

## My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 98

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### Utmost Sincerity Moves Heaven

I have written earlier about trying to track down a container to ship urgently needed medical supplies to Chidamoyo Christian Hospital in Zimbabwe. At each turn, I came up empty handed and encountered only discouragement. Then one afternoon, while on the phone with my firewood supplier, I casually mentioned my predicament. He told me of a fellow up north of us who brokered shipping containers -- but cautioned me that he had been having as much difficulty procuring them as everyone else. I called and left a message on the broker's voicemail. I heard nothing back, and set aside the lead as another dead-end. About a week later, while hiking with my wife in Yosemite, I somehow got a phone call as we ascended from an area on the trail with no cell reception. It was the shipping broker. He had recently gotten hold of 20 new containers. However, the bad news came a moment later when he told me the price. It exceeded our budget by \$4,000. Nonetheless, I communicated the development to the Chidamoyo Hospital Board and initially and unsurprisingly received a negative response... too expensive!

The Administrative Director of the hospital, Major Mereki, is also a Christian pastor. He has been visiting the United States on a preaching mission to raise funds for several hospital projects as well as for the basic necessities to keep their work going. This morning, I rose at 0300 to drive Major down to the San Francisco Airport to fly back to Indiana, where he is to speak at a number of churches. As I prepared, I live streamed Dr. [Chung Sik] Yong's Morning Devotion on FaceBook -- I would have loved to have participated on the Zoom call, but I had to pick up Major at 0400 and I didn't want to suddenly disappear from the screen.

The themes of Dr. Yong's guidance resonated deeply with me as I listened: the obligation of America to serve the needs of developing countries; utmost sincerity moves Heaven; and the response of the object determines the status and condition of the subject. My heart moved and I felt caught up in God's sorrow. As I went through the house, tearful prayer followed me. I once again determined to invest myself in

service to Chidamoyo. I drove to the home where Major has been staying while in Santa Rosa and picked him up. As we drove down Highway 101 to San Francisco, we spoke about the needs of Chidamoyo and his preaching mission. I took the opportunity to communicate the essence of Dr. Yong's sermon this morning, as I kept my eye out for the California Highway Patrol. Some MFT habits die hard.

Part of my own ministry has been to text Major a daily quote from True Father's words. He has always responded positively and thanked me for the inspiration. As we sped down the dark 101 corridor, the hills and vineyards were faintly visible under the light from stars in the morning sky. I felt quite comfortable sharing. He had not known that I had served as the Director of Stewardship for the Diocese of Santa Rosa. So, we spoke about the mission of fundraising. He then asked me, what guidance I could give him for his upcoming sermons. I responded, "the utmost sincerity moves Heaven."

I went on to explain that, if we move Heaven through our sincere effort, then God will be present in the hearts of those listening and they will respond -- a perfect plus will attract a perfect minus. Being a conscientious person of deep faith, these words struck home with Major.

After a brotherly embrace, I dropped Major off and drove home -- exercising my usual vigilance for gendarmes. I arrived in time to swim my morning workout and pushed through fatigue to reach my 4,000 yard goal, all the while repeating the phrase "the utmost sincerity moves Heaven" like a mantra. By sunrise, my exercise had become prayer. I exited the pool, feeling the euphoria of endorphins and the joy of spiritual connection. My wife had been swimming as well, and the two of us showered outdoors on deck, in the cold morning air as the oak trees filtered a golden light; songbirds, crows, and turkeys -- not quite melodious -- created a cacophony of sounds. It felt like Eden.

Cindy went to work and I returned to our home. Within minutes, I received a phone call from a Chidamoyo Board member informing me that, after all, they thought the foundation "Friends of Chidamoyo" might be willing to fund the container, the trucking, and the shipping costs, and would I be willing to call them. I did. They will.

After months of disappointment and frustration, suddenly, everything has come together. As I view the way forward, I know in my heart that the utmost sincerity does indeed move Heaven.