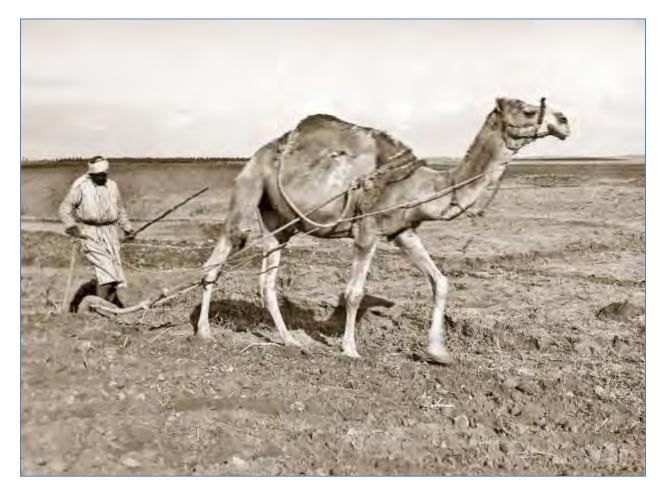
The seeds of love and compassion for my father and family began when I was 17

Ali Mahjoub November 25, 2020



In sixth grade, I failed the test that would allow me to attend secondary school. Because I was 17, I wasn't allowed to continue my education in public school. I had accepted the fact I would be a farmer. And this is where the seeds of love and compassion for my father and family began. It was a mixture of great love, adoration and respect for my father. My father was like my God for me. I respected him so dearly. Even when I was in my late 20s, I never smoked cigarettes or drank alcohol in front of him out of respect. Also, as the oldest son, it was my responsibility to help my father with the farming. I loved my father and respected him a lot. It was difficult for me to see him struggle with the pain every day and I felt very sorry for him.

Sprouting Seeds

After my experiences with dreams and other ethereal phenomena, my spiritual development increased rapidly. During my three years of hard labor on the farm -- the days I was working on the plots of land far from home -- I developed an interesting form of entertainment that helped to shorten my long and lonely days. Not knowing it is foreseen of my future, Not knowing it was a foreseen of my future, I produced a script (like a television series) in my head, and every day, I changed the topic. One thing stayed the same, however. Every script was about me. The script was about my going abroad and becoming a success. I

would travel to different countries and work in them. Of course, I had lots of money, and I came home with gifts for every member of the family. I would also tell them how much I loved them and cared for them. I made up little stories about each one of my family members. When I acted out these stories, I would say the words aloud as if I were talking to a real person. I was so passionate when I acted that I often cried real tears. I adored my family and, in some of my plays, I washed my mother's feet. My father loved to have money in his wallet. So, in my plays, in addition to the gifts I bought him, I also had his wallet full of big bills. In my fantasy, my family lived in a large mansion with many rooms, and each person had his or her own bedroom. I also took them to famous places in the country and big fancy hotels and drove them in a luxurious car. I fantasized so well that sometimes I created two or three plays a day. This, I found, made the day go so much faster.

As time passed, the nature of my plays changed its focus. It went from taking care of my family to being a world-famous teacher. In them, I would teach something so noble, such as a philosophy of life that is based on love and truth. Once again, I became so obsessed with the play that I cried real tears during scenes or situations when I tried to help someone. In my series, I created a play about bad people, like modern-day terrorists. But, at the time, I didn't know they were called "terrorists." I showed how, by true love and caring, they could be changed and become good people. In my imagination, I was able to make myself invisible, and I would appear to them in their homes. I would take these bad people to a place deep in the mountains, where breathtaking landscapes surrounded a beautiful palace. In this palace, I was their counselor. I served and tended them and listened to their problems. I cared for them so much that they became good people and a part of my family. In my palace, there were no servants. Everybody was family and treated with love and respect. I was like their father and closest friend. I taught them love through caring. Nobody ever wanted to leave. I remember during one play, while I was acting, something so spiritual and profound took over my mouth and spoke through me. I believed I was overcome by a spirit. I was speaking a language I had never heard before. Only much later, after I joined my new faith (Unification Church), did I realize I was speaking in tongues. At that moment, I was speaking and crying so loudly, people could hear me a mile away. As my crying reached its pinnacle, I let go of the camel and the tilling gear, fell to the ground, and cried out: "God! Please help me! Please help me find a good job abroad so I can fulfill these desires and help my family and bring them out of this poverty." I also said: "When all these things are fulfilled, you can have my life. You can do whatever you wish with it. You can take my life. I am all yours."