

Lessons from True Parents: How to Be Patient with Children

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Raising children can be both rewarding and challenging. Who would disagree? It can be especially difficult when you're too busy to spend quality time with them during the day.

Let's look at the lifestyle of True Parents. At times, they were both too busy to even spend a moment during the day to ask their children, "How was your day?" or "Did you do your homework?" In spite the difficult times their children faced, True Parents seemed to always find a way to show love and patience. When we look at the life of True Parents, we can learn the value of patience when raising children.



Below is a true story from True Father's autobiography, *As a Peace-Loving Global Citizen*. He talks about the patience that True Mother portrayed to their children throughout the years.

To learn more about True Mother's life, read her book [True Mother: From the Heart of American Members](#).

An Incomparable Inner Beauty

As a Peace-Loving Global Citizen

My wife and I made a promise to each other after we were married. We agreed that no matter how upset or angry one of us might become, we would not allow anyone to think, "It looks like Reverend and Mrs. Moon had a fight." We agreed that no matter how many children we might have, we would not let them see any sign that we might have had a fight. Children are God. Children are God with very small hearts. So when a child says, "Mom!" and calls, you must always answer, "What is it?" with a smile.

After going through such a harsh course for seven years, my wife became a wonderful mother. All the gossip about her disappeared, and a peaceful happiness came to our family. My wife gave birth to fourteen children, and she has embraced each one with so much love. When she is away from home on our speaking tours and mission life, she sends letters and postcards to our children every day.

While it was difficult for her to raise fourteen children over the course of over forty years, she never complained. Several times I had to be overseas when my wife was about to give birth. She had to bear such times alone. There were days when I could not do anything for her. Once a member wrote me about her difficult financial situation. There was concern over whether she was getting sufficient nutrition. Even then, my wife never complained about her difficulty. Because I sleep only two or three hours a night, she has dutifully done the same throughout our life together. These sorts of matters pain me to this day.

My wife has such a tremendous heart of love and care that she even gave her wedding ring to someone in need. When she sees someone in need of clothes, she buys that person clothes. When she comes

across someone hungry, she buys the person a meal. There have been many times when we have received presents from others that she would give away to someone else without even opening them. Once we were touring the Netherlands and had a chance to visit a factory that processed diamonds. Wanting to express my heart of regret toward my wife for all her sacrifices, I bought her a diamond ring. I didn't have much money, so I couldn't buy her a large one. I picked out one I liked and presented it to her. Later, she even gave away that ring. When I saw the ring wasn't on her finger, I asked her, "Where did the ring go?"

She answered, "You know by now I can't keep something like that when someone has a greater need."

Once I saw her pulling out a large wrapping cloth, and she was working quietly to pack some clothes. "What are you going to do with those clothes?" I asked her.

"I have a use for them," she said.

She filled several wrapping cloths with clothes without telling me what she planned to do with them. When she was finished, she told me she was getting ready to send the clothes to our missionaries working in foreign countries.

"This one's for Mongolia, this one's for Africa, and this one's for Paraguay," she said.

She had a slightly self-conscious smile that made her look so sweet when she told me. Still today, she takes it upon herself to look after our overseas missionaries.

During one of the most intense periods of my public work, our children had to live close to half the year without their parents. In our absence, they lived in our home, cared for by church members. Our home was always filled with church members. Every meal in our home had guests at the table, guests who always received priority over our children. Because of this environment, our children grew up with a sense of loneliness that is not experienced by children in other families. Even worse was the suffering they had to endure because of their father. Wherever they went, they were singled out as sons and daughters of "the cult leader Sun Myung Moon." This suffering sent them through periods of wandering and rebellion, but they have always returned home. We were not able to support them properly as parents, but five have graduated from Harvard University. I could not be more grateful for their courageous accomplishments. Now they are old enough to help me in my work, but even to this day, I am the strict father. I still teach them to become people who do more than I do to serve Heaven and live for the sake of humanity.

It would seem that my wife would be devastated each time she faced such difficult situations, but she always remained unshaken. Even in the most difficult and unbearable circumstances, my wife never lost her serene smile. She always crossed over life's most difficult peaks successfully. When church members ask my wife's advice on raising their own children, she tells them: "Be patient and wait. The period when children wander is only temporary. No matter what they do, embrace them, love them, and wait for them. Children will always return to the love of their parents."

I have never raised my voice toward my wife. This is not because of my character, but because my wife has never given me cause to do so. Throughout our life together, she has labored to care for me with complete, loving devotion. She is even the one to care for my hair. So this great saint of world affairs is also the best barber in the world. Now that I am old I make many new demands on her, and she always responds. If I ask her to cut my toenails, she will do it cheerfully. My toenails are mine, but I can't see them very well. She sees them perfectly well, though. It's a strange thing. The older I become, the more precious my wife is to me.