

Golden Age Newsletter October 2024

Richard Buessing and Carol Pobanz
October 7, 2024



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Hello Goldies, Welcome to the new look! It's all the same content with a simpler format. We hope you enjoy!

These are the articles for this month:

A Message from Elizabeth Seidel, Art in the 21st Century, GAC 2024 Barbecue, Emergency Time Period, MFT Rebirth Experience and a Cinnamon Apple Recipe

This Month's Message

by Elizabeth Seidel

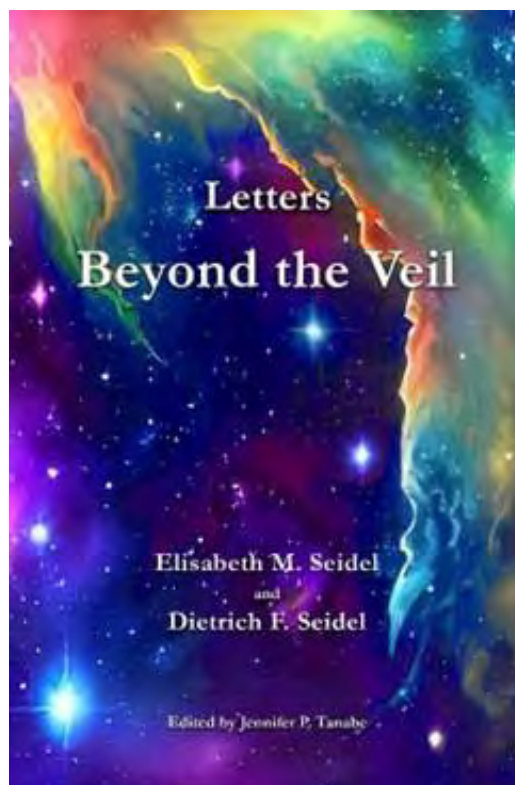


Photo credit: Seidel

When Our Beloved Spouse Ascends

By Elizabeth Seidel

Birth, marriage, and death are the three main events in one's life. We all wish to know, is there life after life? When I was a teenager, this was one of my fundamental questions.

The process of dying for my husband Dietrich lasted about a year. When he was in and out of the hospital for chemotherapy and infection, one day out of the blue I asked him bluntly, "Are you scared of dying?" He answered in a very calm voice, "No, it is very natural."

How could I imagine that death was also something natural for him? I could not even entertain the thought, "What am I going to do without him?" I could not imagine him going away now, not so soon. But somehow his answer satisfied me. Passing into the next world should be something very natural.

He knew there are three stages of life: The first 9 months in the womb is a world of water. In the earthly life we are breathing air. The last stage is in the spirit world. Like the baby who goes through the tunnel of the uterus to be born, we also go through a tunnel to arrive in the next world. There we breathe love.

The hospital discharged Dietrich because there was nothing more they could do, and the hospice care began. Before he passed, I told him:

"Do not worry. I will take care of everything. Things I do not know about. Things I never did before. Things I do not want to do. Things I am afraid of. Things beyond myself. How to figure things out without you around. Things left unfinished. But do not worry I will take care of everything. All the wrongs, I will make right. All the pains, I will heal. All the miseries, I will make them joys. Because you left me with a reservoir of true love."

The day he passed we began a different relationship together. I continued to have a relationship with Dietrich. I could not see him but we communicated with thoughts and feelings. I sensed his presence at times.

Because my husband and I were so close during our lifetime, we used to share everything. We talked a lot. We were the other half of each other. So of course, I have continued to share many things with him since his passing several years ago.

One night I had a short dream of Dietrich. Someone said, "Dietrich is on the phone." So, I rushed to the phone, thinking he was still in the hospital. When I picked up the phone, I just heard the sound of his voice far, far away. The communication had a bad reception and I could not understand what he was saying. When I woke up, I thought the connection will be better next time.

I talk to him while looking at his picture. I write letters to him. Sometimes he answers me like a deep intuition, an emotion, a subtle presence, a certainty, a love sentence coming at me out of somewhere. Then joy comes into my heart as a river of peace, a sense of protection and affirmation of the eternal. Is it not the cherished hope of humanity that we live forever? That there is life after life?

I began writing my thoughts down, in the form of letters to my beloved. And I was

able to receive his answers! One time I received:

“I am thrilled that you are writing to me. It is even better than the telephone because it is written, and I can read it again and again, the writings of my most beautiful wife!”

We were able to communicate because True Love travels everywhere. I am not a medium but I have deep intuition and feelings. Through thoughts, inspiration, and knowing, somehow, we did manage to understand each other and send letters back and forth, because of the love we experienced here on earth!

My children also had some experiences where their father visited them, touched their lives in a way that was meaningful to them. For that I am so grateful.

Last year, in 2023, we celebrated seven years since Dietrich’s passing. A whole circle has been accomplished.

For me, even if he lives in a different dimension, we work and live together, we talk together, we cry together, we celebrate together, because true love never stops. It transcends barriers; the vibrations and energies go back and forth between the two worlds.

It has been a learning experience for me to live alone but together with Dietrich. I feel his presence every day and he is sending messages. Love travels everywhere. So, for these seven years my mission has been to put his life’s work together and to open more widely the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven.

My new book *Letters Beyond the Veil* describes my journey after my beloved Dietrich ascended to the eternal realm, including many of the letters we wrote to each other during the years since he passed.

For anyone whose beloved spouse, or someone very close in heart, has already ascended from this earthly realm, I hope this book will offer comfort, hope, and inspiration. One widow who read it said:

“I know many lives will be touched and comforted by this book as she shares practical ways God has given her to navigate through the grief process, as she remembers the special relationship she had and still has with her beloved. ... She has encouraged me.”

For couples who will inevitably face the reality that one will ascend and the other will remain on earth, I can testify that although the pain is real, the connection, the love is not lost. We remain connected through the “veil” until we are reunited in the eternal realm.

Letters Beyond the Veil is available to purchase in print and for Kindle

Unification Thoughts



Photo credit: Gerry Servito

Art in the 21st Century

A Bridge between Beauty and Values

I. Art is the expression and transmitter of a culture's values

SH Lee

Culture refers to the totality of the various kinds of human activity, including economy, education, religion, science, and art, among which the most central is art. In other words, art is the essence of culture. • *Explaining Unification Thought*, p. 246

The art a culture creates and consumes affects its soul:

Life elements develop the spirit. They are the spiritual equivalent of physical nourishment for the body. Eat healthy, be healthy; eat poorly, be sickly. Same with our spiritual intake, of which art is a major part. The great thinkers of the world's disparate cultures knew this.

Pythagoras

The members of his religious society, the Pythagorean Order, lived by a set of religious, and ethical rules. ...salvation could be reached through purification, the renunciation of worldly sensuality, and the observance of ascetic abstinence. ... The negation of sensuality prior to physical death enables the soul to achieve the ideal of, and physical purification through the use of medicine and gymnastics. • *History of Philosophy*, p. 21

[To read more, please click here!](#)

Dawning of A New Age



Photo credit: Graeme Carmichael

What a Beautiful Day

By Carol Pobanz

What a beautiful day – the weather was perfect and the company even better! On this late summer afternoon, nearly 80 brothers and sisters entered our backyard to celebrate yet another year of giving and the welcoming in of more brothers and sister reaching the golden age of 60.

[To read more, please click here!](#)

History Bytes



Photo credit: Photographer's name

Emergency Time Period – Rev. Sun Myung Moon

by Larry Krishnek

On January 2, 1984, Heung Jin Moon, True Parents' second son, passed away. He had been on life support for several days since the automobile accident that fatally injured him. The account of that sad event can be found in detail by searching Gary Fleisher's excellent website: tparents.org.

Just prior to Heung Jin Nim's passing, my MFT Region was restructured as was my mission. There was a business division, Blue Jay Products, which was a for-profit entity. Denver became the home of Blue Jay and I became the central figure. We were a group of about 20 people, about one third of our earlier number, which necessitated downsizing. We moved from the large house we had on Tejon St. in Denver to a suburban home in Arvada. We retained our warehouse as our products were assembled and stored there. Kevin Thompson was the warehouse and product manager. We also operated a small picture gallery in the Cinderella City Mall in Denver that was managed by Patti Mallaghan (Couweleers). In addition, there were two or three traveling teams.

[*To read more, please click here!*](#)

Testimonies and Tributes



Rebirth

Boston, December 1977

By Robert Beebe

It was a snowy afternoon in downtown Boston as I walked up and down Washington Street looking for the newspaper office where I was to have a job interview for a reporter position. I knew my chances for landing the job were slim. I'd already been rejected at several other places. Main reasons: no education, no training, and no experience in journalism. After all, my major at Princeton had been economics. A couple of months earlier I had the naïve idea that would get me in the door no matter what the major. No more. I was coming up against the real world. Two months of job hunting and my wallet was getting lighter and lighter. If I didn't land a job soon... Well, the thought of having to move back in with my parents (and six younger siblings) at the age of 25 was not at all appealing.

To read more, please [click here!](#)

Health & Recipes



Cinnamon Apples

joyfoodsunshine.com/stovetop-cinnamon-apples/#wprm-recipe-container-8858

If you make and love our recipes, it would mean so much to me if you would leave a comment and rating! And don't forget to follow along with us on Instagram, Pinterest, Facebook, and Youtube – be sure to tag @ joyfoodsunshine and use the hashtag #joyfoodsunshine so we can see your creations!

SavePinPrint

Easy Cinnamon Apples Recipe

LAURA

These cinnamon apples taste like a warm apple pie, but they are easy to make in 15 minutes on the stovetop! This cinnamon apples recipe is a delicious side dish, snack, or light dessert.

5 FROM 140 VOTES

COURSEBreakfast, Dessert, Snack

CUISINEAmerican

SERVINGS3 cups of apples (4 servings)

CALORIES95.8

PREP TIME5minutes minutes

COOK TIME15minutes minutes

TOTAL TIME20minutes minutes

Equipment

- saute pan
- measuring spoons
- spatula

AD

Ingredients

US CustomaryMetric

1x2x3x

- ☐ 3 apples (about 3 cups, chopped)
- ☐ 2 Tablespoons water
- ☐ 1 Tablespoon salted butter (or coconut oil)
- ☐ 1 Tablespoon maple syrup
- ☐ ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

- ¼ teaspoon fine sea salt
- ¼ teaspoon pure vanilla extract

Instructions

1. Cut apples into same-sized pieces (about ½–1" cubes).
1. Put apples pieces into a skillet with 2 TBS water. Cover the pan and cook over medium heat for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the apples become slightly soft and water is absorbed.
1. Add 1 TBS of butter to the skillet. Stir apples and oil together until all the apples are coated. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring every minute or so, until the apples become soft (you may need to cover them for the last 2 minutes).
1. Add Maple syrup, cinnamon, salt and vanilla. Stir until well mixed.
1. Cook for about 5 more minutes, stirring every minute until the apples reach your desired softness.
1. Remove from heat and serve.

Bulletin Board



Photo credit: Carol Pobanz

The Golden Age Newsletter began as a small Clifton Senior newsletter about 3 years ago.

ARTICLE GUIDELINES

Purpose: The Golden Age newsletter has been created as a means to keep our elder community connected to one another. Articles are not in any way meant to proselytize or push a point of view.

It is a place to share God's Love – what is positive in our life as a result of finding our Heavenly Parent and True Parents.

Motto: "This is the Dawning of our New Age" – We are always in the process of redefining ourselves as we grow older and as we add experiences to our lives. Therefore, we must consider how God can use us even when we may be decreasing in our physical capabilities.

The e-newsletter is broken down into eight sections:

1. A Featured Message of Inspiration – Helping others to feel hope and inspiration for the establishment of CIG.
2. "Unification Thoughts" – any educational article on the "Fifth Realm of Heart" – Grandparents' heart
3. History Byte – A short article on a positive memory, a funny or affectionate story about experiences in the church with True Parents or with brothers and sisters or an article about the development/experience of helping to develop one of True Parents' providential projects or events.
4. Arts and Culture – A sharing about one's talents, hobbies or interests and how this relates to sharing God's love (to family, community, nation or world).
5. Tributes and Testimonies– a personal testimony of one or more life learning experiences or a Tribute to a spouse, friend, or leader
6. Health – An article that relates to health (physical or mental), possibly providing a link to an article you think might be interesting or important to other seniors.
7. I Love being a Grandparent – stories about grandparenting or about things to do with grandchildren
8. Recipe – Preferably a healthy recipe along with 2–3 paragraphs about what makes it a good or memorable recipe.
9. Book Review – report on a book that inspires thoughts toward a world of peace
10. Bulletin board – reports on personal activities, or request help on a project

Did someone forward this to you? Subscribe to the Golden Age Newsletter [here!](#)

Art In The 21st Century

by Gerry Servito

A Bridge between Beauty and Values

I. Art is the expression and transmitter of a culture's values

SH Lee

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Confucius

... rites, music and poetry were fundamental. According to Confucius, rites, as an institution, regulate our mind and direct our desires. Music, as a "civilizing force," harmonizes our sentiments and restrains our passions, Poetry, as a "moral force," moderates our nature and inspires our ethical feeling. Thus, the arts are important of themselves, but they are also the foundation of ethical learning. In Confucius' words (CHAP. VIII.): sic. • *The Story of Chinese Philosophy*, p. 22

1. 'It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused.

2. 'It is by the Rules of Propriety that the character is established'

3. 'It is from Music that the finish is received.' • *Confucian Analects*, p. 211

In the Taoist *Chuang Tzu* (Chapter XXXIII, *Tien Hsia*), the specific purpose of each of these subjects is given:

Poetry is to teach ideals, History is to teach events; Rites is to teach conduct; Music is to teach harmony; Change is to teach the dual forces of the universe; and Spring and Autumn is to teach the great principle of honor and duty. • *The Story of Chinese Philosophy*, p. 22

As in the practical application of the arts already noted above, the stress here is on the use of education in the development of personality rather than upon knowledge for its own sake.

Mencius

1. Mencius said, "The richest fruit of benevolence is this — the service of one's parents. The richest fruit of Righteousness is this — the obeying of one's elder brothers.

2. "The richest fruit of wisdom is this — the knowing those two things, and not departing from them. The richest fruit of propriety is this, the ordering and adorning those two things. The richest fruit of music is this, the rejoicing in those two things. When they are rejoiced in, they grow. Growing, how can they be repressed? When they come to this state that they cannot be repressed, then unconsciously the feet begin to dance and the hands to move" • *The Works of Mencius*, p. 313-314

Plato

... musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoice over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, reason comes he will recognize and salute the friend with whom his education has made him long familiar. • from *The Republic*, Book 3

...God takes away the minds of poets, and uses them as his ministers, as he also uses diviners and holy prophets, in order that we who hear them may know ... that God himself is the speaker, and that through them he is conversing with us. ...God would seem to indicate to us and not allow us to doubt that these beautiful poems are not human, or the work of man, but divine and the work of God; and that the poets are only the interpreters... Was not this the lesson which the God intended to teach when by the mouth of the worst of poets he sang the best of songs • from *Ion*

'Those who are pregnant in the body only, betake themselves to women and beget children — this is the character of their love; their offspring, as they hope, will preserve their memory and give them the blessedness and immortality which they desire in the future. But souls which are pregnant ...conceive that which is proper for the soul to conceive or contain. And what are these conceptions? — wisdom and virtue in general. And such creators are poets and all artists who are deserving of the name inventor. But the greatest and fairest sort of wisdom by far is that which is concerned with the ordering of states and families, and which is called temperance and justice. And he who in youth has the seed of these im-planted in him and is himself inspired, when he comes

to maturity desires to beget and generate...and naturally embraces the beautiful ...he who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only—out of that he should create thoughts...search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth or man or institution... but drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. • from *Symposium*

Aristotle

Enough has been said to show that music has a power of forming the character, and should therefore be introduced into the education of the young. The study is suited to the stage of youth, for young persons will not, if they can help, endure anything which is not sweetened by pleasure, and music has a natural sweetness. There seems to be in us a sort of affinity to musical modes and rhythms, which makes some philosophers say that the soul is a tuning, others, that it possesses tuning... And now we have to determine the question which has been already raised, whether children should be themselves taught to sing and play or not. Clearly there is a considerable difference made in the character by the actual practice of the art. It is difficult, if not impossible, for those who do not perform to be good judges of the performance of others. Besides, children should have something to do, and the rattle of Archytas, which people give to their children in order to amuse them and prevent them from breaking anything in the house, was a capital invention, for a young thing cannot be quiet. The rattle is a toy suited to the infant mind, and education is a rattle or toy for children of a larger growth. We conclude then that they should be taught music in such a way as to become not only critics but performers. ...they who are to be judges must also be performers, and that they should begin to practise early, although when they are older they may be spared the execution; they must have learned to appreciate what is good and to delight in it, thanks to the knowledge which they acquired in their youth. ... freemen who are being trained to political virtue should pursue the art, what melodies and rhythms they should be allowed to use, and what instruments should be employed in teaching them to play: for even the instrument makes a difference. Let the young practise even such music as we have prescribed, only until they are able to feel delight in noble melodies and rhythms, and not merely in that common part of music in which every slave or child and even some animals find pleasure. ... The vulgarity of the spectator tends to lower the character of the music and therefore of the performers; they look to him—he makes them what they are, and fash- ions even their bodies by the movements which he ex- pects them to exhibit. ... In education the most ethical modes are to be preferred ... But for the purposes of education, as I have already said, those modes and melodies should be employed which are ethical... • from *Politics*

II. Beauty

A. Views on Beauty

Beauty is the emotional stimulation that the object gives to the subject. It is the object's value grasped emotionally. Also, the value of an object is latent, until it is judged as beautiful by a subject. • *Explaining Unification Thought*, p. 251

Before this interaction, its value is essential, potential, not fully realized.

1. Plato

...But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life — thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty simple and divine? ... beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities, and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life? • from *Symposium*

2. Plotinus

Beauty addresses itself chiefly to sight; but there is a beauty for the hearing too... in certain combinations of words and in all kinds of music, for melodies and cadences are beautiful; and minds that lift themselves above the realm of sense to a higher order are aware of beauty in the conduct of life, in actions, in character, in the pursuits of the intellect; and there is the beauty of the virtues. from *Ennead 1 | Sixth Tractate*

...the Soul—by the very truth of its nature, by its affiliation to the noblest Existents in the hierarchy of Being — when it sees anything of that kin, or any trace of that kinship, thrills with an immediate delight, takes its own to itself, and thus stirs anew to the sense of its nature and of all its affinity. This, then, is how the material thing becomes beautiful — by communicating in the thought that flows from the Divine in the Soul's becoming a good and beautiful thing is its becoming like to God, for from the Divine comes all the Beauty and all the Good in beings Therefore the Soul must be trained — to the habit of remarking, first, all noble pursuits, then the works of beauty produced not by the labour of the arts but by the virtue of men known for their goodness: lastly, you must search the souls of those that have shaped these beautiful forms. • from *Ennead 1 | Sixth Tractate*

Everywhere, doing and making will be found to be either an attenuation or a complement of vision • attenuation if the doer was aiming only at the thing done; complement if he is to possess something nobler to gaze upon than the mere work produced. • from *Ennead 3 | Eighth Tractate*

3. Kant

...the beautiful is the symbol of the morally good, and that it is only in this respect ... that it gives pleasure.... By this, the mind is made conscious of a certain ennoblement and elevation above the mere sensibility to pleasure received through sense, and the worth of others is estimated in accordance with a like maxim of their judgment.

• *Critique of Judgement*, 1st division, 1st book

B. The determination of beauty

1. Object requisites

Unification Thought explains that, to have potential value, an art object must possess: purpose of creation, harmony of physical elements within the object (i.e., harmony of physical elements with the artist's underlying purpose, theme, and plan). • *Explaining Unification Thought* , p. 253

a. Aristotle

The chief forms of beauty are order and symmetry and definiteness • from *Metaphysics*, Book XIII

b. Augustine

Beautiful things please by proportion, *numero*, and here as we have shewn equality is not found only in sounds for the ear and in bodily movements, but also in visible forms, in which hitherto equality has been identified with beauty even more customarily than in sounds. Nothing can be proportionate or rhythmic, *numerosus*, without equality... • from *De Musica*, Book VI

c. Kant

Genius is the talent (or natural gift) which gives the rule to art. Since talent, as the innate productive faculty of the artist, belongs itself to nature, we may express the matter thus: Genius is the innate mental disposition (*ingenium*) through which nature gives the rule to art. • from *Critique of Judgement* , 1st division, 1st book

... art always supposes a purpose in the cause..., there must be at bottom in the first instance a concept of what the thing is to be. And as the agreement of the manifold in a thing with its inner destination, its purpose, constitutes the perfection of the thing, it follows that in judging of artificial beauty the perfection of the thing must be taken into account... • from *Critique of Judgement*, 1st division, 1st book

Genius

...For beautiful art, therefore, *imagination, understanding, spirit, and taste* are requisite. • from *Critique of Judgement* , 1st division, 1st book

2. Subject requisites (in Appreciation only)

...The appreciator must lead an ethical life, approaching art with a pure mind... (he) must also have his own way of thinking, individuality, interests, hobbies, view of life, ideas, education... He needs a basic understanding of culture in order to understand art in any real depth. • *Explaining Unification Thought* , p. 271

a. Plotinus

Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful: he cuts away here, and he smoothes there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work. So do you also: cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is overcast, labour to make all one glow of beauty and never cease chiselling your statue, until there shall shine out on you from it the godlike splendour of virtue, until you shall see the perfect goodness surely established in the stainless shrine... To any vision must be brought an eye adapted to what is to be seen, and having some likeness to it

brought an eye adapted to what is to be seen, and having some likeness to it. Never did eye see the sun unless it had first become sunlike, and never can the Soul have vision of the First Beauty unless itself be beautiful Therefore, first let each become godlike and each beautiful who cares to see God and Beauty. • from *Ennead 1 / Sixth Tractate*

b. Augustine

...But when the soul has properly adjusted and disposed itself, and has rendered itself harmonious and beautiful, then will it venture to see God, the very source of all truth and the very Father of Truth.... to us is promised a vision of beauty – the beauty of whose imitation all other things are beautiful, ... and he will see it, who lives well, prays well, studies well • from *De Ordine*, chap. 19

c. Kant

...we often describe beautiful objects of nature or art by names that seem to put a moral appreciation at their basis. We call buildings or trees majestic and magnificent, landscapes laughing and gay; even colors are called innocent, modest, tender, because they excite sensations which have something analogous to the consciousness of the state of mind brought about by moral judgements. Taste makes possible the transition, without any violent leap, from the charm of sense to habitual moral interest... pleasure is derived which taste regards as valid for mankind in general and not merely for the private feeling of each. Hence it appears plain that the true propaedeutic for the foundation of taste is the development of moral ideas and the culture of the moral feeling, because it is only when sensibility is brought into agreement with this that genuine taste can assume a definite invariable form. • from *Critique of Judgement*, 1st division, book 2

Conclusion

Art is to improve our present lives, and the future as well.

...If it is our aim to construct a new culture, we must pay attention to art, for art is the essence of culture. First, we must protect the cultural heritage we already have. This heritage includes architecture, sculpture, music, painting, industrial design, and so on.... When we consider such things, we feel responsible not only to inherit our own culture, but to keep it alive, and on this foundation to, to develop a new culture. This new culture will come about through the integration of the best elements within the cultures of various nations and racial groups. So, keeping our national cultural heritage is a sine qua non for building a new culture. *Explaining Unification Thought*, p. 271.

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WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY! >

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WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

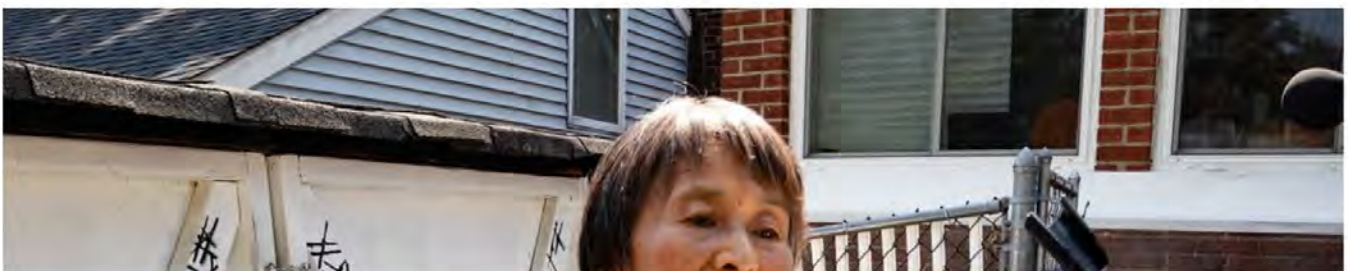
By Carol Pobanz

What a beautiful day – the weather was perfect and the company even better! On this late summer afternoon, nearly 80 brothers and sisters entered our backyard to celebrate yet another year of giving and the welcoming in of more brothers and sister reaching the golden age of 60.



photo credit: all photos from Graeme Carmichael

As was explained by Eriko Endo the initiator of the Golden Age Club (GAC) annual banquet. "It's been 14 years (2010) since we began this gathering to celebrate another "golden" year completed and to welcome all new 60-year-olds to our ever-growing Golden community. We honor our faithful elder community members, take pride in all continued efforts, and celebrate the wisdom they have accrued through aging!"





The Golden Age celebration began as an end-of-the-year banquet. However, in 2020, because of the Covid-19 epidemic, we rethought the event and so began the annual GAC BBQ held in the Pobanz family back yard. This year a photo line was created in one corner of the yard displaying photos from each of the past events beginning in 2010 to the present. What great memories of many lifelong friends, some of whom have passed on to their spiritual home, many funny moments together, raffles, BINGO, entertainment, testimonies and delicious meals, including generously donated salmon and sushi.

This year, the program began with a welcome and prayer from our pastor Naokimi Ushiroda expressing gratitude and appreciation for the many years of service from our elder members. Then, as usual, a few of our beloved youth members barbequed the chicken and salmon, and set up the buffet of grilled vegetables, salad, fruit, sushi donated by Sakurabana and the salmon donated by Ocean Providence. Coffee and tea, pies and a birthday cake were offered for dessert, and much appreciated Melona fruit bars were distributed.



One table was specifically dedicated to the age 80 years and above participants. This table was served by the second-generation members, allowing those seven individuals a reprieve from the line of attendees eager to enjoy the meal. A testimony was given by Mrs. Sawamaki, who was one of the eldest members in attendance (87 years old).





Peter Lewis organized the entertainment, including a prepared repertoire of oldies, as well as an open mic for Karaoke. Also, much to our surprise and enjoyment, Mrs. Toshiko Sato (from the 80+ years table) favored us with an exquisite dance. I think many observers had to admire her agility and spirit, when many of us even in our sixties are challenged with simply getting up off the floor, with some sort of grace, to standing position!



Though we prepared a wonderful program, I think the thing almost everyone enjoys the most is simply being together to reminisce and to catch up with each other. Please enjoy the photos taken by Graeme Carmichael <https://www.graemecarmichaelphotography.com/FFWPUNewJersey/Golden-Age-Club-BBQ-2024-09-14/n-B9LZPN>

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Emergency Time Period

by Larry Krishnek

On January 2, 1984, Heung Jin Moon, True Parents' second son, passed away. He had been on life support for several days since the automobile accident that fatally injured him. The account of that sad event can be found in detail by searching Gary Fleischer's excellent website: tparents.org.

Just prior to Heung Jin Nim's passing, my MFT Region was restructured as was my mission. There was a business division, Blue Jay Products, which was a for-profit entity. Denver became the home of Blue Jay and I became the central figure. We were a group of about 20 people, about one third of our earlier number, which necessitated downsizing. We moved from the large house we had on Tejon St. in Denver to a suburban home in Arvada. We retained our warehouse as our products were assembled and stored there. Kevin Thompson was the

It was March 1984. Miwa was just six months old and Akemi was pregnant with Bobeya. The whole family thing was uncharted territory for many of us. Our obligation in attendance to True Parents was that of missionaries. The imagery of "Heavenly soldier" was very present, especially with the MFT. Our church organization, and even some of our songs, reflected that. We had a clear understanding and absolute faith that the God-centered family was our ultimate destination but there was a lot we needed to do in terms of personal growth in building our church foundation.

Now there were 2075 newly Blessed families. Not all were in America, but most were. Amongst them, those who had been matched in 1979 started their married lives just 40 days after the July 1st, 1982 Blessing and, like Akemi and I, were actively building families. This would typically be a time of early marital bliss, but it was clouded by the death of Heung Jin Nim and the Federal court case against Father that was being manipulated to assure a guilty verdict.

It has been the tradition of the Unification Church from its earliest days to offer what is dearest to us and serve for the sake of the greater good, particularly in times of severe challenge. You can read about the origins of our church in Korea and the tremendous opposition it faced. True Father never advises that we step back or take a more "reasonable" path, or to ever give up. He knows, from his life and history, that ultimate victory that leads to the benefit of the future requires doing what the adversary is unwilling to do – live for the sake of others.

The Emergency Time period was announced in early 1984. In this huge shift in demographic makeup of our church, True Father unleashed a tsunami. Prior to

this, the IOWC (International One World Crusade) was formed. These were traveling evangelical teams. The IOWC had existed in various forms since 1970 or 71, but hadn't been active since the mid-70s. This meant that newly Blessed couples, many pregnant and without consistent forms of income, were traveling from place to place, supporting local church communities through evangelical activities. As an MFT Commander, I was mostly an observer and a supporter. I remember well the first team to come to Denver led by Mark and Victoria Clevenger. We had a large center and could help accommodate the Clevengers and some of their team while others stayed at the Denver Church center where Susan Fefferman was the State Leader.

As a new Blessed couple staying in a secure, stable environment, I felt sorry for the circumstances of the IOWC families. The MFT members worked hard and challenged their limitations all the time, but they enjoyed the security of a stable organization as well as no worries about finances. The IOWC teams were self-funding and, in many ways, figuring things out along the way. If a team visited a state with few members, they could not count on accommodations or much support of any kind or, in some cases, they were regarded as a burden. I got only a glimpse of this reality at that time. Soon I would have a much clearer understanding of their challenges when the stable ground beneath my feet was removed.

IOWC 100

That happened sometime around March of 1984. After 10 years on the MFT, I received notice from my leader, Mr. Sawamukai, that I was being transferred to the IOWC in New York. I know it was a shock to me but, at the same time, not a surprise. I do not recall the details now, but I was part of a human resources swap, a standard practice in those times. If one organization had a particular need for someone with certain skills, then they had to produce a replacement that met the needs of the offering organization. I don't think you will find this practice recorded in any sort of organizational manual, but that's how it worked in real life.

So, I packed up and flew to New York City where I was to meet my new Central Figure, Mr. Won Pil Kim, True Father's first disciple, and Mr. Ryoji Sawada, his assistant. I still didn't know what I would be doing but that would be cleared up quickly. My first meeting with Rev. Kim was in his office in the New Yorker Hotel. He explained that there were many, many members who had left their IOWC teams – some with permission, some not – and had come to New York. Lots of these people were living in the New Yorker Hotel or with acquaintances and friends in the area.

Rev. Kim was deeply concerned about them and his desire was that they maintain their connection to the IOWC as it was of such providential importance to True Parents. I could feel his sincere desire to protect them.

So, what did this have to do with me? Well, Dr. Kim explained that he wanted to establish a brand new IOWC team and I would be the Commander. But this team would be very different from the 20 or so teams currently scattered around the country. We would be in New York – no vans, no travel. My job, with the support of Mr. Sawada, was to contact all of these brothers and sisters and re-engage them, in some form or another, with the International One World Crusade.

Rev. Kim was quite enthusiastic about this program, whereas my head must have been spinning trying to grasp the scope of this project and to imagine how to even start! He asked me to choose a number for our team. He told me I could pick anything e.g. 100, 500 or whatever. I went with Team 100 and we were spoken into existence. With that, my team, which included any IOWC person not connected, instantly became the largest in the organization. The next step was to find these people, get a grasp of their situations, and provide a workable plan to reconnect them.

Mr. Sawada knew Rev. Kim's intent as well as the reality I was stepping into. So, together we could start working. Our first plan was to welcome everyone to a meeting, like a half-day workshop, to share Rev. Kim's desire and to establish relationships.

The New Yorker Hotel is huge. Many of the rooms and probably whole upper floors were unused in those days. To manage it must have been like trying to govern boomtowns in the old wild west. Somewhere in those 34 floors dwelt a large number of IOWC Team 100 members.

With help from the Home Church group that Rev. Kim was also leading, we made leaflets and posted them all over the New Yorker and at our 4 W 43rd St. Headquarters building.



Rev. Won Pil Kim, his wife and Mrs, Inari together with some Brooklyn Home Church People: Berti Bacon, unknown, Jerry Chesnut, Carole Pobanz and Gary Abrahams

I believe we were able to have two major gatherings at the New Yorker Hotel and the turnout was good. I couldn't tell you what the format was, but I know we were trying to spread our arms wide, embrace everyone and do our best to gain their trust. This was not easy for a lot of reasons. I had several years of leadership experience that were guided by certain principles and ideas that were mostly

experience that was guided by certain principles and ideas that were mostly taken for granted. That's not to say there were no gray areas or forbidden topics, but they were not common and I think a person would feel uncomfortable bringing these things to light in such a focused and idealistic environment.

Amongst our participants were many people who could no longer suppress some of their deep issues and were desperate to get help. A number of the brothers and sisters were seeing a Psychiatrist, Dr. Kronmeyer, and trying to get through their struggles and pain via his therapy. Other people had unaddressed health concerns they were dealing with, some were just burned out and yet others were between missions and hanging out until something came their way. Dr. Kim met with many brothers and sisters, encouraging them and explaining the importance of keeping their connection to the IOWC. He was always very kind and gave his whole attention to people without judgment.

We did our best to listen and understand, then to consider how to help our team find a place where they could make a contribution and be happy with their situation. In time, IOWC 100 became more of a placement service than an evangelical activity. New York was a very busy place with many Church-affiliated organizations. When word started spreading that we had lots of people seeking positions, leaders started calling and visiting. This wasn't something we planned, but it was just what was needed. Our brothers and sisters filled many important positions from simple tasks to journalism and scientific research.

<

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

Rebirth

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Rebirth

By Robert Beebe

Boston, December 1977

It was a snowy afternoon in downtown Boston as I walked up and down Washington Street looking for the newspaper office where I was to have a job interview for a reporter position. I knew my chances for landing the job were slim. I'd already been rejected at several other places. Main reasons: no education, no training, and no experience in journalism. After all, my major at Princeton had been economics. A couple of months earlier I had the naïve idea that would get me in the door no matter what the major. No more. I was coming up against the real world. Two months of job hunting and my wallet was getting lighter and lighter. If I didn't land a job soon, well, the thought of having to move back in with your parents would be what I was doing looking for a job as a journalist with spending four years and \$16,000 (whoa! only? remember, this is 1977) on an economics degree. To make a long story short, after graduating and facing the prospect of working at a real job for the first time in my life, I found that employment opportunities for economic philosophers/historians were not easy to come by. I settled on a job at a firm that conducted economic research (read statistical analysis and computer programming) for the government. It wasn't my cup of tea. Meanwhile, I found myself starting to read classical literature for the first time in my life (outside of a high school or college course, that is) and getting ideas into my head that I could be a writer, too. So, I saved up a couple thousand dollars, quit my job, and moved into a hovel of an apartment in Boston.

While looking for a paying job, I began writing the Great American Novel. It began with an introverted lonely young man (guess who?) up on top of the John Hancock building looking through one of those high-powered binoculars out at the city. It was about nine in the evening (would the roof even be open then?). As he scans through the Common, he suddenly witnesses a murder taking place under a lamppost. Through the binoculars he gets a good look at the murderer. His dilemma becomes whether to go to the police with the information and come out of his insulated world or do nothing and remain in his cocoon.

He chooses to come forward, which will forever change his life. To protect the young man from the killer, the police chief invites him to live with his family secretly in his suburban home. There he becomes good friends with the chief's young son. He is moved by the child's innocence and idealism, rekindling hope in his own life. This is as far as I got. I had written perhaps 70 pages until this fateful day.

I was lost. I knew the place I was looking for was somewhere on Washington Street, but I just couldn't seem to locate the building. The address didn't seem to exist. And it was snowing a lot.

"Excuse me." A little Japanese girl with two gold teeth was standing in front of me.

"What?" I said, more than a little disoriented.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked, smiling at me, her gold teeth gleaming.

"God?" I repeated, trying to collect my thoughts. "Well, I guess I do sometimes. Not right now, though."

"Are you concerned about the world situation—poverty, drugs, the possibility of nuclear war?"

"Well, yeah. I guess. Isn't everybody?" Where was this leading to? I wondered.

"Please come to our center. We have a lecture that talks about these problems."

"Well, I'm kind of busy right now... What kind of center? Are you some kind of Christian group?" Memories of my time with the Princeton Evangelical Fellowship popped into my head.

"Something like that. Why don't you come?" she repeated insistently. This girl, so sweet and innocent on the outside, was like steel on the inside. She wasn't about to let me off her hook. Well, what harm would it do? I could go, argue with them for a while about the Bible, perhaps get something to eat there (my wallet was real light by now) and go home no worse for the wear. But I had to get to this appointment first.

Five hours later I was standing in front of the center on Beacon Street. I don't remember anymore whether I made it to that appointment for the job interview or not. In any case, I know I was never offered a position at that newspaper. Little did I know I was about to take a step that would irrevocably change the course of my life.

The memory of that first visit to the Unification Church center is mostly a blur now. What I do recall is being met by a sea of faces, many of them Asian. I was impressed by the international flavor of the people there. They seemed to be generally in their twenties and very bright and smiling. They seemed to be happy.

How was this visit different from my experience with the Princeton Evangelical Fellowship? Here again I was being witnessed to. Here again I was facing a situation where people were out to convert me to their religious beliefs. Well, for one thing, this was a much more international group than I had been with at Princeton, who were mostly white Americans. As I mentioned, that impressed me.

Also, I had come there out of my own free will, rather than being dragged there by someone. I guess I had reached a stage in my life when I was ready to hear a new message. Finally, their teachings, rather than giving rise to many unanswered questions, seemed instead to answer the questions I had been asking about God, Jesus, the Bible, history, etc.

After a sumptuous meal of water, soup, bread, and weak lemonade, I heard with what seemed to be about ten other guests a lecture on the parallels of history.

For the first time in my life, I heard an explanation of how God had been working throughout history up to the present day. I saw that God was a living God who spoke to people not just in biblical times but had been working behind the scenes of history right into the twentieth century. The creation of Israel, the Roman Empire, America, the world wars, and many other events, all played a role in the development of God's Providence.

Perhaps it was my imagination but, all throughout the lecture, the speaker, and Irishman by the name of Aidan Barry, seemed to be looking right at me. When he finished, he immediately came right over to me. Although all the elements of the pressure to join their group were there, rather than feeling uneasy about the situation, I was intrigued by their ideas. I wanted to hear more. And I would. Over the next few weeks I would attend a weekend workshop and several weeklong workshops before finally joining as a full-time member. My life would never be the same.

Providence, Rhode Island, October 1978

It was my sixth month on MFT (Mobile Fundraising Team) and I was challenging for a "green pin," a coveted award for achieving a \$120-a-day average over a three-month period. It was the final day of the first month. I had to make a certain forgotten amount in order to attain that average for the month of October. Of course, the last day of October is Halloween.

Our team found itself in Providence, RI—a place well-known in our region for its red-necked Italian-American variety of anti-Moonie negativity. That morning I was taken out early (apparently I had to make a sizable amount that day) and dropped off at the downtown fish market. I was selling so-called silk roses (which weren't really silk at all). Luck (or providence?) would have it that the owner of the first place I went to was extremely negative. It seems that he had just gotten his daughter out of the Unification Movement. He loudly proclaimed that he was going to call the police on me. I took it as an idle threat but quickly made myself scarce before starting again a few shops down the road.

Not two minutes later a police van (i.e., paddy wagon) pulled up next to me. Three officers jumped out, handcuffed me behind my back and tossed me into the van, all the while sharing with me their views on the Unification Church in the Providence vernacular. I was taken down to police headquarters and put into a jail cell until they could figure out what to do with me.

A couple of hours later I found myself being escorted into a large room with many people. I was brought up onto a stage where I could see I was the last in a line of shady characters. I was in a police line-up! One-by-one the officer in charge went down the line asking the men what they had been charged with, I guess in order to determine what to do with them next—trial, fine, etc. So it went: burglary, arson, rape, vandalism. When he came to me, I said, of course, "selling flowers." With that, the whole room broke into laughter and the head officer shouted, "Get that guy outta here!" A few minutes later I was back out on the streets with my full bucket of flowers. So my day began.

I don't remember much about the rest of the day until that evening when I was put out in some kind of college bar area near the center of the city. Remember, it was Halloween. There were about four bars, some more like discos, around a

was Halloween. There were about four bars, some more like discos, around a small central square area along which ran a road. All night I just had to stay in that central square catching people coming out of the various establishments.

Being Halloween night, people were dressed up in all kinds of costumes and, being Halloween night, as time wore on, the atmosphere was getting more and more crazy. Around 10pm my team captain came by to check on me. I still had a way to go to make my goal. He could see how the atmosphere was becoming and suggested taking me somewhere else. However, I was doing quite well and thought this was probably the place where I stood the best chance to make the result I needed. He told me okay but to be careful and that he would be back around 1am for the final pick-up.

Not long after he left, one guy came up to me showing a strong interest in my artificial flowers. So strong, in fact, that he said he wanted to buy them all. Immediately, dollar signs crowded my field of vision. Only thing was, he said, the money was in his wallet which was in his car around the corner. "Come with me," he said.

Normally I would have been cautious about this kind of thing, but he had a girl with him (a taming influence, I thought) and, in any case, the thought of making my goal there and then was just too much to resist. I followed him as in a trance.

No sooner had we gotten around the corner when he suddenly tried to grab the flowers out of my bucket. I was quick to catch the other end of the stems and there we were each tugging at either end of the bunch. Not being real flowers, they stood up quite well to the abusive treatment. The would-be thief was finding it not so easy to tear them away from me. Then, suddenly there appeared the sole of a shoe in front of my face. The next thing I knew my glasses were flying, I was falling, and most of the flowers were out of my hand (I still held on to a few). From the pavement I watched him climb triumphantly into his car with his untaming girlfriend and drive off.

It didn't take long for the whole left side of my face to swell up until I must have begun to take on the appearance of one of the Halloween goons. My face became my costume. So, people didn't seem to be too surprised at the way I looked as I approached them to try to sell my remaining flowers. Eventually I sold them and waited for the van, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

Fortunately, my captain arrived with an empty van—although an hour late. He had already brought everyone else back to the center. Of course, I still had not made my goal, having lost more than half my product. After overcoming his shock at seeing my face and hearing my story, he decided that, under the circumstances, I deserved a special time extension to try to make the goal. I would be given until noon the next day (now actually that day). First, we would go to an all-night Denny's for some soup, which was about all I could get into my mouth.

After some recuperation at Denny's and a short nap in the van, I was put out at a stoplight at six in the morning. "See you at twelve," said my captain. "Mansei!" For a long time the traffic was rather slow and people didn't seem too interested in flowers, especially artificial ones, so early in the morning. ("Some fake flowers to go with your breakfast?") Maybe they were put off by my appearance as well. The left side of my face had hardened into a mass of numbness. In any case, I persevered and, yes, my story has a happy ending: I made my goal and a few

months later I had earned my green pin (see following story).

Indiana/Kentucky, 1979

On God's Day 1979 I was transferred to the MFT region in Indiana. I still remember meeting my new region's members in the lobby of the New Yorker Hotel as we prepared to load into various vans to hit the road west. That was the day I would see my future wife for the first time although, of course, I would not know it at the time. But that's a story for another day.



photo credit: Robert Beebe

Soon after, it was the last day of the month (again), and the last day of the third month of my attempt to make a \$120 average in order to qualify for a green pin. I was on a fundraising team somewhere in either Indiana or Kentucky (the background setting has become a little hazy over the years—sometimes it seems to me it all happened in the spirit world, such is my feeling about it now).

Out on a “blitz” I had fundraised all the bars in the area with no result. Not one sale. Then, I came to the last bar with ten minutes to go until pick-up time. I stood outside and looked in through the window. It did not look very promising. The place was a dark and dingy place, the kind of place frequented by factory workers and the like. That night there weren't many people inside. Trying to keep faith, I drew a deep breath and opened the door.

Inside were just the bartender and several people at the bar—one man who looked to be about sixty with white hair and dressed in a three-piece suit, and three ladies all dressed in evening gowns and expensive jewelry. Weird. As soon as I stepped inside, the man looked over at me and called me over: “Come on

over here, young man. Let me see what you've got."

I walked over and rather sheepishly opened my box of cheap jewelry, waiting to be laughed out of the tavern. Instead, the three ladies were suddenly "ooing" and "aahing" over my box and wanting to try on the necklaces, earrings, bracelets, rings, everything.

"Okay, girls," the man said. "Pick out whatever you like and I'll buy it for you."

When they had finally settled on what they wanted and the bill was totaled, it came out to be exactly what I needed to make my goal. Somewhat stunned, I thanked them profusely and closed up my box. I was on my way out when I suddenly stopped and came back. There was a question I just had to ask this strange man.

"Uh, excuse me," I said curiously, looking over his three-piece suit. "You don't look like the kind of person who usually comes to this kind of place. If you don't mind my asking, where are you from anyway?"

The man looked around at me and said with a twinkle in his eye, "Maybe I'm an angel from heaven."

To this day I am convinced that God's help came to me that day in the form of an angel so I could gain that green pin. It was the only pin I would ever earn in my three and a half years on MFT.



MFT Sing Along

photo credit: Robert Beebe

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