

Experience with my father, Mansour, about my joining the Unification Movement

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I have been thinking of my dear father, Mansour, these recent days and obliged me to tell an experience I had with him regarding me joining the Unification Movement.

I loved my father and respected him tremendously. My father was like my God. Love, like Gold, never changes or loses its color. And so did our love in the family. Despite all the negativity that was spread by the media against our movement. I never heard nor felt any judgement from my family. The only thing I felt from them was concerns for my wellbeing.

After 17 years, since I joined the movement, working for God's providence with no pay, had no money and no bank account. Finally, I started work and managed to buy airfare ticket and went back home. For the first time after 17 years! I cannot describe the feeling of joy meeting my dear parents and siblings again. Love was there as I left it. But the thing I wanted to share here is the beautiful, divine moment that went in my last conversation with my father, and it is this.

One day, before I was to return to America, while I was packing my suitcase as my father stood by the door watching me, he broke into tears. I run and grabbed him in my arms, hugging and kissing him. Then he looked at me and with a hesitant question. He said, "son! When are coming back home?" In other words, father was saying, why aren't you staying?

I looked at him in the eyes and said " father, there is nothing in this world more precious than you. But God wanted me, if it wasn't for God's calling, I wouldn't have left you for the world." My father stayed silent and never said another word. He clearly understood that God had a calling for me and wanted me in the Unification movement.