

I, who have set sail to unknown lands, am plodding through a Spiritual Stone Age

One of our Unification Church Missionaries

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I want to offer my report on the situation here as seen through these eyes. January has ebbed away, leaving in its wake many things left undone. There is disparity between America and here.

We who have set sail to unknown lands are plodding through a spiritual stone age while America prepares to enter the era to recreate the universe. Soon perhaps the gates will open here allowing the flood of love and truth to flow in, closing the gap between heaven and earth. Meanwhile, as a pioneer, we have unique experiences as we venture into the frontier areas. Evil maintains an upper hand here and "he" is able to concentrate his attacks. Under this pressure we see ourselves, our strengths and weaknesses. Also, we understand more about the subtle way our opponent knocks us off course and how he has captured the people of the world.

Through pioneering I've learned to understand God more clearly. Let me relay one experience I had two nights ago:

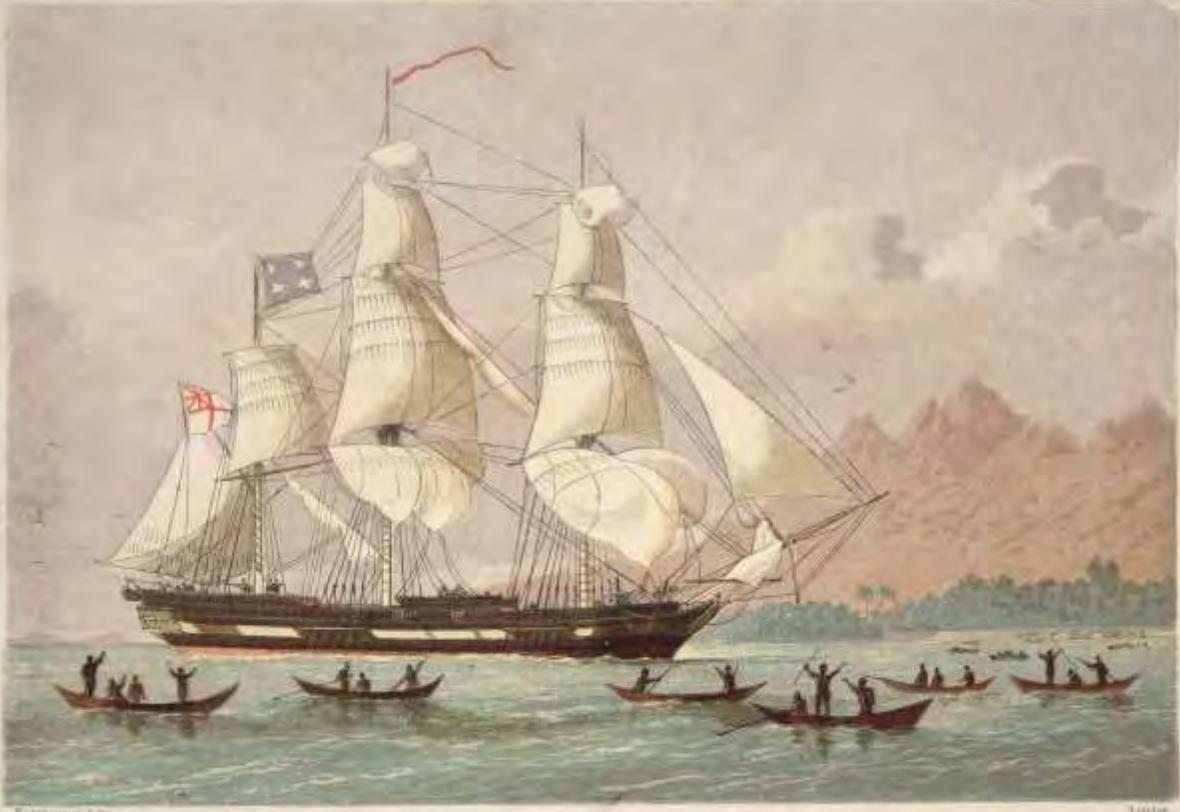
I live on the top floor of an apartment building and often go on the roof to pray. Late at night, as I stood beneath the stars, I felt God throughout the heavens above. But He had nowhere, no point to touch the earth until I opened my heart to Him. At once when I began to pray, He rained His love down on me. The roof shimmered with His wonderful presence. I felt that I was the only point through which He could connect to the earth in this city. In the houses below me the people slept, unaware of the Father above. I wanted to scream down to the people and wake them up and tell them to look up into the skies.

The story goes on:

At that point, I resolved to arise early the next morning, and make it a victory. I would control my appetite, pray hard and step out into the day with courage, accomplishing many things towards the dispensation.

But for some reason I didn't hear my alarm ring the next morning and woke up at 8:30. After a brief struggle in which I lost, I went back to sleep for an hour. The appetite resolution followed a similar pattern. By the time I got out on the street, it was time for lunch and on and on until by nightfall I felt thoroughly accused and unworthy.

Satan had beaten me through myself. The next night brought angry self-recriminations and accusations and from all this arose more determinations. Alone we are so vulnerable.



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THE MISSIONARY SHIP "DUFF" ARRIVING AT OTAHITI.