

In Danger Of Losing My Life

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At the age of 21 years old, I was in danger of losing my life and God intervened through a Black man. I will forever be grateful to God for protecting me but also for this man, who responded to the need at hand.

It was November 4th, 1972, late at night. That day I had traveled from Rennes to Paris to meet someone with whom I had communicated via a couple of letters in the prior month. He was a member of the Unification Movement.

I had arrived late morning to the place where several of these members were living and I had studied during the afternoon the Divine Principle with special concentration on the chapter called "The Fall of Man". It is that afternoon, and because of that chapter, that I decided to become a

Unificationist too. The teaching made sense and gave answers to questions that I had asked my Catholic priest in the past, for which he had no answers.

That night, late, I was supposed to lodge with my boyfriend, but when we got together that evening, I reminded him what I had told him once before. *I am looking for something, and when I find it, I may very well go in a different direction and actually leave him.* I told him, that I found what I was looking for and could not stay with him that night. He made some effort to keep me and reminded me that being alone in the streets of Paris at night was dangerous. However, my thought process completely bypassed this as I was adamant to leave his apartment that night at that moment.

I found myself walking alone, towards a train station where I could find refuge for the night. It was very late, no one was on the street. However, someone did come, a gentleman. I did not want to pay attention to him, but he talked to me and told me that it looked like I was running away. I answered that I was leaving one life behind and going towards another. I did not want to respond I was not sure if he was a good person or not.

I arrived at the train station minutes later and found it closed. I did not know where else to go. So, I sat down, my back against the wall, my belonging nested near me. I was determined to face whatever may come. I did not know anything about big-city life; I was in extreme danger and I did not know it at the time.

Quickly, four young men in their late teens appeared, walking towards me, two on my left and two on my right. It was obvious to me that they were up to no good. I did not feel scared, I was ready to battle with them. (I was so naïve.)

However, before they could reach me, the gentleman from earlier appeared, walking towards me with a strong stride. He was between the two from the left and the two from the right. As he came closer, the four young people started to walk backwards and quickly were out of sight.

He told me, "You cannot stay here, it is too dangerous." To which I responded, "I do not know this town, it is my first time in Paris." He then pointed to a nearby restaurant, told me the place was open all night and I would be safe there. He asked me if I had any money, and I said, "Yes" but he did not believe me, so he gave me some. He watched me get up and walk towards the place. His gaze in my back. I stayed there all night. The next morning, I walked towards a brand-new life.

As of late, I have thought of this man "often". I have thanked God in my prayers for protecting me. I also prayed for this person, for his ancestors, and his descendants. That night God needed him, and he responded. He absolutely deserved my grateful thoughts and my prayers. I am hoping that someday I will meet him again.