

A Tribute to Sandra Lowen and Announcement of Written Works

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Sandra Lowen - surely one of the best writers any of us know, from any nation - is right here in the United States, with books that deserve to reach readers everywhere.

This message directly references her books Great and Terrible and Chi-Chi's Song, and just a couple of days ago, her newest work - Unraveling Grace - came to my attention. It's another sure winner.

Please don't miss any of her books (she has also written four more, which I am certain are equally outstanding). Some people simply have a gift - Sandra is certainly one of them.

I first met Sandra in Washington, D.C., in late December of 1970, after a very small group of us had made our way to the nation's capital for what was to be the very first "three-day workshop" of its kind in the nation. It

presciently spoke to the profound transformation already underway across the awakening earth. Upon encountering Sandra and hearing her original song The Bridegroom's Face - which she sang for the few of us while accompanying herself on guitar - I knew we were in the presence of genuine greatness.



Sandra and John Lowen, her husband

She also wrote the song White Lily of the Valley and a couple of others that were featured at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center when the very first series of public speeches of their kind were presented in 1972. These events amounted to something of a "pilot program" that would set the tone, protocols, and priorities for the subsequent four-year series of nearly "other-worldly" inspirational public speeches that established the unfolding earthly transformation as a major subject across the United States, Japan, and Korea.

Following this remarkable marathon of public events - covering 400,000 miles in just three years - there would be very few in many nations left unaware of the beginnings of a new era of human experience destined to elevate awareness in virtually all directions.

Sandra was there from the beginning - and she is still very much with us. Thank God for Sandra. And thank Sandra for recording the wondrous insights she has gained through what must have been truly extraordinary inner

efforts - and for the courage, strength, and generosity she has shown in sharing them far and wide. Very few can do this. We should be proud to know someone who can.

And just by the by - you couldn't go wrong giving one, two, or all three of the Sandra Lowen works mentioned here as Christmas gifts that are sure to please. Heaven already knows of Sandra. It's time the people on earth hear the exceptional news of an author whose works may well become classics of their kind.

Have a look - and make a purchase. You'll be glad you did.

www.amazon.com/s?k=sandra+lowen+and+crid=1FES3RWK1O06R+and+sprefix=sandra+lowen+books%2Caps%2C193+and+ref=nb_sb_ss_saint-en-refocus-candidate_6_18

She has the love of her husband...

What follows here is an excerpt from 'Chapter 2' of Sandra Lowen's Book Great and Terrible *

It records things she learned in 1967 from one 'Mrs. Lee,' one of the instructors of the 'Little Angels' dance troupe, which had been founded by Father Moon then only relatively recently in the interest of promoting international understanding through culture. Mrs. Lee had many stories of experiences shared exclusively by women, including herself, who had joined the movement very early.

Sandra writes:

One of her most captivating stories was that of their preparation for Father's upcoming matching and Blessing in 1960. Many eligible women had been summoned to the church to be considered for the incredible honor of becoming True Father's eternal bride, the True Queen of heaven and earth. They all knew True Father well: at 40 years of age, he was still slender, with a handsome face and a shock of black hair. His spirituality and dedication were renowned: he studied and prayed long hours at the Center, and the saga of his early years establishing the movement. Under the hostile eyes of the negative spirit world forces, communists and rival Christian pastors, enduring the prison camps and beatings, bombings and the flight to the south carrying a man with a broken leg on his back, living in the hut he constructed with his hands out of corrugated cardboard and tin, and through all that not once being dissuaded from disseminating the vision of a world of hope, peace, and happiness.

The local young women...

The local young women were so excited! How they preened and primped in front of their mirrors! How they made the most of the paints and rouges available to them! How they stitched their fabrics and seamed their best silks, going over again and again with their mothers and best friends how their outfits and new hairstyles brought out their best looks.

They were not counting on their looks alone. They believed that a world leader such as Father was destined to become must have a wife that was college-educated. There had been, two or three years before, a mission to South Korea's top women's college, Ehwa Womans University, which had brought many young ladies from the cream of Korean intellectual and cultural society, as well as several well-known professors, to the movement. Surely, they would be the ones most likely to be chosen. Particularly fortunate were candidates that had been trained as well in the housewifely arts: cooking, sewing, and the like. Certainly, these sterling traits would be taken into consideration when he looked for someone not only to complete himself, but also to help him to carry out his worldwide mission. As they queued for their interviews with him, each one of them could not help but feel that she would be the chosen one. How could they not feel that way, with their sterling college educations, impeccable housewifely skills, and perfect beauty?

And yet, when the day was over, none of them was the chosen one. Hak-ja Han, the cook's daughter, a young girl still in pigtails that they usually walked by without seeing, as she scrubbed the pots or swept the floors: she was the one he chose! She was the one to bear the title and tasks of Heaven and Earth. They watched in disbelief as she was prepared for her ceremonies to stand eternally beside True Father.

Did the women change their view of her? Did they realize that, because she had been chosen, they owed her their respect? Did they provide her with attention to her needs, or with their companionship and assistance in carrying out her new tasks?

No.

They still could not bring themselves to say even a kind word to her. They were being jealous and petty, and they knew it, but they just couldn't - or wouldn't - bring themselves to get over it.

Finally, some of them went to True Father and confronted him: "What is it," they asked, "that she has that we don't have?" Father did not hesitate. 'She has the love of her husband,' he responded. That silenced them, Mrs. Lee had to admit.