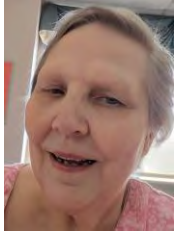


The Heart of a Daughter - When Father Personally Spoke to Me Infront of All UTS

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November 8, 2024



Ages ago, when I was at UTS, True Father came to visit. We all gathered in Lecture Hall 1 and greeted him as he came in. I was fortunate enough to get a front row seat.

All went well, at first. Father spoke in Korean and Col. Pak interpreted. Then Father stepped away from the mike, stood toe to toe with me and began to speak in English.

Col. Pak stood helpless as he had nothing to interpret and about 90% of the room could no longer hear Father as he had stepped away from his mike.

I had to crane my neck completely upwards to see Father, so my face was exposed. When Father says words that begin with "p" or a "b", he spits a little. By the time he finished, my glasses were covered in spit, holy spit.

Father left and, of course, everyone wanted to know what he said. I had no idea. True Father had just spent two hours standing on the tips of my shoes and spitting on my face. I remembered nothing. I was holding my glasses and wondering if I could afford a second pair. Of course, I couldn't so I went into the bathroom and sadly washed them.