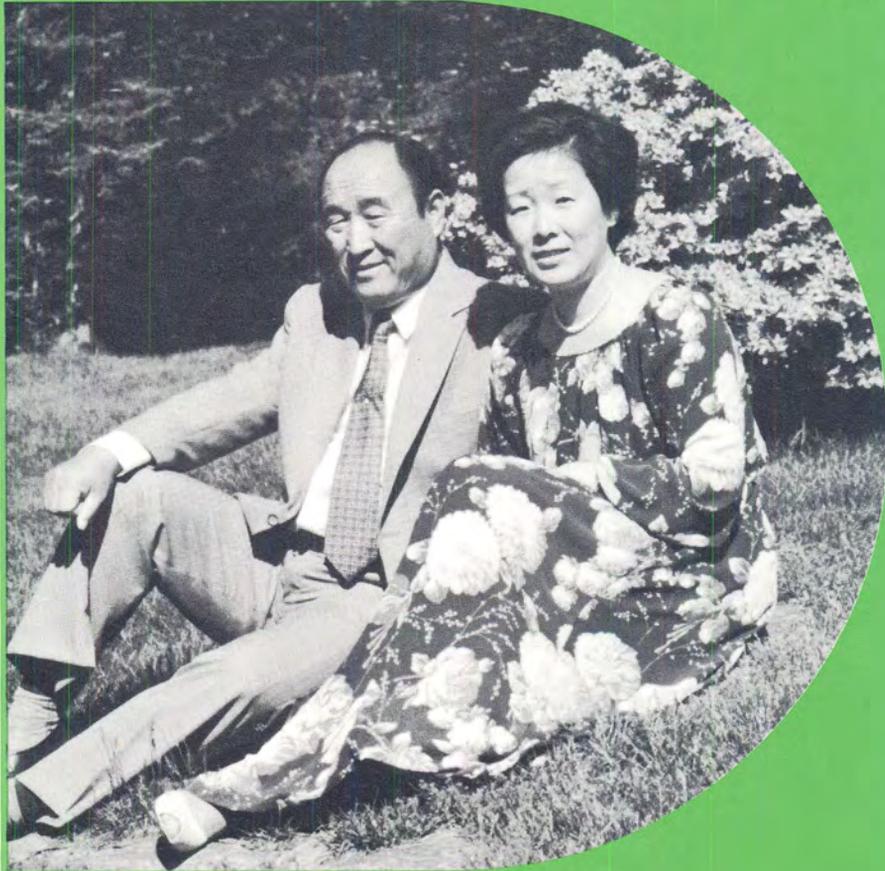


# Principle Life

August 1980



**a magazine of internal guidance and inspiration**

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himself in front of God.

When we come to know God on a profound level, we will see our own self reflecting His nature.

# Faith

## Chung Hwan Kwak

As Unification Church members, we must seek the true and righteous meaning of meekness for our own lives. To be able to receive the inheritance of God's greatest blessings, we must cultivate a sincere and righteous nature; we must become truly meek individuals. The person who possesses meekness is the one who knows himself in front of God. Of course, there are many ways to know one's self. But in the way of faith, to be obedient and humble in front of God—who is most true, sincere, pure and absolute—a meek man should realize how different he is from God. Yet, man should try to reflect himself in the mirror of God. A meek man should assume God's characteristics and reflect them.

Yet, when we look into ourselves from our own standard and try to discover who we are, we will find there are many ways to know ourselves. Modern man usually thinks of himself in terms of knowledge, business abilities, general understanding of the world, etc. Many people even look at and rate themselves according to how much they are worth monetarily, equating it to the value they have to the world. Yet to really know one's self sincerely and truthfully, a person must reflect himself in God. When you look at yourself in relation to God and objectively see what is being reflected, you will truly come to know yourself.

A meek individual must be able to look into himself and seeing that he still has sin, shed tears. What this means is that a person is able to see his limited nature and his sinfulness with a righteous mind and heart, and further be able to shed tears seeing that he must strive harder to reflect God's nature.

When a person becomes meek, he will come to know himself better as well as others. This is because when one is able to see God reflected in himself, he will be able to see God reflected in others. He will observe that those other people reflected in God are not really other people but they then become the realization of God's motivation for them, and for their lives. It is important to know the qualities which God sees in the other person. When we think of our brothers and sisters, of our husband or wife, we tend to compare them with some standard we create in our minds. We use our standard—analyzing them in terms of what the person could have for me or do for me, etc. We are often critical when the person does not live up to our expectations. We seem to expect that the person should be perfect.

Man has not been able to compromise and arrive at one absolute standard by which to judge others. It is only possible for one to possess the standard of humble and meek judgment when one is totally objective to achieving God's true ideal. We should see a person as the person God, my Father, loves, and as the person God cannot forget, and whom God can forgive. When you come to know that God values that person, then you cannot hate or despise him or ever think of him as your enemy.

The humanitarian notion "love your enemy" was taught by Jesus. Man is also taught to forgive others and understand and respect their viewpoints. All of these ideals have been taught throughout history by sages and religious people. But it is not easy to actualize this. People say it can only be done in thought. Then how can we achieve the reality where these thoughts also manifest as actions? When a person can come to that point, he reflects God and will then come to know others are also reflections of God.

It is a difficult way, but it is the way we cannot escape. It is ultimately the only way. Therefore, when we view others in our daily life, we find people whom we love, trust and who come to have intrinsic value to us. Yet, our evaluations of people still stem from our own view of things; from that point of reference, feelings of love and hate grow. Yet these evaluations have nothing to do with eternity.

What is the source of an eternal relationship? When you can realize that a person is in God's thoughts, is in God's love and is one whom God values, then you can finally see that which God sees in that person. Then you can create an eternal relationship with that person.

Therefore, a person who is meek is one who realizes his own sin and is able to shed tears. Yet he does not only shed tears for himself, but is a person who can come to shed tears for others, realizing they are also reflections of God's nature.

Repentance is the first condition of being faithful and religious. When Jesus

came to earth, his message to mankind was how important repentance was. Almost all religions throughout the world emphasize repentance. Why? To feel liberated and cleansed, a person must first repent and shed tears for his sin. Our fervent daily prayer should be: "Oh, God, please be able to call us Your sons and daughters. Please do not avoid us in our iniquities, but seek us..." It is important for us to pray in order to meet God. Yet, how do you think anyone meets God? And who among us will be the ones with courage enough to try?

We may think that we could meet the God who conforms with the age-old image of Him—white beard, white robe sitting on the high and almighty throne of heaven. Not at all. When we meet God, we will be embraced in His love. We will walk with Him. We will not see His face, but rather see our own self reflecting His nature. This is meeting God. When we meet and finally come to know God on a more profound level, that external image of God will disappear; only our own reflection will remain. It will be yourself whom you meet. Why? It is because God's original desire was not just that man harmonize with the creation. God wanted to come within us and share His heart with us. It is because of this that we can realize we each reflect Him. When we truly come to know this, we can only bow our heads in humility. Then each of us can naturally cleanse, purify and redeem ourselves. When you truly realize this, you will reflect God. This takes faith. This is faith.

*In order to restore belief, God  
has been seeking individuals  
of absolute faith on earth.*



How grateful I am to God for the darkness and for the light.

# Dark Night of the Soul

**Barbara ten Wolde**

The alarm rang. In pain, I pushed the button. The exhaustion that was always there was not the cause of the pain, nor were the nightmares that seemed to be with me of late. The pain was in the waking itself. The nightmares of unconsciousness were comfort compared to the nightmare that was consciousness. I longed to find that waking was a dream and fall back into sleep's oblivion.

I forced myself not to think. I forced my feet on to the floor and my mind into the many activities of the coming day. I forced myself into grateful prayer to Heavenly Father. I forced myself to grasp how much He wanted seen done in this day in this city that He had put into my hands in spite of myself.

If I must think of pain, I turned my mind to His pain, to the One who has suffered so long for His love and who cannot even escape into the peace of sleep... Oh, God, how much more suffering have I brought to You. You who have given so much to me... No, I must not think these thoughts. If I do, I will surely die. I will be lost.

Quickly I dressed and rushed out to make breakfast for the members. Everything was done quickly, because I survived by filling my life to the brim. I had never before been so busy nor accomplished so much. It seemed as if I was living many lives in one. But this was out of a desperation to hold onto the thread of life that connected me to the church. Later, it would be out of a sense of God's urgency and longing.

Not long before, due to circumstances that I had been surrounded by and allowed myself to fall into, I had descended into the pits of hell. When I realized where I was, I went out into the night to be alone. Weeping profusely, I slid down an embankment off the road and sat in a flow of mud in the most utter depths of despair.

I debated with myself about leaving the church, but I knew that I could not. Even if I did, I would still one day have to come into heaven through our Parents, even if it be a thousand years hence. No, to stay in the church was the shortest road to where I was inevitably going—even though the church which I loved so deeply had now become my port to hell.

I thought of suicide. But I knew too much about spirit world. I knew too well that suicide was no way out of hell but only the way further in. And again I returned to the same point: the most direct route to heaven was through our Parents. No, I must plunge forward. Even if Father never looked at me again, even if all my brothers and sisters turned their faces from me, I must go forward in their midst.

Slowly my mind turned in gratitude to Satan. Satan had slung me into this blackest hole, but he could not have done it without a base. Somewhere in me and in my lineage was his handle. I had to be grateful to Satan because he did not allow it to remain buried. My momentary shame and despair were but a small price to pay for being able to see the darkness that had been lurking undetected in my soul. Now it was out; now I was looking at it. God, I would hate to have been blessed without realizing that this was there. I would hate to have unsuspectingly passed this on to my children.

I must catch a hold of this darkness and determine to become free from it so it can never catch me again. I must overcome it and grow beyond it. It was probably not only something in my own life but also in my lineage. My intense desire became to heal my lineage forever in the process of healing myself, not just to cover up but to understand, to overcome and to be liberated.

\* \* \* \*

This happened during my fourth year in the church. Some time later, in the midst of a talk Father was giving after one of the campaigns, he said something that immediately caught my attention: The first three years in the church we are paying indemnity for our own personal lives, but in the fourth through the seventh years we are paying indemnity for our lineage. This gave much meaning to me for the intense struggle, darkness and loneliness of those years in my church life.

It took me a long time to recover from this experience, like a slow

resurrection from death itself. It seemed as if the merit of my first three years in the church was gone. However, I came to believe that, as long as we keep moving in all sincerity, we won't slip backwards. First of all, Heavenly Father never forgets even the smallest offering we make to Him in our lives. Secondly, as we move forward, there may be pits that we cannot see until we actually fall into them (from ancestry or because of future mission or whatever). But, if we keep moving, we can pick ourselves up and make our way up the other side and finally out into the open again. And we will find that we are further along than we were the moment we fell down. When we are down, it seems as if we have lost all, but it's so important to keep moving in spite of wounds.

When I was down, outside of my prayers, I was comforted in two ways: one was in seeing my spiritual children. "Ah," a voice within me whispered, "even if I am but trash now, still my life had worth. Look at these beautiful children who bring such joy to Heavenly Father!" The other comfort was my close friends. They greeted me with warmth, as if nothing had happened, embraced me and supported me with no judgment.

In my sixth year and again in my ninth year, I circled around and hit the same weakness in my life. And each time it seemed that the test sank more deeply into the recesses of my heart. Each time the repetition was uncanny. Though the individuals around me were different, the same attitudes and even words came out of them as I had seen and heard in those I was associated with in my fourth year. It was amazing, as if they were reading from the same script, or the same spirits were speaking through them. But each time I was more aware of what was happening. The red light would go on and I would stand back from myself and take control, feeling more and more cleansed and confident that God was there.

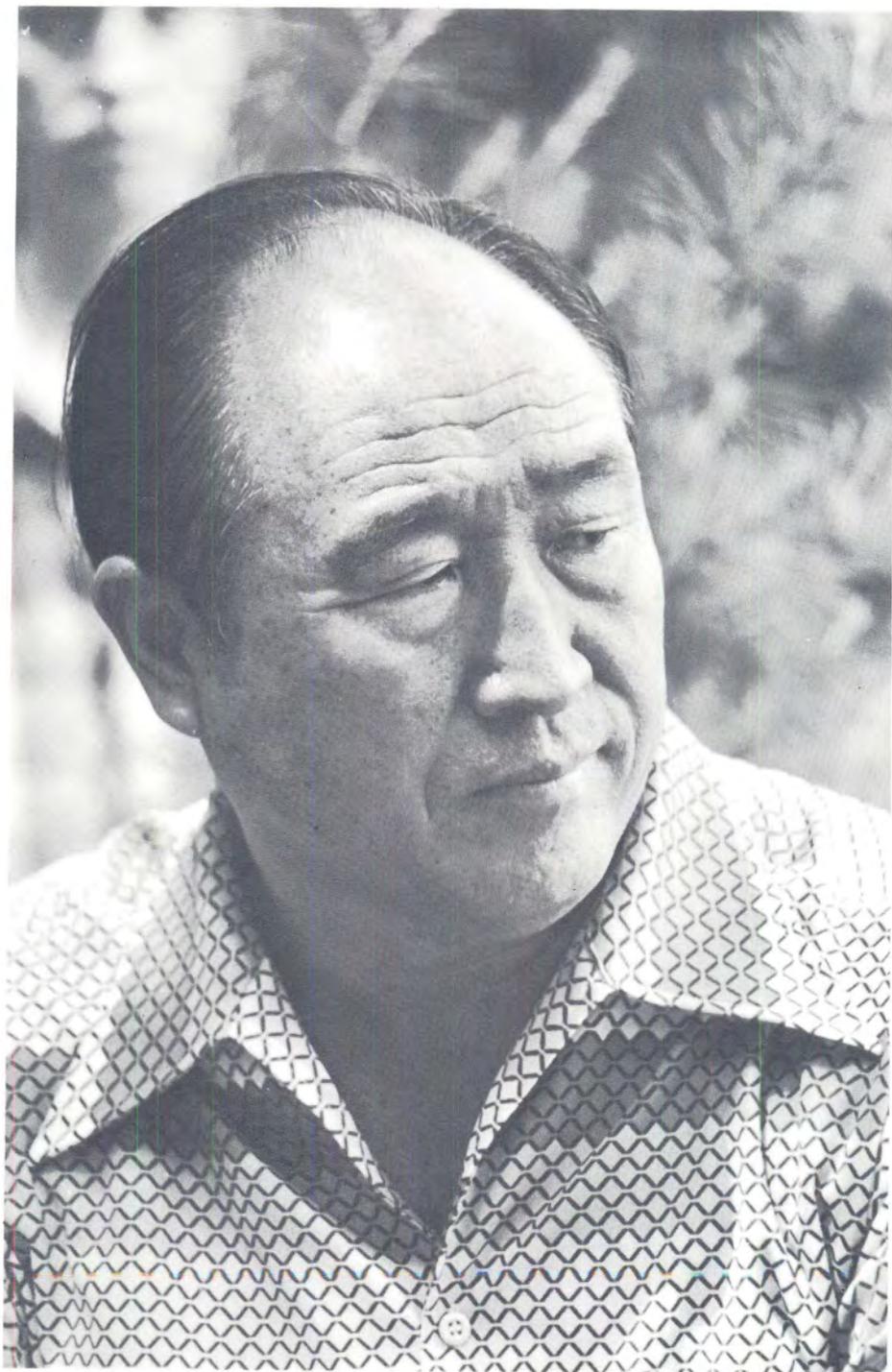
After the third test, a new sense of joy, peace and selfworth slowly began to blossom in my life. How grateful I am to God—for the darkness and for the light.

# Images of Father









*When I sit down to pray and  
call the name of God, tears  
automatically stream down  
my face because I understand  
the seriousness of calling  
upon the name of God.*

# A Testimony

## from Shawn Byrne

One night I dreamt I was a runner in a marathon race. There were all kinds of challenges, and sometimes mishaps, on the way. I had to run through water. Sometimes I went astray and had to retrace my steps. There were holes in the path that I could fall into. At times the way was slippery. Occasionally the path became barely wide enough for one person to pass through. Once, amazingly, I skidded and was swept high in the air. How could I return to “terra firma” without being smashed? I did plummet to earth, but in some way I didn’t understand, I was not injured and I continued onwards, running, feeling good. I saw others being seduced from the race.

In my dream I did not get to the end of the marathon, but I understood that what matters is the quality of the effort. I could reach the goal if I was tireless in my effort.

The second of seven children, I grew up in the Republic of Ireland in the ’40s and ’50s, a quiet time and a quiet place. In 1963, after seven years of boring study of long-dead philosophy and theology, I was ordained a Roman Catholic priest for the archdiocese of Dublin. My purpose was to save souls. Since I was a child, my intention was to be a missionary in Africa and ride a horse or a motor bike in its jungle paths as I brought baptism, faith and education to its lost millions. However, as providence would have it, I ended up in Dublin. Later, as European missionaries began to outlive their usefulness, I was glad of this.

I settled down enthusiastically in my first mission to teach religion in high school. I began in the orthodox way, but over the years, as I became more aware of the nature of the challenge, I developed new understanding and techniques. I found that religion is a tricky thing to teach, especially as a compulsory subject. Most teenagers are not enthusiastic for it and see it as a limitator rather than a liberator in their lives. As they would sometimes say, “If everybody was good, life would be awful boring.”

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was to be  
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in Africa.

Meantime, I tackled and overcame one of the great terrors of my life. To stand up before an audience and speak was something that made my heart pound so fast that I thought I would collapse. However, I forced myself to stand up at debates and discussions and to speak out when I wanted, as well as give the sermons I had to give. Bit by bit, to my great relief, the terror subsided and I could do the previously almost impossible: speak impromptu, more or less coherently and calmly. That victory became a sign of hope for me. I felt that, if I could surmount that fear and develop that ability, I could do anything life required of me.

In the early summer of 1970 I visited New York. I was dazzled by its hustle and bustle, its towering buildings, its teeming millions, its variety of races, religions and colors of skin. Its heavy energy astounded me and its highways with their endless lines of cars amazed me. I was dizzy. In the streets were muggers and drug addicts. The air seemed full of planes and helicopters. The atmosphere vibrated with excitement, energy and violence.

Through working for a few weeks as a hospital chaplain, I became aware of how formal and empty religion had become for many apparent believers. I returned to Dublin in something of a daze. It seemed to have shrunk from a city to something not much more than a quiet town surrounded by green fields. I was awakening to the fact that there were worlds different from the one I knew.

Waiting for me on my arrival home was a letter containing news which was, for me, one of the first clear indications that there were forces operating beyond ones we see. I had been appointed head chaplain to Mountjoy prison, the main prison in Ireland. This was something I had not expected, but it fulfilled exactly what I desired, without my knowing precisely what it was that I desired. I had come to the conclusion that, in the classroom, I was removed from real life, from the situations where people were being formed and deformed, and I had developed a desire to be nearer to the places where people were really hurting. Nothing could fulfill that aspiration more than chaplaincy work in prison.

It was a challenge, but I was enthusiastic. It was a lonely position, not being a member of either the wardens or of the prisoners. If I leaned toward the prisoners, the staff didn't trust me; and if I leaned toward the workers, the prisoners didn't trust me. I didn't understand all of the forces that were operating. Neither did I understand, until years later when I heard the Principle section on spirit world, why I felt so crushed and oppressed within prison. The chaplain was expected to be a friend to the prisoners and to attend to their spiritual needs, and also to help their families if possible.

I soon came to realize some things: (1) The prisoners were, with almost no exception, the products of bad homes and deprived environments; (2) they



How could it happen that I could be his disciple?

were being made worse by their prison experience; (3) imprisonment signified society's rejection; (4) society shared responsibility for their being deprived; (5) very little constructive help was given in prison; (6) the chaplain was used to give a veneer of respectability to what I came to see as an iniquitous system; (7) the church was on the side of the oppressing society and system.

In the classroom  
I felt removed  
from real life.

I felt the need to express my understanding and to bear a more direct witness to the church's concern for the poor (who were always the ones to be imprisoned). So, I sold my car, bought a bicycle, found two rooms in the city's worst slum where people were dumped who had been evicted from their places, and went to live in Benburb Street. Being a priest had its advantages in Ireland. It ensured my protection there. No one would hurt me, and no one ever did. I stayed there a year, while I continued as chaplain in the prison. Alone, I was able to do very little for the people. All I could do was visit them. Life in Benburb Street had its lighter side, too, and I often felt that for color and drama it would be hard to find it better. By the end of my first year there, some other priests moved in with me and the city provided us with a four-room house. We were moving up the ladder. But, for me, the scene was shifting.

Back in prison, things had been polarizing. For two years I had spoken with the authorities about the bad conditions. Things remained the same. With the outbreak of violence in Northern Ireland came a spinoff of a rising prison population in the South and consequent overcrowding. Finally, I threw caution to the wind and went public, in the sense of speaking, writing and appearing on television—and promptly found myself locked, not in, but out, of prison. The lockout continued for two months, and then my archdiocese assigned me to be an assistant pastor in a comfortable suburban parish. Thus I went to Kilmacud.

During those latter years I had been introduced to mountain and rock climbing by my brother-in-law. I developed something of a passion for these hardy, exhilarating and occasionally hair-raising activities. Although I did them just for fun, as I would later come to see fundraising, I think they were among the most educational experiences of my life. The mountains around Ireland often saw me there. I have the most grateful memories of those adventures.

In or around this time (the early 1970s), I spent three weeks touring Catholic missions in Kenya. That was an adventurous and fascinating trip. Again, my eyes were opened. I could see that, in terms of providing clinics, schools and churches, a lot of effort was being made by the Catholic Church. But, I also came to feel that the Church in Africa was of a pre-fabricated European design which did not spring out of the hearts of the people.

During all of these years I was also involved in organizations and activities designed to update the Church, adapt it to people's needs, make it more

relevant, meaningful and attractive. The ongoing terrorism in Northern Ireland—although not directly affecting us in the South—was a sign to me, that it was essentially a power struggle, that Christians were too locked into denomination-ism to have sufficient power to give a strong Christian witness. I was perturbed and got involved in some mild religious activities bearing on the Northern problem, but I didn't know quite what to do and so, in effect, I did nothing. It was around this time that I involved myself in the charismatic prayer movement. I found it very refreshing. Once a week about five hundred people of different denominations would meet to pray, sing and prophesy together. It was a breakthrough. It helped my prayer life, stimulated a more personal relationship with God and Jesus, enabled me to be a member, for the first time, of a real Christian community, and eased the painful loneliness of all those years.

It was also a forum for a very natural and genuine ecumenism which was much more attractive to me than the once-a-year, highly-staged, official and public ecumenical gesture. I am grateful for these experiences and friends, even though I can now see the drawbacks. At the least, all of my experiences and involvements were preventing me from settling down into the life-destroying atrophy of priestliness. I wasn't too sure of my direction, but I was kicking enough to stay alive. The funny thing was that in some ways I was (and you might notice, am) very priestly, but inside there was someone who wanted pretty desperately to be a true disciple.

I was also becoming more concerned about the weakness of Christianity's presence in the world. I had by now come to realize that even though the Catholic Church was the true one, the other churches still had something to say and do and we must all pull together for the sake of the world. I was inspired by the pure passion for discipleship expressed in the life and writings of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and by the great vision of Teilhard de Chardin, who wrote of how mankind and God would one day embrace in a bond of eternal love and that its preparation was already in progress through the evolutionary thrust of creation and history. I believed it, but it all seemed so far off. I had no real idea of the Last Days. The Biblical language seemed very farfetched. The Vatican Council had come and gone, most churches were trying to renew themselves, priests were resigning and getting married at an alarming rate, nuns seemed to be fleeing out of convents. Meanwhile, the world seemed to get more and more confused and unstable. What was going on? What was the meaning of these things? What was an appropriate response?

In the parish, meanwhile, with my reforming zeal, I had managed again to get myself in trouble. I did not always act wisely or lovingly. I tried to stimulate my very conservative pastor and the other two assistants to develop the wonderful

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goodness already there in our 9,000 parishioners. With an eye to the future, I felt, devout as they were, that personal faith and commitment had to be deepened. But the other priests felt that things were okay and that we should simply keep them that way. After all, practically everyone came to Mass on Sundays.

By now I became aware that religion was limiting people rather than liberating them and that I, as a priest, was willy-nilly, an agent of limitation. This was something very painful for me. I tried to move the people. I took some new initiatives in the direction of helping people and couples to personalize their faith. I felt trapped, felt that the church was trapped. On the surface, religion seemed in fairly good shape in Ireland, but I was perturbed about the future in Ireland and around the world.

In late 1973 I underwent a short but sharp personal crisis. I felt that being a priest prevented me becoming a true disciple. The crisis came to a head when a seminarian's accusation made me acutely aware of the dilemma. For the first time in my life I spent a night in prayer in a park under a tree. I came to the conclusion that, in my case, priesthood and discipleship were not compatible. Therefore, I chose discipleship and rejected priesthood. I would enter the monastery at once or disappear into the countryside and spend my time in prayer and simple labor. My decision made, I returned home and wrote letters to my parents and close friends, informing them of my decision. I would leave the very next day as soon as it was light.

But (so much for heroics) as dawn broke, I realized that, if this was from the Lord, I ought to be doing it with joy. And I was not joyful. I was very sad. Therefore, I would wait. If the Lord wanted me to leave the priesthood, he would make it clear. Meanwhile, I would work harder. This second decision made, I tore up the letters and went happily back to work. After this, I took several new initiatives in my pastoral work.

Some months later, on a rainy day in 1974 happened one of the more bizarre events of my life. Most of my parishioners were pretty well-to-do. But there was one quarter where people were poor. Through this area the City Council planned to build a badly needed highway. One day the bulldozers moved in and began to tear up what had become the children's playing field. Although this was the original plan, the children had not been given alternate playing space. Something had to be done quickly or we would have nothing left to negotiate with. Therefore, at 10 a.m., when the more devout were waiting in the church for me to offer Mass for them, I was at the other end of the parish in the rain and muddy field, with a score or two of women and children who should have been in school, throwing a picket line in front of the devouring bulldozers.

We stopped them, too. The work came to a halt and the residents had the opportunity to bargain for another playing field. As I say, it was bizarre and did not sit well with the devout and more traditional.

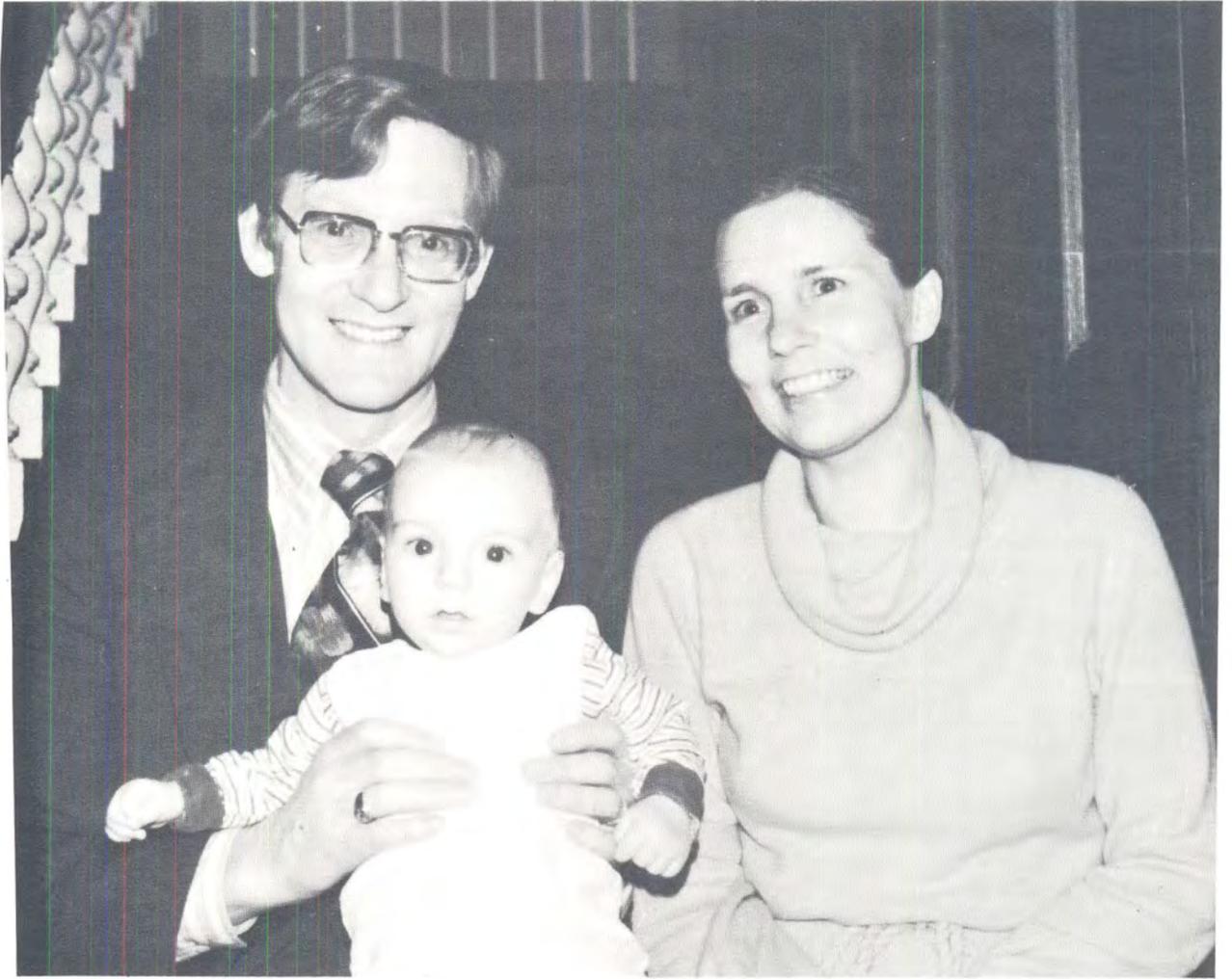
Within a week of that, in April 1974, happened an even more bizarre event, which must have finally justified many in their opinion of me. I was asked to visit a girl who had joined an off-beat group called the “Unified Family,” and who was selling flowers on the street instead of studying social science in college. Her parents would like to see her. I thought they had a point.

It was obvious the group was unorthodox because they were not Catholic. But I was impressed by their dedication and broad vision. I wished I had Christians like that (wished I was as good myself). On the other hand, they might influence my young people since they lived nearby. Either way, I’d better find out what made them tick. I wanted to find out from the members themselves. I didn’t want propaganda in the form of lectures.

But the only way I could get to talk with the members was by first listening to a lecture. I was taught the “Principle of Creation.” I thought I knew it already. A few days later, I tried again to speak with the members. This time I was lectured on the “Origin of Sin.” A bit weird. I was determined to find out from members what really made them tick. It couldn’t be what I was hearing, couldn’t be that heavy theology I had seen in a dull-looking black book. So I went back a third time and heard “The Mission of the Messiah.” That pulled me up short. I realized that Jesus should not have been crucified. If so, the consequences must be far-reaching. I returned to hear a lecture on history. Finally history made sense. And they were hinting that the Lord was on the earth now. I guessed who it was they meant.

This was a headful—something I had never expected. I had gone fishing for sprats and caught a whale that was pulling me into very deep water. I was stuck one way or the other. If it was wrong, it was very evil and I would fight it. If right, it answered all my questions, exceeded all my hopes and I would give it my full support. I went to England to study it for a week. I tried to be critical, to resist. But I felt like man trying to keep out the tide. It came in on every side. It was hopeless. I was surrounded—happily; and surrendered gratefully. It was more than I ever imagined. But it couldn’t be more in time. We needed it. And it was just like God, I felt, to offer us such a total solution.

I returned to Ireland and told my bishop and pastor. My friends and family had already heard. Consternation erupted. The next few days were the most confused and painful in my life. I was bombarded on both sides: by the Unified Family, by my physical family, friends, priests and parishioners, some of whom loved me and grieved deeply for me. For me, I think it would have been easier to



The Blessing seems to add a whole new dimension of feeling to life.

die. In the end, I wanted to be alone. I got a chance to get away from the pressure by going on a pilgrimage to Israel. I was impressed there only by the confusion in religion. I returned through England, joined the Unification Church there and to this day have not seen Ireland again.

Within a few days, friends or friends of friends were coming to look for me. I joined a mobile fundraising team. No one could locate me on that. Spiritually and physically, this was a difficult time. It was quite a wrench from the settled life of a priest to a nomadic life selling flowers, pamphlets and candies on the streets of England, and sleeping in a converted furniture truck at night. My emotional connection with Jesus was a special problem. I used to think that I might be betraying him, that I might be a latter day Judas. To be suddenly disengaged from what had been a lifelong involvement with the Catholic Church was also a disorienting and painful experience. We had no time to study on our team. All I knew was that when I had studied the Principle, I had been sure it was true. I clung to that memory as to a pinpoint of light at the end of a tunnel. Gradually, I stabilized. After seven weeks of fundraising, renewed efforts were being made to contact me. I came to America for 100 days training and here I have remained ever since.

I remember vividly the awe I felt as I looked on Father and Mother. He was the one history had been waiting for since time began and here he was before my eyes, within touching distance. (I got a chance to shake his hand but I was disappointed because he showed little interest in me.) I would gaze on him or “drink him in.” Sometimes I would weep with gratitude and joy. How could it happen that I could be his disciple? Sometimes I would weep with grief, for now I had become sensitive to my sinfulness in a way I had never been before. At times I would weep for the world because of its pathetic state. This was new. I used never to weep. But now my heart was touched and I began to feel [spiritual] life stirring in me that I thought had been almost dead.

I was willing to do anything. In between graduating from 100 day training and before starting systematic work with churches, I decided to give myself a new challenge and experience. One day in January 1975 I left Bevedere, where I was living, with a Divine Principle book in one pocket, a Bible in another, and a map in hand—and that was it. No money, no razor, no pen—nothing.

By night, a few hours later, I had them all, and a lot more besides, including a carpeted room, color TV, private bath, phone—the lot. I certainly never had it so good since joining the church. What was happening? I had decided to witness for 40 days to ministers. I would rely for support on donations from those to whom I witnessed. (At the time I thought I ought not to fundraise.) During these 40 days I first experienced the bitterness of being constantly rejected. I traveled

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through the towns between Belvedere and Boston. Usually I stayed in YMCAs. When I didn't have money, I went to the Salvation Army shelter. Sometimes I spent nights in common rooms with drunks. When I couldn't stay in the "Y" and I'd had my quota of the Salvation Army, I did best of all. One night I tried to stay in a sitting room at Yale, but I had to get out. At midnight, with no where to go, I stopped a police car on the street. I'd hoped they would lock me up for the night but no luck. I tried the hospital but they wouldn't let me stay in their waiting room. However, one of the nurses was going off duty. She was a minister's wife. She took me home and I stayed there two nights, even though they didn't like "Moonies." Since then, I have found that I can face any situation.

The Interfaith Department was established and I became one of its earliest members. At first I was shocked by the hostility and blindness of ministers. Most of our initial momentum came during the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument campaigns. During those periods some ministers became friends who are still with us and who became the foundation stones for our later Interfaith work. We had little success in having ministers accept the Principle but there were ministers, mostly blacks, at the end of 1976 who were willing to work with us. With them, we established the National Council for the Church and Social Action, Inc. as a vehicle for ecumenical social action. We have branches now in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. and expect to have many more across the country by the end of 1980.

In February 1977, Heavenly Father came roaring into my life again. The word was out that there would soon be a blessing. It was to be for older people and I was included. I flew out to Los Angeles to lecture at a workshop for ministers and parents. When I arrived there a message awaited me to return at once for the matching. I flew right back. My spirit was upright. I would gratefully accept anyone that Father gave me. The rush-hour traffic from Kennedy Airport to Belvedere moved very slowly. I was serene, except for one thing: perhaps the matching would be over by the time I got to Belvedere and there would be no one left for me. I needn't have worried. Not long after the matching started, Father paired me with Traudl Bachmann, who had been with me studying and working with ministers since the first day I came to America. There was no hesitation in my voice when we bowed and I said, "Father, we accept." Everybody applauded. But my heart soared. It was as if the whole world were made new, as if I was born again. Joy flowed in my heart like music. When I caught the plane next morning for Los Angeles—mission is mission, after all—I hardly needed wings to carry me across the plains and high above the craggy Rockies. I'm not sure if I was coherent at that workshop, but I was certainly inspired. Need I say that I hurried back to New York after the workshop? Among

74 couples, Traudl and I were blessed on Feb. 21, 1977. Our separation period ended forty days later.

We now have one son, David, who is almost two years old. I think I can never forget the wonder of waiting for him or the drama and sacredness of his birth. The Blessing seems to add a whole new dimension of feeling to life. It's as if everything takes on a more vibrant color. Traudl and I have had our struggles and challenges, for in the Blessing fallen nature is challenged more deeply than ever before. We've also had periods of sheer joy. These periods are reinforced even more when we have our son with us, especially in the out-of-doors. There it feels as if, indeed, nature tiptoes close and enhances us, and we feel welcomed, protected and one with all things, people and God. I value these periods all the more because several months ago, at Father's request, we placed our son in the Children's Center and Traudl went to CARP with other wives.

In the past few months I have moved away from direct involvement in social action organization, except insofar as it is involved in home church. That side of Interfaith's mission is in capable hands. I have begun to specialize in education communication. In line with Father's repeated emphasis on Christianity and communism as well as youth, I have developed a counterproposal to communism suitable to delivery in churches, and I have begun now to actively seek opportunities to speak in churches. This, plus home church, mass media and the development of printed and audio-visual materials, is the direction in which my future lies. I stand on the threshold of a major new venture.

These are some of the events of my life. There are many others that I have not mentioned, both bad and good. Like most people, I have had bad experiences, repeated indemnity courses due to failure to resolve problems, had Cain-Abel problems (our stock in trade), personal miseries and failures. But my overriding experience has been that, as long as I move forward, I have always found Heavenly Father waiting ahead of me to open an unsuspected door to unexpected opportunities. Looking backwards and forwards, as I now stand at something like the midpoint of my years, the goal is still far off. All I can say is that I have been running hard in the marathon of life. I have skidded sometimes, gone astray at others, crashed at times, as if I would be smashed, yet somehow lived, endured deserts and barren places, plunged through swamps. But I am running, more joyfully, gratefully and hopefully than ever. I am not tired but gather energy as I run. I shall keep on running to the end.

I have always  
found  
Heavenly Father  
waiting ahead  
of me.

*The heart of God will not  
change with the passage of  
time but instead only  
intensifies in desiring the day  
which brings the fulfillment  
of His love.*

*All you have to do is let God  
come into your heart and use  
you as His instrument.*

*The question is not whether  
unity is possible. The  
question is whether or not we  
have God in our lives.*



