

The sixth anniversary of WFWP Co-Founder Rev. Dr. Sun Myung Moon's passing

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How do you commemorate a life?

Six years ago, WFWP Co-Founder Rev. Dr. Sun Myung Moon passed away peacefully at 92 years old. For many who had been impacted by his life and work, it felt as if a light had gone out in the world. How could a man who seemed filled to the brim with vitality, even in his old age, be gone so suddenly? How do you put into words the heart towards someone who has so profoundly influenced who you are and what you do?



On the anniversary of his passing, on August 27, 2018, thousands gathered at the Cheongshim Peace World Center in South Korea to celebrate and commemorate the life and legacy of Rev. Moon. Though we represented countries from every continent, as well as the many organizations and initiatives started

by Rev. Moon and his wife, Dr. Hak Ja Han Moon, it was as if we were all coming as a huge extended family, responding to a homing beacon, based on a shared heart of respect, love, and gratitude.

I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house as the music, songs, dancers, and digital displays transported us to a place beyond words. Against the backdrop of a beautiful night sky, Sun Jin Moon, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Moon, shared a moving tribute to her father, speaking on the bittersweet remembrance of deep loss as well as happy testimony to a life lived for the sake of God and world peace. In her words, we felt our own hearts echoed back to us: We will not forget, we will ourselves become the hundreds, thousands, and millions of lights shining out what we have gained from knowing him.



Mrs. Wonju McDevitt then read a letter to Father Moon -- for he is in many ways a father of a huge spiritual legacy -- expressing her heart as a follower of Father Moon's teachings. She shared his single-minded devotion to God to the point that even in his final moments on the earth, he asked to read spiritual texts and prayed. The larger-than-life photos of Rev. Moon, from the humblest places, fishing on the Amazon, weathered face beaming, to speaking in the dignified halls of the United Nations, reminded each of our own personal encounters with him.

The dancers swirled and sang, expressing in ways that we could not Mother Moon's love for her husband, as well as her firm commitment to continue his work to build world peace. After all, who could have known him better, the one who shared his every confidence, every promise spoken and unspoken, to love the world with the heart of a parent? The soft and loving eyes of a mother who has beheld her child was displayed on the screen through many photos of Mother Moon and their 13 children. Through every aspect of the commemorative program, we could feel Mother Moon's heart, expansive and embracing unconditionally, entering into our own hearts, delicate and patient. Even in the lunch boxes and warm rice prepared for every single attendee, we felt the care of a mother who can't help but ask, "Have you eaten yet?" How could we help but transform the tears of sadness into ones of joy and gratitude?

Though it was a time of remembering loss, it was also a time to celebrate. The program immediately shifted to one of jubilation as hundreds of couples made a commitment not only to each other, but to start their marriages with God and a higher purpose at the center. This was the ultimate display of Father Moon's legacy: he who brought together hundreds of thousands of couples together in marriage, across religious, national, and racial differences, to build families who love and revere God at the center. Our faces ached with the smiling, thinking of the future joy of the couples and congratulating them on their happiness. The celebration of new life created in the couples culminated in a beautiful performance with Paul Potts, world-renowned vocalist, and the Little Angels, Korean song and dance troupe and cultural ambassadors founded by Rev. and Mrs. Moon.

Though each summer can be solemn, marking a time to remember the passing of someone who was loved by so many, this year's commemorative ceremony reminded us the light is not extinguished. It has passed on to us and now burns all the brighter.