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Okayama City, Japan, 1970*



I was born in a small city called Tsuyama in Japan in 1949. When I look back on my life, I see how much God has been guiding my life ever since I was a little girl. My paternal grandmother was a very faithful person who belonged to a new religious group called Tenrikyo. As I was her first grandchild, she loved me dearly and taught me the importance of being humble and serving other people. I sat every morning next to her during her daily devotion and prayer.

When I was in fifth grade my elementary school held a special traffic safety day and each student released helium-filled balloons with our name and message attached. My balloon landed on a mountainside several towns away in the hands of a girl of my age, and we became pen-pals and best friends. When we were in high school she became a Christian and spoke to me about Jesus and the Bible enthusiastically. For a long time I had forgotten about God and what my grandmother taught me when I was little, but through her I became curious to know what she believed.

My parents wanted me to go to a public university, and I also thought that would help my parents financially. However, when I went to interview at one university, I was totally impressed by the person who interviewed me. She was a nun and the president of the Catholic university where I applied. All throughout my high-school years I had never met an educator who showed such interest and listened with such loving eyes to what I answered in the interview. My desire to study under this kind of person became so deep, and I spend all night persuading my father to let me go to this college. While at that college it was natural for me to take Christian studies and Catechism

and associate with Christian friends and teachers, but after the first year I began to struggle with the hypocrisy of the nuns and priests. Above all, I found myself the same way: While I seek love and truth, I find my ugly selfish side within me. Although externally I was cheerful and trying to help others, I was so miserable and hopeless internally.

One afternoon one of my classmates from the same English Department visited my dormitory room and told me about a “new teaching.” I was a sophomore at the time and in the midst of my papers and tests, but when she came to me a second time, I decided to visit the church. She called it a “church,” but it was just a small rented house and three young missionaries welcomed us saying, “Welcome home.” The introduction lecture was interesting, but more than anything I was very impressed by their sparkling beautiful eyes and pure lifestyle. They spoke about the ideal world with a loud voice in such a shabby house. When I started to attend the church, the sisters (nuns) of the university tried to prevent us from going by spreading negative rumors about the Unification Church of Korea. When my heart became uncertain and anxious, confident words of the brothers from the church gave me encouragement, and through dreams I was guided to go this way.

Later, a two-week special Divine Principle workshop was held in another big city with many new members attending from all over Japan. I decided to go and find out more about this church, because I thought this teaching must be either from God or from Satan. If this was from Satan, I had to stop my friends from going to this church.

My spiritual mother brought five of her friends from this Catholic university, and we all attended this two-week special workshop together at the end of our sophomore year in 1970. At this special workshop, I cried so hard. I found out how God was waiting for me to come back to Him and that I am living at the time of the Second Coming. I wanted to quit school and become a full time missionary to give my life to God. When we arrived back at our local church center, the church director told us not to quit school but to continue

to witness at the university and start a branch of the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP).

After I joined the church I witnessed at my school, went fundraising and street witnessing, and lectured like a fireball. Some more students joined from our university and neighboring universities. During my senior year I had the privilege to attend a CARP workshop in Korea, and there I met True Parents for the first time. I can never forget how Father gathered all the students from Japan at Cheong Pyeong and spoke to us. I felt like I was listening to the Sermon on the Mount during Jesus' time. I still remember Father saying, "Don't you want to come with me to my hometown in North Korea?" He was already talking about the unification of North and South Korea at that time.

In 1972, the providence centering on America began, and I was to be part of the fourth wave that went to America in July 1973. However, I became very sick all of a sudden and had to be admitted to the hospital. I was in the hospital for exactly 40 days. I arrived on the land of America one month later in August. Mrs. Shin Wook (Lady Dr.) Kim later told me that I had to pay indemnity for my ancestors who were trying to prevent me from leaving Japan. I was being hit physically for 40 days so that they would allow me to come to America. I was so grateful to be able to walk and use my body for God again, and I promised that I would always be a witness to God and True Parents.

The first thing I did in this country was sell tickets for Father's speech at Carnegie Hall, in New York City, which was part of a 21-city tour. I went door-to-door during the day and sold on the streets around Times Square at night. Many Japanese members stayed at Belvedere during those days, and after coming home we would pray at the holy rock. Sometimes Father would gather us at the holy rock and speak. Then he would ask us to sing songs under the beautiful moonlight. Those are my precious memories of the early days in America. After the 21-city tour, I joined IOWC to join Father's 32-city tour ending at Madison Square Garden. Our work continued

for Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument, and then I was put on the United Nations PR team. I was matched in 1979 and blessed in 1982 at Madison Square Garden as part of the 2075-couple Blessing. Father blessed me with a wonderful brother, Donald Mull, and we have four beautiful children. Later I had a dream that Father visited us at Ginseng Up where my husband was working. In the dream I bowed deeply and thanked Father for the Blessing and Father looked very happy. This is so true in my heart that I am eternally grateful for the Blessing I received.

Today my husband and I live with our second son and his wife, who were matched and blessed in January 2009. Looking back at my life, I am only grateful for everything and every step because of God and True Parents. I should never take any of these blessings for granted and always go back to my beginning point — the determination I made when I joined the church and the grateful first step I made here in this country of America as a missionary of God and True Parents.