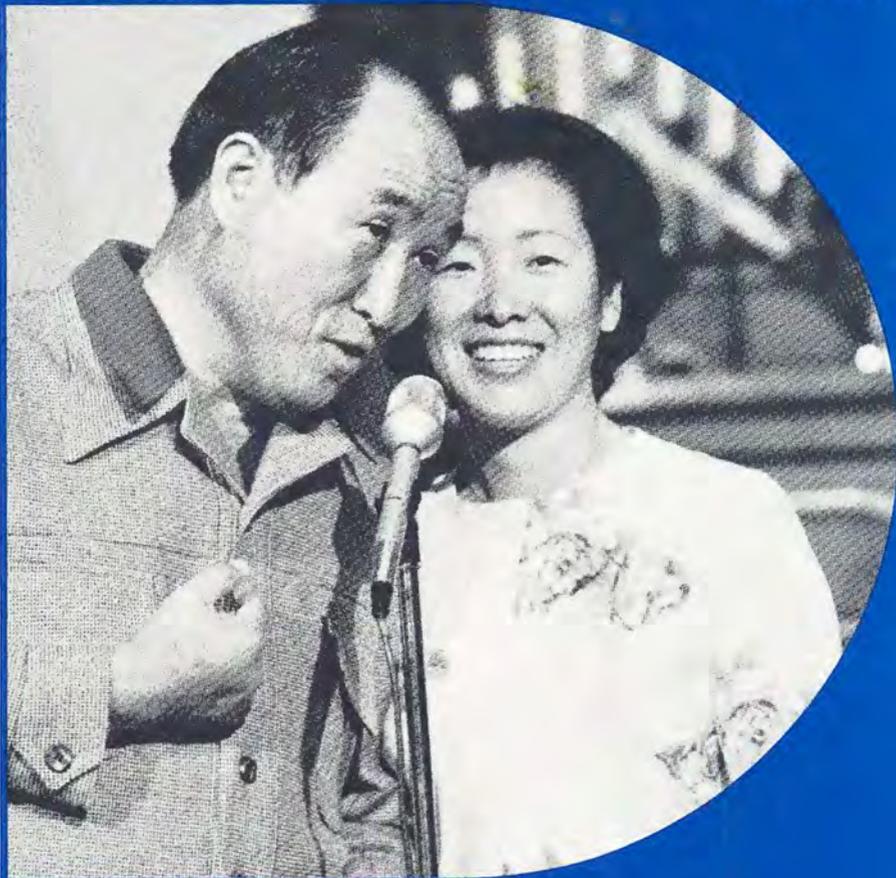


Principle Life

September 1979



a magazine of internal guidance and inspiration

Table of Contents

- 3 Finding Father in Father**
Ken Sudo
- 10 My Sister Patty**
Joan Groom
- 16 My Path to Father**
Young Oon Kim
- 24 Parental Love**
Sang Ik Choi



Father couldn't leave his children because of love.

At first I couldn't understand Father at all.

Finding Father in Father

by Ken Sudo

How many are feeling that Father is Father? For a long time I didn't understand this. I joined the Unification Church in 1962. Father came to visit Japan the end of January, 1965. Until that time, we had some mysterious image of him. When we received the news that he was coming, we were so excited. But we were also apprehensive because we had heard that, at a glance, he could tell everything we were thinking.

We went to the airport to welcome him. Father was the first to come out of the plane, but then he disappeared. We ran downstairs to welcome him at the exit. We never had a picture of Father. We just used our imagination. When one Korean came out we started taking pictures, but it wasn't Father.

When Father did come, he shook hands with us one by one. His hand is not so big but thick and warm. I felt an electrical shock.

Do you know what Father's first words to us were? "You are not enough." I was so afraid. He spoke many things and it must have been so deep, but I didn't understand what was going on at all.

Then Father prayed, and I saw tears from his eyes. He was praying for the world, and he was crying. I couldn't follow his heart. I was like a small kid looking at his parent's tears. I wasn't inspired because I didn't understand. I pretended I understood to some extent, but actually I didn't understand at all.



**When
parents leave,
the children
must go on
by themselves.**

**Father was
praying
for the world
and crying.**

He talked many times. I don't know how it was with other brothers and sisters, but I didn't make any heartistic relationship with him at all. I went to hear him speak, I liked to see him, but I didn't like to be seen. Please, don't look at me. Father must be great, but I didn't feel any heart at all.

Then he left. He went to the airport, and as his airplane disappeared for America, my first feeling was relief. But the next moment I was so sad. Then I thought: Why did I join the Unification Church?

According to my opinion, I had done my best for three years—just because of Father. But when the substantial Father came, I had no relationship with him at all. And when he left, my feeling was that it was good he left. I felt terrible. Why did I join the Unification Church? I couldn't find the reason. I was depressed, and depression continued for three years. Sometimes up, sometimes down. I was still giving lectures, but inside sometimes it was terrible. You may think I have no experience with depression, but I have lots. That's why when you are depressed, I understand your situation.

It was in 1967 that Father came back again. At that time, I understood Father for the first time in my life. The second time Father brought Mother. At that time Mother was only 26 and so beautiful. When Father spoke, brothers were so inspired because they found their ideal image in Father. But the sisters weren't so inspired until Mother came. Then they found their substantial ideal image in her. It was like seeing the first woman in true meaning.

We had a two-week workshop to teach a new version of the Divine Principle, the one we are studying now. Before that time, we had simple lectures. It must have been great, but I didn't attend because I was taking care of Tokyo City and preparing for Father. I was so busy. As soon as I sat down, I fell asleep.

But I was so moved by one thing. Father prayed three days for us. I was so sleepy but when I looked up, I was so moved that I couldn't sleep. And when the lecture finished, Father gathered us again and talked.

Even if someone began to sleep, still he never stopped. He spoke about Divine Principle, about the dispensation, about his plans and his personal testimony. Out of many stories, I remember a couple of words. He said that if he stayed two days with someone, he felt like giving all he had. In our case, even if we stay two years, we don't feel like giving. And he said one more word: He couldn't stop loving because love gushes. He can't restrain himself. I was amazed. What kind of man is he? Who is he that he cannot stop loving? We have a hard time to love each other, but this man cannot stop loving. I was amazed.

After two weeks, Father had to leave, and we had to go back to the field. In the last meeting Father gathered us and gave a long talk about God's dispensation in Japan and the relationship with Korea and America, the future of the world and our responsibility. It

must have been so inspiring. When his talk finished, he asked, "Can you do that?" We all said, "Yes." Then Father left. But then he came back again. He stood there, and we sat down again, but Father didn't speak. Parents' desire is to stay with their children forever. Children's desire is to stay with their parents forever. But parents have to leave and children have to go on by themselves. The mood changed and became so deep. We began to feel: Father can't leave us. The children can leave Father, but Father can't leave his children. We said, "Yes," and we could leave as soon as possible, but Father couldn't leave us. That's why he came back.

I felt that for 30 or 40 years, or even 6,000 years, children had been looking for this moment. But now this moment was ending, and they must go and fight. But when they go to the field, some of them might not be able to come back again, because some might leave. Then if someone leaves, this moment might be the final opportunity to see his parents. But this also might be the final moment for Father to see his loving children. The parents have to leave, and the children may not come back again. I understood that Father couldn't leave his son and his daughter because this moment might be the final moment of their life. I was amazed to be able to see the love in Father's eyes. Then I understood. Yes, Father, you can't leave us because you love us. Because of love, you can't leave. He said goodbye again and left.

But he came back once more. He had no reason to come back. He had to make an excuse to come back. I don't remember the contents the third time, but he told something deep. It was so short. It must have been something like this: If someone whom you love most is leaving and the person might not be able to come back again, then what could be the final word to someone whom you love most? It must be the most sincere words possible. Then he left. He didn't come back.

Father had left around 1 o'clock, and around 4 or 5 I was sitting all alone in the room in headquarters. Suddenly the door opened, and Father was standing there again. I said, "Father." He came into the room and looked around. He said, "Have they gone already?" I said, "Yes." He didn't say anything. Then he turned, and he disappeared. He didn't say anything, but I understood. His coming back said far more than his words. I understood Father still had some expectation that even though a lot of his children were gone, some might have stayed there. He must have come back so hastily. He came back just to see his children.

When I understood this feeling in Father, I wished I could just jump up and embrace him. Father!

This was the first time I found Father in Father. After five years in the Unification Church, I finally found Father in Father. He's my Father—not because he's the greatest man in the world or because he's powerful or the founder of the Unification Church. But because of love. Just because of love I found Father in Father.

**After two days
he couldn't
stop loving.**





Think a lot and act a lot.

Be creative and

put your ideas into positive action.

She showed confidence in me as a person.

My Sister Patty

by Joan Groom

Someone once wrote that we have to live a long time to fulfill ourselves. It can also be said that we have to live a long time before finding a truly fulfilling relationship with one of our fellow beings. Throughout our lives, we come into many relationships and experience various fits and starts of generosity for and from those toward whom we feel deeply. But we all, in our innermost hearts, long to find that person with whom we can be completely free and to whom we can confidently give and open our hearts. As Emerson put it: "We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had, amid the dreary years of routine and sin, with souls that made our souls wiser, that spoke what we thought, that told us what we knew, that gave us leave to be what we inly were." We all await such an enlightening and fulfilling relationship.

It took me 33 years to find such a relationship, to find my true friend. When it happened, it took me completely by surprise because my ideal relationship turned out to be with someone toward whom I didn't instantly feel a spiritual affinity, as I had toward others who had played important roles in my life. Rather, it was a relationship that crept up on me, without my really suspecting what was happening until it was in full bloom. And yet, there was one meeting which foretold, at least the possibility, of such a deep union between us.

**I admired
her honesty
and integrity.**



It occurred at a meeting of state pioneers from the New England area in September of 1975. The purpose of the gathering was to understand the “real” situation of the pioneers. As each gave an account of his experiences, it was obvious that they were all trying to be as encouraging as possible, despite their difficult situations. But when Patty Zulkosky gave her testimony, she, in essence, made a public confession, pouring out her heart in complete honesty and telling how difficult it really was and how devastated she had been by the sudden arrival, without forewarning, of a brother who announced that he was now the state leader. Her total honesty and willingness to lay her heart before everyone moved me to tears. I knew that here was a person who valued honesty so much that she was willing to publicly express her deepest struggles, and even resentments, in order not only to overcome her own situation, but also to help the other pioneers who later admitted to experiencing similar struggles. I admired her honesty and integrity.

But we didn’t get to know each other until over a year later when we returned to Barrytown together after the Washington Monument campaign. Shortly thereafter, Patty was put in charge of 21-day training, and it was then that our relationship began to take root and grow. I don’t remember exactly how it happened, but I do remember that many times when Patty would talk to me, she would put her elbow on my shoulder and lean on me. It was symbolic of what was happening between us. She needed someone from whom she could gain internal support and on whom she could depend, and I somehow became that person. I began loving her without realizing that I was.

Consciously, I didn’t want to become deeply involved with anyone because I was tormented by a relationship with someone else, and I didn’t want to open my heart up to more disappointment. And ironically, I remember sharing with her something that Heavenly Father had told me about the true nature of sacrifice when I was pioneering: that’s it’s not a matter of how little you eat or sleep or how hard you push yourself externally. True sacrifice means the willingness to repeatedly put yourself in a position to be hurt, humiliated and even destroyed by strangers, those you love and even God. This is the course of sacrifice our Heavenly Father has travelled for 6,000 years, and also that our Father has endured. And that was exactly what Heavenly Father was leading me to do at a time when I least wanted to. While I remained cautious, God confidently drew us closer to each other.

One night as we were going to bed Patty told me that my life of faith was inspiring to her. I really didn’t understand why, because I didn’t think my faith was anything special, but I was very grateful to her for saying it because no one had ever said anything so encouraging to me before. That night I cried myself to sleep because I knew that, through Patty, Heavenly Father was trying to comfort me.

At the beginning of January, Patty left for Ohio with the IOWC. I didn’t go immediately, and during the three weeks I was alone at Barrytown, I realized how much I

**I felt acceptance
and freedom
in loving.**

loved her and missed her. When I did join the team in Ohio, we didn't see each other so often because we were in different cities. But we spoke regularly on the phone, and our love for each other blossomed.

I knew now that I had found the true friend I had longed for all my life. Here was the one I could express not only my deepest hopes and feelings to, but someone who always showed confidence in me as a person and gently encouraged me to go beyond my inhibitions to become what I had the potential to become. Here was someone who valued my relationship with God so much that she sometimes told young members to talk to me if they wanted to know someone who had a relationship with God. When one of them first told me that, I felt very anxious and immediately called her and said, "What are you doing? I can't handle that. And anyway, lots of people have a relationship with God." She calmly replied, "Don't worry. I know your limit. But you have so much to offer young members, and I want you to share your faith with them." How could I argue with someone who found such value in me and made me feel I had something significant to give to others? I knew how very sincere she was and how deeply she cared when I learned that she also encouraged our central figure to give me responsibilities that would necessarily put me in a position to publicly inspire others. Her faith in me was truly amazing to me.

But most heartening was the way in which Patty let me love her, the way in which she accepted my love, however I chose to express it—spiritually, physically or materially. Never before had I felt such acceptance or freedom in loving. Relationships had always been difficult for me. When I felt deeply toward someone, I wanted to give everything and have a total relationship. Physically, I couldn't stand to have anyone touch me, but spiritually I was willing to invest myself completely. Somehow that frightened people, and they backed away. After joining the church, I had a deep experience with someone who unlocked within me emotions I hadn't known were there. But they were feelings she herself couldn't handle, and so that relationship became a very frustrating one for me.

When Patty accepted my love so willingly and completely, it was as if a part of me that had always been imprisoned was released. Suddenly loving, which had always been painful, was such a joy. For the first time I felt fulfilled in love. I knew this was a great gift from Heavenly Father because on the day Patty had left New York I had had a very deep experience in which I realized that I had no right to ask to be able to love freely until God was able to love freely. And now He was giving me that wonderful blessing. I felt it was only possible because He, too, could find joy in our relationship, a relationship that had Him at its center. Because of that, Patty and I have been able to find God in each other, and to inspire and stimulate each other. And this is really what a true relationship is all about.

One day we debated whether it was more precious to be true friends or true sisters.

Being an only child and always having longed for a sister, I said sisters were closer and could have a deeper relationship. Patty, who has four sisters, thought a true friend was more valuable. But after a couple of days she changed her mind and agreed that to be true sisters was more precious, and so we became sisters.

Of course, all relationships go through trials and struggles, and ours has too. But whatever happens between us, I know that she understands my heart in a way that no one else ever has, and that is a great comfort to me. I don't have to worry about being misunderstood or having my motivation questioned by her. I can be myself and express myself freely. In our world, and even in our church, words are often spoken carelessly, without much sincerity behind them, and I am frequently upset at how little people really mean the things they say. It's very true that words are cheap. But over and over again Patty has shown through her actions that her love for me is sincere. For true love consists not only in working together harmoniously toward the same goal, but in helping one another, through positive support and encouragement, to become all that God desires us to become. As Patty said to me recently, "The relationships that have been most joyful and inspiring to me are those in which people have seen in me something greater than I am at the moment and have pushed me toward fulfilling that greatness. It's a kind of unconditional love that accepts me where I'm at now but urges me to become something better. And I recognize that that is really God revealing, through those people, His hope for me."

That's the kind of relationship and the kind of love she has given to me—and that's why I thank Heavenly Father everyday for my sister Patty.

All good
men in the history
of mankind
have contributed at least
a part
to
God's
recreation of man.

My Path to Father

by Young Oon Kim

I was born in Korea and brought up in a family which had no Christian influence. I attended public grade school and the government high school. When I was 16 years old, I suddenly felt questions within me: What is the purpose of my life? What should I do in this world? For what should I live? Where am I going? What will happen after I die? But, in the next moment, I thought it was foolish to think about those things and went back to my studying. In a few weeks the same questions arose, and I pondered them once again.

At that time I was living in my sister's home. I looked at my brother-in-law, who was really enjoying accumulating wealth. But deep in his heart there was only greed and pride. I didn't see in him true happiness, a joy or love for other people. In spite of his kindness to me, in my heart I felt a repulsion toward him. Often when I saw him being contemptuous towards our relatives, tenants and servants, I felt rather antagonistic and thought, "I will never live in order to accumulate wealth. That cannot be the purpose of my life."

Then I looked at young people, college students. Their arrogant and lazy attitude disgusted me, and I thought the plain uneducated or less educated people were more honest, sincere and warm-hearted. What does education do to man? Money doesn't raise one's personality, and education doesn't necessarily make one good. Of course, this is the experience in a small environment. But I thought it is foolish to waste all my life acquiring knowledge for the sake of knowledge.

I had a 70-year-old grandmother who, looking back upon her long past, couldn't recall the happy part, but only the sad part. To her the future was uncertain and fearful. There was no joy. She had bad teeth and a weak body. Living was a burden for her. If long life is such a thing, why should I live long? I should die young, I thought.

Well, if I didn't want wealth or education or a long life, for what should I live? In Korea, marriage is not quite what it is here. There, couples live with a sense of obligation rather than exciting love. So, at 16, marriage wasn't very attractive to me. Why should I bind myself to a family and suffer that way. I couldn't understand it.

**I didn't see
true happiness
or love
for other people.**

Then I was lost. Without a purpose, I did not know what to do. I shook my head and said, "Why should I think about things I cannot solve? So I went back by my studies.

But in a few weeks the same questions drove me to a beautiful hill behind our house. I didn't want to see people, so I ran out to the hill, sat down in a quiet place and pondered these things. Then I shouted, "If there is a God in the universe, please appear to me." Nothing appeared, so I came back. In a few weeks the same questions drove me to the same hillside, and I cried and shouted, saying the same thing, "If there is no God and no answer, I might commit suicide because there is no meaning in this life. I continued in this way for about six or seven months.

Early one evening I was sitting quietly in the front yard thinking about these questions when I suddenly heard a distinct voice from above, which said, "He loves you, he loves you, the Bible tells you so." I tried to recall where I had heard these words. Then I remembered that it was a chorus of children singing, "Jesus love me, Jesus loves me," at a Sunday school when I was 10 or 11.

Hearing these words again, I felt somewhat good, but I didn't feel like going back to that church, so I went back to studying. Within a few weeks the same voice came to me again, but still I didn't want to go back to the church. The third time it happened I thought, "Why am I so stubborn? I must go to a church and see what is there."

I didn't want to meet Korean friends, so I sneaked into a Japanese church. It was Wednesday prayer meeting, and attendance was small. The minister started to sing a very new hymn. As I followed for two or three lines, I heard a voice which said, "It was not you who have been seeking me, but I who have been seeking you." It was a short sentence. "It was not you, but I who have been seeking you through valleys, hillsides and those lonely places to which you have been wandering." Then tears just gushed. I couldn't sing any more. I felt such closeness to someone who had been seeking me.

Early the next morning I went to the same quiet hillside to pray. At the end of my prayer, I added, "I pray this in the name of Jesus Christ," which I picked up the previous night from the church minister. I continued to pray every morning month after month, year after year. I was driven to pray incessantly.

While in prayer one night I saw Jesus hanging on a huge cross and myself kneeling at the foot of the cross begging forgiveness of my sins. Morally I was very pure, but I felt so helpless and miserable in front of this cross. I cried and cried saying, "I did not know that you suffered for me. I did not know that you suffered for me." After several hours of prayer, I got up and went home about 5 o'clock in the morning.

When I went back the next day, even the same trees looked different. The houses, and the birds, and the flowers, plants, even the sun seemed to talk to me. The entire creation seemed made for me. I had never thought that God had created the entire creation for me. Now it was talking to me, and I to it without any special effort. My life

Then God said, "You must know the weapon of your enemy." What? The weapon of my enemy? Am I going to stand against Christian leaders someday? It seemed ridiculous.

After graduating from the seminary, I was invited to teach at a woman's Bible college in North Korea. I preached from my own experiences and taught what I had studied in the seminary. The two did not go together, and even though they liked my sermons, I was completely changed, and yet I did not tell anybody about this inner change. But I overheard my family talk about how I was an entirely different girl.

I had seen the crucified Lord, and now I wanted to see the resurrected Lord and to be resurrected with Him. This strong idea drove me to the church. I prayed, asking for resurrection. On Easter Eve the resurrected Christ appeared to me, along with Mary Magdalene who was going to touch his robe. The Lord said to her, "Don't touch me, but go to my brethren and tell them that I am risen." That whole scene appeared to me and just poured into me. I just couldn't pray any longer. I stood and sang the hymn of resurrection, "He is risen, He is risen." From that moment I felt it was my mission to proclaim the resurrected Lord to the whole world. No matter what kind of work I did, it was my mission to tell people that our Lord has risen.

After I graduated from high school, I worked in a small bank. One day a voice said, "Do not work with dead numerals, but work with human lives."

I thought I might become a school teacher. I went to Seoul to take some teacher training courses and became a school teacher. I loved teaching, and I put myself completely into it. Everybody said I was a very good teacher because I was in my students and they were in me.

After a year, God said to me, "Do something for eternity." Then I realized that anybody can teach the alphabet and mathematics. Why should I devote my life to such commonplace work? By this time I had had many unusual spiritual experiences.

I was also familiar with Swedenborg's books and had much knowledge about spirit world. When I heard God say I must do something for eternity, I immediately understood this to mean that I must teach the Word of God to people. Through these books, I knew that in Paradise they were still teaching and discussing the Words of God and that His was the only eternal literature on earth.

I went to Japan to study theology. I found my studies at the seminary fascinating academically. But spiritually the atmosphere of the seminary was completely dead. My inner spiritual life and my academic studies couldn't be reconciled. I couldn't find any harmony or connection between them. I thought, "What am I going to do with this study? This does not help my spiritual life. How can I save or help others' spiritual lives with this study?" I noticed that my fellow students suffered in the same way. They had come with high great visions, but now their visions were all gone.

I asked God, "Why should I study?"

**God said,
"Do something
for eternity."**



**I was jealous
someone else had received a revelation.**

couldn't reconcile the two. No one knew about spirit world as I did, but I couldn't connect it with my teachings.

Shortly after Korea was liberated from Japanese domination, the communists flooded into the North, and the land was divided. This was worse than before. But God said, "Your true liberation will come later." I was urged by God to quickly go to the South.

So I fled to the South as a refugee and began teaching at the one of the oldest and largest women's universities in the Orient. Then I met a Canadian missionary who offered me a scholarship to study in Canada.

I accepted it and went to Toronto in 1948. While there, I hunted and hunted through different groups looking for something spiritual, but I couldn't find it. After two years I was ready to leave.

Then suddenly I heard the news of the Korean War. I have never seen war in my life, and the thought of all the destruction shocked me. I couldn't talk, couldn't move. My whole body seemed numb. In that moment suddenly I heard a voice say, "I will protect and preserve my remnants."

Then it was clear to me that no matter how many people were sacrificed or killed, God will still hide, protect and preserve the seeds of the good, of the righteous. So I summed up my courage and started praying, "Father, please protect the seeds of the righteous to reestablish the church and the country." Because of war my scholarship was extended for another year.

I went back to Korea in 1952. I was immediately attacked by acute diarrhea. I do not know what caused it, but no medicine helped me at all. Finally it turned to chronic diarrhea. Then bronchitis started. This problem was over in a few months but the diarrhea continued and continued.

I was so weak that I only lectured one hour or two hours and then lay down most of the day. Finally, I couldn't carry on any more. The university put me into a hospital. My condition improved but after my release, it all came back. Diarrhea and then kidney trouble. I couldn't sit up, and I couldn't lie down any more. I was so miserable. I couldn't pray more than 15 minutes.

One night a voice said, "This is a spiritual crisis." I woke up and asked, "What do you mean by spiritual crisis?" There was no answer. Yet I couldn't do anything. The doctor said he couldn't find any functional, organic trouble, but I was suffering. Physically, there was no hope for me to recover. I was just skin and bones. But spiritually I wasn't ready to die. There was something I had to accomplish. I did not know what it was. But I knew my mission was not fulfilled.

My spiritual life had progressed so fast during the early stages of my Christian life. But now I couldn't advance any farther no matter how hard I tried. I was completely devoted to God, and yet I found my spiritual life was not progressing. This was most unbearable

**God will protect
and preserve
the seeds
of the righteous.**

for me. Spiritually I couldn't grow. Then all of a sudden it was a spiritual crisis. I couldn't understand all of this.

At this time a friend of mine came to me one day and said, "I have found a small group in which a young man who has received a special revelation from God is now teaching this new truth. According to this truth, God has already started a new dispensation on earth, and the New Testament Age is now over. Because of this new dispensation, God is pouring out His spirit to people on earth. You must come and listen to this man's revelation, and see if this truth is from God or not." I thought I knew everything. Why should I learn any more? Deep inside I was rather jealous that somebody received revelation from God. Who knew more about God than I? Externally I knew everything. Then the word revelation struck me. I knew a revelation was something from God.

So I accepted her invitation. But that same night stomach cramps came. The next morning the ambulance came and took me to the hospital, where I stayed for three weeks.

When I came back, diarrhea and kidney trouble started again. My friend came back and said I must come with her. Well, I had no hope. So I thought I had better go.

I started hearing the message at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The first part was very much like Swedenborg. So I asked the leader, "Have you read Swedenborg's book?" He said, "No, I have never read it, but I saw him several times in the spirit world."

Who is this, to meet Swedenborg so easily?

After he detected how much I admired Swedenborg, he said, "Swedenborg is not in the high position you think, and 80 percent of what Swedenborg said is mistaken." What? I thought Swedenborg was absolutely correct. If Swedenborg was mistaken, the foundation of my faith was shaking. I was rather displeased with this statement, but I was curious to know more about this. Then he continued the lecture. It was very different from what I had been studying and teaching and I told him, "Please tell me the source of this revelation. Unless you tell me this, I cannot continue. It is so different."

Then he told his members to give me their testimonies. One by one, very educated college girls and boys, uneducated women and men, young and old, told me their experiences. They were authentic, wonderful experiences in the light of my knowledge of Swedenborg and my own spiritual experiences. I just couldn't deny this. Then the leader explained very briefly how he had received this revelation. By the end of the second day, I became very humble, and I was more open-minded. I was ready to hear more.

When I got up on the third morning my diarrhea had stopped, my kidney was cleared up, my swelling had disappeared, and I felt so light inside. I ate fish, pork and spicy pickles and still my digestion was 100 percent better. I couldn't understand. So I asked the leader, "I didn't even ask for healing. How did this happen to me?"

I was more than happy, more than grateful. It was the last part of December, 1954.



The wise man is a searcher,

seeking God

and then uniting with Him.

Parental Love

by Sang Ik Choi

I would like to speak systematically on the topic of love. First of all, we have to know parental love. It is important to understand very clearly about the instructive reason of love. By instructive reason I mean the truth about love. Our life, character and daily action all depend on belief which comes from thought. If we do not know any instructive, constructive idea, we have no way to build a beautiful world.

To know parental love is most important, more important than anything else. Even the Ten Commandments state that we should respect our parents. This is mentioned even prior to the fifth commandment which tells us not to kill. Many young people don't respect their parents because they believe that their parents don't love them. I have asked parents why they don't love their children. Usually the answer is that they love their children but that they love one another more. The spouse is seen to be the other half of the person and very close. It's reasonable, I know, because I have a wife and three children. My wife and myself ideally are one, and also the parents and children are one. Both are very important, but which should I prefer? I have to love my wife as my children and also love my children as my wife.

Ideally you could say that we should love everyone equally. Today many religious people say that we should love everyone and that love is beautiful. Actually, love is the cause of much suffering in this society. We have to know what we mean by love and what it is very precisely and concretely. The Bible and many religious teachings say that after you mature you should find your own mate, have a husband and wife relationship and become one in conjugal love. The spouse is seen as one's second self. In my position as a teacher I have to know which to prefer because many people ask me practical questions.

**To know
parental love
is most important.**

**The basic
parental heart
never changes.**

Truth is confused today because people's thinking and speaking is vague and disorderly. For example, nothing is wrong with materialistic values. However, if you prefer them over spiritual values, there is disorder, and this is evil. The same thing is true between conjugal love and parental love. Both are good, but if there is disorder, it makes us blind and we do evil without realizing it. I have to understand these things very clearly. It is difficult to know which love to prefer, because love can guide us in two directions, one good and one bad. Truth is often difficult to distinguish. For instance, greed seems to be human nature and yet it is evil. On the other hand, desire for constructive things is good.

Whenever I study anything, first of all, I give up my own concept. I really love my wife and my three children. But until my children have grown and found their own mate I feel a greater responsibility for them than for my wife. This is an undeniable fact. I confirmed it by my idea drawn from observing the inner nature of all creatures that have love. I have concluded that parental love is the strongest force in the universe.

Parental love is not easy for children to understand because it comes from the top to the bottom. You will never really understand parental love until you have your own children. Many children believe their parents don't love them because sometimes they punish them or because sometimes the parents may go out to a restaurant or a movie by themselves. Just because they may go out and enjoy their life sometimes does not mean that they are neglecting you. Sometimes when you criticize your parents you pick up something small. No matter what, your parents love you. Parents never hate their children, although they may hate their bad habits and may sometimes misunderstand them. There is a famous quote: "Hate sin but never the man himself." Even though your parents may spank you, in the next moment they will take care of you; they feel your suffering and your pain. After I have spanked my children, I feel very sorry and cry inwardly.

The parent's love towards children never changes. It is like the kindness of the sun. Without the sun nothing would grow and nothing would be maintained. Yet, the sun's kindness and importance is too much to really fully appreciate. We would only realize it if on some occasion it became dark. I, myself, never fully understood parental love until I had my own son and daughters. The basic parental heart never changes. Parental love is indescribable. It is such a big love, it is unconditional. What is the love of a parent? To warmly comprehend, give and sacrifice. That is love. Principle says give and take, but parental love is to give without expecting to receive.

I saw movie titled "A Mother's Eyes." A mother had several children and one became blind. As time passed, one daughter was happily married and a son became



**Parental love is
the strongest force
in the universe.**

a very successful politician. The son who was blind lived in a house that was so poor. In the town there was a very famous surgeon and through him it was possible that the son could receive his sight. The mother pleaded with the surgeon to give her son back his sight, and he told her that the only way was to get a new eye from someone for the child. So the mother offered her own eyes, but the doctor told her to only give him one eye as she had to do a lot to take care of her son. The child had the operation and received his one eye from his mother. Even though such a beautiful world had opened up to him he became angry because he wanted both eyes. The doctor explained to him that it was his own mother's eye and then he saw her coming down the hall with only one eye and cried.

This is an example of love. But today there are no heartistic teachings and no conscientious teachings in stories. All that is emphasized is rationality, physics, science and analysis. No depth of the heart or conscience is taught. Yet a person's life, his actions and his character depend on what he has faith in. Today fathers and mothers are sometimes cold because they have been influenced by shallow ideas which seem very reasonable. But people can truly recognize something constructive, instructive and sincere. When we hear such a beautiful story as I mentioned, we can realize that we are all human beings, whether yellow, black or white. Skin does not matter; the blood is the same. Our heart and our conscience is the same and is based on love and truth, warmth and sincerity. Because these are lacking today, people are lost. Americans are very reasonable, but heartistically they are wrong.

I saw an old man and woman who were living not as human beings but as people who were two-thirds dead. It was so sad to see. They were just existing. I wanted to ask, why did you put your parents in such a home, or in such a hospital? People say it's because their parents are old and cannot take care of themselves. Then they say they are now independent and that there is no need for them to relate to their parents. This is very reasonable, but heartistically it is wrong. Sure, you can be independent, and go your separate way, but children should want to take care of their parents. Your parents took so much care of you when you were sick, when you were hurt. It is not right that the child just tells them that they should go to the hospital.

If parents have no love or respect from their children, then their whole life is lost. If parents are respected and loved by their children and by their friends, then they have a wonderful life. This society is reasonable but it lacks heart, which is so sad because men are basically emotional. Children should know how to take care of their parents. Of course if they want to be independent they can, but they should think more of their parents. Speaking of love is not love. Love must be manifested.

Therefore, many people have said this society is dead and hard. In order for this to be overcome, we must have heartistic education.

Parental love is unchangeable, and children should realize this. We have to respect our spiritual parents, and we have to respect our physical parents. There is a good reason that the Ten Commandments tell us to respect God first and then our parents. This is the essence of the Ten Commandments.



**Parents who are loved and respected by their children
have a wonderful life.**

