

Mother grew up with the hopes of having respectful sons and daughters

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Sun Myung Moon

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Hoon Dok Hae in Nevada

Cheon Hwa Gung, Las Vegas

Just as nature is beautiful and good, Mother grew up with the hopes of having respectful sons and daughters. We will now ask her to tell us something about her past. She has gone through so much and has shed many tears.

True Mother: I gave birth to Hyo-jin on December 3, 1962. At the time, Father liked to go to the mountains. On that day I had stayed in my room, having just given birth. Father came back. We were then living in the old Cheongpa-dong headquarters church. Do you remember it? At back, there was a kitchen in the basement. On top of that kitchen was the room with under floor heating in which I gave birth. You have to go around to go up the stairs. Father's room was on the upper floor, and I would hear him come in. I was so glad to hear him return that I went to the door, even though I had just given birth and should have at least put on a coat. I suddenly felt a chill and my teeth chattered. Then I felt very unwell. I also gave birth to Ye-jin in winter. At the time of her birth, I was staying in a member's home. There was also a strong draft in that house, so I had been unwell then too.

After I gave birth to Hyo-jin, however, I became very sick. I felt chilled all over, my teeth chattered and my whole body trembled. Even after I covered myself from head to foot in a comforter, I couldn't stop shaking. That's what it was like.

As he grew up, I saw that he was an unusual child. When we bought him a tricycle, he would not ride it but would turn it upside down and watch the wheels spin. When he started drawing something, maybe a fish, he would repeatedly draw the same thing and nothing else. From a young age, when he set out to do something, he saw it through to the end.

He was also a very affectionate boy. When he was young, Father wasn't at home most of the time because he had to travel, and I used to keep Hyo-jin near me because he was a very young child. When he was about three years old, we went to Mt. Dobong in the summer and stayed there a while. Though usually daughters rather than sons comfort their mothers, he comforted his mother's heart so much. He would only speak comforting words to me and was nice to those around us. When we lived in Cheongpa-dong, Won-pil Kim used to live in a house nearby, and we visited his home. On our way back, Hyo-jin fell down and banged his face, and his lips quickly swelled up. It was the first time I had seen such a thing, and

I was so shocked. I asked him, "Are you all right? Are you okay?" He answered, "I'm all right. It doesn't hurt." He was always like that. He didn't want to make his mother worry.

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