

***Gilbert Roschuni,
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I grew up in Jacksonville, Florida. The real story of my life starts with my quest for the Truth. One day in 1968, while on an LSD trip, I was discussing reality with my best friend at college. Physics teaches us that reality is an illusion, that matter is nearly entirely empty space filled with tiny bundles of energy that follow a strict set of rules in their cosmic dance – and that my consciousness can channel this energy through an act of will, causing these bundles to alter their courses through the cosmos.

I realized that there was much more going on here than meets the eye, but that reality can only exist one way, despite what anyone believes about it. Having a scientific mind, I decided that it must be possible to find out the Truth, since it is absolute and unchanging, but only if I was willing to go all out to find it. In my (private) high school we had studied all the world's religions. I decided that none of them had it right, because if they had, then everyone would be able to agree on a single truth. At best, they were like the blind man and the elephant.

After much consideration I came to the belief that finding True Love was the key to understanding the universe. I believed that if I could find someone with whom I could share true love, that I would be able to discover the secrets of the universe. At the time I was an agnostic. I didn't know whether God existed or not, but I was open to the possibility. At the time I felt that LSD would also help me open my mind and find the Truth, as suggested by Timothy Leary.

The first girl I found who was willing to join me to pursue my quest told me that she was a witch. I didn't believe her, but now I

understand it. Once, when I was on a drug experience with her, her friend looked at me and kept insisting that I was Jesus. She looked like a Chinese dog statue. That relationship became very strange, and I wasn't getting very far in my quest. As I was coming to that realization, a girl I knew from high school, "Grace Mann," connected with me in a powerful way, sweeping me off my feet. Obviously, I felt I needed to pursue Grace, so I broke up with the witch. Some very strange things happened during the breakup. Later on, I discovered that she put a curse on me when she saw me with the third girl in this story.

Once I had broken up with the witch, Grace disappeared. Apparently that was not unusual for her. But the die was cast. This actually set me up to meet the girl that enabled me to find the Truth. Alison had seen me at the club with a well-known band and wanted to meet me. She set up a meeting, and in a short time I was head-over-heels in love with her. As we grew closer, I shared with her my quest, and we spent several LSD trips together exploring reality and falling deeper in love. One day I was standing on the side of the river with her (perfectly sober, by the way), and I was feeling such love. I used to look her deep in her sky-blue eyes to connect with her spirit, and I could feel her life force in there. This day, when I turned to hug her, I looked beyond her and saw a grey, barren tree outlined against the blue sky and realized that I was in the presence of the most powerful life force in the universe. There was no doubt in my mind.

The tree was like the eye of God, and I could communicate with the spirit I felt there. I have never felt such a powerful, unconditional love as I felt streaming to me at that moment. I associated such love with a Mother's love, so I believed that God was female. So much was communicated to me in a flash. I realized that I was really in love with God, and that Alison was only a conduit.

Because the witch had put a curse on us, which meant that her evil spirits could attack, God could also work. During the following months I learned much of what I later came to know was revealed

through the Principle — polarity, give and take, the trinity of man, woman and God, the four-position foundation, the existence of spirit world. I knew that Jesus was a man. I knew that there was another powerful entity that sowed confusion and called himself God, but was not. I learned that this evil was fighting against God. I learned that it was the end of the world. All of this came to me through our relationship.

One day when I was on my way back to my apartment in New York City from my day job in an animation studio on Madison Avenue, I was thinking about all the things I had learned and all the groups I had been to, and I was talking with God about it. I told Him that I was frustrated. If He wanted me to use the knowledge that I had gained and do something with it, then He had better let me know it, because I didn't get why He would show me such things and then give me no way to do anything about it. So, I threatened that I was going to give up. As I turned from looking out the front window of the subway, I realized that I had just missed my stop. I sat down next to these three girls, thinking I might strike up a conversation. Two of them stood up and said "What are you selling?" to the third girl and walked off the train. She turned to me and asked, "Aren't you with them?" I told her "no," and she asked me if I was interested in philosophy, and if I wanted to come to dinner and a lecture. I decided, "why not?" I would get a free meal, possibly meet some girls and maybe hear an interesting lecture. So, I went with her to the Unified Family center on 160th street and Riverside Avenue.

After dinner, I heard the first chapter of Miss Kim's red book. It was like a cloud cover lifted and I could see for miles for the first time. I was so excited, I forced them to teach me the second and third chapters until around two in the morning. I slept on the floor in the living room, got up and went to work in the morning and came straight back the following evening for more. Again, I kept them up until the wee hours of the morning teaching me the Principle. We got about half

way through history before I went to sleep again in the living room. I left for work the next day worried that I may need to be the Messiah, since I had discovered so much in my quest. That night, I went back to the apartment and got all my belongings, piled them in my car and drove to the center where I told them I was moving in.

To my close friends it appeared that I had just disappeared. Betsy Jones, the center leader, was shocked. After dinner, I heard Conclusion, and I was really relieved that I wouldn't have to shoulder the enormous responsibility of being the Messiah by myself. I was so grateful. But I was also sure that I was where God wanted me to be. Everything He had shown to me was echoed back to me in the Principle, so I knew that the teaching was the Truth. Some of the holes in my knowledge were filled in, and things that confused me before finally made sense. I couldn't have been happier.

When I joined on Valentine's Day in 1970, I felt it was my mission to improve the movement's graphic presentation. (Their literature was terrible.) I wrote *One World One Heart*, which we sang while witnessing on the streets of New York. After True Father came to the United States, I moved to Washington, D.C. and worked in the publications department in headquarters on all of the posters and advertising for the campaigns during the '70's. I designed several of Miss Kim's books, *The Way of the World* magazine, and tons of literature. In 1976 I returned to New York and designed *The News World* newspaper where I worked as art director while running a graphic-arts studio on the side. In August, 1981 Dr. Bo Hi Pak asked me to design *The Washington Times*, and I have been working for the paper since then in various positions. I also designed *Tiempos del Mundo* in Buenos Aires and designed the Times' first website as well as other websites. I am currently working on a redesign of *The Washington Times*.