

## The Father was my Liberator

Jaap van Rossum  
September 1972



*Jaap with Korean middle school students during his stay in Korea*

Jaap van Rossum is a 19-year-old member of the Unification Church of Holland, who has known the family for two years. He was chosen to come to Korea as a student for the World Anticommunist Rally in May this year.

My father has taken good care of me since I was a little child. In those years the holidays were the peak points in life.

We always visited a beautiful lonesome island, where the climate was rough and I started to be a dreamer. I wandered around alone and enjoyed the creation so deeply. I felt behind everything a great presence of a certain Love and a great hope in my life. I didn't have much trouble believing in God. When my parents didn't visit the church anymore I continued to do this out of my own free will. I was seven years old, when my father died. When I was nine I started to be quite lonely. I had my mother, grandmother, sisters, aunts and only one brother who always beat me. I felt a little rejected, although my dreams and expectations of life were always positive.

In 1968 in January there was the Pueblo after with North Korea. It was the first day in my life that I read in a newspaper and this was the great news of that day. From that moment on I became politically interested and as a real idealist I supported communism, fighting the corrupt decaying culture of the capitalist world. It was on an evening in spring of that year that a friend's brother told me about Cuba and within one hour I burned for Fidel Castro. All my free time went into politics. Reading, discussing etc. I saw the dawn of a new future in which I could be most useful. I was proud of my conviction.

In the conservative surroundings where I grew up, I really liked to provoke them. I wore rough boots and a red cap and a badge with the head of Mao Tse Tung. I was very fanatic; I rejected those who didn't agree with my conviction. I discussed long hours and sometimes cried out that there was such evil in man that he could not build an ideal world.

I was so certain that I could not be mistaken. But... I was lonely, I became more and more aware of the emptiness, the spiritual deadness of the world. I wrote romantic poems and longed for true love. After a

couple of years I was more and more disappointed in the leftist people around me and their inconsequence but I found a woman who was as a mother for me, stimulated me in writing poems, expressing spirit, and studying more and more in philosophies and myths instead of political things.

Then in 1970 in my holidays I was working in a factory and met a blond boy, who was just as romantic as I was, but who told me that he had left the whole world for a new religious ideal. I was most fascinated, I was so deeply lonely and longed so much for a great change in the world and in my own life. Besides that, I had fought so deep with questions about God to whom I had cried, even as a communist, to liberate me out of my loneliness. When the boy answered my first question with great wisdom, I had actually accepted him. He taught me the Divine principle and in January 1971 I had totally accepted the Divine Principle. As a seventeen-year old boy I ran away from my mother, friends, school and dead city and I knew for sure that it would be for good. I felt that the Father to whom I had called for many years was my liberator and I would serve Him with greatest joy.

This year I met the True Parents for the first time. I thanked God so much to confront me with the Leader of the Greatest Revolution, and I love my True Parents. I have even had the privilege to visit our homeland to participate in victory over communism activities, which fascinate me still the most.

After these experiences I am ambitious to do really great things for the Father and I know that wherever I might be sent, in the deepest hell even, I will never leave my True Parents. I want to be their soldier in the Heavenly Army.