

## Thoughts after my mom's funeral at Calverton Cemetery

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*Calverton National Cemetery is a United States National Cemetery*

When I think of the sacrifices I've made for others and their lack of proper response it hardens my heart toward anything Healthy.

Each morning I sit in on morning devotion and realize the 2nd generation is really the future of the movement. 2nd and 3rd actually while 1st generation role becomes less and less.

Perhaps Mother does not like me talking about her so much but it is her and God's will that has allowed the transferring and taking of more responsibility of the 2nd and 3rd generation.

I am from the 1st generation. I believe in True Parents, more so True Father.

Why? Because during my main years in the church formula course it was True Father who I heard most of the time during visits to Tarrytown, at the 1st matching and on church holidays. Also everyday reading father's words.

From 1992 thru 1998 I spent a great of time away from the church. No blessing, making stupid mistakes and involving myself with wrong people.

I ask myself do I really believe in the cause of the church? I'm not sure. Probably because I don't understand my internal position properly enough and am being challenged just about every day to love people that are very unlovable.

Tomorrow I have an appointment to see another apartment which means I would be leaving my apartment of nearly 17 years if I sign the paperwork lease. Nothing special it is still in low income housing and in

another basically High Crime Area.

I ask how did I let my life dwindle so far away from where I'd hope to be at 58 years old? Well my mother is gone. On November 25th 2021 she left this life the physical reality and all I have left are memories of her that I hope sustains me to not get to far off track. Family members are only that.

At her funeral I came in contact with a lot of family members and family friends, if you care to really call them family friends. When it was all over I tried to consider a takeaway and there is none.

I was not able to talk about faith but instead bombarded with complaints from people(s) nonfamily on the way to Calverton Cemetery about small minded things and racial insensitivity.

One particular person a family friend I was really pissed at. (A dead Cops son). He is the son and half siblings to my sisters daughter. A real loser to me.

I wanted to @#\$\$ the taste out of his face and mouth for the chapter 2 things fallen nature blatant selfishness and insensitivity. We Shared the same vehicle going to the cemetery but not coming back from the cemetery - not - he is a real free loader.

Anyway the very skin on my body is crawling to be free from that whole experience.

There were memorable moments as well. The funeral itself. It's still all processing.

It seems that I am was responsible for the spiritual lives of each person there so there were some rebellious or disharmonious spiritual children, peoples who found blame in anything I tried to do to bring closure to my mother's departure.

My God have mercy on all who attended and we should question what is life about and not go back to doing Sinning what we were doing before the viewing of a dead physical loved one.

Dwayne.