

What a Different World

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Last week, during the EXPERIENCE week with Lisa Mestars and Codes of Life, I pledged to post twice a week. Now, true, I have posted a few photos from our garden. However, I am daily contemplating what I could write about and want and need to take the time to let the juices flow, to let the words come out.

No, I am not just sitting around wondering what I should write. My head is constantly full of concepts, ideas, I am virtually daily in different meetings, getting inspired, getting ideas and often think – oh yes, I must write about that, or this, or the other.

Now what were all those ideas?

Yesterday we had a visitor who grew up in Africa, and it was fascinating to learn of his own concepts and ideas upon his return recently, with his brother, for an aid project. He mentioned the unused potential to grow vegetables and cultivate the land.

We are so enjoying our little garden, our own small paradise and this morning I asked Josef whether some of our attitudes are now formed and tainted by our experience and age.

Unique and Special

Now I know that not everybody lives to be seventy. Not everybody gets to keep the same partner for forty-four years. Not everybody gets to have five sons who become Vienna Boys Choir boys. Not everyone has an intercontinental marriage. Not everyone is living in a country they did not grow up in. Not everyone speaks a different language from the one they grew up with.

No, we all have our differences. And even if we share one of the above aspects, we are each blessedly unique and special. Good so.

However, the point to appreciate is that we are all so uniquely different, that that is what makes life so amazing and wonderful.

Monday

On Monday I thought I would just write about what I am doing so that I remember what I did. And I thought, oh, how boring, nobody will want to read about what I'm doing, it's the same every day, so boring, so superfluous to write about it.

What? Boring?

On Monday it was the Central European Prayer meeting at six in the morning, where we both get up about a quarter of an hour before. I always go to wash my face and hands, thinking about Reverend Moon in prison, how he kept his glass of water and washed himself every morning to pray. During the daytime he was hauling sacks of nitrogen fertilizer. Most people there died early. The fertilizer ate the skin away. He washed himself every day, even in prison, and thus removed the excess aggressive substance from his skin.



Summer plenty



Every Monday morning, yes, I feel a bit guilty that we go back to bed, and we watch together on his tablet, without turning the camera on, without putting on our suit and tie, without makeup and hairspray. But I wash my face and hands and think about our founder of the Unification Movement. Then typically, afterwards, I go back to sleep because I've been led to believe that my body needs eight hours of sleep to stay healthy, which for me includes to reach a healthy body weight.

Summer

Then when we really do get up, I go downstairs to walk barefoot on the grass. Now in summer I also check our vegetables growing in the raised beds, zucchinis, pumpkins, radish, rocket, paprika. I also check the flowers in the backyard and then even go to the front of the house and am pleasantly surprised to see that the morning glories are flowering again. They started from seeds which Josef bought over the internet, so I am hoping we can get seeds from the new flowers to plant again for next year.

Here I have to think about my kids. Long gone. Not living with us anymore. Never did, here in this house. Not even in the flat in the city. But the three years in Zwettl when I first had a house and garden, when I first became a real "housewife"... ..

Garden

We had blackcurrants and redcurrants, plums, apples, cherries and strawberries in the garden. Even a horseradish plant and maggi (lovage) and mint. I planted pumpkins and tomatoes, but it was a bit too cold and the summers a bit too short for them to ripen. I was so happy that the kids had a sandpit under the cherry tree, they could climb on the wash line and the plum tree. We got a small wading pool. And we had cats, rabbits and hamsters. No, not all at the same time, but nevertheless.

It reminded me of my own childhood, growing up in Australia, at 36 Holt Street. I wanted my kids to experience animals, plants, garden, nature. I caught tadpoles and lizards. Australia is big. Austria is small. Australia is hot. Austria is cold. Well, it used to be. Especially in winter. This year the summer began with a blistering heat wave where even the railroad tracks were bent. My youngest brother George told me that even in Australia sometimes train lines are closed due to heat damage of the tracks.

I left Australia in 1986. I don't remember that.

I meet with my four brothers in Australia once a month in a zoom call I host. Sometimes some of our kids and partners join. Sometimes one or two of us can't come. However, I am grateful for the opportunities we now have with the merit of the digital age, to arrange such monthly meetings.

When I first came to Europe in 1973, I wrote letters and occasionally recorded an audio cassette to send home. What a different world we're in now. How blessed we are.