

A Grandmother's Love - Finding 21 Spiritual Children In Korea - Part 1

Hisae Sato

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How a Japanese grandmother found 21 spiritual children in Korea

When I heard there was to be a 21-day workshop at the Chung Pyung training center, I was so grateful to participate, thinking, "This will be the final dispensation in my life-time." My physical condition was very bad; it was life or death for me. True Father said many times, "Will you go to your assigned witnessing area or to hell?" but I couldn't bring it up to my husband right away.

After returning, I attended, served and loved him for about a week, and chose a time when his heart was open to tell him about the mobilization. His expression showed he understood, and with tears he saw me off when I left.

To make the necessary funds, I returned to my job as well as went fundraising, which I'd do while praying, "This is True Father's wish, so I'd like to go to Korea. I will put my life on the line, so please guide me." The necessary funds came from my job and what I made going door to door where I'd say to people, "I'm going to Korea to work for North - South unification. I'm asking for your cooperation." people bought. I was able to come to Korea without any worries.

Before the workshop, reading every morning with brothers and sisters, I had read the book that Father gave to sisters at the conclusion of their registration workshop four times through. Since being involved in home church activities, I'd always thought that what finally has to be done is to build a church in Korea, and had been telling my family and spiritual children about this.

When my assigned area was decided, I made a determination to love it as if it were my hometown and do my best. Being 67, I will be 70 when my mobilization ends. Thinking this is the last time that I will be allowed to do God's will in my lifetime, with True Father's permission, I pledged to invest all the strength I have until the age of 70, and began my work.

While at the Chung Pyung training center, Daemo nim scolded us for our level of faith. I learned how much I lacked the perception of how very sinful we are. Being an elder, I felt that at least I should show absolute attendance in Korea as a representative of Japan. We'd heard about the eight stages of restoration many times, but Daemo nim said this was a position transcending the national standard. I redetermined myself: the struggle to overcome the national level is a tremendous one. Unless I denied myself completely I would not be able to show a heart of attendance in Korea.

In the workshop we were told North-South unification is something that has been fought over in the six

thousand years since Cain and Abel. This is a Holy War that will determine the fate of history. I thus felt grateful that someone impure like me would be allowed to take part in such a historical Holy War. Whatever happened, I would begin as an absolute servant of servants.

Hearing we are the daughters of True Father, if we can be completely victorious, we can become independent of True Parents, I felt I wanted to make True Parents truly happy as a mature daughter, and so I went to my assigned area without any struggle.

After arriving in Daejeon on September 29th, I was asked to take charge of all of the city as a mobilized member. I was willing to do whatever they asked me to. With another sister, we started with cleaning. We cleaned with all our might for several days. The kitchen sink area needed a lot of improvement, and we tackled the pots and pans with detergent. After five days, I was by myself, and continued cleaning for thirty days.



Grandmother Hisae Sato, Daejeon, Korea

Struggle with Korean

Though the regional leader had come, there was no activity for thirty days. With my humanistic thinking I asked him, "What should I do?"

He replied, "You've done a lot in Japan, but it's not relevant here. Just do as I say."

Before the leader came the brother in charge of general affairs had told me to study Korean by watching TV from morning to night. I tried my best as a 67-year old grandma to study video-tapes and TV. The regional leader had a Japanese sister come to teach me twice a week. She had studied Korean on her own, but had become so Korean, I sometimes wondered if she really was Japanese. How wonderful! I should become like that too. Without my knowing the basics, she and the regional leader would ask me to read during the Hoon Dok Hae. I was in a panic, perspiring as I read: "ha, na, nim, a, bo, ji" - syllable by syllable, so slowly. They would make me read a lot and

would not let me go. For days and more days, for two hours from 6 to 8 in the morning, I felt I was in hell. I didn't want to ever see the Korean language again. But my original mind told me that without learning it, we won't go to heaven, or we won't be admitted as children of True Parents - so I felt I must absolutely overcome. With tears, I practiced where we would read next, three times a day. Battling with fallen nature constantly - How can you do this at sixty-seven? You'll forget as soon as you learn it - I finally became able to read Korean like a child. I also began to understand most of what the regional leader would say. I answered "I understand" to everything he said, convinced that the way for Japanese women to go was not to oppose the leader.

Praying for the flyers

From the end of October, we began to pass out flyers in a three-day campaign. A campaign to me was something we would do together; however, I learned that the Korean way was up to the individual. I bought a map, and then a bicycle, then made name cards. I made a goal to bring twenty-one spiritual children for the January 27th Blessing. Members advised me in many ways on such things as where to tape the flyers, but I felt I had to discover my own pace and way. I was so happy to start and hung flyers

for around three hours on every lamppost, every little door and wall.

After I returned, a call came for me. I answered but couldn't understand what the man was saying. The regional leader's wife then spoke for me, and the man came to the church right away. I was amazed at how quickly a response had come. The regional leader's wife spoke to him and the following day he came for dinner. I didn't know what was going on, so just greeted him and then the regional leader's wife said,

"Mrs. Sato, this is your spiritual son." I was so surprised. He turned out to be a 26-year-old counselor working at a hospital. He had been attracted to the flyer that said "True Family, True Marriage." The man was a Christian had always wanted a true marriage, so he called.

No matter how I looked at it, this could not be my doing. Being arrogant, I usually think, "I did this." But I could not feel this way. I felt God working. God works through the flyers, I thought. Whenever I cut the flyers, I prayed that these pieces of paper would connect someone to eternal life.

The path to overcome

The regional leader is very smart and there aren't so many who work as hard as he does. He always holds Hoon Dok Hae from early morning. Because he follows True Father's words faithfully he is strict with the members at times, but he does things in a very Principled way.

The members say the regional leader's wife is an outstanding speaker. If she answers the phone, she tactfully gets the caller's telephone number and address and invites them over right away. The members are very impressed by the way she speaks, which is always vertical. As the central figure is absolutely dedicated to her task to find many candidates, the guests who visit are caught up in the excitement and separated from evil.

Whenever a 'Japanese' thought came to mind, I strove to erase it: "This is Satan. It's fallen nature!" I always tried to think, "You're in Korea. Can't you follow the Korean way? You were originally not even worthy to come here. You could come only because Father forgave you." Then my original mind would totally agree, and after that my struggles would disappear. When I quickly converted my heart in this way, no struggles would come. I felt, "Korea is a truly good country. A spiritual place."

Because of my age, I cannot walk for hours or my legs and back start to hurt. Then I would remember True Father, who would order his aching legs to move. So I did the same as I went around taping the flyers, "Legs, legs, you must walk. Don't think of the pain. You're still younger than Father, so there's no reason you can't."

When I tape up the flyers from corner to corner and wish, "Paper, paper, don't blow away! I want you to hang on until someone interested in the truth picks you up. That will lead them to eternal life. You have the best job." The ones I taped up never came off. The tape would still be there even if the flyer was gone, so I would just replace it with a new one on the spot.

I stuck them on the marble walls of underpasses and on waiting room walls at bus terminals. One guest who came a few days after picking up a flyer asked if I had been on the bridge. When I had arrived at the bridge, there weren't any flyers on the handrail, so I papered it with flyers. The flyers fluttered in the wind so much that it attracted this person's attention, who, after one thing had led to another, signed up for the matching.

When the guests visited, the regional leader's wife explained everything using photos and a notebook she'd prepared. This was a spiritual battle, and the forms would be filled in by only those guests who agreed with the explanation that the families created through the Blessing are to be families of love, true families that will not go through divorce. Those who stumbled over the idea of it being from the Unification church did not sign up, but the majority of guests did.