

I Brought a Smile to the Only Begotten Daughter

William Selig
March 5, 2026



photo by w selig

After many decades in the movement, I find myself thinking about the "old days" more and more. At times, it feels as if I'm unstuck in time - to borrow a phrase from Kurt Vonnegut - with memories from long ago feeling as fresh and alive as yesterday.

So, to make a long story short (as Dr. Pak used to say), a memory came to me recently that made me smile, and I thought it might be nice to share it with our brothers and sisters.

This took place around 1990 at East Garden, the home of True Parents. Father would have been about 70, and Mother in her late forties. I was blessed to be present at the breakfast table in what was known as the "rock room."

Many members have been there or have seen photographs of that beautiful space - the natural rock wall covered in plants; the koi pond filled with colorful fish. The moment you enter, there is an immediate feeling of peace and warmth.

A rectangular table seating about 20 people fills most of the room. On that particular morning,

True Father was seated at one end, and to his immediate right and left were the leaders who were there to report.

I was seated at the other end, with my back to the kitchen door. It was an honor to be there, no matter where I sat. Because of the shape of the table, I didn't have a direct line of sight to Father. To see him, I had to lean forward and turn my head - mindful not to block the view of the person beside me.

As we sat quietly, the kitchen sisters brought in the first course: a bowl of hot cereal. It was something like oatmeal, with a familiar sweet, nutty flavor. I had just finished my first spoonful when something happened that took me completely by surprise.

Suddenly, in the empty chair next to me, sat True Mother.

My stomach dropped like an elevator. I couldn't turn my back to her or pretend she wasn't there. Something had to be said. It would have been impolite to do otherwise. I looked down at the cereal, then turned to her and said, "Good morning, Mother." Pointing to the bowl, I added, "This is delicious. What is it?"

She turned to a sister standing behind her and said something in Korean. A few moments later, the sister

returned with a box, which True Mother handed to me.

It was a box of Maypo cereal.



In the 1950s, Maypo became popular through television ads showing a child refusing to eat the cereal - until an adult took a bite, and the child suddenly exclaimed, "I want my Maypo!" The commercials were funny and very successful. Athletes and celebrities like Mickey Mantle and Johnny Unitas - icons of my youth - endorsed it, and soon enough, my mother was serving Maypo for breakfast in our home.

Fast forward many years, and there I was, sitting next to the True Mother of Heaven, Earth, and Humankind - holding a box of Maypo in my hands.

I looked at Mother, pointed to the box, and with a big, goofy, heartfelt grin said, "I want my Maypo."

For a brief second, she looked at me as if I'd said there was a mouse running across the table. But she had spent enough time around Westerners to recognize humor, even if the reference itself was unfamiliar. Then, a bright smile spread across her face.

I handed the box back just as we heard True Father begin speaking at the other end of the table. Inside, my heart was full - my testimony already written. In that brief, unexpected moment, I had brought a smile to True Mother's face.

And I remember thinking: if I were called to the spirit world that very day - even if I accomplished nothing else in the providence - I would go in peace.

In that simple moment, in those few seconds, I had brought a moment of joy - and a smile - to True Mother.

Wishing everyone peace and gratitude as we share and cherish our precious memories!