

The in my friend's Home District there responded to me very warmly

From one of our Unification Church Missionaries in Asia

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Photo date and location unknown

This weekend, I went to my friend's "home district." One of the office staff wanted me to look at some project proposals he has. The main thing will be re-excavating a canal for irrigation of winter crops. He wants me to help him procure pumps, etc., and although it's purely "hyung sang," I want to do it for training and the foundation of legitimacy, as well as putting a part of the Church into the rural scene.

The people up there responded to me very warmly; I made many friends, taught some songs, practiced the language, and above all, I prayed. I was invited to the mosque to pray with them twice, and they listened very attentively and asked many questions when I was able to witness simply about the Kingdom of Heaven and putting God first (in their native language)! They came to my bamboo guest house at 6:30 a. m., and were there almost every time I was, past 9:30 in the evening. Giving love is the most important thing, and I always speak as though it's coming. Victory is on the way! I'm changing, and I think the indemnity has been paid enough that we can start winning something positive for Father in a big way.

The village was seven miles from the highway, which distance we had to walk. I didn't mind a bit, and it was absolutely no problem for me, but the native people always seem to think we're utterly incompetent to do anything like that. I think my friend had the idea that this was the first time I'd been outside of an American city! Nevertheless, I had him panting by the time we got there.

His mother has been sick with hepatitis, so his wife had been staying with her mother-in-law. She and two other members of his family came back with us, so we hired a bullock cart to haul them and their belongings. The cart was made completely of wood and bamboo, and we had to cross an enormous "bhil," or alluvial plain, to get back to the highway. The area is largely uncultivated, due to a lack of readily available water in the dry winter season, so only grass is growing on the flat expanse.

Walking along behind the plodding animals and creaking vehicle, I felt not only a total oneness with my people of this country, but also for the heritage of my own homeland, as it seemed similar to the pioneers crossing the Great Plains. I imagined the cattle as bison and the occasional farmers as the Indians the westward travelers used to encounter on their long treks. It was a really beautiful experience, to be able to blend and find a common heritage in the two cultures. They sang the national anthem of their land, and I sang our country's for them.

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One of my brothers had a dream concerning Satan. In the dream, Satan had a son, his only one. But his son required blood, and Satan was looking frantically to find someone who could give it. In the dream, my brother became very confused. The requirement was 90 percent of the donor's blood, which meant that to give it meant death to the donor. Satan was a frantic father and not a threatening demon in the dream. My brother's heart went out to him, but could he sacrifice his life for Satan? At last he did, he gave the blood. Then Satan came down to him, and he woke up. It was one of the most beautiful dreams I have ever heard, and it taught us that we must even sacrifice for Satan. Of course, the sacrifice we make for him must be of a special kind, but by destroying his power on the earth, we are liberating him from hell as well. He's as much a slave as we are, and he needs the most love (though to love him, we must remain utterly uncompromising and overpower him completely). He may, after the long indemnity period is finished, love and praise our Father more than any other!