

God Will Call for Me Soon

Hak Ja Han

June 21, 2020

Excerpted from Chapter 3 of True Mother's Memoir, Mother of Peace



From the time I could understand words, my maternal grandmother, Jo Won-mo, consistently taught me one thing, "God is your Father." She went so far as to say, "Your mother is like your nanny who is raising you as God's daughter." Since I had been surrounded by an atmosphere of faith even while in my mother's womb, I accepted this without a second thought. When I heard the word "God," my heart would open unreservedly and fill with warmth.

My mother did not mind investing herself body and soul for the purpose of raising me to reject secular life and follow God's way.

She lived with single-minded devotion in absolute unity with and obedience to God. After joining the Unification Church, our family moved to Seoul, where she worked even harder to protect me from the world's temptations. As a result of her dedication, God allowed me to see myself as a noble crane.

Even as an adolescent in middle school, I poured my heart into quiet reading and study. I attended the Sungjung Girls Middle School, located in Sajik-dong of Seoul's Jongno district. Situated at the southern foot of Mount Inwang, it was a small school that always seemed to be bathed in sunlight. From the moment of its founding, that school shared in the suffering of the Korean people. It was established in May 1950, but had to close its doors less than a month later due to the Korean War. After the war, the school reopened and, true to its mission, the school prepared many girls to become talented women who would help build a prosperous country. In 1981, the school moved to the Eunpyeong district of Seoul, and in 1984, its name was changed to Sunjung Girls' Middle School. Our Tongil Group acquired this school in 1987 and brought it into the Sunhak Education Foundation. I have continued to give it support and attention.

In middle school I spoke little and developed a calm personality. I studied hard and always ranked at the top of my class. I was pretty and modest and, as I was also quiet and well-behaved, I received love and attention from my teachers. My school life was uneventful; I only remember that I missed a day or two of school in the first year when I became quite sick. In my second and third years, I received an award for earning the highest grades in my class. I preferred to read in a quiet spot and listen to music rather than engage in social life or sports. My hobby was drawing. I enjoyed art and had some talent but set aside the possibility of becoming a professional artist.

For all three years of middle school I was the class representative on the student council, and in the third year I was the head of the student activities committee. I led many student activities, and this awakened

my leadership abilities. One day when the entire school was gathered, I went to the podium and announced the decisions of the student council. The teachers complimented me on my poise and confident attitude. After witnessing this side of me, which they had not seen before, one teacher commented, "Hak-ja seems gifted ...I thought she was just quiet and docile, but actually she shows good leadership skills."

During adolescence, I didn't worry about my life or losing my way. I credit this to my grandmother and mother instilling in me a deep faith in God and the habit of living in attendance to God. My mother, in particular, strictly guided my life of faith. Yes, there were times when I thought it difficult and wearisome, but I am grateful now, for it prepared me to blossom as the Only Begotten Daughter of God who one day would meet the Returning Messiah.

Within that atmosphere, I grew roots of unshakable faith. I read a lot. I enjoyed reading tales of the saints, and particularly *The Good Earth*, by Pearl S. Buck. The characters in that book struggle against nature and fate. The story helped me realize that ultimately, we must return to nature's embrace, represented in that book by the earth. It is human nature to cling to God's embrace. I earnestly wished to be together with God, and for that reason I devoured songs and novels about the love of one's hometown.

I knew from a young age that God is my Father, and naturally connected everything I read to God. I cut off entirely from the harsh secular world and lived a chaste life as if I were a nun. I was aware that a higher power was guiding me, that my path had been prepared by Heaven. Especially during this time, the Bible was my close companion. I cried myself to sleep many nights after reading about God's history of creation, the tragic Fall, and the work of salvation carried out through historical figures who took responsibility at the behest of Heaven. I learned how they sacrificed themselves, and realized that humanity had been created to be loved as the children of God. After reading about God's bitter history and desire to embrace us, even though we bring so much pain and sadness, it was not just once or twice that I lay awake, unable to sleep, my heart aching to comfort the heart of God. I naturally continued to ponder ever more deeply what Rev. Moon had said to me about sacrifice. The question, "What can I sacrifice for God?" was shaping my life.

By the time I entered high school, the war had ended. During the postwar years, the streets of Seoul were full of the wounded. Numerous children, including war orphans, were suffering from hunger and disease. Few people were able to get timely treatment when they became sick. I wanted to heal people's injuries, relieve their pain, and guide them to a brighter world. As it was time for me to enter high school, in the spring of 1959 I entered St. Joseph's Nursing School.

Without sacrifice and service, one cannot even begin to think one is living for the sake of others rather than for oneself. As I strictly cultivated my faith from a young age, I cherished a dream deep within my heart. That dream was to liberate my Heavenly Parent who, throughout history, had given everything for the salvation of humanity. I wished to free God from the chains of our fallen history.

We cannot meet God from a position where we are reigning over others. God seeks us out when we are silently working for the sake of those in greater difficulty than ourselves. I came to understand that when we think about God's Will from the lower position, from the position of offering and self-sacrifice, that is what will wash away God's bitter pain and allow us to feel God's presence with us.