

## The Liberation of God and the Way of the Filial Child (B)

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*Photo date and location unknown*

### **The path of restoration True Father has walked**

Looking back in history, forty years ago I was hunted by the nation and hunted by the established churches. My position was that of an orphan expelled into the wilderness. From such an awful position, I had to fulfill God's requirement to restore the historical standard and create a global foundation! I had lost the victorious Christian cultural sphere that had been established on Heaven's side after World War II, and the foundation of America, the nation that governs the free world. In the position of the owner, I could not help thinking about the intense grief of losing this foundation and about having to accomplish the task of restoration through indemnity again, over a forty-year period. Can you imagine how aghast I was, knowing clearly that I could have brought history to its conclusion -- something even God could not do for hundreds of thousands or millions of years! (135-187, 1985.11.13)

I have accomplished these tasks oblivious to rain and snow. Nightfall was like dawn, and I would even forget to eat. I could not take this lightly because I knew God and felt the serious responsibility that comes with knowing God. More than anybody else, I knew how sorrowful God was. Thus, even if my

body were torn apart, crumbled into dust and blown away, all those scattered cells could still cry out as God's cells. I grappled with this path of death, accepting it as a worthy death for a man. As I grappled with this, people thought I would perish and disappear, but things have turned out like this. (137-178, 1986.1.1)

Since I knew the great and bitter pain that was entrenched in heaven and earth, I had to comfort God even when I was vomiting blood. Who could ever understand the bitter reality of my position as the True Parent, in which I could not pray, "I am about to die. God, please save me"? Nobody knew of this. Only God. Only He understood my heart.

Even though many people follow the Unification Church, none of them is one with my thought. All of you must understand this. A substandard Unificationist community cannot stand in the sphere of liberation. I know that the behavior of those who have received the Blessing is nowadays like that of the devil's cousins. (145-332, 1986.6.1)

God would offer a hundred thanks to the brave man who would confess that he has not fought enough, that he lacks the qualifications to shed tears, or that he is concerned that the Father would shed tears if He saw him in sorrow. God would offer those thanks to the brave man who, in the unbearably bitter position of being whipped, would worry that God would be in a miserable position or who would be concerned that God would shed tears when he cries through clenched teeth, "My grief is nothing, my pain is nothing, my sorrow is nothing." God would offer those thanks to the brave man who would cry out and raise the flag of victory as the vanguard on the path to take vengeance upon the enemy. God would express His gratitude one hundred times, saying, "Should I call you a patriot, should I call you a son of filial piety, or should I call you a virtuous person? In all the history of the world there has been no person more precious than you." (153-269, 1964.3.26)

To this day, I, Rev. Moon, have walked a lonely path as an individual. Though it has been a lonely path, I know God more deeply than anyone else does. In history, many lonely people cursed their circumstances while asking for blessings. Yet, centering on God's grieving heart, I did not think like those people. Instead, I said, "God, do not worry." That is a different way. I am not a man to retreat due to personal trials. A man who pledges to die only after overcoming the trials of the world and liberating God cannot write a letter of surrender during that individual course. He cannot be cowardly. Even though my wife opposed me, my children opposed me and my parents opposed me, I cut them off in order to walk this path. I walked the path in spite of opposition by my nation of 40 million or even 60 million people. (175-257, 1988.4.24)