

## This Morning I Found My Heart Was Filled With Gratitude

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As I awoke early this morning, I found my heart was filled with gratitude. I was grateful especially for the Golden Age Newsletter as a place for the golden oldies to share our precious memories of True Parents, even little, golden snippets that might be lost to history.

My prayer the night before was at first tearful, seeking the power to overcome my pain and find love to heal someone else. Meeting God, I felt gratitude for God's vibrant nature of shimjeong, that irresistible desire to be connected as one in True Love. It is impossible to not be enveloped in this healing love once we open ourselves to it. I am always amazed to just find it there when my sincere heart reaches for it.



Recently, I had been challenged in heart to tears. I prayed for love that I didn't have to give to someone

who needed it. My grief was deep and seemed insurmountable. But as soon as I earnestly reached out to our Heavenly Parent I realized that shimjeong was there filling me with gratitude because God freely fills us up. It made me stand taller, with hope to go forward and find a resolution to what I seek. I realized, too, that human behavior is fleeting and changeable depending on love. Love can change anything. We can still grow and heal no matter the wound we receive or the wounds we inflict on others. There is always hope in loving.



I felt grateful for the Golden Age as a place to keep precious memories alive. I saw in my mind some experiences at East Garden sitting at the feet of True Parents and how we were filled up with love and wisdom by our Parents during leaders' meetings or holy day celebrations. I always tried to sit right up front, so to 'breathe the same rarified air.'

We all came empty, some wounded, to be filled up with shimjeong from our True Parents. We were filled with their love and sometimes scolding so as to empty internal spaces where confusion or ignorance took up too much space. Then we were filled with truthful insights and laughter to give us hope to carry on. Laughter and tears were regular fare at those gatherings. We were filled up to overflowing so we could take back the incredible experiences to those eager hearts waiting in our state centers.

And we were fed incredible meals by the kitchen staff, directed by our True Mother. She once told the sisters, that despite our being leaders we must help prepare at least one meal a day. That is the role of a mother. Wisdom of small things lasts a long time.

So many memories would be lost to time if they aren't written down for our descendants

and history itself. We want those precious and unique experiences to touch the hearts of others too. There was but one person coming back from a restroom break who peeked around a corner and watched True Mother arrange some new cushions on furniture in a small waiting room beside the front door. Such a normal activity for a woman to do to make her guests comfortable. It was in the dark brick house at East Garden. A lovely old estate house always filled with people coming and going.

Once we were filled to the brim with love, wisdom, food and family, out came the little black book. We all knew that the meeting time was near the end. Father had organized all his instructions and he read them out to us as we hurriedly tried to write down every word. These little black notebooks will be kept for all time as his legacy of directions to restore this nation of America.

I came every month from 1972 (Belvedere) until I left for missionary training at Barrytown before being sent out by True Parents to Iran in 1975. And I returned again as a state leader in the 80s and 90s as a WFWP leader. The venue changed over the years but the heart and investment was the same. We were filled up with as much love as we could hold so we could carry it back to others. We sat at the feet of True Parents and drank in all we could receive. That constant investment shaped the members of our movement through all the challenging times we shared. It gave us strength and wisdom as a family working together to save this nation. Now East Garden houses a powerful museum holding many relics of investment to the sacrifice and service of our True Parents and our brothers and sisters. I hope everyone can visit the museum. Thank you Carol, Richard and others for the Golden Age Newsletter.