

The day the Lord reunites with creation!

Inkyung Rachael Tuszewski's meditation leading up to Foundation Day,
February 13th, 2016

As I gaze out across the expanse of the Pacific Ocean, flossy clouds line the ocean's lips as beams of orange rest heavily on the horizon line. Depth, softness, gravity. One's eyes can't help but be filled with the warm glow of being engulfed by microcosms and macrocosms that have a reverence one can only find in the creation of the omnipotent. He rules all. The lands are his, the people that breathe that same hydrogen that drops sweetly from the clouds fight for kingdoms that he has dominion over. The day has come. The lapse between the divine Creator and the world has finally fizzled and the explosion of cosmic goodness is unfathomable unless you're able to look up and glimpse it through the density of the clouds below. The forces of nature combine together in a cataclysm that is perfect; awe inspiring and fused with energy that is universal and electric. Everything is magnetic; everything has a force that rests upon its equal. Lashing thunder, vibrant rays, soft hues, mist that cloaks mountains and beads of algae waver on submerged rocks in mountain top streams. It is all connected. Nature is. It is the same as God. God is. From polar caps with man-made beacons that try to find other sources of life, to the dusk and parched lands of the outback, everything reacts to the other thing.



There was life and out of that was born the manifestations of love; of an ideal to grace the universe with two beings. The notion and swaying of lavender in French hills adequately sums up the scent that love would bring about with creation rumbling beneath and all around it. We as spirit bodies lay somewhere between love and nature; the gap is widening. Hurry now, the grace is here. It has arrived. After painstaking battles and raging wars, the time has come for the sovereignty of the Kingdom to be vested into the hearts of man. To be courageous, to believe, to have righteousness and to gaze upon the heavens for what we know is branching rapidly around us; changing the molecular structure of our DNA, of our heritage of our people. We are becoming God's people. Finally, the day that eons and martyrdom; sacrifice with blood is drawing to its end. The angels that have sung in St. Peter's cathedral are now succinctly flooding the gates with sweet duets and choruses that chime through the barriers that once kept us out. Salvation through freedom; redemption through love. He did it all. One man.

Centuries and texts line the walls preaching of this day in hopeful expectancy and all spread the word of the advent. We look through Scripture, we look up in the Heavens and yet, how would we know if he came and went? The stars are singing it to us, the mountains echo his name: Rev. Sun Myung Moon. It is you. You are him.



With the flick of a wrist and that cheeky smile, we remember your presence on earth; the vibrations that would quiver through us on the mountain top that was prophesied that one man would bring in peoples from all lands: you gave everything. “Oh my child, come home again,” “Oh my little lambs,” these words are life to us who gazed at you. May we run with love, may we run with harmony, may we; as innocent as children happily breezing through a field, come home...may we quickly come home. Father continues to live on in each one of us. His tears, his smile, his everlasting light.

We remember the hours he would spend embracing all of us with his words. Humbly, not all of us could see he was it. Some of us turned our backs toward him, filled our speech with profanities and judgment, and yet, what does Father do: he offers us grace again. Mountain after mountain, peak after peak...he has conquered and we merely glide through valleys and he is asking, begging us to come home.

Brothers and sisters, it is not too late. Desperately he will call your name until you hear...searching for you. There is a window in history that has never before been opened to each one of us. He is not joking when he says that this is forgiveness and the last chance through him who indemnified and restored. We may cover our eyes, we may block our ears, we may blaspheme and for a moment, there is a release; though it's just trickery...it's just a hook that has an imprint that is not of light; that is temporary, that doesn't will for our everlasting happiness. Turn your backs and we walk into the den of darkness, step into the light and surrender and He is there, still teaching, still guiding.

If you have stepped away, if you have denounced, pride and reputation mean nothing in the Kingdom. Drop your weapons; drop your defenses, he only wants to welcome you. Heavenly Father only wants to welcome you. For Hyung Jin Nim and Yeon Ah Lee Moon are now anointed as The Second King and The Second Queen to continue the ministry of the True Parents of Mankind, the King and Queen of Peace and by the grace of the God that lives in all who once believed and the devotion of those who have remained faithful, please, let's come home together. Let's unite in heart and sincerity...humbly. To be broken and to realize that the carrier was once carrying you and you kicked and screamed to do it your way: well, man is limited, man has faults, man is burdened with fallible qualities that a loving Creator oversees.

There is forgiveness. It's now. Humbly, may we surrender, may we become soft, may we love and have principles. May we dream again with our Heavenly Father, Jesus and True Father. The foundation is set, may we step into the light with grace and humility and sing with all of creation that the time is here. The light is here, let us run into our Father's arms with softness again and hold hands with True Love. May we offer our hearts for Foundation Day 2016 and beyond.