

My journal purchased about a month before meeting the Unification Church

J. Harford
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A couple of days ago a good friend and Unificationist passed that night I woke at 4:30 and couldn't get back to sleep, which is unusual for me. I decided it was time to start recording memories of my life and started by transcribing the following entry from a journal purchased about a month before meeting our movement. Just the fact that I still possess that journal after all these years is amazing. Someone in the spirit world must have been preparing for me.

Entry 1

I dedicate this book to the search for truth, the development of a right life, the need to try to find out just what is at all meaningful in this crazy world which we claim to inhabit, not knowing at all whether it is reality or pseudo-reality or pseudo-illusion or maybe and rather likely a total illusion which we incessantly try to call reality, beating our heads up against the wall (which isn't really there) and letting ourselves feel the pain of all sorts of needless sufferings which we so graciously lay upon ourselves and then try to find someone or something to place the blame on for our self-wrought problems.

I also dedicate this book to the feeling that this worldly mirage can somehow be transcended by each one of us to the point where we no longer let it control us through our anxieties, frustrations, desires, attachments and false needs.

And finally, I dedicate to the only goal I could ever sense was important enough to be a goal and that is the ever unfolding quest for that knowledge and truth which is omnipresent, eternal, infinite, and cosmic; the realization that we each are our own guru, we each already have all the answers and all we need to do is recognize those answers when they hit us in the face, instead of letting ourselves be conditioned into a dependence on the illusory world which tries to cover these answers with as much external stimuli as possible, creating desires and attachments which will neatly create such a disarray within our thinking and feeling process, that we become manipulated puppets, subject to the whims and fancies of anything that can appear more powerful than we ourselves.