

## Have you had an experience where True Father spoke directly to you?

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*Photo date and location unknown*

This is my testimony about going to hear True Father speak, at a point where I knew I wouldn't be able to continue if he didn't speak directly to my situation.

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It was the winter of 1984. I had been in the church for nearly 6 years, long enough to do 5 years of MFT, get matched and blessed, then go to IOWC. I received a call from my fiancée saying she was struggling and leaving the church. I went to New York, where she was, to see what I could do.

I was living in 43rd street, sleeping on the floor and helping cook in the kitchen. My dreams of the blessing were crumbling; my fiancée was leaving the church step by step and I didn't know what to do. Also True Father was on trial and maybe going to prison. At that time every sermon or meeting was concluded with "Let us march bravely forward..."

I was feeling very disheartened. I had joined a family, not an army. I was feeling worn out from years of fundraising and wondering what the future might hold. Very clear spiritual experiences had led me to the church family, but when I woke up that January morning, I knew that I couldn't hold on any more. I didn't want to leave, but I didn't know how to stay.

It was a Sunday [January 22, 1984], and as usual, the wakeup call came at 3:30 am. I rolled out of my sleeping bag and went to shower, as usual. But this time, I knew I could not bear to hear "Let us march bravely forward..." one more time. I had always been able to push myself for things I believed in, but not any more. I knew that if today's sermon at Belvedere was another marching order, I wouldn't be able to stay.

This was scary to me. Up until then, and still now, there was no question that this is where I was supposed to be, no matter how hard it got. But this morning, I simply knew I was at a crisis point. What I heard today would determine whether I stayed or left.

So it was with a trembling heart that I put on my white shirt and tie, my best pants, combed my wet hair and got in the van with the rest of the brothers and sisters from 43rd street. I had made the bumpy, dark ride to Belvedere several times before, but this one could be the last.

We sat on the carpet over the hard floor, praying silently. A brother led us in pledge, then we waited, in the silence, in a bright room surrounded by darkness outside, for True Father to arrive.

My heart felt like it was quivering in the palm of my hand. Today was a turning point. Was this just a soulless, marching army of ideologues? Was Rev Moon just a dictator? Was this really just a political movement, not a religion? Was this just spiritually empty, had we all been fooled? I was about to find out.

After the songs had been sung, and a prayer had been offered, we waited in silence as Father picked up a piece of yellow chalk and wrote in Korean on the board. Here it was...

When he spoke, his voice was soft and gentle. His voice could thunder, make you laugh or push you without mercy. Today it was calm and loving.

“The title of our sermon today is “[Love Forever](#)”, his translator said.

As True Father spoke, I felt a surge of relief.

True Father was speaking exactly to my situation. All his talks recently had been pushing hard, exhorting us strongly. This was quite different. He continued to talk about how love was the most important thing of all, but to get that love we had to go a public course. We had to ask God what He needs from us. That it was from a heart of love that we were pushed, sometimes relentlessly, so that we could enter the realm of God’s love, forever. But Father emphasized the love that was underneath all of it.

The content was deep, but the most important thing I came away with that day was that he knew my situation. Or more accurately, God knew my situation and True Father was deeply in touch with God. I had shared my feelings with no-one except God that morning. So this was not some faceless army of zombies here.

I do not know if I was the only person there that day who was on the point of giving up. Whose life course was going to go up or down, depending on what True Father said that morning. I have heard True Father say that when preparing for a sermon, he speaks as if someone’s life could be saved if he could just say the one thing they needed to hear. On that day in January, 1984 it was true for me.

Today I find myself at a point similar to this one so many years ago. I have lost my spouse again, through situations that I must bear some of the responsibility for. I am trying to start again, even though that seems at times to be impossible. I cannot foresee the future. Once again, I found myself wondering if I could take even one more step. Once again, I had just enough left to get myself to church on Sunday morning.

And standing there, singing and in tears, not knowing if this was a beginning or an end, I sat down and heard a sermon that restored me to life, that spoke to my situation directly and reminded me of God’s great love for us. A sermon that reminded me that God still spoke directly to us, to me. And that such direct touch was possible when I was empty, open and raw enough to take a chance on God. And as long as there are brothers and sisters following Father’s example of pouring their hearts out in prayer, song, and speaking, this can still happen.

Have you had an experience of True Father speaking directly to your situation?