

## **We have been racking our brains for ways of moving the hearts of Mexicans**

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We have been racking our brains looking for ways of moving the hearts of Mexicans. We have some very deep songs that two girls from the Yucatan taught us, and have translated five Holy Songs as well. Also, we make notebooks -- one on Chapter 1 of the Divine Principle, with lots of photographs, one with sayings and photographs, and one on Reverend Moon's life. People are very attracted to such things. They ask questions and we know what to teach. Also, we find here that people really listen to stories. My German friend knows a number of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen tales with a good moral.

Our translations of songs are very popular. One Sunday one girl fell in love with the Holy Song "When I Behold the Lord" and made me play and sing it with the guitar eight times. My fingers were still tender then, but not so much anymore. Lately another favorite is "I Don't Know How to Love Him" from Jesus Christ Superstar.

We visited the famous Museum of Anthropology here. The museum shows the external developments of the Aztecs, Teotihuacans, Mayans, Chichimecas, Mexicans, etc., but does not show the development of heart. This was the mission of Catholicism. In the first two decades of Christianity in Mexico, an Indian, Juan Diego, saw the Virgin Mary and her image appeared on his mantle. This miracle (the Virgin of

Guadalupe) converted 8 million Indians! But the Church became so corrupt and failed so miserably, so the heart of the Mexicans never developed.

When I visited the Shrine of Guadalupe, the center of fanaticism here, I asked 12 people about the Second Advent. Only three had ever heard of the idea. The people who go there are mostly poor and indigenous rather than of Spanish ancestry. I felt really sad in trying to open their hearts to feel more of God's dispensation. They refer to themselves as Guadalupans rather than Catholics.

A girl I met invited us to visit her family in Veracruz state. It's a beautiful town called Catamaco, by a lovely lake by the same name. They paid all our expenses and showed us many sights.

The family is large and used to be very poor. But the father -- a doctor -- is very intelligent and energetic and with lots of hard work they are now very well off by Mexican countryside standards. The older children are sensitive and conscientious, and the younger selfish and materialistic. By the end of the two and a half days there, we were sick at what we observed. The poor people here think of only how to get enough to eat and other material needs. The rich are hardened to others and egoistic. It's so tragic. And neither really has the development of heart to see from God's viewpoint.

The mother of the family is religious to the point of superstition. They have a special room for an altar with 25 pictures of saints and Jesus in various portrayals. But none of the children is interested in it.

The area of Lake Catamaco is called "Little Switzerland," and is always lush green. The hills are conical, volcanic in origin, with lots of cattle of Brahmin descent. Intermingled with the corn fields are banana plants and coconut palms. Instead of constructing fences, the people plant rows of trees close together and string barbed wire along the trees. The food is better than in Mexico City, where it is so polluted.

The weekend was the celebration of Mexican independence, September 15, and there were flags, parades, speeches, and firecrackers reminiscent of July 4th in the United States.

It seems that most of the people we meet and teach are from either Guerrero (the state where Acapulco is) or Veracruz. These seem to be the best prospects. This was one reason we were eager for the chance to visit Veracruz. The countryside is more lush and fertile and the people lighter in spirits.

City life deadens the spirit of people. Although there are beautiful parks in Mexico City, all are filled with couples making love on the ground or under the trees. We are still searching for some place nearby to take people to feel the beauty of God's creation. One possibility is Rio Frio (Cold River) about an hour east of the city limits in the direction of Veracruz. It's like a mountain resort with beautiful high hills. Probably there are buses going there.