

How I met the Unification Church

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Photo date and location unknown

Have you ever in your life felt hands, not physical ones, not hands you shake, not of human touch, yet of support?

When I look back to the time I met our church, that is the first sense, and the first word that come to heart and mind. I have felt these invisible, but quite tangible hands from the time I was a child, but truthfully did not acknowledge and realize their origin till one fine day in the month of July of the year 1976. I knew then without a shred of doubt, they were and had been God's.

After I turned to God, I felt spirit filled. I understood my heart's desire. I had a dream, I wanted to have a family. I wanted to raise children, and I felt that dream was related to God's own true heart's desire. At the same time, I felt perplexed as to the seriousness of the world situation, great imbalance, the pain, suffering, and injustice taking place over the globe. I could not see neither Pres. Jimmy Carter at the time nor Pres. Khrushchev capable or even knew how to solve the crises, even in their own country. I felt, why is it that even when we want to do good, we still end up hurting others, whether unwillingly or willingly and I could see that the world affairs were reflecting the individual's internal struggle; there is a force of evil, but why? How did this come about? Can it be changed?

Around Christmas that year, I began to think much about Jesus and felt pain at the difficulty of His life; the many betrayals, and I began to feel strongly that something had gone seriously wrong. I felt that if I had been there at that time, I would not have rejected him, I would have followed Him to the ends of the earth.

On January, 6, 1977, I met my spiritual mother and was introduced to the Unification church and its belief system for the first time. I was living in Brussels, Belgium, at the time, had my own apartment, was working full time as a secretary for the electromagnetic department of a company, but I didn't visit the church center until a month and a half later. It is around that time though that I realized that the world's crisis could only be solved by one person, God's Son, the Messiah. One evening, something hit me. I spoke to God out loud, "Don't you think this would be the right time to send the Messiah!" In the next second, I sat up, and uttered, "Oh my God, what if He is already here and I don't know about it!" I found myself fervently praying, "Oh, please God, if He is already here on earth, lead me to Him."

That time, I also wanted to show God that I was not a hypocrite, I wanted to do something for Him that would show my sincerity. I wanted to show God that He could trust me; that I would under no circumstances leave Him. I had been a smoker since I was 16 years old, and for Lent, I made the decision to stop smoking. I told myself if I can stop smoking for forty days, I can stop forever. Two co-workers went on board with me, and in this way, I also had a great support system, and fulfilled the forty day non smoking offering. This was the end of my smoking days.

At work, I had also shared my experience with another coworker who was a Christian, about meeting my spiritual mother, and she knew immediately and warned me that this was the dangerous religious sect or cult known as the Moonies. The next day, she brought me newspaper articles which were of a very negative nature about the movement. It had scared me, and I didn't like the fact that my spiritual mother had not mentioned that to me, I had stayed away from the church center for that reason. One day, she paid me a visit, and I decided to confront her about it, so I invited her in. We talked for quite some time, and I had to agree with her that the media was very savvy at scandalizing things and bear false witness to achieve high number of readers and viewers. So I decided I had to find the truth about it myself and analyze this movement that brought such wonderful beliefs and yet, was so badly reputed.

I began attending lectures and found myself absorbing the Divine Principle as if I was a sponge. Many of their views reflected my own, and I found truthful answers to my unanswered questions. So I agreed to attend the two day workshop which was set for April 23rd and 24th of that year.

The first day, which was a Saturday, was pretty much made of lectures I had heard at previous meetings. Still I enjoyed hearing them again, but the climax of the weekend was on Sunday, which I consider my spiritual birthday. It was heavily raining outside that day, and even more inside, a powerful downpour of enlightenment was taking place.

The Principles of restoration was an in-depth revelation to me answering so many questions I had had, and in such meaningful and truthful understanding. That didn't compare to my internal experience with the lectures taught after the break. During the break, though it was raining like "cats and dogs" outside, we decided to go to the park nearby. In the group, the spirit was quite high. I started singing, "Singing in the rain" and dancing to which everyone followed suit. It was exhilarated to all of us.

Back at the center, I listened to the lecture on "the Parallels of history". I knew history. I had known biblical history because I had been reading the bible since that wonderful day in July 1976. My mind was going faster than the lecturer teaching this incredible discovery. Timewise I went ahead, made the calculations in my head, and my heartbeat began to race. "Oh my God! I was right, He is already here on earth!" I spoke to myself.

The lecturer then began to speak about the Second Coming of the Lord, introducing the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, who had found through a nine year tremendous focus of study, deep search under heaven and earth, study of the bible and battles with spiritual forces, the revelations I had been hearing over the weekend encapsulated in the Divine Principle. As she spoke, I was looking outside the window through the partially opened curtains. The rain had stopped and I was staring at the sun that had appeared. It was a clearly defined circle of white light standing out in the still fully grey sky. When she pronounced the name Sun Myung Moon, at the exact same time, the thunder boomed and I heard a voice that said to me, "This is it."

My heart cracked opened, I was fighting tears, didn't want anyone to notice. Then the lecturer played Handel's "hallelujah"! I asked if I could go to the bathroom. There I let my tears fall free. "Oh, my God! You lead me to Him, I have found the Messiah!"

A sister came knocking on the bathroom door out of concern for having left the lecture room so abruptly and staying in the bathroom for some time. She had actually thought that I had left. I told her what had happened, what I had seen, heard and felt. She was very moved, and so were the other members of the staff present and the lecturer.

I moved in the center the next Sunday, May 1st, 1977, which is also the Unification Church's Foundation Day. God has been so good to me. Aju.