

Father, True Father, Whom We Miss

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After your Seonghwa, I buried the commonplace words “I miss you” in the deepest part of my heart. I was afraid that the moment I said the words, “I miss you,” the bolt holding back the door to my tears, welling up in the depths of my heart, would fly undone and I would not be able to stop the tears pouring down.

Yet, there were moments when thoughts of you came unbidden to my mind and I felt over-whelmed. At such moments, I gazed at the heavens and tried to think joyful thoughts. However, in every one of those joyful thoughts I had in order to avoid missing you, there you were. Your bright smiling eyes, your tears, your sweat, your voice that we longed to hear, you were there in every part of my life. Dear Father, I miss you so much.

Dear Father! Do you remember this?

It was a very snowy winter, and I had not long since begun attending True Parents in East Garden, still in the flower of my youth. Father, you asked me to read the Tongil Segye magazine aloud! I cannot even remember how I read it, because I was so scared that I was shaking in my shoes. At the time, you smiled at me brightly and said, “Read a little more loudly.” My life of hoondok began right there and then.

Then, when I had my first child, even though less than a month had passed since the birth and I could barely look after myself, you asked me to come with you. Fearlessly, I set out with True Parents right away. I cannot fathom how I mustered up the energy to do that. In fact, I was so anxious about losing sight of you or being left behind that I followed you almost barefoot. Father, when I now reflect upon this, I realize that that was the true love and the true heart of which you had spoken.

Father! Do you remember that time? Though we were in the summery island of Hawaii, you told me to prepare winter clothes and headed for Beijing, and I still did not know where you were going. In the pitch dark, winter night, you held hands with True Mother and walked around the vicinity of the guesthouse in Hamhung, praying all the while. At one point, you said to me, “Wonju, sing for us,” and I continued to sing as I walked even though it was so cold that my lips were almost frozen and I could barely pronounce the words.

Father, you were offering devotions and prayers for President Kim Il-sung, whom you were scheduled to meet the next day. You were engaged in a life-or-death struggle, having staked your life for the unification of South Korea and North Korea. This remains for me a precious, unforgettable memory.

Father, do you remember this, too? Do you remember the time you began the providence to save South

America, humankind's treasure house, and to create the garden of Eden that our Heavenly Parent desired to see? Under the scorching sun that was so hot that it was difficult even to breathe, covered in dust and wiping sweat that flowed freely like rainwater, you continued to cultivate the land of South America without resting, your body torn by terrible mosquito bites. You said that one can only build the kingdom of heaven after experiencing hell.

You even immersed your body up to your chin in a river filled with alligators and flesh-eating fish, and you ate only a sandwich to stave off hunger as you endeavored to create the Eden of new hope in South America. I can remember your darkly tanned face, and that face, so tanned that it was almost black, was the face of God who loves humankind, the face of a holy son.

Father, I am writing to you for the first time in six years, and I have so much to say to you. When you were on your sickbed, as soon as you had woken up from the anesthetic after a serious operation, you asked for True Mother and held her hand as you prayed. Even while suffering bodily pain, dear Father, you thought of Heavenly Parent's heart first! Father, not one moment of your life was lived for yourself! Dear Father, you even sat up straight and held Hoon Dok Hae when it should have been impossible for you to sit up at all. I can vividly remember that we read from Volume 56 of your sermons even at the moment when they were rushing you to the hospital. Even as you were gasping for breath, you put your hand on the book and prayed for Heaven and for humanity.

Father, I can never, ever forget those moments.

Dear Father, after you passed on into the eternal kingdom, True Mother personally observed a three-year period of mourning on behalf of all humankind. Every evening, she looked for the rising moon and welcomed it, and she conversed endlessly with you because she missed you so much. Seeing her doing so moved me so much that numerous were the times when I had to hold back my tears. Yes, Father, True Mother missed you so, so much and to her, you were everything. I thought that I missed you more than anyone else did. However, the person who missed and loved you more than anyone else did is True Mother.

That is why, after you ascended to heaven, her pain was the greatest and her sorrow the deepest. Even so, Mother was unable to shed even one tear. She was unable to say even once that she was hurting. Instead, she embraced all of us, we who were wallowing in despair with drooping shoulders, immersed in our own sorrow and hurt over losing our True Father. Swallowing her tears, True Mother said to us, "I am still here. Let us work together to complete True Father's unfinished work," and gave us an encouraging smile. After your Holy Ascension, Father, Mother declared, "I will bring Cheon Il Guk to settlement before I breathe my last." Her words expressed her love and longing for you, Father. Yet we thought that we were the only ones suffering in sorrow. We failed to ease True Mother's hurt and sorrow. We are so sorry for failing you both, and this failure weighs on our hearts like a stone.

True Mother has opened the gates of Cheon Il Guk, boldly proclaimed that she is God's only daughter of whom you had repeatedly spoken and striven onward to neatly complete your unfinished work. All the providential work that True Mother has carried out since your Seonghwa embodies her love for you and her promise to you. It is only after six years that I have come to realize this simple truth. I am truly and deeply sorry.

Father, I am missing you so much today. I miss you so much that if the love in my heart were spread out, it would more than cover this entire world. Even now, it feels as though if I were to turn around right now, you would be there and you would call out to me, "Wonju!" with a bright smile. Father, thank you so much for the love you gave me while you were here. I am truly proud and happy for having led a life of attending you. No matter what hardships and difficulties come my way, I will continue to serve True Mother on earth and bring victory. Father, dear Father, my love for you will never end. It will never end.