



Golden Age Newsletter

May 5, 2024

Hello Goldies, Welcome to the new look! It's all the same content with a simpler format. We hope you enjoy!

Love equals Resurrection, Whispers from Beyond, Gratitude and a Canadian Travel Experience are in this month's newsletter!

This Month's Message

We Are Risen

by Kate Tsubata



Photo credit: Kate Tsubata

This year, reflecting on the celebration of Easter, I found myself seeing it as a time for personal renewal.

Resurrection is a real thing. It's not just about Jesus overcoming the tomb. When

we overcome pain, tragedy, loss, devastation, addiction, brokenness – we gain a new life. God's reviving love and healing power is available to each of us.

Recently, my son and I were discussing scientific theories like Relativity, Wave or Particle theory, etc. He mentioned that science is searching for a universal theory that explains all these things. What popped out of my mouth was, "What they'll find out is that it's all powered by love." Even I was surprised by that idea. Then, as I thought about it more deeply, I realized, "It's true!"

Science tells us that the universe is made up of energy, and energy can't be created or destroyed, only transformed. So, something transformed into all the energy (and, therefore, all matter) that became the stars and planets and earth and plants and animals and us. I believe that the connecting force, the guiding force, is Love.

If love is the directive energy of all things, then by focusing and living in love, we become one with that energy. If God is love, then by loving, we share God.

Jesus taught love. Not just normal love, but radical love – loving the enemy, the oppressor, those who do us harm. He lived that love: washing feet, breaking bread, forgiving his torturers, and even those who betrayed him.

Such love can't be killed. It can't die. It illuminates parts of humanity that were unseen. It heals. It transforms. It keeps going, despite the passage of time, or the extent of space.

Imagine: you are made of that love! You are a carrier of that love. And someone who was the embodiment of that love...loves you.

So, Easter is not just "He is risen," but "We are risen."

Blessings!

History Bytes



Voices From Beyond

by Marjorie Buessing

I'm a very earthly-down person, which is a phrase coined by Mrs. Durst for someone who is very grounded and not obviously affected much by the spirit world. I actually prayed to not have dreams and experiences when I was new in our movement so as not to get distracted. That being said, twice in the 90s during ancestor liberation ceremonies I heard the voice of someone connected to me from the other side!

To read more, [please click here!](#)

Testimonies and Tributes



Photo credit: Susan Fefferman

Filled With Gratitude

by Susan Fefferman

As I awoke early this morning, I found my heart was filled with gratitude. I was grateful especially for the Golden Age Newsletter as a place for the golden oldies to share our precious memories of True Parents, even little, golden snippets that might be lost to history.

My prayer the night before was at first tearful, seeking the power to overcome my pain and find love to heal someone else.

To read more [please click here!](#)



photo credit: Thillairajan Ratnasabapathy

A Pilgrimage of Discovery: Exploring Canada's Natural Wonders

by Thillairajan Ratnasabapathy

In the twilight of his years, at the age of 67, Thillairajan found himself at a crossroads. Retirement had ushered in a sedentary lifestyle, confined to the walls of his home, where news and movies became his companions. But within him stirred a yearning for something more, something beyond the familiar comforts of home.

With determination and a thirst for adventure, Thillairajan embarked on a journey unlike any other. He decided to modify his SUV into a makeshift camper and set out to explore the vast landscapes of Canada.

To read more [please click here!](#)

Bulletin Board

The Golden Age newsletter was created two years ago but has just moved to a new location. The newsletter was created as a means to keep our elder community connected to one another. Articles include a message of hope and inspiration, testimonies and shared memories, stories about: talents, hobbies and interests used for God and, a few ideas regarding health and recipes.

To subscribe [please click here!](#)

If you would like to contribute an article, please contact Carol Pobanz at carolpobanz@gmail.com.

This newsletter is being made available to all members in the Unification Movement regardless of their group affiliation. Please share with all senior brothers and sisters (age 60 and over).

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The first time was in Barrytown. We were attending a liberation ceremony under a big white tent on the backlawn at UTS. I was herding my young children back into the tent when I heard my mother's mother, my Grandma Smith say, "Margie, what about me? I want to be liberated too and my family. Please don't forget us." Back then we were only liberating the father's lineage. Right there I promised her I would never forget her and I would liberate her too, which I was able to do later.

The second time, we were attending the liberation at the Manhattan Center. We were seated with the children up on a balcony. We had finished the AnSu session and we were waving goodbye to our ancestors when I heard my father-in-law speak to Richard as only he could. Richard didn't hear him but I sure did! It was his voice and tone. The voice of an honest hard-working farmer. He said, "Aw shit, Dick! I wish I understood what you were doing. I could have helped more." I leaned over and told Richard that his dad was there with us and that I had heard him. As soon as I told him what I heard, he laughed and said, "well that's dad."

I feel it has been a blessing to not be spiritually open. At the same time, it is comforting to have a few experiences that confirm that our life and relationships are forever.



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Filled With Gratitude

by Susan Fefferman

As I awoke early this morning, I found my heart was filled with gratitude. I was grateful especially for the Golden Age Newsletter as a place for the golden oldies to share our precious memories of True Parents, even little, golden snippets that might be lost to history.

My prayer the night before was at first tearful, seeking the power to overcome my pain and find love to heal someone else. Meeting God, I felt gratitude for God's vibrant nature of shimjeong, that irresistible desire to be connected as one in True Love. It is impossible to not be enveloped in this healing love once we open ourselves to it. I am always amazed to just find it there when my sincere heart reaches for it.

Recently, I had been challenged in heart to tears. I prayed for love that I didn't have to give to someone who needed it. My grief was deep and seemed insurmountable. But as soon as I earnestly reached out to our Heavenly Parent I realized that shimjeong was there filling me with gratitude because God freely fills us up. It made me stand taller, with hope to go forward and find a resolution to what I seek. I realized, too, that human behavior is fleeting and changeable depending on love. Love can change anything. We can still grow and heal no matter the wound we receive or the wounds we inflict on others. There is always hope in loving.

I felt grateful for the Golden Age as a place to keep precious memories alive. I saw in my mind some experiences at East Garden sitting at the feet of True Parents and how we were filled up with love and wisdom by our Parents during leaders' meetings or holy day celebrations. I always tried to sit right up front, so to 'breathe the same rarified air.'

We all came empty, some wounded, to be filled up with shimjeong from our True Parents. We were filled with their love and sometimes scolding so as to empty internal spaces where confusion or ignorance took up too much space. Then we were filled with truthful insights and laughter to give us hope to carry on. Laughter and tears were regular fare at those gatherings. We were filled up to overflowing so we could take back the incredible experiences to those eager hearts waiting in our state centers.

And we were fed incredible meals by the kitchen staff, directed by our True Mother. She once told the sisters, that despite our being leaders we must help prepare at least one meal a day. That is the role of a mother. Wisdom of small things lasts a long time.

So many memories would be lost to time if they aren't written down for our descendants and history itself. We want those precious and unique experiences to touch the hearts of others too. There was but one person coming back from a restroom break who peeked around a corner and watched True Mother arrange some new cushions on furniture in a small waiting room beside the front door. Such a normal activity for a woman to do to make her guests comfortable. It was in the dark brick house at East Garden. A lovely old estate house always filled with people coming and going.

Once we were filled to the brim with love, wisdom, food and family, out came the little black book. We all knew that the meeting time was near the end. Father had organized all his instructions and he read them out to us as we hurriedly tried to write down every word. These little black notebooks will be kept for all time as his legacy of directions to restore this nation of America.

I came every month from 1972 (Belvedere) until I left for missionary training at Barrytown before being sent out by True Parents to Iran in 1975. And I returned again as a state leader in the 80s and 90s as a WFWP leader. The venue changed over the years but the heart and investment was the same. We were filled up with as much love as we could hold so we could carry it back to others. We sat at the feet of True Parents and drank in all we could receive. That constant investment shaped the members of our movement through all the challenging times we shared. It gave us strength and wisdom as a family working together to save this nation. Now East Garden houses a powerful museum holding many relics of investment to the sacrifice and service of our True Parents and our brothers and sisters. I hope everyone can visit the museum. Thank you Carol, Richard and others for the Golden Age Newsletter.





< **A Pilgrimage of Discovery: Exploring
Canada's Natural Wonders**

We Are Risen >

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A Pilgrimage of Discovery: Exploring Canada's Natural Wonders

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With determination and a thirst for adventure, Thillairajan embarked on a journey unlike any other. He decided to modify his SUV into a makeshift camper and set out to explore the vast landscapes of Canada. For almost two months, he traversed the country, immersing himself in the beauty of its natural wonders.

As he ventured deeper into the wilderness, Thillairajan's soul awakened to the majesty of the world around him. Towering trees, over 800 years old, whispered tales of ancient wisdom, while the rhythmic cadence of ocean waves serenaded his spirit. In the embrace of nature, he found a profound sense of love and connection, a feeling that permeated his being with each passing day.

But it wasn't just the awe-inspiring scenery that left a lasting impression on Thillairajan. It was the warmth and kindness of the people he encountered along the way. Far from the hustle and bustle of city life, strangers became friends, offering assistance and camaraderie amidst the vast expanse of wilderness.

With each passing day, Thillairajan's appreciation for the beauty and diversity of nature deepened. Memories of his youth paled in comparison to the newfound understanding and reverence he felt for the world around him. In the embrace of nature, he found solace and contentment, a sense of belonging that transcended the confines of his former life.

As the days turned into weeks, Thillairajan and his wife Kimiko embarked on a journey of self-discovery together. Though confined to the close quarters of their vehicle, they shared moments of laughter and joy, as well as challenges and disagreements. Yet, through it all, their bond grew stronger, nurtured by the beauty of their surroundings and the shared experiences they encountered.

From the rugged shores of the Arctic Ocean to the tranquil waters of the Pacific, Thillairajan's pilgrimage took him on a journey of a lifetime. Along the way, he learned valuable lessons from nature, finding beauty in the ever-changing moods of the weather and the simplicity of life on the road.

As he reached the milestone of 75 days on the road, Thillairajan reflected on the profound significance of his journey. It was more than just a physical expedition; it was a pilgrimage of the soul, a testament to the wonders of the natural world and the enduring power of love and companionship.

As he looked back on his travels, Thillairajan knew that he had been forever changed by the experience. With a heart full of gratitude and a renewed sense of purpose, he embraced the beauty of life in all its forms, cherishing each moment as a precious gift from the universe.





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