

May You Bloom, My Beloved - Excerpt from Hyo-yul "Peter" Kim's Autobiography Memories of Grace

Hyo-yul "Peter" Kim

Republished by FFWPU International Headquarters January 8, 2025



One day during his stay at the Federal Correctional Institution, Danbury, True Father asked me to bring plenty of calligraphy paper, brushes, ink, and other supplies. In anticipation of True Father writing calligraphy, I went to the visiting room with the thick, high-quality calligraphy paper sent from Japan and Father's usual brushes and ink. It was a very special day of blessings for everyone. True Father gave special calligraphies, idioms, or memorable phrases to True Mother, True Children, and all the leaders who visited him that day.



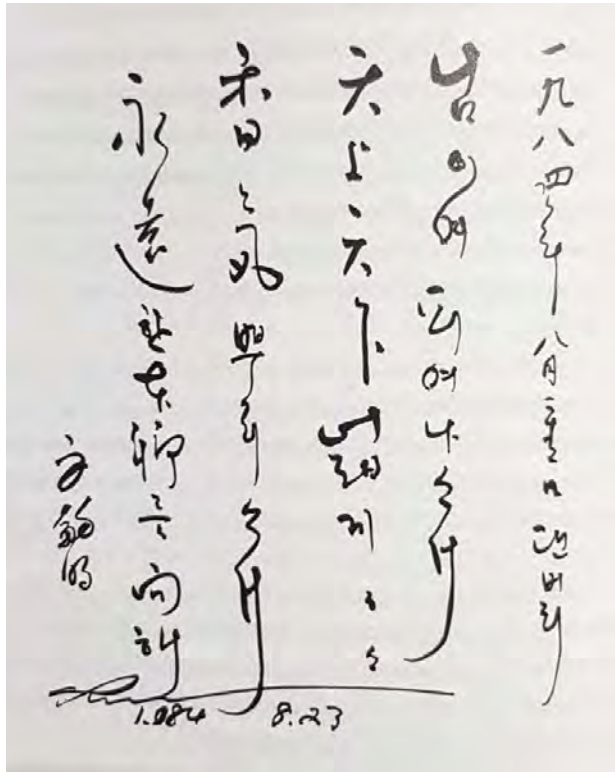
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The prison's visiting room was bare. It consisted of a long, crudely made wooden table and long benches on either side of the table. It looked like the kind of picnic table you might see at a park near the Han River. Of course, the visiting room had a concrete floor, making the atmosphere completely different from that of a 150 Memories of Grace: A Life of Attendance to True Parents picnic park. There were five of these tables, each seating about eight people.

Every day for lunch, I would grab a sub sandwich, and a soft drink called Yoo-hoo from the vending machine and set it out on that uneven table for True Father. There were several other drinks, including Coca-Cola and Sprite, but Father particularly liked Yoo-hoo. It tasted bland, like a synthetic mixture of coffee and soda with a slight milk flavor.

You probably can still buy this Yoo-hoo drink in the United States today. I remember collecting True Father's empty cans of Yoo-hoo, over 100 of them, and storing them for many years in my office in the basement of the old wing at East Garden. According to the regulations of the correctional institution, no one visiting an inmate was allowed to bring in food from the outside, regardless of who they were. Hence, all visitors had their belongings searched before being allowed into the visiting room. True Mother and all international leaders coming to visit True Father from around the world usually had to eat this "special meal" for lunch. On days when there were a lot of visitors, it could be noisy, but it was usually quieter in the mornings when there were fewer visitors.

Despite this environment in the visiting room, True Father spread out a large piece of calligraphy paper on the uneven, cracked surface of the table. He wrote a beautiful providential poem filled with love for True Mother. This was a historic moment.



Starting from the right side, Father wrote the poem in longhand, and it went like this:

*May you bloom, my beloved, Far and wide,
throughout Heaven and Earth. May your fragrance
spread Toward the eternal homeland.*

On the far left, True Father wrote his name, "Moon Sun-myung," and on the far right, dated it, "August 23, 1984, Danbury." Before writing the calligraphy, True Father looked at the paper for a few minutes, but once he took up the brush, he wrote the poem in one continuous, bold stroke. We were speechless at the depth and beauty of the poem. At first glance, this might have seemed like a quickly written poem gifted by Father to Mother, but we all thought, "Did Father just confess to Mother the feelings he held for so long?" Whether we all felt the same way, True Mother, True Children, and all leaders present in the humble visiting room at the Danbury correctional institution erupted in loud applause.

Father wrote the calligraphy for me that day:

"Persevere to be Victorious." When I received True Father's precious, handwritten calligraphy, I was overwhelmed with emotion and tears welled up in my eyes.

At first, the meaning of the words Father wrote did not come to me easily. However, after regaining some composure, I slowly reflected on each character's meaning and could understand why he had given me this motto. In particular, the more time passed, the meaning of the word "perseverance" (X) has come to serve as a compass to guide me throughout my life. It has become a lifelong warning engraved in my heart that I will never forget. The meaning and life lesson that I discovered was: "If you do not forget your original heart but persevere and live with resolute determination, victory will follow automatically." Even now, I think about these words and strive to be patient and careful in my life, trying to keep my promises and resolutions. Father's profound teachings showed me the path to a life of blessings and glory, a life of steadfast loyalty to Heaven's Will with nearly 60 years of attendance to True Parents. These teachings remain the living treasures in my life.

The time True Father spent being incarcerated at the Danbury correctional institution was harder on True Mother than anyone else. Furthermore, as the head of the World Mission Headquarters, she traveled to and from Danbury almost daily. She was completely united with Father emotionally and mentally, and she never took a day off from leading the global movement of restoration centered on Danbury.

When Father was incarcerated at Danbury, True Mother said, "When I thought that I was saying goodbye for good, my vision went black, and I left without any energy left in my body." However, Father repeatedly told her, "Do not worry. I absolutely will not be taking a loss in reality." She later said, "I found peace of mind and focused on fulfilling the will of Heavenly Parent."

True Father always prayed for True Mother, even in prison. Once, when she said, "I will fast for Father," he told her that she should not fast because she needed to strengthen herself for the providence. She said that she would only fast breakfast, but Father only allowed her to fast breakfast on Sundays.

True Parents' love and concern for each other were that of the Messianic couple, completely united. Every morning, Father would walk up the hill and look out for Mother, who would be walking up the small hill from the parking lot to the visiting room. When talking by phone, Father and Mother would speak to one another with the sweetest voice anyone could hear. Seeing Father and Mother like this was a great source of joy and happiness for us.

I also cannot forget the way they looked at each other when True Father handed the historic love poem to True Mother after he finished it. Their eyes were blooming with happiness, and the way they looked at each other, exchanging clear, bright smiles and laughter, filled the entire prison visiting room with the grace of the Holy Spirit. The True Children who were present also applauded with smiles on their faces. I remember being so intoxicated at that moment that I could not tell if it was a prison visiting room or Heaven.

Today this providential poem from True Father hangs enlarged on the wall of the entrance hall in the first floor of Cheon Jeong Gung. Every time I look at it, I remember the loving gaze with which True Father looked at True Mother that day, the smile on Mother's face, the happy faces of the True Children, and the applause that shook the visiting room.