

My Husband Is My Savior!

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I knew that already. Hm... so I thought I knew. But... A discussion read somewhere on couples calling each other dad or mum had me to ask my husband to: "please call me Catherine, no more mum." He shared how difficult that would be. Facing my insistence, he pleased me calling me Catherine.

A while ago, his deepest desire to call me mum came out, but he soon corrected his mind. That brought me to let him know how I appreciated. Asked why did it matter for him to want calling me mum, his explanation left me humble.

Aziz said that it may hurt to know why, but my first name brings to him the image of France and Christianity that he cannot like, while calling me mum brings to him the image of our daughter, for whom he loves me.

For a few hours, chock and fear devastated me.

There he was, though; loving me I feel!

It is when the heart calmed down that I saw God smiling at me.

'Didn't you pray for years that, if blessed anew, it be with a man whose faith in True Parents be stronger than yours?' Wow!

Aziz truly loves True Parents and is well grounded with Divine Principle, that he received Father's chosen partner for him. Plenty small happenings take now their whole sense and value. To see me pick food bare hand in his plate long after we were married surprised him to see a white feel comfortable doing that. And others such happenings.

I never sensed that it meant something deep within him.

I hurt him so often, wild and rebel to God still am. And he, so printed by his love for God So, with his love for God, he receives me, and creates his eternal happiness together with me. How blessed I am! How blessed!

There are people who wrongly judge me to be in France, for now, when my family is in Mali. Father would say: go ask God. Because it is a torture, with my heart for him.

Practical life isn't simple in Mali. France is very resourceful. So, let me take care that part of our life.

I wasted too much time, it is true. For the simple reason to have done it so far with constant expectation that he would make it with our family needs. I unconsciously helled our life because of that; even affecting his health. But not his love for me.

Thinking of God, feeling for God, was that of a real rebel unwilling to see how we arrived to True Parents, formatted by Satan's education right with Eve, and well sophisticated generation after generation, down with us.

To ignore having been trained so well to cover up the processes of the original fall, creating lying expressions, carnival-like items, that we came to belief that they are we!

The word 'God' stirs in me deep rage, still. If I can speak out is because I start to understand the conflict that makes me want be good but sees me to blame. It spoils the happiness I recognize with HP, True Parents, and with my husband. My happiness!

By his faith, Aziz saves me. He is always there for me, His love for witnessing and teaching Divine Principle assures me a joyous eternal life. He knows and suffers too the price paid by my lack of better faith. I hadn't recognized, be given financial responsibility that it was good for me too.

Graciously, it is far from too late!