

Wonderful Early Church Memories - Three Special Experiences With True Parents

Betsy Jones
February 2, 2023



I had three special experiences with True Parents in my first years in the church. I had been in the church for 1 1/2 years, waiting to meet True Parents. Finally, in early 1969, the day came, with many of us gathering in Washington D.C. Standing and waiting in line with others in the Upshur House main hallway, I wondered what they would be like. After entering and receiving our welcome, Father and Mother started to make their way down the lines, warmly greeting and shaking hands with each person.

I felt great excitement when Father came to me. He stopped, looked me in the eye and asked, "Where are your ancestors from?" He had such a bright face. "Ireland!" I said, relieved by the simplicity of his question and feeling some pride in my Irish ancestry. "Oh! Irishee," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. I felt like I could do an Irish jig but restrained myself and at the same time felt this was a type of providential meeting - confirmation for me that I was in the right place with the people I was meant to be with.

True Parents had come to bless couples for the first time in America and I was helping with the preparations in Washington. After the blessing of 13 couples, True Parents came to New York City where Diane, our center leader, prepared accommodations for them outside our apartment-center. Still, they wanted to have their meals with us. Hearing a loud knock on our front door, I thought, "I can't believe it. The Messiah is knocking at our apartment door."



That morning on a card table in the living room we prepared breakfast for them - a humble meal of boiled eggs and bacon and a few other items. At some point, Father seemed to be looking around for something, evidently part of the boiled egg. In fact, unbeknownst to him, the yolk had somehow fallen on the floor, a development I had noticed.

Seeing it there under the table, I couldn't imagine being so disrespectful as to return it to him, so before he had started looking for it I reconciled the problem by picking it up and popping it in my own mouth. Noticing Father and others looking everywhere for the missing yolk, I realized I needed to fess up.

Pointing to my mouth, and with a few words in English, I tried to explain that I had already swallowed the yolk. As Mrs. Choi started to translate what I was trying to say, the tension in the room was replaced with gales of laughter. The good feeling was palpable. Such a happy moment that we were blessed to enjoy with Father in those early days.

On the last day of their visit to New York, True Parents wanted to take us to the top of the Empire State Building. Again, Diane Fernsler, Wesley Samuel, Helen Ireland, others and I gathered with them there. Looking over the city, Father talked about his hopes for the future, including rallies in Washington and Moscow. We couldn't believe the scope of his heart and vision, going far beyond New York to the world. After we returned to the center, Father and Mother began to take their leave. Father shook each of our hands and as Mother followed him, she turned towards me and others, giving each of us a small gift. In my case, she handed me a scarf and asked me to "work hard", a gesture which touched me deeply.

Sitting in the back seat as the car moved away, Father took Mother's hand in his and they lifted their clasped hands as they turned to look at us through the car's back window. Seeing their smiles and hands clasped together, I felt their strong determination - that they would dedicate their lives to this mission. I felt that I would be privileged to help them.

The image continued to give me strength and hope, knowing that America has, and the world has, True Parents.

The final experience with True Parents I would like to describe came after our blessing in 1970 during their visit to the United States, just before the first speaking tour was to begin in 1972. We had been married about a year and a half and were living in the National Headquarters in Washington, D.C. One morning several days before the beginning of the tour, Miss Young Oon Kim asked me to bring tea to the Moons in their bedroom on the second floor of Upsher House. Arriving with a large pot of barley tea and several cups on a tray at 5:00 AM, I found True Parents and Mrs. Choi sitting on the floor looking up at me with friendly smiles. "Betsy," Father said, "please sit down and have some tea." I soon learned he had something on his mind. I was worried someone may have complained about us. "I heard you and Farley have been fighting" he said with a kindly look. "What do you think the problem is?" Knowing the question reflected a genuine concern, my intuitive sense was to look first at myself rather than any perceived failings of Farley. "Well," I responded, "I guess I want him to be more like me." Father laughed and then offered some guidance with much warmth and love: "Your personality is only 50%," he said. "Farley's is the other half. You need to make space for both."

His words touched me and something in me shifted. Making psychic space for who Farley was, I recognized the value of his quiet personality, his depth and commitment, and his need to spend most of his time on the mission. I also heard in Father's comments that gentle invitation to sacrifice some of our family time for the sake of a higher purpose and let go of some private desires in favor of our public mission. I left the room with a grateful heart for the path of my life and the person with whom I was walking this path. I decided to find Farley and apologize to him.

I climbed up to the third floor, I found Farley in a deep sleep on our full mat. Standing over him with tears streaming down my face, I asked for forgiveness for my part in our difficulty. My tears landed on him but he remained asleep. Still I felt I was sharing my deepest heart and repentance with him and even though I had an urgent desire to speak with him, I didn't wake him. I left the room. This is the personal way that Father would guide us in the early days, offering comments that were so tailor-made for our needs. That was the turning point in our marriage. I stopped fighting for something that was really of the old world and tried to embrace the new.