

# New Age Frontiers

Published by the Unified Family

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Vol. IV, No. 2

February, 1968

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New Age Frontiers is published monthly  
by the Unified Family, an affiliate of  
HSA-UWC  
PO Box 7596, Ben Franklin Station  
Washington, D. C. 20044  
40¢ per copy  
One year's subscription: \$4.00  
Printed in the United States of America

## LETTERS AND REPORTS

## News from Seoul

- I. With the ringing of the watch-night bell on midnight of New Year's Eve, our Leader sent his blessing to the members of the Unified Family throughout the world. He gave the motto for 1968: "Full-scale Advance." Under this motto he elaborated in more specific detail:
  1. Complete equipment of inner life (practice of the Word).
  2. Be fully, constantly conscious of the motto.
  3. Aware of the consequences of defeat, be absolutely victorious.
- II. On New Year's Day at 3:00 a. m. , our Leader announced the Day of God. The True Parents together with their daughter Ye Jin, seven years old, and their son Hyo Jin, five years old, then performed a simple ceremony. Seven years from now Family Day will be declared -- the final day of celebration.
- III. Because it has been 4300 years since the dawn of Korean history, our Leader has chosen to bless 430 couples this year. The blessing is to take place at the Civic Auditorium on February 22. In preparation, there have been three training sessions, with one-third of the candidates attending each one.
- IV. From midnight to 3:00 a. m. , our Leader discussed the main points in the life and activities of 1967.
  1. Unity and harmony should prevail among members, regardless of their position.
  2. Members should rearm themselves with the Principle, not only intellectually but in heart and character as well.
  3. We should deliberately establish conditions of indemnity for personal, family, and national restoration.
  4. In speaking of duties, our Leader said that each must actively witness for three years, find three pairs of children, and raise them through to the blessing.
  5. Our responsibility toward the Christian churches includes maintaining inter-denominational study groups, conducting revivals and training sessions, and welcoming new members.

6. We should reach students by holding study meetings and teaching them to lecture.
  7. We should reinforce our anti-Communist work and make wider contacts with government officials related to it. We should teach the general public with a strong organization for training.
  8. Each of our churches and families should seek means of self-support.
  9. Regarding the educational program for families and churches: Expand your understanding and capacity in order to maintain your usefulness as the movement expands.
  10. He expressed the need for itinerary workers.
- V. Monthly dues for members were reinstated and monthly dues for families were established.
  - VI. On his forty-eighth birthday, the Leader will give recognition and prizes to those of outstanding achievement in the past seven years.
  - VII. From time to time our Leader has presented members with small mementoes and asked that they keep them carefully until he asked for them. Now he is collecting these things to check the care of the members.
  - VIII. In addition to the blessing of 430 couples, there will also be blessings for the married couples.
  - IX. On December 24, 1967, at 3:57 a. m., a daughter, Un Jin, was born.
  - X. A Family Department has been added to the Headquarters and also a secretarial office.
  - XI. The president of the Korean community in Japan has visited Headquarters and the vice president is expected to visit. This association of Koreans has requested a team of five anti-Communist lecturers of the Divine Principle to visit Japan. They will leave Korea on March 1.
  - XII. Mr. Kuboki, the president of HSA in Japan, arrived in Korea on the 27th of January and will remain a month.
  - XIII. Last year, members of our group traveled throughout Korea and lectured on overcoming Communism. On January 18, 1968, HSA registered with the Public Information Agency as the International Anti-Communist Alliance. This was one of many victories to come.

New York, New York

Diane Giffin

My dearest Family,

When I think of you so far away and separated, I ache with longing to span the distance between us. Let's build a Golden Gate Bridge to give passage to our Parents' love!

In New York, we had the privilege of the company of Mr. Won Pil Kim and Miss Lan Young Moon. These two came to New York Center on New Year's Eve. All through the evening, we clustered around them. At our request to speak of his coming to Divine Principle, Mr. Kim replied he must speak first of our Leader.

After this introduction, he related many experiences from the early days which served to illustrate various aspects of Principle living. As he spoke, in Korean, Mr. Kim would look to us intently, smiling, gesticulating so that the meaning could almost transcend language.

As midnight approached, we straightened the room and ourselves. Then, facing the East, we recited the Children's Oath and bowed deeply to the position of our True Parents, signifying our honor to them. In this same way, our Family in Korea greets the New Year. After that, we continued to talk far into the morning.

Snow had fallen when we awakened, giving the city a look of purity. This was to be a day of sightseeing. The snow had cleared the air, so that from the Empire State Building, the view seemed endless. What a maze of rigid forms lay below! On the street again, we drove past the United Nations building, through Harlem, then stopped at Holy Ground to pray before our guests continued on to the Philadelphia Center with George and Barbara, who had joined us for this special weekend. In the weeks since, we have thought often on the myriad facets these two emissaries revealed about the Principle. Our goal even higher, we surge on.

Helen, Betsy and I are situated now in Betsy's former apartment. Another young family have joined us: Jim and Lillian Lambert, who were led to the Center through a TV program with Anthony Brooke. Wesley and Gladys Samuel and Mary Penn come over when they can, for lectures and for worship service. We have a full schedule of teaching, often a full house. A most wonderful experience of last Sunday was our first try in New York at door-to-door witnessing. Even though some of us had participated in Washington, somehow I couldn't imagine that the response would be as warm and sincere as it was here. Despite some hostility and disinterest, many invited us right in, asking with genuine eagerness what the Movement and the Principle were. Results remain to be seen, but this seems a real possibility for expansion. I feel with such urgency that we must tell the people.

In the subways, on the streets, I want to stand up and proclaim this great Day!

Family, let's make this a year worthy of remembrance. We greet you all in the name of our True Parents.

\*

Washington, D. C.

George Edwards

As usual, there has been no lack of excitement at Headquarters in the past month.

We have been continuing our door-to-door witnessing methods, sometimes with overwhelming success. Sunday, January 7, we all went out together as usual. Imagine our great joy when fifteen men showed up for the lecture that evening! Credit for the inspiration to witness at the particular place we did goes to Marshall Frothingham. Neil Salonen's determined organizational efforts greatly increased the effectiveness of our campaign. Currently, six of those fifteen who came have been concluded in the lecture series and are reading and studying more thoroughly with older members. Altogether, there are in the neighborhood of fifteen people studying the Divine Principle deeply.

It is our cherished hope that our Father is showering His blessings equally on our brothers and sisters in the rest of America and in Europe and Asia.

Our houses grow more crowded every week. The list of permanent and temporary residents is increasing all the time. Judy Barnes is visiting for a few weeks from Denver. While here Judy is studying our methods of acquiring new members, which means that Washington Center gets a new volunteer to help increase our Family. Alice Van Dyke, a friend of Gio Mathis and Vivien Barron, is now staying with us for good. Welcome aboard, Alice! The latest addition to our Center is Travis Jones, who learned of Principle here but then stayed at the Chicago Center while attending school in that city.

We were all very happy to meet David Flores and David Irick -- some of us for the first time -- old members who have visited here recently. David Flores is now in Vietnam. We will not soon forget his heartfelt words to us of his experiences of our Father's love while stationed in Germany. David Irick is just entering the Army and has quite a long road ahead. May Father watch over them.

Every day we seem to see and understand a little more of God's love for His children. To our brothers and sisters in the United States, Europe, and Asia, and wherever you may be, we share with you these highlights of our experiences in Washington and hope that your lives have been gladdened by our Father's care just as wonderfully as have ours. In the name of our True Parents.

\*

## ARTICLES

The Greatest Treasure

Rebecca Boyd

And to the angel of the Church of Laodicea write:  
 'The words of the Amen, the faithful and true witness,  
 the beginning of God's creation: "I know your works:  
 You are neither cold nor hot. Would that you were  
 cold or hot. So, because you are lukewarm, and  
 neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth.  
 For you say, I am rich, I have prospered, and I need  
 nothing; not knowing that you are wretched, poor, blind,  
 and naked. Therefore I counsel you to buy from me gold  
 refined by fire, that you may be rich, and white garments  
 to clothe you and to keep the shame of your nakedness  
 from being seen, and salve to anoint your eyes, that you  
 may see. Those whom I love, I reprove and chasten; so  
 be zealous and repent. Behold, I stand at the door and  
 knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door,  
 I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me.  
 He who conquers, I will grant him to sit with me on my  
 throne, as I myself conquered and sat down with my Father  
 on his throne. He who has an ear, let him hear what the  
 Spirit says to the churches." (Rev. 3:14-22.)

There is a problem in the world. How can man transform  
 himself into understanding the heart of Christ so that  
 every individual related with him is his responsibility?  
 I was tortured in prison and I lost much blood. At that  
 critical moment, I could not pray to God for myself, since  
 I knew so clearly that God loves the one who is in my  
 position. I knew He understood my miserable situation.  
 Every time I was in difficulty my word to Father was  
 this: "Father, don't worry about me. Since the rugged  
 path of the restoration of the world is still far away, I  
 want to carry the burden. Father, let me go first, before  
 you, Father." If you are parents and have children, I  
 think you understand this feeling. If your children really  
 hit your heart deep in love, tears of gratitude flow. You  
 can really feel the heart of the Father in love. God is  
 looking for that man who can touch His heart, who can give  
 God joy. The universe will focus upon him. (Leader's  
 Address, March 14, 1965, Washington, D. C.)

In the history of the world as revealed in the Divine Principle, no one can fail to recognize the long, hard work the Father has done, guiding and raising man to the great goal which is finally in sight at this time. Sometimes we are privileged to feel something of His feeling during these many centuries of effort.

In thinking about this, a picture came into my mind of someone panning gold in a river as miners used to do. If you've ever tried this, you know that it is hard and often disappointing work. You could spend days washing the river water back and forth over the sand in your pan and never find a gold nugget. It's tedious work. After many hours, you may have accumulated a few ounces of gold dust. But how many times have you found nothing at all in the whole panful of sand? How many times has the water washed gold back into the river again? Working hour after hour in the cold water, finding only tiny specks of gold, most people would soon feel like giving up the whole project.

Yet this is the way God has been working with mankind. Generation after generation he has considered humanity, seeking the small bits of gold, the individuals with the qualities He needed to make His Family. Each dispensation was starting all over again with a fresh panful of sand. The nuggets He found once in a while have been those people around whom He centered a dispensation and renewed His hope, men like Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and Jesus. Wherever He has seen bits of righteousness in humanity -- little flecks of gold -- He has accumulated them until there is enough merit in a whole line of ancestry to call an individual today. What is this merit God has been seeking? It is response to Him, in obedience, in faith, in love.

Out of all the vast numbers of mankind, He hoped always to find many individuals of merit. He never found a great number, yet He never gave up. Century after century, in winter and summer, in every kind of condition on earth, despite rejection, He has been seeking His children and looking forward to the day when His whole creation would be completed.

Those of us who have been led to this Family are the product of His worry and hope, His sorrow and love over thousands of years. So we are very precious to Him.

But what makes preciousness? What makes gold a precious metal? There are many other metals which are much less common or are more valuable. I have heard it said that traditionally people valued gold because it was the color of the sun, so it became the symbol of royal power -- it was precious, really, not because of itself but because of the meaning attached to it. Every metal -- every thing -- is precious in its own particular way. Each one has its own use and value; and its usefulness makes it precious.

We, then, are precious to God because of His hope in us. He has invested so much of Himself in finding, preparing, and calling us; now He expects us to bear the fruit of His hard work. In other words, He expects us to reflect Him.

When God looks at us, I am sure that He sees most of all the work He and we have done together. He sees His work and our response to it. When our response has been full, He sees His own love returned to Him in the most beautiful way. This He counts as our gold, our merit. When we have not responded fully, when we have struggled and fallen and rebelled, He sees His tears and His struggle in us, but He also sees the seed of the future victory. Our greatest meaning to God is His investment in us. Since He has given Himself wholeheartedly to us, He hopes for wholehearted response. We are most precious to Him when we reflect Him, because only in that way can we be of use to Him.

God is still calling us. He wants us to walk with Him all the way to His goal. We are not there yet. To have found the True Parents is the smallest part of what the Father expects us to do. It is just the beginning. Now He is anxiously waiting to see the result of the extremely great love and care He spent to prepare us for this day.

One of the most precious qualities of the Divine Principle is that through it we know that God has qualities like ours. He understands us; we can understand Him; we can really be with Him. In fact, we can be like Him! Perfection is not an impossible goal. The Principle is not a theory. All that is necessary is to apply the truth.

Now, in giving us the Principle, the Father expects our full response to it. God always expects our full response. This is the dignity he gives us. He does not expect little from us, but much. To respond to the truth means to use that truth to measure our lives and to cut away anything that doesn't conform to that standard. In this way we come to reflect the Divine Principle, to live the truth.

What is "living the truth?" The Principle really gives us a clear picture of the nature of God. That's what truth is after all -- the ultimate reality in everything is the Spirit of God and how He works. To live the truth ourselves means to measure ourselves by God's standard, to direct our lives by it.

In the passage I read from Revelation, "the faithful and true witness, the beginning of God's creation" advises us to buy from him "gold refined by fire." Gold represents divine love; it is the fuel of our lives; it is the substance of life. He has refined the love he has received from God by applying the truth of God, by living God's life, by going God's direction.

To be true children of God, it is not enough to just sign a membership form or study the book. These are just like a promise we make to God, and He is waiting

for us to fulfill it. It is not enough to accept our Parents; to accept them is only a promise to follow them, to be like them. It is not enough just to think about the Father or even to pray more; we must become like Him! Following Him each step.

Have you not wondered why Father called you? I'm sure there are many hidden reasons which He alone knows, but I am also sure He called each one with confidence in his ability to accept the challenge of perfecting himself. Through the Divine Principle we finally clearly know what God requires of us. Why? Because it reveals to us what the Father is really like. And the Father is saying to us; "Here is my Will -- will you do it? Here is my hope -- will you fulfill it? Here is a picture of yourself as my child -- will you become that person?" We must always compare our thoughts, our actions, and our heart to the standard of the Principle -- to the standard of the Father and our True Parents. It is really the only standard. To refine our gold means to eliminate all unresponsiveness to God.

Today I am most concerned with our action in relation to the Principle. Have you realized why we among other New Age groups emphasize action, doing something with the truth? It is because we know the goal. We have a clear direction and a conviction that our goal is not only attainable, but that it must be reached. It is important to love and understand God more and more fully, but we also have a true picture of what it means to love and understand Him. We know what God requires. If we love Him we will fulfill those requirements.

To be precious to God, to be those whom God has been seeking with a heart broken all these years, is to be those who reflect God. Think about what God has put into you. As you look back over your life before now, by the light of the Principle you will be able to see where He has worried over you, cried with you, felt anger at you, felt joy in your response. What God has done for you, you must do for others, for Him. Every tear that God has spent for us, we must shed for other people. Through the long years when we felt loneliness and bitterness inside which we could share with no one -- all this Father felt with us. We must repay all this to Him.

Think of our Leader's life. We have heard before, but let us realize why he had to go such a long way of tremendous suffering. Representing all mankind, returning to God, He wanted to repay God's hard work and long agony. He chose to do this. Our Leader asks us to go that way too. Since he has done this freely for us, how can we refuse to do it for others?

Thinking of His ideal, God could never stop His work. If we always keep our goal in mind, aligning ourselves each day all over again with the Principle, determining each day again that we will bring ourselves and all humanity to Him, then we will never stop His work either. Then we will be reflecting His feeling. Then we will be feeling what He feels. Though we may have troubles and trials, they will seem

unimportant compared to our desire to accomplish for Him. This is indeed refining our gold, to perfect our response to God through knowing Him.

Really and truly, this is the Principled life! We must live the life Father has been living. Wherever He is, we want to be with Him. Whatever He is doing, we want to do that too. Seeking always the larger goal before our own comfort or happiness; doing the work of our movement before work for ourselves; choosing prayer perhaps rather than a few more minutes of sleep. We fast, choosing something greater than our own comfort. We contribute to our movement rather than giving ourselves only material pleasures. These are outward things.

But in our hearts, let us pray to understand the Father's great love that we may be able to return it. We can only return His love fully through others. Because the Father's love for us has been an active, seeking, urging love, our love must be outwardly expressed as well. Through giving us Himself in our lives, God led us to our Parents. Through them we can understand His love at last. Then we must put our understanding into action, finding people, raising them, leading them to know His heart.

As we grow deeper and deeper, we will realize that beside His goal, nothing matters. Compared to His love, all other love or comfort is pale. Then we know that walking alongside Him is a joy even if we are walking the roughest road. To be with Him is the greatest treasure of all. Because He felt this way toward us, because man's true love is His greatest treasure, He has been searching for us these long years.

I am sorry that I can't open a wide road for you, but can only open a narrow, thorny one. I knew the road was not a glorious one, but a sad and narrow one. I know all members here will really suffer. I know many will miss me. If you are really missing something, don't cry for me, but embrace America and cry with your people. Then you will know. I am there with you, if you really want to love me. You cannot come close to me. You must go through suffering to America and the world. You must love your country; otherwise, you don't love me, because my mission is worldwide. Christianity forgot: You must love the world first to love God. And therefore Christianity is doomed to decline. If you speak of love of God, do not speak in a selfish manner. In order to be a manifestation of the love of God, give totally to humanity.  
(Leader's Address, June 30, 1965, Washington, D.C.)

(A sermon)

Reflections on Growth

Sandra Singleton

## I

What does it mean to be in Principle? I mean, what does it really mean? From the time it dawns on one that this has to be the way -- whether he sits up suddenly at 1:30 in the morning shrieking, "Good grief, it's true!" or suddenly catches himself sketching the three stages of growth on his work desk blotter -- from the time it dawns on one that this is true, he becomes Principled. Until such time as he achieves the perfect state of communion with God, he must constantly live, eat, sleep, think, talk and breathe the Principle. What does this mean?

Those of us who have chosen this way may liken ourselves to builders of a unique mountain path. Each of us holds within our hands a tiny thread, extremely fragile, and just long enough to get us to the top of the mountain. It is our duty to unwind the thread as we go, so that those who come behind us may follow our paths up an ever-strengthened cable of threads. We cannot afford to veer off the straight path to pick the flowers among the rocks. If we do this, we run out of thread before we reach the mountaintop, for we have only so much thread, and it must mark every step that we take.

Nor, though the path is all uphill and the way slippery, can we afford to stop for a few moments' rest. The threads that have been intertwined to make the cable of the future for all men to follow are yet too slender, too delicate, to hold our weight, even the weight of a single individual. By resting, one not only threatens his own thread, but also the threads of those who are ahead. In addition, our resting periods slow down that much more the coming of the day when the cable is strong enough for all men.

When we first come into Principle, those of us who are very young and imaginative may expect miraculous things to happen to us -- to be rescued from bad situations in the nick of time by some supernatural means. If we are new in the witnessing area, we may expect to stroll leisurely through Dupont Circle and attract vast hordes, whom we may give those things which we know and who will accept on the spot. We sit around waiting for some dramatic revelation from God, and are disappointed when this does not come. It is only, perhaps, with age that one begins to realize that simple acceptance of the Principle does not turn one into a magician. I recall, from my own acceptance, believing myself to be invincible, unkillable, et al., a super-duper Wonder Woman, Superman without Kryptonite. We imagine that, at every step, we must be radiating a beauty that the world cannot fail to recognize. This feeling may account for the infrequency of our witnessing.

Others of us have jobs, schoolwork, community work, or home duties which we allow to interfere with our divine duty. We often marvel at the faithlessness and carelessness of those who went before us, even while committing our private omissions. Secondary

duties are important, but, as Jesus remarked in essence to the man who wanted to return home to bury someone before following him, these things are secondary. The primary goal is what counts, and for all of us this is the same thing: the establishment of the kingdom. Father has waited so long for brave men to lay once more His severed cable of give and take with man. Are we going to delay His Day of Victory because we are too tired or too busy? Certainly, we can look about us and see many who are dropping their strings for a few moments, but if ever two wrongs did not make a right it is now.

Pick up your string and climb the mountain as quickly as you can!

## II

Many people who have heard the Principle fail to accept, not because they do not believe us, but because they feel that they must sacrifice too much of what they have been. "Put me into an organization," they say, "and I will lose my individuality and creativity. I will become just a carbon copy of every member who is already in. 'Doll number twelve looks just like you.' That's not for me. I want to be able to think for myself and have some say on my own."

No concept could be further removed from actuality. At this critical time, when we are trying to think of ways to raise money and bring ourselves to the attention of the world in a way that will prove to those with the leadership ability we so desperately need that we are the way, we need creativity and originality as we shall probably never need it again. Many of our members write music, poetry, plays and stories; others are artists. Some have facility with hammers and saws. A gifted few can perform highly skillful tasks; they play instruments or know how to operate complex machinery. Others have exceptional singing or speaking voices. Some have the vibrancy that makes for magnetic personalities; others have the retiring charm that makes others wish to entrust them with their deepest secrets, worries and insecurities. One or two of us have professional skills; we teach or perform exhibitions in dancing or the other physical disciplines; or we speak with some fluency some language that can be used to the advantage of the movement as it spreads. Numerous Principle members have the facility of making strangers feel comfortable. They have been gifted with warm smiles, firm handshakes, and gentle voices.

Each of us has at least one creative gift, and each of us can contribute that gift to the good of the kingdom, no matter how small that talent is. No one in this New Age can even consider burying his talent. Even the smallest bit is needed desperately.

As for conformity, yes, there is some. There can be only a particular type of person in the kingdom. Lazy people, selfish people and others who are not willing to put the will of Father first must develop new habits quickly. They cannot afford to sleep while

others are out laboring to bring more people to an understanding of the Truth. Proudful people, people with "high-class scruples," are also in for a shock when they enter this new life. Many of us discovered that one must develop a certain type of humility to do Father's work. No task, then, can be too menial for us if it brings the ultimate realization of the divine Ideal even a second closer.

Many people approach us with some apprehension when they discover that few of the members smoke, for example. Though the Principle does not forbid smoking, the need for finances is often so great in itself that members realize that the two or three dollars they spend on cigarettes a week, compounded with the two or three dollars each other member would spend, would amount in the Washington family alone, to forty or fifty dollars a week. In addition, smoking is often a habit acquired to give one something to do with his hands. In Principle that simply isn't a problem. In a day in which one is trying to find enough time to work, study to teach a friend who has promised to come for his last chapter, cook dinner, do a college assignment, perhaps, think up a topic for the sermon he is due to deliver the next day, dream up a new place to witness and drop in on a few lectures to see if there is anyone there ready to hear, he simply does not have time. When a person in Principle finds himself with more than five minutes free at any particular time, he should wonder if he is really living up to his obligations.

Yes, the Principle demands a great many changes in the individual. It demands that he dress more neatly and with more care. It demands that he keep his surroundings cleaner. If he would like to take a leisurely shower, but half the house is not yet awake, he must content himself with a quick sponge-off. Often he must override his own desires for the good of all. Many times he must stand quietly while an older member chews him out, or admit that he has been wrong about something about which he was very adamant in his claims to the contrary. But if, at the end, the ends are worthy of these means, isn't it worth the sacrificing of a little bit of individuality? It has often been said that we are never the same people for any length of time. Physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually, none of us are the same as we were seven years, three months, six weeks ago. We have even changed since yesterday.

What have we accomplished by that change? Was it worth it to us? To Father?

### III

Perhaps one of the most frequent arguments we hear upon approaching people about Principle is that they are satisfied with their own religions. "I already have the key to salvation," they shout at us, waving their dusty Bibles under our noses.

This never fails to remind me of the time that I first received the key -- a literal one -- to the front door to my house. I recall feeling very proud as it was placed into my hands. At last I could reach the keyhole, and now I had the key to my house. I felt

very powerful -- until I tried to open the door.

I had never had the opportunity to use a key before and knew nothing of how one unlocks a door. I fumbled and struggled with the latch, kicked at the door, cried, and then stood up to fumble and struggle again. Familiar sounds -- the ringing of the telephone, the chiming of the clock -- only made me want to get in that much more. I looked up and down the street, but I saw no one who could help me, no one who could open the door; and I was too proud to ask just anyone.

Finally, when I had concluded that I would never be able to get inside, my father came up the street. He opened the door so smoothly and made it look so easy that I was able to do it the first time he let me try it. Now opening the door became so easy that I found it almost inconceivable that I had not been able to do it always. Surely I could have accidentally stumbled upon the secret of opening the door, but I didn't; I needed guidance, as so many people still do in opening that bigger door, the one that leads to the kingdom.

Thus it is our duty to prove to people that they have held the key to salvation for many years; they have simply been unable to open the door. For many thousands of years mankind was too short and had to grow to doorknob height. When one came bearing the key and the solution to opening the door, people refused to accept his aid. Now that God offers man once more this opportunity, man must accept that strong hand which turns the key in the lock for him, or man will stand for many unnecessary years outside the door and still be shouting, "I have the key -- but I still can't get in!"

\*

Thou who art over us,  
 Thou who art one of us,  
 Thou who art --  
 Also within us,  
 May all see Thee -- in me also,  
 May I prepare the way for Thee,  
 May I thank Thee for all that shall fall to my lot,  
 May I also not forget the needs of others,  
 Keep me in Thy love  
 As Thou wouldest that all should be kept in mine.  
 May everything in this my being be directed to Thy glory  
 And may I never despair.  
 For I am under Thy hand,  
 And in Thee is all power and goodness.

Give me a pure heart -- that I may see Thee,  
 A humble heart -- that I may hear Thee,  
 A heart of love -- that I may serve Thee,  
 A heart of faith -- that I may abide in Thee.

--Dag Hammarskjöld, Markings

## God's Most Precious Day

Vivien Barron

There are many days of celebration in the world today. But have we ever thought which day is most precious in God's eyes? There must be an unchanging day, that one day that all people throughout all generations will set aside as the most precious day of history.

We know that because of the fall, God's ideal has not been fulfilled. Thus God has never been able to truly celebrate His days together with mankind.

What were these days to be in God's eyes? If man had not fallen, we would have been born of God and God would have celebrated our birthday in deep joy. He would have rejoiced on the day His own son or daughter found a mate and united as one. And when their children were born, they would have been born of God, so God would have been joyful. God's family would have been united, and the whole world would have been as one big family.

Has God ever been able to rejoice in these days? No. This is the fall of man: that Satan celebrated his wedding with man; man gave birth to a child, and that child was born of Satan. The true family of man has never been established -- and Satan rules our world.

God was denied His right. Ever since the fall man has been destined to search for God's true day. God has been desperately looking for a new start. "Let's return to the original home, the original world, the original idea!" is the cry of God.

If we want to make God happy, if we want God to celebrate His precious days, we must turn to Him and plunge into His battle. This battle is the journey of going home, a homeward journey centered on God. All men are searching for the day when God can say, "This is the day my son or my daughter was born. This is the day my son was the best man. This is the day my son inaugurated the kingship of the universe." These days of celebration are the goal, not only for God, but for humanity.

To fight this battle we have to go farther than Christians have gone. We have to be ready to die in order for Christianity to unite as one, judge Satan, and bring sovereignty to God. Can we envision the responsibility of the Divine Principle Movement in this? The Divine Principle brothers and sisters have to be the spearheads, ready to die for the cause and win over Satan so that Christians may know accomplishment.

We must search for that individual in perfection, that family in God, that nation in God, and that world in God, to be leader over the world. This is our destiny. In order to lead mankind toward this one inevitable goal, God must find one man -- a true individual; then family, nation, and world, in which God can be true Master.

As history reveals, the true turning point in the history of God is not like a thunderstorm on a worldwide scale. It begins with one man. Those who can realize who he is and what his mission is, they are the blessed. What a precious discovery to find that person and that day! That is the day of hope for God, hope for the Lord, hope of man.

That is the day of the True Parents. Why? Because all mankind has been without true parents. Two thousand years ago Christ came, and what day was he longing for, do we know? He wanted to celebrate Parents Day so badly. Because Jesus did not experience this divine blessing, the hope was prolonged to the time of the Lord of the Second Advent. Revelation tells us clearly that now the marriage of the Lamb is ready. Those who participate in the marriage supper are the blessed ones. This is the true world of God. This is the day of the fulfillment of the Lord of the Second Advent.

I would like to quote from the writer C. S. Lewis, who describes a vision of God's most precious day: the wedding day of the True Parents:

As the light reached its perfection and filled the whole mountain top with its purity, the holy thing, Paradise itself in its two persons, Paradise walking hand in hand, its two bodies shining in the light, came into sight, and stood a moment with its male right hand lifted in regal benediction. And the angels kneeled down and bowed their huge bodies before the small forms of that young King and Queen. There was great silence on the mountain top, and I also had fallen down before the human pair. When at last I raised my eyes, I found myself speaking, though my voice was broken and my eyes dimmed. "Do not move away, do not raise me up," I said, "I have never before seen a man and a woman. I have lived all my life among shadows and broken images. Oh, my Father and my Mother, my Lord and my Lady -- my own father and mother I have never seen. Take me for your son. We have been alone in our world for a great time." (from Perlandra.)

In order for Parents Day to be established, all elements of sin must be exterminated and all the accused days of Satan -- those long 6000 years -- must be redeemed. By paying restitution, the True Parents feel the heart of the Father. They comfort the heart of the Father who has been suffering in the past, who suffers in the present. And they comfort His agonized heart of an uneasy future. Upon this enormous base, the tremendous, incredible foundation of victory alone, can Parents Day be inaugurated.

We must come to know the significance of Parents Day as deeply as the True Parents do; we must comfort the Father and know His suffering. Only then can Parents Day come for us. The True Parents' deepest desire is to give this day to all

brothers and sisters. We must be related to the entire universal historical background so that we can truly be the lords over creation.

In our time three precious days for God have been restored and recovered through the True Parents. These are Parents Day, Children's Day, and World Day. But we have not yet come to God's Day. When this Day comes, all men will be His. We become His people, and the land becomes His. And God becomes ruler over land and people.

Yes, the True Parents come to establish World Day, Parents Day and Children's Day, and they will still go on until the victory of God's Day. They will use Divine Principle members and send them into every corner of our land. Then they will wind a net through them and they will fish for all men.

After we know the Father's heart, we must turn around and do for Father what He has done for us: Love for the Parents means to give and forget. We sacrifice and do not recall it. This is our goal. With this spirit we shall launch the great movement. Thus we will become the pioneers of God's Day.

(A Sermon.)

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When John Gardner was appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the editor of The New York Times asked him, "How does HEW look through a thinking man's filter?"

Secretary Gardner answered, "I'm optimistic; we are all faced with a series of great opportunities brilliantly disguised as insoluble problems."

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The simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed.  
-- John Ruskin

THE NOVELIST AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

by  
Taylor Caldwell

(Editor's Note: Contrary to our usual policy, we are printing the following article, which appeared in the 1965 Writer's Yearbook. We believe much of the information contained in the article would be useful to members in their teaching of the Divine Principle.)

All literature is concerned with the problem of evil, whether it is a novel such as Crime and Punishment or the latest mystery story or the Biblical account of the fall of man or such banalities as the novels of Ernest Hemingway, et al., or the effusions of Norman Mailer. It cannot be avoided, voluntarily or involuntarily, by any writer. For the problem of evil is the problem of man, from the moment he utters his first cry to the moment he utters his last.

Therefore, in my own novels, I am concerned with the problem of evil and its everlasting victory and its everlasting defeat -- and the struggle of virtue and its everlasting victory and its everlasting defeat. It was Solomon who said, "Man is wicked from his birth and evil from his youth." Solomon was not alone. There is no religion, ancient or modern, which does not deal with the evil that is man. St. John the Baptist called mankind "brood of vipers." Christ referred to men as "liars and hypocrites." Lao-Tse wrote always of the desperate struggle between good and evil, and despaired of man. Confucius was confounded by the evil in man that always confronted him. Buddha withdrew from humanity to preserve his spiritual peace. The flight from men's evil is recorded throughout history as good men -- and women -- have retired, and still retire, from the haunts of "civilization," whether they are Buddhists, Jews, Mohammedans or Christians. The pervasive force of evil in mankind is revealed in its wars, scourges, revolutions, murders, malice, cruelty, bigotry and hatred.

Some naive individuals, such as Rousseau, tried to explain man's intrinsic evil as not existing in man himself but in the institutions around him. That is as absurd as saying that cancer has a separate existence apart from living tissue! Man is the evil; man is the sin. There are kindly folk who beg us to "hate the sin but not the sinner." But sin cannot exist, and has no being, apart from the sinner. Innocent animals are incapable of sin; only man harbors it like a deathly disease.

There are some ignorant people who smile superbly when the Biblical account of the Flood is mentioned. They call it a "myth." Nevertheless, the ancient Chaldean, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Hebraic, Mayan, Aztec and Phoenician religions mention it as a fact. So universal a reporting from everywhere in the world testifies to its

truth. The Greek account strangely parallels the Judeo-Christian account -- that a truly human couple was saved by the "gods" and became the "new" parents of man after the world was destroyed by water because of its overwhelming evil. Osiris, son of Isis -- in the ancient Egyptian religion -- speaks of the drowning of the world when he could no longer endure its wickedness. And -- without exception -- all religions speak of the eventual destruction of the world by fire, because of God's last impatience with mankind and the final exhaustion of His mercy.

Was it man who externalized Good and Evil? All religions, including Judeo-Christianity, speak of a malign spirit separated from the Godhead, whose only desire was to seduce and destroy man. We of the Judeo-Christian heritage call that spirit Satan or Lucifer. The Hindoos called it Manyu (wrath). The Greeks and Romans spoke of Pluto, god of the underworld, and Pan, god of evil and madness and excess. Opposed to the spirit of evil is the Spirit of Good, which is God. All religions, without exception, from the earliest history, tell that man was created as a perfect being, in the image of his Creator, and fell from that high estate at the prompting of the spirit of evil. In the Book of Job the dialogue between God and Satan is conducted with courtesy and understanding -- and man is the battleground, as he probably is in the ten thousand times ten thousand worlds which circle about the endless suns in the unfathomable universes. For free will, with which sentient beings are endowed, permits choice between good and evil, whether those beings are angels or men.

Man is torn between wickedness and virtue. He aspires to nobility; that is in his nature and cannot be obliterated even in the most base. But from the moment he speaks his first word and stands on his own feet he is assailed by the spirit of evil and temptation. This occurs whether he is born in London, Paris, Rome, New York or whatever, or the jungle. From the earliest childhood, man is aware of the battling between his desire to worship and to be a man, and his perverse desire to blaspheme and be a beast. No other animal is so assailed -- probably because man alone is a spirit as well as a sharer in animal life. No matter how an individual man pleads that he is not responsible for his evil deeds he knows in his heart that he alone is to blame. When the maudlin and sentimental try to explain a man's fall from virtue and decency as "the fault of society or environment" each man knows that is a lie, and that what he has done is his own crime and inspired from within, and that he has listened in the darkness of his soul to the terrible Adversary, and that he has, by the full force of his will, rejected the Good.

The sentimentalists say musingly, and with moist eyes, "Who knows what lies in the mind of a child?" They forget that all of us have been children and that all of us have deep long memories of our childhood, except those unfortunates we call the "retarded." I recall the wickedness of little children two and three years old, and their crafty malice and cruelty, as who among us does not if he takes a moment to remember? I shall never forget watching, with horror, the stoning of a terrified

and blinded white owl by children all under the age of five, and the gleeful wickedness and lust to kill that shone in their "innocent" eyes. (I was about four then, myself.) Who among us has not seen "the little ones" torturing a helpless kitten or abusing a puppy? That is not "ignorance." It is evil, and the children know it is evil and that is why they rejoice in it as they do not rejoice so happily in anything else. An attempt to rescue a suffering animal from their eager hands results in furious abuse -- as any adult can testify if he forgets the child-psychiatrists for a moment and forces himself to remember. (Many modern novelists prefer not to remember, and glorify "the children.")

Despite what child-psychologists preach and whimper, children are not taught cruelty and hatred by their parents, except in very rare instances. Those qualities lie inherent in them; they are brought to life, as we Christians know only too well, when the Adversary prompts them. When I was four years old, in England, I visited a neighbor who had just lost her little baby. Other children were present, younger than myself, and some my own age. We stared at the infant in his coffin. Then several children, aged two to four, whispered among themselves, glanced about them craftily, and then suddenly overturned the casket and ran, screaming with joy, out of the house and pranced wildly on the grass. Their parents were aghast. I am certain that those children, inspired by evil, had not been taught to do so horrible a thing. The children knew exactly what they had done, and that is why they fled, shrieking madly before their indignant mothers. My awareness of the evil that lurks about man came to me in that hour, and I have never forgotten it. I never looked again at my fellowman with the mawkish belief that he was "misunderstood" and that he was really a very nice person. And I write the truth about him.

A lady I know asked me why "hate" often appears in my novels. It so happens that that very lady was a very vigorous hater, indeed, of her two brothers who were contesting the will of their mother, who had died leaving a considerable fortune to her only daughter. I knew the lady's history: From the earliest childhood she and her brothers had hated each other, envied each other, and, when they were adults, tried to destroy each other. So I told the lady that "hate" appears in my novels because hate is so prevalent in the world and love shows its battered head very rarely in the affairs of mankind. I suggested she contemplate her own life for a few minutes, and then contemplate the three major wars of this century, and the universal ill-will and greed and monstrous crimes that infest our world of today. To ignore the pervading evil of mankind is to ignore the powerful force that has always motivated it from the moment humanity stood upright and became conscious of itself. To ascribe that force to nebulous "society" is pure nihilism. The crime does not exist without the individual criminal. Murder and war and theft and envy and hatred and violence are private affairs, and spring out of the nature of man who fell from his once high estate.

Man, so far, has never "progressed," except in rare and individual cases. The great prophets, philosophers, artists and poets may indeed have been men. But

they are like stars that fell within our atmosphere and blazed briefly; they were not really part of us, not of the air we breathe. We call them our "brothers," but they are not truly our brothers. They are visitants only. That is why we stoned so many of them to death and crucified our Redeemer. We still do it; the pages of ancient and recent history are red with the blood of the innocent. Who, for instance, except for a very few, weeps for the murdered Jews of Europe or the ten million peasants who were slaughtered by Khrushchev in the Ukraine? Who cries out against the misery of the captive nations under Communism, or the Berlin Wall? We prefer to "co-exist" with evil. It is not only more comfortable, but it is in accordance with our nature and the plan of our terrible collaborator, Satan.

I speak as a Catholic Christian -- therefore there will be many who will mock and know why they mock. They are as conscious of the evil within themselves, and the Adversary who whispers in the darkness of their spirits, as I am. Many an honest psychiatrist with whom I have talked has finally admitted that there is, in man, a baffling core of evil which no Freud can ever explain, and which lies in the heart of every human being.

Jews and Protestants should read the first two books of the prophet Joel, and Catholics should read the Prophecy of Sophonias, chapters one and two. These prophecies, including those of St. Matthew, are certain of fulfillment. The destruction of the world by man is imminent, for man, like the Bourbons, learns nothing. In all his long history, he has not advanced one inch. What is written today was written thousands of years ago -- and passes away unnoticed. The prophets cried in the ancient wilderness. They cry again now. No one ever listened. No one listens today. Especially not today, when there is not an acre of peace anywhere in the world and there is nothing but hatred and madness among men, and nations rise up against nations and red death stands at the hand of every ruler. The novelist who ignores this ignores the truth.

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near and exceeding swift. The voice of the Lord is bitter. --A day of wrath, a day of tribulation and distress, a day of calamity and misery, a day of darkness and obscurity, of clouds and whirlwinds, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities and against the high bulwarks --" (Joel; Sophonias).

How better can a nuclear war be described? And what more can mankind expect? That novelist who denies the problem of evil, and its inevitable punishment, is one who denies the history of man and prefers fantasy. If a novelist has any function at all in this dreadful day of reality and approaching retribution, that function is to warn, to cry out once more in the wilderness. All else is vanity. Time has run out for fairy tales and cute little stories to beguile a fat and surfeited world on the edge of disaster, or accounts of "sensitive" children or the seducing of college girls,

of the "torments" of "suffering homosexuals" or epics glorifying man's greatest crime: War.

The problem of evil has always been the concern of the major novelists. More than ever before, it should again be the concern of every writer. Of course, we cannot delay the final hour of the judgment of man. But at least we can exhort, warn and implore and not die with guilty consciences. To do less is to betray all men.

To those who say they can write but have no "ideas," I suggest they remove the happy glasses of unreality and take a few long looks at the world about us. It may send them to their typewriters with a shout of alarm! At the very least it may scare the hell -- or the sin -- out of them.

\*

The food that I share with others  
     Is the food that nourishes me.  
 The strength that I spend with others  
     Is the strength that I retain.  
 The freedom I seek for others  
     Makes me forever free.  
 That pain that I ease in others  
     Shall take away my pain.  
 The load that I lift from others  
     Makes my load disappear.  
 The good that I see in others  
     My greatest good shall be.  
 The love that I feel for others  
     Comes back my life to cheer.  
 The path that I walk with others  
     Is the path God walks with me.

-- Albert Meighen

\*

I believe in the sun, even when it is not shining;  
 I believe in love, even when I feel it not;  
 I believe in God, even when He is silent.  
 (Words found written on the wall of a cellar in Cologne  
 after World War II.)

An Evening With Mr. Won Pil Kim

New York Center

Following are some of the thoughts Mr. Kim shared with our New York and Philadelphia Families on New Year's Eve:

Everyone who comes to Divine Principle thinks our Leader's character is higher than ours -- of a different nature or divine quality. This is not so. His nature is human, just as ours. Great men and saints such as Jesus and Buddha and our Leader all have physical needs. Perhaps some think they don't suffer from hunger; they do get hungry.

The difference between saints and ordinary men is that saints can stand any and all suffering, whereas we would break down under the same. This ability is a strength of character. Jesus could become the Son of God because he thought of the heavenly Father and of mankind all the time. Take the example of this glass of water: It may be too heavy for us to pick up, but if a man's dying son will be saved by this water, the father will be able to pick it up. If his family, his nation, all mankind will be saved, the power to do will come. Great men can endure suffering because they think of others, of heavenly Father; ordinary men think only of their own lives, therefore they have no power beyond themselves. The outside of great men is identical with us; the inside is different.

Mr. Kim came to our movement when he was eighteen years old, in 1946. He was then in North Korea and learned of our movement through his aunt, who was a member. The first group there in the North numbered around twenty, both men and women, generally middle-aged. All had been led to our Leader by the heavenly Father. For eight or nine years previous, our Leader had appeared to them in their dreams to instruct them. Then when our Leader began his ministry in the North, one by one they were led to him: God would say, "This is where you will find him; go this way, and up this alley, down this street . . ." After so many dreams, they recognized him when they first met him.

At that time, there was intense spiritual activity in the movement. If someone lost his way on the street, our Leader would appear in a vision and direct him to the church. And he knew all their secrets and would tell them before all. These things served as a direct witness to our Leader. He also performed spiritual healing. One man had an illness, a very serious one, which was healed immediately by our Leader. Then he would suffer in place of the one healed.

Spiritually, by God and our Leader, they were instructed in the most minute matters. At a time when he had no money, a woman who was a member was instructed by God to give her entire estate to him. She hesitated to do so. One day she returned

home to find all her money stolen.

Anyone who rejected suffered terribly. The many miracles that occurred then were part of the dispensation for that stage. For reason of the miracles, Communists and atheists could believe in our Leader and the Divine Principle and had strength of conviction even to withstand being ostracized by friends and persecuted by the government. Heavenly Father commanded all things, which they had to do. Our Leader could never get off alone, since God would tell where he was.

One member rented a home as a church, a small, poor house. His room was like a corner of this room (perhaps five by eight), very cold. He spent much of the time praying in that cold, dark room. Can you imagine such a life?

Just before he was taken to prison, our Leader was told by the heavenly Father that he would meet a man there who had been preparing all things for him for the past three months. This man was a spy for South Korea and was in the prison awaiting his execution. One day, as he sat thinking on his impending death, a voice said, "You will not die, don't worry about it. In three months you will meet a man in the prison. Prepare everything for him." Then one day someone called him, summoned him; he thought his execution had come. But the guard told him that he had received a second judgment and was sentenced to only three years imprisonment. He was only happy to know that.

This man was a genius, a crack shot with cannon. He was one of three favorites beloved by his commanding officer. This commanding officer intervened on his behalf, begging again and again for his life to be spared and offering to bear all responsibility for him. Thus the sentence was altered.

God can have whoever He needs for His dispensation. But He had a problem with this spy since he was an atheist. The spy was only glad to live, but he had forgotten the voice from heaven. Later, the voice came again: "Why don't you remember me and prepare for the man who will come?" After that the man's dead father appeared to him in a vision. "I will show you the man; follow me." He led his son up, up, up a long flight of stairs, at first bowing on every third step, then on every single step. The son, following behind, did likewise. When they reached the top, his father instructed him to bow very formally and carefully three times. This he did; and when he had bowed the third time, his father said, "Now you can look up." Where before had been darkness, now before him was a king seated upon a throne bathed in such intense light that he could hardly see. Then he followed his father back down the stairs. Upon reaching the last step, the father disappeared and the vision was gone.

The spy forgot his vision. One month later, our Leader entered his cell. The spy didn't recognize him. After three days, he desired to talk about anything. Our Leader told him of the Divine Principle. While he spoke, the spy recognized him as the one, the king in his vision. From this he could follow him through anything.

We can know our Leader in three ways: 1) by spirit, as the spy did; 2) by the Divine Principle, which is easiest; 3) by everyday life. The following episode is an example of the third way:

There were 2000 prisoners together there. All had to do hard work daily; our Leader always chose the hardest job. One prisoner, a very strong man, was placed as boss over all the others. As a child he had been a Christian, so he knew the Bible. During lunch one day, our Leader went to him and spoke about the Divine Principle. The boss could not understand at all and called him crazy. Our Leader just told him if he knew the Divine Principle he wouldn't say such a thing.

That night, the boss' grandfather appeared in a dream. "Do you know who he is?" He afflicted him all night long. After his night of suffering, the boss repented of what he had said. The next day at lunch, our Leader said, "I know your dream." So the boss told him everything that had occurred, promising to follow. Our Leader thereupon taught him again, but in such a difficult and advanced way that the man could not understand it. This man could comprehend all things about Christianity, but not the Divine Principle. He thought it nonsense. So our Leader said to him, "You said you would follow me, but you don't." And he left him.

Again that night, his grandfather appeared and pressured the man again. And again, at noon our Leader said he knew his dream, and the boss told him all of it. Again he taught him very deeply the Divine Principle, which the boss did not understand at all. So they parted.

A third time, his grandfather appeared to press him all night. From this time he followed our Leader without understanding the Divine Principle but knowing his authority by spirit and by the extraordinary life of service and compassion that our Leader led. After some time, the boss was released from prison. Although he desired to assist our Leader, he was prevented from doing so by a broken leg. Members would bring gifts of food and clothing to our Leader in prison from time to time, but he always gave them away. His own clothing was tattered and in shreds, yet he gave everything away. By such example, the prisoners could be made aware of his greatness.

On October 14, 1952, our Leader and all prisoners were liberated from prison camp by the war action. Everyone was fleeing to South Korea. Before fleeing, our Leader greeted every one of his followers. The boss with a broken leg, he took on a bicycle, with our Leader pushing and the boss steering. Mr. Kim carried a large pack on his back. The three of them set out walking from North Korea to the south. It was the cold of winter, and none of them had warm clothing.

Just think of the situation: It was war. All the people were fleeing to the South, so many of them streaming along a narrow, winding path that there was no room to take

the cow or their belongings. In the midst of all this crowd came our Leader with a large man on a bicycle. Most people had fled before them. These three were among the last of the refugees, with the Red Army pursuing on their heels. It was such a dangerous situation. The boss begged them to go on without him. "I don't want you two dead; better leave me to die." But our Leader replied, "We three will die together or live together." In this way he could encourage them.

Day and night they hurried along a narrow path winding up mountains. They had no relief from the cold, nor from the Red Army at the rear. Under such pressure, they threw away all their possessions and food, keeping only the bicycle.

At midnight one night, they came to the edge of a river four kilometers in width. Mr. Kim strapped the bicycle to his back while our Leader carried the boss so carefully on the slippery stones, so carefully on his back as he swam across the deep river. Had the boss become loosened and fallen, he would surely have drowned, for with a broken leg he could not swim. There was danger from every side, and all around the guns of the Red Army waited in the dark of midnight.

On the far bank of the river they fell, exhausted and chilled. They were so depleted, they wanted to die there. But our Leader cheered them up by saying, "We will meet a wonderful man who will help us." Thus encouraged, they could go on. As they passed through a village, very close to the 38th Parallel, some youths mistook our Leader for a Communist because of his shaven head from the prison camp. So angered, they beat and beat him. The others, not knowing the reason, were left helpless. Still they continued on their way. As night came, they sought a place to sleep and met a young couple living near the border. In wartime, everyone is distraught, with no means of helping others. But this young couple took them in, treating them so kindly, bedding them down with clean sheets and soft quilts. Mr. Kim always remembers that as the most wonderful night. The promise of our Leader came true. He had said that in order to cheer up his two followers. For such a blessing as was then prepared for them, he had to first endure the beating as a condition of indemnity. The love our Leader has for us knows no bounds.

When parents want to make a gift for their children, they must sacrifice themselves. So when the child receives a gift from his parents, he should think of how they suffered to give it to him before thinking of his own happiness.

In the early days, the one appointed as treasurer would prepare money for the month. Our Leader would ask for that and spend the entire month's money in one day for food. They would be so worried. But the next day, money would come, or they would be given food. By the principle of give and take, what you spend for others will be returned to you. If you spend only for yourself, you will have nothing soon.

You cannot breathe in all the time. You must also breathe out. All things must be given in order to be received. Don't just worry for your own self.

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What new Freedoms can there be that DEATHFEAR clandestinely keeps from us . . . binding our heart with mundane sorrows to wander in Hell's Pastures

ceaselessly.

What new Freedoms can love bring that SELFLOVEDEATH does not let us know, but steadfast we are bound to earth, cold chunks of flesh, inanimate beings of

Hell's Creation.

What new Love awaits the heart, but because of HATEDEATH lies waiting, a sweet seed, unburied, even in the mud pools of this

sad earth.

What new Soul can be born that IGNORANCE DEATH can chain to the whirlyworld, mass produced,

Hell's confusion.

WHAT GREAT NEW POWERSPIRIT HAS ARISEN as the shining sun of Cosmic Brilliance to attack the EVILSATANDEATH and claim Victory over the long history of suffering GODHUMANITY.

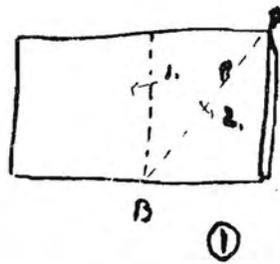
Come . . . Come, O Heaven . . . .  
With the spirit and the power to  
reshape this world in the  
perfect image of

GOD'S GLORY

-- Jon Schuhart

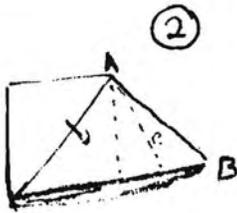


# GROWING,

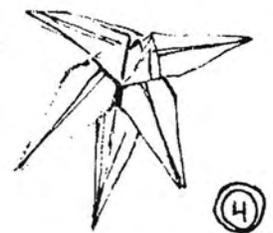


## WE COME, FATHER!

Practice teaching.



"Hey! Is it straight?"—Decorating Father's house.



When two Eves get together, can they really study?

Brightly beams . . .



# P HILADELPHIA



Philadelphia's precious Holy Ground

## WILLIAM PENN'S PRAYER FOR PHILADELPHIA

"And thou Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee. O that thou mayest be kept from the evil that would overwhelm thee, that, faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness, thou mayest be preserved to the end. My soul prays to God for thee that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blest of the Lord, and thy people saved by His power."



I am taught by the students  
It is my duty  
to teach.



A HISTORY

GEORGE FERNSLER

In writing a history of the Center in Philadelphia, I feel rather ashamed that I have been here so long with so little result to show. I will include some personal experiences.

Before I knew or suspected anything of what was happening of such significance in the nation, our Leader had blessed Holy Ground in Philadelphia. It was March of 1965, at Fairmont Park.

In April of 1965, simultaneously I was introduced to our Leader and to Principle. On Parents Day, 1965! This was through Diane Giffin, who was then a week or two old in Principle and living next door in Philadelphia. I always must speak of this one central, pivotal point in my life, past and future: for it often has sustained me. Father had prepared me in many ways since the time I was a small child. Within one weekend, it seemed all of my life experiences made sense in this context only and pointed in one direction. I found for the first time answers to questions which I had begun asking at eight years of age.

Here was a movement which in its center of one and more persons was pure. Here was power to transform the world, as if here were hot uranium with a concentration and intensity just short of that critical point of unlimited chain reaction and release of energy. I had been down to my last thread. I had sought -- and had promised myself never to give up seeking -- some one or some thing pure at its inmost center which could give me strength to be true and could give hope for the world. My mind was in a whirl -- but satisfied as far as it could go -- while my heart leaped forward. I did not hesitate to offer and to promise to follow as a "new baby."

I was on Cloud Ten, overwhelmed and just about voiceless for three weeks. Nevertheless, I did try to test Principle to some degree scientifically by looking for conflicting evidence. (Failure to do so in repeated careful studies is considered proof of a theory by the scientific method.)

A Center was not established then. The very next week Diane Giffin left to stay in the Washington Center. Seeing the strength of her response, I knew this move was inevitable. I was cut off from most contact with anyone in the Family. But after overcoming fears about personal worth and such, I sometimes participated almost as a part of the Washington Family.

In August, 1965, I looked for an apartment which would be suitable for starting a Center near the University of Pennsylvania and near the college at which I now teach. I quickly found a beautiful apartment, but it seemed too small for my idea of beginning a Center. When I could not find any other in that general area as attractive and reasonable, I took it. Surprisingly, it was still available then, a month later, just before classes were to begin.

I expected to induce many to come, but no one came. I expected to be teaching readily, but when the chance came, I wound up in confusion. I expected my friends to listen most of all, but they were not interested. So I cut myself off from them, or was forcibly cut off from them in some instances.

I wanted nothing to remain that might hinder life in Principle at that critical period. I sought each thing that might strengthen my ties to Principle. Even when I was a little low and negative, I knew that if the ties broke I would go down extremely low another time, as I had done before I met Principle.

In particular, I sought desperately for someone to come who could find with me the Holy Ground in Philadelphia. The description of the location, "Main gate -- Fairmont Park" seemed almost useless. For Fairmont Park is ten miles long and up to two miles wide, with many entrances in many sections and areas.

In November, 1965, I was still alone in Philadelphia. Only four persons, including myself, were present in Washington to celebrate Children's Day on that weekend. This was the first time I had participated in such a ceremony of celebration and worship. Despite the outward situation, my hopes were very high.

In April of 1966, a number of us went up from Washington and located the Holy Ground in Philadelphia. It would not have been done even then but for the persistence of Barbara Mikesell, just back from Japan. Although we were already late for an appointment in New York City, we drove in and around the park for an hour or more to locate the blessed ground. At last we found it. Two very high old gates with statues stand nearby, well inside a wide open area of the park. There we prayed for the city and the nation, thankful to be at last on this blessed land.

I spent July and August, 1966, with Philip Burley in New York City. Although there were several in Philadelphia with much interest in learning Principle, it was evident that I needed a much firmer foundation in myself before I could really expect to start a Center. I felt confident that the way to do so was now clear enough, but time was valuable. If only it could be sooner!

In June, 1967, Miss Kim visited the Philadelphia Center for a week. I was delighted and honored and quickly made preparations. (Other things were also taken care of: One morning as we left the house, Miss Kim said a branch on a tree was too low; by that evening someone had trimmed the branch.)

In July, 1967, Miss Kim sent Barbara Mikesell to the Philadelphia Center. We worked well together and parallel. I was very much stimulated. Through this give and take the Center was at last getting started. We were able to begin quickly a heavy teaching schedule.

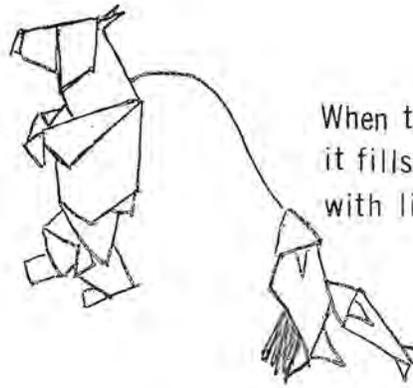
In October, 1967, Max and Tricia Dugaw became our new brother and sister, with their baby Jubal. In early November, 1967, Pauline Phillips visited the Philadelphia Center while all five of us were in the process of moving to our new Center on Baltimore Avenue. We now live just off 41st Street at one end, whereas Holy Ground is just off the other end of 41st Street continuing into the park, two miles to the north. For the first time we really felt we had a Center in Philadelphia. In the short time since we first met Jubal, he has changed from a baby to very much of a little boy! (In fact, he is getting into the typewriter right now as I type! He wants to type too.

xcq g 3 zz z zzz . Jubal

On New Year's Day, 1968, Mr. Kim, our Leader's first disciple, and Miss Moon visited the Philadelphia Center, giving 1968 a grand, promising start! This January we began weekly worship services and also study sessions together. Max and Tricia have begun teaching also. We are preparing to hold a training session here during the last weekend in January for the Philadelphia and New York Families. We hope to include some Principle students, potential brothers and sisters.

We are expecting an active and exciting year. We hope to be ready when our Leader comes to America. We are laying the groundwork. That spiritual explosion which I first saw gathering may come soon or may be not for a time, but God's will will be done.

\*



When the plum blossom opens  
it fills the village  
with light.

### BARBARA MIKESELL

Recently, one of my (non-Principled) friends asked me if I found life rewarding since coming into the movement. He is involved in a nonpolitical (Quaker) Congressional lobby and is constantly researching and presenting his "peaceful views" to the nation's leaders.

Silently, I allowed myself to slip back through the events with which Father has filled my days since that evening so long ago that I first met Mr. Pak and Pauline Phillips. I thought of those that have joined us along the way, how precious each new face is in bringing joy to the Father's heart; and how each has so deeply enriched my own experience. Even in the face of wrenching struggles or periods of loneliness, never have I been lost or without direction as I was before I began to understand His heart through Principle. I felt almost ready to burst with the answer that I desired to give my friend, but all I could quietly say was, "Yes, my life is most rewarding."

Perhaps because of my Quaker heritage, I have always been drawn to this City of Brotherly Love. Indeed, there is a gentle spirit that creates the peaceful uniqueness of her nature. At the same time, there is a continuous spiritual wave of excitement that flows beneath this placid surface. Perhaps it is the flame of Messianic vision which filled the souls of the founding fathers of Philadelphia and the nation. Many times this excitement thrills my being and I feel expectant and impatient, awaiting the fruition of these visions in finding those who are yet blindly hungering and searching in these city streets.

I am enjoying these "Brightly beams . . ." so much for the opportunity they make for sharing more deeply among the Centers. Isn't it amazing how different each part is that makes up the body, united in the common desires and activities of our Leader's kingdom?

One way that the Philadelphia Family stands out is in our unusual musical bent! When you talk about talent, about harmony and melody, or of a lilting tune -- you are not talking about us! But we do have a good volume and a strong bass sound, and we do have spirit, so other lacks will never stop the flow of song to Father -- He must get a kick out of us sometimes, though.

Philadelphia is a conservative city and, perhaps more than in most places, it was difficult for George and me to run a Center as a single brother and sister team. For this reason, and many more, George and I were grateful when Max and Tricia and wee Jubal were "born" and begged to join us in creating a Family for Father here. The Dugaws were already such a community-hearted family that the five of us are easily working out Father's base-of-activities-under-one-roof here in Philly. A married couple help to broaden our dimension of activities, and their artistic and literary skills significantly contribute to the talents of the Center.

Jubal is a character! Many times as I watch him, I think of the joys and trials we give our heavenly Father in our growth as babes and young children before Him. Whoever is not tied up with witnessing or teaching takes care of Jubal, and if we are all busy, then he sits in on one session or explores from one to the other to make sure all is going well.

Each experience I've had of Center living has been so different from all the others. Center life is always an intensified period of growth through constant united application of Principle in our lives and in its projection to the world around. This is concentrated growth -- with pain as we smooth and round our rough edges, and with joy as we experience the joy of our heavenly Father through finding an ever-greater and deepening unity flowing among us.

Here in Philly, most of our witnessing has been on the one-to-one basis as we contact people in churches and public meetings, in parks, stores, and on public transportation (often using the Unified Family invitations). Our teaching has also been to one or two persons at a time for the most part. One of our major undertakings has been our class at the Free University of the University of Pennsylvania. Our course was described in the catalogue:

PRINCIPLES OF UNIFICATION: FROM THE SELF TO THE WORLD.  
 Are there any answers to the age-old questions that face man? Can a universal foundation for a new age of peace, social justice and harmony be found? Discuss a refreshing, practical philosophy uniting Eastern thought and Western Christianity on these questions.  
 Wednesday evening at 7:30 . . . .

Of the fifteen people that registered, four completed the final chapter in the series, which took five or six weekly sessions. The main difficulty in teaching straight

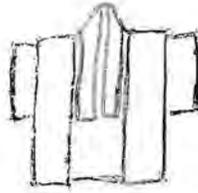
Principle in this setting was the new faces which appeared each session. To resolve this, one of us taught the series and the other world take the newcomers into a separate room for an introduction and First Chapter. It was exciting to get onto the campus with Father's word and it is one good way to set up a class. We learned a lot from that experience and plan to go on from there.

In Philly we are yet a baby Center. But we join wholeheartedly with all our Family throughout the world in our longings and activities for our Father's glory. This makes us the most powerful force in the city. Sometimes we look at the number of people who have been taught as opposed to the amount of response, and we also join with you in frustration. But we are manifesting a victory that has already been gained, so we are never discouraged.

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Editor's Note: The little drawings at the beginning of many articles in the Philadelphia section are representations of origami figures. Origami is the Japanese art of paper folding, of which Barbara is an enthusiast. We understand the whole Philadelphia Family are now skilled paper folders (in their "spare time"?). According to some reports, even Jubal is now an origamist!

The teapot and cups  
still stand on the tray  
after the guest has gone.



TRICIA DUGAW

Dear Family,

I was born in northwestern Pennsylvania 23 years ago. The oldest of four, I have three brothers. We always lived in the country, farming mostly, until we bought a general store in Millegville (total population 52) when I was thirteen and restricted our 4-H projects to gardens in the backyard.

My mother was a determined Christian and took us to church every Sunday whether we were willing or not. Our church, called the Church of Christ, was very small (average attendance eighteen). We shared a preacher with two other country churches, both larger.

Since earliest childhood, I had wanted to go into nursing. As a teenager, I varied the goal a little and decided to be a missionary nurse to Central South America. What moved me to such a decision is hard to say. I was deeply involved in youth programs at the three churches and most of my friends were also planning on fulltime service careers. I cannot remember actually making a decision; I just was going to be a missionary nurse, and that was that!

I graduated in 1962 and entered nurses' training with high hopes and even higher ideals. The first six months, though academically hard, were stimulating and happy -- mostly classroom work. My grades averaged A- to B+. That summer we went on floor work fulltime. My grades plummeted from A- to C- and threatened not to stop there. I had to face it. I was, in practice, a bad nurse. I liked nursing, my patients liked me; but I got too involved personally, I treated my patients as friends, and it didn't work. I was always behind, always late, and always, always in hot water.

After that stunning realization, I stayed on nearly another full year praying and working as hard as I could.

In the spring of 1964, just before swinging into my senior year, I reevaluated. I compared my molehill of improvements against my mountain of continuing problems.

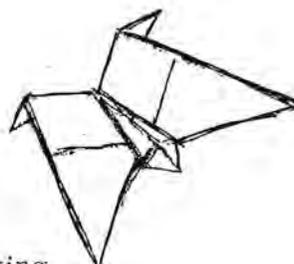
My grades were a low but solid B-. I could have, by working to my last strength, maintained them through another year. However, I wondered, would my nursing care, barely adequate in the best of modern surroundings, hold up in the primitive setting of a missionary post? Could I improvise, invent, or make do with poor or no facilities? Did God want a nurse barely scraping by with grades earned mostly in the classroom, not by actual practice? At the same time physical problems began occurring: I came down with a kidney infection, varicose veins began cropping up. And everyone from the janitress to the Directress of Nursing was on my back. Suddenly I knew -- God demands the best -- and I wasn't. I wrote my resignation and left. I tried to find an answer. For what purpose did I exist? All that I knew was that he who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not fit for the service of God.

July, 1964, Max and I were married. In November, 1965, Jubal was born. We were happy, or at least as happy as one can be without the help of God. In August, 1966, we moved to Philadelphia for the sake of Max's writing and to escape the buy now, pay later way of life. Almost exactly a year later, we met Barbara Mikesell. I was as skeptical as any fervent fundamentalist (even rusty by three years of inaction). But things kept popping up in the Principle, things I had always known but which varied from the view of many denominations.

I was still in a reporter's frame of mind when we went to Washington in October. When we returned, I was a sister. I had found the true Family of God at last. I thank Father each day that I have found you and for the privilege of helping to establish His kingdom here on earth.

Love, in our True Parents' Name.

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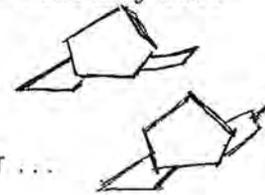
### The Flutterby

When we were picking  
Origami,  
Barbara picked a flutterby.  
We laughed, it was so apt.  
The only time we see her  
Is  
By fluttering.

by Tricia Jagan



The cupboard is old now  
and I remember...  
and I remember...



MAX DUGAW

Dear Family,

I have a history of 31 years, so allow me to be tediously chronological.

I came to the world four days before Christmas. Northwestern Pennsylvania was suffering the start of an indemnity winter. An uncle fetched the family doctor by horse and sleigh to the farm house where the births of two sisters had preceded mine and a brother would arrive eight years hence in the same bedroom. Our mother took a dubious

view of hospitals; she harbored the fear the wrong baby would be palmed off on her. To this day when there is a disagreement we tell her that perhaps she should have gone to the hospital.

My formative years were not extremely church-oriented although my rearing was guided by an unbending fundamentalist morality.

My freshman year at Clarion State College began a frenetic period of professional studentism. I transferred from one campus to another over a broad expanse of countryside. This academic sojourn ended at Milligan College of Tennessee, a Christian Church school nestling snugly in the Blue Ridge Mountains. My faith in God has always been strong, but here I truly met Christianity and the loftiest spiritual atmosphere prior to Principle. However, during the entire period I was ignorant of many worthy concepts, including the one advocating a militant discipline as the sole prerequisite to a fuller freedom of action. My disorderly years of fruitless searching taught me the necessity of maintaining terrier tenacity, following Father's Divine Principles to the letter until growth allows for flexibility.

So sorry, brothers and sisters, to be so verbose. (I should warn you here that my chatter is as incessant as my writing!) Anyway, I went to Meadville, Pennsylvania, after Milligan, where I was with the daily newspaper four years, during which time I met Tricia Boyd, a student nurse, one St. Patrick's Day Sabbath morning at the Christian Church. We were married a year later. A year hence, we became parents of Jubal, our "little father of music," as our sister Hillie calls him.

We grew weary of the status-symbol, credit-system bedlam. One mad full-moon night we loaded only essentials in our little Valiant and pedaled down to Philadelphia. Before Principle, writing was my raison d'etre and William Penn's Greene Countrie Towne has offered creative literary stimulation to many.

In Germantown I researched an historical paper about the early Mennonite settlers that has been published in a Mennonite publication. My family spent many hours at the first meeting house in America. With what sad disillusionment we faced our realization that God was no longer with Menno Simon's people. The three of us concluded we never again would become involved in organized religion. We would try to follow Jesus alone.

Then we moved to Center City. By strange coincidence -- or perhaps by design -- we met the remarkable girl from the upstairs apartment who was a Mennonite rebel from Lancaster County. She was acquainted with a Barbara Mikesell, our future spiritual mama. I was between writing assignments. I think, in retrospect, my heart was filled with hope, but I called the Center under the auspices of literary interest. Oh, boy!

I now have a job at an art supply store where I witness -- or whisper -- to wonderful people, inconspicuously jotting "4106 Baltimore Ave., surface-car 34," on the backs of sales slips. It's something awful. I'm being pressured into witnessing down there all the time.

During the course of this writing, Jubal has been bouncing a ball off my head. Both Barbara and George, with the New York Family this weekend, have made calls to tell us Miss Moon and Mr. Kim will visit us tomorrow and stay the evening, so I ran out in the snow for some sesame seeds for Tricia's cookie-baking. No luck. Cookie sans sesame seeds. Must study tonight, for I have to improve before I start teaching.

Isn't it amazing how busy we all are and yet how happy we keep despite many obstacles? I send my love to all my brothers and sisters in Father's happy Family in the blessed Name of our wonderful True Parents, the true Bestowers of this gift of happiness.

\*

THIS IS . . . . .



JUBAL!

## THE PHYSICAL BASE

by  
Tricia Dugaw

I have the care and management of the physical aspects of the Philadelphia Center. These responsibilities fall into four categories: cleaning, laundry, shopping, and kitchen management.

Cleaning takes about 70 minutes a day. Barbara does up her own room and the bath. I take care of four large rooms, hallway, and two porches. Each day of the week a different area gets a 30-minute complete cleaning: windows, floors, baseboards, furniture. All other areas get a general 10-minute cleanup. In minimal time this keeps Father's Center clean and neat, releasing us for His other work.



"Sure, you can help!"

Each individual in the Center does his own personal laundry. Once a week, usually early Monday morning, I do the main household laundry. (Occasionally Max and I take some laundry in the evening in order to witness at the laundromat, which serves mostly college students. We have found it a good fishing ground.)

Whether shopping for food or for other things, our motto is: "The best, for the least, the quickest." The telephone and newspaper are invaluable tools here. We established a household fund and stick to it so we have definite goals and boundaries. I buy all



"Do you think Mommy will notice?"

the food in weekly trips to a large market and small trips for bread and milk as needed. I go to Center City about once a week for general errand-running and shopping for household things. This is the hardest task, balancing value, money, and time for the advantage of all.

More than half my household time is spent managing the kitchen. Menus, cooking, dishes, and garbage must be dealt with daily. The menu problem was solved when I set up a revolving menu file; a menu for each day of the month starting at Menu No. 1 the first of each month. Each menu has an alternate to avoid boredom. Thus, my shopping list

easily is made out by quickly consulting my file. Also, each menu takes no more than an hour's preparation time. Some require longer cooking periods, but none requires more than an hour of actual preparation, mixing, etc. Cooking generally takes the hour from 5 to 6. Our serving cart has been a great help. We can set the table in one trip, bring all the food in another. After dinner, one trip back, our table is clear!

Dishes are easily done. Anyone not busy willingly does them, be it Barbara, Max, George, or me. Usually two team up, one washes, one dries. (Note: Garbage duty is strictly for the men, it was decided by the women, of course.)

Why do I consider these tasks so important that I have spent hours organizing them and many more hours performing them? The physical work in the Center establishes the foundation upon which we base our spiritual work. It must be done well, we must have a good foundation. Yet Father's time is so valuable, we need to do so much, our time will not cover it all. Therefore, organization and efficiency are as important as willingness.

In a little less than twenty hours a week the Philadelphia Family establishes a good foundation in the physical world so we may devote the rest of our time and energy studying, witnessing, teaching -- living for Father.

\*

## ASPIRATION OF AN AGE AGO

by  
Maxford Dugaw

Two years of intensely concentrated effort were poured into an unpublished novel, completed five years prior to my rendezvous with Father's Principle. Primarily selfish motives prompted the writing, and yet here and there an ever-so-tiny light, far brighter than myself, glimmers from the page.

Before destroying this work, which has no place in our Principled realm, may I share with you a couple scenes that sister Barbara appreciated?

Choo Choo Roberts is a young Negro man who has known too much of the world. Here are his thoughts as he talks of serious things with a boychild, blissfully unaware of the world's woes:

And this was a shrewd observation, for it wasn't the way Choo Choo Roberts thought. Despite studious delvings into mystic and exotic philosophies, he nevertheless felt that truth was what lurked in silent shadows and sent brave men running down dark alleys. Truth was God forever searching for lost souls never found. Truth was that last drawn breath before the beckoning of death. But these were the deliberated, disordered, morbid thoughts of a black giant with blue eyes who had been compelled to accept too soon a world without order. A world neither black nor white. A world neither good nor evil, but both intermingled in a kaleidoscope of madly swirling, garishly bedazzling patterns shifting too swiftly to detect their nature. This Choo Choo could not say to a child so tenderly swaddled in the sweet idealistic illusions of innocent youth.

"It doesn't matter what I believe," he said, wishing he were wiser. "Each man must make his own peace. And if-if you can grow up accepting the world without turning bitter, you are then a big man who has passed the hardest test and ready to taste the sweetest success."

"You're awful smart," the boy said in solemn tones of worship.

"No, Vargo. Someday you'll realize that's not so. I'm only smart enough to know the world's worthwhile. I like life and don't want cheated out of any experience that comes my way.

Never regret whatever happens to you. It's always something to build on. "

"Choo Choo --" he began, trying on the beautiful sheen-white dinner jacket.

Oh, God, he thought, what's the kid going to hit me with now? Absently he lit a cigarette he didn't want.

"Can the truth ever be ugly?"

"No," he promptly replied. "If we ever find it, it may be many things, but not ugly."

"I mean, should-should a guy make up stories about himself what sound better than what's really true?"

"A guy has to follow his own conscience. Myself, I've always thought it's not so much what a man is that counts, but what he wants to be. A dream may be the truest thing of all."

The next scene appears much later in the work. A monk has returned to the monastery where years earlier he had committed an act of murder, a brother of the Order his victim. No longer sacred, the monastery was bought by the evil Isadora Dunes. Vargo and Choo Choo are members of her jaded menagerie. Again you meet them in the following excerpt:

The room was dark when he awoke. A still shadow kept vigil over his bed. He wanted milk desperately.

"Could I have some milk?" the boy heard an unfamiliar voice ask.

The shadow stole away.

He sat up. Clouds lifted. He remembered. Choo Choo gave him milk. The glass was cool and moist in his hand. He gulped the milk before smiling his gratitude.

"It's night."

"Yes," Choo Choo replied softly, turning on a low lamp. "It's night. How do you feel?"

"I don't know. I-I guess I don't feel any way at all."

I'm sorry, baby," the man whispered, his huge black hand gently brushing hair from the boy's forehead, out of his eyes.

Vargo noted his friend's eyes were very red, as if he had been crying. He patted the hand solicitously, smiling weakly. "Why did he kill, Choo Choo?"

"Shouldn't you just rest?"

"I have rested."

"He was a devout man, a believer. Perhaps murder was his evil ultima. Feeling by committing the act most evil would bring him insight of the greatest good. Feeling the route to heaven must run through hell."

"He was wrong, wasn't he, Choo Choo? He didn't really kill himself this morning. Killing was what killed him."

"Yes, killing kills people."

"I won't ever kill."

The first scene is the more important to me. When we look upon our brothers, within or without the realm, we should not only see who they are today, but what, perhaps with our help, they can be tomorrow. Sift through a man's dreams and you may find the man.

From this city of the so-beautiful name, may I share my prime desire? That the dreams of my heart and yours ever be more worthy of our Father.

\*

COMING: Next month our special focus will be on our St. Louis Family as they appear in Brightly beams . . . section of the New Age Frontiers. Something to look forward to!

## A MOST PRECIOUS MOMENT OF SHARING

by  
Barbara Mikesell

Although we are yet a baby Center, we have been deeply blessed by a visit from Mr. Kim and Miss Moon, our beloved elder brother and sister. The first half of their whirlwind visit was New Year's Eve and Day with the Family in New York. Individual resolutions were left behind as we soared on the wings of their words to our Homeland and to the early days of the movement. After a New Year's Day visit to the snow-covered Holy Ground and a hurried sightseeing tour, we sped down to Philadelphia for another precious Family evening there. After sightseeing and shopping the next day, we said a heart-torn good-by to them. (We did recapture Miss Moon and Miss Lee for another couple of nights.)

Diane Giffin and I will be sharing with you in detail the contents of the visit. However, at this time there is one thing that I would like to relate: On several occasions Mr. Kim and Miss Moon conveyed to the Family in America greetings and concern from our Parents. Mr. Kim spoke of how Father often has gotten up during the night or in the early hours of the morning to pray for this land. Miss Moon said that sometimes Father prays and talks so much about us that the Korean brothers and sisters are envious of us in America.

Mr. Kim told us, if a member is having a conflict about Principle or in his feelings about our Leader, our Leader cannot see him clearly, even though the member may be sitting close to him. On the other hand, if someone has a good and pure heart and loves him deeply, even though that person be far away, our Father clearly can see him. And so, he begged us, please do not worry or be saddened that we are far away from our Parents, for if we have a pure heart we can be closer to him than those who sit by his side in Korea.

Mr. Kim stressed that to be ever closer to the Father should be our motivating desire. Centered on this, all else will follow. In Seoul, our members see our Leader daily and don't miss him or long for him. Since we are far away, our shinjan (a much deeper word for heart, translated by Miss Kim as condition, I believe) is special, as we long for him day and night.

For me, this time spent with our Korean Family was a most rewarding yet humbling experience.

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