

The Dedication Of The Growth-Stage Cheon Bok Gung

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February 21, 2010

It would be good if we could bring Mother out and get her to say a few words. Today I must praise her for her hard work. In the home, it is women who are the noble owners who receive the most miserable tasks. You serve and attend your husbands, so what do you think about that? How many unpleasant husbands there are! I have seen many who were nastier than Satan, who could even frighten Satan.

The position of serving God cannot be expressed in words because there are no words to express it.

Well then, what should I say? Should I convey to you the words of a father or the words of a mother? Would it be better to convey the words of a wife, a son, or a grandson? Even if you wanted to hear better words, there are no such words.

God, the unique being! From an early age, I knew that Korean people serve the one being who is more awesome and amazing than any other. Though I couldn't see anyone, I felt someone embrace me and touch me. Though it seemed no one was there, I felt a touch on my hand. Though I couldn't see it, the touch of that hand is so different. It is a dream-like story, and something that you could not understand even if I were to tell it to you. Even if I talk about it for ten thousand years, these words go deeper than ten thousand years and it is difficult to understand and practice them.

This is very simple. To put it simply, have you ever thought about the term "unique being"? He is a unique being. Even though there may be hundreds, thousands or even millions of people in our families, if there is one person who has the mind to serve the unique being, God, he is the one that the unique being, the king, will seek and will love. I have actually felt this and not just thought about it.

What is that position like? It cannot be described. It cannot be expressed in words; there are no words to express it. Descriptions and dramatizations cannot express that position. Even if I were to talk about that state, it would be a dream-like story that is on a completely different dimension from yours, such that you would say, "He may say those things but...."

Even if I poked into everything that was hidden in the clouds without knowing what they were and boasted that I was the only one who knew about them, would the day come on which others would acknowledge them? That day would not come.

When I was in prison, I became friends with a condemned man who was to be put to death the next day, so I learned what his father's heart was like. You cannot know what he feels until you are in his position. No one can know what the mother would feel unless you became her. It would be so difficult to meet someone, other than his mother, who would weep for him and say, "I'll be put to death in your place." He had no such friends.

But if there was one thing I could be proud of, it would be that. If you started serving God, the unique being and the unique owner, with trueness in your heart and lived with Him in your nation and your universe, at that moment you would feel as if you were placed in the ideal of the expanded heavenly kingdom. Can you understand that?

If there is one father who has a hundred sons and they are all really his, have you thought about whether the hundredth son would love the father? If there were more than fifty brothers and they were all lost, the heart of God and His desire to find them would be limitless. How can you express that in words?

If I were to tell stories, I could tell you many interesting ones. I made up long stories and told them to the people

in prison every day. Some lasted ten hours and others even a week. Many people liked to listen to me. When I was told that the person I spoke of did not sound like a person but seemed like a spiritual being floating in the air, unknown to others I was so taken aback that I shed tears.'

How fearsome is the term True Parents! I don't like "True Parents." I don't like the name True Parents. Never have I studied with love words that I disliked more than the term "True Parents." I realize I must live under that shadow. When I think about that, the environment in which I can reach out with what I have to say has not been created.

There must be many intelligent people here, some of whom must have studied more than I have. Here is a Buddhist monk sitting among us! Each is making great effort to serve and attend the founder of his faith.

I serve a unique being, God. The God I know is different from the God attended by others. That being true, there are many times when I kneel down and listen in reverence to the words I spoke when I was in my teens. Whose words were those? They were not words of God as I knew Him. What was the purpose of making me feel these things that so moved my heart? The infinite world that I could not have known — the boundless and extensive heaven and earth of bright light connected to the infinite world... No matter how many times I speak about this, others may say they don't understand.

In scientific phenomena, what happens to the original form when it progresses to the next level? Only when a tree branches out and extends outward in its third form's can it gain hope; people who don't have that level cannot get out of the box even though they have lived together for ten or twenty years.

I would like to say something about what I have felt keenly today, but I cannot speak of it. What do you think about the words I say? I try to speak and then forget what I have spoken of. If there is an [unpleasant] incident, I try to forget about it. What would be the use of remembering? There is nothing to relate it with on earth.

If at present I have forgotten and do not know, and if the only other thing I could relate to were an animal and not a person, what would that matter? What would it matter if it were not a living being? What if it were an inanimate object? If it moved my heart more than any living being and aroused love in my heart, I would love it. Such is the heart of God at present, and you should know this....

Who are my sons and daughter? Bo-hi Pak! [Yes.] Are you my son, daughter, friend or disciple? [I am your son.] [Laughter] How are you my son? You say you're my son, but you don't resemble me in any way. If we were to be analyzed in a hundred, a thousand ways, there may or may not be a single way in which you resemble me, so how can you say you're my son? When we say the word "son," we could say that the son is someone we may lose in a remote area. That seems more plausible. A remote son may be lost in a remote place. Only when I can shed tears knowing he is lost can I say that the lost son is my son. I did not know this before I shed tears but came to realize it when I wept for him. You cannot know this until you have passed through such a crisis.

So, how long have you been my son? [I have been your son my whole life.] [Laughter] What, what did you say now? Once? [My whole life.] For a week? [For my whole life.] For your whole life? I don't like that! [Laughter] I don't think I qualify to take care of such a son. I must serve him.

It is more comfortable to attend such a son. What is the position of serving one's son like?

I have a particular characteristic: if I go into a situation that isn't right, my mouth becomes dry. When I try to speak, my tongue gets stuck and does not move. What do I do then? What should I do? That is why I am hesitant about confronting difficult problems, lest I do harm to the nation's people. I don't know whether I am standing in such a position or not, but when I say in my mind that someone is bad, they will become bad. Supposing I were to say, "He won't do well." Had I not said that, I could have at least harbored hope for him in heart, but having said it, what could I do if indeed that reality came about? You don't know how much responsibility I have.

The righteous path is not something to fool others into taking, but something that you should show others and let them follow. There are many words with which people can trick others. That is also the case for people like us.

When I was young, I was a well known and intelligent young man in my village. When, one day, a grandfather in the village would not eat and was being mean to his grandsons, I went to him and said, "Grandfather, will you do as I say, or not? I will do a hundred things for you, so you could do this one thing for me, couldn't you?" If he had told me the hundred things, I would have done them all.

Human beings are awesome creatures. I am so glad to meet all those I am seeing for the first time, so I have expressed my delight through my words.

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