

## How I joined the Unification Church

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### How I joined the Unification Church. Douglas Paul Moriarty b.1950

Sitting on my bunk bed in 1971, inside the USS John F. Kennedy Aircraft Carrier reading a TIME magazine I was amazed when I read a short story about 777 couples who had a large wedding in South Korea, in 1970.

At the time I had been a recent convert to an Evangelical Christian group called 'The Navigators' and was being told things that raised fear inside me; fear that things were all known and even pre-destined by God. When I would explain to the Christian people I knew, the difficulties of there being absolute pre-destination, I was shown several Biblical verses that said it was true and that God knows everything... King James Bible "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

My Edgar Cayce 'reincarnation' influenced view of life that made me so happy after having returned from my belief that there was no God was having a conflict with scripture that I knew little of. I left the Catholic Church at 14 years of age because by 1965 the church had no sense to it. More or less a Bingo club and a place where people cursed and yelled at each other in the parking lot after Mass. Latin?...forget about it.

That time with 'The Navigators' was the beginning of a crisis for me about PREDESTINATION that pulled me into a hell of fear and imagination that lasted for 2 years. The series of answers to my questions followed with more fearful, Bible quotes and interpretation. More and more alone on an aircraft carrier, I imagined numerous things and 'lost the plot'.

I was too afraid to even commit suicide, which is what I wanted the most. I just did not want to live. It was not only in my thought; I felt powers working on me that were driving me into despair and the pain was very intense. I just decided to stay alive and try to continue to be 'the good person' I used to think I was, regardless of the nightmarish thoughts that were attacking me.

After 2 years where I was emotionally frozen, could feel little and could not even cry over anything. Before that frozen time, I was moved to tears very often over things on the news, in the headlines, when I was feeling love and hope in believing in a Universal God; that I called Ralph. I called God Ralph, because I saw God as a friend and not the way the church of my youth taught me. The frozen period was the opposite of hope and love. I was 'frozen', slow of thought, unhappy to an extreme that I was so obviously for almost two years. Then something dawned on me... A question appeared to me saying 'Do you remember trying to help that homeless woman and after 3 attempts to do so, she hissed and spat at you?' Now you see, she had no hope and now you have no hope also.

Do you remember praying and asking TO UNDERSTAND THE MOST BROKEN-HEARTED PERSON IN THE WORLD?... That if you could understand that and find hope yourself, THEN YOU COULD HAVE HOPE FOR ALL PEOPLE.

Yes, I remembered making a very fervent prayer about that AND ABOUT FOUR OTHER MAJOR PRAYER-POINTS All of which would come about and answered in years to come.

Then I remember a vision, more like a mental impression that came to me, when I had collapsed in a despair of hell and fear, two year earlier. The vision was of a pine tree that was uprooted and flew into the air, turning upside down and smashing down and into my head completely from the highest point of the tree to its upside-down roots. I was from that moment 'frozen'...a polite way of saying mentally ill.

In the last few months of that two year long stretch, I began to assess that I had my prayer answered. I had experienced a severely broken heart. Over time, I began to understand that I was actually feeling the weight of my own ancestor's evil, brokenness and fears from the lower realms.

Two years later, I learned from Divine Principle the pine tree symbolically represented 4 kinds of sin from the original sin to inherited sin, collective sin and personal sin. Today, I think it likely that my ancestors used to teach others that all was pre-destined and they may have been responsible for creating theological misunderstandings that hurt many people.

With this weight upon my soul for 2 years by the time of 1973 I returned home from the Navy and went to live in my older brother's house who wanted to get me 'on track.' After helping out there rebuilding and making money which I drank away; I heard a 'thought-voice'. That is how I describe Heavenly guidance.

The 'thought-voice' said "YOU will see the Elijah!

\*Now leave your brother's home (Buffalo, New York) and go to Philadelphia, PA.

Find out with what motivation America was created.

\*Then go to Washington and see what has become of that motivation.

\*Then go to Miami and become an electrical tradesman for a means of living. (I had been an aviation electricians mate in the Navy and it was where and when I began to think more about God.)

My oldest brother Bobby would not understand that I was told, that I would see the Elijah; so I left his home the following day with 40 cents and hitch-hiked toward Philadelphia. Soon I was in Niagara Falls in the evening and got temporary work at an open Bakery where the women owner kept giving me pastries, sandwiches and I worked a few hours to make about 50 dollars. I slept in their work van. They were very kind to me.

Young people find it easy to meet and greet, soon I was in Scranton PA. and I met another 2 young people, a couple who let me stay with them in their rented house overnight.

Next day I arrived in Philadelphia, PA. around 5PM with no money. I was dropped off on a street and there was a poster that said:

GOD'S HOPE FOR MAN, GOD'S HOPE FOR AMERICA, THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The picture of an oriental man was on top and I thought to myself as I read this, that I had never heard what an oriental person may have to say about Christianity and the Bible. I had talked with every kind of religious denomination of Christianity over the years and was never moved or satisfied with their understandings; so, I would now stay and hear what an oriental Christian might say.

After committing to stay and wait the next 21 days for me to hear him when he comes, I needed to get about and find a way to do that. I walked further down the street and saw a ROOM FOR RENT sign. I knocked and a very old woman answered; maybe 90 (probably 70 -I was just 22) or so she seemed. I told her that I was a Christian and needed a place to stay, that I have no money; but would find work and pay her as soon as possible. She warmly gave me a room and the bathroom was just down the hall on the 2nd floor.

At this time in my life I felt so burdened in my heart and felt God did not even have desire to look at me. It was as if all I had the right to expect, was to look at the back of his head as he was not interested to speak or hear of me. I felt so very isolated from God. I was coming out of the irrational fears that attacked me for years; but my heart was broken. I never felt it could be repaired; not ever. All I could hope for was maybe the hope of an 'Oblivion' where nothing might exist. If I saw the Elijah I was afraid I might be like

the madman who yelled out to Jesus; "I know who you are; why do you bother us?"

I wanted to get God's attention and have dialogue so I had nothing to use except my body. I could make my body suffer and maybe God would take a look at me, turn his head toward me; this was my motivation for immersing, soaking myself in cold bath water, until I made it significantly less so; even on a cold day of an unusual cold September.

It was not winter, but it was cold. For the time I spent soaking in it. I pledged to do this for the time it took me to wait and hear the oriental man. That would turn out to be 21 days; something that I would learn about in a few weeks.

After the cold bath I walked onto the street and asked from a good distance another young man where a street was, called Young street. He yelled back "Did you say you wanted a job?" I said I did not ask that, but I do need a job. We walked toward each other and for the next 3 weeks we worked together moving furniture in a warehouse and made deliveries together and with others. He listened to my advice in the end and he started drug rehab.

With work, cold baths and reading the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin I had less time on my hands. I saw many, even 100's of young people from all over the world inviting people to hear their minister. I told them I was waiting to hear him when he comes, but declined all invitations to go with them somewhere because I was busy...

Then 2 days, before the 3 days of talks given by their Reverend, I met another young man, name of Jeremy Gaylard. He realized I was going to listen to the series of speeches and he begged me to listen to the man's thoughts, something he called The Divine Principle, before I went and again I excused myself from doing that. He persisted to ask me if I could meet him at any time of day or night and then a healing of God began to move and a terrible annoyance lifted off me, that had been with me for 2 years, like a tense neck pain that made me feel hounded, annoyed all the time...Because of this experience I told him I would go anywhere and meet anytime, to further understand how that happened.

We went immediately to a storefront they were working out of and as I entered, the 'thought-voice' said to me "these are your friends". We went to a room with a blackboard and he was hoping I did not feel strange about how upset one sister was that he wanted the room when someone else was scheduled. Some kind of misunderstanding, that's life. The thought- voice said "these are your friends".

In the next 45 years I can say that I have never been without friends; they have always been there in really magnificent ways; only interrupted by distance; great geographical distances through many challenges yet to come.

For days or actually the first evening and the second very long evening lasting from 6PM until 6AM the following day I heard the Divine Principle... I was tired and wanting to finish hearing it all so I asked the person teaching me if we could go outside and run around the block 7 times so that I could shake off the tiredness and pay deep attention. He agreed and we indeed ran and became refreshed.

Afterwards, upon hearing it all, I was satisfied with a new understanding; I could say I only dreamed of; but this teaching brought it out from new observations of the Bible and cross referencing, that explains the use of Biblical symbols, metaphors, numbers, logic, vision, wisdom that I never heard before from any church doctrine I studied.

I was inspired in my mind, but my heart was so broken I could not feel the joy such truth might have brought me earlier in my life. I was thoroughly broken in my heart and feared I was forever lost. No one could take away the horror, the fears that washed over me for 2 years. Nothing could let me forget the pain, the regret, the absolute hopelessness. During those two years my only relief was holding someone for dear life; resulting in sex.

I attended the 3 talks and experienced many spiritual experiences on the 3 days, like the Moon appearing to cover the whole sky, an angel tried to kiss me and I rebuked it in the name of Sun Myung Moon; after the rebuke I was sexually cleansed and free from the plague of sin that had engulfed me. I saw waves of light emanating from Reverend Moon as he spoke; even though other young Christian students were laughing because he was speaking in Korean, with an interpreter.

I joined wanting only to be able to support those who believed this great understanding of truth; although I felt like an outsider, doomed forever to remain unhappy... I wanted to stay in Philadelphia and did not go to either Washington or Miami which were the next 2 cities where Reverend Moon was going to speak in. I found the Elijah in Philadelphia and stayed...it was Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

I was giving my testimony to the center director Gregory Novalis when I applied to live with this church and his eyes were rolling backward in his head... I felt insecure, but later realized he had fallen asleep. I

would soon have my own such experiences. This movement was pledging to build the Kingdom of Heaven with their own hands alongside of the oriental minister, who I also now understand and believe to be the Messiah.

I met the Elijah and found out he was the Messiah who came on the foundation of Jesus, after Jesus was failed by John the Baptist's faithlessness at the time. Therefore, Jesus had to rebuild the mission of John the Baptist and go into the wilderness himself for 40 days leaving new instruction to his followers during the time "to tell no one he is the Messiah." This is why he offered himself on the cross and did not ascend to become Israel's King at that time.

Understanding the value and purpose of the crucifixion, explained through the Divine Principle and knowing he could also have become Israel's King was so enlightening; compared to the pre-destined garbage of popular doctrine in fundamentalist churches; especially. This was one of the many things that helped me open my heart to God again, understand human responsibility and want to work for better knowledge and vision of what actually happened in Jesus' time.

I was happy to promote this truth; but my heart would not follow. Week after week I worked and gave my all, but I was an outsider in my mind and one night when preparing for fundraising with peanuts the next day, a brother said to me after he heard my story "You need a lot of love." Before he could say more I froze and wanted to run away into the mountains and get away from him and the others. I had prayed to find truth; I found truth; I should have prayed to find love. Because I had no love; I could never love again; my heart was broken beyond understanding.

I was planning an escape from this embarrassing life. I had to run to the mountains, become a hermit; I could not bear to live with my shame. I then stood in the garage with these thoughts and looked up at this left-over poster from the recent campaign hanging inside the garage where we were packing peanuts into small bags for sale. The picture of Reverend Sun Myung Moon on the poster came alive and moved inside of me filling me with absolute joy, love, happiness. Over and above all the painful experiences I have ever had; this joy washed it all away. I realized then, Reverend Moon was indeed 'Don Quixote' The Dreamer of Dreams ' who saw everything through love; a love that could overcome the heartache of all mankind; something I had asked for, prayed for to do, but could not. I saw it is REVEREND SUN MYUNG MOON that did see things that way, that he could love that way, that someone has done this impossible feat. He was the real 'Lord of La Mancha', the Messiah and forever will be. To dream the impossible dream is the song of his life and of all who follow God. I stayed and became a pretty good peanut salesman, gathering wisdom each and every day of my remaining life in good and especially in difficult times. I had to remember the gift of being filled for a moment with absolute Joy... That would play a huge part in the next 45 years, as I worked to make some order of love, out of the 'historical' inherited chaos.

"Those without vision will perish" In my family of 5 people, three died at the age of 67, one died at the age of 72, I am now 67 years old Based on the Bible verse "Those without vision will perish", I state my wish to live for God's Providence until I am 88 or longer. That was the number I decided on as a young child. No one knows when they may die, even from minute to minute. What we have done wrong is a cost to the hope of achieving longer, healthier life. Given that truth, there are things that may offset those mistakes and help achieve renewal. Our lives are on the line in a world that is out of line. God knows and see's all this. With faith in God and for the sake of others, changes can be made that alter destiny.

Having a vision and being of prayer, all for good cause may make it possible to be more, do more. It is said we learn from our mistakes. I would like to think we can also thrive from our mistakes as they came to us on the foundation of inherited history, collective history and our own mistakes. Therefore, rejoice in all your burdens... that will be cast off and replaced with reward...If you carry the bag of peanuts 150 feet from the street where the van is to the garage in back of the house, when you throw it down, your whole body lifts up in the joy of release from such burden; so is it with all sin and mistake...In the darkest of night never forget the moon does appear quite often and even in the 'day of others good fortune. that you, in your burden will also find light at the end of your tunnel. Keep Going.