

Remember Who You Are

Demian Dunkley
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"Throughout human history, whenever a people forget who they are, the conscience grows quiet," he said. "And I don't want our conscience to grow quiet."

From the start, he framed the moment as urgent. Identity is not a slogan. It is the engine of courage. When identity weakens, fear grows. When identity sharpens, conscience comes alive.

Rev. Dunkley shared the story of being eleven years old in London, attacked by two older boys while walking to tennis practice. As he walked home in tears, he realized something surprising: he

wasn't just hurt - he missed America. Not a specific town. Not a house. Something deeper.

"There's something about the spirit of this country that's very different," he said. In other nations, freedom often feels granted - conditional, fragile. "In other places, freedom is something given by the government. That's the difference." But America was founded on something radical: freedom recognized as God-given.

"God made this country." America carries a spiritual DNA - and members have a responsibility to protect it.

His second story hit even closer to home. After years of exposure to criticism about the Unification Church, he returned to America determined to discover the truth for himself. Standing at Belvedere among second-generation members, he sang a song about searching for meaning and belonging. And in that moment, something shifted.

"It felt like I was coming back to something I was born into - even though I wasn't."

No one convinced him. No debate won him over. Identity woke up. He wasn't joining something. He was remembering who he was.

Then came the third story - raw and recent. At Hannam-dong in Korea, where True Mother, Dr. Hak Ja Han had asked him to live and serve, he prayed on True Father's Holy Ascension anniversary. In a private room once used by True Parents, he heard intimate stories: True Father sitting outside while Mother got ready, reading scripture, eating breakfast, patiently waiting for her. Deep love. Deep unity.

And then, in prayer, he experienced something overwhelming. A vision of an old Korean grandmother - symbolizing the soul of Korea - crying out for help. Not screaming. Pleading.

When he shared it with Mother, she responded simply: "Yes. This is being called to build Cheon Il Guk."

Rev. Dunkley drove the point home. "The most consistent word I've heard from Mother is identity."

When identity is shallow, we divide. We fight politically. We react emotionally. But when we stand on higher ground, we see clearly.



"Why are we afraid? Because I've forgotten who I am. I've forgotten I'm God's son."

The solution?

"How do we become fearless? Remember who you are. How do we become truly loving? Remember who you are. How do we become truly powerful? Remember who you are."

History will not be determined by headlines or court rulings. "It will be determined by us - because we are the chosen ones...We are God's children."

And if we live from that identity - boldly, unapologetically, united - then conscience will not grow quiet. It will roar.

The question is no longer whether the time is serious.

The question is simple: Do you remember who you are?