

God reached me on the foundation of the blood, sweat, and tears of True Parents

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Robert Beebe and his wife, Karen, at Madison Square Garden in 1982

Searching for God

Times have changed, but God's work is the same. I know God was able to reach me on the foundation of the blood, sweat, and tears of our True Parents.

When I was in college I began to experience a spiritual yearning to find God. As part of this quest, I became involved in a Christian evangelical fellowship, attending weekly church services and Bible studies, while receiving personal guidance from a mentor. The longer I was involved, however, the more questions I had that were not being answered to my satisfaction. A big one for me was, "So, you're telling me that because Gandhi was not a Christian, he ended up in hell?"

After graduating with a degree in economics, I worked in the field for a couple of years. I was beginning to see my life take shape, and what I saw was not good: getting married, living in a big house in the suburbs, making lots of money. The spiritual yearnings began to return as my heart knew that something had been missing.

Because of my experience during college, I was not attracted to any organized religion. My yearnings persisted, however, so I began to read all kinds of books and write my own stories. Finally, I decided to get serious about my spiritual journey. I quit my job, left my girlfriend, moved to Boston, and lived in poverty while continuing my exploration by writing.

No Longer Yearning

One cold and snowy day in Boston, I was wandering the streets of the city, lost and confused. I had just run out of my savings. Suddenly, a Japanese woman with two gold teeth approached me.

"Excuse me, do you believe in God?" she asked.

"Well, I guess I do sometimes. Not right now, though," I answered honestly.

"Are you concerned about the world situation—poverty, drugs, the possibility of nuclear war?" she persisted.

"Well, yeah, I guess. Isn't everybody?" What was this leading to? I wondered.

"Please come to our center. We have a lecture that talks about these problems."

This woman, so sweet and innocent on the outside, was like steel on the inside. She was determined to have me listen to the lecture. Well, what harm would it do?

My memory of my first visit to the Unification Church center is now a blur. I was met by a sea of faces, many of them Asian. I was impressed by the diversity of the group. They seemed to be mostly in their twenties and very bright. Most of all, they seemed to be happy.

There, I listened to a Divine Principle lecture on the parallels of history. For the first time in my life I received an explanation of how God has been working throughout history up to the present day. I realized that God is truly a living God who spoke to people not just in biblical times but has been working behind the scenes of history right until this present moment. Throughout the presentation, the lecturer seemed to be looking right at me, as though God were speaking to me through him.

Once the presentation was over, I wanted to hear more. And I would. Over the next few weeks, I would attend a weekend workshop and several week-long workshops before finally officially becoming a Unificationist. My spiritual yearnings were no longer, for I had found True Parents and God's love.

I am eternally grateful that that the Japanese woman with the gold teeth, Noriko Tsukazawa, was on the street that snowy day in Boston to meet me. Even in the most peculiar of circumstances, God still introduced me to our True Parents, forever changing the course of my life. For that, I am so thankful. As God and True Parents have since been in my heart, I want to be a vessel for their love.