

I Remember my Father, Sun Myung Moon

Michael Balcomb
September 9, 2015

In the weeks leading up to the third anniversary of True Father's Seonghwa, Unificationists around the world participated in the I Remember Contest, a time of sharing our fondest memories of True Father. The contest featured over 90 photographs, paintings, artwork, short recollections and poems detailing outstanding encounters with True Parents in America. Thank you to everyone who participated—your submissions gave readers the opportunity to reflect on True Father's immense legacy and remember him in all the ways he taught, inspired and touched hearts worldwide.

Though difficult to choose a winner among so many moving stories, several entries creatively captured True Father's unique, humble yet strong way of opening people's eyes to a profound perspective. Receiving the Remember Prize—a copy of the newly-translated Cham Bumo Gyeong (True Parents' Scriptures) in English—are two top winners:



Smiles of Hope

True Father gave me the courage to find joy in life in the midst of pain. True Parents' smiles gave me hope.

-Eiko S., Artist of sketch (left)

Life Lessons While Cleaning

The Manhattan Center facility had just been purchased and the members of the Performing Arts department were asked to help restore the building. I was working on the 6th Floor Mezzanine trying to scrape decades of dirt and gum buildup off the floor, tile by tile with just a hand held scraper.

As I was toiling away, a pair of shoes appeared on my right. Without looking up, I told the person to

just grab a scraper and they can start to scrape a nearby section of flooring. Next thing I heard is True Father's voice saying, "Well, if you say so." He then knelt down and began to scrape the floor.

I was so embarrassed. I apologized over and over again to True Father and stammered, "I am sorry True Father, I didn't know it was you." He then looked at me and chuckled as he saw my embarrassment and the look of utter shock on my face. He then started talking and he compared us with the floor. He told me that just like the floor has all this buildup of dirt, so too our original nature becomes hidden under the many layers of dirt and build up from our life. He said that everything we take in and everything we do that doesn't come from or reflect God is like dirt and gum that sticks to our spiritual heart and mind. His conversation was peppered with "Don't you think so?"

He then stopped and looked at me and simply said that if I studied the Divine Principle and worked hard like I was doing at that moment, then in time, my original nature would be revealed, just like the true floor was being revealed. He pointed to an area of the floor that had been cleaned and an area not yet cleaned. He looked at me and asked me, "Which do you want to be?" He put the scraper down, got up and simply walked on to inspect the other parts of the building. Though it lasted just a few minutes, I have spent a lifetime trying to follow True Father's timeless guidance.

-Kathy Winings

Dive into the memories by reading the many honorable mentions below.

I Remember Father Moon... Thank You, True Father

When the earth needed a firefighter, you were there
You arrived with power to make the burden of love a lot easier to bear
Through persecution, sorrowful tears and blood you pressed on like a river
For 93 years you broke through all unimaginable barriers of hate that make even brave men quiver

You turned roadblocks into family gateways
 For 93 earthly years you pressed on for the Will of Heaven in principled ways
 Establishing the loneliest, bravest and most courageous shortcut to world peace
 From East to West you seemed to bear the cross of Christ with ease
 You bore indemnity conditions from sea to sea
 On land you traversed with God's Hope for the world
 Beyond race, people, culture and classes you brought us into family
 You blessed our lineage with Heavenly True Parental love
 As Jesus called True Father, you won the heart of God above



Restoring the Blessing from the fall you were blessed by God to True Mother
 With the seal of True Love as son and daughter of God in True Parents we look no further
 The seed of true love you sowed blossoms far beyond the land of the morning calm
 The rays of hope you shed are a permanent life source for all humankind
 Your heart remains a permanent watering hole for all creatures great and small
 Your expression of truth makes everything plain as noonday
 With our eyes closed we can still walk straight if we hold on to the sacred pages of your love
 In True Mother we find you again and again renewed yet unchanging in purpose
 Who could love us this much?
 You prepared the best gem and gave us the most precious gift
 To all humankind 7 billion plus you
 Oh True Father gave us True Mother
 Together as True Parents you gave us new life, new hope, with a new scope into the spirit of Christ
 You did not leave us orphaned to carry out our responsibility you are with us even as we thirst
 You continue to embrace us and renew our strength to carry on your greater works of love
 Through the power, love and sunshine of the word you left for all humankind to follow
 This daily nourishment you prepared that gives guidance and the true life to any who put to practice
 Through you we have the beginning of the new human family and culture,
 Through your reflective light of Heavenly Parent's true love
 You shine for us a path to eternal life with God, our Heavenly True Parent,
 Through the principle and power of the Blessing.
 Aboji True Father, Thank You .
 Please rest now from your lonely toil.

We are here as your children and pledge to spread the fruits of true love, the Blessing to all Heaven and Earth.

-Bayo Adrien

A Free Man

I had the chance to meet True Father and Mother in Danbury prison in May 1985. I had been asked by Dr. Bo Hi Pak to assist him by escorting two retired diplomats there, one of whom was Ambassador Jose

Chaves from Colombia (well known to our movement who passed away in 2009) and the other was a former French ambassador.

When the visit began, True Father entered the room, greeted us and then escorted us to a picnic table in the visitors' area. He wore used tennis shoes that seemed too big and a worn light brown military uniform that had been issued to him by the prison. Understandably there were no hors d'oeuvres and True Mother made her way to the meager vending machine. True Father and each of us was served a small carton of Yoo-Hoo chocolate milk.

True Father gazed at the retired ambassadors with his eternal smile, intermittently drinking his Yoo Hoo. True Father inspired and revived his esteemed visitors, thanking them for their long years of service but emphasizing that their careers were by no means over. He told the French ambassador that Europe had to take responsibility for healing the wounds inflicted on Africa during the colonial rule. He said that Africa needed to become whole and prosperous. He told Ambassador Chaves that the United States must play a similar role in relation to Latin America. He lamented that Latinos in the United States lacked organization. He told the Ambassador that he needed to work within the United States to develop a stronger, shared identity amongst Latinos. They should not focus only on their own prosperity but advocate collectively for the well-being of their elders and siblings throughout Central and South America.

Reverend Moon only saw the ambassadors; he did not bring up anything related to himself or the conditions he faced in Danbury. When asked about this, he only said that he was treated very well and that they had nothing to worry about. Then he went back to talking about Africa and Latin America. At one point, he joked with Ambassador Chaves and compared his physical stature and personality to a bear that could take on any foe. He told Ambassador Chaves that that was something that he really admired in him.

Then, as abruptly as it had begun, our animated time at Danbury with Reverend and Mrs. Moon came to a close. We bid farewell to them and, then, as we made our way from Danbury prison to the parking lot below, Ambassador Chaves reflected, "Reverend Moon may be in prison but he is a free man."

-Thomas Ward



All-Night Talks

In August 1965 I had the privilege to drive True Father and his party through Europe in our Volkswagen Bus on his first World Tour to bless Holy Grounds. Driving from Holland to Belgium, Luxembourg and on to France in one stretch was quite an endurance test. It was my responsibility to get Father to his destinations safely. But when my eyes couldn't focus anymore during the last stretch to Paris and I stopped just briefly to get some fresh air, True Father urged me on with the words: "No time, no time." Dead tired, we finally reached Paris during the night and checked into a cheap hotel.

Before retiring I had the inspiration to serve True Father some fruit that was left in the car, as there was

nothing prepared in the room. When I took it to True Father's room, already looking forward to a few hours of much needed rest, True Father was sitting on his bed in boxer shorts and T-shirt and said, "Sit down" and began giving me a long lecture about how to reach perfection. I tried to listen attentively, but my eyes just wouldn't obey. When True Father noticed my problem, he just talked a bit louder and said, "This is most important." As the hours passed, so did my hope of getting some needed rest. True Father was always focused on his mission and I thought at that time, he was the most unusual and unpredictable person I had ever met.

-Paul Werner

Pray and Ask God

My first meeting physical with True Parents was in February, 1974. Having left 75 – 80 degrees in Guyana, South America with two Unificationist brothers, Robert Hall and Clifford Accra, we arrived at Belvedere to attend the International Leadership Training. We were greeted by 6 inches of snow, my first encounter. During the training when True Parents came we were asked to sing for them. One of my first surprises from True Father was during his lecture. He said, "Don't believe Divine Principle because I said it. Pray and ask God if it is true." I was completely surprised by that statement and determined that he is a man I can follow. True Father spoke to us many times, but one of the experiences which stands out was one day at Belvedere. True Father said, "A time will come when the movement will grow and you will not be able to come to me so easily, so what I give to you now you have to give to others." There were 19 of us international trainees. Those words have continued to govern my activities until today.

-Barbara Moseley-Marks

The Blue Scarf

After I had been on the Mobile Fundraising Team (MFT) for several years, one day during the mid-1970s True Father called the MFT members to meet him at Belvedere. He individually presented neckties to the brothers and had a box of scarves for the sisters. One by one, he would look at each sister and then look in the box and pull out a scarf that matched that sister's spirit and/or character. For example, for more outgoing sisters, the scarf would be very bright with bold colors. (Almost every scarf was a beautiful combination of bright colors and patterns.) Loud applause would follow each choice of True Father's, as we were all amazed at how closely he matched the scarf to each sister.

As I was very shy and didn't want to draw attention to myself, I was greatly dreading the moment when it would be my turn. Inevitably, I finally had to go before True Father and was thinking I didn't want a scarf. True Father looked at me and then pulled out a beautiful solid ice-blue scarf that I truly loved. As my name (Celeste) in Spanish means sky-blue, it was so appropriate. True Father is simply amazing.

-Celeste V.



The Empire State Building

One day in 1976, after completing my daily assignment as a reporter for *The News World* newspaper, I was heading home to the New Yorker hotel where I resided. *The News World* was located in the Tiffany Building, on Fifth Avenue at 37th Street in Manhattan.

As I was walking south on the west side of Fifth Avenue, I happened to glance across the street and noticed True Parents' tall bodyguard Gerhard, also walking south. I quickly lowered my gaze and saw that walking alongside him were True Parents. Surprised, I continued to walk downtown, keeping an eye on them as they strolled. When I arrived at the corner of 34th Street, I paused and watched as they crossed Fifth Avenue and headed in my direction. We all stopped briefly on the corner and faced each other. Rev. Han, a Korean leader who was also in their group, spoke to me, saying, "Stick around and see what happens." So I did.

We all crossed 34th Street and entered the Empire State Building through the Fifth Avenue entrance. Once inside the foyer True Parents stopped and looked at me. I bowed. True Father and True Mother briefly consulted with one another, and then True Mother asked me, "Are you the actress?" I answered, "Yes." I was surprised at this question because I was currently a writer at the newspaper and had abandoned acting when I joined the church.

I was invited to stay with them. We entered the building together and took the express elevator up to the Observation Deck. Once at the top, True Parents stood together looking out at New York City. Unfortunately, the weather that day was very cloudy and foggy, and nothing of the city could be seen. I stood a little ways away from them watching them as they looked at the clouds. Then True Mother smiled and said something charming to True Father. At least I interpreted her expression as charming and very feminine. True Father immediately looked at the view and suddenly the clouds separated in half, like the parting of the Red Sea, and we got a clear, splendid and complete view of all of Manhattan, where just moments before absolutely nothing could be seen. It was an amazing and miraculous experience.

We rode down from the Observation Deck together and separated at the lobby, where I bowed and thanked them and continued, in wonder, on my journey home. I have no idea where True Parents went after that, but I am grateful for this unique experience with True Parents to this day ... and the parting of the clouds by True Father.

The photo is of True Parents in 1976 when they visited the Tiffany Building on East 37th Street, New York City. They first visited The News World Communications floor. The whole News World staff followed True Parents when they went down a floor and visited the fur business run by a Korean church sister. True Mother was looking at an album designed by the church sister who owned the fur business. I was a reporter with *The News World*. True Father asked me many questions about my family. I am standing next to him with my oldest daughter, who was visiting, next to me.



Smile for the Camera

In 1988 I was photographing the 100-day celebration of True Parents' grandson Shin Won Moon at East Garden. After the ceremony, Shin Won was put on a big chair and propped up with pillows, since he wasn't able to sit up by himself yet.

In order to get his attention, I would say, "Bananaaaaa, bananaaaa!" so that he would look up at me. While doing this, I felt something touch my left shoulder. I slowly moved my eyes and saw True Father standing right next to me, with a huge smile and clapping his hands, also trying to get his grandson to look up. For that one moment, True Father became my special assistant.

-Ken Owens

That's True Love

If I can love my enemies more than the children that are mine,
I can start to bridge the gap that has stood between mankind.
If I can give with the heart of True Love and never expect a reward,
I must realize that this same way of living came from the heart of God.
If I can live an ideal life that our True Parents are showing us to,
Then I can take the "me" out of my life, and make my life all about you.
If I can appreciate all the earth and the beautiful things that God has given,
I can return to God the joy He felt when He said, "This is very Good," in this life that I am now living.

-Elma King



James with the Rockfish

This is an account of personal time spent with True Parents in Kodiak, Alaska, from September 6 to 8, 2007.

While working as a staff member at an International Leadership Conference (ILC) in Kodiak from August 28 to September 3, I had many wonderful experiences with the American Clergy Leadership Conference (ACLC) clergy and other participants. I could feel the Holy Spirit very clearly drawing those participants toward True Parents. It is most awe-inspiring to be used by

Heavenly Father, and I'm most grateful to Him and True Parents for allowing me the opportunity to have been in Kodiak for this event.

Most of the ILC participants had left Kodiak and returned to their homes by September 4. This made for a very small staff remaining to attend True Parents.

True Parents would go fishing in the afternoon, and it was on the afternoon of September 7 that this experience occurred.

That afternoon I was asked by a young brother, Rev. Kim, to drive him to the Buskin River, where he would fish with True Parents. Internally I jumped for joy at this opportunity. When we arrived at the river, we met True Parents on a fishing platform that had been built by Kodiak's parks and recreation department right at the edge of the river. True Parents were fishing on and around that platform. At one point only True Mother, Won-Ju McDevitt, Rev. Kim and myself were on the platform. True Father was fishing from a folding chair at the river's edge. True Mother hooked something and fought vigorously to bring it in. When she lifted it out of the water and over the railing of the platform, she exclaimed, "What's this?" True Mother had somehow hooked a moderate-sized stone and fought it in the river's current until landing it on the platform. When I saw the stone on the end of True Mother's line, I replied to her, "Mother, that's a rockfish." True Mother, Won-Ju, Rev. Kim and I had a good laugh. Rev. Kim unhooked the stone and was about to throw it back in the river when I said to him, "I'll take that." He handed the stone to me, and in the background Won-Ju gave me a thumbs-up and said, "All right!"

When we returned to North Garden that evening, I took the stone to Angel Garden and scrubbed the algae from it. To my surprise, the stone actually resembled a fish, kind of like the one in the film "Finding Nemo." You had to look carefully, but the fish was there.

I took the "rockfish" over to North Garden and asked one of the staff brothers to please call Won-Ju to come downstairs. When she came down, I showed the stone to her and pointed out the features resembling a fish, to which she agreed. Then I asked her if she would show it to True Mother. Won-Ju

was surprised by my asking and said, “Mother won’t be interested in looking at a stone.” But finally she said OK. When she turned to go upstairs with the stone, I asked her, “Please ask True Mother if she would sign the stone.” This was way out of the question, as Won-Ju said, “True Mother will never sign a stone” But she continued up the stairs with the “rockfish” in hand. I didn’t see the “rockfish” the rest of the evening.

The next day, September 8, started with Hoon Dok Hae with True Parents. There were about thirty of us, and this would be our last day with True Parents in Kodiak, as they were leaving for East Garden later that morning. True Mother left the room a little early and went upstairs. Just after Hoon Dok Hwe ended, Won-Ju came to me from across the room holding something behind her back. She handed me the “rockfish” with a big smile and said, “Look, True Mother signed it for you.”

Hallelujah!! I was a joyful James, to say the least. True Mother’s signature on the stone reads, “H.J. Han 2007 9, 8.”

Brothers present, upon seeing what took place, laughed and began calling me “Rockfish.”

This is an exact account of the events as reported by me, James Matthew O., aka “Rockfish.”

Don’t You Want to Be with Me Forever?

In June of 1973, many US Unificationist members gathered at Belvedere to celebrate Day of All True Things (or, as it was known at the time, World Day). True Father spoke about loving and valuing the creation ... how the creation longs to belong to and to be used by true people. True Father also spoke of restoring all things through fundraising.

Later that year, HSA Headquarters asked each church center to send two people to join a fundraising team to raise money to buy a fishing boat for True Father. Another young Unificationist and I represented the New Haven, Connecticut, church for the mobilization.

We were divided into teams of six members. Although we had some experience fundraising to support our church center, we had never traveled around in vans, fundraising all day.

We didn’t reach our goal the first time, so we went out again. After the second time, True Father called us back to Belvedere (in Tarrytown, New York). There was a big celebration. True Father went in the kitchen and prepared the fish himself. I was so moved by his fatherly heart toward us, as his children. We ate the sashimi, rice and other items. He never mentioned whether we met our goal. He only poured out all his love to us.

After we ate, he gave us a sermon. Then he gave each of us a beautiful pocket-size Bible with gilded pages, and an alarm clock. His last words to us were “*Don’t you want to stay with me forever?*” Those words were embedded in my heart.

-Kathaleen S.



He is a Wise Man

It was the 30th anniversary of the International Relief Friendship Foundation (IRFF). True Mother invited us IRFF staff members for shopping, and after that True Father took us for lunch. All this was amazing, but what I will never forget is True Father's guidance, which has changed my life ever since:

"He is a wise man who finds time to have breakfast with the street kids right there on the street and then walk into the State House and have lunch with the president and still find reason to walk back home and have a humble meal with his family. He is a wise man because he understands and fits in all levels of life, because he develops a big heart."

This guidance I will cherish all the days of my life.

-Nicholas C.

True Parents

By Sarah B. (age 10)

True Parents' love is very strong.
They love to sing holy songs.
Because God's heart they can touch,
God loves True Parents so much.

Too precious for you to hold,
True Parents' heart is made of gold.
Follow them, they will lead you the right way,
the way of Kingdom of God if you may.

I wish, I wish that I could be
Just like True Parents, don't disagree.
They work so hard for everyone,
so that is why God is so happy.

Give thanks to True Parents for what they did,
for every grown-up and every kid.
Because God's heart they can touch,
God loves True Parents so much!

She Stepped Up

-Dan Fefferman



The Long Awaited Handshake

Looking into the eyes of True Father was an unforgettable experience. This photo was taken at the Assembly of the World's Religions, 1990, where dear Father Moon gathered religious leaders from around the world. It was an amazing gathering with the hope of world peace by working together and understanding the true heart of God.

-Concha M.

I Love to Dance!

I remember when the Kirov Academy of Ballet had its ribbon-cutting ceremony in March 1989 with True Father and True Mother, their children and Hoon Sook Moon. True Father wanted a tour of all the rooms, so we all went to every corner of the academy. No students or teachers had come yet. Of course, True Parents were interested in every detail and asked many questions. True Father entered one of the ballet studios and began smiling, going into

the center of the room. He began turning around and around with his arms outstretched and said to

everyone, “Just look at what God has made; look what God has done!” True Mother laughed and said, “I love to dance!” True Father laughed and said, “I like to throw balls.” Everyone enjoyed the scene as we watched True Father imitating throwing a ball as True Mother was dancing by the mirrors. What a wonderful time. Twenty-six years ago and the academy is still training great dancers that are in top positions in companies around the world and holding onto the True Culture of the Heavenly Kingdom on Earth.

-Adrienne T.

The Answer of Tears

Just a few months after I joined the Unification church in Oakland, California, we went to New York to help in the preparation for the Yankee Stadium rally. May 8, 1976 was the day I met True Father for the first time. There were hundreds of us at Belvedere, hundreds. I was far out, up on the lawn; I could hardly see him. True Father was in the midst of his fight against communism; therefore he was extremely serious and intense. I was totally focused on taking notes on everything he said.

I had already joined the movement, but my longing was to bind with him as my Father, not only as the leader of the Unification Movement. During Dr. Bo Hi Pak’s final prayer, I screamed at God with all my heart and soul, “Heavenly Father, please show me how You feel about True Father!” I hardly finished uttering these words when my heart was totally overwhelmed with a passionate love and overflowing gratitude, and I exploded in uncontrollable sobbing. There was no way to stop it. This was how God felt about His son!

Right after that we went to the building we call the White House, across the street, and there I sat alone by the pond and continued sobbing. After a while I realized that now it was my ancestors who were crying through me. Their gratitude toward the Second Coming of Christ was so profound and intense! And they cried and cried one hour through me.

I could meet True Father at Belvedere five Sundays in a row until I joined the Mobile Fundraising Teams (MFT). Each week I had the same experience: I longed for him and I cried many tears in front of him, and I went to my Holy Ground by the pond where my ancestors cried their hearts out through me. Through these tears my ancestors and I sealed our Covenant with True Father, which has been our source of internal strength to live in attendance to True Parents all these years.

“One spiritualist wanted to know the truth about me, so he prayed to God to really know who I am. When God answered, it was not with an explanation but with an overflowing of tears. That was His answer!”

-True Father, “The Return to Tears,” Oct. 16, 1977

-Beatrice C.



Simple Celebrations

This photo (left) was taken after Father Moon had given his speech “God’s Hope for Mankind” at the University of Minnesota in 1974. We all went to the campus McDonalds to celebrate. It was a two-story restaurant, and we took over the second floor that night. It was a great joy to celebrate so closely with True Parents.

-Marcia S.

The Deepest Care

I remember one day, I was invited to serve at East Garden; a delegation of 500 civic and political leaders was visiting from Russia. We spent the afternoon preparing the dining room. True Father came downstairs numerous times to check on our preparations. I could tell by his frequent visits to the room and his manner that this was a most important meeting. He was so focused and intense. I knew everything had to be perfect. I sensed this meeting was like life and death for him. At one point he stood in the doorway and silently surveyed the room. It looked beautiful. Each table was set with gleaming plates and cutlery; flower centerpieces

added grace and beauty. True Father's eyes roamed the room and all of a sudden he made a beeline for a table, over 60 feet away, in the opposite, far corner of the room. He walked over and fingered the hem of the table cloth. I followed. Sure enough, and to my great embarrassment, the table cloth was on upside down. It was such a delicate weave it was almost impossible to determine which side was which. I don't think that True Father has special magical powers. I just know when you care as deeply as he did about things you are naturally drawn and guided to what needs to be done. To me, that incident was indicative of the absolute seriousness True Father had to prepare for the moment when he could give God's message to the Russian delegation. The incident made me reflect, what if I were that serious all the time? What could I accomplish for God and the world? True Parents reflect that kind of focus and investment each and every day. That is what they trained us for.

-Heather Thalheimer



A Liberating Handshake

Right after God's Day 1979, my husband, Paul, and I began trying to start our family. There was only one hitch: I could not get pregnant! The questioning looks toward my tummy or direct inquiries became annoying and exasperating whenever I met old acquaintances, only adding to my own puzzlement. What was wrong with me?

We had Western and Eastern doctors look me over. Paul subjected himself to sperm counts. My womb was too cold? I drank nasty-tasting teas. Then I had a miscarriage. It was emotionally and physically painful and discouraging. After two years, we still had no child.

For God's Day 1981, Brian Saunders asked old-time New Hope Singers to augment the choir and sing for the celebration. It was arranged that I could give the bouquet of flowers to True Father. I was honored and thrilled. When True Father reached to shake my hand, it felt, to my spiritual senses, like the curtain in the temple ripping from top to bottom. I was liberated. Christoph was born that year in November. I was 32 by then.

Many years later the photo crew gave me this precious picture, not knowing what an amazing story it held for us.

-Gertrud Y.

A Daughter's Hand

I have been living in Japan for the past 21 years. In 2003 I volunteered to go to the United States as a Japanese missionary. My mission state is Alaska.

From the first time that I arrived in Alaska, many wonderful things started happening. I went there every time that True Parents went, about nine summers.

True Mother gave me the talk to take care of True Parents' rooms. One day, True Parents invited all the staff to have a BBQ at the river. I decided to stay at North Garden. It was a good time to clean their rooms while they were out. Also someone should be there to welcome them home. One other sister stayed too.

We received a call that True Father was coming home. We welcomed him at the door. We were surprised because only True Father came in. We started to help him take off his boots. He tried to take off his coat, but it was too bulky. I reached for Father's right hand and held it as I pulled his sleeve off. The other sister helped on the other side. As Father started to go up the stairs, I started to cry and my hand was shaking. I wondered why True Father hadn't pulled his hand away from me. I realized that when I took True Father's hand, it was as a daughter trying to help her father.

Heavenly Parent gave me such a precious memory of True Father that I will cherish forever. When I close my eyes and close my hand, I can imagine that I am holding True Father's hand again.

-Betsy N.



Sitting With You

Reverend Moon has given me my life, my family and my eternally committed husband. His teachings have given me a desire to grow and better know God. I am grateful every day for these blessings. Yet, as most second generation will admit, it's hard growing up in our church, not having known Reverend Moon personally or having chosen to follow him. I had always felt a lack of connection with True Father, despite my belief in him.

A few months after beginning the Parent Matching process, I began communicating with my now-husband. Near the end of our year-long process, I became obsessed with praying about the Matching and Holy Marriage Blessing. It was a terrifying step. I craved a closer relationship with True Parents before committing; I wanted to make sure that my faith in them was my own and that I could take full ownership over my Blessing. I prayed hard for this deepened connection. It felt hopeless, especially knowing that many second generation have sought that connection with no (or little) avail. But I continued praying. I remember one night praying harder than ever.

Now, I am not a big believer in dreams, nor do I believe that "signs" come in them. However, that night I had a dream that has been significant for my life of faith. In it, Father was on a speaking tour and my family was assigned to take care of hospitality. Thinking that Father would simply want to sleep, my parents dropped him off in his hotel room. My friends and I chatted in the dining room down the hall. All of a sudden, Father walked into the room and sat at the table. We were all taken aback. We did not know much about attending True Father. We shuffled about awkwardly, having no idea what to do next. But then I thought to myself, "This is it! This is the one chance that I'm going to have alone with Father! I don't want to waste it worrying about whether I'm bowing correctly or serving the right food. I'm just going to be myself, have a sincere heart and try my best to get to know him." So I asked Father, "Father, do you mind if we sit with you and ask you questions?" He responded with a warm smile.

We all sat around the table, taking turns asking him questions and listening intently to his responses. The details of our conversation were insignificant. What was most important was how I felt throughout the dream. I wasn't really even listening to his responses. I simply focused on how much I loved Father in that moment. I had a strong sense that he was my Grandpa. I felt so close to him and craved to be with him longer.

Someone asked him another question and he didn't respond. Instead, he looked sad and deep in thought. We all looked at each other anxiously, not knowing if we had upset him. Then, he turned to us and said sincerely, "I wish that I had more time like this with second generation. Second generation can't connect to me in formal settings, like speeches or Hoon Dok Hwe. I repent and am deeply sorry that I have not been able to be with you all more. But I am glad that I have this time with you, to connect with you." When he said that, I immediately started to weep in my sleep. Father is apologizing to us? His sincerity was palpable and I felt intensely close to him. My dream started to slip away and I could feel myself sobbing and sobbing as I awoke.

In the morning I shared this dream with my father and wept again. It shocked me that I was still so connected to the experience and I realized how valuable it was. God answered my prayers and helped me feel closer to Father. I'll never forget how close I felt to him, how sincere and loving he was in that moment.



Fishcake Sausages

In my garage somewhere, boxed up to protect it from dust and our numerous moves, is an old photo from around 1980. The photo captures one of my first times meeting Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

He had come to pay Jacob House a visit, where I spent most of my waking hours as a toddler. I am told that I broke ranks from the group of other kids and ran up to the messiah, shouting, “Aboji! Aboji!” So he scooped me up in his arms. Freeze frame.

The last time I would see him alive, I was waiting to give him flowers with my wife. We were in the modified carport of his home in Las Vegas. Unfortunately, the time was not right, and his faithful son, Hyung Jin Moon, apologized and said it was not possible for us to meet him at that time. I remember how the sun flashed around the room, reflected off the plastic wrap of the bulky bouquet. I told him it was okay.

I was raised to believe that I know him in my heart and I tried my best to do so for many years. I can hardly say that I ever knew him on a personal level, as you would know a friend or family member. I do not know what his favorite brand of cereal is, but, strangely, I know that he liked fishcake sausages for breakfast.

We have a few things in common, such as our birthday by the lunar calendar. He also gave me my name, which I spent much of my younger years trying to escape, but have finally come to accept. Your name is your fate, and I have come to enjoy having a strange name.

This religious organization he created has been my point of reference, come what may, for nearly my entire conscious life. It has directed me to accomplish what I believe to be the dream of God and humankind alike.

Upon reflection and meditation, I am deeply grateful. He planted in me a seed of compassion. And he led my heart to faith and knowing the divinity all around us.

The Day I Auditioned for the New Hope Singers

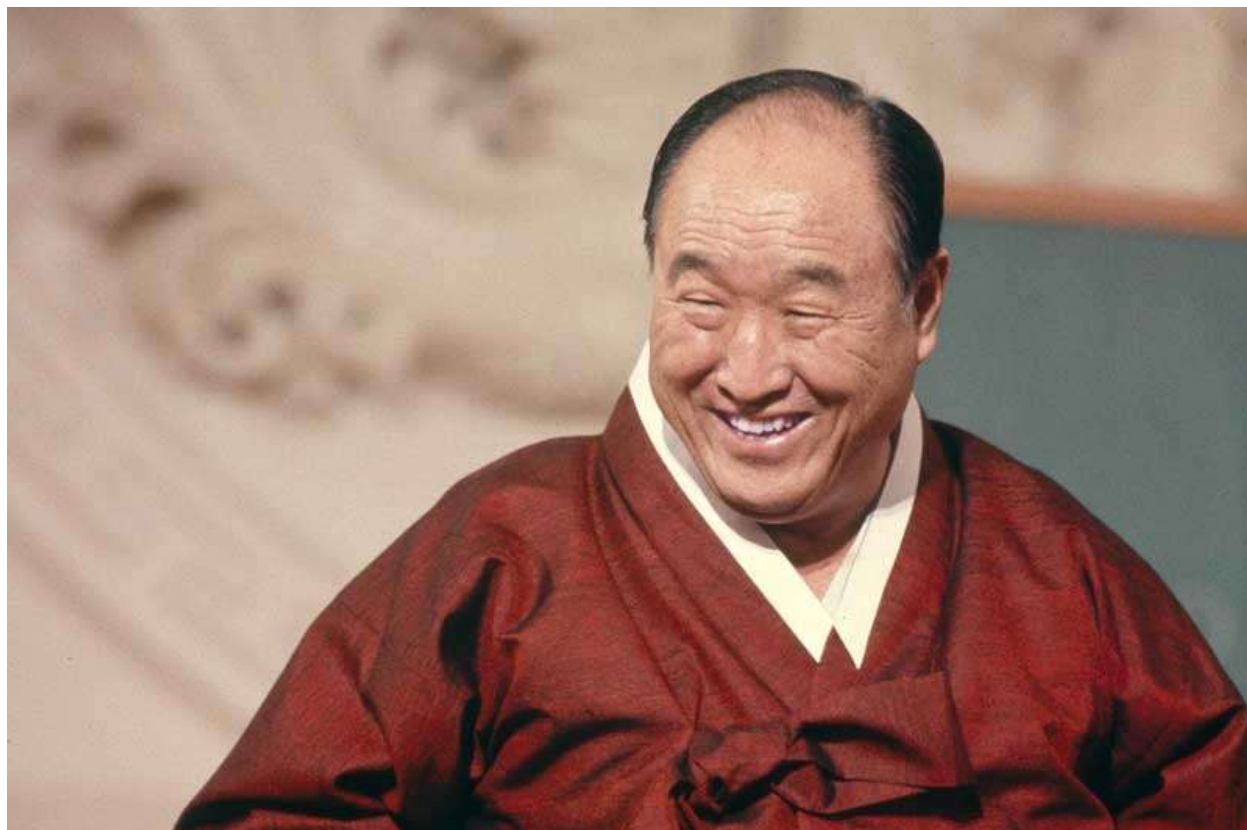
While fundraising I met a boy who, from out of the blue, said, “You sing, don’t you?” I explained about the auditions to join the New Hope Singers, and he said I should go. When my captain came, I told him I wanted to go.

I arrived early. The opportunity to sing for True Father was amazing. I was extremely nervous. I couldn’t believe I would be able to sing for True Father. I sang “Poor Wayfaring Stranger.”

When everybody finished, True Father asked me and Jeff Benson to sing again. We did, and in the end True Father picked me as having the most potential out of approximately 100 singers and instrument players. I was extremely grateful for this opportunity to sing for True Father, and that started my seven and a half years with the New Hope Singers. Only now I realize the honor of winning this opportunity out of so many incredible people, but that was not the main purpose: It was to bring joy to our True Father.

Sincerely and with love,

-Dan S.



My Encounter with Father Moon

This testimony was given at East Garden in 1983 when World Research Institute of Science & Technology (WRIST) was established. Mark met Father Moon when the project began. Father Moon was so impressed with Mark’s testimony that he was asked to repeat it before a group of Unification Church leaders in Father Moon’s attendance.

My encounter with Father Moon took place in 1974 after completing my program at an engineering school. I prayed desperately about the world situation, “How could God’s world be a world of war and suffering?” A voice shook me from my sleep and I sat up, fully conscious. The voice of God was clear and confident, a women’s voice. The room filled with “light.” God was conversing with me.

God said, “Mark, I never wanted this world of war and sin. It was a tragic accident at the beginning of history, which was never intended to take place.” The love and energy of God’s Voice was full of confidence and sincerity.

God told me that the world was now on the brink of destruction. However, She is full of confidence and joy because Her Son is on the earth working 24/7 to save the world!

When I tried to guess who Her Son was, God said that there was no time for that. So I resolved to seek him out. Four months later I saw a poster of Father Moon and immediately knew he was the Lord of the Second Advent.

Meeting God and finding Father Moon were indeed the greatest experiences of my life.

-Mark S.



From My Dreams

I asked Unificationists to show me pictures of True Father, but no one had any. I really wanted to find out what True Father looked like. In early December of 1969, I was recruited to attend a special workshop in Korea at the training center near Cheong Pyeong Lake. When we arrived at the training center, I went that very night to the little house where True Father was sleeping. I started a prayer outside the building where he was sleeping around 3:30 a.m. It was dark and very cold, and maybe I was praying loudly. About 4:30 a.m. he appeared and opened the door so I could see his face. But I was shocked! I knew this man already. I had seen his face many times in dreams since I was 13-years-old. In those mysterious dreams I saw an Oriental couple standing in white robes. They told me they were my “True Parents.” However, I already had two very good Japanese parents. The couple in those dreams was not Japanese, but I didn’t know which country they came from or if they were people living on the earth or spirits from a distant past. After seven years, I had found the person I had been looking for. (Tribute pg 55–56)

-Keiko Burton

Moved to Tears

In 1964, I was fortunate to meet True Father when he visited Japan for the first time. I cried from the bottom of my heart, moved by True Father’s sermon. During his talk during relaxation, True Father suddenly said to me, “Non-chan (my nickname), you look like my sister”. At that time I was too young to understand what his words meant to me. In 1965, I cried more intensely at the Hiroshima Railroad Station where Hiroshima church members were sending off True Father to Fukuoka, the next stop on his itinerary tour in Japan. I could not understand why I cried so much. I became painfully aware that I finally found my personal God in True Father. I recognized that I was reborn by True Father.

In the summer of 1967, Korean CARP invited seven Japanese student leaders to hold Korean/Japanese student Victory over Communism conferences in major cities. I was one of them. When we arrived in Seoul, we were welcomed by True Father. Right after we bowed to True Father, he said to me with a smile, “You are the person who cried so much at the Hiroshima Station. You know, I remember such a person like you forever. You are my sister.” Tears gushed out of my eyes. In tears I came to know that I would live in a special place in Father’s heart forever. (Tribute pg 249–250)

-Tomiko N.



A Universal Mind

I had little expectation when I met Father Moon for the first time in Germany in 1972, but I was again swept away by an experience I was unprepared to digest. Father Moon entered the hall of 500 people and turned, opening his arms wide to greet everyone. Radiating from his face and spiraling in all directions was some kind of invisible energy, filling the entire hall. Father Moon’s mind was universal, and he was enormous. I felt so small, like a grain of sand in the ocean. Being so young spiritually, unfortunately, Satan used this magnificent experience to drag me down into unredeemable unworthiness. My spiritual life was in a chaos, and I was wasting away, both physically and spiritually.

Later, I was part of the European team that was called to America in 1973 for International One World Crusade (IOWC). We had a 10-day workshop at Belvedere, and Father Moon came to speak every day. One day, he was explosively enraged about Cain and Abel, and dark waves of fear engulfed me, burying me in threatening feelings of self-accusation. I was afraid to look at Father Moon in his eyes. One voice was saying: "He's your Father. You must not be afraid of your Father. You must look at him straight in the eyes." Another voice condemned me: "You are nothing. You are a dot in the vast universe, and very far." It took all of my strength to raise my head and look at Father Moon right in his eyes. All of a sudden, our eyes met, and a powerful impact hit me, lunging me forward from my chair. Shocked, with eyes opened wide, I saw Father Moon's blushing, pacified expression. I was swept up in the resurrecting power of Father Moon's love, and my spirit wanted to fly with wings spread wide. When we are filled with such intoxication of love, there is nothing to envy in this world. That moment, Father Moon liberated me from months of domination by evil power, and I was lifted up into a heavenly realm. (Tribute pg 165-166)

-Genie Kawagawa

Encountering Courage

At the time I was working in the Berkeley center where I had moved in November 1967 at the request of Young Oon Kim. That February, Miss Kim had come to California a few days before Father's arrival, both to welcome him and to prepare us.

Meeting with the Berkeley members beforehand Miss Kim described the daunting challenges that Father faced. While I do not recall specifics, her description was such as to lead me to think that I was about to meet a downtrodden Messiah, inescapably rendered that way by the mountains of difficulties and providential responsibilities he faced.

But a downtrodden Messiah is not who I met.

Through Mrs. Kim I had learned of his challenges, but in True Father I encountered courage. Sitting shortly after his arrival on a chair in the San Francisco Center, shoes off, one leg pulled up under him, his torso fit, his smiling face radiant, he simply exuded strength and light. One could have no idea of his burdens.

My first impression of Father, then, was that he was a man of courage. When I encounter him now, in his 90th year, hearing of his plans and catching his spirit, I see that nothing has changed. (Tribute pg 158)

-Farley Jones



Winning His Heart

This picture (right) was taken with True Father on God's Day 1976 in a street preaching contest. There were three levels, and I won all three. The winner received a Divine Principle Book, a picture with True Father and a chance to give a short street preaching speech. True Father laughed throughout my entire speech.

-Wesley Samuel

Mother's Day

On Mother's Day 1985, Jeanne Carroll and I were driving back to the Unification Theological Seminary (UTS) after a weekend of fundraising in Waterbury, Connecticut. As we approached Danbury, Jeanne suggested that we go visit True

Father in prison. I didn't think we would be able to get in, but I followed her lead.

Soon I was parking my fire-engine-red car next to the building where True Father was and Jeanne was motioning to me to come in, as the guard said it was all right for a minute.

We entered the dining area and saw True Parents sitting in an alcove with Peter Kim. We were dressed for fundraising, shorts and tops, and were sunburned—not exactly proper attire to meet True Parents. So you can imagine True Father's face when he saw us. True Mother smiled at us, and we gave her two apples that we had purchased earlier for our lunch. I was standing behind True Father, so close I could have put

my hands on his shoulders. Then True Father motioned for us to go, so we did.

When we got to the car, we saw Peter Kim running out to us. He stuck his head in the window and asked us where we were from and we said UTS. Then he dropped \$50 in Jeanne's lap and said that it was from True Mother.

I often wondered why we were allowed to "break into" Danbury prison, but I think it was a condition that started in Korea when Unificationists would bring food to True Father whenever he was in prison. In any case, I am honored to be one of the two who could continue that tradition here in America, even when it seemed impossible, and I know that Jeanne feels the same.

-Susan S.



Speaking to Multitudes

When my husband and I lived in Anchorage, Alaska, during the mid-'80s to the early '90s, we had many opportunities to serve True Parents.

Once when True Parents came to visit Alaska, several Unificationists including myself met them in the Anchorage International Airport waiting area. When True Parents entered the room, I felt an incredible awe that I couldn't describe.

True Father never let show any bitterness or agony before us. His expression was only that of joy to see and uplift us. I thought to myself, "How can he be like this after suffering such miserable persecution over and over again?" I had such profound, emotional feelings and was humbled before True Father.

True Parents always gave us their full love whenever they came to Alaska. Even when they were on a busy schedule, with little time to sleep, True Parents would give and give their love to us.

On another occasion, True Parents came to the Eagle River, Alaska, church. We were a small group of brothers and sisters. True Father's words were mostly a summary of Divine Principle, among other topics. I asked myself, "Why is it that he seems to be speaking to a multitude of people?" He was speaking not only to us, but to the spirit world around Anchorage and the surrounding area.

How I remember True Parents is that they always want to give and give endlessly with unconditional love. I miss True Father very much.

The picture (above) was taken at the Eagle River Church on Oct. 10, 1991, at 2 a.m. Along with True Parents are Rev. Jules Hack and Mrs. Seiko Hack, next to True Mother, and my husband and myself.

-Yasuko O.



Memories of fishing with True Father in Alaska

I have noticed True Father likes to share—with everyone he cares about—the things that excite him. That’s a lot of people. He told me about Alaskan fishing when we fished in Montauk, New York, in 1983. He said I should go catch the mighty Alaskan halibut. He had been fishing in Alaska already for several years.

As a member of Ocean Church, I brought our young family to Kodiak in 1987, and developed king salmon sport fishing on the ocean. I introduced this to True Father. He caught his first king salmon in 1989, and fished for them every year since in the rivers and the ocean, sponsoring annual fishing tournaments for the noble Chinook (native for the king, or largest, salmonid).

He brought thousands of people to Kodiak Island to fish with him, including the Reverend Jerry Falwell. The evangelist was properly baptized when, while wading, he lost his balance and flopped into the remote Karluk River.

There’s a saying that Alaska is “where the men are men, and the women are too.” True Father dubbed this “the Alaskan Spirit.” He exemplified this when he and True Mother fished all the daylight

hours on the Karluk River in June, 1990. There’s a problem with this. The sun hardly sets in the summer here. Later, he made me testify to his obsessive fishing behavior during service at North Garden. His query was predicated on the local knowledge that I was the fishing fool of all time. “*Abonim* fished me into the ground,” I said.

True Parents really love Alaska. True Father was planning to come this spring, at age 92, and host another fishing tournament. As fishermen, we generally never let the truth get in the way of a good story. But the fact is—for those who knew him and fished with him (members of our church and non-members)—True Father is a fishing legend, in Alaska, in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and now I hear at Lake Mead, Nevada.

All for Heaven

I remember in 1975 a group of 21-day workshop attendees were directly divided in half by Father Moon after the workshop. One half of the group would go into the New York streets to witness and share the revelation of the Divine Principle, and the other half were commissioned to raise revenue for operations around the world.

I just shared with my wife that at the time, we ourselves did not comprehend Father Moon’s strategy for us. Being part of the Mobile Fundraising Team, or as we affectionately recognize it as, MFT, at that time in America of the people who gave their hard earned money for whatever we exchanged—a flower, a candle, a box of whatever we sold at that time—99.9% would have never on their own walked into a church, let alone made a donation to one.

Little did we understand that Father Moon was offering every move we made for Heaven so that we could meet with the unconditional love of our Heavenly Parent in our marriages and our families. Thank you True Parents!

-Daniel C.

True Parents in Alabama

In 1977, True Father bought Master Marine, Inc., a ship building company in Alabama. I was called from the beginning to work there. A few years later he also bought IOE, Inc. (International Oceanic Enterprises), a shrimp processing company, across the Bayou.

After our Holy Marriage Blessing in 1982, my wife Karin joined me here and we both worked at both companies, even until today. True Parents visited these places many times, and when True Father walked around the shipyards and boats, we would just follow him.

I was working along with four other Unificationists at Master Marine Shipyard #4 in Moss Point, Mississippi. One day, Mr. Paul Werner told us that True Father would be coming to visit the next day, and encouraged us to spruce things up in preparation.

The next day, when True Father came, we walked with him around the shipyard. In my mind as I followed I was singing the Doxology. It is the song Christians sing: "Praise be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost", but I changed the last part to True Parents.

True Father turned and looked at me every now and then. As True Parents got in their car and were beginning to leave, a window opened and True Father called: "Steven, come here!" I was shocked and amazed that he knew my name. I ran up to him and his arm came out of the window with a \$100 bill. He told me to take the guys out for a Chinese dinner. I will never forget that day True Father called me by name.

-Steven W.



A Charismatic Leader

In spite of the heavy burden to save the world, True Father could always find the time and the chance to relax for short moments and have a good laugh.

-Achim H.



Painting by Stephen S.