

## My Experiences with Our True Parents in Paris

Elisabeth Jamen [Seidel]

June 1972



1966

When I saw our Master for the first time, I realized he was at the same time a King, a Messiah and a Father.

We welcomed our True Parents with an oriental bow. As I was bent, I first listened to his steps, I recognized it: My Father was coming back home after a long time.

Then I saw the Messiah's shoes: wide, strong, majestic, so stable over the ground. After a long bow to show our respect and love, I saw a King with a dignified attitude.

More than one year ago somebody showed me a picture of our Master. I called him Sun Myung Moon, I cried and I started to love him. This time I did meet my Father, and my heart was calling him Father. On our Parents door there was a "Fleur-de-lis" (ancient emblem of a king in France). They went in their room.

Then I saw Master as a man from the country, in the long corridor of our center. One never hears him coming, he is there all of a sudden. He was waiting. I saw a great beauty in him.

He looked as if he was coming back from the fields with his hands in his pockets. Whoever would have seen him at that moment would have wanted to make him some tea. He was wearing slippers I had seen so many times in the closet, waiting for his arrival. I felt happy to see him with slippers on. In a message received by Mary Fleming, I remembered that our Heavenly Father would like so much to have slippers and tea prepared for him. The corridor was dim but our Master was surrounded by a light coming from him.

Our Parents and their party went to Palace of Versailles. It was a real race through all the rooms in which Louis XIV had lived. It was filled with tourists, which made it very difficult for us to follow our Parents. They were holding hands. Mrs. [Won Pok] Choi held our Mothers hand. Mrs. Choi asked me to comment on the different rooms in the castle, and she took my hand in hers. As our Parents were going forward, tourists would make way. Maybe the spiritual companions were lining up opening the way for our Parents. I could only see his back, but I knew Master saw everything in all directions. I repeated to myself, he was indeed a King, a Messiah and a Father. Majestic, demanding, and sensible understanding. In one room Master watched intensively paintings about Napoleon and his history.

From the river Seine our Parents looked to the town. Our Mother had put her arm on our Father' s shoulder. The tourists around seemed to be cardboard puppets. Then Master wished to go to a typical French restaurant. We picked out one in the Latin Quarter. It is in the district in Paris where the first cathedrals, main currents of thoughts and revolution came forth. Master had soup, salad, trout with almonds, ice cream and coca cola.

When Master keeps silent, his heart looks so deep and aching with the suffering of God for the world. I looked at him and started to cry.

Our Parents decided to go to "Galeries Lafayette", one of the big stores. Ceaselessly loud speakers repeated the same advertisement: "Every minute something happens in the Galeries Lafayette". It was so true on that occasion. Master bought shoes for himself and every one of his party. I felt a great joy in following Master and I perceived great warmth and energy.

One afternoon our Parents went to the top of the "Arc of Triumph" and the family stayed at the family stayed at the foot. When Father saw him, his children waving at him. He bent over the wall, his face turned from sad to happy with a loving expression.

The light of the 3rd day was very special. Master was tender, a real Father, not severe at all. In his eyes we saw so much love. He spoke on different things. We felt so much love from him and for him, that we did not want to let him go. So, he stayed a little larger and had something to eat. We were all sitting around him on the floor, sharing these wonderful moments.

Our Parents are even more wonderful than I could describe. I want to thank our Heavenly Father for all these experiences, and thank our True Parents for the love they give to all of their children.