

Nanette Semha Doroski, Washington, D.C. 1968



I grew up in Washington, D.C., with an awareness of my unusual spiritual sensitivities. In 1966 I read the book, *In Search of Truth*, by Ruth Montgomery, who had the gift of “automatic handwriting,” which is a phenomenon in which spirits write through you. After reading her book, I heard a voice saying, “You can do this also.” I received many messages, such as one telling me who the next President of the United States would be; where to find a friend’s lost cat, and about all the personal problems of my friends. I believed that I got these messages from spirit guides who wanted to inspire me to help my friends and to practice being what Unificationists call being a “spiritual mother.” In between, they mentioned that “Christ would be returning.” But I shelved this to the back of my mind.

I studied all religions, but I held on to my Catholicism. The spirits told me a story about how I had lived in South America in the 12th century and how I had persecuted my children for believing in one God. I cried so hard, I thought my heart would break. Later, after hearing the Divine Principle, I asked them, “Why would you lie to me?” They said, “Because you were holding on to your faith so dearly, you might not see new truth when presented to you.” Then, one day I was praying and I was taken up into the spiritual world through dark realms and then through white realms, then through white electric realms. There I saw an oriental man in a western business suit sitting behind a desk, and he was gesturing and gesturing to me but I could not hear what he was saying. Returning to my body, I asked the writer, “Who was that and why couldn’t I hear him?” The answer was, “He is the man with all knowledge; he is alive on the earth but you met

him in spirit” you couldn’t hear him because you weren’t listening; you must search further, you must look longer.”

In 1968 I was studying painting and new media at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington, D.C., and I felt like my career in the art world was ready to take off. I went to parties with Andy Warhol. I had my own shows at the Corcoran Gallery. But I valued my virginity, and I kept searching for truth by visiting churches.



Nanette Semha Doroski

In August 1968, I visited a church in Washington near Upshur Street where some of the Unified-Family members also were visiting and singing at the service. Afterwards, I bought a lunch, and I sat down in the church’s dining hall. Suddenly, I felt like invisible hands were trying to pick me up and move me to sit down by a girl on the other side of the room even though I did not like her. So, I picked up my lunch and sat down at her table. This girl was talking to a young man, Neil Salonen, who kept talking about the year 1960, when supposedly something momentous had happened.

I got really negative. I knew that the Fatima letters talked about

1960, but nobody knows what happened at that date. Then I heard a voice, "You must search further, you must look longer." I remembered my experience with the oriental man in the spirit world. I heard Neil say that the name of his group was the "Unified Family." Then I got really negative. "What kind of name for a church is that?" I thought. Then I heard a voice say, "You must love people of all religions," which reminded me of the experience I had about persecuting my family in the past. I now knew the importance of those experiences.

Neil was asking her to come have lunch at the church center and hear a lecture. He asked her three times, but she refused. So, I said, "I am doing nothing. I can come and have lunch with you." Neil looked at my lunch in front of me, and looked how I was dressed. I was wearing an Op-Art design mini-dress, art makeup on my eyes, and black-and-white striped stockings. Later, I found out that the members took one look at me as I walked in the door and they said, "Neil really doesn't know how to pick them!" After I heard the first lecture on chapter one of Divine Principle, I came back and heard it twice more. Neil said, "Are you going to sit on chapter one all of your life?" The next time I came, I stayed until 2 a.m. and heard all the lectures. I then was shown a picture of Rev. Moon: It was the same man I had seen in the spirit world. The members asked me what I thought had happened in 1960. Understanding clearly the four-position foundation, I said: "Rev. Moon had a baby." They said, "OK, but you have jumped a step." On August 25, 1968, I signed the membership application.

In February 1969 I filmed the first Blessing in America of the 13 couples at the church residence on Upshur Street Northwest in Washington, D.C. At one point I could not believe what I was seeing. In fact, a spiritual vision caused me to take my eye away from the camera lens as True Parents sprinkled holy water. I looked at the bowl of holy water: It had turned into a bowl full of beautiful pearls, and True Parents were putting one pearl on each person.

In 1969 I joined Betsy O'Neil Jones and Barbara Mikesell at a small pioneer center in Spanish Harlem in New York City. We were on the streets every day witnessing. Each of us took turns street-preaching, while the others would pass out pamphlets. In a few months we had seven sisters sharing that living space. The hardest part was to get the first young man to move in. My first spiritual son was Bob Armstrong, and I remember giving a Divine Principle workshop to John Hessel. We spent a lot of time praying at the Holy Ground in Central Park.

I helped plan and open the "Ginseng Tea House," a vegetarian restaurant in Washington, D.C. I also was asked to help Mrs. Shin Wook ("Lady Dr.") Kim cook for True Parents during the American Tours. The reason I was chosen for these missions likely was that I had learned about cooking from my father, a famous chef. I always said, "My father cooked for presidents and kings, but I cooked for the Messiah."

One day while at an oriental store, I saw the same kind of chop sticks True Parents and the True Children ate with. I then purchased this exact set with some birthday money I had received from my mother. That night instead of putting their chopsticks out, I put my chopsticks out. I then stood at the doorway, thinking, "Eat, eat!" After I collected these chopsticks, I then put them into my heavenly museum.

In 1975 I went to the 1800-couple Blessing in Seoul along with my groom, John Doroski. Afterwards, I left for the Bahamas, my mission country, where I helped stop the country from becoming another Cuba by spreading the Victory-over-Communism (VOC) educational material to top leaders. One day, when our food supply had dwindled to just one inch of rice in the bottom of a bag, a miracle happened. I went into the prayer room and prayed, "Heavenly Father, it must have been a great big job to create this whole world, right? Well, I guess it would be a very small job to get a little food in this house!" Later that

day, I got a telephone call from Bahamian Senator Mallis, whom I was teaching. He said, "Nanette, God told me to go fishing for you." Soon he was at my door with 40 fish, 100 plantains, 100 bananas, a bag of mangoes, and another bag of assorted fruit. Later in the afternoon, a Bahamian brother came with two bags of food saying, "Did you need food or something?" At that point I ran into the prayer room and said, "Heavenly Father, that was really great; please stop!"

I came back from the Bahamas to Miami to get my visa renewed, and arrived at the Miami Center to find that True Father had just arrived and was planning to go fishing. I happened to have my Bahamas photo album with me, so Father and I stayed up talking about the Bahamas until 2 a.m. A photographer took our picture together. (In that picture I look like something the cat dragged in at 2 a.m., but Father looks so fresh, full of spiritual energy.) At 6 a.m.

that same day True Father called out: "Nanette, could you make me some breakfast?"

My husband and I later worked as missionaries in the Philippines and in Australia; space doesn't allow me to tell about our adventures in those countries, but they indeed were full of the extraordinary, and I hope to publish those accounts in a book.

Upon returning to America, after 12 years in foreign missions, my husband, John, and I became the New York State Coordinators of the American Constitution Committee (ACC), which became the American Freedom Coalition and later still the American Family Coalition. Father honored us by calling the ACC leaders his "Top Guns." We were in Albany for eight years before we came back to John's hometown in Greenport, New York. During those years, we compiled scorecards on every political leader and distributed these in churches and other public places. We successfully got school reading material on devil worship out of the Syracuse public schools, and we worked against homosexual-marriage legislation. We also put on conferences and worked on various issues such as taxation, support of the Contras

in Nicaragua, and anti-missile-defense technology. We were quoted in many newspaper stories, were invited to comment on many talk shows, and had television coverage of our work.

We also hosted many American Leadership Conferences. To one conference I brought 30 mayors from upstate New York. Later, when we moved down to Greenport, New York, we still helped to put on conferences in Washington. I remember one winter we had a conference every two weeks. We were each supposed to bring two or three guests, but somehow God worked, and I was able to bring approximately 20 new guests to every conference. We put on five conferences in New York City alone. I made all the arrangements, everything from the flowers and décor of the tables, to the speaker panels and the program design. Each event had at least 200 community leaders, and I often brought one-half of them.

As far as my hometown mission is concerned, we have held about 10 family reunions, with the largest drawing 125 relatives. At one point we were sending newsletters to all our relatives on political and religious topics. Because of the ACC-AFC mission, self-employment, health issues, and Blessing my children, my husband and I have not fulfilled what we intended. Nonetheless, soon we'll teach Divine Principle to the Universal Peace Federation's special participants, the Ambassadors for Peace.

In 2010, John and I were proud parents of six children and three grandchildren. Three of our children are blessed. Looking back at the last 42 years, I see my life as a great adventure. I would never have thought – at age 21 – that helping our True Parents bring a higher truth to the world would have been more of a thrill than working in the art world. But it certainly was. In my daily prayer I thank our Heavenly Father that I was chosen to be a part of this crucial time in history.