed ideas from the Old Testament together while also studying different religions. We both had had identical dreams that afterwards became reality. Surely he would understand my "warning." I literally begged Bob, "Please Bob, trust me. Even if you think I am completely crazy, please go with me, just to humor me, just because I am asking you as my best friend. If I am wrong about this, then I will make it up to you many times over!" "I am sorry," Bob answered. "We are good friends for sure, but I just do not think it is a good idea. I'm sure that tomorrow you will be happy that I said 'no' today."

Time was up. I ran for my life to the mountains. On the island of Oahu, the mountains come closer to shore than most mainland mountain ranges. Soon I was climbing a steep mountainside, thick with all kinds of huge tropical plants that covered a rough terrain full of sharp stones. The thick vegetation, some of it sharp with thorns and broken branches, tore at my clothes, and eventually my skin. Before long I was a bare-footed, two-legged mass of bloody rags in motion!

But I felt neither pain nor doubt. Stopping, or even pausing, meant certain death. My extreme fatigue was overcome by my overwhelming desperation to reach the top of the mountain.

A cool darkness gradually descended as the sun sank deeper and deeper below the horizon, a horizon upon which I did not even dare to turn and look. The earth was beginning a very gentle trem-

bling. I knew the sea would soon begin to recede from the shore. The tropical forest was becoming an evergreen forest of young trees. The climb was steeper, but easier. The young trees were tall enough now to allow my passage below their lowest limbs, unimpeded by undergrowth. The ground was smoother and softer, but the earth was quaking more intensely with every step. I moved with more speed and greater desperation.

As I neared the tree line, the roar began. It was an overwhelming roar, with many sounds mixed together. There was the sound of rushing waters and tall buildings collapsing and then being ground into dust. Steel, concrete, roadways, houses, trees—all were being washed and crushed together. It was the sound of "History's Most Powerful Earthquake" mating with "History's Most Powerful Tidal Wave." I cleared the tree line. I could not look back. The roar of destruction became totally deafening. The earthquake was obviously going to shake the island to pieces until it sank into the sea. Another sound from this roar was suddenly identifiable. It was like a heart-rending whisper that could not be covered by the other sounds. It was the screams of people struck by surprise, by fear, by pain, by desperation, by destruction. Somehow, my legs rushed me over the shattering, sinking ground, up to the top of the mountain.

There on the mountaintop, I suddenly heard another sound, louder but separate from the roar ringing in my ears. The island was splitting in half right before my eyes! The sound of an island ripping itself in half was louder than sound itself. In the loudest possible moment, the island split in two. The half on which I stood was shaking violently and was sure to sink below the sea. But the "half-island" across the chasm was motionless—perfectly quiet and peaceful, and slightly lower than my mountaintop. There was a circle of ten or twelve white-haired, elderly, Oriental women sitting calmly on the ground across the chasm. In the middle of their circle was a middle-aged man, also Oriental. They all seemed to be very patiently waiting for me to join them.

The chasm was too wide to leap across to the other side. A twisted tree, growing out of the side of my crumbling half of the island, cast out a naked

branch about halfway across the gap. It looked possible to reach that tree limb and then to swing across the remaining distance. It was an easy, though fearful decision. To stay meant certain destruction; to leap was hope. With all my mind, with all my heart, and with all my strength, I leapt toward that limb, caught on with both hands, swung back and forth a few times, and then leaped again as high and as far as I could. I floated slowly downward toward the center of that circle of people.

It was very peaceful. They were all smiling a welcome. There was no more roar. There were birds singing and the peaceful sounds of a calm breeze in the trees. I was about to land in front of the gentleman in the middle of the circle. A very thick white fog came rolling in, hiding the circle of women, but the man was still visible. I was almost in front of him, and wanted to see his face, but the white fog began covering him also. Finally I was in front of him, but could only see his very big, friendly, beautiful smile. I was safe.

Then the ringing began, a familiar sound, getting louder and louder. I awoke in my bed, in that small cabin near the University of Hawaii. I jumped up and shut off my alarm clock. It was 5:30 AM. Every detail of that dream was, and still is, crystal clear in my memory—way beyond what I have written here. I have never had such a dream before or since. I called to my roommates to make sure they were all awake. We started work at 6:00 AM, pouring cement for our landlord's new, high-rise condos being built across the street. They listened about the dream a little; then we worked hard for five or six hours and finally went out surfing. In the evening, they heard the rest of the details. They especially were interested in the part where I invited them to go "mountain climbing." None of us contemplated the symbolism or possible prophetic aspects of the dream. At that time it seemed interesting, though not necessarily meaningful.

Three years later, I became a born-again Christian, and began reading the New Testament for the first time in my life. I read the whole Scripture at least twelve times with heartfelt prayer before and after each reading. Many readings were accomplished with other believers and non-believers who accepted my invitation to read with me. The

Scriptures regarding the Second Coming of Christ struck my heart so deeply. I became very serious and desperate to "... pray constantly to be worthy to stand before the Son of God in the Last Days."

Three years after my conversion from Judaism to Christianity, I heard from a new acquaintance that Reverend Moon had some very important information about God's ideal and purpose for His creation; what actually happened at the fall of man; and most importantly, a critical message concerning the Second Coming. I was not very interested, as I trusted the words of Jesus in the Bible more than anything else in life.

But eventually, I had a very short but powerful dream in which Jesus came to me, stared into my eyes and spoke to me heart to heart. (This would make another story.) After that dream, I agreed to listen to some of the information, but with a very careful approach. As it turned out, it was very intriguing, so I kept listening. At the same time, I prayed about every point, and argued every point, and tested every syllable of every word I was hearing. Finally, I decided that it was all coming from God, and it would be a good idea to help the Unification movement spread this message to the good people of this world.

About a year after that decision, an opportunity occurred for me to go to a traditional 5 AM Sunday service in upstate New York and see Reverend Moon for the first time. After prayer, Reverend Moon stood up to deliver a sermon. It seemed as if he was scanning every single face in the crowd of about six hundred people. Suddenly, as if happy about the people he saw, a giant smile burst out across his face. It was unmistakably the smile from the man in my dream in Hawaii—seven years before.

I do not remember a single word from the sermon. I was hopelessly sobbing throughout the entire speech. The meaning of the dream became crystal clear. The wild destruction, the peaceful refuge, my friends, the circle of elders, my struggle to survive—everything was clear. I could understand the whole message, including who that man was on the peaceful half of the "dream" island, including his mission ordained by God.

For thirty years, I have been listening to and testing every word of this message, and still I, and all

my family, are helping to share it. It is our family's hope that all people of good will can hear this message, and understand the mission of its messenger. ■

Nathan Loew was born in 1949 and raised in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He joined the Unification movement in 1974 and since then has

done missionary work in Turkey and Ireland as well as in the U.S. In Northern Virginia, Nathan set up a family business, and in 2003 he graduated from law school. He is now setting up his law practice. Nathan and his wife Debra have four children and reside in Manassas, Virginia.

Testimony of Bret Moss

Father Moon is famous among his followers for educating us by appearing spiritually through dreams. Here is an example of how Reverend Moon taught me a valuable spiritual lesson in an area very close to his heart. As a full-time missionary in Northern California I once had a dream that Father Moon visited me at an office where, in my dream, I was working. When I arrived at my workplace and my co-workers realized that I was accompanied by Reverend Moon, they began to ask me all about him and why he was visiting our office. As I became enthralled in explaining all about Reverend Moon to them, he turned to me and said, "I am going up to your office; I'll meet you there."

About fifteen minutes later, I arrived at my office only to discover that Father Moon had already left. As I approached my desk, I noticed that he had taken the fresh fruit which was on my desk and fed it through the fax machine.

Of course, I thought that it was very odd that he

would do such a thing. I picked up the fax paper on which appeared an image of the fruit. Below the image he had written the following: "Having your nation overtaken by Communism is like having this beautiful fresh fruit reduced to a flat one-dimensional grey image such as you see on this paper." ■

Bret Moss joined the Unification movement in 1990 in Berkeley, California. He holds a Master of Divinity Degree from the Unification Theological Seminary, and for nine years he served as a director for the Tiempos del Mundo newspaper in Nicaragua and Mexico. Among other responsibilities, Bret is the host of a cable public access television talk show called "The Defining Moment for Creating the Culture of Conscience" which is also available on the internet: www.definingmoment.tv. Bret and his wife live in Los Angeles, California.

Testimony of Bob Gauper

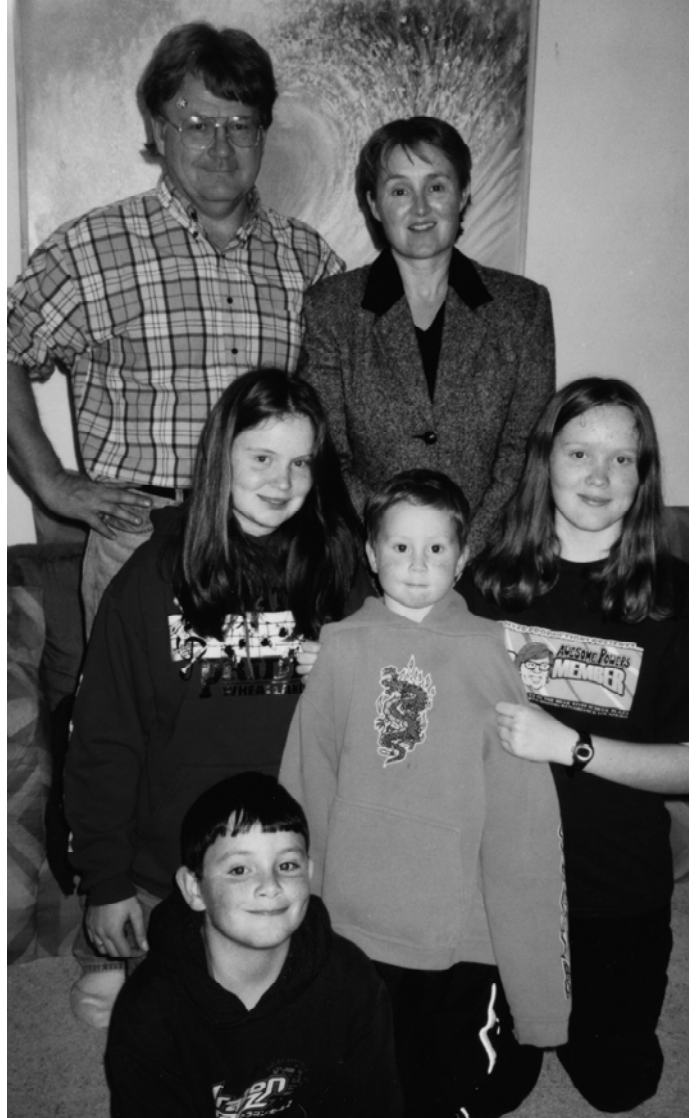
Prior to 1978 I had begun a quest for purpose in my life. I wanted to make a difference in this world. I had saved some people from drowning in northern Minnesota, and I wanted to continue to help people.

I dropped out of the University of Nevada Las Vegas and decided to go on a vision quest, so to speak. Little did I know where that quest would take me. I was pretty fed up with traditional Christianity. Although I wasn't a Christian, I definitely believed in God, and would often write songs and poetry asking Him for guidance.

While on my way to Alaska to work on a fishing boat (I believed I could experience God on the ocean, but that's another story), I met a young man named Mike Kellet in Seattle. He invited me to a workshop to learn about the Divine Principle. I was inspired but also troubled by some things that were being taught. Mostly, I was troubled by all the Bible quotes and all this talk about Jesus.

During the workshop, one night while I was lying down, I tearfully asked God if I should stick around with the "Moonies," or continue on to Alaska. That night I had a dream in which I was sleeping in a dumpster amongst the trash. I could see a giant walking towards me. As he approached me, I could see that the giant was Reverend Moon! In the dream, he reached down and gently picked me up and placed me in a beautiful garden. While in the garden I could feel a deep sense of peace. I felt God's love. I felt reborn! The next morning, my pillow was soaked from my tears. That day I shaved my beard, cut my hair, and joined the Unification Church. ■

Bob Gauper was married in 1982. His wife is from New Zealand. Both of their daughters were



born there. He currently works at an Air Force base as an appliance, heating, and air conditioning technician. He owns his home, and his dad lives with his family.

Testimony of Philip Okeiyi

I experienced a profound and unforgettable dream in which our True Father, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, appeared and showed me the picture of the act of Adam and Eve's sin. This was back in 1987, when, after my constant challenges to God to prove His existence, I was led to the Unification Church. But before this story, let me quickly explain how and what led to my challenging God.

I was born and brought up in a moderate Christian background, and as a child was greatly influenced by the traditional Christian beliefs. One of these beliefs was that the sin of Adam and Eve was the eating of a forbidden literal fruit, the apple.

Because of this, during my adolescence I swore never to taste an apple, to avoid committing the same sin as Adam and Eve. I wanted to be sinless and an exemplary religious man by not eating apples!

I believed in this way until I came to deeply understand Jesus' words in Matthew 15:11-20, that "not what goes into the mouth defiles a man." Also, Peter's revelation in the Book of Acts 10:10-15 clarifies that nothing created by God is forbidden or unclean to eat. It wasn't until I was about twenty years old that I started to eat apples, knowing they had nothing to do with the sin of Adam and Eve.

But the older I became, the more doubts about many traditional beliefs I started to have, and I asked many questions without getting satisfying answers. Moreover, I felt that there was no model among the many religious leaders that I knew in my country. As a result, I became disillusioned and started losing faith and belief in Christianity, even doubting the authenticity of the Bible and God.



It was at this point that I finally threw a challenge to God, asking Him to clearly prove His existence to me without any iota of doubt. I told Him that I didn't want to continue to believe in Him simply because people said He existed. I threatened that I would no longer believe in Him if He was only a conceptual God, but would believe in Him only if He was a real, TRUE GOD! I told Him I would become an atheist if He couldn't convince me. I became really stubborn to God, and to show Him I was serious with my threat, I stopped attending church services and any type of religious events. My constant and only prayer was to challenge God, if He existed, to clear the doubts that were piling up in my mind! As Jesus instructed us in Matthew 7:7-11, I was desperately and sincerely asking, seeking, and knocking.

Finally, in April of 1987, at almost twenty-five years of age, in response to my stubbornness and

constant challenges, God guided and led me to meet the Unification movement, as it was called then in my country. It was here that all my questions were convincingly and satisfactorily answered in the course of a 7-day workshop of studying the Divine Principle. During and after the workshop, I had many experiences of God calling me by my name, "Philip, Philip," and asking me, "Do you now believe that I exist, or do you still doubt?" and my reply was, "I believe absolutely, God!"

But my profound and deepest experience was a dream, in which our True Father, Reverend Moon, appeared and said, "I want you to see what Adam and Eve did in the Garden of Eden." I had just finished the 7 day Divine Principle seminar where, for the first time in my life, I came to know for certain that the sin of the first human ancestors was not the eating of a literal fruit, but a sexual crime. Showing me the sinful act was God's final way of completely erasing any lingering doubts from my mind. Then as on a movie screen, I saw Adam and Eve engaging in the sexual act. They cared nothing about their surroundings and were not in any way ashamed or afraid. Of course, they didn't know the consequences of their action.

At this point, Reverend Moon was furious with such anger that I have never seen before, and he was shouting and asking me, "Philip! Philip! Have you seen what they did? Now that you've seen and know the truth, will you act in this way?" I couldn't look up at Reverend Moon's face nor reply to his question. I was only thinking and wondering how God must have felt at that moment, if Reverend Moon could be engulfed with such tremendous anger.

Though it's been seventeen years since I had this dream encounter with Reverend Moon, it still seems as if were just yesterday. I have had other dream experiences since then in which Reverend Moon appeared and guided me, but the deepest and most

unforgettable was the one of showing me the true sin of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

My challenge to all true Christians is to pray and ask Jesus to appear in their dreams. Ask Jesus about the identity of Reverend Moon. Remember Matthew 7:7. If you sincerely ask, definitely the reply will come, even faster than you expect. Since the time I first met the Unification Church, which is now known as the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification, I have had many dream encounters and many other spiritual experiences. These, along with the clarity of Divine Principle, became the foundation of my belief, faith, and trust in God. These experiences confirmed for me that Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon were chosen and anointed by God for the salvation of humanity in this age.

The Bible says that you shall know the truth and it will set you free. The messiah can't come for just one country or religion. The messiah embraces all people and all religions, which is exactly what Reverend and Mrs. Moon are doing. The Bible teaches that we can know a man by his fruits.

In closing, I pray and ask God to bless and reward you abundantly in your own quest to discover the truth. ■

Philip Okeiyi was born in the eastern part of Nigeria on August 3, 1962. He met and joined the Unification Church in Nigeria in 1987. He received the Blessing in the 30,000 couple Blessing of August 25, 1992 with a beautiful young lady from the Philippines.

They have been further blessed with three sons: Philip Jr. Kwang Sik, 1997, Nicolas Kyung Bu, 1998, and Benjamin Okezie, 2002.

Presently, Philip lives and works in Spain, while his family is in the Philippines.

Testimony of Elisabeth Ciacciarelli Schneider

In the beginning of 1974, I was fundraising in the United States. One day we were fundraising all day long outside in the snow. The next day, I became ill. I could not breathe well, and I had a high fever. So I stayed in my sleeping bag in a warm room.

While I was sleeping, I had a dream. At a moment, I felt a presence leaning over me. I saw our True Mother's face, and with her hand, extremely softly, she lifted away from me the heavy burden that blocked my chest. I felt very light over my chest and started breathing properly again.

Then I found myself walking in a dark corridor, at the end of which I saw a light. Getting closer, I saw in that bright light the face of Jesus. Then Jesus' face changed into Sun Myung Moon's face. I had the strong feeling that it was the same heart; only the external appearance changed. I felt profoundly happy!

After that, along with the loving prayers of my brothers and sisters, in only three days I recovered completely and was outside again on the mission! This remains in my heart as extremely precious evidence that our True Parents embody God's love. ■

Antonio Ciacciarelli and Elisabeth Schneider joined the Unification Church respectively in 1971 in Rome, Italy, and in 1972 in Paris, France. Both



went through a number of missions abroad (U.S.A., Japan, Korea, European nations).

They were matched in 1978 in London, and then received the Blessing in 1982 in Korea (6,000 Couples).

They have two daughters, Stefania and Sophie, and are living in Bergamo, Italy. Currently both are translators. Antonio is also on the Board of the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace in Italy.

CHAPTER SIX—PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF AN EXTRAORDINARY COUPLE

Testimony of Reverend John Paul Hong

(Editor's note: The following testimony is based on a conversation with Reverend John Paul Hong, and supplemented in parts with details from the book, *MESSIAH*, by Dr. Bo Hi Pak. When Reverend Moon visited President Kim Il Sung in 1991, he was extremely concerned with reducing the tensions between North Korea, the United States and South Korea regarding the issue of the North's nuclear program. He wanted at all costs to help prevent war. By going to North Korea to meet Kim Il Sung, he was also reaching out to the man whose government, in the 1940s, had almost killed him. North Korean authorities had tortured him almost to the point of death and later had imprisoned him in a labor/death camp, which he survived after almost three years of unimaginable hardship. By going in friendship to meet the author of so much of his suffering, Reverend Moon's desire was to honor one of the most challenging commandments of Jesus, "Love your enemies." When, after the visit, he was asked by his assistant, Dr. Bo Hi Pak, about his capacity to reconcile with Kim Il Sung, he replied, "I met him with a parent's heart. In true love, there is no such concept as 'enemy.'")

One very special story about Father, one I heard from those who were with him at the time, involves his visit to President Kim Il Sung of North Korea in late November and early December, 1991. This was the first opportunity Father had had to visit his homeland since escaping as a refugee during the Korean War in the early 1950s. Of course, it is commonly known that since the war North Korea has remained an extremely closed and dangerous nation, but Father simply

never shows fear. One day, early during Father's visit to the capital, Pyongyang, his North Korean hosts invited him to talks in the Mahn Soo Dae Assembly Halls. Kim Il Sung was not there, but a number of top government officials were present, including one of his chief hosts, Mr. Yoon Ki Bok, the chairman of the Committee for Support of Koreans Living Overseas. At this meeting, Mr. Yoon spoke very strongly and at length to Father and his party about the virtues of the North Korean Juche philosophy, Kim Il Sung's own special brand of Communism.

Now, usually when visitors came to North Korea, they would take great pains to praise Kim and his government out of a desire to seem polite and avoid antagonizing their hosts. But after Mr. Yoon was finished, Father astounded his hosts by standing up and delivering a passionate lecture about the reality of God, His original plan for mankind, the fall of man, and God's providence for healing the world. He told them that Juche philosophy could never lead to unification of the two Koreas, and that for North Korea to survive, they should follow God. He spoke to them in this way for a very long time, vehemently extolling the power of God and of true love, and even suggesting that Kim Il Sung should listen to Father's ideas for helping the North Korean people. Mr. Yoon was simply shocked and utterly dumbfounded. Surely, no one had ever spoken to him like this! Mr. Yoon did not directly respond, but the other officials present were clearly very, very angry.

On the way back to their accommodations following this encounter, Dr. Pak and Peter Kim rode with one of the North Korean officials, who was

furious. This official told them that in the North, such talk as they had heard was enough to invite death. He said that they never should have let Reverend Moon set foot in their country. Dr. Pak was deeply worried. But the next three days followed according to schedule, with sightseeing and a visit to the village where Father was born and raised. This was somewhat reassuring, but since the time of their arrival Father had been ardently hoping to meet with Kim Il Sung. However, all this time there had been no definite word from the government officials indicating that this would actually take place. Especially under the circumstances, it must have seemed impossible.

But then on the sixth day of the visit, word suddenly came that Kim Il Sung wanted to meet with Father. It turned out that Kim had been curious to find out who this Reverend Moon was. Kim, in his country, was a big man. But from the reports he had been receiving of what Father had been saying, he realized that Reverend Moon was an extraordinary person. No one had ever come into the nation of North Korea speaking out so boldly, criticizing the policies of Kim's government. If they had, they would almost certainly have been arrested or worse. In fact, a number of liberal South Koreans have visited the North over the years, and they have uniformly praised Kim and his country. Not surprisingly, most of them went back home without ever meeting Kim. But when he heard of Father speaking out so fearlessly, Kim was actually moved. And so our group got the message that he wanted to meet Father.

When Father and Kim met together, everything was normal. Father greeted Kim with a warm hug, embracing him like a long-lost brother. They spoke of fishing, which they both love, and Father even invited Kim to come to Alaska to go fishing with him. Father made it clear to President Kim that his desire was to be a friend to Kim and the North, to help preserve peace, and to help the Korean people reconcile. They spoke together for quite a while in a very friendly atmosphere. Father was very friendly and gracious to Kim, as was President Kim to him.

I believe that from this meeting, Kim actually began to feel that Father was a leader he could trust. This is all the more astounding since he knew Father to be one of the world's most effective and passionate anti-Communist teachers. However, in

the entire history of North Korea, no visitor had ever come from outside and so courageously told officials that their philosophy was mistaken, and that they should guide their society following God's principles. Kim respected Father's courage.

Overall, and in spite of the brief time of implied threat and danger, Father and his group were treated with a great deal of hospitality and courtesy by Kim and his people. It even seemed from this brief encounter that there was a great deal of hope for improving relations between North and South Korea. Certainly Father did all he could to win the trust of Kim Il Sung in an effort to bring peace.

(Editor's note: In the following testimony, Reverend Hong mentions Reverend Moon's extensive fishing. Reverend Moon regards fishing more as a form of prayer than as a sport. Usually when he is out on the sea and close to nature, he prays. But often the effort itself, of driving himself out onto the water day after day, even when he is exhausted, feeling ill, or the weather is so bad that the boat is pitching, is offered as a sacrifice. He will offer such efforts as a prayer, asking God's blessing for a particular situation, project or group of people. As far as lifestyle in general, Reverend Moon is known among his followers for the harsh demands he makes of himself. In speaking tours over the years he set himself exhausting schedules, often traveling to and speaking in a new city virtually every day for weeks at a time. At home, he is known for pushing himself to work harder and sleep less than the people around him, even when most are far younger.)

Some of my own memories of time I spent with Father concern just how hard he works. Often when he goes fishing, he will go out early in the morning and return to East Garden (his home in New York state) between 6:30 and 8:00 PM. He may eat dinner by around 9:00 and then gather with FFWP leaders to discuss things and plan for future Family Federation events. These talks can last a long time—often until well after midnight! One day Father had been fishing most of the day, and after dinner met with leaders until 1:00 AM. Finally, he called the meeting to a close and sent us all home to get some rest. By the time I had driven the twenty-five to thirty miles to my home in New Jersey, it was 2:00 AM. After writing some

memos, I settled down to sleep around 2:30 AM. At 3:00 AM the telephone rang. One of the staff from East Garden was calling. "Father is on the steps outside, waiting for someone to go out fishing with him! Someone should go with him." I drove back to East Garden, and by the time one or two other leaders had arrived and we were ready to go out, it was around 4:00 in the morning. Father fished all day, keeping a similar schedule to the one he had followed the day before. By the end of the day, I was groggy with tiredness. I found I simply could not keep up with Father, although I am many, many years younger.

Sometimes when fishing with Father, he will ask you questions or talk. Many times, however, he asks everyone to be absolutely quiet. He wants to talk to God. There is no sound except the sound of the waves. When he has a big event coming up, perhaps something that is to take place in a few weeks' time,

Father often sets a condition. He will announce that from a certain day, he will go out on the sea every day for seven days, or perhaps twenty-one days. If rain comes, or a storm comes, he still goes out to fish. He will be all day out in the boat. Usually he eats very simply, only a bowl of rice or a bowl of ramen the whole time he is out on the water.

I remember one day Father wanted to take us fishing. It was a spring day, but it was still very chilly and windy, not at all the ideal day for fishing. Most of us did not have fishing gear with us, but Father suddenly said, "Let's go!" So we took off our sport coats and neckties and prepared to go. We did not want to mention to Father that we had no outdoor jackets or gear to keep us warm. But Father observed, or sensed our predicament, and before we got to the boat he stopped at a sporting goods store and bought us all warm jackets and rain gear. I was touched by his thoughtfulness. ■

Testimony of Brian Goldstein

In my life of faith, I have had many experiences with Reverend and Mrs. Moon, our True Parents, as we know them. I joined the Unification Church as it was known at that time, in 1978 in London, after studying the Divine Principle in Holland. Fortunately for me, the day that I walked in the door of our church at Lancaster Gate, Reverend Moon was giving a talk, and I got to hear and see him before I even signed membership!

At one of the talks he gave there, I had the honor to stand behind Mrs. Moon's chair. I felt a special feeling of warmth from her, very similar to the warmth I felt from God the first time I really tried to reach Him/Her in prayer. It felt like the warmth of a Parent hugging their prodigal son on his return. At that time, I was a tad older than many members, a mere middle-aged thirty-five.

After being invited to the U.S.A. in 1980 as a missionary, and graphic artist for our New York newspapers and the prototype of *The Washington*



Times, it was the tradition of the New York members to travel upstate each Sunday for service with Reverend Moon at Belvedere, his family residence at that time. However, he gave that service at the extremely early hour of five AM, within the restored garage, where we all sat on the floor, winter or not! His attitude was that we always need to be humble before God and that by arising before others we made a good tradition of being serious about our life of faith.

For the next sixteen years or so, I attended his services and those given by members of his family and our leadership. These meetings were held there and at the subsequent residence, East Garden, with the Conference Center he especially built to receive leaders who visit from all corners of the world. I felt especially blessed as many in the world, even within our membership, hardly ever or never got to experience seeing him in person. On one occasion, he spoke for nine hours straight with every human expression of seriousness, sadness, humor, or pathos, and he was never once boring! Even after many hours, neither he nor any of those listening wanted to tear themselves away from the passion of God speaking through this loving and giving man.

Along with six hundred other brothers and sisters, I was matched in the New Yorker Hotel to my

fiancee, by Reverend Moon. That is, he found my spouse to be, as Heavenly Father showed him. As one who had been unsuccessfully married and had led a dissolute life, I was mightily glad to trust my parent, God, working through Father Moon, to choose for me. My new wife was a beautiful Jewish American Princess. This was a wise and knowing choice. Reverend and Mrs. Moon, as True Parents, married us in the 1075 couple wedding, known as the Blessing, in Madison Square Garden, July 1st 1982. The most blessed day of our lives was captured by *Life* magazine photographers as my wife shed a tear of happiness. ■

Brian Goldstein grew up in Great Britain, living in Outer London and, during part of World War II, the Shetland Islands. His parents were confirmed atheists and dedicated Communists for a while. They had a mixed marriage, his father being the son of Ukranian Jews, and his mother being descended from Christians, including English Puritans.

Brian studied and worked in the arts and entertainment world and travelled widely, searching for love and truth. He met and joined the Unification movement in 1978 at the age of thirty-five. He has been active ever since in many fields.

Testimony of Miho Panzer

In 1976, I came to the United States as part of the Korean Folk Ballet to perform at the time of Reverend Moon's speech at a major rally at the Washington Monument. Afterwards, Father and Mother Moon came many times to the Manhattan Center in New York City, where we practiced for other performances. I had the chance to serve True Parents a few times during these visits. Soon after, they asked for me to come to East Garden.

The first day I was there, Father said to me, "Miho, use all of your five senses to see only good-

ness. Use your mouth to say only good things; then you can keep strong faith that will last a long time."

The one who woke up earliest at East Garden was Father. He never went to his own room before midnight. Usually, he was meeting with leaders until early in the morning, going to his room after one o'clock. He would take a bath after reading letters from all over the world or reading speeches in his room. Mother often told me that if the sound of Aboji (Father) stops, I should inform her right away. She was worried that Father would fall asleep in the

bathbub because of fatigue.

Sometimes I would hear words of prayer coming out of his mouth, but realized he was sleeping. I heard these “sleeping prayers” frequently. No matter if he slept three hours a day, he used twenty-four hours a day for praying.

True Parents sacrificed time with their children to take care of others. They would always eat breakfast with church leaders, while the children finished their breakfast in the kitchen and left for school. Mother also dedicated herself completely to love our church leaders. One day, when she was in late pregnancy, at a time when she might give birth at any minute, she prepared to go shopping with leaders from Europe.

Since I could not stand it, I asked Mother, “Why don’t you stop going out?” But she replied, “You don’t have to worry about me,” and left to buy gifts for these visiting leaders before they returned to their countries.

One day, one of the children, Kook Jin Nim, had a really bad day in school. When he got back home, to avoid worrying True Parents, he went straight to his room. True Mother worried about him and sent me to his room. Kook Jin Nim had tears in his eyes, but he put a smile on his face and went downstairs and said, “Omma, I’m home.” All their children made these kinds of sacrifices because they knew that True Parents were working for God’s will.

In the early 1980s, True Father had to face accusations from the New York District Attorney. After a long court case, Father had to go to Danbury prison on July 20, 1984. That day is like today in my memory. So many church members came to East Garden. Father gathered all his older children and spoke to them about what was going to happen. The small children asked Father, “Where are you going?” He answered, “Don’t worry. I’ll be back soon. Study hard. Don’t fight with each other.” Many members were in tears. Father and Reverend Kamiyama left in a car to go to prison. Father worked as a “servant of servants,” mopping the floor, washing dishes, cleaning the toilet. Every day Father washed the



dirty mops by hand.

Sometimes there were threats against Father. Many nights Mother couldn’t sleep, worrying about him. Sometimes she asked me to stay at night in her room. She waited for a phone call from True Father each morning. She was in tears when she heard Father’s voice.

Once in a while, Father was able to visit East Garden for twenty-four hours. He would go to his room right away without speaking to anyone. He wanted to change out of his prison uniform, take a shower and shave, and put on regular clothes. Then he came down to the living room, singing, with a big smile. He never wanted to show that he had been in prison that day. Then he met with leaders and with his children. During these times, I went up to Father’s bathroom. I would see the undershirt Father had been wearing. Many times, it had a hole in it. The socks also had holes in them. When I saw these miserable clothes, I couldn’t help crying. Mother said we should keep these for history.

One time when I saw Father’s hands, I noticed that there were many scars on them and roughness from hard work at the prison, like the hands of a farmer. I began crying, but True Father said, “Miho, don’t worry.” I realized that Father had been working hard, trying to serve the other prisoners. During

this time, even during the cold winter when the temperature dropped into the teens, Father's eldest son Hyo Jin Nim, the other children and all of us staff members did a prayer vigil every night, sometimes until 4 AM.

On August 20, 1985, Father could come back safely home. I realized that between East Garden and Danbury there was a bridge of true love that would never be broken.

Every day at East Garden was a treasure I can never forget. Even now, living in New Jersey, I don't feel far from True Parents since I experienced so much love from them so many times.

(Editor's note: The U.S. government's prosecution of Reverend Moon on tax charges is thought by many to have been a politically-motivated attempt to force an unpopular religious leader out of the country. After careful scrutiny of the case, a large number of religious and civil liberties groups defended Reverend Moon by writing or joining in *amicus* (friends of the court) briefs to the U.S. Supreme Court. Supporters included the National Council of Churches, the National Association for Evangelical Churches, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, important elements from the

Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Association of Black Mayors, the Christian Law Association, and the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights. Individuals who sent petitions to the Supreme Court on behalf of Reverend Moon include Senator Orrin Hatch, then chairman of the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, former presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy, and former Ambassador Clare Booth Luce.) ■

Miho Panzer joined the Unification Church in Okayama, Japan in 1972, later serving in the One World Crusade and pioneering in Saitama. She joined the Korean Folk Ballet in 1976 and performed at the "God Bless America" festival at Washington Monument in that year. In 1977, she went to East Garden, where she served True Parents for ten years. She was blessed to Richard Panzer in 1982. In 1987, Miho gave birth to their first son, Rimida. Daniel, Ricky and Misha were born in the following five years. She currently works side by side with Richard in the American Family Coalition mission in New Jersey.

Testimony of Clark Eberly

One of many memories I have of Reverend Moon is from the time he spoke in Dallas, Texas in 1973 as part of his Day of Hope speaking tour of major U.S. cities. At the time he came to Dallas I had already heard him speak on a number of occasions. Always, my impression of him was of a man who simply radiated warmth, energy, humor, and a passionate love for God and people. On the night of his speech in Dallas, I had been asked, along with a few other young members,

to watch the small house where Reverend Moon would sleep that night. After the speech was over, we waited for his return.

We stood in the front yard, near the sidewalk leading to the front door. Of course, my expectation was to see Reverend Moon happily returning after having touched the hearts of many hundreds of people in the audience—people who as I hoped, would have been deeply interested in his message. At the very least, I expected to see my pastor as I had

always seen him—emanating love, confidence and energy.

What I saw shocked me. As Father walked up the sidewalk toward the front door, he looked ashen-faced and utterly empty of energy. Of course, the next time I would see him, he was back to his usual exuberant self, but this night I had the profound sense of his being, at that moment, simply drained beyond belief. I had the sense of his having given everything he had and then still more, in the effort to convey God's love and ideals to his audience. It was then that I realized that for Reverend Moon, speaking in public is not something easily done. It is often an intense battle, a tremendous effort in which he invests all of his heart, mind, and spirit. ■

Clark Eberly met the Unification movement in 1972. He works as a research librarian at the Washington Times in Washington, D.C. and resides in Arlington, Virginia with his wife, Silvia, children, Sonja and Brian, and son-in-law James.



Testimony of Howard Self

I was brought to Reverend Sun Myung Moon in February of 1975. I say "brought to" because I felt then, and still feel now, that God's forces were bringing me along, preparing me, in my sometimes intense search for "Truth," for something . . . something Big. That "something," as it turned out, was not a big "something." It was a big "someone," a very big someone . . . the True Father, Reverend Moon.

And I did meet him in person, in a beautiful, quiet place called Barrytown, New York. For me, this meeting was an explosion of major proportions.

After graduating from my university and spending two years in the U.S. Army (one of the last of the Vietnam draftees), my thirst for "Truth" had led me to the counter-culture world of hippiedom. So,



on that fateful morning in '75, I was at my "hippest," especially in appearance. I had long hair down my back, big full beard, granny glasses, faded blue jeans, and union suit underwear shirt. I was described by some as looking like "John Lennon at his hairiest."

After having heard the Divine Principle 2-day workshop in North Carolina, I had made the trek to Barrytown to hear the 7-day and to hopefully meet the "Fully Actualized Man," as I had labeled Father at the time.

True Father had come to speak exclusively to the 120-day workshop participants, who were actually the original American missionaries, preparing to go out to the world later that spring. Somehow, to the obvious shock of David S. C. Kim and the security fellows, I found myself (looking as described above) sitting in the middle of a large classroom of "elders," all of whom wore suits, ties and had very short haircuts. I was totally entranced by the words, persona, spirit, and LOVE of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon.

Father, looking at the crowd, saw this one rather long-waisted, long-haired "freak" sitting in the middle near the back, totally taking in everything that he said. Father seemed so happy to see me. I KNEW that I was happy to see him! Father began to make jokes about hippies in America, and I laughed so hard, knowing what he was saying was totally true. In spite of my appearance, Father could somehow know that my heart was completely his, and he poured out so much love to me. This wasn't brain-washing, but it was certainly "heart-washing" at its best! It was the greatest day of my life when True Father invited me into the realm of his heart.

Since that first meeting, I have been so blessed throughout my nearly thirty years in the movement to have been in Father's presence hundreds of times in all types of settings and situations. My missions . . . Victory Over Communism pioneer, Tiger Park's assistant, Dr. Seuk's assistant, American Freedom Coalition with Dr. Pak, Mr. Joo and now Dr. Yang, working with Jin Hun Nim, and with Hyun Jin Nim Moon in World CARP . . . all brought me to many meetings with Father. Also Father came many, many times to the Unification Theological Seminary while I was a student there. He personally taught us how to make the nets and do all types of fishing, to dig out the large pond with shovels, to plant and harvest ten acres of potatoes that we delivered to the hungry

in Harlem, to level the soccer field (twice!) and on and on. When I graduated, I went to London for nine months, pioneering Home Church. Father was there with us for most of that time. There also, Father matched me with my wife Chieko in a comparatively intimate matching and Holy Wine ceremony of two hundred couples.

As any member can tell you, each meeting with True Father is a story in itself. There is no such thing as a boring encounter with him and True Mother. Father is a whirlwind in himself. There are always so many levels of activity and connections going on around him, all of the time. He is indeed a living miracle. His scope of activity and attention is enormous in scale. He is the one universal man that people from all over the world, all races, can experience as their True Father.

Truly, Father was born to speak, to express God's feelings on every kind of subject from the minute to the cosmic. He is like a bubbling spring when he begins speaking.

I was there in the garage at Belvedere when he set his own personal record of speaking continuously for over seventeen hours, without once repeating himself! Dr. Pak was translating, and he certainly deserves the crown of "King of the Translators." After Father had spoken for about twelve hours, standing the entire time, Mrs. Eu slipped over behind Father and placed a chair behind him, hoping that he would sit down and rest his extremely tired legs. After a little while, Father turned his head slightly and saw that the chair had been placed behind him. Like a tiger pouncing, Father turned and with all of his might, kicked the chair completely across and off of the stage! Without saying a word about it, he then turned and continued speaking, for another five hours! He was determined to set a record condition that day, and saw the offer of a chair, even though presented with so much love, as an attempt to weaken his steely resolve.

I often felt sorry for Father, as had Mrs. Eu, because he has always mercilessly pushed his own body, no matter how sick or tired he might be. True Mother has also endured such incredible physical trials in trying to keep pace with him. I observed that for Father, this is his way of life. It is his God-given nature to push himself beyond all limitations. He seemed to have offered his entire life as one long indemnity condition, composed of an endless

myriad of conditions, offered as sacrifices for furthering God's will on the earth. But to live more comfortably is totally alien to Father. He explained to us once at the seminary while we were at the river fishing, that every day, before he stops to eat a meal, he will push to do one more accomplishment for Heaven, complete one more task for God, before taking any form of rest or sustenance. He does that for every meal. He lives like that every day. Father is famous for his "iron will"; steel would be more like it! Father's mind and will have total dominion over his body.

One story that I feel encapsulates his lifestyle was told by one of my favorite brothers, Rev. Kevin McCarthy. Kevin was the Western brother in charge of a rather large workshop of leaders at a training workshop in Kodiak, Alaska, at North Garden, with True Father. Father's usual schedule for that time was to get started at 3:15 AM. Everyone usually went to sleep around 11:00 PM. Kevin, having some responsibilities to fulfill, was up later than the others one night. At 12:15 AM, he looked up to see Father walking down the hall, fully dressed in his fishing clothes. "Time to go," said Father, "It's 3:00 o'clock!" Kevin, looking at his watch, said, "But Father, it's not 3:00; it's 12:15." Father had mistakenly mixed the hour and minute hands of his watch, seeing 3:00 instead of 12:15. Father looked at his watch and realized what he had done. Then he threw his head back and laughed long and loud, as if the funniest joke had just been played on him, and then went back to his room. Father's mind had told him that it was 3:00 AM, and no matter how tired his body was he completely dominated it, and was going out for his condition of fishing, no matter what. His body must have protested mightily, since it had received only an hour or so of sleep, but that protest had no chance against his mind and will. That story is just one of a multitude that reveals his total domination of the mind-body relationship, and his total dedication to liberating God.

Coming to know True Father is a continuous,

unending exercise in discovery. It is impossible to put him into any known "category," as the media, to its chagrin, has found. He is routinely described by the media in such an array of personas: "evangelist," "businessman," "empire builder," "brainwasher," etc. It is not all that much easier to really "know" him for those of us who have been blessed with being with him so many times through the decades. He sometimes has said, "Even True Mother doesn't really understand me."

My latest personal "meeting" with True Father was in December 2004, just before Christmas. There were many people there at his home, East Garden, in Tarrytown, New York. Father had just completed his speeches in Washington, D.C. at both a three thousand person breakfast "summit" and an equal-sized dinner event (both on the same day, December 13!). To our surprise, he chose sixteen of the organizers and leaders involved in those events and announced a "lottery" in which the sixteen each drew an envelope containing the flag of a nation from his hand. These were the sixteen nations that had supported South Korea in the Korean War by actually sending their troops to shed their blood on Korean soil. With these sixteen, Father was initiating a new worldwide organization, the Interreligious and International Peace Kingdom Federation. I drew South Africa.

Father Moon is totally serious about helping God to build His Kingdom . . . on the earth. Going from one huge effort and victory to another larger and even more challenging task is his way of life. All of us are greatly blessed by that precious life. ■

Howard C. Self was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, where he graduated from the University of North Carolina-Charlotte. He has held a number of leadership roles in his thirty years in the Unification movement. Currently, he serves as the National Executive Director of both the American Family Coalition and IIFWP-USA. He resides with his wife, Chieko, and son, Franklin, in Lanham, Maryland.

Testimony of Bruce Burns

Oppa's Got a Tuna

In the summer of 1983, I spent six weeks virtually elbow to elbow with True Parents. This particular summer, Father was inviting leaders from Japan to fish in Gloucester, Massachusetts with him. My main mission turned out to be taking care of these visitors. Usually ten new leaders would come every week. I would pick them up from the airport and then take them home to Truro, a town close to Provincetown. I would also drive them back and forth between home and the fishing boats.

I tried to follow the same schedule as Father, which meant waking very early, around 3:00-3:30 AM, and then quickly preparing for the fishing day. The house was not big, but it had quite a big garage where all the leaders slept. Things moved quickly in the morning. One really neat thing happened every time Father left: the whole house would come out to the car to say goodbye to him. It was quite a nice tradition, even at 3:00 and 4:00 in the morning! I think many people have heard about how Father always wakes up early and then goes to bed late. That summer, every night after returning from fishing, after everyone had eaten dinner, Father would call all the leaders for meetings, which would go to 11:00 or midnight and sometimes until 1:00 in the morning. This was every day for the month and a half I was there.

That summer I was land support, and I evolved my job into taking care of the Japanese leaders and helping the kitchen sisters while the leaders fished. One day while I was in the backyard, Mother came out holding Jeung Jin Nim. She was on a small balcony upstairs. She said to me, "Bruce, where are all the security?" I told her they'd been called to the docks. Then she began singing, "Oppa's got a tuna, Oppa's got a tuna." It was very beautiful. Then I told Mother I was headed to the docks soon, and asked her if she'd like to go with me. But she said,



"No." A little while later I left, but I had forgotten one brother's towel, so I went back. Mother saw me and said to me, "Bruce, I'll go with you." I feel God's blessing all the time, but that day it was even more special. I was very happy that Mother sat in the front passenger seat, because in this old van the next row of seats had no cushions, and it was being supported just by springs. Lots of world leaders of our movement felt that seat that summer!

Mother was very joyful in the van, singing to Jeung Jin Nim, "Oppa's got a tuna; Oppa's got a tuna." One other sister was with us; she was in the difficult seat. When we arrived at the docks, the fish seemed excited to see Mother. You may be wondering what I'm trying to say here, but what was happening was that the water looked like it was boiling, because masses of fish were very close to the surface. Actually Father didn't catch a tuna that day, but I really felt like I caught one, and I'm eternally grateful I forgot that towel.

We're Gonna Die

This story is about the christening of a new boat, First Hope One, a fifty-footer, built in Bayou La Batre, Alabama. Father wanted to take out the boat

for a fishing trip. The boat was a long line boat, which means we can put out a line many miles long with up to seven hundred additional lines and hooks attached to that main line. The weather was very, very rough, so rough that even Father was seasick, but he kept on going. I was seasick too, extremely so. Actually the boat was leaking in places, and in my delirious state of mind I thought the boat might go down, but I was so out of it I didn't care.

There is a big difference between being on land and being on the ocean. One difference is that refrigerators don't attack you on land! But we had an attacking refrigerator, with its door swinging open on every crash of the ocean's waves. We were trying to sleep with each other's feet in our faces, plus the attacking refrigerator. At one point, I saw Father's boots right in front of my eyes, and he was putting things back into the refrigerator and closing the door.

Men Cooking

That summer I had the opportunity to speak with

Mother a few times. A brother named Western Mwamlima and I were invited to have breakfast with True Mother. At some point Mother asked me if I cooked, and I said something like I'm a man, and I don't cook. Mother's response was very wise and very different than what I'd heard much of my life. She said, "The best cooks in the world are men." Maybe to most of you this doesn't sound earth-shattering, but for me it was filled with wisdom. In my life I've had three mothers take care of me. My adopted parents were very good, but my adopted mother told me many times how bad I was with my hands. True Mother in essence said, "Bruce, you can do whatever you set your mind to do." That is a True Mother's response to a child. ■

Bruce Burns joined the Unification movement in 1979. He was matched and blessed by True Parents at Madison Square Garden on July 1, 1982. He and his wife Yoko have been blessed with seven children, two of whom they offered as babies to childless couples to enable them to raise and love a child as their own.

Testimony of John Haydon

Talking Soccer with Reverend Moon

Finally, thirty years after joining the Unification Church, a dream came true, and I made the trip to South Korea in 2003.

Little did I know when I set off from Washington, D.C. with my laptop that I would end up eating breakfast with Father Moon and discussing soccer. I was sent to Korea by *The Washington Times* to cover the Peace Cup, a major soccer event involving Reverend Moon's professional soccer team, Songnam Ilwha Chunma. I have always loved soccer, and it was very much part of my life until I met the church as a skinny seventeen-year-old back in England in 1972.

I was so happy when I heard that Father Moon had sponsored soccer teams in Korea and Brazil and



had organized the Peace Cup, which involved some of the world's biggest clubs. But Reverend Moon's involvement in soccer, as it is with all things he does, has a deeper and higher purpose. "Our founder believes that sports, art, hobbies and culture move the human mind and bring people together," Peace Cup organizer Chung Hwan Kwak told me.

"Sincere sports come through the mind and not material things. This is the origin and vision of Dr. Sun Myung Moon. He always taught that the future world culture will be God-centered, a culture of love, and a culture of heart. This culture should not be achieved by military force or material forces or even diplomacy. The culture of love will result from art, hobbies and sports, especially soccer."

On my third night in Korea I got a call from a Korean church leader, asking me to bring a report on soccer to Father Moon's house at Hannam-Dong the following morning. That night I wrote up some notes, thanking Father Moon for his investment in the game, praising the Korean World Cup team, and suggesting that Father was probably a great soccer player in his youth, one I would certainly have rather played alongside than against. When I arrived at the house early in the morning for Hoon Dok Hae (HDH)—morning inspirational reading—I gave my two page report and my article on the Peace Cup to Reverend Moon's assistant, Mr. Peter Kim.

Unknown to me, throughout the two hour reading, Mr. Kim was tirelessly translating my article and report into Korean. After HDH, Mr. Kim introduced me to Father Moon, and I was seated near him at the breakfast table. Then Mr. Kim read my report and article to Father, who listened intently and laughed at my jokes. At one point he gave me the thumbs up. I was deeply moved that Father Moon would give me so much time. Here I was, a minor sports writer, yet Father Moon made me feel

at home and important in the warmth of his house. He is a very busy man, a world leader, who lives life to the fullest and has an incredible schedule even at the age of eighty-six, yet at that moment I felt he was there for me. I was amazed at how he gave me his full attention. He no doubt had other things to do and more important providential things to discuss, but he listened to my report and asked me questions with genuine sincerity.

I was deeply moved. Never in my life have I felt someone be so attentive. It then occurred to me that this is a man whose mind and body are truly united. This is what unity of mind and body means. This is what the first few pages of the Divine Principle teach. When a person is totally united within himself, he becomes a pure vessel for the love of God. In Reverend Moon's presence, you feel his love and warmth, because he is a perfect channel for that heavenly love. Reverend Moon is like this with everyone he meets. He is always pouring out his love because he can't help doing it. He is the perfect example of what consistency is. This is a man you can trust, because he is **THERE IN THE MOMENT** for you. To be in Father Moon's presence is to feel the love of Heaven. Here is a harmonious man of perfect unity, totally at ease with himself and his relationship with the Divine.

A simple talk about soccer with an old Korean man overlooking the Han River became a deeply spiritual and rewarding moment, maybe the greatest moment in my life. ■

John Haydon met the Unification Church in 1972 in England. He came to the United States in 1980 and for the last eighteen years has worked at The Washington Times, where he writes a weekly soccer column. John and his wife, Pat, have four children and live in Maryland.

CHAPTER SEVEN—TESTIMONIES FROM JOE KINNEY— MEMORIES OF REVEREND AND MRS. MOON

Accounts from My Years with Reverend Moon and His Family

Belvedere 1973

East Garden 1974-1978

Korea 1978-1981

Introduction

I was very fortunate to spend most of my first five years in the church close to Reverend and Mrs. Moon. I saw Father for the first time at 10:00 AM on March 1, 1973. Father spoke to us at least a dozen times during the following forty days. After forty days I prepared the two buses for his Day of Hope speaking tours and then was a bus driver on the International One World Crusade from July 1973 to July 1974. I was the maintenance man at Reverend Moon's home at East Garden from the summer of 1974 until February 1978, and was the only male staff member to live in the same house with Father and Mother Moon. Beyond just the physical proximity to them, I had a determination to break through my own reserve, to not be over-awed by my deep respect for them. I wanted to be a real person around them, to joke with them and argue with True Parents when I thought I was right. I'm also sure that True Parents scolded me more than any other staff member at the time I was at East Garden. This made our relationship real and personal, as it



remains to this day.

Much of our impression of people, both public and private, comes not from the big things they do, but rather from the small personal things. I hope that a different and personal aspect of True Parents'

character is revealed through these anecdotes, which I am privileged to share with you.

First direct time spent with Father

The first direct encounter I ever had with True Father was after Pledge service (Sunday morning prayer service) on Mother's Day, May 13th of 1973. After Pledge, we sang some songs for Mother and then we had a short question and answer session with Father. Bobby Wilson, who was responsible for maintaining Belvedere (True Parents' home in those days) had just bought a new riding lawnmower. I was asked to bring the machine up to the lawn to begin cutting the grass. Father decided he wanted to try out this newfangled contraption and, since I was available, I spent the rest of the morning with him. Six times I had to help with some minor problem with the mower while Father waited patiently. I was impressed that Father had a child-like curiosity and a desire to experience everything.

Greeting True Parents—asking them to tour the buses

In 1973, I was responsible for preparing the two buses for the Day of Hope speaking tours. On June 15, 1973, when one of the buses was ready, I was so proud that I wanted to show it to Father. At that time, Father lived at Belvedere with no security.

It so happened that on that day there was a conference of all the national and international leaders taking place at the training center. I saw Father and Mother heading down the hill from the main house on the way to address the leaders' conference. The members were on their feet, singing to welcome True Parents. I dashed up to True Parents in my greasy coveralls begging, "Father, please come see the bus!" Father responded by explaining that all the leaders were waiting. I countered that it would only take a minute. So with the entire senior leadership of the national and world movement singing, Father and Mother took time to look at the bus.

Twenty-five years later, I met Parents at the New Yorker Hotel and asked them to look at the boiler plant we had installed. Father responded that there was no time. I persevered, saying that it wouldn't take more than five minutes. True Parents took the elevator down to more than fifty feet below the

sidewalk and enjoyed the tour of the boiler plant.

From these and other encounters with True Father, I learned that he can be persuaded by enthusiasm and a sincere heart. Colonel San Kil Han once told me that the thing Father liked most about me was my enthusiasm.

Mother "forcing" Father to have midnight cocoa

When I started at East Garden, there was no professional security. However, I was the "night watchman," staying up overnight in the main house kitchen. Father was going out fishing every day, sleeping so little that he would return from fishing and go out again while I was still on duty. He would often be home for only two to four hours. His health was suffering terribly from this schedule, and he looked like he had the flu. His face was puffy, his nose was running, and he looked tired to the bone.

One time, when Father was at the front door preparing to get into the car to go out again, Mother gave him a spank on the butt, grabbed his arm, and dragged him into the kitchen. Mother had the kitchen sister prepare hot cocoa. She stood brooding over Father like an angry but loving mother hen until he finished the last drop of cocoa. Father sat there sheepishly sipping the cocoa looking completely subjugated by his loving wife.

I learned from seeing this that the relationship between True Parents was very natural and healthy; normal in the true sense of the word. Mother wasn't just proclaiming absolute obedience. I saw that her obedience included her ability, when necessary, to take command as a true stimulating wife must do at times.

Father at dawn, one on one

It was around 6:00 AM on a beautiful spring morning at East Garden. I was passing by the old main house when I saw Father out for an early morning stroll. Father was by himself—no Peter Kim, no Mrs. Choi, no security, nobody but Father. At the time, I needed his permission to use his bus to drive a group of people and needed an answer from him right away, but I had never encountered Father alone before. It might be difficult for the reader to understand, but in this situation I just did-

n't know how to relate to Father directly. I had usually asked him questions through a mediator or translator: "Would you please ask Father if I can change the oil on his car?" or "... Shall I fix the light switch," or whatever.

Father was about one hundred yards away, and I approached, not knowing what to do or say. Should I massacre the pronunciation of the Korean language by trying "Abonim" or "Abojee" (Korean for Father)? How about "Teacher"... maybe "Your Majesty"? How the heck does a young, no-position maintenance man address the living messiah? It felt too awkward to approach Father head on, so I walked a "J" shaped approach so I could approach from behind (probably a terrible mistake of heavenly protocol). I arrived to a spot about three paces behind Father, and Father stopped deliberately, waiting to see how I would address him. I could feel that he understood my uncertainty and awkward situation exactly, and that it was my responsibility to address him.

Finally the word "Father" left my lips. Father turned around and faced me with a beaming smile, radiating absolute love. This was a direct spiritual experience with Father. It was a validation that beyond all differences of race, age or position, one-on-one, soul-to-soul, Father's love for me was the manifestation of God's original love. In that moment, for me, the very definition of the word "Father" changed forever.

Mother dragging me by my ear

Ye-Jin Nim, the eldest of True Parents' daughters, had her bedroom down the hall from Parents' room on the second floor of the old main house. The grout between the tub and the tile in Ye-Jin Nim's bathroom had begun to crack and fall into the tub, making a mess. Mother showed me this, and I scraped out the old grout and replaced it with new grout. I assumed it was fixed. About a week later Mother showed me that the grout had failed again. I bought a better quality grout and fixed it again. A week later, Mother showed me that that too had failed. I bought the super quality grout, scraped it out deeper and longer than before and fixed it for the third time, sure that it was permanent.

Another week passed, and I encountered Mother

in the second floor hall. She was not a happy camper; in fact Mother was clearly angry at me and I didn't know why. She grabbed my right earlobe between her thumb and forefinger and proceeded to tow me down the hall and into Ye-Jin's bathroom where she put my nose near where the tub and tile met. The grout had failed again!

At this point, Mother realized that, though I felt badly that I had failed again, my joy at just being with her was so much more powerful than my fear of her anger. She looked at my face, goofy with joy and love for her and knew that she had lost the psychological advantage. She just walked away. This time I scraped even longer and deeper and bought the 2-part epoxy grout, and it didn't fail. I don't think my goofy grin could have saved me again.

Grandmother—her humility

Soon-Ae Hong, or Grandmother Hong, is our True Mother's mother. This testimony is from my limited experience with Grandmother Hong during the time I was maintenance man at East Garden.

Grandmother Hong arrived at East Garden without any particular fanfare and was assigned a room in a corner of the top floor of the main house. Because it was practically an attic, you couldn't stand upright in parts of the room, and it had an irregular shape because of the dormer windows. Grandmother's furniture was often passed on from Father and Mother Moon's children. Grandmother dressed in the most humble of clothes, like any poor Korean grandma you see on the street. She worked as if she was part of the house staff, helping in the kitchen and around the house. She didn't take her meals at the table with True Parents; rather she would help clear the dishes and would eat together with the kitchen staff. I didn't know then that she had helped to sew the garments to comfort Jesus' heart and lay the foundation for the messiah to return, three stitches and a prayer, three stitches and a prayer, three stitches and a prayer, for endless hours. *

One of my main memories of Grandmother was of her garden. One spring, Grandmother summoned me to a plot of land out of sight of the main house and told me that this was where she would grow

Korean vegetables for True Family's table. This was a pretty good size garden, about 100' X 35'. After I broke the soil with a rotary tiller, Grandmother did all the rest of the work, sometimes with help from whomever she could collar on any given day. So that year and every year, Grandmother would plant, cultivate and harvest this large garden. With muddy shoes, dirty hands, and dirty dress, she worked hour after hour in the hot sun like a humble farmer. I didn't know then that this woman had offered her daughter in marriage to True Father.

I encountered Grandmother around the house and grounds, drove her occasionally and sometimes went to her room to fix something. She always said I was too skinny and tried to shove some Korean snack into my mouth. If I did any little thing for her at all she was deeply grateful. I was so stupid and she was so humble. I felt that I was just helping out a fellow staff member. She was really at the bottom of the list when it came to special treatment. I didn't know then that she was the only person in history to participate in all three churches that prepared the foundation for the second advent—the Holy Lord Order, Ho Ho-Bin's group, and the Unification Church.

Grandmother Hong was always taking care of the needs of others, whether it was for her daughter's family, the never-ending stream of guests, or the staff. She didn't take care of people by strutting around or reminding people of her position. She took care of people from the back of the room with a comforting smile or from the kitchen with a special snack, or from the prayer room with tears.

Grandmother never spoke publicly at all until one day, without warning, Father asked her to give her testimony. She stood erect in the middle of the room in whatever humble clothes she happened to be wearing, and because it was Father's request, began to speak about herself for the first and only time. I don't remember the words Grandmother spoke that day, but I'll never forget the tears she shed. From the first sentence, the tears streamed forth from her eyes. For the entire time, she spoke in sobs. It was impossible for the translator to translate, because he too began sobbing uncontrollably. I didn't know then what Grandmother was like. I thought that she was almost like me. She acted more like a staff member than True Mother's mother.

The motto of our church is "Let us go forth in the shoes of a servant, with the heart of the Father, shedding sweat for earth, tears for man, and blood for heaven." Soon-Ae Hong lived this motto quite literally. I didn't know then what that meant at all, but Grandmother Hong knew.

* Grandmother Hong in the 1940s belonged to a Christian group in Pyongyang, North Korea, led by a dynamic lady named Ho Ho-Bin, who had received revelations about the Second Coming. The group, partly in honor of Jesus and partly in honor of the Second Coming, which they believed was imminent, would invest hours a day in various forms of prayer-in-action. One of these action prayers involved many ladies sewing clothing for Jesus as a way of expressing sorrow for the poverty and suffering he encountered during his earthly life. They also sewed clothing for the awaited returning lord. Mrs. Ho and most of the members of her group are believed to have died in jail or in labor camps after their arrest by North Korean authorities. Grandmother Hong was one of the only known survivors of this group.

Kitchen sister crying

During a staff reorganization meeting, one Japanese kitchen sister was transferred from the main house kitchen, where she could serve True Family directly every day, to the training center kitchen to cook for our members. She bowed humbly, accepted the transfer, and went out in the foyer outside the room and cried and sobbed so loudly that everyone heard.

Now, this sister wasn't hurt because she lost some position or out of pride. Her pain was only because she would miss serving True Family so much. About a week later, she was transferred back to the main house, where she served for the next twenty years. True Parents are always moved by a sincere heart.

Mother feeding me at celebrations

One of the blessings of being part of East Garden staff was that I was allowed to attend all the celebrations held there, like birthdays, etc. It seems that at nearly every celebration after Father began talk-

ing, and I was kind of hanging out in the back, Mother would appear and grill me to make sure that I had eaten enough food, and she would usually try to stuff a piece of dduk (Korean rice cake) into my mouth. Parents really took care of the staff like they were their own children. I loved it.

Joking with Mother about carpet padding

I occasionally drove True Mother to Macy's Clearance Center in White Plains, New York, to shop for household items. In-Jin Nim, Father and Mother's second daughter after Ye-Jin Nim, was along on one of these trips. One of the items we were shopping for was a piece of carpet for the staff prayer room. Mother selected a carpet remnant and considered the sale complete. I said, "Mother, you should buy padding for the carpet." Mother did not agree with my opinion, and several times she said that padding wasn't needed. Each time, I came back and said it was. Mother was getting exasperated with my stubbornness and had had about enough of my opinions.

Finally at the end of her patience, she asked, "Just give me one good reason why we should buy padding for the carpet!" I knew Father's standard of praying on a hard wood floor, or on a rock, or on the snow-covered frozen earth. My motivation was to make the floor softer for our staff. From a heavenly standard, my idea was ludicrous, and I realized how ridiculous it would sound to Mother. But I just had to try one last time. So holding back my own laughter I said, "Mother, so the staff's knees won't hurt." We looked in each other's eyes and both knew how silly this was and both started laughing. Mother was laughing so hard that tears were coming down her cheeks.

Driving Mother—shopping and burgers

I used to drive Mother every couple of weeks when she would go shopping. Mrs. Choi or Peter Kim would come as translator, and sometimes we would go with True Children to buy their clothes. I don't remember so much about the shopping itself, because for a man, shopping with a woman, even True Mother, is not exciting. The part I do remember is that we would nearly always stop to eat at

McDonalds or Burger King during these outings. Mother, never a big fan of red meat, would nearly always order the "filet o' fish" and a lemon lime soda. I guess I remember these times so much because at lunch Mother would talk to me. It seems that the conversations always focused on my future marriage. Mother would ask, "How tall are you? Do you want a Korean wife? What is your education?" Mother would also make suggestions about how I could change my walking style or clothes and such to make me a better "catch" for my future spouse. Mother expressed her concern about my graying hair and several times at these lunches and years later, when it was really white, asked if I thought about dyeing it.

From this and so many other experiences with True Parents, it is clear to me that they see themselves above all as our parents. They take a direct and personal interest in the well-being of those who are fortunate enough to be around them. They worry about our education, our health, our clothes, our diet, our marriage, and our children.

Father's seriousness about security

I believe it was in early 1974, between Father's 21-city speaking tour and the 32-city tour, that all the International One World Crusade bus team and other members gathered in a large basement meeting room at a hotel in Washington, D.C. This meeting closed one tour and kicked off the next. Father was speaking to us from the stage in the middle of the room.

Father was facing stage right. Without warning there was a loud crack that sounded almost like a gunshot from the stage left side of the room. I never found out what caused the sound, but what impressed me so much was that Father, like every one else, was startled by the sound. Everyone else jumped and was ready to take flight, but Father stamped his foot loudly down on the stage, assumed almost a fighting stance, and turned boldly to confront the apparent threat. His posture was erect and his expression that of a man ready to confront death and win over it yet another time.

Later, when I was maintenance man at East Garden, I received an emergency call to report to a room near Parents' room on the second floor of the

“old” main house. The report was “Fire.” It turned out that an electrical outlet had shorted out with a few sparks and some smoke. As I knelt on the floor, dealing with the electrical problem, Father appeared, squatting next to me. Father was there because he had heard a report about fire, a danger to the family whose protection was his mission. He remained until he understood the situation and was completely convinced that everyone was safe again.

These incidents and several others provided glimpses into some of Father’s unguarded moments. They revealed to me that, while Father’s statements to us of the deadly seriousness of his mission are inspiring words to us, for him his mission is the life and death business of every moment.

Watching a movie about the Holocaust with Father

Father’s tradition when seeing a movie at the theater is to enter the auditorium at whatever time he arrives at the theatre, watch the movie from that point and then leave at that same point in the next screening. He sees the movie exactly once. It’s just that he doesn’t necessarily begin and end his viewing when the movie begins and ends.

One time several staff attended a film about the Holocaust with True Parents. It was a graphic, terribly sad and realistic portrayal of the suffering of the prisoners in Auschwitz. When the movie reached the point at which we had come in, we all rose to leave. Father remained unmoving and watched the movie all the way through a second time. This is the only time I ever saw Father watch a movie twice in a row.

For Family Federation members, Father’s prison experiences are interesting and moving testimonies. This showed me that for Father, those experiences are in his bone marrow.

Mrs. Choi—her awe and respect for Father

At East Garden, I had a more flexible schedule than most staff, so by default I became Mrs. Won Pak Choi’s assistant. Several nights per week, I would go to her room after dinner to help her with filing and correspondence and to see if she needed any errands done. She received a large amount of personal correspondence from all over the world

and acted as Father’s secretary to some extent. All the staff was focused on helping True Family, and because Mrs. Choi was on constant standby, she had little freedom to take care of her personal needs. Mrs. Choi was so grateful that I could get AA batteries, buy writing paper, mail letters or help with some of the daily necessities she required.

Sometimes I would leave her room quite late, and papers were still scattered all over the place. I felt ashamed; I would be practically dozing off, and Mrs. Choi would dismiss me out of kindness. I was in my twenties and she was in her sixties. Next morning, everything was organized. I finally asked how much she was sleeping, and she explained that she often slept only every other night and then only for about four hours.

We became friends, and I would spend hours listening to her stories of early church life with Father. Those days were very difficult for her, and like anyone she needed someone to share her thoughts with and act as a sounding board. These were first person testimonies of her incredible hardship and sacrifice. I was in awe of her and knew for a fact that if I, or anyone I knew, were faced with similar challenges, we would fail miserably. The most striking thing of all was that in describing her incredible life of faith and service, she spoke of Father with such reverence, respect and admiration. She was as much in awe of Father as I was in awe of her. I kept asking myself, “How great can Father be if such a great lady can admire him so much?” It was and is beyond my comprehension.

We became closer and closer; we even took a couple of courses together. Finally, one morning before dawn I received a call from Mrs. Choi. “Joe, would you like to take a drive and see the sunrise?” We drove along the Palisades Parkway to view the sun rising over Manhattan. We did this a couple more times before Mrs. Choi returned to Korea to be the principal of the Little Angels School. It is a cherished treasure to have had such an amazing and significant lady reveal so much of her humanity to me.

A visit from Mother

My room was in the basement of East Garden’s old main house where Father and Mother and their family lived at the time. It was a nice room with

good sunlight, near the back stairs. It was a pleasure and a privilege to live so close to True Family. It also made for unpredictable encounters with them.

One night around 9:00 PM I was working at my desk with my back to the door. I heard the door open without anyone bothering to knock. I was angry because staff often showed little respect, entering my room and disturbing me at any time for any reason. I started to shout something like, "Don't you know how to knock?" or some other words of anger, but for some reason, I caught myself before I spoke these words of anger. I turned and saw True Mother with eight-year-old Kook-Jin holding her hand, silhouetted in the doorway. Mother gave me a warm Mona Lisa smile, pleased to see me working. It was a wonderful moment, which could have been ruined by my anger.

Shoes arranged by Mother.

One day True Parents sent the children and most of the staff to the movies. True Mother was alone in the main house. Mike Wyatt and I were carrying a heavy cast iron bathtub into the house. True Mother held the front door open for us as we entered the house. We were straining and kicked off our dirty, smelly work shoes outside the front door and carried the tub up the stairs and into the bathroom under repair. When we returned to the front entrance, Mother was gone, but our shoes were neatly arranged at the side of the doorway. The bride of the messiah had organized our work shoes.

Shining Father's shoes

At East Garden, after Father returned for the day, I would shine his shoes. Shining Father's shoes was so precious because I could remove the traces of where he had been that day and think about what he had done. I would think about the challenges Father would face the next day and literally try to make sure he could put his best foot forward. I shined Father's shoes before and after his speeches at Madison Square Garden, Yankee Stadium, and Washington Monument, and his appearances before Congress during these years. This responsibility was more important to me than any big project. It was being in touch with Father on a daily basis.

Clear instructions, and a scolding

When we bought East Garden, there was no real fence or security. Vacuum cleaner salesmen would actually show up at the front door of the main house and try to sell Mother a brand new Kirby. The security brothers arrived before the Madison Square Garden campaign and on April 30, 1974, Father directed us to build a fence around East Garden. Father walked around the inner and outer perimeter fence lines with us. I was assigned to clear the path for the new fence. Colonel San Kil Han translated.

Father directed that several trees be cut down. I asked Col. Han to translate twice and then asked him to translate my understanding of the direction back to Father. So the information had been stated three or four times by the time I felt assured it was clear. After we finished the tour, I went back around the perimeter, making a small notch in the trunks of the trees to be felled.

I called Bobby Wilson at Belvedere, who was my older and wiser brother. I asked Bobby if I could borrow the "Bush Hog" and a chain saw to begin clearing the perimeter. Bobby said no, that he was sure that Father didn't want to have those trees cut down. I told him that this was a direction directly from Father to me and that I had been very careful to make sure that I understood it correctly. Bobby stood his ground. He said that no matter what Father had said, that that was not what he meant. I was blown away. How could this guy know better than I what Father wanted when he wasn't even there when I was?

A few days later, a security brother came up to me, directing me to report to Father along the fence line immediately. Father scolded me severely for notching the trunks of a few trees. He explained that trees' sap was like blood and that bark was like skin, and the notched trees could get an infection and die. I wanted to say, "But Father, you directed me to cut them down. Who cares about an infection?" Needless to say I kept my mouth shut and my opinions to myself. Bobby was too nice of a brother to say, "I told you so." Those trees remain standing to this day.

It took me twenty years to understand why this happened. Here is my opinion: Father's direction does not relieve anyone of responsibility for the

results of following his direction. If he gives a direction that you think is not correct and you cannot take responsibility for the results of following it, don't do it. Also Father's direction doesn't give you the right to be arrogant and ignore the opinions of others, especially if they are older and wiser than you.

Playing the trumpet

It is natural for children to want the attention and appreciation of their parents, but usually Father had breakfast, lunch and dinner together with leaders and members. It was rare for True Family to have any private time together. I'm sure this was very hard on True Parents' children.

On one unusual evening, all the guests were gone before the children's bedtime. They had a rare moment to have the attention of their parents. Three of the children came into the dining room to play for True Parents the instruments they had started learning in school. I believe one had a trumpet, one a violin, and the third a clarinet. The instruments were new to them, and they played simple songs like "Mary had a Little Lamb." Their instruments squeaked and squawked, and they stopped and started over again. Still, for the True Family, it was better than a performance at Carnegie Hall until I ruined it.

I was a pretty good amateur trumpet player. In college, I'd even majored in music one year. I wanted to play for True Parents too. After Father and Mother's three children played, I played. Of course a college level player is much better than an elementary school player and I "blew them away" with my performance. Out of my desire for True Parents' praise, I ruined the children's precious time with their parents. Their musical accomplishments that seemed so wonderful before I played then seemed so small. They just walked away, angry and hurt. At the time, I was so dense that I didn't even realize how selfish I had been or how much I hurt the children by "showing them up." They were children at that time, and I was supposed to be an adult. Why didn't I act like an adult and rejoice in their performance instead of competing with them? It took me a long time to understand that the children needed a turn with True Parents without any competition

or interference. The moments that they had alone with True Parents were rare and precious, and I ruined one of them. Unfortunately, this kind of situation was common in their lives.

When Mother gave her testimony

To my knowledge, True Mother has only publicly given the testimony of her life once, at East Garden in 1977. I had the privilege to attend. The words she spoke are recorded for posterity, but I would like to attempt to relate the emotions.

I had seen and spoken to True Mother nearly every day for three years. Without exception, Mother was like a fountain of pure, true love. To be in her presence was to be bathed in radiant light. Even when she was scolding me, I loved it. Mother would be putting more food on my plate and asking about my health and especially about what kind of wife I wanted. She was always comforting others and giving love with child-like purity. It seemed that Mother was just this person who was happy all the time and never had a care in the world.

When Mother began to give her testimony, she revealed a side of herself I had never imagined. I thought that Mother was literally made of laughter, but I discovered that she was constructed of tears. Mother wept and sobbed as she explained the torturous course she walked and the incredible trials and persecution she had had to overcome. My understanding of True Mother was totally changed.

The fish hook

I'm no great fisherman and was never particularly useful when I was on a boat. On one of the few times I went fishing with Father on the *New Hope*, he asked me to hold a piece of bait while he put the hook in it. The bait was a two inch cube of fish. Father was using an enormous stainless steel hook that looked big enough to catch a blue whale. Father looked me right in the eye and said, "Hold the bait." He put the hook through in such a way that I was sure (not in the rhetorical sense of sure — I mean I was sure) that the hook was going through my hand. I had two choices: hold on and get stuck or let go to avoid the pain. This wasn't about trusting Father or

believing that he was skilled enough not to hook me. This was about deciding what is important. I decided that the pain of getting hooked would soon pass, but the memory of being hooked by Father would be a treasure forever. I communicated this thought to Father and he smiled, understanding my decision without any words being spoken. Father didn't hook me that day, but the memory is indeed a treasure.

True Parents' longing for their homeland

In October of 1978, True Parents took a group of members from Japan and all the foreign members working in Korea for a six-day sightseeing tour of Korea prior to the large matching for marriage at the end of the month. The most unforgettable moment was when we went to see the North Korean invasion tunnels that had been discovered near the border of the DMZ.

True Parents walked away from the main group

and walked up a hill to a fence where North Korea could be seen across the valley that was the DMZ. Parents walked hand-in-hand solemnly up to the fence, touching it with their free hands. They were silent. No words were exchanged. The seriousness of the moment was so heavy, I could feel their life and death determination to return and liberate their homeland. ■

Joe Kinney was a pre-med student when he joined the Unification Church in 1972 as the first member from Tennessee. He attended the first 100-day international training session and went on the first International One World Crusade for one year. After that, he was on the East Garden staff for four years and then lived in Korea for four years. He was blessed in Madison Square Garden in 1982 and has a wonderful wife and four children. They live in Nutley, NJ. For the past nine years, he has been the Director of Property Operations at the New Yorker Hotel in Manhattan.

Afterword

I hope that you were touched by the experiences described in the preceding chapters. Please bear in mind that for each of the testimonies you have read in this book, there are hundreds of others, just as beautiful and dramatic, that for the most part have not yet been recorded. These accounts, especially the ones which recount revelations or dreams, comprise phenomena which beg to be prayerfully investigated by open-minded people. I invite you to begin your own search to discern what God is communicating by giving such a host of profound experiences to so many men and women. In particular, it is good whenever possible to personally ask members of the Family Federation for World Peace and the American Clergy Leadership Conference to share with you their experiences concerning Reverend and Mrs. Moon.

In the following chapter, you will find some selections and excerpts from a multitude of sermons and public speeches that Reverend Moon has given since the 1960s. Although these few selections cannot begin to cover the full breadth of topics on which he has spoken in the last nearly four decades, they are included in order to provide a sample of what he is teaching. In some instances, you will find some extremely bold declarations. It may be most helpful to read them while bringing to mind the revelations recorded in the earlier chapters, especially the ones coming directly from Jesus.

One of the boldest assertions made by Reverend Moon is that God and Jesus have asked him to take on the role of the True Parent, or messiah. A reader might understandably ask, “Can this possibly be true?” When I began seriously studying the Divine Principle in the 1970s, I encountered a fascinating Biblical insight which I have found very helpful concerning this question. Perhaps you may find it useful as well. It concerns an explanation of the relationship between the prophet Elijah and John the Baptist.

In the days of Jesus, many people eagerly awaited the return of Elijah, a crucially important event which the prophet Malachi had predicted. Many people of the day anticipated that Elijah would return in a very miraculous way, even coming down to earth out of the heavens! It was amazing to me to realize that Elijah did in fact return to the people, but not by descending from the sky, or in any other overtly miraculous manner. I learned that God accomplished the second coming of Elijah through the person of John the Baptist, as explained by Jesus in the Gospel of Matthew: “‘I tell you that Elijah has already come, and they did not know him . . .’ Then the disciples understood that he was speaking to them of John the Baptist.” (Matt. 17:12-13). Thus John, who came “in the spirit and power of Elijah,” (Luke: 1:17) was not literally Elijah himself, but he had been given a mission similar to that of Elijah the prophet.

In light of this fact, could it be possible that Jesus has chosen to accomplish his Second Coming through another man—a man born on the earth and living today? Many men and women, some of whose testimonies were included in the previous chapters, have prayed about this question, in tears or while fasting. They simply trusted Jesus’ promise, “Ask, and it shall be given you.” It may be that we all should ask this question.

Finally, I sincerely hope that by considering and praying about some of his words you can begin to see for yourself why so many people are moved by Reverend Moon’s profoundly deep insights into the heart of God, who has always been and remains the Parent of people of all faiths.

—Clark Eberly

CHAPTER EIGHT—REVEREND MOON— HIS OWN WORDS

Receiving the Mission

Selections from Philosophy of Education

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

(Note: The following is taken from a 2002 book, *Philosophy of Education*, a compilation and translation of excerpts selected from a 350-volume anthology of speeches that Reverend Moon gave from the 1960s through the 1990s.)

Agonizing over life's questions and the spiritual encounter with Jesus

From the time I was a boy, I started agonizing over the fundamental questions of life. Who am I? From where do I come? What is the purpose of life? Will our life somehow continue after death? Does God really exist? Is God omnipotent or not? If God is all-powerful, why is it He cannot solve the problems of the world? Why is there so much suffering in the world?

(January 1979)

Looking back, I remember how serious I was. I was at the point of deciding what to do with the rest of my life. At that crossroad, I knew that it would not be determined by human forces, but came to the conclusion that I had to make my decision in accor-

dance with God's Will. I vividly remember the agonizing moments before embarking upon my life of faith.

(December 20, 1992)

I had the most unusual experience when I was sixteen [fifteen by Western reckoning]. After long hours of tearful prayer in the morning at Easter time, Jesus Christ came to me in spirit and gave me many revelations and teachings. He shared many profound and amazing truths, particularly that God is in agony over the suffering of humanity, and He asked me to take on a very special mission for God, on earth.

(January 2, 1985)

It is so hard to describe my experiences as a youth. The spirit world opened and I could freely communicate with the saints of that world. In the quiet hills of North Korea, I came to meet Jesus Christ and conversed with him. The content of our conversation became the essential teachings of the Unification Principle.

(October 5, 1982)

When you see Jesus spiritually, does he smile at you with a happy face? Have you met Jesus? I have never met Jesus in such a way. He always appeared to me serious and sad. He has no choice. That is the only way he can feel because he knows God's situation so well. I am the same way, too.

(March 15, 1978)

I was much younger than you are when I set out on this course, younger than twenty, very simple and innocent. I desired to possess objects of beauty and was ever curious about new things in my village, often to the point of obsession. Yet, as soon as I embarked on the mission at that tender age, I found myself to be wanting in many ways to carry out such a great and serious mission. I painfully realized how grave was my responsibility and the need to have the requisite qualities inside and out.

(January 9, 1966)

I was a young man when starting out on this course. Whether or not I would actually fulfill the great responsibility of the mission Jesus entrusted to me was a serious problem. I knew, too well, how strongly people like Noah, Abraham and Moses had desired to fulfill their God-given missions.

(January 9, 1966)

Wise people keep hope for the future in their heart while passing through suffering. Foolish ones give up the future for immediate or present happiness. Do you think I came to a moment of decision regarding that kind of thing or not? You have but one chance to be young. Which road did I choose? I chose the wise man's road.

(October 21, 1979)

God gave me the mission according to His own plan. Why did He do so? Well, you must ask that question to God directly. What I clearly understand is that the mission was given to me.

(1976)

After having passed through so much suffering with so many unsolved problems, God came and knocked on my door, when I was but a boy. That was the time I began my course of finding God's Will.

(October 17, 1982)

I did not begin my course by hearing someone speaking on the street, or having been inspired by some minister's sermon, or having been witnessed to by someone. What was the starting point of my course? It was God.

(July 14, 1968)

When I began my course, I asked the question, "Does God exist?" Only after I was given a clear answer that God actually existed did I begin the course. Then I came to know that God in fact had His own hope. I asked Him, "Do you have hope, God?" I also asked, "God, do you need me?" I received the answer, "Yes."

(March 15, 1964)

Passing through my teens and reaching my twenties, I agonized over many things in terms of my life of faith. I realized that I had to go to Japan and America someday. I wanted to experience persecution and discrimination as a member of a minority group. How much do you have to know about God? You must clearly know God's internal situation and the goal He wants to reach. Centering on those, I studied the scriptures of many religions, including the Bible.

(February 17, 1990)

It was my experiences as a sixteen-year-old that led me to know God. Over the next nine years, following that initial encounter, I came to live continually in the presence of God and Jesus. I experienced the spirit world so many times. Gradually, God revealed to me the amazing truth. It was like passing through the darkest night and the sun was finally rising on the horizon. I could see the first streak of light of the glorious new culture. The revelation I received then is now called "The Principle." God told me that I must spread that Principle to the ends of the earth.

(January, 1979)

When you pray, you must do so until your back is bent and calluses have formed on your knees. I still bear those marks on my knees from the prayers of my past. You should pray on a wooden floor in tears. In praying, I usually shed so many tears.

(October 12, 1969)

Knowing of countless souls perishing in despair, I prayed choked by tears. I could not even see the sunlight for the tears that poured forth unrelentingly whenever I prayed. That was how I came this far.

(March 21, 1986)

In the prime of my youth, I used to pray up to seventeen to eighteen hours and not less than twelve, at a stretch, bent down and wailing. I usually skipped lunch. Otherwise, I could not have survived. All doors were closed and there was no way out. Only through such intense prayer, could I see the faintest ray of hope emanating from the smallest crack in heaven. Experiencing that kind of suffering and pain, I came to acquire a firm grasp of the Principle.

(February 16, 1990)

There is a saying, "A tower built upon the foundation of sincerity will not topple." You must make good conditions for God, even to the point of feeling sick in your guts because of yearning for Him. If God could come to us, He would have done so directly a thousand times or more. Not having a physical body, God sent me instead to you. Based upon such circumstances and my motivation for being here, you cannot help but feel strongly attached to me. Why do you feel the way you do toward your teacher here? Even my thick winter clothes would be soaked through with my tears when I prayed. You should consider how heartbroken I must have been to be in such a state. I was so serious.

(August 17, 1972)

God's Hope for Man (Excerpts)

Lisner Auditorium

Washington, D. C.

October 20, 1973

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

...When a child is born, that child is the manifestation of his parents' love, life and ideals. When you look at your own child, you are actually seeing another you. You are looking at the fruit of your love, the fruit of your life, and the fruit of your ideals. You are looking at your second self, another visible form of yourself.

Now let us expand this truth onto a universal scale. God created man and woman as His son and daughter. He wants to see Himself in human beings. Therefore, the Bible says, "... God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them." (Gen. 1:27) ...

Life in union with God is the one great way to live, life with God, life in God, and God living in you. This was the spiritual state of Jesus when he said, "Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in me? ..." (John 14:10) God and man will embrace in one all-consuming love. This is the state where God is made the living reality. You no longer believe, you *know*. And you live the truth. If you really experience this kind of love and oneness with God, then you have tasted the supreme experience of life ...

God made man to live his life in intoxication. Man is meant to be intoxicated by the love of God. Since men lost this original capacity, they seek unnatural, artificial intoxication, getting drunk on alcohol, marijuana, or drugs. The perfect man, however, is created to be intoxicated in the love of God. There is nothing that can go beyond this feeling of joy. Every cell in your body will explode with joy. Your eyes and ears, the tissues in your face, your arms and legs, everything will be newly alive in a rapture of joy. Nothing else can ever match this quality of joy. This is the plan of God's original creation. When you say, "Heavenly Father," do you really have a living and vibrant feeling of God's presence? Don't you want to hear God answering, "Yes, my son"?

Here is my gift to you tonight. I want you to realize that the true relationship between God and man is a subject and object relationship. You are His sons and His daughters. Once you have achieved unity with God, nothing can trouble you. Neither sorrow nor loneliness, sickness or anything else under the sun can discourage you. God is the ultimate security. You could pay many millions of dollars and still not buy that kind of security. It is priceless. No money can buy it. This is the total experience of life. We are meant to live with God. ...

God's Hope for America

Lisner Auditorium

Washington, D. C.

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Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to express once again tonight my thanks for your coming to my lecture. My topic tonight is "God's Hope for America."

I love all of you very much, because I love God—and God loves America and the American people.

It has been a cardinal principle of God's providence that in order to receive God's blessing, you must first demonstrate your worthiness of the blessing. Throughout history, there have been many righteous people who demonstrated their worthiness of God's blessing by leading sacrificial lives. Nevertheless, we know that the world we live in today is not literally God's kingdom. We learn that human history started on the wrong footing, on the evil side. This is why the Bible says that the god of this world is Satan.

It has been the strategy of God to summon champions out of this evil world in order to restore the world and build His kingdom. To understand His ways, let us therefore examine the history of God's providence. The family of Adam was the first family in God's creation. In this family there was a man, Abel, whom God chose to be His first champion. Abel served God wholeheartedly and became the first man to give up his life for God's purpose.

An Incomprehensible Mission

Later on, God called Noah as His champion. And Noah accomplished a very unusual mission. God directed Noah to build a ship, and he was to build it on the top of a mountain. Now, it is just common

sense that in building a ship, you need a shipyard by some body of water. But Noah's instructions were to build the ark on top of a mountain rather than at the seashore or riverside. How many of us here could accept that kind of mission? How many of us could obey such a command and set to work without a single shred of doubt?

In Noah's time, no one could believe that Noah had received a command from God—nor did anyone accept him in his mission of revealing the coming flood judgment. Can you imagine how Noah appeared to the people of his day? For 120 years, he went up and down, up and down that mountain working on his boat. Would anyone among the ladies in the audience like to think of herself in the position of the wife of Noah? I don't think you would be a very happy wife.

Noah's wife must have packed his lunch basket every day, using only a little food. Noah was so busy with the ark he could not find time to provide for his family. Within only a few months, the family squabbles must have begun, but it was not just for twelve months or twelve years that Noah's wife had to sustain her situation, but for 120 years. Why, then, did God ask of Noah such an incomprehensible mission? Why does God have to work that way? There is a reason. It is because of evil.

God cannot dwell together with evil. The direction of God is 180 degrees contrary to the direction of evil. God abhors evil! God cannot accept the things that the evil world accepts. So God does not want anything to do with the evil world, or with whatever is tainted by evil.

We are all in the image of God and can find traits similar to His in our human nature. Consider if you have an enemy toward whom you have strong feelings; you don't want to so much as look at that person. Likewise, God will have nothing to do with the evil, satanic world. Therefore, in dealing with it, He chooses ways often incomprehensible to man.

God also tests the faith of man. He cannot do this by asking just ordinary things of people. We must be willing to comply with God's extraordinary instructions. We must display to God absolute faith. This is not an easy task. People thought Noah was a crazy man for building the ark. Nobody knew he occupied the central position in God's view.

Not only Noah, but other men of God seem to act in peculiar ways when they are seen from the worldly viewpoint. Let us take a look at Abraham.

The Idol-Maker's Son

God summoned Abraham, not from a family headed by a man of God, but from an idol-maker's house, and ordered him to separate himself from his evil surroundings and leave his homeland. God wanted Abraham to be His champion. This was God's personal command. If Abraham had then discussed this matter with his father, the idol-maker would undoubtedly have asked him, "Are you crazy?" Abraham knew better than to mention anything to his father about his instruction from God. Who would have believed him? His mission was not just to say hello to his next door neighbor. God instructed him to journey to a strange land, as far away as Egypt.

Abraham's decision then was a lonely one, based upon his faith and his reliance upon God. By faith alone, he made his decision and departed, with nothing on his mind except following the command of God. I know he stole away in the middle of the night. Suddenly he found himself wandering like a gypsy. He lived in self-denial; he had given up everything.

The champions of God have one characteristic in common. They begin their missions by denial of themselves and their surroundings. Isaac's son,

Jacob, was no exception. Jacob was a man with strong will power in service to God. He wanted to open an exemplary path, accomplishing something nobody else could duplicate.

In the Bible, there are many stories about Jacob. One describes a very cunning act when he bought his elder brother's birthright in exchange for a bowl of pottage. And later on, he stole his father's blessing, which was intended for his elder brother Esau. In this incident, Jacob knew beyond any doubt that he would make an enemy out of his elder brother. He committed himself nonetheless. That craving in Jacob, that ardent desire for God's blessing, was so strong in his heart that God was really comforted. After obtaining Isaac's blessing, Jacob then escaped the danger of being killed by his elder brother when he fled from his homeland and went to the strange land of Haran.

For twenty-one years, Jacob endured a life of tribulation in Haran. During that time, Jacob was repeatedly deceived by his uncle Laban. Ten times Laban cheated Jacob, and Jacob did not complain even once. He just persevered and waited for the day when he could return to his blessed homeland. That day finally came, and at the ford of Jabbok, on the way back, God sent an angel to fight with Jacob. Now consider this: An angel from God suddenly appeared to Jacob and became a dreadful enemy. God was really pressing Jacob and testing the strength of his faith. Jacob had to wrestle with the angel. And he did wrestle.

Jacob didn't cease fighting all through the night. He never gave up. And then God knew that Jacob's determination was to fight to the end, even to death. Even when the angel hit his thigh bone and knocked it out of joint, Jacob still did not give up, despite the pain. Jacob finally won the test. The angel of God surrendered and said to him, "Your name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel, for you have striven with God and with men, and have prevailed." (Gen. 32:28)

From Pharaoh's Palace to the Wilderness

Later on, God chose Moses as His champion. Imagine how fortunate Moses was to grow up in the

Pharaoh's palace, where he could enjoy a luxurious life. But then one day, as a young man, he suddenly stood up as the champion of his people; he could no longer stand the Egyptians' oppression of his people. At that moment, he knew that God was with him. He rejected his surroundings, denied himself, and went to the wilderness of Midian. He awaited his ultimate mission for forty years, persevering and growing worthy of God's blessing. Moses' life was very humble and meek. Every day he surrendered himself anew to God's purpose and asked His divine guidance, eagerly awaiting his eventual mission, the leading of his people out of Egypt.

These men—Abel, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, and Moses, were champions of God. Now let us look also at John the Baptist. Described in the Bible as a great saint and prophet, John the Baptist went around the countryside like a common vagabond. He went without shoes, wearing camel skin with a leather belt, sustaining himself on locusts and wild honey. This was not a customary way to live, even in John's time, and I don't think John the Baptist's parents were very proud of their son. They must have felt ashamed.

Suppose you put yourself in the position of parents with your son, John the Baptist, going out in the wilderness year after year and living like a beggar. How would you feel? I have traveled in Israel, and I don't believe you will find many locusts or much wild honey in the desert. John the Baptist had to beg for his food many times. Imagine him wearing a camel skin, half of his body exposed, barefoot and with a beard, going from one place to another, begging for food. If I came up here on the podium tonight barefoot, with a beard and clothed in an animal skin, and then said I was proclaiming the word of God, I am sure you would think I was crazy.

The Rejection of Jesus

Let us continue along this line and examine the situation of Jesus Christ himself. I am sure there are many devout Christians among you who have various opinions on the life of Jesus. How would you visualize Jesus' appearance? What was Jesus doing for the thirty years before his public ministry? Was

he in a college, studying? The Bible doesn't say he even went to elementary school. He was a laborer, an assistant to a carpenter. There is so much to know, so many hidden truths within the Bible, which are not written explicitly. If I revealed some of those secrets, I am sure you would be amazed. Even though I know these things, I could not tell you those stories lightly. For you would then ask, "How do you know such things?"

I learned them from Jesus. Yes, and I learned from God. Remember, at the time of Noah nobody could believe Noah. At the time of Abraham, nobody could believe Abraham. By the same token, even though I will honestly tell you what actually happened at the time of Jesus, no one will easily believe me.

From the point of view of the society of those days, Jesus was a fatherless child, an illegitimate child. In the sight of God, he was conceived by the Holy Spirit, but there was no way to prove it to people! So set your thoughts in a realistic vein and just evaluate what I am going to say.

Mary conceived Jesus before marriage. Under the Jewish law, such a woman was to be condemned to death by stoning. Joseph suffered indignation because of Mary's situation, and quietly waited until the right time to divorce her. Then an angel appeared to Joseph and said to him, "You are to take Mary as your wife. Do not condemn her, for she has a special mission from God." If Joseph had not been a righteous man, Mary would have been automatically condemned to death by stoning.

Joseph's Lonely Decision

Now, do you think Joseph could have discussed this matter with his parents by saying, "Mother and Father, my wife-to-be, my betrothed, has conceived a child, but an angel said that this is the will of God, so I must take her as my wife and care for her"? What would Joseph's parents have said? There are many older couples in our audience. Put yourselves in the position of the parents of Joseph. You would not have believed Joseph if he spoke such things. Again, Joseph had to make a lonely decision.

Without discussing the matter with anybody, he took his fiancée off to some secret hiding place.

I am sure Joseph went through a most difficult period in which he was full of suspicion about Mary. Joseph must have asked his wife-to-be, “Mary, we are close and have no secrets from one another. Now tell me what really happened to you. Who is the true father of the baby in your womb?” I am sure any husband would be very curious about this matter. If I had been in the position of Joseph, I would have asked Mary this question. But Mary was telling the truth when she said, “I really do not know who is the father of this child. It was conceived by God.” How many of us could believe this statement? It is easier to believe now, because we know who Jesus is, but this was not the case during the lifetime of Jesus.

Therefore, Joseph had certain suspicions and injured feelings in his heart. He thought, “My wife is not truly honest with me.” Because of these circumstances, there was emotional turmoil and upheaval in Jesus’ family, even after he was born.

One instance in particular witnesses to this fact. One day, Jesus met his mother at a wedding feast in Galilee, and Mary informed Jesus that they had run out of wine. He called out to his mother, saying, “O Woman, what have you to do with me?... ” (John 2:4) The point is, he did not say, “Mother” but instead called out, “Woman.” Later on, a disciple of Jesus came to him saying, “Your mother and your brothers would like to see you.” And Jesus replied, “Who are my mother and my brothers? . . . Here are my mother and my brothers! Whoever does the will of God is my brother, and sister, and mother.” (Mark 3:33-35) This indicated that in the eyes of Jesus the members of his family were not doing the will of God.

Jesus' Life of Sorrow

Jesus suffered great anguish within his own family. There are many hidden stories not yet revealed. Many of the facts about his suffering are unknown. The Bible leaves a scanty record of the thirty years before Jesus’ public ministry. If this were a glorious record, we can be sure that God and Jesus’ disciples

would have revealed it. But Jesus lived in sorrow and grief; he was an obscure figure for thirty years. People were therefore shocked one day when they heard him say, “I am the fulfillment of the law,” and “Moses wrote of me.” He proclaimed, “I am the Son of God” and “The Father in heaven has sent me.” “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father but by me.” How many of us could have accepted such extraordinary statements if we had lived in those days? Jesus just bewildered people, he sounded so outrageous. Even John the Baptist had difficulty seeing Jesus as the Son of God, and John was supposed to come to prepare the people and make straight the way of the Lord.

Today, it is very easy to accept Jesus Christ as the Son of God because for two thousand years, Christianity has been glorifying him as God. But in those days, the elders did not accept him. And the priests did not accept him either. They were no less intelligent than we are today. In fact, we would probably have compounded their mistakes if we had lived in the days of Jesus of Nazareth. They saw only an outcast, a blasphemer, and an outrageous heretic. They simply could not see the Son of God.

Jesus had been long awaited. The Messiah was expected for two thousand years. But when he finally appeared, there was no reception for him. The faith of the Jews at that time was no less powerful, no less devout, than the faith of Christians today. Yet we know that the people Jesus associated with were not on a par with the rest of society, that he mixed with harlots, tax collectors, and fishermen. We know the story that one day a young woman poured precious ointment over Jesus’ body, then washed his feet with her hair. If we had seen these things, how many of us can say in a pious manner that we would have accepted Jesus as the Son of God?

The three years of Jesus’ public ministry were a far cry from the anticipated Messiahship. No one understood Christ’s true mission. The people judged the Son of God with sinful eyes, according to their own earthly standards. And they treated him as they pleased. This sinful world can never be hospitable to the purity of Christ. He came to his own people but the people received him not.

God Seeks World Salvation

As I mentioned, all the saints and prophets and righteous men of history had first to deny themselves totally and give themselves up to God. When He summoned them, they gave up their homes, their fortunes, their families and their nations. God wants His champion on the individual level, on the family level, tribal level, national level and worldwide level. He has summoned His champions on each level. And the qualification for God's champion on any level always remains the same. He needs the absolute and untiring faith required to follow His command wherever it may lead. God needs total obedience to His will.

We must examine then, what is the will of God? Why does He give His people such a hard time? Individual salvation is certainly important in the sight of God. God does not neglect that. However, that is not the ultimate purpose of God's work. God's will is the salvation of the world! God needs an individual to be His champion for the ultimate goal of world salvation. God summoned one family to be an instrument for the salvation of the world. God summoned His people to achieve the salvation of the world. God wants to have a nation as His champion, for the ultimate fulfillment of world salvation.

People in the time of Jesus were anxiously awaiting the Messiah. But they were thinking only of their own national glory as Israel, the chosen people of God. They did not understand the universal mission of Jesus Christ. It was the purpose of God to send the Messiah to the chosen people of Israel so that the Messiah would unite with the chosen people. Then they could become soldiers of faith, to strive for and achieve the salvation of the world.

The foundation for the Messiah was laid through Jacob, the champion of the family, and through Moses, the champion of his people. Finally, the Messiah came to the nation of Israel. He was to be the champion of the nation and the champion of the entire world. The purpose of God is not the salvation of one church or one nation alone. It is the will of God that He sacrifice the lesser for the greater. Therefore, He will sacrifice the church or the nation for the world. If Christians today think only of their

own salvation, their own heaven and their own well-being, then they are not living in accordance with the purpose of God. If we are concerned only with the salvation of our own families, we are not worthy of God's blessing. If people focus on benefiting their own people alone, or their nation alone, then they are absolutely going against the will of God.

God will give you your own salvation. When you become God's champion for world salvation, your own salvation is guaranteed. Now, the Christian population is probably one seventh of the total world population. But among these, very few are devout Christians. And among devout Christians, how many of us really strive for the salvation of mankind? We must all devote ourselves to the salvation of the world!

God cannot be pleased with man if we live in a self-centered way. I met Jesus personally, and I received a revelation through which I learned that God's grief is great. His heart is broken. Today God is working ceaselessly for the ultimate salvation of all mankind. He needs His champion to succeed in this work. The purpose of God's church is to save the entire world. The church is the instrument of God, and it was this very fact that the chosen people of Israel forgot at the time of Jesus.

Beginning with this knowledge, let us now continue our historical perspective and determine how America has become blessed.

The Course of Christianity

After Jesus' crucifixion and glorious resurrection, the Christian church spread throughout Asia Minor. The principal thrust was Rome. Rome was the target, because at that time Rome was "the world." For the world to be saved, Rome had to be conquered by the army of Jesus Christ. But this was an impossible battle, an inconceivable goal. The Roman Empire appeared as an impregnable fortress not subject to conquest. Jesus' army was barehanded. They used no weapons, neither swords nor spears. They were armed only with their love of God and Jesus Christ. They marched fearlessly onward, in conviction and strength. They paid the price in blood and sacrifice.

There can be no stronger army than the one which fears no death. No enemy is invincible against an army of faith. History is witness to the deeds of that army of Jesus. The Roman Empire fell at last, and Jesus conquered Rome. Roman Catholicism became the center of God's dispensation of world salvation. The Pope was in the position to become God's champion.

However, in the Middle Ages, great corruption appeared in the Church, and Christianity disintegrated in spirit. Medieval church hierarchies were interested in their own power, their own authority, and their own welfare. The Church enjoyed formidable power, both politically and economically. The hierarchy preserved this power, abused this power, and forgot about God's purpose. They clung tenaciously to their positions and ruthlessly persecuted any opponent. The Church leaders claimed lineage from Jesus' disciples, yet they could not rise above their own sins. The Christian spirit in these men was absolutely dead.

But God had to continue forward. He is never satisfied with less than a total response. The Church needed reform, so religious revolution came. Martin Luther launched the new Protestant Reformation. The crackling flames of dissatisfaction quickly swept over all Europe, in a storm of revolt against the power of the Church. These protesters disclaimed the old Church of their fathers. Throughout the land, righteous people determined to win liberation from the old doctrines and practices. They wanted to worship God, not the Church. Equality in the sight of God was their claim. Direct communication with God was their desire. They helped God bring the world step by step closer to the ultimate goal.

Later in England, the people again protested against the intolerable corruption of the autocratic Church. There was an outcry for the purification of the Church of England. The Puritan movement began, and it quickly spread even amid great persecution. These new seekers threatened the established Church leaders, who used almost any means to suppress the new movement. Those who truly wanted the freedom of worship soon had either to flee or to be imprisoned. Their spirit was strong, but they had

not enough power to resist, and as yet nowhere to turn. They fled to Holland. Still they longed for some new world, some new heaven and new earth where they could find freedom to worship God.

The Pilgrim Fathers

America must have seemed attractive to those who were dreaming of a new world. Even though America was unknown territory, it promised them the freedom of worship they craved. The Puritans felt a strong desire to create a community of their own. America seemed an ideal place, so they made the courageous decision to venture there. They committed themselves to the treacherous journey across the Atlantic. They risked their very lives, finding strength in their faith, which was stronger than life itself.

Think of it. They had to give up their families, their relatives, their surroundings, and their country, and head toward an unknown land. Their only hope was in God. Every step they took, they depended upon God. Their journey was long, and there were many storms. They prayed unceasingly to God. They had but one way to turn. They turned to God. When they were sick and dying on the voyage, they had no medicine to take, no doctor to care for them; they turned to God. Those Pilgrim men and women were one with God. And that is how they survived.

Put yourself in their position of total reliance on God. What a wonderful faith! I am sure that the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers touched the heart of God. And when God is moved, He offers promises; and when He makes promises, He will fulfill them. God determined to give these faithful people the ultimate thing they wanted—freedom of worship. He then determined to give them even more.

I am sure you know, as I have learned, that the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth Rock in New England almost in the dead of winter. November in New England is rather cold. The destiny of the newcomers could have been only starvation, because there was so little food to eat. Given this fact, it really inspired me to learn about the store of grain in the hold of the Mayflower which they would not touch, even though they were starving to death.

They preserved this grain for planting the next spring. This was truly a supreme example of sacrifice. They preferred to die hoping in tomorrow rather than to act in desperation for only a few more days of life.

The Pilgrims came to this land full of purpose and hope. They knew that this purpose of theirs was more important than preserving their own lives. Nothing could have given them this kind of courage, this kind of dedication, this kind of sacrificial spirit except their faith in God. When they arrived at Plymouth, the forty one men who had survived the voyage got together and organized their ideas for government. The resulting Mayflower Compact was signed, "In the Name of God, Amen." This is really a wonderful story. This little group of people left Europe with their hope set in God. They grew sick and died in God; they survived in God. They formed their first government and signed their official papers, "In the Name of God."

The story of the American Pilgrim Fathers is one of a kind in God's history. It fits into the pattern of the righteous people of history, such as Abraham, Isaac and Moses. These Pilgrims were the Abrahams of modern history. They therefore had to brave many hardships, even after the Mayflower Compact was signed.

A Winter of Heartbreak

During the first winter in America, the population of the hardy Mayflower survivors was cut in half. Each day that winter brought a heartbreaking separation from loved ones. One by one, these courageous pioneers died. Yet their life from morning to night, from dusk to dawn, was centered upon the will of God. God was their only comfort, their only hope and their only security. God was the principal partner for them. Here was an example of such a rare and pure group of God's people. They demonstrated untiring faith, and God gave them power and courage. They never lost their trust in God and their vision of the future. Their purpose in coming to America was to build a nation where God could dwell, where they could really share fellowship with each other and rejoice in fellowship with God. This was all in God's providence, because He

needed a nation to serve as His champion for the ultimate and permanent salvation of the world.

So another miracle came to the Pilgrims. When they were just barely surviving, and their population had been halved, the Indians could easily have wiped them out with one stroke. But again, God was a shield for them. The first group of Indians the Mayflower survivors encountered was not hostile. The Indians welcomed the settlers. If the Pilgrims had been destroyed at that time, there would probably have been no America for God. God intervened to save His people here in America. This is my belief. God wanted them to settle, and He gave the Pilgrims a chance.

As the population of the settlement grew, they had to push the Indians away to enlarge their own colony. Of course, this land did not belong to the new American people originally. The Indians were the inhabitants of the land, and the Pilgrim settlers must have been invaders in the eyes of the Indians. Why then did God give these settlers their great chance? Here is my interpretation. God sided with the American settlers because it was in His plan. Furthermore, these American settlers met God's requirements and truly demonstrated an unwavering faith in God. God could not help but give them His promise and fulfill that promise.

America's existence was according to God's providence. God needed to build one powerful Christian nation on earth for His future work. After all, America belonged to God first, and only after that to the Indians. This is the only interpretation that can justify the position of the Pilgrim settlers.

This continent of America was hidden away for a special purpose and was not discovered until the appropriate hour. The people of God came at the appointed hour. They came to mold the new way of life. Their principal partner was God. At home, in caring for their children, in farming or cooking or building, they let God share their work. He was the only security they had. A farmer might talk to his son working out in the field with him, "Let's plow this field in the name of God." Their everyday life was lived in the name of God.

After the first spring visited them, they cleared the fields, planted, cultivated, and harvested the crop. They attributed all their precious harvest to the grace of God. The beautiful tradition of Thanksgiving thus originated. Following the next severe winter, the first thing they built was a church. At night, at dawn, in the morning and at noontime, they prayed to God. I am sure they prayed, "God, we want to build a place for You which must be better than the Old World. We want to build a place where You can dwell and be master."

They also had a vision of the future that this Christian nation would do more good for the rest of the world than any other country upon the face of the earth. I am sure that after their church, they built a school. They wanted outstanding schools for their children, better than any schools existing in the Old World. And their homes came last. After they built these homes, they dedicated them to God. This is the history of your Pilgrim fathers, I know. I can visualize early America as a beautiful America, because God was dwelling everywhere. In the school, in the church, in the kitchen, in the street - in any assembly or market place, God was dwelling.

The Birth of America

I understand that in America you are approaching your nation's two-hundredth birthday. Let us therefore examine the people who led the independence movement in this country in 1776. Those freedom fighters were traitors in the eyes of the British crown. But God could use these traitors as His instruments, as His people, and through them, He conceived and built the best nation upon the face of the earth.

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, tasted the bitterness of defeat in many, many battles. When he finally faced the last heartbreaking winter at Valley Forge, he was serious. I am sure George Washington prayed like this: "God, it is You who led our people out of Europe and brought us over here to the New World. You don't want us to repeat the dull, gray history of Europe. You liberated us and gave us freedom. You don't want to see the mistakes in Europe repeated in this land. Let me give you my pledge. I will build

one nation under God." Thus George Washington made his battle God's battle, and therefore the victory won was a victory for God.

I know that this victory and the independence of America came because God accepted George Washington's prayer, along with the prayers of many other Americans. God knew that His champions would work for His new nation. But George Washington had nothing to work with, and the British army had everything—power, authority, tradition, and equipment. They were proud of their military strength. The American Continental Army had no ammunition and few soldiers. George Washington finally had one weapon only: faith in God. I believe that George Washington's position paralleled David's in his fight against the giant Goliath. David won his battle in the name of God. They both let God vanquish their foe. Each of them put his whole heart, his whole being, his whole sacrificial spirit into the battle and won.

Now it is a significant fact that throughout history, God's people could never be blessed on their own homeland. God moves them out of their homeland and settles them on foreign soil, and there they can become a people and a nation of God. According to the pattern, the American people journeyed in faith out of their homelands, came across the ocean to the New World, and here they received God's blessing. God had a definite plan for America. He needed to have this nation prosper as one nation under God. With God, nothing is impossible. So out of the realm of impossibility, the independence of America became a fact, and upon its foundation, great prosperity came.

The British army fought for their king. For them, the British crown was supreme. The American army fought for their king. God was their only King, and He alone was supreme. The New World was pioneered in the name of God. America is called "the land of opportunity." Here is the soil on which people find opportunity in God.

America as God's Instrument

The Christian tradition in America is a most beautiful thing for foreigners to behold when they

come to this country. I learned that every day your Congress is convened in prayer. Your president is sworn into office by putting his hand on the Bible. One day, I visited a small prayer room in your Capitol building. When your leaders have grave decisions to make, they come to this place, kneel humbly before God and ask His help. There is a stained glass window depicting George Washington on his knees in prayer. Here I saw the true greatness of America. From the highest echelons of Congress way down to the rustic customs of the countryside, evidence of dependence on God can be seen everywhere in America.

In this respect America is a unique nation. Even your money, the bills and coins, are impressed with such a beautiful inscription, "In God We Trust." No other nation does such a thing. Then whose money is it? Your money? Is it American money? No, it is God's money. Every bill or coin says so. You are the stewards, and God has deposited His wealth in your hands. Yes, this nation is not the American nation, it is God's nation. Such a nation exists for the entire world, not just for America herself. Yes, America was formed as a new nation, a new Christian nation under a new tradition. The shackles of old traditions fell away in America. You must want to build a new nation under God.

God's purpose is the salvation of the world and all humankind. Today in America, therefore, you must not think that you have such wealth because you yourselves are great. We must humbly realize that the blessing of God came to America with the purpose of making it possible for God to use this nation as His instrument in saving the world. If America betrays God, where can God go? If America rejects God, where can God go to fulfill His aim? Do you want to let him try to go to the communist world? To underdeveloped countries? God wants to have America as His base, America as His champion. America began in the sacrificial spirit pursuing God's purpose. America must consummate her history in the same sacrificial spirit for God's purpose. Then America will endure forever!

Let me compare two striking examples. The people who came to America—to North America—came seeking God and freedom of worship. The

sole motive of the first settlers was God. When they came for God, they not only found God, but they also found freedom and wealth. At the same time many people went to South America. Their sole motivation was to find gold. South America is a fertile land, no less than the North American continent. But when the colonists' motivation was gold, they could find neither gold, nor God, nor freedom. And the South American countries remain underdeveloped nations.

America is the miracle of modern history. You have built the most powerful nation in history in a short time. Was this miracle possible only because you worked hard? Certainly, you did work hard. However, hard work is not explanation enough. If God had not been the principal partner, creating today's America would have been impossible. God played a prime role in American history, and this He wants America to know.

The time has come for the American people to be awakened. Because of the noble beginning of this country, God sent His blessing and promise. The sacrificial devotion of your ancestors was the foundation for God's blessing. If you betray your ancestors, if you betray God, there is only one way for America to go. It will go to destruction. Since America was built on the pillars of faith in God, if God is moved out of American life, your nation will be without support. Your decline will be rapid.

Communism and the Free World

We reap as we sow. Today, the world is divided into two major camps, and a global struggle faces us. Why has this phenomenon occurred? History was sown in the time of Jesus. Jesus was the seed of history. His crucifixion was the sowing. There were two thieves crucified with Jesus, one on the right-hand side, and one on the left-hand side.

Since Jesus went into Heaven through the cross, at the time of reaping, he will return through the cross. The circumstances at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus form the pattern which will be repeated on the global scale when the time of his return comes. And that time is now.

Today, we are aware that communism is a strong force in this world. The communists say, "There is no God." The democratic world or free world says, "God exists." Why do we call the democratic faction in politics "right" and the communist faction "left"? From where did this terminology come? There is an ultimate reason seen from the historical perspective we have been pursuing. This was already determined at the time of Jesus' crucifixion. The thief crucified on Jesus' right side foreshadowed the democratic world, and the thief crucified on Jesus' left side represented the communist world.

The thief on the left side condemned Jesus even on the cross, saying, "Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!" (Luke 23:39) He was saying: "If you really were the Son of God, you would come down and save yourself and save me." Jesus was silent. He did not answer the man. There was also a defender of Jesus, the thief on the right. He said to the thief on the left, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong." (Luke 23:40-41)

What faith was shown by this man on the right-hand side of the cross! He forgot his own death and defended Jesus. What a noble deed. And Jesus responded, "Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise." (Luke 23:43)

At this moment, the seed was sown by the left-hand side thief that the God-denying world would come into being—the Communist world today. And the seed for the existence of a God-fearing world was sown by the thief on the right-hand side. The free world is in the position of the thief on the right-hand side. America is the center of those God-fearing free world nations. America has been chosen as the defender of God, whereas Communism says to the world, "There is no God."

It is America's position to say to the Communists, "What are you talking about? God exists. God dwells right here, with us." Is America taking this position? No! Today's America is quickly turning self-centered and away from God. America doesn't seem to care about the rest of the world. But you

must give America to the rest of the world as a champion for God. When America helped others, sent out missionaries and more aid to starving people, she enjoyed her golden age. Confrontation with Communism could be done from a position of strength at that time.

But today, America is retreating. It is not just an accident that great tragedy is constantly striking America and the world, such as the assassination of President Kennedy and the sudden death of Secretary-General Hammarskjöld of the United Nations, both in the same decade. The spirit of America has declined since then. Unless this nation, unless the leadership of this nation, lives up to the mission ordained by God, many troubles will plague you. God is beginning to leave America. This is God's warning.

God's Warning

In our time, all Christians should be world champions, destined to fulfill for God the role of the right-hand side thief. Christians must rise and be willing to struggle for the salvation of the world. But Christians today are too busy perfecting their separate denominations and church interests. We must unite with the coming of the Lord. The end of the world signifies that the time of the arrival of the Lord of the Second Advent is near. He must have a base somewhere, some foundation prepared upon which he can begin to fulfill his mission. America is meant to be that base, but America is deeply troubled.

When I first came to America, I went to New York and stood on Fifth Avenue during the rush hour. Suddenly, tears began pouring down my face. I looked at the wonder of the Empire State Building and the magnificence of the new Trade Center—the tallest buildings in the world. But I asked myself, "Does God dwell in those buildings?"

New York is becoming more and more a city without God. It is a city of crime. Such a beautiful city is now crumbling. I can see so much immorality and so many signs of godlessness in that city. It was shocking to my eyes as I stood watching during that rush hour. I could see so many things at once that are all intolerable in the sight of God.

I asked God, "Is this the purpose for which you blessed America?" I know God wants to see His spirit prevail in those great buildings. In those beautiful automobiles, He wants to see young people bubbling with enthusiasm for God and love of others. It doesn't take the Empire State Building to glorify God; it doesn't take a brand new automobile to glorify God. Even if you have only a rock as your altar, when you pour out your hope and your tears upon it for the service of God, God is with you. I can really see that God is leaving the great city of New York. New York is instead becoming the city of evil.

America has been known as the "melting pot," where people of all colors, creeds and nationalities are melted into one new breed. In order to melt anything, heat is required. Do you know who provided the heat for America? God was that heat. Without God, you could never have melted your people together.

America could only achieve true brotherhood through the Christian spirit, but when you begin to lose this foundation, America's moral fiber will deteriorate. Today, there are many signs of the decline of America. What about the American young people? What about your drug problems and your juvenile crime problems? What about the breakdown of your families? I hear that three out of every four marriages in America end in divorce. The California state government is issuing more divorce certificates than marriages licenses.

What about racial problems and the threat of Communism? What about the economic crises? Why are all these problems occurring? These are signs that God is leaving America. I can read the sign which says, "God is leaving America now!" If this trend continues, in a very short time, God will no longer be with you. God is leaving America's homes. God is leaving your society. God is leaving your schools. God is leaving your churches. God is leaving America. There are many signs of atheism in this once God-centered nation. There have been many laws enacted that only a godless society could accept. There was a time when prayer was America's daily diet. Today you no longer hear prayers in American schools.

A New Spiritual Revolution

You may want to ask, "Who are you to say these things to the American people?" Then please raise your hands if any of you can take responsibility for this country. For the last ten years, American churches have been declining in spirit; American churches are becoming senior citizens' homes. The future of America depends upon the young people, and the churches are failing to inspire America's youth. We need a spiritual revolution in America. A revolution of heart must come to America. Individualism must be tied into God-centered ideology. Who is going to do this? Who is going to kindle the hearts of American youth? Will the president do this? Will wealthy American businessmen do this? Will American churches do this?

I know that God sent me here to America. I did not come here for the luxurious life in America. Not at all! I came to America not for my own purposes, but because God sent me. For six thousand years, God has been working to build this nation. The future of the entire world hinges on America. God has a very great stake in America. Somebody must come to America and stop God from leaving.

My followers in Korea bade me farewell in tears. I know there are still many things to do in Korea. But working with only Korea would delay world salvation. America must be God's champion. I know clearly that the will of God is centered upon America. I came from Korea, I gave up my surroundings in Korea, just as many people have in the history of God's providence. I do not come to this country to make money. When I came to America, I committed my fortune, my family, and my entire life to America. I came to a new country where I can serve the will of God.

We must be humble. We must initiate from this moment the greatest movement ever on earth, the movement to bring God back home. All of your pride, your wealth, your cars and your great cities are like dust without God. We must bring God back home. In your homes, your churches, your schools and your national life, our work for God's purpose must begin. Let's bring God back, and make God's presence in America a living reality.

I have initiated a youth movement which is probably the only one of its kind in United States history. This is a new Pilgrim movement. Does it seem strange that a man from Korea is initiating an American youth movement for God? When you have a sick member of your family, a doctor comes from outside of your house. When your house is on fire, the fire fighters come from outside. God has a strange way of fulfilling His purpose. If there is no one in America meeting your needs, there is no reason why someone from outside cannot fulfill that role. America belongs to those who love her most.

The Quality of Faith

The mere numbers of the Christian population in America are not impressive. You cannot impress God with numbers, but only with fervent faith. The standard is the quality of Abraham's faith. How many Christians in America are really crying out with fervor for God? How many American Christians feel that God's work is their own work? How many people put God first? How many are ready to die for God?

Somebody must begin and begin now. Even under persecution, somebody must begin. Someone must give himself up for the purpose of God and bring God back home. We must have our churches filled with fiery faith; we must create new homes where our families can be really happy; and we must finally create a new society, a new spiritual nation, where God can dwell. America must go beyond America! This is the only way for this country to survive. I know this clearly: This is the will of God. Therefore, I have come to America, where I become one voice crying in the wilderness of the twentieth century.

In the last few weeks, and in particular in the last few days, our Unification Church people greeted every one of you—and not just once, twice, or three times. You are almost tired of them, I am sure. But put yourself in these young people's positions. Why are they doing this? Does it bring them any material profit? Eighty-five percent of the young people in

our movement are college graduates. They are capable of earning tens of thousands of dollars a year, but instead they are going out on the streets asking you to come to these lectures. Their hearts are compassionate. They have one purpose: They want to save America. They want to bring God back to America, and they know that by serving the world they can save America.

These young people are here to rekindle America's spirit. America has a great tradition. All you have to do is revive it. We need a new movement of Pilgrims with a new vision. This is inevitable, because God left no alternative for America. You have no other direction in which to turn. The new Pilgrim movement has come—not for America alone, but for the world. In other words, the movement for world salvation must begin in this country. America is the base, and when America fulfills her mission, you will be eternally blessed.

This is God's hope for America. This is God's ardent hope for you. For myself, I made a covenant with our young people of America that we will strive in partnership with God for this great crusade. I want you to join; I want you to support these young people.

There is nowhere else to turn. When you bring God back into your home, your home will be secure. Your juvenile delinquency problem will be solved. There is no good answer to the racial problem except God. Communism will be no threat when God is made real. God will increase your wealth. This is the one way that America can save herself.

This is my deep desire, from my heart, that America will see the glorious day of renewal. And for this reason, I come to speak to you with God's hope for America.

I really appreciate, particularly tonight, every one of you who comes and listens so thoughtfully. May God bless your home and bless your work. Thank you very much.

*God's Way of Life
1974 Day of Hope Banquet
Waldorf Astoria, New York City
September 17, 1974*

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

Distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen, I am very happy to be here tonight. Thank you very much for coming.

All people have certain characteristics in common. We enjoy seeing beautiful things. We enjoy hearing beautiful music, and, of course, we always enjoy good food. While we were having this delicious dinner tonight, an outstanding orchestra entertained us beautifully. So may I invite you to join with me in giving them a warm round of applause?

First of all, I owe you an apology. As you were coming into this banquet tonight, Mrs. Moon and I wanted to greet you and shake hands with each one of you to express our heartfelt welcome. But my staff advised against having a receiving line, for if we were to shake hands with all of the more than 1,700 guests, no time would be left for the banquet. I regret not being able to meet each one of you personally. So to compensate for that, may I now shake hands with one gentleman and one lady among you as representatives of all guests tonight? [Rev. Moon shook hands with one man and woman in the front row.]

Secondly, I owe you another apology. During the last several weeks, hundreds of energetic young people from all over the world have been working in your city of New York. And this already noisy city of New York was made even noisier—all in the name of God, of course.

I am the one responsible for that. Furthermore, there have been many posters, and newspaper, TV, and radio ads announcing my meeting at Madison Square Garden tomorrow night. So I am sure that in this city, by now almost everyone must be asking, “By the way, who is that Rev. Moon? Is he running for senator, or something?” That question is well answered tonight: Here I am, Rev. Moon. But I am not running for senator.

New York is a city of wonder. There is no end to unusual things in this city. When I first came to New York and observed the rush hour crowd on Fifth Avenue, I discovered a strange fact. I saw that all the people were walking with their heads down. So I thought that New Yorkers must be very humble, meek and saintly, showing their inner respect to Almighty God by keeping their heads bowed even during the busy rush hour.

Months later, however, I found a more practical reason why New Yorkers walk with their heads down. As you know, New York is a city of skyscrapers. Millions of tourists come here to see them every day of the year. Those tourists walk around with their heads up, looking in awe at the Empire State Building and other great skyscrapers. Unless you watch out, your toes will be stepped on by those fascinated tourists, and your fashionable Madison Avenue shoes will look miserable by the end of the day. So New Yorkers, who are well accustomed to those majestic buildings, must look down and watch out to keep from getting stepped on.

But then I thought that the first and second reasons why New Yorkers have their heads down should be equally true. What the city of New York needs most today is God. And in order to have God, people must have humble and meek hearts. Only when we have a reverent attitude can God come into our hearts and into the city of New York. Let us make God real in New York, so that even during the rush hour on Fifth Avenue, His presence will be so strongly felt that we cannot but bow our heads in thanksgiving and gratitude.

I love each one of you deeply and dearly, because I know God loves America and the American people—and I love God. Long before the birth of this nation, God was already preparing the North American continent, quietly setting it aside for His special dispensation.

In His divine will, at His appointed hour, God has raised up one great nation upon this blessed land—the United States of America. In such a short time, within only two hundred years, God and the American people together have brought forth one of the most miraculous achievements in history.

This miracle is great evidence that God's abundant love has been poured out upon this great land of America. And God, who loves America, must especially love this city of New York, because New York is the greatest city in America.

This gathering here tonight represents the distinguished citizens of this great city of New York. Therefore, God—who loves America and loves your city of New York—must love each one of you deeply and dearly. So I think God must be present with us here tonight.

I am really overwhelmed to be welcomed by this great and distinguished gathering in New York, in this beautiful setting. I am deeply honored to meet you here. My gratitude goes out to you, and I am truly thankful that you all came. What makes our meeting here unique is not that we are meeting in the grand setting of the Waldorf Astoria, but because we are here in the name of God. In a very real sense, God is our host tonight.

If I were to end my greeting to you at this point, then actually you still would not know very much about Rev. Moon. I am sure that you have come here to see me and hear me. And I would also like to leave you with a clear impression.

Therefore, if you would permit me, in the next few minutes I would like to leave you with a few grains of thought as a memory of my visit to your great city. Would you permit me to do so?

What is the most precious thing in your life? No doubt, the most precious things for you are happiness, joy, freedom, peace, and your ideals. This is common to all human beings. Therefore, throughout history, all people, regardless of their race or time, have sought true happiness, joy, freedom, peace, and certain ideals.

Also, all of us have an innate desire to have these precious things last for eternity, to be unchanging and absolute. Because man has set his goals and ideals so high, he seldom attains them easily in the reality of life here on earth. Our world is always changing, and each man's stay here on earth is brief. Many have sought happiness, joy, freedom, peace, and their ideals, but very few have found them.

Having searched for eternal happiness in vain, we have to arrive at the conclusion that to find what is eternal, unchanging, and absolute, we must seek those things from an eternal and unchanging and absolute source. How can we find such a source? Is there such a source? Yes! It can only be Almighty God.

God is the Source of life. Not only that, God is also the Source of happiness and joy, the Source of freedom and peace, and indeed the Source of love and all ideals.

It may surprise you, however, to hear that to have these precious things is God's desire, too. God is seeking happiness, joy, love, and His ideal to be fulfilled for Himself also. However, as long as God is alone, He cannot experience these things. They remain dormant within Him.

The fulfillment of these goals can only be realized when a subject finds an object, and they unite

in a reciprocal relationship of give and take, stimulating and complementing each other. Under that condition alone can these noble goals be attained.

The words “love” and “ideal” are without meaning when one is alone. Love requires someone to love and someone to be loved by. Hope or any ideal needs to be shared with someone. Love and ideals have meaning only when a reciprocal and complementary relationship of give and take has been established.

You may try to be happy by yourself, try to be joyful, try to be loving. But you can never attain these things when you are alone.

This is a universal truth. It even applies to Almighty God. As long as God remains alone, even He cannot fulfill these goals by Himself. Even Almighty God Himself needs someone to be in the position of an object to Him, someone to love and to be loved by.

For that reason, God created man as an object to God. God wanted to establish the reciprocal relationship of give and take with man so that He could be constantly stimulated in love and joy by that relationship. Have you ever thought that even God is helpless without you? Have you ever thought you are that precious and important in the sight of God?

Tonight, I have had the pleasure of meeting many distinguished couples, husbands and wives. Let me ask you a question. Some years ago, when you were looking for your ideal mate, what was your standard? Did you want to have somebody who was better or superior to yourself, or somebody who was inferior to yourself?

You don't have to answer. The answer is obvious! Everyone is seeking someone better than himself or herself, because we all want to be associated with someone most ideal, someone perfect. We all know we may have some failings, some imperfections. But human desire always reaches for the highest. We all seek to have our dreams realized in our life partners.

Furthermore, as parents, do you want your children to be inferior to yourself, or would you want

them to be superior to you? A father or mother would want unconditionally for their children to be better than themselves.

The other day, I saw a newborn baby. The parents of the baby are a very good-looking couple, yet the baby was not too handsome. She almost looked like an Idaho potato. But I said to that young couple, “Well, your baby is more beautiful and more handsome than her mommy and daddy!” Do you think that mommy and daddy were mad at me? No! On the contrary, they said, “Thank you,” and they beamed from ear to ear.

Why do we have traits and desires that work like this? All of our human characteristics come from one origin. We are the reflection of God. We act as we do because God acts that way. Our minds work the way they do because God's mind works that way. That's the way God is! That's the way we are. We are like God, and God is like us.

When Almighty God created man as His object, He wanted to have the very best. Just like any parent, God wants the very best for His children. He wants His children to be even better than Himself. The Heavenly Father wants His sons and daughters to be even better than Himself.

Yet man has not really known this most simple but profound truth. We did not realize that God is our Father and that He truly has parental love for us. He wants his children to be even better than Himself. We are that important, that precious to God. This is the ultimate value of man's life—that we are God's sons and daughters. We have never understood that!

Since God is the eternal God, unchanging and absolute, when He created man He wanted man, His object, to be eternal, like Himself. He wanted man, His object, to be unchanging, like Himself. He wanted man, as His object, to be as unique and absolute as Himself.

So when we come to the realization that God is of this nature, then we realize that there can be no question about eternal life. The eternal life of man is more than real. Since God is eternal, He intends

for His object to have eternal life, also. That is the logical conclusion.

By now, we know why God created man. We know that God is the Subject, and we are His objects. Whenever there is a subject and object, there is the possibility of two different kinds of relationships between the two. One is a selfish relationship, where one dominates the other for the benefit of himself. The other is an unselfish relationship, where one gives himself wholeheartedly for the benefit of the other.

So when we think of these two kinds of relationships, which one would be God's choice? God knows that a selfish relationship is self-destructive. Nothing can flourish based on selfishness. Selfishness eventually leads to self-extinction. God knows that an eternal and prospering relationship can never come about through selfish taking. So God's choice was to have an unselfish relationship. He built the universe upon the base of unselfishness.

I see here in this audience many very prosperous and distinguished-looking gentlemen. We all generally have some pride and some ego. I'm sure that every one of you has a certain pride in your own accomplishments. However, I want all of you men to know that God, when He created man, did not create him to live for man's own sake or for man's selfish purpose. Man was created for somebody else—for woman. Yes, God made man for woman. Are you disappointed, men? Well, you should not be. Without woman, man leads himself into self-destruction.

Many of the ladies are smiling!

But don't worry, men. We won't lose anything, because God created woman not for woman's sake, but to serve man!

Women throughout the world have one thing in common. They always try to make themselves beautiful, putting on expensive makeup, arranging their hair, wearing beautiful dresses, and even doing beauty exercises. And for what? For themselves? No, for the delight of men!

Let's say a lady gets all dressed up and goes out to some social event. If only other women comment on her beautiful dress, she will soon be disturbed and think that something is wrong with her. What she is looking for is a compliment from a man. If all the men there were just crazy about her dress, her hair, or her beauty, she would indeed feel that she was in heaven, on "cloud nine."

God gave us five senses and sense organs—eyes, ears, mouth, nose and so on. The purpose of all this is so that we can relate to an object or someone else. Actually, these organs are not working for you, but for your object.

We have not realized this fundamental truth, that God created everything in this universe to be complementary. All things are made for other things.

Then what is the ideal couple, the ideal husband and wife? Well, after the wedding, the newly-wed bride and bridegroom go on their honeymoon. At first everything is usually most romantic. They confess their love to each other, saying "I love you so much." They say, "I love you so very much. You are more than my life. I was born solely for you. Even unto my death, I love you!"

These are all most unselfish sentiments. But the problem comes when those pledges don't last more than three days!

However, if any married couple ever carried out those promises and truly loved each other unselfishly, then that would be the ideal couple—the ideal husband and wife in the sight of God. You know we are to live for each other. We are to exchange our lives. We are to fulfill each other's lives. This is the beauty and happiness of life. You by yourself can never fulfill your own life. The universe is not made that way.

What is the definition of a patriot? I know Americans respect and admire Abraham Lincoln. Why? He is respected because he is a patriot. A patriot is one who gives himself unselfishly for the benefit and well-being of the nation and for the welfare of his own countrymen. That is a true patriot. Abraham Lincoln surely was such a man. He gave himself even to death for his country.

According to this same principle, who could we say is the greatest man in all history? Who is the saint of all saints? There is one who surpasses all others. Jesus Christ. Yes, Jesus Christ was indeed the saint of all saints, because he set the supreme example of a giving, loving, and unselfish way of life. He is the one who said, "Love your enemy." He really lived that principle. He even gave his life for his enemies.

The Bible teaches this one principle from cover to cover, this selfless way of life in God. Jesus said there is no greater love than being able to lay down your life for your friend—or for your enemy.

From the very beginning, God has been constantly working to bring humanity into the knowledge of this selfless way of life. One day God will bring the perfection of that kind of life on this earth. That will be the day of the kingdom of God.

To this end, throughout history, God has been using all good religions of the world as His tools, His instruments to bring humankind to the knowledge of God's selfless way of life. It is for this reason that all good religions have one teaching in common: selfless love, the selfless way of life. The essence of the teachings of good religions is love and sacrifice.

Then what is evil? What is unhappiness? What is sorrow? What is despair? Nobody wants these things. These are the products of the exact opposite of the way of God. In selfishness, there is no peace. In hatred and selfishness, there is no joy. In selfish greed, there is neither harmony nor unity.

In the beginning, God created a world of goodness in which only His unselfish way of life would prevail. That was His ideal. However, the master of evil came into being and twisted the way of life around, from unselfish giving to selfish taking.

The first woman, Eve, was subjugated by the selfish love of Lucifer, the fallen angel. And Eve subjugated the first man, Adam, with a selfish motive, plunging all humanity into the darkness of selfishness and greed. This reversal of God's principle was the beginning of evil.

All evil came from selfishness. A world of greed and self-destruction was the result, and history has often been a nightmare. That characterizes the world in which we live today.

You might be thinking, "Reverend Moon, your ideas sound good, but I'm afraid you are too idealistic. How could a totally unselfish world be possible?"

Let's look at the practical side of it. Suppose there is someone who truly loves you, one hundred percent unselfishly. Oh, you are a happy person! You are bubbling with joy because of the knowledge that someone loves you so much. You want to give something back to that person to show that you love him, too. Isn't that right?

Would you be stingy about returning that love, so that you discounted forty or fifty percent of the amount of love you receive and kept that in your pocket, only returning fifty percent to him? Or would you like to out-love that person and try to give more love than he gives you? What is your reaction?

I know your answer. You want to give more. You want to out-love that person. It is human nature never to be stingy about love. So when there is someone who truly loves you, you always want to do more for that person. You want to make him happier. Do you agree with me? An unselfish deed always brings an unselfish reward. Isn't that so?

Your deeds of love will never be lost. When I love Mr. Pak with one hundred percent unselfish love, then that love will not only reach its destination, but also bring back one hundred percent love, plus interest.

Love forms a circular motion of give and take, and each time it brings back more love. It goes round and round, each time increasing the amount of love returned, creating endless motion. Circular motion alone can bring prosperity. In His wisdom, God set the principle of eternity in circular motion. Therefore, all of God's creation sustains its life in circular motion.

When there is an interaction of give and take of love in oneness, there is harmony and stimulation. The result will be joy, freedom, and prosperity. Each action of give and take returns the original investment, plus interest coming with it. This is the way to become prosperous.

We commonly hear parents say to their children, “Be good. Be nice to others. Be good, and you will be blessed.” This is very abstract advice. What does it mean? What is the definition of a good man? Essentially, he is a selfless person, a God-like person. One who lives in God’s selfless way will never diminish but become prosperous in the sight of God.

The more you practice the way of life of God, the more you resemble God, the more you become God-like. When you live God’s way of life, you will emerge as a leader in your own world. You will become the central figure, just as God is the central figure of the entire universe.

Let’s say that in a household there are ten members—two parents and eight children. Let’s say the youngest son serves each of the other nine members of his family in the most loving, selfless way. Even though he is the youngest son, he will gain a central position in the family. He is earning more respect than anyone else, including the mother and father.

Why? Because that young son is truly practicing God’s way of life. He is most nearly in God’s position in his family, so he becomes the central figure.

So when you occupy the central position by love, by serving others, then in your own universe everyone seeks your influence. They will voluntarily come under your dominion. Actually, this is God’s principle. It is only by serving, by unselfish giving, that one can truly dominate—not by power, not by force.

People do not like to be dominated. But this is because those who dominate usually do so for selfish purposes. Everyone actually wants to belong to somebody who loves him. Everybody seeks to belong to the source of love. This is human nature.

There is another important reason why we have

to serve. What are the most precious things in your life? I said love and your ideal. Again, life is fulfilled when we find love and our ideal. But we cannot generate that love by ourselves. We cannot fulfill that ideal alone. We cannot have these by ourselves.

The essential value of love and the ideal which fulfills our lives comes from others, comes from the objects. We are in a position of receiving. Therefore, we must always be humble and meek, because we are in the receiving position. Our duty is to give our love unselfishly for others’ sake, to fulfill their lives. We will then receive their love to fulfill our own lives.

This is the very core of the truth, the fundamental truth of God’s way of life. Once we know this, it becomes our yardstick, the criterion by which we can judge and evaluate this world. With this principle we can tell where a person stands.

Besides this world of ours, there is another world in which we are to live—the spirit world—which the Bible calls Heaven. When we arrive there, we will see that Heaven operates according to God’s principle. We will see there the perfection of God’s way of life.

Actually, this physical world is just our temporary home. We are visitors here on earth. Our eternal and true home is the spirit world. Therefore, while we are here on earth, we must recognize that this is our unique opportunity to prepare ourselves to be worthy of that Heaven. We cannot be any better in heaven than what we have been on earth. How much we live God’s way of life here on earth determines our place in the eternal Heaven.

So once you begin to live according to God’s way here on earth, you are already living in Heaven. There are no boundaries between the life you live here on earth and the afterlife. This is why Jesus said that the kingdom of God is “in the midst of you.” You can live in the Kingdom of Heaven right now, right here!

Life for God is living for others, making one great circle of service. For example, I serve my fam-

ily, my family serves the purpose of the society, and society is the servant to the nation. The nation is a servant to the world. The world, in turn, is to serve God. And God lives solely for you and me, for His children.

He is our Father, our True Parent. His sole concern is love. We must wake ourselves up and realize that God is our Father, and that His sole concern is to love us.

No one minds domination by unselfish love. No, we are all seeking to be dominated by love.

If America could make herself that kind of place where God's heavenly way of life could prevail, then America would truly dominate the earth in love. And the rest of the world would be only too happy to seek America's influence. We must create Heaven right here in America and give that Heaven to the rest of the world.

When we mention the Unification Church, with that big word, "unification," many people start to shake their heads. They say, "Unification? Well, so many people have tried. So many saints have tried. So many philosophers have tried. So many scientists have tried. So many military leaders have tried. But nobody has succeeded in bringing about oneness in the world, or establishing unity and harmony. Reverend Moon has a great idea, but it will not work. I feel sorry for him, because I know he will be disappointed."

To those people, my answer is very simple. I tell them that I am not the one who will bring about unification. God is going to do that Himself! God created this world as one of unity and harmony. All we have to do is to restore it. Let's make God real in our hearts and start to live His way of life! Let God do His job of unifying the world. All you have to do is to let God come into your heart and use you as His instrument.

The question is not whether unity is possible. The question is whether we have God in our lives or not.

I am overwhelmed to see this wonderful, distinguished gathering here tonight. There are 1,700 hon-

ored guests. I asked my New York staff, "How did you accomplish this?"

I know what they have done! These young people went out to meet you with unselfish motivation. I feel sure that you came here as a result of the sincerity and earnestness of these young people—and above all, because of their selfless attitude.

The first time that one of our young missionaries approached you, perhaps you politely refused. When he came the second time, maybe you said, "No," with finality. When he came the third time, you must have said, "You are really sticky, aren't you? Go away."

Then the fourth time he came, you said, "Oh, I give up! These young people are impossible." By this time, you began to see something in their faces—something earnest, something not quite of this world. Your heart was telling you, "I must respond to these young people." You would almost feel guilty not to respond to something so genuine, someone so unselfish.

I am sure that many of you came for that reason. Our Unification Church is here to proclaim God's love and His way of life. We do not want to become just an organization. We do not want to become an institution. We want to be a movement that will live God's way—not with our lips, but with our hearts and in our deeds.

In this day and age, God is looking for people who will live the truth. God is searching for serious-mindedness. God has been mistreated and abused throughout history. His name is spoken everywhere, but in vain. God is looking for single-minded fools—people He can trust, people who can do crazy things for Him.

The Unification Church was born for that purpose. I tell you that our young people are serious about God. We want to be fools for God. We are such fools that we are willing to give up everything for Him.

Let me say one more thing in conclusion. You all have a Western cultural background. I have an Asian background. I have already become something of a

controversial figure in Asia, and I am becoming controversial here in America.

There are people saying unkind things about me, things that are twisted and untrue. But one thing is certain. At least everybody is paying attention to what we are doing.

Now, the reason I come here is to serve—simply to serve. If I preach this way, and if I speak this way to the young people, and if we do not live these principles, then I am no good. Our movement is then no good at all.

But no matter how unkind people are to me, as long as we truly practice the way of life of God, then no other power can touch me or this movement and affect us even one iota. This is not any one man's movement, but God's movement.

I came here to love America. Is it a crime to love America? Of course not. Love does no harm. America belongs to those who love it most. So, in a way, I am in a competition for love. I want to love America more than any American does. That is my dream, my challenge.

Why? I love America because the Father in Heaven loves America and the American people, and I love God as my Father. I love America as my own country. In Him we are one. In Him, we are truly brothers and sisters.

I hope you now understand why I said at the beginning of my talk, "I love each one of you deeply and dearly." I said it, and I meant it—that in Him we are truly one people.

Yes, God created East and West as twins. Somebody has said, "Never the twain shall meet." But God created these twins of East and West to meet, to stimulate each other with different flavors, different characteristics, different cultures, so that we could have more joy and further enrich our lives. This is our purpose in meeting, and we must begin to fulfill it.

I believe that nothing happens by accident. It is no accident that we have come here tonight. We

have a job to do according to the will of God.

Yes, this world has many problems. People are needed who can help solve those problems instead of being part of the problems. We are to be such people, working as the champions of God. We can attack the problems of this world only with God, by practicing His way of life. Then we can truly bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Since Jesus Christ shed his own blood for humanity, many great martyrs and saints have served humanity unselfishly, giving themselves totally. But today is an extraordinary time in God's schedule. Now God needs a committed champion of His own, more than at any other time in history.

We are here tonight to renew our determination to respond to the call of God, to pledge our lives and our resources, and to pledge to have America realize God's ideal here on earth. Let us commit our own skills, talents, and our very lives to this great purpose of God.

We are celebrating tonight, marking a new beginning for the challenge ahead of us—that is, to bring the kingdom of God into our midst. Our challenge is to all become true citizens of the kingdom of God. Our challenge is to make this New York, our beloved city, Heaven. America herself can be Heaven.

When our life on this earth is completed, the record of how we lived will become the measure for how much heaven we deserve. This will be the standard:

The love you unselfishly bestowed upon your fellow man;

The service you willingly rendered for the benefit of others;

The sacrifice you courageously offered for humanity and for God.

The sum total of these deeds will become your treasure for eternity.

These are the thoughts that I wanted to share with you tonight. May God bless each one of you, your homes, your work, and your great city of New York. And above all, may God bless America!

Thank you.

Filial Children of God Are Patriots Who Strive to Liberate His Heart

Omni Shoreham Hotel

Washington, D. C.

December 13, 2004

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

Distinguished present and former heads of state, respected members of the clergy, leaders from America and around the world, ladies and gentlemen.

I come to this gathering today to deliver a message from God, a warning for the six billion people now living on the earth. I know all too well God's timetable and the direction of His Providence. In all of history, no one has understood with certainty God's circumstances or God's heart. But today, in this era of the providential Last Days, I can reveal them to you. In so doing, I hope to present a correct understanding of the responsibility we must shoulder and the direction we should take. I would like to speak to you on the topic, "Filial Children of God are Patriots Who Strive to Liberate His Heart."

God's Grief and Sorrow

Why did God create human beings? God is the source of true love. Yet the joy of love wells up in the heart only in the context of a relationship. A solitary being cannot experience it. Even God could not experience any stimulation as long as He existed all alone. Alone, He cannot love. For His love to blossom, God needs objects to love. For this reason, God created human beings to be His children, partners in His true love.

God is the Father of all humankind, and we are God's sons and daughters. In creating us, God

invested everything—the bone of His bone, the flesh of His flesh, and the marrow of His marrow. Parents raise their children hoping to reach that most exalted place where parent and child come together—that central point where their loves converge, their lives converge, and their ideals converge. In this way, the omniscient and omnipotent God created us to grow into a position on par with Him and equal to Him in rank.

Then, what is required to complete God's ideal of creation? Beyond anything God can do, there is the human element. Because God's ideal is the oneness of God and human beings, God cannot be perfect until human beings reach perfection.

How God must have yearned that the first human ancestors, Adam and Eve, would become beings of infinite value reflecting His image. Yet because Adam and Eve fell, God no longer had His own true sons and daughters. Tragically, God could not establish His family capable of possessing the deep bonds of true love and propagating a divine lineage.

Instead, Adam and Eve were seduced by the false parent. Their family was entangled in the chains of false love, false life, and false lineage. As a consequence, we—their descendants—suffer from an incessant struggle between the mind and body.

Adam and Eve fought constantly, and so did their

children, resulting in murder. They did not become the exalted beings with whom God could relate as His eternal son and daughter. God could not glorify them as the true ancestors and true parents of humanity. With their fall, God lost the only son and daughter He had.

What happened between Adam and Eve that caused them to fall? Was it, as the Bible literally says, that they ate the “fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil”? Could merely eating a piece of fruit be the original sin? Could our ancestors, by eating a piece of fruit, doom thousands of generations of their descendants to be sinners? No. It is because the root of sin was planted in the lineage that it continues on forever in accordance with the laws of inheritance. The only transgression that can have such lasting impact is a mistake of love, committed between two people of the opposite sex.

Eve committed adultery with the archangel Lucifer, and they became one. When Eve then joined with Adam, she bound him in that same oneness. As a result, Adam and Eve built their family on a conjugal relationship that centered not on God but on Satan, the fallen archangel. Consequently, all human beings, because we are descended from Adam and Eve, have inherited Satan’s lineage.

According to the Principle of Creation, love determines the right of ownership. In a relationship of love, the partners possess a right of ownership with respect to each other. By this principle, Satan used his ties of illicit love to claim ownership over fallen human beings. Satan took over the role of the “father” of humanity, even though the true Father of humanity is God. This is why Jesus, in the Gospel of John, Chapter 8 verse 44, chastised the people as children of Satan, saying: “You belong to your father the devil, and you want to carry out your father’s desire.”

Christians today may think that almighty Jehovah sits on His royal throne, and because He is omniscient and omnipotent, He can give orders as He pleases and have everything go exactly as He wants. In reality, God sits in a place of wretchedness and harbors tremendous grief.

God had intended Adam and Eve to become the ideal counterparts for His pure, essential love. Can you imagine the sorrow in God’s heart when they fell? It was infinitely worse than the sorrow that Adam and Eve experienced; indeed, no one in this world has experienced anything nearly so painful. The most tragic loss is to lose what is most precious. Carrying this grieving heart, God has to this day pursued the path of restoration in order to recover His lost children.

There is nothing vague or ambiguous about God. He possesses a definite character. He desires to form a relationship of the highest true love with human beings. He desires to share with each of us the most exalted love and joy eternally. But God lost the starting point for this, due to the mistake of the first human ancestors. The fall of Adam and Eve caused such damage.

God is the original True Parent, yet He was robbed of His rightful parental position. How heartbroken He is over this! God looks upon His fallen children, who inherited the lineage of the enemy Satan and refuse even to recognize that He exists. How excruciating must God’s heart be each and every moment, as He observes humanity’s wretched condition!

For God, nothing was more precious than to have flesh and blood counterparts who could share His true love. God would not have traded His beloved children for the entire universe. His sorrow upon losing them was as if He had lost the entire creation. He felt that His entire purpose for creating the universe had collapsed. He became a God whose enemy unjustly robbed Him of His cosmic throne. The fact that God invested His love so completely, in keeping with the principles of absolute faith, absolute love, and absolute obedience, only made the results of the fall even more devastating. God was plundered of His ideal, plundered of His beloved son and daughter, and plundered of His sovereignty over the cosmos. And yet, forbearing all these years, the innocent God has had to endure Satan’s false accusations.

Seeing the history of lamentation that befell the world following the fall, the Book of Genesis says

that God grieved in His heart. The Apostle Paul said, "Creation groans, our ancestors groan, and all humanity groans, waiting in eager anticipation for the appearance of the sons and daughters of God." All creatures desire to escape this realm of lamentation.

God's inmost heart is broken as He surveys human beings struggling, leading lives of no value, having lost the glorious value with which they were originally created. God cries out in grief and agony, saying, "You are supposed to be my direct lineal children, possessing My love, My life, and My lineage. You should be enjoying all the glory of the Kingdom of Heaven. My heart is grieved to see you wearing the mask of the defeated, struggling in pain, lamentation, and despair until the end of your lives that have lost all meaning."

Do you think that God, omniscient and omnipotent and seated on His glorious throne, would say to His children: "Come on up here. I'm not going to leave this seat"? Or is it more likely that He would kick His throne out of the way and come down to where we are?

It is important for you to know that for tens of thousands of years, even millions of years, God has been wailing tearfully, crying out, "Oh, My son. Oh My daughter." You may ask how the omniscient and omnipotent God could be in such a pitiful state, but God cannot get over the shock of losing His beloved sons and daughters. If there were a way for God to solve this problem on His own, He would not have had to suffer as He traveled the long, lonely path of the providence of restoration.

Why God Doesn't Punish Satan Directly

No caring parent would stand by idly while her child suffers. Hence, it must be impossible for the all-loving God to abandon humanity, His beloved children, to perish eternally. God is absolutely committed to recovering us and the world that He originally envisioned. This is the reason that God has ceaselessly worked His providence of restoration to save humanity.

Know how intensely God has labored to make progress in the providence of restoration! God is our

True Parent. As He carried out the providence, God's heart felt the pain of human beings as His own pain.

Yet it was excruciatingly difficult for God to carry out the providence of salvation, because the original human ancestors who committed the fall received Satan's false love and false life. Ever since, Satan has acted as humanity's false parent and false lord.

You may raise the question: "God is omniscient and omnipotent. How could He stand by, seemingly impotent, while humanity went down the path of destruction?" It is because human beings committed sin in a realm where they are totally responsible; therefore, they are required to fulfill the conditions needed to resolve that sin. God cannot liberate us from sin unconditionally. If He could, He would have liberated the first human ancestors in the Garden of Eden instead of casting them out. Furthermore, restoration has been even more difficult because Satan uses his ties of lineage to enslave human beings as their master.

The fall was something that should never have happened under the original standard of the ideal of creation. Therefore, God was not in a position to intervene, even though He was the Creator. Having been robbed of His position as the original Parent, He could not cover for His children's mistake.

On the other hand, neither can the omniscient and omnipotent God simply solve the problem by sending judgment on the fallen human world and Satan. Since God created human beings to be His eternal partners in true love, He cannot just annihilate them. Instead, with true love, God has labored to carry out the providence of restoration. Though all the while enduring Satan's contempt and accusations, His response is always to sacrifice and give unendingly.

Satan mocks God, saying, "How can you hold fast to your principles, now that the lineage of true love, which was supposed to be the foundation of the ideal world, has been utterly degraded? Your ideal of creation—the absolute realm of love where true people live together as one—that is something You will never see." In this situation, how can God reply? It is an impossible situation.

Why does God carry on with His restoration providence while enduring such suffering? Is it because He is omniscient and omnipotent? No, it is not. The ideal of true love is the reason that He seeks to recover His beloved sons and daughters. With true love, God ignores His own circumstances and works to understand the circumstances of human beings. If people are sad, God approaches them by comprehending their sadness. If people are angry because they have been treated unjustly, God approaches them by first understanding the reasons for their anger.

We Need to Know God's Circumstances and Heart

Respected leaders, in your communion with God, have you fathomed His suffering heart? Have you shed tears for God? Have you ever attempted to take on a task that would lighten God's load, even a little? Would you struggle to do it, even if it meant that each of your limbs might be torn from your body? You haven't. On the other hand, God ever draws near to comfort us in our difficulties. Through the long ages, He has sought out the children who betrayed Him with an unchanging parental heart.

God, our Parent, remains in the realm of lamentation until every last human being has been freed from lamentation. Because He is in this position, we must comfort God and bring Him true liberation.

How are we to liberate God? God lost His beloved children. God is confined in a place where He cannot love humanity with the original love that parents give their children. Therefore, our task is to establish a realm of true liberation for God where He can freely give love to all humankind. God's confinement was brought about by the human fall, so human beings must become victorious sons and daughters who transcend the limits of the fall. This is what will bring God true liberation.

Human beings have lived ignorant of the tremendous pain in God's heart. When I first understood the pain of God, I wept for weeks. Please know that such profound circumstances lie behind the founding of the Unification Church.

Longing for those who betrayed Him, those who

were embraced in the bosom of the enemy, God has been calling out, "My son! My daughter!" But have you even once cried out, "My Father!" so loudly that it made you hoarse? Have you ever passionately called for your Father until it made your tongue dry and you began to choke?

As fallen people, what do we have that would enable us to relate with God? Our emotions and the perceptions of our five senses are entirely profane. Nothing in us is acceptable. Under the laws of justice, we have nothing that will let us relate to God, but under the law of love there is a way.

God's True Liberation and Complete Freedom

Because human beings fell, God could not be free. Hence the first human ancestors also were imprisoned and lost their original freedom. Following this, the angelic world, all religious people, and ultimately all humanity came to be imprisoned.

God lives in prison. How can we free Him? We must become filial sons and daughters of God, more so than the original children whom He lost. We must do better even than the original children were supposed to do had they been filial and not fallen. Even if we were to accumulate ten times as much merit in every aspect and relate to God with great filial piety, it would not be easy to bring God back to His original heart, in order that He might dwell in true freedom. Yet at an early age, I made a determination "to truly liberate God with my own hands," and I have lived accordingly throughout my life.

What is the true mission of religion? It is, with a heart of love, to truly liberate God, truly liberate humanity on earth and in the spirit world, and truly liberate the planet earth. Many people think that God will liberate us. But now that we recognize that God's heart is under confinement, we understand that we should liberate God and bring Him into complete freedom.

God has long been searching for people burning with zeal for true love, having the faith that says, "I see now that God is in prison because of me. I see now that God is receiving Satan's accusations

because of me. I see now that Jesus suffered because of me. Oh, Father, I will carry You to the place of true liberation. I will carry Jesus and the Holy Spirit, too, to the place of true liberation.”

To this day, there has not been any sovereign country on earth where people of true love have established God’s dominion. Despite this, people are singing praises to the Almighty. In such circumstances, how can God’s heart be free?

There have been no filial children before God. There have been no social and political structures founded upon true love that would enable people to fulfill the way of the patriot, the way of the saint, and the way of divine sons and daughters in Heaven and earth. Hence there has been no way to establish and protect the heavenly Kingdom. These circumstances left God with no place to stand. Consequently, God has remained until now imprisoned—in a state of virtual captivity.

How are we to resolve this grievous situation? The only way is to carry out a movement practicing the love that is God’s original essence. The final stage of religion must teach in detail about God’s pitiful suffering and the injustice He has endured, and it must connect human beings to the world of His original heart.

Let us join in a true love movement to bring God true liberation and complete freedom. If we do not

set this standard of love, the heavenly way cannot be set right, and the ideal world cannot come on this earth.

This true love movement is bringing an end to the history of division between Cain and Abel. To that end, we are bringing together the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace and the Peace U.N. (World Peace Council) in the Abel position, and the Mongolian Peoples’ Federation for World Peace in the Cain position (all organizations I founded), into a single unity.

I call on America to take on the role of the elder brother, representing the free world, and to lead all nations toward the fulfillment of God’s will. To do this, America needs to put aside selfish and individualistic thinking. When political parties and ethnic groups place priority on their self-interest, they divide and mislead the people. America must build a true nation, blossoming with true freedom and peace. Then God will want to reside in your families and in your communities.

For this noble goal, let us all stand hand in hand and establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the Peace Kingdom, where God’s ideal of creation is fulfilled. There, God will enjoy true liberation and complete freedom.

I pray that God’s blessings may be with you forever.

God's Ideal Family: The Model for World Peace

*100 City World Tour
Lincoln Center
New York, New York
September 12, 2005*

Rev. Dr. Sun Myung Moon

Good evening.

I address you as leaders from around the globe who do not hesitate to make extraordinary efforts for the realization of world peace. I would like to express my deepest gratitude for your being present here tonight, in spite of your very busy schedules.

Ladies and gentlemen, as we begin the twenty-first century, we find ourselves at a truly historic turning point. We are at a point of decision. Can everlasting world peace take root, or are we doomed to repeat the twentieth century's dark and oppressive history of war and conflict?

The twentieth century was a period of ceaseless struggle, including wars for colonial dominion, the First and Second World Wars, the Korean War, and the Cold War. Living through this era, I dedicated my life entirely to the accomplishment of God's ideal of peace. I have always prayed sincerely that the United Nations, founded after the Second World War, would be an institution of peace, and that it would uphold God's will for the realization of eternal world peace.

The United Nations has made important contributions for peace. Nevertheless, at its sixtieth anniversary, there is a broad consensus, both inside and out-

side the organization, that the U.N. has yet to discover the way to fulfill its founding purposes.

The number of member states is approaching two hundred, but the offices of these states do little more than represent and even insist on their own interests. They seem inherently unable to resolve conflicts and achieve peace.

For these reasons, I declare today, before all humanity, the founding of a new international organization, the Universal Peace Federation. Its mission is to renew the existing United Nations and provide a new level of leadership as an "Abel-type" United Nations, that is, a United Nations whose efforts for peace are offered to Heaven, investing itself ceaselessly in living for the sake of others. To commemorate this day in its fullness, I am declaring a message from God to humanity in this age. It is entitled, "God's Ideal Family — the Model for World Peace."

God's Ideal Family

Respected world leaders, what do you think is God's ultimate purpose for creating human beings? Simply put, it is to experience joy through relating with ideal families filled with true love. What does an ideal family look like? First, each person in the

family is an owner of true love. When God first created human beings, He made Adam representing all men, and Eve representing all women, with the intention that they become owners of true love. The quickest way for them to cultivate a character of true love was to secure a parent-child relationship with God, whereby they could live in attendance to God as their Father. They were to have followed the path of living as one family with God.

I invite you to enter into a mystical state and prayerfully ask God, “What is the center of the universe?” I am sure that the answer you hear will be “the parent-child relationship.” Nothing is more important or more precious than the relationship between parent and child. This is because it defines the fundamental relationship between the Creator God and human beings.

Then, what defines the parent-child relationship? Three things define this relationship: love, life and lineage.

Without our parents’ love as a precondition, none of us would be alive today. God created human beings out of His absolute love, to be His partners in love. This relationship forms an axis of love, linking God the Father with human beings as His sons and daughters.

Is there anything higher or more precious than to be a son or daughter of God? If anything were higher, then surely human desire would aspire to attain it. But there is nothing higher. Do you think that when the omniscient and almighty God created Adam and Eve, He secretly reserved the highest position for Himself and made Adam and Eve to be only second best? We cannot imagine that God would do that to His children, to His partners who share absolute love with Him. As our eternal True Parent, God invested Himself one hundred percent into the creation of human beings and endowed us with the right to have equal status with Him, to participate in His work as equals, to live with Him, and to inherit from Him. God bestowed upon human beings all of His attributes.

Though God is the Absolute Being, He cannot be happy alone. Adjectives such as “good” and

“happy” cannot apply to any being who lives in isolation. They apply only where there is a robust reciprocal relationship. Imagine a professional singer who finds herself exiled to an uninhabited island. She may sing at the top of her voice, but with no one to listen, will it bring her happiness? In the same way, even the self-existent God absolutely needs a reciprocal partner of love in order to experience joy and be happy.

Next, how shall we live to become God’s reciprocal partners and return joy to Him? In other words, how shall we live to become children of God, people whom God delights to call “My son,” or “My daughter,” people who embody a divinity equal to His? How can we become God’s partners in completing the work of creation, partners who will inherit the entire creation? I answer: We should emulate the ideal beginning point of God’s creative process. In the beginning of creation, God set up the principle of “living for the sake of others.” God set the practice of true love as the nucleus, and from that point He began to create.

Therefore, to become God’s children, our first responsibility is to resemble Him. We need to embody true love. The way to embody true love begins by living as a filial child, then a patriot, a saint, and finally a divine son and daughter of God. At that stage, we can experience the innermost emotions of God’s heart and resolve the grief that He has experienced for tens of thousands of years, ever since the fall of Adam and Eve. God is almighty. It was not due to any shortcoming or lack of ability that He has been imprisoned in great pain and has endured immense suffering behind the scenes of history. It was because there are provisions in the Principle of Restoration, which He was not free to disclose, that called Him to wait with forbearance until Adam and Eve’s positions, lost at the human fall, were recovered with the appearance of the “perfected Adam.” Although God is all-powerful, He will not set aside the eternal laws and principles that He Himself established.

The Importance of Lineage

Do you know what has pained God’s heart most, causing Him the greatest grief over the long history

since the fall of Adam and Eve? God lost His lineage. And with the loss of His lineage, He lost His right of ownership. Let me talk about lineage for a moment. Lineage is more important than life and more important than love. Life and love come together to create lineage. Lineage cannot be established if either life or love is missing. Therefore, among the three qualities that define the parent-child relationship, love, life and lineage, lineage is the fruit.

The seed of true love is embedded in God's lineage. God's lineage provides the context and environment for a true life. Hence, for us to become the ideal people envisioned by God, that is, people of ideal character, and to create ideal families, we first need to be linked to His lineage. To take it a step further, only when we are linked to God's lineage is it possible to create God's homeland, the ideal nation. Only when we are linked to God's lineage is it possible to establish world peace. Please inscribe the importance of lineage in your hearts. I cannot emphasize this enough.

Without lineage, neither life nor love can endure. You strive to set a good tradition, but it will endure only through your lineage. Lineage is the bridge allowing the parents' spirit to carry on through subsequent generations. In other words, lineage is the first and final condition necessary for parents to harvest the fruits of their love, the fruits of their life and the fruits of their joy. We need to know this with certainty.

God intended for the seeds He planted to grow into a bountiful crop to be harvested in the autumn in the Garden of Eden. The ideal of God's creation was that He would raise Adam and Eve, His son and daughter, to the point where they would blossom in true love, give bloom to true life, and bear fruit in a true lineage. God desired to harvest the owners, families and nation of eternal life, eternal love and eternal lineage. Yet when Adam and Eve fell, this lineage, more precious than life itself, was lost. The fruits of true life and true love never matured. They became the fruits of Satan, lacking any relationship with Heaven. From them descended the six billion people now covering the earth.

God's Suffering in Search of the True Parent

False love, false life and false lineage infested the earth. God's love, life and lineage fell into the hands of the adulterer Satan, the enemy of love. Heaven and earth were suffocated and transformed into hell. The world became a wretched place, far from God's presence. Yet humanity to this day lives in ignorance of this. People are deluded into believing that the lineage of the enemy is the lifeline upon which the world depends. This is the wretched truth about human beings, all of whom descended from the fall. That is why we refer to this world as hell on earth. God views humanity's tragic situation with a heart full of pain.

After creating Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and once they matured in His true love, God intended to wed them with His Holy Blessing and bequeath to them Heaven's right of ownership. God wanted Adam and Eve to inherit from Him the ownership of the entire universe. Because of the fall, however, all this came under Satan's control. God is like a father who worked and sweated his entire life to accumulate assets for his children, only to have a thief steal everything in one night.

Who can comprehend the sorrowful, painful heart of God? God lost His lineage, lost His children, and was forced to hand over the ownership of the nations and world to Satan. There was only one way to recover this lineage and ownership. This was the path to win the natural subjugation of Satan, to have Satan surrender voluntarily. What is the secret to accomplish this? It is only by the power of true love, when we love our enemies more than we love our own children.

Was there ever a time when God, as their True Father and True Mother, could rejoice with human beings, enjoying the natural bonds of parent and child? Has God enjoyed even a year of comfort with His children, knowing that what He created was good? The answer is no; God has not enjoyed this even for one hour. And has anyone been able to comfort God in this pain? No, because no one has known the reason for this unbridgeable gap between God and humankind. No one has known why God

and humanity are in such a tragic circumstance.

The Biblical account of Cain and Abel reveals the beginnings of human conflict right in Adam's family. It provides the archetype for humankind's unending history of struggle, war and conflict. We are conflicted on many levels, beginning with the war between the body and mind within each individual, and extending to wars between nations, and even to the global conflict between materialism and theism. Extreme selfish individualism threatens our prosperity even today. We deem young people to be the hope of humanity, holding the promise for the future, but drugs and free sex enslave them. Advanced countries seem to believe that material goods are all that matter. They recognize only their own interests while ignoring the misery of tens of thousands who die of starvation every day.

Who can untie this ancient knot of Cain and Abel? It has been tightened for thousands of years and grows ever more tangled. Do you think the United Nations can do it? The U.N. at its founding proclaimed a movement for world peace, and for sixty years it has dedicated itself to this task; yet world peace still remains a far distant dream. Peace among nations can never come when those entrusted with the task have not resolved the Cain-Abel relationship between their own minds and bodies. Therefore, the time has come to launch an Abel-type United Nations that will set its course according to God's will.

God eagerly anticipated that someone would come and resolve these tragedies, but no such person appeared on earth. God waited and waited, looking for anyone who would take on the role of the True Parent. If someone had come forward, I am certain that God would have appeared in his dreams, carried the sun and moon to him, and showered forth lightning of joy and thunder of ecstasy from the heavens.

In this sense, it is a miracle of miracles that for the first time in history a man has succeeded in establishing the position of Adam, securing the position of the owner of true love, and receiving God's anointing as the True Parent of humanity. It is an amazing fact that his lifetime coincides with yours,

and that you and he breathe the same air. I gained victory in the position of the horizontal True Parent, who comes to rescue fallen humanity.

On that foundation, on January 13, 2001, I dedicated to Heaven the "Coronation Ceremony of God's Kingship." Through that ceremony I liberated and released God, the vertical True Parent who has taken responsibility for the Providence of Restoration. In all of history, this was the highest and greatest blessing humanity has ever received. This victory was absolute, unique, unchanging and eternal. Through this absolute providential victory, God's body and mind are completely liberated!

*The Way to Peace Through the
Holy Blessing Ceremony*

Respected leaders! Our bondage to the lineage of Satan has caused so much suffering throughout history. Let us now boldly step forth to sever it and be grafted onto the root of the lineage of the True Parents. Why should we foolishly continue to live and die as wild olive trees? A wild olive tree, even if it lives a thousand years, will only continue producing the seeds of more wild olive trees. Where can we find the path to escape this vicious cycle? It is through the Holy Blessing.

The Holy Blessing Ceremony offers the grace of being grafted onto the true olive tree. It was inaugurated through the True Parents, who bring God's true lineage to humankind. Once you change your lineage to God's lineage, your offspring will belong to God's lineage naturally. The Holy Blessing is received in three stages: resurrection, rebirth and eternal life. Once you receive the True Parents' Holy Blessing, you can give birth to pure, sinless offspring and build an ideal family.

The best way to receive the Holy Blessing is with someone from another race, nationality or religion. I call this an "exchange marriage." This contributes to the enormous task of transcending the barriers of race, culture, ethnicity and religion and creating one family of humankind. In God's sight, skin color makes no difference. God does not stand behind the barriers of religion and culture. They are nothing more than the Devil's tricks. He has used them to

rule over humanity as a false parent for tens of thousands of years.

Imagine two enemy families who have cursed each other throughout their lives, people who would never dream of living together. What would happen if these families joined together through an exchange Holy Marriage Blessing? Would the parents of two such families curse their son and daughter who became husband and wife, loved each other and built a happy home? If their son were to love this beautiful daughter of a hated enemy, and she were to become their daughter-in-law and give birth to Heaven's grandchildren as pure and clear as crystal, the grandparents would smile with pleasure. In time, the lineages once soaked with enmity would be transformed.

What method other than exchange marriage will empower Whites and Blacks, Jews and Muslims, Orientals and Westerners, and people of all races to live as one human family? The ideal family is the model for living together in peace. The ideal family is the nest where we live and learn to become one. There we have the foundation of love and respect between parents and children, shared trust and love between husband and wife, and mutual support among siblings. For this fundamental reason, you should receive the Holy Marriage Blessing from the True Parents and establish Heaven's tradition of ideal families.

A Life of True Love

Let me reiterate: To resemble God, the original Being of true love, we should become the owners of true love. We should embody true love and practice it in order to develop our character. This is the way each of us can become true parents.

Then, what is a life of true love? True love is the spirit of public service. It brings the peace that is at the root of happiness. Selfish love is a mask for the desire to have one's partner exist for one's own sake; true love is free of that corruption. The essence of true love is to give, to live for the sake of others and for the sake of the whole. True love

gives, forgets that it has given, and continues to give without ceasing. True love gives joyfully. We find it in the joyful and loving heart of a mother who cradles her baby in her arms and nurses it at her breast. True love is sacrificial love, as with a filial son who gains his greatest satisfaction in helping his parents. God created the universe out of just such love: absolute, unique, unchanging and eternal, investing everything without any expectation or condition of receiving something in return.

True love is the wellspring of the universe. Once a person possesses it, true love makes him or her the center and the owner of the universe. True love is the root of God and a symbol of His will and power. When we are bound together in true love, we can be together forever, continually increasing in the joy of each other's company. The attraction of true love brings all things in the universe to our feet; even God will come to dwell with us. Nothing can compare to the value of true love. It has the power to dissipate the barriers fallen human beings created, including national boundaries and the barriers of race and even religion.

The main attributes of true love are that it is absolute, unique, unchanging and eternal, so whoever practices God's true love will live with God, share His happiness and enjoy the right to participate as an equal in His work. Therefore, a life lived for the sake of others, a life of true love, is the absolute prerequisite for entering the Kingdom of Heaven.

Respected leaders, you are now living in an age of blessing. God's promises are coming to fruition. The Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the Kingdom of Peace that is God's ideal of creation, is being established before your eyes. My life of more than eighty years, a lonely path trod solely for Heaven and stained with blood, sweat, and tears, is now bearing victorious fruit for the sake of the world's six billion people. From the spirit world, the Founders of the world's religions, tens of thousands of saints and your own good ancestors are watching your every movement. Whoever, therefore, strays from the heavenly path will be punished accordingly.

In more than 180 countries, Ambassadors for Peace, who have inherited Heaven's will and tradition, are making serious effort, day and night to proclaim the values of true love and true family. They are moving forward with full force to establish peace on this earth. In the Middle East, one of the world's tinderboxes, Jews, Christians and Muslims have found the resources in my philosophy of peace to engage in a new dimension of dialogue. In past decades, my Unification Thought played a decisive role in ending the Cold War. Now I am successfully leading behind-the-scenes efforts to bring about the reunification of my homeland of Korea.

But I am not yet satisfied, because I began my life's work at the command of Heaven. I have come as the True Parent of humankind with God's anointing, and I am determined to keep my promise to Him. I am determined to obliterate all national divisions and barriers that have poisoned this earth and to establish the world of peace, where all people everywhere can live hand in hand.

A Project for Peace

Leaders from around the world, let me take the opportunity provided by today's distinguished forum to reiterate my proposal for a truly providential and revolutionary project. For the sake of peace and human welfare, I propose that we build a passage for transit across the Bering Strait, where Satan has historically divided East and West, and North and South, and where the North American and Russian land masses are separated. This passage, which I call the "World Peace King Bridge and Tunnel," will link an international highway system that will allow people to travel on land from Africa's Cape of Good Hope to Santiago, Chile, and from London to New York, across the Bering Strait, connecting the world as a single community.

God is warning that He will no longer tolerate separation and division. Carrying out this project will bind the world together as one village. It will tear down the manmade walls of race, culture, religion and country, and establish the world of peace that has been God's cherished desire.

The United States and Russia can become as one. The European continent, China, India, Japan, Brazil and all nations, and also all the world's religions, can combine their energies to succeed in this project. The success of this project will be decisive in establishing a Peace Kingdom where people will no longer make war with each other.

Ladies and gentlemen, some may doubt that such a project can be completed. But where there is a will, there is always a way — especially if it is the will of God. The science and technology of the twenty-first century render it possible to construct a tunnel under the Bering Strait. The construction costs are also not a problem. Think of how much money the world is wasting on war. Humanity needs to realize that we are committing fearful sins in the presence of history and our descendants. Let us take one example. How much money has the United States spent on the war in Iraq during the past three years? It is approaching \$200 billion. That budget would be more than enough to complete the Bering Strait project.

In this age, war is a most primitive and destructive means of resolving conflict, and will never lead to lasting peace. Now is the time, as the prophet Isaiah taught, to beat our swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks. Why must we continue this tragic path, pouring countless dollars into wars that, in the end, will never bring the reconciliation of enemies? The time has come for the countries of the world to pool their resources and advance toward the world of peace desired by God, the Master of this great universe.

Ladies and gentlemen, humanity is traveling down a dead-end street. The only way to survive is to practice the peace philosophy of true love, true life and true lineage taught by Reverend Moon. Now that we have entered the Age after the Coming of Heaven, your good ancestors are activated and the heavenly hosts are sweeping down upon the earth. Soon the countries and peoples that appear strong and mighty will change course and shift in this direction.

Our Mission

I leave you with a choice. There can be no perfection in ignorance. The message from Heaven that I convey to you today is both a blessing and a warning to this generation. I, Reverend Moon, will take the lead in establishing true families, true societies, true nations and a true world. Will you join with me as I rise and gain strength in accordance with heavenly fortune? Or will you remain captive behind the same old walls, all of them Satan's handiwork: the wall of your religion, the wall of your culture, the wall of your nationality and the wall of your race, and spend the remainder of your time on earth in agony and regret? Heaven is summoning you to be the wise leaders who will set aright this world of evil and establish a new Heaven and new earth.

Today we are participating in the inauguration of the Universal Peace Federation. It represents God's victory, the fruit of the True Parents' blood, sweat and tears, and the world's cherished hope. It will

carry out the role of an Abel-type United Nations in relation to the existing United Nations. Under the banner of the Universal Peace Federation, we will serve as activists to help safeguard global peace. I hope that you will put on new "true love armor" in this new age and be wise and brave leaders in this worldwide peace force, for the sake of humanity's future.

Please inscribe this warning from Heaven deep in your hearts. Remember that the only way to inherit Heaven's lineage, and to establish for eternity the ideal families that God has longed to see, is through the Holy Marriage Blessing established by the True Parents.

In closing, I ask you to devote your best efforts for the development and success of the Universal Peace Federation.

Thank you.