

## Beloved Father! How we miss you! - True Mother's Letter to True Father

Hak Ja Han

August 17, 2019

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Seonghwa Festival Commemorating the 7th Anniversary of the Ascension of True Father



Beloved Father! How we miss you! Father you are always with us! It is already seven years since your Holy Ascension to the heavenly realms. There is no place in heaven and earth untouched by your sweat and tears. On this day, we particularly long for you.

Father, one year before your ascension, even though you were more than 90 years of age, you visited the United States eight times. Refusing to care for your health, you invested yourself completely for the sake of the world and for humanity. The words you said, "Mother, once we finish this task and there is little else to do, then, let us take a short break," never came true on earth in the end. Father, you worked day and night and, since I lived my life in attendance to you, I did not sleep more than three hours a night throughout my life.

During the sweltering summer of 2012, you were hospitalized for the final time, but even then you rebuked those who recommended you to stay in hospital, saying, "There is still so much to do. Why are we spending so much time at the hospital!" You then hastened to return to Cheon Jeong Gung. You instructed, "Today, set the table for two, with Mother facing me." Hearing you say this, the members were very puzzled, because you always sat by my side for meals.

Although the lunch table had been set, Father, you did not once lift your spoon. Instead, all you did was gaze into my face. Father, I think that you were most likely engraving my face in your heart. I smiled, placed a spoon in your hand and some side dishes on your rice. Then, I continued to gaze at you as you ate. Father, I also engraved your face in my heart.

The day when the rays of the sun were particularly strong, you carried an oxygen tank the size of a full-grown person and toured the Chung Pyung Lake area, beginning with the Cheongshim International Middle and High School. Then, after returning to Cheon Jeong Gung, you prayed, "Heaven, please give your blessing. I beseech you to allow me to conclude things." Then, you requested that a voice recorder be brought. You offered your last prayer with me, saying, "I have completed the mission of the providence of restoration."

Then you said, "Mother, thank you! Mother, take good care of everything."

Father, despite the difficulty of your condition, you kept saying, "I am so sorry and so grateful." I held your hand more firmly and, looking at you gently with a soothing voice, I put you at ease.

"Do not worry about anything."

Father, you then returned to Heavenly Parent's bosom and you are resting in Bonhyangwon, at the foot of

Mt. CheonSeong.

Father, following your Holy Ascension, I came to Bonhyangwon at dawn every day.

There were countless excuses or reasons why I might have rested and not visited you; but whether it snowed abundantly in the winter or rained torrentially in the fall, I came to Bonhyangwon each day in those early morning hours. For 40 days after you ascended, I offered you breakfast and dinner. When I missed you, which was on numerous occasions, I came to Bonhyangwon and talked with you. Through these conversations, your thoughts became my thoughts and my thoughts became yours.



Whether the sun beat down, the wind blew, or thunder and lightning suddenly struck and torrential rain poured down, or whether snow blanketed the land, for 1,095 days following your ascension I carried on offering my devotions in remembrance of you. I also retraced the 5,600 kilometers you traveled from Las Vegas to New York in the United States in the 1970s. I climbed the 12 mountains we had climbed together in the Alps. Then, I resolved to fulfill the promise I made you to "return to the spirit of the early days of the church and revive the church in the spirit and the truth."

Then, on the 3rd anniversary of your Holy Ascension, I beseeched you to freely ascend to the eternal Bonhyangwon, to attend and comfort Heavenly Parent who had been lonely until then, and to be free from all burdens. Then, for you, Father, and for Heavenly Parent, I resolved to succeed in the restoration of 7 nations by 2020.

East to west, south to north, I ran with all my might, seeking to embrace the world. My mouth was sore, my legs were swollen...I could barely stand, yet I could not rest. This was because, however difficult realizing the Will may be, I had to keep the promise I had made to you that I would conclude everything within my lifetime. I lived each day reaffirming my resolve that I would "fulfill this without fail." And that "to do so, I shall not change." Every time I desperately missed you I looked to the moon for companionship and spoke with it, reminding myself of the promise I had made to you as I stood before your holy body, "I will firmly establish Cheon Il Guk by the time I ascend."

Living this way, seven years has already passed since your Holy Ascension.

Father, you know, don't you? Following your Ascension, I felt lost for words, in a position where I was the only one remaining. My heart felt as if I were in a vast desert in the midst of a sandstorm, having to find a needle yet unable to open my eyes. Nonetheless I found it. I had to find it.

My resolve to absolutely restore seven nations by 2020, my resolve to register all blessed families in Cheon Bo Won as Heavenly Tribal Messiahs, these are my gifts to you, Father. I pray that this gift, your life of hyojeong for Heavenly Parent, can shine rays of hope throughout the world.

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