

***Franette Roschuni,
Berkeley, California, 1970***



A year before I joined the Unified Family, I discovered that Satan was real on an LSD trip in the Berkeley hills while with my boyfriend, John Word. (Allow me to give a note about using drugs right here. Drugs open the spirit unnaturally. That spiritual awareness can be attained by spiritual growth: by prayer and fasting and good works. Unnaturally being opened to the spiritual realm can be a shock to the system. What you encounter therefore may be more than you are able to deal with, especially since you will be opened to a lower level of the spiritual realms instead of the higher realms, which you would have encountered had you gone the path of goodness. Therefore, I have received through prayer that it is not advisable to experiment with drugs, better to experiment with a search for God and deeper understanding of reality, both scientific and spiritual.)

Back to my story: I realized that if Satan was real, God was real. I kept asking John if he were God or Satan; he kept saying he was "John." I went home and prayed. It was difficult, because I felt I was making a fool of myself. Then I realized: "I had made a fool out of myself in front of myself all the time, so what was the problem?" I thought there must be someone else there, or else I wouldn't worry about making a fool of myself!

I had heard that God was dead. I asked about that and received that God is not dead yet, but suffering and that there was new life in the Far East, that there was another Jesus born and living and on the way. John and I visited home, and I had an amazing experience of being baptized in the swimming pool. After that, when we had a relationship, he seemed like Satan, and I felt that I was Eve, and the idea of a

sexual fall became real to me. Shortly after that, John left.

One day at lunch time I saw a Bible in a shop window opened to the title, "The Bible According to John." I thought, "hmm, how would John write the Bible?" I thought it was pretty close. I spent too much time reading the Bible in the window and decided to go into the phone-company cafeteria. I had a hard time finding a seat, but I finally found a chair at a table with a girl sitting by herself. As I sat down, she looked up straight at me and said, "I am supposed to tell you about Jesus." We left our food on the table and went elsewhere to pray. We had a deep prayer, and it felt like a knot untied in the back of my head. We became friends and I began a quest for a religion I could relate to.

I visited many different churches. Before I visited the Catholic Church, I had a deep prayer and told God that I was willing to be a nun and to never marry, if that was His will. I told the priest I met there that I really loved God, and he said: "You can't really believe in that stuff." I said, "You must have believed in God when you became a priest." He said, "no." He said that he became a priest in order to help the poor who needed to rise up and claim their fair share. The fact that he was an atheist and a Marxist was to me a sign that I shouldn't be Catholic.

One evening I was leaving work late, and I was praying and reminding myself that it had not been John's love that I felt, it was God reaching me through him. I told God I would let go of John. I would go wherever He wanted me to go, with whomever He wanted me to go. I wanted to put myself completely in His hands. As I exited the door, a car pulled up. A man leaned over, opened the passenger window and said, "Would you show me around Oakland?" I asked, "Did you just pray?" I then said, "You're on." We drove around talking, and ended up reading the whole book of Revelation in a park.

That night I thought the Second Coming was eminent. The Bible said that if the Lord comes at night, don't go back for your clothing. I didn't want to be caught in my pajamas, so I slept in my jeans many nights.

One night a horrible spirit came in the middle of the night. I prayed, and I had an experience where Jesus came and chased the spirit away. I was so amazed by that and realized that Jesus can actually appear to people, because he appeared to me.

One day I was driving, and I received spiritually that I should pick up a hitchhiker. The person I picked up had the same birthday as John Word, so I felt that was a confirmation, but he was a Unitarian and didn't want to hear anything about Jesus. We spent the afternoon together going to find an old building turned into a museum. A few days later I ran into him. He was glad to see me, because he didn't have my number and wanted to spend the afternoon with me. I said, "I'm on my way to sing gospel songs." He said, "I don't want to do that. If we're going some place religious, let's go to a Buddhist meeting." I said, "No way; I'm a Christian." He offered, "We could go to the Unified Family, that sounds Christian."

I thought it didn't sound so Christian, but he said, "I just have to get a *Berkeley Barb* [a local newspaper] because it had an ad with the address." I said, "I'll go with you, if we get there without the address." He said, "How're we going to do that?"

"We'll hitchhike" I said. So, we put out our thumbs, and the very first car picked us up and started driving toward Oakland. The driver said, "How far are you going?" "We don't know," I said. "We want to go to some place called the Unified Family (the name that was then used for the Unification Church)." He said, "You guys are going the wrong way, that's behind us, up the hill. I know where it is; I'll take you there." He turned around, drove back to Berkeley and up the hill to Ashby House. He dropped us in front of the house. As I walked in, my first words were, "Wow, I feel God here."