

My Mysterious Encounter with the Unification Church

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Michel Annulé Ndolo is third from the left; the man next to him is Alain LeRoy a Frenchman born in the Republic of Congo; next to Alain is Michel Futila, who is the leader of the Central Africa subregion and the author's spiritual father.

Everything started in a Catholic Church, "Jesus Ressucité" [Jesus resurrected]. On January 1, 1988, at 6:00 AM, I was coming home from my Protestant church, Mayangui, where I had prayed to welcome the New Year. I suddenly felt called into a Catholic church as I was passing by. I wanted to see how the Catholic faith holds its mass. When the time for Holy Communion came, I suddenly saw a man sitting two meters away from where I was. Our eyes met. Indeed, we were the only two people who did not stand up to take Holy Communion. I asked myself, Why didn't he take communion when the priest was standing in front of him?

I left fifteen minutes before the end of the mass. The man I had had eye contact with was not in the church anymore. I saw him outside of the church waiting for me. We introduce ourselves. Oddly, we have the same given name. He invited me to share the word of God.

I asked him if he comes from Zaire. [The Democratic Republic of the Congo -- a large neighbor of the Republic of Congo -- was the Republic of Zaire 1971–1990] I was worried about the fact that he comes from Zaire. Indeed, the image of the people from Zaire in Congo Brazzaville was bad, because of some evangelists and false prophets that were banned by the government from conducting their ministry in Congo Brazzaville.

Despite my misgivings, the next day, I went to his home. We started with the introduction of the Divine Principle and fifteen minutes later we continued with the first chapter, the Principe of Creation.

I started studying the Divine Principle on Monday, January 2, 1988, but the rest of the chapters, from the second chapter to the last chapter (the Second Advent of Christ), I learned from Eurodie Mantaly Ketabeka in her house, which was the place where Mr. Michel Futila (my spiritual father) had initiated his spiritual activities. Hearing the whole Divine Principle took more than three weeks because of my busy schedule at work.

By the end of the lectures, I had discovered that the Messiah was already on earth. From that day forward, I have been doing church activities. On November 28, 1990, I made the decision to serve the providence, and I resigned from my job. I used to work for the United Nation's World Health Organization (WHO) at its African regional office.

My resignation aroused anger in a series of people beginning with my maternal uncle. My older brother, who was a senior officer in the Congolese army, after having done his internship in Moscow, started as well to criticize me. Other members of my family then started to work against my spiritual father and our church.

I still remember the interrogation that my older brother put my spiritual father through. My brother wanted to deport an entire fund-raising team from Zaire that had settled in the capital of my country (Brazzaville) unless my spiritual father justified the motivation that caused me to quit my job.

Fortunately, he was able to answer all the questions that my older brother asked of him, despite the difficulty of the questions.

This all happened while my spiritual father and I were living in the same house. He was living in my house, which quickly became a missionary center and remained one until we bought a national center.

One day, my parents put me into a dilemma. They asked me to choose sides. Where do you belong—on the side of this Zairian person, or on the side of your biological parents? The question was very disturbing and the answer was overwhelming. I had to give them an immediate answer. Finally, I told them that I loved them as my biological parents but if they kept opposing me in my decision to follow the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, on whom I now based my hope and the meaning of my life, we would never see each other again.

Unfortunately, this answer generated feelings of rejection that soon led to many rumors that quickly grew greatly in magnitude from my family level to the national level. People were analyzing and debating my resignation. Some people even claimed I must have a mental disease to have resigned from my job.

A decade later, when I returned home from Japan in 1994, my older brother (the senior officer I mentioned) received the blessing with his wife at a ceremony my cousin also participated in.

One day, before listening to a Divine Principle lecture, I had a dream. I saw a man dressed in a violet cassock. He was guiding me through a garden full of flowers, in silence. Before arriving at our destination, I saw this man disappear in front of me and suddenly a picture of Reverend Moon and Mrs. Moon appeared in his place. The picture was similar to the one hanging in Eurodie Mantaly Ketabek's house.

I woke up with a jolt and threw off the bedsheet covering me. I was full of emotions. I looked at the time; it was already late at night. I stood up and looked around, expecting to see this multicolored garden striped with trails that I had walked along with the man in the violet cassock. When I brought this person's image from the dream to the forefront of my consciousness, I recalled that the head and feet of the man had not been visible to me. For me to have experienced such a phenomenon was decidedly odd.

I went back to sleep. It was midnight and I had another dream but this one was more of a nightmare. In this dream, I was playing football in a stadium with some indigent children. I was going to shoot the ball, but suddenly I saw a large whirlwind behind me; I found myself looking for the door leading to where I would listen to a Divine Principle lecture. Among three doors that faced me, the first struck my eye, but the path on the other side of the door was paved with shards of broken bottles, so I quickly rushed out. The second was completely empty. Finally, the third door seemed reassuring, but as I went along to enter, suddenly, I opened eyes.

This was Monday January 2, 1988; it was 7:30 AM and I had to decide whether to go to meet Mr. Futila, the pioneer who was sent to revive spiritual activities launched by the first missionaries to my country but whose efforts had unfortunately been interrupted in 1975. All has proceeded well from that day.