

Father called me to leave my husband and 4-month-old son for the CARP mission

Alice Boutte
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Tom and Alice Boutte with children Tierson and Cara

The pleasures of real family life had just begun for my husband, our 4-month-old son and myself when Father called us for the CARP mission. We had finally gotten settled in Norfolk, Virginia and had gotten some second-hand living room furniture in a little rented house, which was beginning to feel like home, when the momentous phone call came. Father had requested us to meet in East Garden 3 days later. After that, we would leave on a bus to California to work with CARP and someone named Tiger Park for 2 or 3 years.

At this time, Father explained the urgency of CARP's mission in America -- to stop the influence of communism and revive Christianity among American youth. There was no question that such an indemnity condition needed to be made by blessed couples in America. He explained Eve's indemnity course and how Mother had been tested by God and by Father until she could prove she loved God more than husband and children. Now we must be tested the same.

And we were. About 33 of us went by bus to California after shopping and dinner with Mother. In Los Angeles, we met the man people called "the Tiger" and approximately 50 to 70 young but somewhat worn-out looking CARP members. There were no centers for the wives to stay in, so we started out in three jammed motel rooms. We moved frequently. There was a lot of confusion, a lot of communication breakdowns, and little organization or money. Coming from the peace and quiet of our homes, the whole thing seemed so unreasonable.

Nobody seemed to know what was going on and everything seemed to be done wrong. Because of the language barrier, we couldn't communicate very well with Tiger Park, and we were also somewhat afraid of him. When he chastised us, many were in tears and in despair for days afterward.

Those first 2¼ months far away from everything and everyone I loved were the hardest for me. I felt nothing but accusation and judgment most of the time. My heart was still in shock from the rapid separation. So was my husband's, so that I worried about him, too. I couldn't give up my heart, myself, to the CARP members or to the mission. I never felt so inadequate to do even the simplest things, like going up and witnessing to somebody. It seemed to take all my energy and will just to be on the front line again, living in such instability. The schedule was chaotic and exhausting. I was in the early months of pregnancy; I tired easily, I cried easily. My arms ached to hold my baby; they felt so empty and useless without a baby in them. What were we doing, this group of 40 mothers jammed into motel rooms on the opposite side of the continent from our very little children? It felt absurd sometimes, lonely most of the time, heavy all of the time.

I took it all quite personally. It seemed that God had suddenly abandoned me, and was telling me that I wasn't good enough, that I didn't qualify to be with my husband and little boy, that I wasn't a good enough wife and mother, so that's why He had to kick me out and tell me to grow up and change some more first. It was hard to have any bigger vision of what we were doing out there in the beginning.

So I couldn't go to God for comfort because I felt He was the one that was pushing me out, telling me to

do this crazy thing. My heart could not yet connect with Father in these circumstances. Emotionally I felt abandoned by God and True Parents. In turn, my husband felt I had abandoned him and our baby; the only ones who understood were the other wives. Sometimes we pulled each other down instead of up. Yet if we had not had each other to lean on, perhaps it would have been more than we could have borne. Father was merciful to send us out together.

Feeling as I did, it was hard to bring any witnessing results on those California campuses. I couldn't love the CARP members, couldn't feel close to Tiger Park, couldn't be grateful for my situation, couldn't have faith that God was really going to take care of my husband and child in my absence, couldn't feel my value at all. The front line was hard after 7 years in the family. I was 34, had one child and was expecting another. I felt like I was starting out all over again as a new member -- witnessing, fund raising, having rallies and New Hope Student Festivals. It was a new beginning for the American movement, yet I felt so old and worn out and burdened, I really didn't know from day to day if I could go on.

Surely, God through our True Parents had put us in a truly desperate situation. We couldn't endure on the front line, sacrificing our husbands and children, without accomplishing something! But I couldn't accomplish the mission without God. So I was forced to find God, somehow.

Reverend and Mrs. Park

Reverend Chong Goo Park is a very wise man. He put his struggling CARP wives and the tired, insecure CARP members out on the frontline immediately. There was no time to think and brood, just do. He scheduled weekly New Hope Student Festivals around L.A. campuses and encouraged us to confront our opposition on campuses immediately. He encouraged us to fight immediately, fight hard, and fight to win. Be bold, be out front, be proud. Act first, don't be afraid of mistakes. Evaluate and think later.

So we responded swiftly to every bad student newspaper article. We counter-demonstrated every pro-communist demonstration. He showed us who Satan was and how to fight him. The confidence and righteousness of members increased. I began to perceive for myself what Father had been talking about how only we could stop the moral decline and communist influence in America. I could see CARP and Reverend Park's kind of leadership was needed, not only by America, but by the Unification Church and its members.

And when I was called on to speak out at several rallies we held at San Francisco State and Berkeley, I even began to feel needed for the first time. I began to feel grateful to Reverend Park that he had made use of my little speaking ability which no one else had.

By the time we left California, to go to Boston, my heart had been moved often enough by Reverend Park's pure heart, humility, real sacrifice and guts, that I began to feel a real loyalty to him. Mrs. Park won my heart as well. She shared her testimony with the wives and it brought us all to tears. She went through so much more than any of us: compared to her I had nothing to complain about. She was over 40 and yet she outdid her husband in climbing to the top of the 12,000 footer in the Rockies during our CARP 12-day seminar in Boulder, Colorado that June. She has a very strong will, and a very deep and faithful heart. She spoke to the wives in Boulder after distributing gifts to us, urging us to help Reverend Park because he really needed us.

I was touched by her humility and her real loyalty to God's will, even though the children and herself were continually being sacrificed for it. She had been sacrificing herself and her children for God's will for years, not just for months. I felt that I wanted to help her. Maybe, I thought, if we could do what must be done quickly, Reverend Park could begin to spend more time with her and the children.

The First Summer

That first summer in CARP was spent at Camp Mazumdar outside L.A. where I was workshop mother during our first summer witnessing campaign. By now we were "old" CARP members. We were "broken" into our CARP mission: we wives had gotten to know each other and we had begun to get used to Tiger Park. We had been to Boston, New York, and Florida, Colorado and back to California again. We were now in a position to help break in the newer additions to CARP like the seminarians who came that summer. Reverend Park put more of us into mothers' positions. It became easier to care for members, to see our value in CARP, and to support Reverend Park.

Reverend Park came to Camp Mazumdar often. I witnessed his desperation for, but tremendous confidence in, getting results. He would sleep with the guests rather than in the staff cabin. He loved confrontation and directness -- anything that came from the heart. He encouraged people to have give and take with him. He never allowed his position, either as CARP director or as a 36-blessed couple, to put an unnecessary distance between himself and members. He always thought of himself as an older brother, and he was, in the deepest sense of the word. He knew how to listen with a compassionate heart. He knew human nature very well; how to handle different people. He was genuine, operating from God-centered

intuition, centered on a deep heart to which his intellect was a lively object, something I had never experienced close at hand before. Because he was not calculating or position-conscious, diplomacy was not his strength. But living and speaking the truth was, even when it hurt others or hurt him. I began to understand that he really loved Father more than anything else and he just didn't care what anybody, except Father, thought about him.

Birth of Our Second Baby

By the time I left CARP in September, 1979, to await the birth of our second child, I realized that I had already inherited quite a bit spiritually from being around Reverend Park. Compared to the first two months, I felt reborn, resurrected from the dead. My husband and child had miraculously survived in the meantime!

My son seemed to have no resentment or insecurity that I had left him. He kept faith, as did my husband. It had been very hard on him, a devoted family man, to grasp how God could demand this separation when God's ideal was for the family to be together. He didn't understand the Principle of Restoration nearly as well as the Principle of Creation. He hadn't understood why, but he too, had kept faith.

Understandably, it wasn't easy for the husbands to feel close to Reverend Park. Logically, they understood God's will and Principle, but emotionally he was "the guy who took my wife and kids away." Yet one by one Reverend Park won the respect and affection of many of our husbands, even their eventual participation in CARP. When I first saw my husband again in Boston after 2 months in CARP, Reverend Park met him for the first time. Before we left together, Reverend Park pushed a \$100 bill into my hand, saying "Have a good time."

I protested, knowing CARP's financial situation was, as usual, on the brink of disaster, but he walked away. It was a very precious gift, not to be spent on food and movies, I felt. I told my husband, "I want a real ring with this money." I had been wearing a temporary brass ring given at the 74 couples' blessing. So in Gloucester we found a beautiful amethyst gold ring for exactly \$100.00, and from then on it has been like a post-wedding engagement ring binding us together though we've been apart. God, through Reverend Park was bringing us somehow closer together through this separation than we had been before.

In February 1980, after 5 precious months at home for the birth of our daughter, Cara, we brought our two children back to the nursery. It was harder to offer our son up this time because we'd grown close to each other. He wasn't an infant anymore, but a walking and talking 1½-year-old. He knew who I was. I had pondered this moment of returning to the nursery with Tierson many times while home. I would become quite emotional and my heart would literally ache, anticipating how difficult it would be. What if Tierson sees the nursery and Ulla (his faithful Onni) and screams and cries out, "No Mummy, no go, no go." I knew I couldn't bear it. Would I take him back, telling my husband I couldn't go through with it: "Let's go home and forget God. This is too cruel to Tierson, it will damage him too much." I just didn't know what I would do if there was a painful scene. I remember desperately bargaining with God on the way up to the nursery holding Tierson on my lap. "If you really want me to do this, then please help make it easy. I can't bear it otherwise." And He really did.

As we drove up the drive towards Gracemere, I felt an invisible protective shield covering our whole family. It took away my worst fears, my heaviest emotions, and left me in sort of a light, suspended state of faith. But it wasn't just me, it was the same for my husband, though he never said anything. To my surprise I found myself saying enthusiastically, "Tierson, soon we're going to see Ulla. Ulla's waiting for you. See her? Here she is." And there she was at the entrance of Gracemere, waiting. She was excited to see him again.

I could see they had a real relationship, too. Tierson knew her immediately and smiled, but he didn't want to go stay in her arms. Back to my arms -- but not for long. No, he ran into Gracemere, and was climbing the big staircase showing off his progress, and with a great sense of familiarity ran around the house, picking up old toys and, best of all, seeing his old playmates. He was happy to be there. It wasn't our home, but it was clearly his old home.

Ever since that time I always felt as I neared the nursery the same kind of protection from worry, as if I were entering another world, in sort of a bubble where no Satan no worry could come. Once I could experience peace while at the nursery it became easier to feel peaceful about the children being there even when I was far away. From that time on, I intuitively felt that Heavenly Father really was watching over them, that He had such a real stake in the nursery that if I continued to worry, then I really didn't trust Him very much.

After I had gone over the hump of learning to trust Heavenly Father with the care of my children, accomplishing my mission in CARP became much easier. I could focus better. So could my husband. He was going along with the whole thing much better the second time we left the children there than he had before. In fact, I began to observe that he was learning to get along with his central figures better than he

used to.

He seemed more tolerant, more flexible, and had a better sense of humor about things than before. And though he never said so, I think secretly he was beginning to get quite a kick out of visiting the nursery and have 12 or so kids come running up to him, jumping all over him, wanting to be picked up and hugged, "Tierson's Abba, pick me up." Fathers are definitely a popular item at the nursery, no matter who's they are!

The second year in CARP was more fulfilling. Being liberated from family worries, I seemed to grow. I could invest my heart in brothers and sisters more. I could feel I was really doing something, really helping, not just surviving in CARP until my tour of duty was up. The sisters needed an older sister to confide in, the brothers too; especially those with a lot of responsibility.

Restoration of former missions

The last year was a restoration I if missions I had before, but in which I never felt victorious. As workshop mother for CARP's 7- and 21-day summer programs in Barrytown, I felt a deep sense of restoration of earlier days as workshop mother in Barrytown and Washington, D.C. It was, for me, a most remarkable and joyous summer.

As a staff we seemed to break through so many old but never overcome barriers as to how to relate with new guests and win their trust, how to deal with parents, and how to develop a natural genuine caring family atmosphere. God was really with us; new members were so much more courageous, stronger and righteous than we had been. They had dreams of Father and often openly expressed love, respect and gratitude for him during their first 3 weeks of workshop. Again, by the end of the summer, I was aware that through CARP, I personally had restored some failures from earlier workshop missions in the Church.

The most obvious restoration of the past for me came, however, as an IW. I had been sent to the Midwest as an IW for the Church 3 years before. Here I was in the same general region again as an IW, only this time for CARP. This time I knew from the start it was set up by Heavenly Father to help me restore my failures before as an IW.

It was probably one of the most profound yet fulfilling times in my whole life. CARP, in one year under Rev. Park's leadership, had made a strong spiritual foundation and a good organization. Each region had a good strong leader who had a personal relationship and loyal heart to Rev. Park.

So, younger leaders in the region could really inherit something and grow under their regional leader. A stronger leader made it possible for me to be more of a mother (less of a father), for which I was deeply grateful. There had not been such a regional system in the Church when I was an IW. In addition, there were more members in each center; usually 7 to 10, so it was easier to support the center financially and there was time to witness and work on campus.

The mission was clear, to stop Satan by stopping communism. We could usually see the enemy everywhere and there was excitement in knowing that we now had what it takes -- spiritually, ideologically, and materially -- to do the job. Victory was just up ahead. Reagan's election last November was a most fulfilling example of this new spirit, this new era that CARP seemed to be bringing to our whole movement, even to the nation.

I'll never forget fund-raising with flowers at a traffic light on Halloween night in downtown Chicago four days before the election. It seemed like the rest of America was turning into a sordid, masked charade. It was as if Satan really wanted to show his awful glory to me that night -- to try to prove that he was stronger, that he would surely take America on November 4, not God. Playboy bunny girls, in their scant costumes, strutted the streets; even police officers were flirting with them. Many adults in the cars were in costume and masks, going to parties, having more laughs being somebody else and escaping from themselves. Some wore absurdly clownish masks, but too many were ghostly and very demonic. People persecuted me heavily that night; the men were especially crude. People were letting go of their baser instincts. After all, it was Halloween, an excuse to let the evil side out. It was so intense a scene, my fears for America as well as myself were so real, that I couldn't keep fund raising.

I went into a MacDonald's, found the most obscure corner, and as silently as possible wept over my cup of tea. "Is this what I have been working for all these years and sacrificing so much for the last 2 years? Is this the real America? Is this all there is left of America? God must be so angry. Is this what Father has sacrificed his family, his reputation, his money, his members for?" I felt desperate for victory with every cell in my body. "We can't lose, we can't." How can God let us lose it all when we have given everything we had for Him to win? It began to dawn on me that maybe Father's offering to heaven the sacrifice of the blessed families during this time was preventing Satan from accusing him that he had not done everything he could for this victory to be possible for God now.

Father's heart really touched me. For the first time I began to realize why Father had really sent us out. In the early months, I somehow felt that Father was heartless, expecting some impossible standard of motherhood from me that I couldn't grasp, and because I hadn't measured up to it, out I went until I shaped up. From the level of feeling somehow punished for poor behavior, I had grown and grateful that God was giving it to me. I could see that through this our family was coming closer in heart to God and that the families who were participating in this CARP condition were coming closer to each other, too.

There was a sort of growing communal bond among us now and among our children at the nursery, too. I could see that Father was indeed sharing with us a deeper level of his heart and God's heart than we could have known in any other way. But it wasn't until this Halloween night (over a year and a half since I joined CARP) that I really understood in my heart for the first time, a much deeper level of Father's heart. It wasn't just out of true love for me, my family and the blessed families in general that Father had sent us out.

Now I understood, in a much deeper way than before, that more than us, more than his spiritual children, more than the whole Church, Father truly loves the American people and loves the people of the whole world. Because Father is in love with God, he loves all humanity like a parent. Father loves America more than anyone. He has given up more to save this country than anyone. He has shed more tears for the country than anyone. Out of love for this miserable humanity that had so repulsed and frightened me that night, Father had been willing to sacrifice everything dearest to his heart. He had been willing to risk losing even some of us, his spiritual children, in order to prove to Satan that he loved Satan's children more than Satan himself did. It was because he had such a big heart that he had sent us out. It was the only way he could show God's love for the world, by giving to it those he loved most.

It occurred to me for the first time, that perhaps it hadn't been easy for Father in his heart, either, to send us out. He must have seen how young in faith we were, how vulnerable we were. He must have known we would suffer, perhaps turn away from him. But he, too, had to obey God's law, as well as us. No matter what protective parental instincts he had for us, he was willing to take the chance (that he would be misunderstood by us and our families again) for our spiritual growth, for the possibility that God's greater blessing would eventually come to us through it.

I had been preoccupied with my own situation so much that I really hadn't been able to consider Father's heart in the matter all this time. But that night, his heart finally reached me. I could begin to feel his absolute love for God. I could understand dimly the kind of heart that went behind the tears that he shed when he first came to America and stood looking down 5th Avenue.

Even that very small episode in Father's life had not been much more than an abstraction to me before. Only now after 36 years I could finally shed tears for my own country and only now begin to understand what an incredibly deep heart Father had in shedding tears simply upon taking his first look at New York City. What a long way I have to go to really connect in my own heart and experience with all the rest of my life. His heart is so deep and wide that I knew then I could never cross it in my lifetime, just touch it now and then.

But I was grateful that night that I could even touch it. It had been a long time since I had heartistically met with Father directly, the first time since he had sent us to CARP. Since I had felt deeply that night Father's despair and desperation over America, I could share the joy of Reagan's victory with Father deeply too. I felt it was God's victory, Father's victory and my victory too. I felt we celebrated it together. For the first time I could really feel that I had helped my country. I wasn't an onlooker to a victory or a passive participant in it, or a cheerleader for it, but I was on God's team, out there fighting for it with everything I had. I can't go home and be with my children as if life is normal again if he loses. With this kind of desperation I prayed for victory.

I could no longer separate my desire to be with my children from my desire to see the country separate from Satan. The fate of the former seemed connected to the fate of the latter. During this time my personal life, my family and my nation all became intertwined into one in my heart. I found myself intimately hooked up to God's heart and situation. There was simply no point in thinking about being with my children if the whole country was about to fall on its knees and collapse. What kind of family life would we have in such an environment anyway? You simply have no choice but to put God and nation first, I told myself.

Reagan's election was a turning point in my spiritual life. It was as if God personally told me, "You see, when you can forget your own worries and take on a few of mine, cry for the country and not yourself, then that makes it easier for me. And when it's easier for me to work in this world, then it's better for you and your family anyway. So that's what I have been trying to tell you all this time: You worry about my situation and I'll take care of yours, okay?" I said, "Okay. You win."

I felt as if God and I had made a private deal under the table so to speak, in secret, so no Satan would find out and undermine it somehow. From that time on I felt so much closer to God and True Parents that it made the last few months in CARP a most rewarding time for me. I was able to internally as well as externally conquer or "digest" my own situation. Finally, I could surrender myself, children and husband into God's care and invest myself much more in the providence around me. I could take on God's problems more and more willingly, not reluctantly. I could love brothers and sisters more deeply and be more worried about them and their spiritual lives than my own family. I found I had more to give members than I ever had before as an IW.

Husband's Letter of Support

But my greatest reward spiritually came from my husband in the form of a letter written in early December, a month after Reagan's election. He never wrote much or even expressed his feelings verbally very much so this page-long letter in itself was quite an event. But it was the contents that filled my heart with joy:

"Lately I am beginning to see more clearly the value of your world and the actual richness it adds to our life. I am proud of you, very proud of you and what you are doing. I feel that what you are doing will ultimately bring our family very close together." It was simply stated. That was almost all he said in the letter. To me those words were more precious than gold; they were priceless. I wanted to frame the letter and hang it somewhere.

It was the only Medal of Honor I would ever need. I had won his support. But I hadn't done it, God had done it for me in my absence. We had both come a long way in 2 years, but the change in him was definitely more dramatic. When I had left for CARP his reaction was "I don't understand it, I don't like it, it's wrong for a mother to abandon her children. (He called the nursery an orphanage for quite a while.) But if your conscience tells you to do something, do it. I won't stop you." And now he was saying that he was proud of what I was doing, that he could see the value in it. Later he would say, "I'll support you, whatever you decide God wants you to do.

If you think you have to stay another year in CARP, then I'll support you. What you want to do, I want you to do, too." I could hardly believe my ears. My spirit was so liberated. I felt so infinitely grateful to God for taking care of my husband. Heavenly Father had certainly upheld His part of the bargain. In fact, He had gone overboard, beyond my wildest expectations.

My husband's victory of faith made me very proud of him. I could begin to really respect him for the uncomplaining, cheerful, but lonely sacrifice he had made during the two years. I vowed that when I did come home at last that I would try my hardest never to complain if he had to go away for his mission and leave me behind. I would compete in trying to support him as much as he had finally supported me.

With my husband's support, my work seemed almost effortless near the end. There were no internal blocks left to hold me back from wholeheartedly giving myself to God's work. God spoke to me so quickly and clearly when I prayed. He was right there with the answers, my constant guide and companion.

Tested like Mother

But in the very end, it was touching True Mother's heart that was the richest blessing of all, next to renewing and deepening my love for Father. I realized we had been tested like she had been, to see if we could love God more than husband and child. If it had been deep for me, I can imagine clearly how much greater her faith had to be. She had been completely utterly alone. We had had the support of the other wives.

Even so, we had each wept from loneliness, from having lost all our traditional sources of human value, especially our families. But Mother lost much much more and I know wept much much more. She gave up everything for Father and started her course with everybody against her. Even Father did not comfort her but pushed her and tested her ruthlessly. He had ordered Tiger Park to "train" us well, too.

We received our share of bad treatment in the beginning. But still, I could realize by comparison how it must have been much more painful for Mother in every way. Yet she endured silently and kept faith in God. She proved by her own prayer, intuition, wisdom and love that she was Mother of all, for she loved and served unconditionally even those who scorned and rejected her. She won their hearts, by herself, with no help from Father. Once she had made internal heartistic victories in the face of so many difficulties and won the love and respect of others, then Father raised her up from the servant's position gradually to the True Mother's position. But the point was that she was in the shoes of a servant, the youngest member, not in a mother's position at all. I couldn't appreciate before really what Mother had accomplished until Father put us through a similar though much less difficult course ourselves.

I realized finally that in order to restore the true internal value and dignity of Eve's position, lost since her fall, Eve must go through a course of losing all external position and worldly value (what she normally gains through her own achievements or through her husband's position and bearing children) so that she is confronted by such a situation into seeking her unique internal value from God, apart from position or work, apart from husband and children.

This was Mother's course and to a lesser degree, it had been ours. We had started out on CARP as witnessing, fundraising frontline members along with everyone else and only slowly as we made our own foundation of faith and substance were we raised up to the position of CARP mothers for centers and regions. We cannot finally gain value and respect because of the great works we do, or the children we bear or great man we are married to, or even just because we are blessed couples. We have to win value and respect from what is inside of us, not outside of us -- the quality of our hearts.

Only by walking Heavenly Father's course can the quality of our hearts develop. So God had put us through a suffering, lonely course like His in order to inherit His heart. And the shortest way to go Heavenly Father's course is to follow and obey Heavenly Father's son, our True Father, 110 matter how difficult or unbearable it seems. And Mother did that first, before any of us. She followed the Messiah (who in her case happened to be her husband as well) 100%. She did it more completely, more obediently, more faithfully than anyone. How she did it is something I really want to understand.

She's become the example to me, in a very real way now, of how to be a true object to God. After all, she came from the fallen world like the rest of us, born with original sin, and restored herself to perfection by uniting completely with the Messiah. If she can do it, then there's hope for the rest of us, too. Mother's victory is the foundation of our hope of victory, too. She is our mediator to reach the Messiah, our proof, the evidence we need that we can reach him. In these last two years, Mother really became my true mother, my Messiah, too, as well as Father. I love them both so much more deeply. And understand them so much more. How different they are, as Father and Mother, and yet how alike.

And so it ended. None of us are the same for it, thank God. But this mission was like no other, for it wasn't just personal growth that was attained or restoration of my own past failures. There seemed to be a transformation on every level; to me it felt almost like miracles. I saw the rebirth of much of our membership through Rev. Park's example and leadership. I saw CARP as a movement restoring some of the failures of the American Church, particularly regarding leadership training.

I saw my husband grow in faith and my children flourish quite happily. But most of all, I saw my country turn to God. Whether it will stay turned to God remains to be seen. Yet I feel as if it depends on those of us who know the Providence and are willing to keep making conditions for it to be protected. There is no time left to waste.

I only wish I had had more loving faith in Father sooner. He had explained it all to us at the start. It should have been enough, but it wasn't. I realized my heart had a much further way to go in this course than my intellect. I had needed evidence, proof, that by giving up the children and husband, God would take care of them. I couldn't completely trust that He would or could. But He did. And now I feel ashamed that it took me so long to truly make this condition from the inside out. I could have done and given so much more so much sooner, if I had only had a little more faith.