

July 2026 Golden Age Newsletter

Richard Buessing and Carol Pobanz
July 1, 2026



Golden Age Newsletter

July 1, 2026

Hello Goldies, this month we have a message of Peace and a song of Barrytown. Also, a Gentle Brush of Love and a story of Peter's denial. Finally the joy of artistic expression and a summer corn salad recipe. Enjoy!

This Month's Message

Where Peace Learns Its First Language



by Dr. Taj Hamad

Most parents will never appear in a public document. No one records the night a mother does not sleep, or the restraint of a father who chooses patience, or the grandparent who tells the same story again because memory itself is a form of love. Parents rarely call their work peacebuilding. They call it preparing food, staying awake when a child is ill, caring for an elderly parent, holding back a harsh word, teaching patience, and keeping the home steady when life outside becomes uncertain. Yet, much of civilization rests on these unrecorded acts. Before a child understands institutions, nations, or public life, the child learns whether people can be trusted. That first lesson shapes everything that follows. These acts carry moral weight. They form the first language of trust — the one every later peace depends on.

The UN's [2030 Agenda](#) speaks of poverty, health, equality, and partnerships. Families touch these realities before policy ever reaches them. When families are supported, communities grow resilient. When parents are left alone, society pays the cost later.

The Global Day of Parents honors mothers and fathers — but it also reminds communities that no parent raises a child alone. Teachers, neighbors, faith communities, youth workers, civic leaders, media, and institutions all condition the air a child breathes.

A society that honors parents offers more than praise. It offers time, respect, friendship, and practical partnership.

Peace often begins without an announcement. It begins when someone is heard. It grows when someone is served. It becomes credible when a child sees adults caring for someone outside their own household.

So today, perhaps try one of these...

- A visit to someone lonely
- A family dialogue across generations
- A youth service project
- A meal shared across differences
- One concrete act of care for a family under pressure

What becomes memory in childhood becomes character in adulthood.

* ***Dr. Tageldin Hamad*** is the International President of the Universal Peace Federation (UPF)

Unification Thoughts

Barrytown



When I was born a year ago, I never thought I'd change the way I'm changing.
You came into my life so hard, I should have known there'd be some rearranging.
So though it hurt at first, to a man dying of thirst,
It's the only way to go to change it. .

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

Arts and Culture

His Fingers Brushed Her Cheek



By Larry Moffit

It was our thirty-first wedding anniversary several years ago. Me and Honey Nim had blown through the years in a period that seems brief as a meteor fly-by. Her Japanese palate likes anything from the ocean, so we chose a nice seafood restaurant for our commemoration.

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

And The Lord Turned



by Robert Beebe

The clear starry night gleamed down from above. The night was colder than usual for that time of the year—the time of Passover when all of Israel remembered that fateful night thousands of years earlier. Then, the hand of God had protected the households of the Israelites in Egypt while the wind of death struck the firstborn of the Egyptians, including the son of the Pharoah himself. This night would be another fateful night in the annals of history, but of a different sort.

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

Heavenly Arts



by Joy Lascari

Our creativity comes from our Heavenly Parent.

Everyone has it.

My journey into creativity started with hand stitching troll doll and barbie doll clothes with the guidance of my grandmother at age 5. I was sewing my own clothes starting in junior high school and experimenting with design in high school, learning from neighbors and professional fittings for my ballet costumes that my mother sewed.

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

Health and Recipe

SUMMER CORN SALAD

from Allrecipes

Submitted by Carol Pobanz



I made this yesterday and it was great. This corn salad was made with fresh corn kernels and juicy, red tomatoes tossed in a homemade basil vinaigrette. Not only was it delicious and easy to make but it was so colorful (I eat with my eyes also)

I'll be making this all summer and especially for pot luck gatherings.

It's not a heavily cooked side dish so if you like EASY, bright, fresh and healthy this is a dish for you.

<https://www.allrecipes.com/recipe/25160/summer-corn-salad/>



Bulletin Board

Looking for more Articles



Photo credit: Carol Pobanz

The Golden Age Newsletter began as a small Clifton Senior newsletter about 3 years ago.

ARTICLE GUIDELINES

Purpose: The Golden Age newsletter has been created as a means to keep our elder community connected to one another. Articles are not in any way meant to proselytize or push a point of view.

It is a place to share God's Love – what is positive in our life as a result of finding our Heavenly Parent and True Parents.

Motto: "This is the Dawning of our New Age" – We are always in the process of redefining ourselves as we grow older and as we add experiences to our lives.

Therefore, we must consider how God can use us even when we may be decreasing in our physical capabilities.

The e-newsletter is broken down into eight sections:

1. A Featured Message of Inspiration – Helping others to feel hope and inspiration for the establishment of CIG.
2. “Unification Thoughts” – any educational article on the "Fifth Realm of Heart" – Grandparents’ heart
3. History Byte – A short article on a positive memory, a funny or affectionate story about experiences in the church with True Parents or with brothers and sisters or an article about the development/experience of helping to develop one of True Parents’ providential projects or events.
4. Arts and Culture – A sharing about one's talents, hobbies or interests and how this relates to sharing God's love (to family, community, nation or world).
5. Tributes and Testimonies- a personal testimony of one or more life learning experiences or a Tribute to a spouse, friend, or leader
6. Health – An article that relates to health (physical or mental), possibly providing a link to an article you think might be interesting or important to other seniors.
7. I Love being a Grandparent – stories about grandparenting or about things to do with grandchildren
8. Recipe – Preferably a healthy recipe along with 2-3 paragraphs about what makes it a good or memorable recipe.
9. Book Review – report on a book that inspires thoughts toward a world of peace
10. Bulletin board – reports on personal activities, or request help on a project

*Did someone forward this to you? Subscribe to the Golden Age
Newsletter [here!](#)*



Barrytown



When I was born a year ago, I never
thought I'd change the way I'm changing.

You came into my life so hard, I should
have known there'd be some rearranging.

So though it hurt at first, to a man dying of
thirst,

It's the only way to go to change it.

As the days, they came and went, and I
had the chance to get to know You better

To my joy the things they said about You
came true down to the letter

And so I cut my hair, and I asked can I stay
here,

And do my part to help You make things
better

- *For me Your life is on the line*
- *The least I can do is give you mine*
- *You left Your home, across the sea*
- *To bring us love, and set us free*

And since that day You've led me on,
Through many hours and many days of

struggle

But through them all You bared Your
heart, And You shared with me Your secret
joys and sorrows

Binding me to You, and to those precious
few,

Who give today so that all might live
tomorrow

- *For me Your life is on the line*
- *The least I can do is give you mine*
- *You left Your home, Your family*
- *To bring us love, and set us free*

So when I hear some news of you, it goes
so deep sometimes I can't help crying

I'm so proud of this family, God bless your
days, and all the ways you're trying

To ease our Father's pain, and fill this
world again

With the kind of children He intended.

- *For us His life is on the line*
- *The least I can do is give you mine*
- *He left his home across the sea*
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- *For me Her life is on the line*
- *The least I can do is give her mine*
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(1976, Montana)

The lyrics to this song came in 1976, my
second year into the movement, when I'd
finally accepted the conclusion of the
Divine Principle. It took that long because
through college in the 70s, I'd become
skeptical of theology. But when I began
studying Unification Thought, I was
stunned by the clarity, logical continuity
and especially the vision of its philosophy.

And I had the most powerful spiritual experience of my life during my first seven-day Unification Thought workshop. At the week's end, I accepted that a person who had this clear vision of humanity's potential could indeed be the central person of this age. That made my issues with the theology secondary; they'd work out over time, because the philosophy was so compelling.

As an amateur musician, I'd occasionally expressed myself through words and music of my own. So I now aimed to share experiences of this new life. But Unification Thought's Theory of Art posed a number of arresting questions like: *What is beauty? What are its different types? Objectively, what key qualities make something beautiful? What is art? What is its purpose? How can a creator hone a creative consciousness?*

In regard to that last question, I found this quote particularly striking:

"Artists who have such an object consciousness...can receive blessings from God and assistance from the spirit world....Such works may be considered to be the fruit of a co-creative effort between God and the artist." – *New Essentials of Unification Thought* p 314

That would explain why I'd sometimes had sudden inspirations that could lead me into a flow state. And besides, there are accounts of great artists or scientists who felt that they'd received divine inspiration as they struggled with some difficult problem. Such folks are hailed as brilliant, one-in-a-million geniuses, cut from a different cloth than normal folks. But Unification Thought has a very different and striking take. The Theory of Education explains:

"Man is given creativity by Heaven, from birth; in fact, 'genius' (天才 in Chinese characters), means 'Heavenly talent'. If someone develops his creativity to the full, he may be called a genius." – *Theory of Education*, §2D ¶14

The first character 天 means sky, heaven;

god, *celestial* and the second one 才 means *talent, ability*. Put together, they mean God-given talent. *That's* what Unification Thought means by "genius". Furthermore, Unification Thought explains that this gift is given not just to a select few, but to *every single* individual:

"Though some people are born crippled or intellectually handicapped, **everyone, nonetheless, has the capacity to become a genius, because, originally everyone is given boundless creativity...**" – *Explaining Unification Thought*, p. 228, *ibid*

This was incredible (i.e., *not believable*) to me when I first read it. But since Unification Thought is based on Dr. Lee's intense study of Abonim's words as well as one-on-one dialog with Him, I couldn't just dismiss it—I had to think about it seriously. Then I remembered a young person in our community who had Down Syndrome. I didn't know him well, but it was evident that he bore an *innocence* which allowed him to be exceptionally trusting, friendly and spontaneous. I could then understand Unification Thought's position and elevate my viewpoint.

If the true nature of genius intrigues you, take a moment to look at its first definition in [this dictionary](#). And if you've 20 minutes to spare, there's a lively and thought-provoking talk about it [here](#).

A closing note

In case you've the impression that Unification Thought's Theory of Art is only for fine artists, please note that it's absolutely not. Instead, it's directly related to a much larger audience: persons concerned with *fulfillment of their Third Great Blessing*.

"The meaning of God's third blessing is the **perfection of a human being's dominion** over the natural world." – *Divine Principle*, p. 35

And the Theory of Art explains the vast scope of that dominion:

"...the purpose of man's creativity is to enable him to dominate all things. . . .

Consequently, various human activities fall under the category of dominion. For instance, industrial production, commercial enterprises, farming, scientific research, artistic creativity – all these can be considered under the concept of ‘dominion’.” – *Explaining Unification Thought*, p. 27

Have a blessed and creative season!

Heavenly Arts >

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[@Fukuya.Sano](#)



His Fingers Brushed Her Cheek

By Larry Moffitt

SanViejo@gmail.com



Photo submitted by L. Moffitt

It was our thirty-first wedding anniversary several years ago. Me and Honey Nim had blown through the years in a period that seems brief as a meteor fly-by. Her Japanese palate likes anything from the ocean, so we chose a nice seafood restaurant for our commemoration.

A day earlier, I had finished reading a new book by Phyllis Edgerly Ring called *Snow Fence Road*, a beautiful, expressive novel about complex relationships and the restorative power of love. Novelists say the secret to writing is to make the reader care about characters that are so true to life that the reader walks around all day having imaginary conversations with them. Set in the fictional coastal town of Knowle, Maine, this is that kind of book. It's a great read, which I ingested in huge gulps and dealt with "book hangover" for

several days afterward (the feeling where you don't want to start a new book because you're still enjoying living in the one you just read).

At the restaurant, as we sat there talking and laughing about truth, beauty and life, I recall a description in Phyllis' novel where the man "reached out and lightly brushed her cheek with his fingers."

At that point we have only been married a third of a century, so the juices are still fresh in us, and the lightly brushing fingers thing seems like the perfect romantic expression for a moment like this. There we are nicely dressed, with the ambient light, the wall tapestry décor, sitting toe-to-toe in an intimate restaurant. I reach out and brush my fingertips against her left cheek. My caress is light, confident.

She smiles a "thank you," spoken so softly it cannot be heard beyond the few inches between us.

It was like a time-machine replay of our love's first awakening three decades earlier. I am inspired to try a variation on more of the same. I ever so gently reach up with my right hand to brush the back of my fingers down her right cheek. "I love you," I tell her.

Her face flickers in the candlelight. Her eyes twinkle.

And now for perfection—I reach out both hands, brushing my fingertips down both cheeks. And finally this: I gently cup the side of her face with one hand. She reaches her hand up to take mine, move it toward her mouth, and kiss my palm.

Still, she's starting to think this is a bit odd. She looks at me with a quizzical smile, "What?"

That's when I tell her about the romantic book, the hero, the pretty girl, a blossoming love similar in many ways to our thirty-one-year-old kind, and how I was inspired to brush her cheek with my fingers. As I explain the whole thing to her I find myself once again, rendered adorable in her eyes.

The way she looks upward and to the left, tells me she is leafing through her mind's Japanese-English dictionary. It's housed in the foyer of her cerebrum, a large space lined with shelves. I hear wheels softly grinding inside the right hemisphere, as she quickly grabs a verb off the shelves, then sorts through some nouns, a precept, a purgatory, an interrogative doodlebug. The gears finally catch with a click. A bright shimmering smile spreads across her face, lighting her up as she hesitantly says, "I am a peaceful ... shining ... rabbit."

A peaceful, shining rabbit? Why not? Maybe this is why we've never become bored with each other in three-plus decades.

Ours was a very typical courtship and marriage. She came from Japan, and I from West Texas. We were introduced to each other by the Korean, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon and were married on July 1, 1982 along with 2,074 other couples in Madison Square Garden, where we covered the floor of the arena in neat rows of alternating grooms and brides.

One might think a mass wedding is not romantic, but it was. So very. The room was filled with love. Love times two thousand. All I saw was her. When we exchanged rings, I also slipped onto her finger my great-grandmother's gold wedding band. I carried pictures of my parents, grand and great grandparents, in my suit pocket. The whole family, past and present, was there in the room as we were sprinkled with holy water.

Like I said, your typical wedding.

On any other night the Garden's arena floor is covered with a slab of ice, and hockey players knock each other's teeth out. And 30 years earlier, Marilyn Monroe stood where we stood and sang "Happy birthday, Mr. President" to JFK, while wearing a dress so tight she had to be sewn into it. So who's to say what's normal in the world?

A great many of my friends in our

A great many of my friends in our community also celebrate their wedding anniversary on the same day. Each one's marriage and life is, of course, unique, with a unique book to be written about it. Certainly one common aspect in a group of thousands married at the same time is that there is not a chance of any of us ever failing to remember our wedding anniversary.

And the Lord Turned

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by Robert Beebe



All photos submitted by R. Beebe

The clear starry night gleamed down from above. The night was colder than usual for that time of the year—the time of Passover when all of Israel remembered that fateful night thousands of years earlier. Then, the hand of God had protected the households of the Israelites in Egypt while the wind of death struck the firstborn of the Egyptians, including the son of the Pharaoh himself. This night would be another fateful night in the annals of history, but of a different sort. A chill wind blew up from the Kidron Valley and over the body of one whom people called ‘rabbi’ lying prostrate on the ground.

Beads of sweat the color of blood formed on Jesus’ forehead as he rose from an hour-long prayer for the third time. He turned and looked behind him to see his three most trusted disciples sleeping under an olive tree. With sorrowful eyes and a heavy heart, Jesus approached them slowly. He came to a stop several paces from them and stood watching them slumped over one another, deep in sleep. Several minutes passed. Rustling noises and men’s voices could be heard approaching from the path leading to

Jerusalem.

"Are you still sleeping and taking your rest?" Jesus said suddenly, shaking Peter, James and John by the shoulders. "Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going; see, my betrayer is at hand."

While he was still speaking, Judas came, one of the 12, and with him, a great crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Peter and the others rose groggily. Even before they all could get on their feet, the temple officers in the crowd seized Jesus roughly, binding his hands behind his back.

"Have you come out as against a robber, with swords and clubs?" asked Jesus, staring down the chief priests and elders who had come out against him. "When I was with you day after day in the temple, you did not lay hands on me. But this is your hour, and the power of darkness."

By now the rest of Jesus' disciples had awoken and were drawing near the crowd gingerly. They stopped several yards away and began to look at one another, trying to decide what to do. Despite hints that Jesus had made about facing some imminent danger, the suddenness of Jesus' arrest had caught them completely by surprise. Several of them shot furtive glances at Peter. Not two hours earlier, Peter had told Jesus he was ready to go to prison and even death with him. Now he stood transfixed, as if his feet were bolted to the earth.

Seeing the disciples present, one of the chief priests made threatening gestures towards them. In panic, they all turned away and fled into the dark night.

Peter, too, ran and ran. Stumbling over the gnarled roots of the olive trees, he knew not where he was going. His legs had taken on a life of their own, carrying his confused mind. After several minutes, he stopped. Silence. No one was following him.

Peter turned and retraced his steps back

Peter turned and retraced his steps back to the grove where Jesus was arrested. He could hear only muffled voices in the direction of the walled city. Cautiously, he began to follow the crowd, which was bringing Jesus to the house of Caiaphas, the high priest. He arrived at the courtyard just as they were bringing Jesus into the house. Peter could see just the back of his head as he disappeared through the doorway.

It was after midnight. The night air was becoming colder by the minute. Caiaphas' guards kindled a charcoal fire in the center of the courtyard. A dozen men and women sat around it, warming themselves. Trying to stay as inconspicuous as possible, drawing his hood over his head, Peter joined them. His mind raced through a thousand thoughts—and remained paralyzed at the same time. A smoldering fear had taken possession of him, consuming his soul. He paid no attention to the conversation around him.

"This man also was with him."

Peter suddenly became conscious of a sea of faces staring at him. Standing up and taking a step backwards, he said to the woman who had made the statement, "I don't know what you are talking about." He hurried out onto the porch that looked out over the Hinnon Valley to the south of Jerusalem. While standing at the railing, looking into the distance, Peter heard footsteps approaching from behind.

"Surely, you were with Jesus of Nazareth," said another woman's voice.

Peter whirled around to face the woman—a maid. He heard words blurting out of his mouth as if spoken by someone else. "I do not know him." Peter scurried down the steps leading into the valley.

"What's wrong with me?" Peter thought. "Why am I so afraid?" He held out his hands. They were shaking. He slumped down on the steps, his mind a jumble of self-accusation and fear. Now loud shouts emanated from inside the house above him. Accusing voices. A smack upon a

him. Rousing voices. A smack upon a face. Tears began to roll down Peter's cheeks. Was this how it was going to end? They were going to kill his beloved master. He would never see him again. It was happening all too quickly.

Peter sat on the steps for a long time, trying to summon up the courage to go back to the courtyard—and do what? Weren't the circumstances beyond his control? Yet, still, wasn't there something he could do to help his master? Without any clear plan, he stood up and slowly began walking up the steps. As he approached the courtyard, there appeared to be a lot of movement inside the house. Peter could see people exiting through a side door. He moved closer to get a good look. He asked one of the bystanders what was happening.

"They're taking him to the praetorium to see the governor." The speaker, a balding old man, peered at Peter curiously. "Say, certainly you also were with him, for your accent betrays you."

Peter looked down at the old man. Once again, that voice was speaking through his mouth. With great force he said, "I swear upon my soul, I do not know that man."



As the words were passing through his lips, Jesus appeared in the doorway; his hands bound behind his back; his face swollen and bloodied with wads of spit slowly creeping down his cheeks into his beard. As if looking for him, Jesus turned his head towards Peter. As their eyes met, a cock crowed in the distance, and Peter

a cock crowed in the distance, and Peter remembered how Jesus had said to him, "Before the cock crows today, you will deny me three times."

Peter felt as if he had been stabbed with a knife. He suddenly had trouble breathing. His mind was swimming. What had he done? A rush of memories of his time with Jesus flooded into his mind. He remembered the day he had first met Jesus at the Sea of Galilee; how his words had stirred his heart; and then sitting at his master's feet day after day, basking in his love, and loving him in return. Now he felt so distant. The rowdy crowd was mocking and accusing this innocent Jesus—and he had done nothing to help him.

But as Peter held Jesus' gaze, he began to feel a strange sensation. Although their eyes met for but a second, it seemed to last for an eternity. Peter felt that Jesus was looking not only at him, but at all humankind. In those eyes he detected not a hint of condemnation, accusation or resentment. Instead, he saw compassion and forgiveness.

Jesus' passing glance elicited within Peter's mind and heart a mix of powerful emotions. He immediately realized the great chasm that existed between himself and Jesus. He contrasted Jesus' absolute devotion to God with his own feeble devotion to Jesus. He suddenly understood that his three years of discipleship was more centered on himself than it was on Jesus. For that reason, he could not find the courage to come to his aid in his master's moment of need. A feeling of shame overwhelmed him.

At the same time Peter could comprehend more than before the depth of Jesus' love. Even now, as he was walking the path of death, Jesus thought not of himself but of Peter and about his situation and his future. Comparing his self-centered mind to the self-sacrificing example of Jesus, Peter felt ever so poignantly his own shortcomings. After watching Jesus being led away, he went

...watching Jesus being led away, he went out from the courtyard and wept bitterly.

Down in the valley, weeping, Peter felt a deep divide within himself. Each side sought to gain control over his mind. He strongly felt Satan’s accusation against him that he had betrayed his Lord. Yet, as he recalled Jesus’ gaze, he knew this was not how God felt. Slowly, Peter felt a transformative explosion taking place in his mind. The remembrance of Jesus’ loving and compassionate gaze dragged Peter from the depths of despair to where he felt a stirring desire in his heart to live for his Lord. A new Peter was being born, the one he was meant to be—the Rock upon which the resurrected Jesus would build his church.

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By Joy Lascari



All photos submitted by J.
Lascari

Our creativity comes from our Heavenly Parent.

Everyone has it.

My journey into creativity started with hand stitching troll doll and barbie doll clothes with the guidance of my grandmother at age 5. I was sewing my own clothes starting in junior high school and experimenting with design in high school, learning from neighbors and professional fittings for my ballet costumes that my mother sewed.

When working as a maid at an isolated resort on the Olympic Peninsula, and grieving the absence of my sewing machine, my mother sent me a bag of mis-matched fabric and unfinished projects that I hand stitched into a patchwork blouse.

Fabric was not my only medium. I painted walnut shell halves and hung them on a ribbon around my neck in high school. Crazy! I know! Yes, I wore it to school.

Most of us have probably experienced their talents not fitting in with the demands of the wilderness course. I was

demands of the wilderness course. I was not a good speaker, fundraiser or songster. My compulsive 'need' to create with my hands could not be accommodated on MFT and I suffered because of it.

Opportunities to use my talents slowly filtered into my life here and there and I gladly embraced every medium I came across. At Camp K in California I was able to repair several sewing machines and make colorful skirts for everyone, using the piles of fabric stored at the warehouse.

Working with butterflies at Kohshin Butterfly Factory in Chicago was a godsend for me as well.

Discarded telephone wire became a craft project at camp sunrise making small figures that could be worn as pins. Sharing my creativity with the children and watching them gleefully trail colorful wire behind them through the camp as they worked on their creations was a huge uplift for me.

Skip forward past knitting 16 sweaters and about a hundred scarves (which were sold to support WFWP), crocheting a few Afghans, creating many beaded necklaces (also sold for WFWP), sewing five wedding dresses and 10 dance costumes, and half a dozen cross stitches creations, with the revival of a sewing machine in my possession, I am currently focusing on quilting. It's in my blood, so to speak.

Quilting has a long tradition and history in this country. Resources were scarce and everything my pioneer ancestors owned had to retain usefulness long past its original purpose. Fabric scraps cut from clothing beyond repair were often stitched together to make quilts. Patterns and new designs were passed through quilting bees, churches and from mother to daughter. Abolitionists hung specific designs out their windows to guide fleeing slaves to food, shelter, safe passage and freedom in the North.

My grandfather helped the local ladies quilting circle tie quilts with his nimble

quilted circle the quilts with his nimble fingers. I have inherited a crazy quilt that lay on my grandmother's bed for as long as I can remember. No one knows who made it or when. Maybe it was a wedding gift for my grandparents. The satin fabrics in it are disintegrating but the velvets, corduroys and decorative stitching are still vibrant. I also have two of the many hand-pieced summer spreads that my great-great aunt made. Used as a bedspread, these patchworks provide decoration without the warmth that a winter quilt provides.

Every quilt tells a story. Here are a few of mine:



I made this quilt when my children were still young. It is titled "World Peace Through Ideal Families" (Can you tell?)

Blessed families fill the globe across five continents—North and South America, Africa and Europe, with Asia in the center. The name of God – Yahweh – Air, Earth, Fire, Water, is depicted in the art forms or produce of four continents. The colors around the border represent all races.





"Prayer Walk in the Garden" was completed last year.

It took me better than two years of on-and-off working to complete these last two quilts for my grandchildren. My granddaughter wanted purple butterflies. The design for my grandson's quilt was born of his favorite color blue, and everything depicting transportation.



I am still learning. There are many YouTube videos that may inspire you, but if anyone wishes to have more hands-on guidance, I would love to share my knowledge and experience with a small group or individually at my home in Budd Lake, New Jersey (when the renovation is finished in the Fall) to kick-start your own journey in this art form.

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