

My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 61

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I swim nearly every morning. Often in the neighboring lanes, working out with me, are Olympic athletes or College All Americans. I have gotten used to being the slowest one in our group. Over the years, as we have been swimming together, I have witnessed firsthand the unique capacities of athletes who have achieved this level of physical and mental conditioning. Years of training, of rigorous discipline, have borne fruit in other aspects of their lives: two are surgeons, two are physician specialists, one is a law professor, two are trial attorneys, along with a smattering of engineers. Though I cannot inherit their talent or natural gifts, or surrender the years I have on them, I can absorb their determination and adopt their work ethic. And I am getting faster.



While they were matriculating at Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Brown, and Columbia (to name a few), I sold flowers, peanut brittle, cartoon pins, and chocolate turtles up and down the Atlantic Coast and across the Deep South. They received instruction from Nobel Laureates and the luminaries of science, engineering, and law. I sat for hours on a cold concrete floor and listened to the Messiah. Then, I happily returned to hostile streets and neighborhoods to suffer persecution as I worked for God's Providence.

I have no regrets. I too endured the strict training of tough teachers in my chosen field of expertise. The training encompassed both physical and mental, as well as spiritual aspects of my being. As they (my swimming companions) bore the fruit of our civilizational foundation, pursuing the careers that foundation afforded them, I pioneered a new tradition and built a historical foundation with my international brothers and sisters. By definition, pioneering consists in working for the future, striving to bring into existence a world unseen but known as real in our heart of hearts. To be a pioneer, one must subsist on hope. What that

means in practice, is to persevere from moment to moment, day after day. What was MFT but training in endurance and hard work?

My wife, who has never experienced the rigors of our Church, asks me to what end did I sacrifice the most productive years of my life. To what end? Like our predecessors on the path of faith, we have sown for the future and may not enjoy present rewards. The fruit of our efforts can be found in our very being. I often cannot find the right words to answer her, ones that will make sense in the context of her personal experience. But these are the words that make sense to me: In the history of God's Providence, I too became an Olympic contender, an All American Fundraiser, a Champion of Faith. I trained and worked with the greatest spiritual athletes in all of human history. We prayed together, challenged each other, celebrated our victories, and mourned our losses. We grabbed the baton handed off by Jesus to Paul, and then passed down to us through history. We run the same race.



We may not be trained as surgeons, but we have become Doctors of Eternal Medicine. We heal the sick and resurrect the dying by practicing true love. Emptying ourselves, we have been filled by the love of our Heavenly Parent. And these things came to us by virtue of our training, our perseverance, our inheritance of the merit of True Parents through their Blessing.

A strange thing has transpired over the years. When personal or family issues arise, or even work conflicts, my swim buddies will often turn to me for advice. They have asked me to preside at their children's weddings or address a parent's funeral. Though I have never presented them with any diploma or certificate of my training, somehow they feel it's natural to consult me and seek my assistance. We carry our authority within us. It is simply who we are. This is the meaning of "Incarnation," to be the sons and daughters of God. The world longs for what we possess, though most cannot quite put their finger on what that might be. Still, they feel an attraction, a magnetic pull towards true love.

And even stranger yet, they ask me, the least accomplished swimmer, to call the sets for our morning workout. Go figure.

