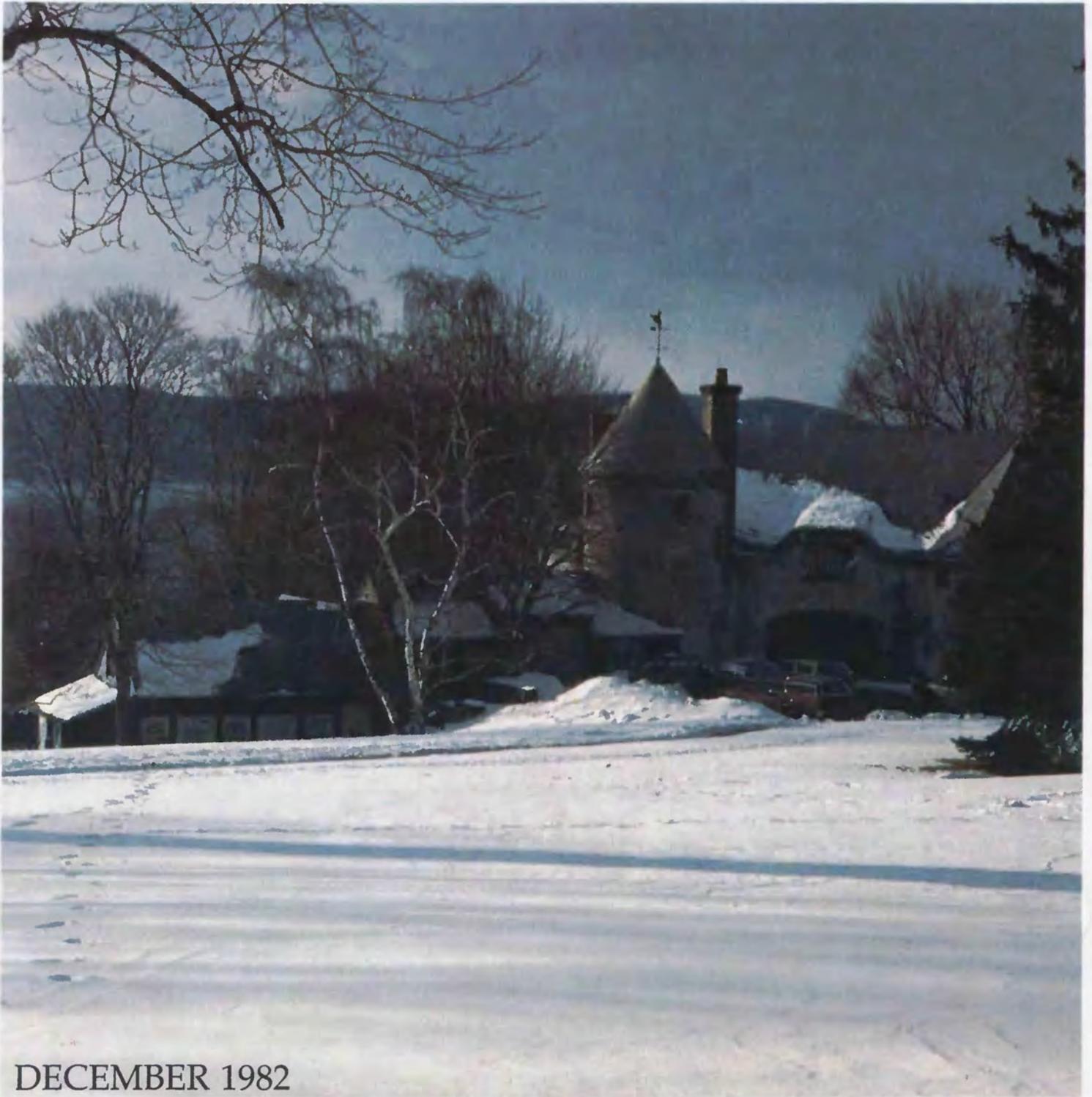


TODAY'S  
WORLD



DECEMBER 1982

INSIDE: 11th ICUS & Interview with Mother

# KEY POINTS IN THE APPEAL OF FATHER'S TAX CASE

On November 30, a 75-page appellate brief was filed on behalf of Father with the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit seeking reversal of his conviction, entry of a directed judgment of acquittal, and, among other things, a hearing on his claim that he was selected for prosecution because of his religion and nationality. The brief's principal author, Laurence H. Tribe, the Tyler Professor of Constitutional Law at Harvard University, will argue the appeal orally in January.

1. **The government's veto of bench trial abridged his freedom of speech.**
2. **The judge's denial of bench trial violated his right to a fair trial.**
  - A. Before the voir dire (jury selection process) there was unacceptable risk that a fair jury could not be selected.
  - B. The voir dire failed to produce a fair jury.
  - C. The nature of the evidence exacerbated the unfairness of the trial before this jury.
    1. Trial by religious innuendo.
    2. Trial by mesmerizing complexity.
3. **The trial court's misconstruction of the Court Interpreter's Act of 1978 impermissibly burdened defendant's right to decide whether to testify.**
4. **The court's instructions to the jury were fatally defective.**
  - A. They misstated the Law of Trusts.
  - B. They unconstitutionally shifted to the defendant the burden of proof on the issue of beneficial ownership.
  - C. They violated the religion clauses of the First Amendment.
    1. The jury was empowered to decide, on whatever basis they wished, whether expenditures were religious.
    2. The jury was invited to draw adverse inferences from the Unification Church's organizational structure.
    3. The jury was not asked to consider the religious identity and intentions of the donors or Rev. Moon's religious position and role.
    4. The instructions on the element of willfulness were erroneous.
5. **A directed acquittal was required as a matter of law.**
  - A. The substantive tax offense.
    1. The evidence was insufficient as a matter of law to establish that the allegedly false statements on Rev. Moon's income tax returns were, in fact, false.
      - a. Evidence of the use of Rev. Moon's name
      - b. Evidence of Rev. Moon's use of assets.
      - c. Evidence that the international Unification Church movement did not exist as an entity.
      - d. Evidence of a "cover-up."
    2. The evidence was insufficient as a matter of law to establish that the allegedly false statements on Rev. Moon's tax returns were willfully made.
      - a. The specifications regarding false income.
      - b. The false source specification.
  - B. The conspiracy count.
    1. The evidence was insufficient as a matter of law to establish that Rev. Moon engaged in a conspiracy to file false statements on his income tax returns.
    2. The evidence was insufficient as a matter of law to establish that Rev. Moon participated in a cover-up conspiracy, especially in light of the principle of strictissimi juris.
    3. Insufficient evidence on either object of the conspiracy requires reversal and new trial on the other.
  - C. Insufficient evidence either on the substantive counts or of the conspiracy count requires reversal on the sufficient count(s).
    1. Effect of dismissal of conspiracy count against Rev. Moon.
    2. Effect of dismissal of substantive counts against Rev. Moon.
6. **The Trial Court erred in admitting certain immigration documents and related testimony as "similar acts" evidence.**
7. **Rev. Moon's claim of selective prosecution required inquiry.**
8. **The post-trial inquiry into [deleted to comply with court gag order.]**
9. **The Trial Court's sweepingly broad gag order abridged freedom of speech.**

# TODAY'S WORLD

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Today's World is a publication of HSA-UWC.

*No matter what people say about God, we want to restore  
the true God, we want to protect the true God.*

# CHILDREN'S DAY 1982

REV. SUN MYUNG MOON  
WORLD MISSION CENTER

EXCERPTS FROM NOVEMBER 16, 1982 SPEECH

Today we are celebrating the 23rd Children's Day. During the past 22 years, times have changed and the condition of the world has changed; also, the situation of the Unification Church has progressed and changed quite a bit. Historians will testify that these years were the most volatile and most extraordinary years in the entire history of mankind. But there has been a providential reason for these historical events. We can conclusively say that history is running according to the providential will of God.

In history, Satan has taken the initiative, always waging war first, always launching the offensive first; thus, whichever party takes the initiative in trying to knock the other down always represents Satan. Look at the three world wars, for instance; it was always the satanic side which attacked first.

From the providential viewpoint, World War I was a battle to acquire land, properties, colonies; it was a territorial war. World War II was a war for manpower. After that war, many colonies were liberated; former slave nations were raised up to be brother nations, preparing for the ushering in of the parent nations.

What battle, then, remains for World War III? To take control of God. Communism denies God; they are trying to throw God out of this planet. The free world affirms God's existence. Thus, World War III is a war of ideas. If all the religious communities of the world unite together and affirm the existence of God, we can make God apparent—we can prove the existence of God. Unless religions play that role in these days, they will be extinguished.

## GOD'S EXISTENCE IS AT STAKE

What is the most crucial time of history? Now, because the existence of God is at stake. Whether God shall remain here on the planet or not is in question. In the history of God and man, this is the most crucial time; if the battle is lost, no purpose for religions remains. This crucial battle between God and Satan has been fought during these past two decades.

The free world and the communist world have been fighting among themselves, weakening each other. During these 20 years, God had to raise up a new force in the world to be His champion, to be His task force. That force is the Unification Church.

Each Christian denomination talks of God as Father; then of what denomination is He the father of? Are there dozens of fathers, hundreds of fathers? No, only one Father. What's more, each religion claims God as its own. Will God ration

Himself out and decide, "Today I'll be a Muslim God, tomorrow a Buddhist God, and the next day I go back to Christianity"? No, that is not the way God wants to work.

If you ask God what position He takes, He will reply, "Unless you are united, unless you become one, you are not worthy of coming to Me and calling Me Father." God's providential scheme always centers on some central religion. Christianity being that central religion now, God is giving the Christians a mandate: "You Christians have too many divisions, too many denominations; because you are the central religion, you should be the first to become one."

Even as history was moving towards a brotherhood of nations, selfishness was always the governing factor. Even though the United States accepted other nations as brothers, it always insisted on being the master and having others come and listen to it. It should have said, "You are my brother; let me share with you." The United States should have become truly unselfish, trying to help its younger brothers all around the world, stimulating nations to unite and form one family of God.

At the same time the United Nations was born, an organization uniting world religions, with unity and unselfishness as its theme, should have been established. The religious leaders should have proclaimed, "There is one God and one Father; therefore, beyond the distinctions of denominations and religions, we are all one; we should live in one true brotherhood." Then, when the Unification Church came forward with a new ideology, it would not have encountered such opposition. People would have understood that the world needed a new ideology; leaders in all fields of endeavor would have known that God's ultimate will was to unite the world and bring about one family of man, under the Fatherhood of God. The free world, centering on the United States, should have taken the leadership in bringing this about.

Since the free world failed, the satanic side took the offensive, trying to shatter the already-divided free world into pieces. It is always true that when you fail to live up to your responsibility, Satan will come and attack you. The satanic side first attacked religion, then they worked at getting the young people out of the church, and finally focused on destroying the family institution. If you remove these two factors from the church—young people and the family—religion must collapse.

In the midst of these situations, the Unification Church arose. Rather than being accepted by the free world and by all the religions, it has been in a lonely position, opposed by both world religions and the United States.

However, instead of retreating, instead of taking refuge

somewhere, I first dedicated myself to knocking down atheism, restoring churches, restoring young people and restoring families. Everything Satan is trying to destroy I confront and try to make it whole.

## PROTECTING GOD

Knowing that a time of emergency was coming up, I built up internal strength and laid an internal spiritual foundation. Thus I set up God's Day, Parents' Day, Children's Day, in order to give a new understanding about God. Whether a person be brown, white, yellow or black, whenever he listens to this truth, he comes to the same conclusion: God is the living Father—my Father and the Father of mankind.

You have assembled in this room because you were given a historical responsibility. You came here to fulfill a historical task: the unity of all races, unity of all religions, unity of all nations. Whatever church or movement strives to accomplish this goal and proclaim it to the world, God automatically has to work with. When we achieve this goal, we can say to God, "You are our Father," and for the first time, God will respond, "Yes, you are My sons, you are My daughters." And He will add, "Not only are you My children, but your religion is My religion, your country is My country, your world is My world." No matter what people say about God, we want to restore the true God, we want to protect the True God.

Every day, God hears all kinds of prayers, but He is listening for one prayer: "God, I have brought the entire world into unity." When God hears that prayer, He will perk up and say, "Is that true?" He will want to hear all about it. God has heard so many sectarian prayers. "God, I am a Presbyterian," one will say; "the other churches are not following Your will; they are satanic. Please give blessing to our church." How do you think God responds to those prayers?

What would God think about a prayer like this: "God, I have not quite united the world, but I have been working at it. Look, God, I have brought this man in, this religion in, this nation in; but I need a little more help." "Oh, what more do you need?" God will quickly reply.

Suppose God were looking for a pair of eyeglasses to use. He might try the Presbyterian, Catholic, or Muslim eyeglasses. "I don't see anything which seems appropriate," He would think. But suppose He puts the Unification Church eyeglasses on His face; through them He can see the entire world. "This is it!" He would exclaim.

## OUR TRADITION MUST GO ON

How many of you Unification Church members deeply feel that we are destined to fulfill this mission of unification? Will it be an easy job? Even if all five colors of skin come together, united solidly as a rock, resolved to live or die together, and if all the religions of the world come together in unity, ready to devote themselves for one cause—still our task would not be completed.

Do you sometimes protest that you do not want to do a certain assignment? Do you think we can achieve the ultimate goal with that attitude? Even if the entire mission were given you, could you follow joyfully, willingly? You might have

thought, "Well, maybe the Unification Church will fail, but I shall survive, one way or another." My attitude, however, is that even if I am shattered into a million pieces, I shall preserve the Unification Church; our tradition must go on. Even if the Unification Church is shattered, its spirit, Unificationism, must march forward and fulfill its goal on the worldwide level.

This recent Blessing has created a new phenomenon. Members are saying, "Oh, my husband!" "Oh, my wife!" "Oh, my darling!" Before your marriage, Unification Church members looked straight forward, with no deviation. But now you are looking in many directions. Is this a good new tradition? Actually, it could destroy our movement and the entire tradition that God has been building. God married you so you can support each other and push each other toward the same goal. The mission has not changed one iota.

## THE WORLD IS STILL IN DARKNESS

The world is still in trouble; the world is still in darkness. We have to get to that world and save it. When we have reached out to the end of the world, I will look for each of you, asking where your husband (or wife) is. If he or she is away, I'll urge you to stay together; I might tell you not to be separated from each other for even five minutes! The important question is whether you want to concentrate on that now, or after the salvation of the world. (I think your answer sounds a bit reluctant!)

In the case of Mother and me, God gave us each other to support one another. I keep pulling Mother—and she keeps pulling me—towards the same goal, in the same direction. If Mother deviates from this principle, the heavenly dispensation will not work. If I say, "Let's go to South America," she will always answer, "Yes, Father." If I say we're going to Africa, she will reply, "Yes, Father." To Korea, "Yes, Father; wherever you go." She deserves your applause.

Maybe a hundred years from now we will hold another meeting like this upstairs—in the spiritual world. I will call a banquet, and invite those couples who gave their heart and soul to ensure God's will was fulfilled on earth. In order to be entitled to attend such a banquet, don't focus just on personal things here; rush to do your mission every day. If your wife becomes an obstacle, push her. You wives may try to keep up with your husband, but even if you fall back, shout out to him to keep on running; encourage him, even though you collapse in his wake. If you do this, I will still give you credit for fulfilling the mission, because your mind, your spirit, has gone all the way.

What kind of wife will you be? One who says, "Even though I may falter here, I want my husband to push on and fulfill God's will," or one who says, "Darling, I'm tired; come back and pick me up"? You husbands, if your wife begs you to stay behind with her, will you reply, "I have to go forward for the mission"?

You see, it is not the husband that is most important, not the wife that is most important—but the mission. At this one time in history, God has given us this particular, extraordinary mission. If you fulfill it, you have everything—wife, husband, eternal future. But if you lose that mission, you lose everything.

*God married you so you can support  
each other and push one another toward  
the same goal.*

## **A TIME OF DESTINY**

We only live once here on earth. But God has sent us at an incredible time of destiny. What a joy and privilege!

I know that mission. Nothing bothers me; I charge bravely forward into the enemy camp, and they are the ones who will ultimately surrender. Even if conditions become hotter and tougher, they will only make me stronger, more powerful and more determined. I can do this because I do not want to lose that opportunity; I know clearly the end result. Actually, there is no escape, for it is God who has given us this mandate. Since it comes from the Father of the entire universe, where could you go to dodge the mission? If you try to escape into spirit world, you would be picked up as soon as you enter!

## **CHOOSE YOUR PLEDGE**

This Children's Day is a day to make your pledge to God. You may choose among three types:

1. Well, Father, I will try to do it.
2. Well, I'm doing it now.
3. Yes, Father, I have done it.

So which pledge can you give this Children's Day? [The room becomes very still; several members reply, "number two."] This is a very serious point. It applies to everyone, me included. Even I have not fulfilled the mission completely. I can say, "Yes, Father, I have done some portions of it, but other parts still remain."

Some of you have been doing all kinds of things your own way, complaining about how the church does things, protesting against what you are asked to do. Can we have the luxury of making choices? Ask your heart to what degree you have been walking your way, and to what degree you have been trying to go God's way. Half and half, maybe. Do you feel discouraged when I speak this way, or do you make a firm resolve, with tears flowing down your cheeks?

I always become intensely involved in my mission. I feel like I am in a tug-of-war with all the forces trying to pull me their way. The spirit world is my cheering-section. "Rev. Moon, go on," they cry out. When I am deadly serious about this tug-of-war, many other things do not come into my mind. Sleep, hunger, family affairs, secular matters are forgotten. Can you, too, be this way? When God looks down on the earth, He cannot avoid coming to protect and help me. You, too, can motivate God to assist, protect and support you.

What if I disappear for a while? Remember what happened when Moses climbed the mountain to receive the Ten Commandments, leaving the children of Israel for 40 days in the desert. The Israelites looked around for Moses, but he was gone. They must have said something like, "Oh, too bad. Darn it!" and they took a vacation. What if they had said, "Moses has disappeared, but he must be somewhere doing the will of God; let us each become Moses and go

ahead to Canaan"? Those of you who would say, "I'll become like Moses," raise your hands. If that is your reply, I can leave the United States with deep confidence. While I am gone, then you will become more Rev. Moons, able to march forward even faster, won't you? [In English]: Theoretically, younger ones should go faster. That's true!

If you really made this pledge, then I feel I have been a success. There are now many Rev. Moons who can restore this world. If God looks down and sees so many other Rev. Moons doing the same thing as I am, think how comforted He will be!

## **'INTERNATIONAL SPIRITUAL LEADER'**

Through the many types of conferences we have begun, we are working to bring about unity in different fields of endeavor. Most of the people we meet had never before found a common ground. The most eminent scholars in the world are dying to have a chance to talk to me, but I don't have enough time. Some of the participants at the World Media Conference see me as the only hope for the world. This summer, we brought together young people from all major world religions under the theme, "World Youth for God." People have urged me not to give up, saying, "Rev. Moon, you are the only one who can do this."

The ultimate satanic effort will be to foment racial and religious wars. The only way to prevent that is to bring about one family of man, beyond race and color, through Holy Weddings. No one else is able to unite the hearts of people, forming a love race.

When I talked about these things 20 years ago, they sounded crazy. But those impossible dreams became a reality. Compared to what has been accomplished in the past 20 years, the expansion I am speaking about during the coming ten years is as nothing. We can accomplish 10 or 20 times as much as during the past two decades.

The news media around the world have portrayed me as a bad person, but in spite of incredible persecution, the Unification Church has grown and reached a worldwide scale. North American newspapers often call me "the controversial Korean evangelist" or an industrialist; but in South America, the newspapers describe me as "the most famous international spiritual leader." Korea and Japan have persecuted me very severely, but now even the Japanese papers no longer refer to me as a Korean, but as the "world-famous spiritual leader coming from Asia."

Just like me, Moonies are persecuted all over the world. We have not been on the sunny side of the globe, but on the dark, persecuted side. However, don't regret it. The most glorious heaven is reserved for you. I have followed this way of life, no matter what, because it is right and just; there is no better way on earth. This was my decision. Is this your decision as well?

There can be no better way of celebrating Children's Day than by giving this pledge.

REV. SUN MYUNG MOON  
ELEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE  
ON THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES  
NOVEMBER 26, 1982

# ABSOLUTE VALUE PERSPECTIVE

## FOUNDER'S ADDRESS



Distinguished chairman, eminent scholars, ladies and gentlemen.

We have now come to meet for our 11th Conference on the Unity of the Sciences in the historical city of Philadelphia. I would like to express my sincere gratitude to our chairman, Dr. Kaplan, to the committee chairmen and group chairmen, to the ICF secretariat, and to all you distinguished professors and other ladies and gentlemen who bring inspiration to the Conference.

### TODAY'S WORLD

If we are to characterize today's world in one word, we can say that it is a world of great confusion. Whether we look to the Orient or Occident, to the North or South, to the advanced world or the developing world, all societies are full of contradiction and injustice and corruption. There is endless repetition of conflict, collision, and rebellion. Although advanced nations enjoy material affluence, in the Third

World, especially Africa, many are suffering from hunger and even dying from starvation.

If this state of confusion worsens and accelerates, mankind will face a certain danger of perishing, a danger it will be difficult to escape.

### CONFLICT IN VALUE PERSPECTIVE

What would be the reason behind such worldwide confusion? The cause could be attributed to many things, but the ultimate reason lies in conflict of value perspectives. Confusion arises because standards of truth, of goodness and of beauty differ from person to person, from nation to nation, from race to race, and from one thought-system to another.

If, in the opinion of person A, an action is good but person B considers it to be bad, A may persist with the action at any cost, but B oppose it strenuously. In such a situation we see confrontation and disharmony, and a conflict will certainly arise. I cannot help but conclude that today's

*God's love is the basis of absolute value, and absolute value is the basis of all religious virtues; it is the unifying value.*

confusion stems from conflict and disagreement of value perspectives.

What, then, is the basis of that difference in value perspectives? It stems, first of all, from egoism. Almost without exception, each individual is a prisoner of egoism, each nation has become a prisoner of egocentrism, and each race is selfishly pursuing its own interests.

Secondly, the difference in value perspectives stems from differences in thought. The world abounds with various thoughts, and each keeps many adherents captive. Most significantly, communism and democracy have, through their ideologies, now divided mankind into two major blocs.

## RESOLVING THE CONFUSION

Accordingly, we cannot help but say that the way to save mankind from certain destruction is, first, to eliminate egoism and, second, to solve the problem of differences of thought. To liquidate egoism, we must first know why mankind fell into self-centeredness. Before we hope to resolve the differences we must discover how and why mankind came to have differences in thought.

The original cause of mankind's differing thoughts is that mankind, because of the fall, lost God, thereby losing both God's love and God's words. God's love is the source of value (truth, goodness and beauty). Accordingly, God's love is the basis of absolute value, and absolute value is the basis of all religious virtues; it is the unifying value. God's truth is the basis of all truths and therefore of *absolute truth*, which is the unifying truth. Mankind, because of the fall, lost God and lost absolute value and absolute truth, thereby losing any unifying value and unifying truth.

Absolute value and absolute truth are the foundation for an absolute value perspective, "perspective" being viewpoint and theory. Accordingly, we cannot help but conclude that the way to resolve worldwide confusion is to find the absolute value perspective.

## RELIGION AND ABSOLUTE VALUE PERSPECTIVE

God established religion in order to convey the love and truth of God to mankind so as to save mankind. He established various religions, each in its own time and place. For example, He founded Buddhism in India and Confucianism in China 2,450 years ago, and Christianity in Judea, 2,000 years ago.

It can be said assuredly that the absolute value perspective is established *only* through religions, which revere God. In other words, it can be validly claimed that no solution to today's confusion is possible through those thoughts and philosophies which are not founded on God. It follows logically that only through God-centered religion is it possible that mankind can be saved from confusion. In history, we have such examples as Confucianism, Buddhism, Christi-

anity and Islam. Each one, in its own time and place, dissolved social insecurity and confusion and, on the foundation of peace and security, brought forth a flourishing of culture. This was true of the role of Confucian culture in the Han Dynasty of China, of the role of Christian culture in Medieval Europe, and that of Islamic culture in the Saracen civilization of the Middle East.

## THE COLLAPSE OF RELIGIOUS VALUE PERSPECTIVE, AND ITS CAUSE

Today, unfortunately, religion no longer functions to control confusion and is unable to lead man's spirit. Religions today are gradually losing life, and faith is becoming more and more a mere form or habit. With few exceptions, people are increasingly losing interest in religion, and the original enthusiasm of faith is diminishing. This is a grave situation, because if religion which is supposed to lead the spirit of mankind eventually loses its function, the world will turn to complete lawlessness, and mankind will sink into an abyss of violence and murder. Today, indeed, such phenomena are increasingly visible.

All this can readily be termed a phenomenon of collapse of religious value perspective. What, then, is the cause of this collapse?

First, with the development of scientific technology and the growth of economy, the human spirit is drifting into a materialistic value perspective. Second, various atheistic and materialistic thoughts are spreading rapidly and widely. Third, under national policies separating education and religion, religion is being excluded from school curricula, resulting in the rise of atheistic thought. Fourth, communists are using a strategy of intentionally destroying what fraction of religious value perspective remains, in order to promote their own goal of communizing the world. Fifth, there is a woeful lack of ontological theory adequate for supporting the religious perspective.

The most important of these five causes is the last, the lack of adequate ontology. By ontology, I mean the theory of absolute being. Each religion *has* an absolute being as a basis for its theory. The absolute being of Judaism is Jehovah; that of Christianity, God; and of Islam, Allah. Generally, no absolute being is specified in Confucianism or in Buddhism, but "benevolence," which is the basis of teaching in Confucianism, is linked directly with *heaven*; therefore, "heaven" may be seen as taking the place of absolute being in Confucianism. In Buddhism, phenomena are transient; truth, however, can be found from "Jin Yo," which lies behind all phenomena. Thus, "Jin Yo" may function as an absolute being in Buddhism.

However, the explanations of all these absolutes have been consistently deficient on such questions as the properties of the absolute being, the manner of creation of things, and the motivation for creation—or whether God or an absolute being exists at all. Each religion has been uniquely unclear on these



points, and therefore unclear about the basis of all religious virtues. Thus, religion today has but little persuasive power.

### **ONTOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING**

In order for the virtues, precepts, commandments, and teachings of all religions to be well kept, enough must be known about the existence of the absolute being, the properties of this being, the purpose for which this being created, and so on. In early times, people were not so analytical or theoretical, and thus were willing to blindly obey such commandments as "Love your neighbor as your own body," or "Be loyal to the king and filial to your parents." Today, however, such maxims are questioned. The unflinching response to a "thou shalt" is "why?" Unless and until these questions are answered, the teachings remain unconvincing.

Such fundamental questions as "Does God really exist?" are raised. There are challenges to descriptions of God as "almighty," "omnipotent," "omnipresent," and "father of man-

kind," and to such ideas as utmost goodness, utmost beauty, utmost love, or absolute justice. "Is there any way of knowing or proving any of these claims?" "Why did God create a universe when he does not have to do anything?" "What is his purpose for creating?" "By what method did he create all things?" "If God is of utmost goodness, why do strong-weak phenomena prevail in his creation?" "It is being taught that the world became sinful because of the fall of mankind, but how did the creation of a perfect God become capable of falling?" These are but a few examples of the numerous questions that are raised. Unless reasonable and consistent answers are available and given, today's intellectuals are not willing to accept religions such as Christianity. Thus most religious commandments remain unpracticed, and much of the Christian teaching of universal love, the Confucianist code of family morals, the Buddhist code of conduct, and the Islamic teachings of the Koran, is generally ignored or even rejected. The basic reason for the ambiguity of ontology is that in recent years Europe, which has historically been the



**Dr. Eugene P. Wigner, recipient of the first Founder's Award, standing between Father and Mother.**

cradle of Christianity, has given rise to materialism and atheism. We can cite the examples of Karl Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Nietzsche, who are all raised in Christian families but who turned atheist and anti-Christian.

## ONTOLOGY AND THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS

Even more lamentable is the fact that the very religions that were supposed to serve as the leading element of the human spirit and as the leading mediators among conflicts are themselves becoming a *reason* for conflict, thereby diminishing religious dignity and authority even further. Judaism fights Islam, Catholicism conflicts with Protestantism, Christianity contradicts Buddhism; even within one religion different denominations fight among themselves. The basic cause of these religious antagonisms is the ambiguity of ontology. There is only one absolute being, never two, but when each religion advocates its *own* absolute being as the true one, it may seem that there can be many different absolute beings. This leads to the idea that the god of each religion is only a god of relative status, and that there is really no such thing as an absolute being.

Here we can see that, although the absolute value perspective pertaining to God's love and truth was to be enhanced through religions, it has not been developed, but has remained relative instead of absolute. In other words, we can conclude that religion up until this day has been incapable of establishing the absolute value perspective that can bring prevailing confusions under control. This is the inevitable result of the failure of all religions to explain the absolute being clearly.

## EMERGENCE OF NEW RELIGION

We can logically say that, under these circumstances, if an absolute value perspective is to be established, it is necessary that new religion emerge, with an ontology that can explain clearly and accurately the unique, absolute God.

We have said that, since all religions are founded by God, their purpose has been to realize absolute value. However, when we observe that so much religious conflict prevails, we can confidently say that the gods of each of the existing religions cannot become the absolute God, and therefore the absolute value perspective cannot be established by these

religions. Therefore, we must conclude that new religion must emerge for the sake of establishing the absolute value perspective.

The new ontology for new religion needs to make it clear that the absolute beings of all the religions are not separate gods; they are indeed the one same God. Since each religion grasped only a part of God, making that part its religious perspective, the new ontology must make it clear that a complete revelation of God will show that all religions originate from the same God and pursue the same purposes, being like brothers. Furthermore, by explaining God's properties, as well as his motivation for creating and the purpose and rules of creation, the new ontology will explain that purpose and law control the motion of all things in the universe, and it will show that the norms by which we humans must live spring from that same purpose and law, namely, the *heavenly way*. Just as the relationship among the sun, the moon, stars and planets consists of heavenly orders of vertical and horizontal relationships, likewise in the family there are such vertical relationships as grandparents-parents-children, and such horizontal relationships as brothers and sisters. There are value perspectives corresponding to each of these relationships. In explaining things, this new ontology must not contradict all the knowledge of the natural sciences; it must accord with the human conscience; and it must resonate with the prevalence throughout history of such maxims as "Those who follow the heavenly way prosper, and those who go against it perish."

The value perspective that has been established through the new ontology is in the truest sense the absolute value perspective. By establishing, understanding and practicing absolute value, absolute truth, absolute goodness and absolute beauty, a new reformation of the human spirit will be accomplished and the confusion of the world will be dissipated.

## NEW ONTOLOGY AND THE UNITY OF ALL RELIGIONS

After all is clarified about God through the new ontology, and after it is shown that there is one unique God common to all religions, each religion can hold its own signboard; but, in effect, unity of all religions will have been accomplished, and all can tread abreast for the realization of heaven on earth, which is God's ideal of creation.

All deficiencies and unsolved points in the doctrines of religion will be remedied by the new ontology, and this will eventually lead even to the unity of all doctrines.

Thus all religions will reach perfectly God's very goal or purpose in establishing religions on earth.

It is the Unification Church that emerged to solve various problems of the absolute value perspective. This value perspective can, in turn, resolve the great confusion of the world. The Unification Church is comprehensive, logical and reasonable, and its teachings known as the Unification Principle and Unification Thought have the power to engender total spiritual awakening to all men of conscience and intellect.

May your continued effort and study during your participation in this Conference deepen your understanding of absolute value, and may God's protection remain always with you.

# SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH THE WIFE OF REV. SUN MYUNG MOON

*Korean women are famous for their  
traditional three virtues:  
filial piety for parents, respect  
for their spouse, and constant care  
and love for their children.*

*The November issue of Yeou Won, one of the most well-known women's magazines in Korea, carried as its lead story an interview with Mother, accompanied by 18 stunning color photographs. This is the first interview Mother has ever given to the press. The interviewer seemed fascinated by Mother as a model Korean wife. Hee Hon Oh translated the article, entitled, "Mrs. Hak Ja Han: The Smiling Wings of a Purple [noble] Crane." The syllable "Hak" in Mother's name means crane in Korean; therefore, the imagery of a crane throughout the article.*

The power of a wife who brought today's Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the founder of the Unification Church; the power of a mother who gave birth to 13 children and raised them; the power of a woman who embraces and looks after all the church members throughout the world—despite all these powers of hers, she was unexpectedly noble, like a crane, with a rose of sharon-like natural beauty which can be found in a simple woman living in one's neighborhood.

Mrs. Hak Ja Han. It is a still-unfamiliar name to us. Her face is not easily noticeable—like a bright meadow flower hidden by the shade of a gigantic pine tree.

Hiding herself behind Rev. Sun Myung Moon, who has aroused innumerable and diverse reactions throughout the world, Mrs. Moon is like an extremely typical Korean wife who has not yet removed her veil from her face.

That is why the *Yeou Won* Magazine visited Mrs. Moon—not because she is the wife of the founder of a religion, but rather because we believed she could infinitely touch our hearts as a patient and tolerant wife supporting the success of her husband and as a devoted mother to her 13 children.

We could immediately judge what kind of person she is from her gentle and soft voice saying, "I would like to consult with my husband first about your request. Would you please telephone me again?" From this, we could see that she is a wife who trusts and depends on her husband more than anyone else.

**Same birthday, same home town, same smile,  
same religion**

There are many points which Rev. and Mrs. Moon have in common. First, their birthdays are the same: Rev. Moon's



birthday is January 6, 1920, whereas Mrs. Moon's is January 6, 1943. Secondly, Rev. Moon was born in Jeong Joo, Pyung Book province, and Mrs. Moon in the same province, in the town of Ahn Joo, not far from Rev. Moon's hometown. Thirdly, we cannot discover any traces of anger on their faces; they both have a beautiful smile. Last, both of them were born in devout Christian families.

There is a saying that if a couple share the same birthday, they are already special people, predestined to marry with the blessing of heaven. If so, was not this couple bound to be brought together by God?



*Although my power is weak, still I try  
to let my husband understand  
that there is a woman at his side who always  
wants to share the same destiny  
of life and death.*

*When I married Rev. Moon, I believed it was God's will and accepted it.*



**Father and Mother welcome participants at the Eleventh ICUS.**

Mrs. Moon was wedded at a tender age on April 15, 1960, at the Unification Church headquarters located at 71-3 Ga, Chung Pa Dong, Seoul, Korea.

I asked her about her inner state at the time of marriage, when she must have still retained many of her girlhood dreams.

“Raised in a devout Christian family, I was kept busy reading the books about men and women saints handed to me by my mother. Without allowing me any moments to think of any other dreams, my mother pushed me to read only those books, as if they were homework assignments given by a school teacher. As a result, I anticipated that I myself would become like such women-saints as I grew up. When I married Rev. Moon, I believed it was God's will and accepted it.”

**Because I'm Korean, I like white; because it's the color of the rose of sharon, I like purple.**

On October 5, she invited all the wives of the participants of the World Media Conference to a tea and greeted them as follows:

“Koreans love peace. Throughout its 5,000-year history, Korea has been invaded by foreign countries numerous times; on these occasions our people exhibited remarkable courage. But Korea never attacked others first. The fact that we love the color white is proof of our love for peace. . . .”

“Korean women are famous for their traditional three virtues: filial piety for parents, respect for their spouse, and constant care and love for their children. They are generally shy and tend to be quiet. Yet whenever their nation was confronted with danger, they arose boldly and protected their country at the risk of their lives. There are many Korean ‘Joan of Arcs.’ I want you to realize that the real source of Korea's power is in the hands of Korean women. They are well aware of how to attend their husbands. . . .”

I could perceive through her short speech her constant efforts to help the strangers from abroad to understand Korea better. . . .

“My husband is very unique. He has committed himself to live only for the sake of God and seems to be crazy for God alone. So it is very difficult to keep pace with him, but it is also with great pride that I can support him as his wife. Nevertheless, I have never been asked to take any course called ‘attendance for spouses’ and to obtain credit for it. However, if by chance you have an opportunity to question my husband about my grade, please inform me of the result. One thing I can tell you with confidence is that I offered 13 children to my husband. In that respect, I am sure that he will give me a medal.”

She spoke in fluent and elegant English, dressed in a white Korean jacket top and light purple long skirt. . . . At her witty remark about deserving a medal for having given birth to 13 children, all the guests burst into loud laughter, and the atmosphere of the conference room became far softer and warmer. . . .

When Lady Ky, the wife of the former prime minister of Viet Nam (previously she had been Miss Vietnam and a stewardess), who seems to be greatly interested in her external appearance, questioned how Mrs. Moon could be so beautiful, with clear, fair skin, she replied: “It is thanks to Korean cuisine.” . . .

**The life-long companion through ordeals, who sublimates even the pain of giving birth; the source of courage.**

Mrs. Moon gave birth to 13 children, approximately one each year—seven sons and six daughters in all. When she was asked about the source of such courage and tolerance, she answered: “My husband's joy was indescribable whenever I delivered him a baby; it was really difficult for me to carry an infant almost every year.” However, when she heard from her husband, “Mother, I thank you very much for your hard work; the more children we have, the better they are; isn't that God's blessing for us?”—she felt warmly embraced by him, and all her difficulties disappeared. Thus, she always keeps those precious words in the center of her heart, with



*No matter how great the difficulty,  
if that was the way I could bring  
happiness to my husband, I felt I could  
endure anything.*



deep appreciation. She also added, "No matter how great the difficulty, if that was the way I could bring happiness to my husband, I felt I could endure anything. Isn't his joy mine?"

Her love for her husband seemed too intense for us to comprehend with our ordinary sensibility.

When Rev. Moon is badly treated by mass media or when he faces hardships, how does she comfort him, I asked her.

"He has been really mercilessly and cruelly treated by the mass media worldwide, but that is because they do not know my husband well. As you witnessed through the World Media Conference, the current world has changed a great deal. He definitely will be understood properly by the world. In the midst of tremendous tribulations, he does something incredible, things which no one else in human history could ever do. When we examine people of the past, we find that whoever was great was also lonely. In that sense, isn't it natural that he should be in such a situation? Although my power is weak, still I try to let him understand that there is a woman at his side who always wants to share the same destiny of life and death. Wouldn't that small power of a woman become the source of courage to a man? I believe this is my duty as a supportive wife to her husband."



**Mother addresses women at the Fifth World Media Conference.**

### **Her assistance for her husband through Ginseng extract, natural spring water, and bright smiles**

I asked the secret of how she takes care of her husband, helping him maintain his health under such difficult circumstances, while conducting important tasks—one of which was the recent World Media Conference.

"My husband works so hard, day and night, even forgetting to eat and sleep. He sleeps only two hours a day. So often he prays all night long. But fortunately, he is not fussy about food and eats any kind of food. So I do not need to worry about that too much. Yet, I always prepare Ginseng, so he can take it whenever he needs spiritual relaxation. I mix one portion of Ginseng extract with four portions of honey, making a thin syrup, and serve him a spoonful of it every morning and evening. I also urge him to drink sufficient amounts of natural water."

Perhaps the reason why Mrs. Moon is still as beautiful as a girl and Rev. Moon looks like a healthy young man is due to their drinking natural spring water.

"In order for my husband to be able to work hard outside, without being bothered by family affairs, I try to be patient and tolerant, no matter what difficult matters may come up in my family. Don't you think that is one of a wife's virtues? I



also believe that it is important not to lose the bright smile on my face."

One can imagine how many ordeals she had to undergo in order to rear 13 children, but Mrs. Moon stated that she is doing her best not to lose her smiling face, thinking of her husband working so earnestly, traveling a lonely path.

From her words, I could understand why she could not stop smiling. It was the kind of smile one can carry only when she accepts and digests everything.

### **A Korean wife who endures with strength, like a pure white crane**

Mrs. Hak Ja Han. As her name indicates, she is a woman who could endure many times more than any other ordinary woman.

She seemed to be pure and clear, like an autumn flower, but at the same time, she was a traditional Korean woman who could fly slowly, high in the sky, and at the same time stand firmly on the ground with one leg.

Proud of loving Korea more than anyone else does, she is the kind of wife who regards happiness as being situated in a position where she can love her husband.

Continuing last year's study of "The Search for Absolute Values and the Creation of a New World,"

520 scholars and scientists attended the Eleventh International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences in Philadelphia, November 25-28.

The smaller number of participants reflects a shift in emphasis towards academic quality and creating task forces which will deal with specific questions and produce papers that will make a significant contribution towards resolving issues.

The "Absolute Value Perspective" theme from the Founder's Address was picked up by ICUS chairmen during the opening plenary session. In introducing Father, Dr. Kenneth Mellanby quoted from the resolution passed at the end of the Tenth ICUS, in appreciation of Father. "I am very conscious that we have not lived up to the ideals of Rev. Moon," he said. "We should take full advantage of occasions such as this and hope that they will contribute in some degree to the establishment of the new world, which we so ardently desire."

Dr. Richard L. Rubenstein, introducing his committee on "Responsibility of the Individual in World Society," acknowledged that intellectuals have often led the way to irresponsible solutions and urged that the scholars and scientists in attendance take responsibility for problems facing mankind. Other committee chairmen were: Robert U. Ayres, on "Technology as a Panacea?"; Claude A. Villee, Jr., on "Human Populations in the Future"; Gerard Radnitzky, on "Models of Rationality"; and Karl H. Pribram, on "Self, Society, and the Cosmos."

## THE FOUNDER'S AWARD

A dramatic new feature of this Eleventh ICUS was the presentation of the Founder's Award to Dr. Eugene P. Wigner. The Founder's Award will be given every two years "in recognition of outstanding service to mankind, the advancement of science, and the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences."

A professor emeritus at Princeton University, Dr. Wigner received the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1963 for his contribution to group theory and for-

# ELEVENTH ICUS:



We all may appear to be the Don Quixotes of the 20th century. But for one who has absolute faith in the Almighty, it is not an impossible dream.

## MORE ABOUT CREATING A NEW WORLD

*Joy Pople*

mulation of symmetry principles. Introducing Dr. Wigner, Dr. Alvin Weinberg paid tribute to his distinguished career, "We at ICUS are privileged to know such a profound philosopher and fierce fighter for man's freedom. Only now are people beginning to heed his warnings of the need for strength as the means for maintaining peace."

The \$200,000 Founder's Award—an amount of money similar to the Nobel Peace Prize—is being established to enable scholars to further their work or to found scholarship programs.

"This is entirely unexpected and

undeserved," remarked a modest Dr. Wigner, who had just celebrated his 80th birthday. He

announced that he would donate \$20,000 of the award to a charity of his choice, and asked that a committee be formed to decide how best to distribute the remaining money. Along with Dr. Kaplan, this year's ICUS chairman, Dr. Wigner will co-chair next year's conference in Chicago.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS

The closing banquet featured the International Folk Ballet, the Go-World Brass Band, and concert pianist Earl Wild. Father then sang a Korean folk song, in his inimitable style. After paying tribute to the chairmen, the participants, pianist, ICUS secretariat, and the host city—Father reminded everyone of the conference theme.

"This country is now capable of creating a physical and technological paradise on earth," he explained.

"However, without an understanding of absolute value, this external capability could become a curse instead of a blessing. It is, therefore, very meaningful that we scholars and scientists gather in this founding city of America to renew our search for absolute value and the creation of a new world."

In a style reminiscent of the "I met Moses, I met Buddha, I met Jesus" newspaper headlines in New York last summer, Father mentioned Benjamin Franklin, a famous Philadelphian: "I saw him walking through the lobby of the hotel the other day. Too bad you all missed him! Ben Franklin was an accomplished scientist and inventor himself, but he could never have imagined that one day scientists from around the world would gather like this in Philadelphia. I feel that he may have one regret, however. He must be wondering why Rev. Moon did not start this conference 200 years ago. Then he could have received the first Founder's Award!"

Everyone was amused at Father's sense of humor. His short speech ended with a hope that the solutions to the problems of mankind and a genuine formula for world peace would come through the efforts of outstanding scholars. "For some people this may seem like an impossible



dream," he added, "and we all may appear to be the Don Quixotes of the 20th century. But for one who has absolute faith in the Almighty, it is not an impossible dream. However, God needs champions to rally for His cause. I would like to consider that we are gathered together here as His champions."

## THE WASHINGTON INSTITUTE

ICUS participants this year heard reports about the Washington Institute for Values in Public Policy, a new outgrowth of the Professors World Peace Academy in America. Dr. Richard L. Rubenstein, as president of PWPA in America, and Neil Salonen, as director of the Washington Institute, have invested much time and effort during 1982 to establish the Institute.

As a non-profit, non-partisan institute, it will study the long-range implications of public policy issues affecting the security and well-being of

the American people. As a kind of "think tank," it hopes to provide decision-makers with a critical understanding of the consequences of the policy decisions they are called upon to make, and to offer these resources to the public.

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God needs champions to rally for His cause, and I would like to consider that we are gathered together here as His champions.

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During its first year, the Washington Institute sponsored speakers and held briefing sessions, in addition to compiling and distributing information. An East-West Center is being planned as well. In the future, it will provide a vehicle for scholars who wish to research and write on public issues.

Seven task forces have begun studying relevant political and social issues: Religion and Politics, Central Amer-

ica, Disarmament, Aggression, Middle East, the Arts and the Humanities, and the Asian International Highway. Each task force is led by a scholar of national reputation, who will appoint task force members, guide their research, and edit and disseminate their findings. The Institute itself will take no positions on matters of public policy.

## PARAGON PUBLISHERS

Each year ICF Press has published the entire Conference proceedings in a huge volume (or volumes) edited by Glenn Strait. Over the years, ICUS has compiled the most complete set of papers on the unity of the sciences, unequaled by any other group worldwide. Such a compendium is useful as a reference work, but the sheer number of pages makes the material hard to utilize. Thus, additional publishing projects are now in progress.

To guide the publishing efforts of

ICF, an editorial board was formed in 1981, with Dr. Morton Kaplan as president. The next year, a new publishing house was formed, with William Gertz as publisher: Paragon House Publishers [the word paragon means a model of virtues]. Several years ago, Father had commissioned five books, initiating a "Focus" series of the best ICUS papers on specific issues. The first two such books have just been released: *Mind and Brain: The Many-Faceted Problems*, edited by Sir John Eccles; and *Modernization: The Humanist Response to Its Promise and Problems*, by Dr. Richard L. Rubenstein. Future books are planned, dealing with society and morality, technology and development, evolution, and the philosophy of science. Ideally, each year a half a dozen or so new titles will appear.

Another new book from ICF Press, prepared for this year's ICUS, is a collection of the Founder's Addresses from the past ten years.

## FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

At the closing plenary session, Dr. Kaplan outlined the changing format for ICUS, beginning next year at the Twelfth ICUS, to be held in Chicago: "In order to make for more genuine discussion, the Conference will be smaller. We will set up several task forces, and each will prepare and present between five and seven papers. This will leave room for 200 discussion papers, which will bring considerably more openness and allow for far greater contribution by those participating."

In the coming years, ICUS will stress high-quality, publishable papers; task force members will guide the scholars as they write their papers, and participants' comments will be taken into consideration in editing the final version. Each task force will meet a couple of times during the year, perhaps in different continents, and continue its work until it has published the definitive papers on the issue. Participants in the annual ICUS will include primarily scholars with interest and expertise on the issues under discussion that year.

The International Cultural Foundation will serve as an umbrella organization of ICUS, coordinating activities of various projects. Michael

Leone, a long-time Unification Church member with experience in many activities, is the new secretary-general of ICF, guiding day-to-day operations of the capable staff. A quarterly ICUS newsletter is being planned, to help maintain communications between conference organizers and scholars.

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**Academic people often become spiritually dry, but these are the people God is seeking to work through, in order to lay the foundation for the kingdom of God on earth.**

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In addition, the Professors World Peace Academy, through its branches around the world, will offer all the ICUS participants opportunities to meet, in smaller groups by country or region, throughout the year. Long-established in Korea and Japan, PWPA has very active chapters in Europe, and is now being organized throughout the third world as well.

## DIVINE PRINCIPLE SEMINARS

Over the past five years, ICF has organized 16 introductory seminars on the Unification Movement. More than a thousand scholars and professionals from 70 nations have attended these seminars. [*Today's World Magazine* has carried reports of many of these seminars.]

"Many professors are wanting to learn more and more about our church and have closer contact with us," observed Hugh Spurgin, secretary-general of PWPA in the United States. "This marks a fundamental change in attitude. Participants want to have more contact with Unification Church leaders, CARP leaders, missionaries, etc. As they compare the resources that have been invested in efforts such as the science conferences with the resources invested in our missionary work, they are touched."

The first intermediate seminar was held the week following this year's ICUS, at the World Mission Center. During that week 85 ICUS participants and their spouses who already had attended an introductory seminar heard lectures on Divine Principle and Unification lifestyle and visited church projects in New York.

## BUILDING BRIDGES

Neil Salonen, secretary-general of the Eleventh ICUS and president of ICF, commented on Father's vision for scholars: "Father has been trying to build bridges and make a foundation for a new culture by synthesizing things of value from every culture. How can the family sense of responsibility be recovered or built up? In the United States and in many other cultures as well, this question needs to be dealt with. In order for a nation to progress, it needs the intangible resources of social and moral values; some nations progress at the sacrifice of traditional values. Nations can no longer deal with their problems in an isolated way, but in an international context.

"Academic people often become spiritually dry, but these are the people God is seeking to work through, in order to lay the foundation for the kingdom of God on earth. Scholars receive little honor, compared to people who dedicate their lives to gaining political power, amassing wealth, building up fame, etc. Father's desire is to gather these scholars and serve them, in the position of Abel-type scholars. At our conferences, people start to develop some personal feeling about Father, through a handshake in the receiving line, listening to his funny remarks at the closing banquet, etc. They can intuit that he is a person of great integrity.

"The intensity of feeling about our movement is becoming sharper. The opposition is getting sharper and, in a way, dirtier, but we have more friends willing to work with us. It is important for our movement to be a reflection of Father. Just on a human level, have you ever met anyone as rock-solid as he? You never see him out of character. It is absolutely critical that we be law-abiding people and maintain total integrity.

"As other religious movements begin to prosper, they have often become corrupted and lost their discipline. During transition times, values are threatened and people can become confused or judgmental. The Mormon church is one exception; they have not lost their discipline, and they are growing fast. If we can do things with cohesion, with discipline, without losing sight of what we are trying to do, we will achieve our goal."

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# POETS IN THE FAMILY

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Approximately 350 poems were submitted in response to the poetry contest *Today's World Magazine* announced last spring. Among the varied themes which our brothers and sisters chose to write about, most fit easily into one of the following categories: creation, spiritual rebirth, family relationships, songs, and historical figures. Of course, the themes of love and God appear throughout all the categories.

Judging the poems was somewhat difficult, so as an alternative, we will be using poems occasionally on the inside cover of *Today's World*, to carry some sentiment or theme appropriate to that particular issue, season, or holiday.

In this final issue of 1982, we offer a collection of poems from the category "historical figure," the theme which most closely fits our understanding of Father's observation that it is public-experience poetry which will be most cherished, rather than personal-experience poetry. On three evenings, a few members met in the *Today's World* office to read poems and explore what the term "public poetry" might mean.

We tried to relate our lives and our appreciation and study of poetry and literature to our understanding of the Principle and God's providence of restoration. Still we are searching to find those additional elements which Divine Principle and Unification Thought can contribute to the realm of literary accomplishment. Somehow, the new poetry written by members of the Unification Church should be poetry for the purpose of the providence of God. Poetry, like art and music, should also serve some capacity in the restoration of men's hearts and lives.

Together we evolved a set of questions, rather than answers, as an approach to evaluating these works of the poets of our family:

Can a poem be public if it is written from the viewpoint of "I"?

Can a poem be of universal interest and still not be considered public-experience poetry?

Does a poem have to be about Father, or Jesus, or some such figure, to be a providential poem?

If the personal-experience poems were more excellent in their use of imagery, vocabulary and style, than the public poetry, which type would win the contest?

Can a poem be important if its ideas, vocabulary and emotion are understandable only by Unification Church members?

In our poetry circles, almost everyone agreed that we shouldn't "judge" the poems submitted, but rather present them to our readers. At a meeting of the HSA International publications department, members arrived at a general consensus of the poems which best met the following guidelines:

1. Is this poem appropriate for the category of historical figure or historical event?
2. Does it fulfill the requirement of public experience poetry?
3. Is it a well-conceived and well-written poem, to the best of one's ability to evaluate it?

It was mentioned that only a better poet should judge anyone else's work at all. If anyone would like to volunteer for such a position, please send us some samples of your work. We are always happy to hear from the poets in our family.

## HISTORICAL FIGURE

### POEMS BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIFICATION CHURCH

#### ADAM AND EVE, AND ADVENTS, FIRST AND SECOND

Two trees  
once beautiful  
Beyond most daring dreams of man,

Were struck  
and scarred  
twisted unrecognizably  
By the force of a Black Lightning Death  
of a treacherous lie, incarnate.

Darkened and cloaked  
in grey-fog veils  
They bent, near lifeless  
on the bank of the river of life  
and silent mists the river hid.

Only One could see and know  
His cries echoing silently  
down through the loneliness  
of the ages  
As He struggled alone, to bring back life  
to the trees  
His children  
and the dying river  
of mankind.

Sad and dark and unfulfilled  
The earth's wrenched heart  
could hardly bear the day.  
Each child of God awaited the dawn  
and a newborn son to herald in the morn ...

At last  
God's tears became Man  
His love became flesh once again  
and for the first time in all Being  
a Tree bloomed and brought forth  
Fruit of Love  
from the very depths  
of the heart of the Father

All,  
all one, and all one and all  
were to gather near and take of this fruit  
and drink deep from the same river  
in which His roots  
were eternally, and in oneness, bound.

But though he came and bore much

and gave more, yea, all that he had  
He had to go away alone  
For they knew Him not.

Not one knew Him, and He truly was  
Pure Spirit of light, shining too Bright  
For those too long in dark.  
Blinded for so long.  
They saw only the shadows of their own souls  
Dimming His face and darkening His heart.

As he fell, the mighty and beautiful tree  
He shattered not, and not one splinter  
removed from him  
and the dark, threatening waters  
Crashed and roared angrily beneath him.  
But his heart could never be destroyed  
or changed  
And one by one,  
then many and multitudes  
through long years  
Earth's children crossed into Life  
Over the bridge of His Love.

And now  
They are to say, "Upon us, rest"  
And come again, Love-son, God's own  
To light the way to never darkened day.

For when He does  
He,  
will be they  
And they will be  
at last, the trees born new.

The eternal trees, unveiled  
Well stand above  
The river clear,  
and sparkled Bright with Life!  
And from the River  
And from each patterned wave  
more numerous than the stars in heaven  
and each, a glittering child,

From them,  
Reflections of the son, will shine,  
True images of pure and boundless love.

- Mary Jo Brown

## HISTORICAL MAN

I had forgotten it was me,  
But the words were so clear  
that the pain in my heart became tears.  
I bowed my head  
And felt the heat of shame  
As I re-lived my crime once again.

He loved me I know,  
But I was confused, lost, tricked and betrayed,  
You see; he didn't fit the image I had made.  
And it was somehow unreal  
As thick tongued we shouted,  
Until our resentment we sated!

Only years changed,  
For now I listen—Aghast!  
As I hear I repeat my crime from the past.

One half world away,  
Another man—digs lime  
True truth, true love, his only crime.  
And my resentment  
Once more condemning.  
But! I grow in the love he is mending.

Total repayment  
I know, can't be done,  
But to comfort—I can overcome,  
And cleanse my heart  
My 6,000 year past  
Of resentment.  
An historical man  
First and last.

- Nigel Barrett

## THE NUMBER 40

When Abraham failed to cut the smallest dove  
and shed its blood  
Did he see the whip of Egypt  
pierce the backs of his own sons?  
Could he feel the yoke of slavery  
the hearts of yearning to be free  
400 years 'til God called Moses  
to lead his people across the sea?

When John the Baptist failed to follow  
his younger cousin and went his way  
Did he see the bones of Jesus  
protrude from fasting 40 days?  
Did he see his own disciples call out,  
'crucify him, please'?  
And Jesus hung there quietly crying  
for the wasted suffering of 4000 years.

When the early Christians full of hope  
entered proudly through the gates of Rome,  
They admired the Coliseum, the Pantheon's  
majestic dome.  
But did they see the lions roaming,  
their brothers praying with clasping hands  
400 years of bloody struggle  
till the whole of Rome could understand?

When the Land of Morning Calm was crushed  
beneath the Shogun's ruthless rule  
A land of peace became a prison,  
the hand of terror came down so cruel.  
But they clung onto their culture,  
to their God without a fear  
Till the spring of liberation ended  
the pain and sorrow of 400 years.

- Anthony Clarke

## ONE

They call you Christ, Vishnu, Buddha  
Mohammed or Lord  
You are the wind of this new life,  
Creator of all.

You are the one  
No matter what, you are  
the real love that I've got.

You are my friend  
And when life's through  
I'll know you in the end.

You're in my dreams  
I hold you there in high esteem  
I need you more each step I take  
You are the creator of all I make  
You are the one I'd die for  
You are all that is real  
You are the essence of life  
Whose taste I will surely feel  
You are the ...  
One.

[name of author unrecorded]

## I REMEMBER GALILEE

His sandal footprints  
Along the tiny coast  
Where the Lord, he made calm the stormy sea.  
We were with him on that sunny day  
All clothen in his white  
And I remember, the very time he spoke to me.

His eyes were soft  
Yet oh so tired  
And his skin, it was golden and clear.  
And he reached and touched my hand  
And I gripped it as my life,  
Yet all I could offer unto him was a tear.

Then he raised his hand up high,  
And spoke those words of calm  
That only the waves could hear his pleading call,  
while I was in a dream.  
His heart was aching sad,  
For his kingdom and his hope to save us all.

And he spoke of heaven's places,  
Where men would be as trees.  
And I gave him my shawl to wipe the tears he wept.  
He talked all through the night  
Of his coming once again,  
But oh for those who slid away and slept!

And we sat,  
Just the twelve,  
On that tiny, sunny beach,  
While the wind blew his words across that sacred land.  
And he left us on his own,  
And the tide that had just come,  
Washed away those sandal footprints from the sand,

Washed away those sandal footprints from the sand.

- John Haydon

## SON OF GOD

In the bitter cold of one winter night,  
The Son of God was born.

He was born into the darkness of this world,  
And only the angels were there  
To protect him on that night.

How sad  
The one for whom  
Every blade of earth's grass has been longing,  
Could find no place to rest here.

He was received  
swaddled in misunderstanding;  
And this surrounded him  
all the days of his life.

And the warm earth  
Which longed for the touch of his feet,  
And the sweet-scented spring breeze  
Which longed to caress him cried out!  
As it received his blood into the soil  
As it had cried out for another son,  
so many years before.

Oh Child of Promise, Blessed Son!  
My few words  
Can bring no welcome and no gift before you  
That has not awaited you from the beginning  
of this world.  
Your life is a gift from those  
who fought in the darkness before you,  
The Ones who led the way  
And those, your parents, who followed—  
At such a great price  
That we shall never know.  
They have won for you  
the greatest gift of God's Inheritance.

And everything which he has withheld  
So long is now to be yours.

Holy Child!  
Though you are born still  
In the darkness of this world  
Behold now  
How the dawn is breaking around you  
And though thieves now occupy the place  
Of peace and comfort  
Where you should lay your head,  
And wear the crown of jewels  
Which is rightfully yours,  
Still, it is you,  
That the whole earth longs  
To hold and caress,  
It is you they have waited for—  
Withholding the sweetest flowers  
And the warmest springs  
As their rightful gift for you.

Holy Son  
God has reserved and given  
All these things to you.  
We can give only our lives  
As a living promise  
That the light shall not retreat again,  
That the darkness shall not cover the earth again.

And as this history will be only  
As a far distant, vanishing dream to you—  
So you must make it so  
For our Heavenly Father  
And all His Holy Ones.  
You must write the new history  
Of mankind!  
(Oh how we are all waiting to see what you  
shall become!)

- JoAnn Crooks Nakao

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# POETS IN THE FAMILY

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Approximately 350 poems were submitted in response to the poetry contest Today's World Magazine announced last spring. Among the varied themes which our brothers and sisters chose to write about, most fit easily into one of the following categories: creation, spiritual rebirth, family relationships, songs, and historical figures. Of course, the themes of love and God appear throughout all the categories.

Judging the poems was somewhat difficult, so as an alternative, we will be using poems occasionally on the inside cover of Today's World, to carry some sentiment or theme appropriate to that particular issue, season, or holiday.

In this final issue of 1982, we offer a collection of poems from the category "historical figure," the theme which most closely fits our understanding of Father's observation that it is public-experience poetry which will be most cherished, rather than personal-experience poetry. On three evenings, a few members met in the Today's World office to read poems and explore what the term "public poetry" might mean.

We tried to relate our lives and our appreciation and study of poetry and literature to our understanding of the Principle and God's providence of restoration. Still we are searching to find those additional elements which Divine Principle and Unification Thought can contribute to the realm of literary accomplishment. Somehow, the new poetry written by members of the Unification Church should be poetry for the purpose of the providence of God. Poetry, like art and music, should also serve some capacity in the restoration of men's hearts and lives.

Together we evolved a set of questions, rather than answers, as an approach to evaluating these works of the poets of our family:

Can a poem be public if it is written from the viewpoint of "I"?

Can a poem be of universal interest and still not be considered public-experience poetry?

Does a poem have to be about Father, or Jesus, or some such figure, to be a providential poem?

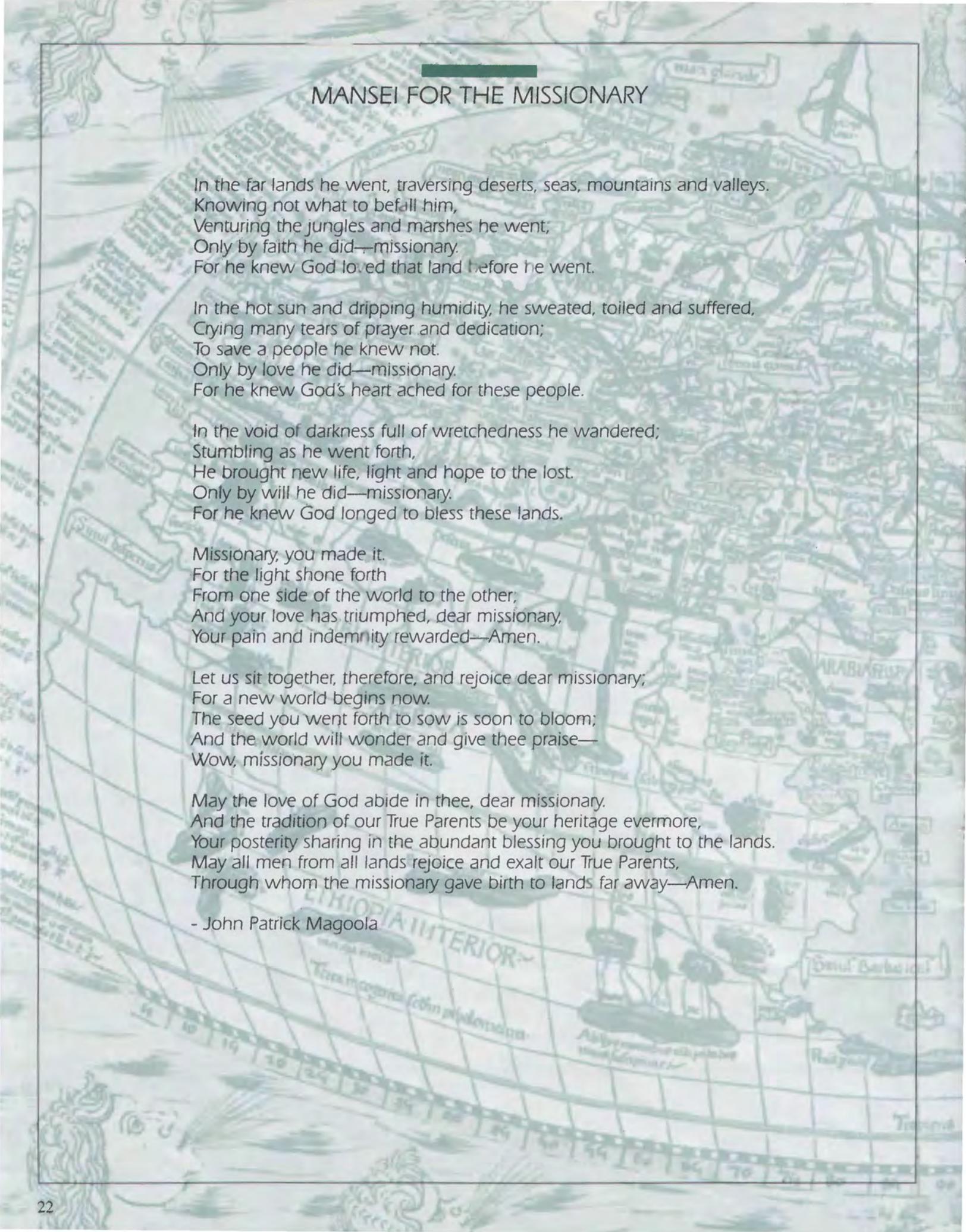
If the personal-experience poems were more excellent in their use of imagery, vocabulary and style, than the public poetry, which type would win the contest?

Can a poem be important if its ideas, vocabulary and emotion are understandable only by Unification Church members?

In our poetry circles, almost everyone agreed that we shouldn't "judge" the poems submitted, but rather present them to our readers. At a meeting of the HSA International publications department, members arrived at a general consensus of the poems which best met the following guidelines:

1. Is this poem appropriate for the category of historical figure or historical event?
2. Does it fulfill the requirement of public experience poetry?
3. Is it a well-conceived and well-written poem, to the best of one's ability to evaluate it?

It was mentioned that only a better poet should judge anyone else's work at all. If anyone would like to volunteer for such a position, please send us some samples of your work. We are always happy to hear from the poets in our family.



## MANSEI FOR THE MISSIONARY

In the far lands he went, traversing deserts, seas, mountains and valleys.  
Knowing not what to befall him,  
Venturing the jungles and marshes he went;  
Only by faith he did—missionary.  
For he knew God loved that land before he went.

In the hot sun and dripping humidity, he sweated, toiled and suffered,  
Crying many tears of prayer and dedication;  
To save a people he knew not.  
Only by love he did—missionary.  
For he knew God's heart ached for these people.

In the void of darkness full of wretchedness he wandered;  
Stumbling as he went forth,  
He brought new life, light and hope to the lost.  
Only by will he did—missionary.  
For he knew God longed to bless these lands.

Missionary, you made it.  
For the light shone forth  
From one side of the world to the other;  
And your love has triumphed, dear missionary,  
Your pain and indemnity rewarded—Amen.

Let us sit together, therefore, and rejoice dear missionary;  
For a new world begins now.  
The seed you went forth to sow is soon to bloom;  
And the world will wonder and give thee praise—  
Wow, missionary you made it.

May the love of God abide in thee, dear missionary.  
And the tradition of our True Parents be your heritage evermore,  
Your posterity sharing in the abundant blessing you brought to the lands.  
May all men from all lands rejoice and exalt our True Parents,  
Through whom the missionary gave birth to lands far away—Amen.

- John Patrick Magoola

## OUR FATHER'S WAYS GO ON

Father, Father, my Guiding Star,  
Take me to any unknown place very far.  
Oh, how sweet that your love can be,  
With your true joy moving inside of me.

Father, Father, My Early Morning Sun,  
Show me the new life that has just begun.  
Your fire of faith is like a sharp sword,  
Powerful words of wisdom from the Lord.

Father, Father, my Shining Moonlight,  
Your power of goodness shines so bright.  
With your unchanging love, I can see God above,  
In a sinless world of hope and true love.

Father, Father, my Prince of True Happiness,  
Take me to the wonderland of total sinlessness.  
Your unselfishness goes beyond time and space,  
You are always there in my heart as a very place.

Father, Father, I want more than just a sample,  
Because your standard of love is the heavenly example.  
Please teach me to be sincere with a grateful heart,  
Living a principled way of life right from the start.

Father, Father, my Master of Blood, Sweat, and Tears,  
Please show me how to sacrifice for all mankind throughout the years.  
With your perfect love I can't feel pain, hatred, or fear,  
Because you have paved the way to heaven so very clear.

Father, Father, my Universal Prince of Joy,  
Your constant rebirth makes me feel like a little boy.  
The new truth will bring the entire world all together,  
In a world of peace and brotherhood that will last forever.

- Lorenzo Artis

*A short story about Jesus as a 12-year-old boy whose parents take him to see the marvels in the Temple. Mary and Joseph, as well as the child,*

# In the Temple

*Selma Lagerlof*

*face the challenges of developing an unselfish heart. Translated from the original Norwegian by Velma Swanston Howard. Reprinted by permission.*

Once there was a poor family—a man, his wife, and their little son—who walked about in the big Temple at Jerusalem. The son was such a pretty child! He had hair which fell in long, even curls, and eyes that shone like stars.

The son had not been in the Temple since he was big enough to comprehend what he saw; and now his parents showed him all its glories. There were long rows of pillars and gilded altars; there were holy men who sat and instructed their pupils; there was the high priest with his breastplate of precious stones. There were the curtains from Babylon, interwoven with gold roses; there were the great copper gates, which were so heavy that it was hard work for 30 men to swing them back and forth on their hinges.

But the little boy, who was only 12 years old, did not care very much about seeing all this. His mother told him that that which she showed him was the most marvelous in all the world. She told him that it would probably be a long time before he should see anything like it again. In the poor town of Nazareth, where they lived, there was nothing to be seen but gray streets.

Her exhortations did not help matters much. The little boy looked as though he would willingly have run away from the magnificent Temple, if instead he could have gotten out and played on the narrow street in Nazareth.

But it was singular that the more indifferent the boy appeared, the more pleased and happy were the parents. They nodded to each other over his head, and were thoroughly satisfied.

At last, the little one looked so tired and bored that the mother felt sorry for him. "Now we have walked too far with you," she said. "Come, you shall rest a while."

She sat down beside a pillar and told him to lie down on the ground and rest his head on her knee. He did so, and fell asleep instantly.

He had barely closed his eyes when the wife said to the husband: "I have never feared anything so much as the moment when he should come here to Jerusalem's Temple. I believed that when he saw this house of God, he would wish to stay here forever."

"I, too, have been afraid of this journey," said the man. "At the time of his birth, many signs and wonders appeared which betokened that he would become a great ruler. But what could royal honors bring him except worries and dangers? I have always said that it would be best, for both him and for us, if he never became anything but a carpenter in Nazareth."

"Since his fifth year," said the mother reflectively, "no miracles have happened around him. And he does not recall any of the wonders which occurred during his early childhood. Now he is exactly like a child among other children. I never speak with him about any of these marvels. But I fear all the while that, without my having aught to do with it, something will happen which will make him understand who he is. I feared most of all to bring him to this Temple."

"You may be glad that the danger is over now," said the man. "We shall soon have him back home in Nazareth."

"I have feared the wise men in the Temple," said the woman. "I have dreaded the soothsayers who sit here on their rugs. I believed that when he should come to their notice, they would stand up and bow before the child, and greet him as Judea's King. It is singular that they do not notice his beauty. Such a child has never before come under their eyes." She sat in silence a moment and regarded the child. "I can hardly understand it," said she. "I believed that when he should see these judges, who sit in the house of the Holy One and settle the people's disputes, and these teachers who talk with their pupils, and these priests who serve the Lord, he would wake up and say, 'It is here, among these judges, these teachers, these priests, that I am born to live.'"

"What happiness would there be for him to sit shut between these pillar aisles?" interposed the man. "It is better for him to roam on the hills and mountains round about Nazareth."

The mother sighed a little. "He is so happy at home with us!" said she. "How contented he seems when he can follow the shepherds on their lonely wanderings, or when he can go out in the fields and see the husbandmen labor! I can not believe that we are treating him wrongly, when we seek to keep him for ourselves."

"We only spare him the greatest suffering," said the man.

They continued talking together in this strain until the child awoke from his slumber.

"Well," said the mother, "have you had a good rest? Stand up now, for it is drawing on towards evening, and we must return to the camp."

They were in the most remote part of the building and so began the walk towards the entrance.

They had to go through an old arch which had been there ever since the time when the first Temple was erected on this spot; and near the arch, propped against a wall, stood an old copper trumpet, enormous in length and weight, almost like a pillar to raise to the mouth and play upon. It stood there dented and battered, full of dust and spiders' webs, inside and outside, and covered with an almost invisible tracing of ancient letters. Probably a thousand years had gone by since anyone had tried to coax a tone out of it.

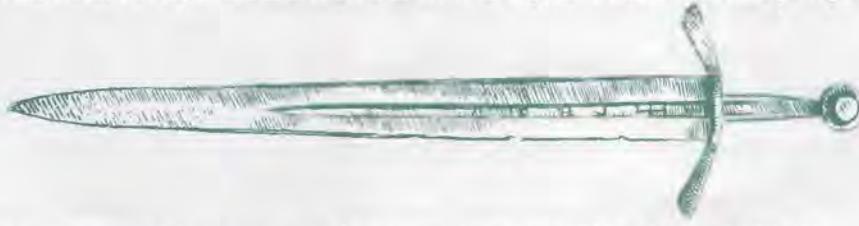
But when the little boy saw the huge trumpet, he stopped—astonished! "What is that?" he asked.

"That is the great trumpet called the Voice of the Prince of this World," replied the mother. "With this, Moses called together the Children of Israel, when they were scattered over the wilderness. Since his time no one has been able to coax a single tone from it. But he who can do this shall gather all the peoples of the earth under his dominion."

She smiled at this, which she believed to be an old myth; but the little boy remained standing beside the big trumpet until she called him. This trumpet was the first thing he had seen in the Temple that he liked.



They had not gone far before they came to a big, wide Temple court. Here, in the mountain foundation itself, was a chasm, deep and wide—just as it had been from time immemorial. This chasm King Solomon had not wished to fill in when he built the Temple. No bridge had been laid over it; no enclosure had he built around the steep abyss. But instead, he had stretched across it a sword of steel, several feet long, sharpened, and with the blade up. And after ages and ages and many changes, the sword still lay across the chasm. Now it had almost rusted away. It was no longer securely fastened at the ends, but trembled and rocked as soon as anyone walked with heavy steps in the Temple court.



When the mother took the boy in a roundabout way past the chasm, he asked: "What bridge is this?"

"It was placed there by King Solomon," answered the mother, "and we call it Paradise Bridge. If you can cross the chasm on this trembling bridge, whose surface is thinner than a sunbeam, then you can be sure of getting to Paradise."

She smiled and moved away; but the boy stood still and looked at the narrow, trembling steel blade until she called him.

When he obeyed her, she sighed because she had not shown him these two remarkable things sooner, so that he might have had sufficient time to view them.

Now they walked on without being detained, till they came to the great entrance portico with its columns, five-deep. Here, in a corner, were two black marble pillars erected on the same foundation, and so close to each other that hardly a straw could be squeezed in between them. They were tall and majestic, with richly ornamented capitals around which ran a row of peculiarly-formed beasts' heads. And there was not an inch on these beautiful pillars that did not bear marks and scratches. They were worn and damaged like nothing else in the Temple. Even the floor around them was worn smooth, and was somewhat hollowed out from the wear of many feet.

Once more the boy stopped his mother and asked: "What pillars are these?"

"They are the pillars which our father Abraham brought with him to Palestine from far-away Chaldea, and which he called Righteousness' Gate. He who can squeeze between them is righteous before God and has never committed a sin."

The boy stood still and regarded these pillars with great, open eyes.

"You, surely, do not think of trying to squeeze yourself in between them?" laughed the mother. "You see how the floor around them is worn away by the many who have attempted to force their way through the narrow space; but, believe me, no one has succeeded. Make haste! I hear the clanging of the copper gates; the 30 Temple servants have put their shoulders to them."

But all night the little boy lay awake in the tent, and he saw before him nothing but Righteousness' Gate and Paradise Bridge, and the Voice of the Prince of this World. Never before had he heard of such wonderful things, and he couldn't get them out of his head.

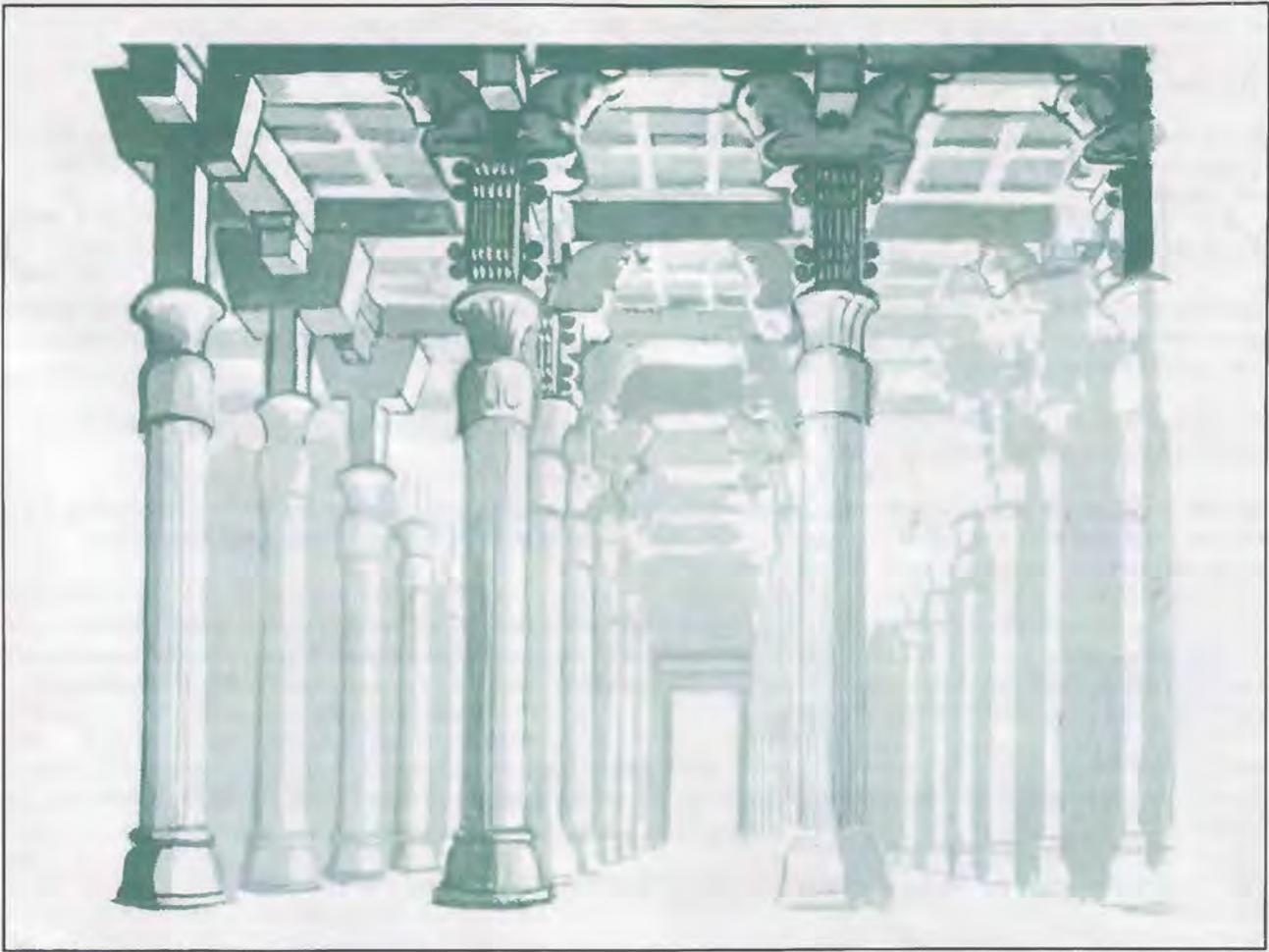
And on the morning of the next day it was the same thing: he couldn't think of anything else. That morning they were to leave for home. The parents had much to do before they took the tent down and loaded it upon a big camel, and before everything else was in order. They were not going to travel alone, but in company with many relatives and neighbors. And since there were so many, the packing naturally went on very slowly.

The little boy did not assist in the work, but in the midst of the hurry and confusion he sat still and thought about the three wonderful things.

Suddenly he concluded that he would have time enough to go back to the Temple and take another look at them. There was still much to be packed away. He could probably manage to get back from the Temple before the departure.

He hastened away without telling anyone where he was going to. He didn't think it was necessary. He would return, of course.

It wasn't long before he reached the Temple and entered the portico where the two pillars stood.



As soon as he saw them, his eyes danced with joy. He sat down on the floor beside them, and gazed up at them. As he thought that he who could squeeze between these two pillars was accounted righteous before God and had never committed sin, he fancied he had never seen anything so wonderful.

He thought how glorious it would be to be able to squeeze in between the two pillars, but they stood so close together that it was impossible even to try it. In this way, he sat motionless before the pillars for well-nigh an hour; but this he did not know. He thought he had looked at them only a few moments.

But it happened that, in the portico where the little boy sat, the judges of the high court were assembled to help folks settle their differences.

The whole portico was filled with people, who complained about boundary lines that had been moved, about sheep which had been carried away from the flocks and branded with false marks, about debtors who wouldn't pay.

Among them came a rich man dressed in a trailing purple robe, who brought before the court a poor widow who was supposed to owe him a few silver shekels. The poor widow cried and said that the rich man dealt unjustly with her; she had already paid her debt to him once, and now he tried to force her to pay it again, but this she could not afford to do; she was so poor that should the judges condemn her to pay, she must give her daughters to the rich man as slaves.

Then he who sat in the place of honor on the judges' bench turned to the rich man and said: "Do you dare to swear on oath that this poor woman has not already paid you?"

Then the rich man answered: "Lord, I am a rich man. Would I take the trouble to demand my money from this poor widow, if I did not have the right to it? I swear to you that as certain as that no one shall ever walk through Righteousness' Gate does this woman owe me the sum which I demand."

When the judges heard this oath they believed him, and doomed the poor widow to leave him her daughters as slaves.

But the little boy sat close by and heard all this. He thought to himself: what a good thing it would be if someone could squeeze through Righteousness' Gate! That rich man certainly did not speak the truth. It is a great pity about the poor old woman, who will be compelled to send her daughters away to become slaves!

He jumped upon the platform where the two pillars towered into the heights, and looked through the crack.

“Ah, that it were not altogether impossible!” thought he.

He was deeply distressed because of the poor woman. Now he didn't think at all about the saying that he who could squeeze through Righteousness' Gate was holy, and without sin. He wanted to get through only for the sake of the poor woman.

He put his shoulder in the groove between the two pillars, as if to make a way.

That instant all the people who stood under the portico looked over toward Righteousness' Gate. For it rumbled in the vaults, and it sang in the old pillars, and they glided apart—one to the right, and one to the left—and made a space wide enough for the boy's slender body to pass between them!

Then there arose the greatest wonder and excitement! At first no one knew what to say. The people stood and stared at the little boy who had worked so great a miracle.

The oldest among the judges was the first one who came to his senses. He called out that they should lay hold on the rich merchant and bring him before the judgment seat. And he sentenced him to leave all his goods to the poor widow, because he had sworn falsely in God's Temple.

When this was settled, the judge asked after the boy who had passed through Righteousness' Gate; but when the people looked around for him, he had disappeared. For the very moment the pillars glided apart, he was awakened, as from a dream, and remembered the home journey and his parents. “Now I must hasten away from here, so that my parents will not have to wait for me,” thought he.

He knew not that he had sat a whole hour before Righteousness' Gate, but believed he had lingered there only a few minutes; therefore, he thought that he would even have time to take a look at Paradise Bridge before he left the Temple.

And he slipped through the throng of people and came to Paradise Bridge, which was situated in another part of the big Temple.

But when he saw the sharp steel sword which was drawn across the chasm, he thought how the person who could walk across that bridge was sure of reaching Paradise. He believed that this was the most marvelous thing he had ever beheld; and he seated himself on the edge of the chasm to look at the steel sword.

There he sat down and thought how delightful it would be to reach Paradise, and how much he would like to walk across the bridge; but at the same time he saw that it would be simply impossible even to attempt it.

But it seems that in the court where the deep chasm was, a large altar had been erected, and all around it walked white-robed priests, who tended the altar fire and received sacrifices. In the court there were many with offerings, and a big crowd who only watched the service.

Then there came a poor old man who brought a lamb which was very small and thin, and which had been bitten by a dog and had a large wound.

The man went up to the priests with the lamb and begged that he might offer it, but they refused to accept it. They told him that such a miserable gift he could not offer to our Lord. The old man implored them to accept the lamb out of compassion, for his son lay at the point of death, and he possessed nothing else that he could offer to God for his restoration. “You must let me offer it,” said he, “else my prayers will not come before God's face, and my son will die!”

“You must not believe but that I have the greatest sympathy with you,” said that priest, “but in the Law it is forbidden to sacrifice a damaged animal. It is just as impossible to grant your prayers, as it is to cross Paradise Bridge.”

The little boy did not sit very far away, so he heard all this. Instantly he thought what a pity it was that no one could cross the bridge. Perhaps the poor man might keep his son if the lamb were sacrificed.

The old man left the Temple Court disconsolate, but the boy got up, walked over to the trembling bridge, and put his foot on it.

He didn't think at all about wanting to cross it to be certain of Paradise. His thoughts were with the poor man, whom he desired to help.

But he drew back his foot, for he thought: “This is impossible. It is much too old and rusty, and would not hold even me!”

But once again his thoughts went out to the old man whose son lay at death's door. Again he put his foot down upon the blade.

Then he noticed that it ceased to tremble, and that beneath his foot it felt broad and secure.

And when he took the next step upon it, he felt that the air around him supported him, so that he could not fall. It bore him as though he were a bird, and had wings.

But from the suspended sword a sweet tone trembled when the boy walked upon it, and one of those who stood in the court turned around when he heard the tone. He gave a cry, and then the others turned and saw the little boy tripping across the sword.

There was great consternation among all who stood there. The first who came to their senses were the priests. They immediately sent a messenger after the poor man, and when he came back they said to him: "God has performed a miracle to show us that He will accept your offering. Give us your lamb and we will sacrifice it."

When this was done they asked for the little boy who had walked across the chasm; but when they looked around for him they could not find him.

For just after the boy had crossed the chasm, he happened to think of the journey home, and of his parents. He did not know that the morning and the whole forenoon were gone, but he thought: "I must make haste and get back, so that they will not have to wait. But first I want to run over and take a look at the Voice of the Prince of this World."

And he stole away through the crowd and ran over to the damp pillar aisle where the copper trumpet stood leaning against the wall.

When he saw it, and thought about the prediction that he who could coax a tone from it should one day gather all the peoples of the earth under his dominion, he fancied that never had he seen anything so wonderful, and he sat down beside it and regarded it.

He thought how great it would be to win all the peoples of earth, and how much he wished that he could blow in the old trumpet. But he understood that it was impossible, so he didn't even dare try.

He sat like this for several hours, but he did not know how the time passed. He thought only how marvelous it would be to gather all the peoples of earth under his dominion.

But it happened that in this cool passageway sat a holy man who instructed his pupils that sat at his feet.

And now this holy man turned towards one of his pupils and told him that he was an imposter. He said the spirit had revealed to him that this youth was a stranger, and not an Israelite. And he demanded why he had sneaked in among his pupils under a false name.

Then the strange youth rose and said that he had wandered through deserts and sailed over great seas that he might hear wisdom and the doctrine of the only true God expounded. "My soul was faint with longing," he said to the holy man. "But I knew that you would not teach me if I did not say that I was an Israelite. Therefore, I lied to you, that my longing should be satisfied. And I pray that you will let me remain here with you."

But the holy man stood up and raised his arms towards heaven. "It is just as impossible to let you remain here with me, as it is that someone shall arise and blow in the huge copper trumpet, which we call the Voice of the Prince of this World. You are not even permitted to enter this part of the Temple. Leave this place at once, or my pupils will throw themselves upon you and tear you in pieces, for your presence desecrates the Temple."

But the youth stood still, and said, "I do not wish to go elsewhere, where my soul can find no nourishment. I would rather die here at your feet."

Hardly was this said when the holy man's pupils jumped to their feet, to drive him away, and when he made resistance, they threw him down and wished to kill him.

But the boy sat very near, so he heard and saw all this, and he thought: "This is a great injustice. Oh! if I could only blow in the big copper trumpet, he would be helped."

He rose and laid his hand on the trumpet. At this moment he no longer wished that he could raise it to his lips because he who could do so should be a great ruler, but because he hoped that he might help one whose life was in danger.

And he grasped the copper trumpet with his tiny hands, to try and lift it.

Then he felt that the huge trumpet raised itself to his lips. And when he only breathed, a strong, resonant tone came forth from the trumpet, and reverberated all through the great Temple.

Then they all turned their eyes and saw that it was a little boy who stood with the trumpet to his lips and coaxed from it tones which made foundations and pillars tremble.

Instantly, all the hands which had been lifted to strike the strange youth fell, and the holy teacher said to him:

“Come and sit thee here at my feet, as thou didst sit before! God hath performed a miracle to show me that it is His wish that thou shouldst be consecrated to His service.”

As it drew on towards the close of day, a man and a woman came hurrying toward Jerusalem. They looked frightened and anxious, and called out to each and everyone whom they met: “We have lost our son! We thought he had followed our relatives, but none of them have seen him. Has anyone of you passed a child alone?”

Those who came from Jerusalem answered them: “Indeed, we have not seen your son, but in the Temple we saw a most beautiful child! He was like an angel from heaven, and he has passed through Righteousness’ Gate.”

They would gladly have related, very minutely, all about this, but the parents had no time to listen.

When they had walked on a little farther, they met other persons and questioned them.

But those who came from Jerusalem wished to talk only about a most beautiful child who looked as though he had come down from heaven, and who had crossed Paradise Bridge.

They would gladly have stopped and talked about this until late at night, but the man and woman had no time to listen to them, and hurried into the city.

They walked up one street and down another without finding the child. At last they reached the Temple. As they came up to it, the woman said: “Since we are here, let us go in and see what the child is like, which they say has come down from heaven!” They went in and asked where they should find the child.

“Go straight on to where the holy teachers sit with their students. There you will find the child. The old men have seated him in their midst. They question him and he questions them, and they are all amazed at him. But all the people stand below the Temple court, to catch a glimpse of the one who has raised the Voice of the Prince of this World to his lips.”

The man and the woman made their way through the throng of people, and saw that the child who sat among the wise teachers was their son.

But as soon as the woman recognized the child she began to weep.

And the boy who sat among the wise men heard that someone wept, and he knew that it was his mother. Then he rose and came over to her, and the father and mother took him between them and went from the Temple with him.

But as the mother continued to weep, the child asked: “Why weepest thou? I came to thee as soon as I heard thy voice.”

“Should I not weep?” said the mother. “I believed that thou wert lost to me.”

They went out from the city and darkness came on, and all the while the mother wept.

“Why weepest thou?” asked the child. “I did not know that the day was spent. I thought it was still morning, and I came to thee as soon as I heard thy voice.”

“Should I not weep?” said the mother. “I have sought for thee all day long. I believed that thou wert lost to me.”

They walked the whole night, and the mother wept all the while.

When the day began to dawn, the child said: “Why dost thou weep? I have not sought mine own glory, but God has let me perform miracles because He wanted to help the three poor creatures. As soon as I heard thy voice, I came to thee.”

“My son,” replied the mother. “I weep because thou art none the less lost to me. Thou wilt never more belong to me. Henceforth thy life ambition shall be righteousness; thy longing, Paradise; and thy love shall embrace all the poor human beings who people this earth.”

# The Lame Dream of Footsteps, the Blind, of Blue

Larry R. Moffitt



*A short story about preparing for the messiah's arrival. Reprinted from The News World*

The rising sun seemed an enormous oval as the bottom rim cleared the distant peaks. A minute later it was one diameter's length from the horizon and already hot.

Andrew sat up in the spot where he had spent the night. It was a wide stone step at the base of a low rock wall surrounding a well, the only one within a day's walk, and the source of that community.

In the beginning there had been a desert spring. Soon the paths leading to it formed a crossroads, and finally, on all sides and along each road, houses were built. Dependent in every way on this gift of water, the town was known by travelers, herdsman and its residents as *The Well*.

Andrew had spent most of his life at the center of the universe on this stone step. Every day he sang little songs of greeting that he made up, keeping rhythm with the rattle of the coins in his cup. And though he couldn't see them, he knew every villager by his walk and recognized every stranger's pace by the time of his second visit.

To the sounds of the different steps he had matched a hundred names, and it paid off tangibly when he could look through sightless eyes at the face of each one who approached and hail him humbly by his surname. Only a few of the sighted visitors to the well could understand how he knew who they were before they even spoke.

Fortunately for Andrew, a coin in his palm was considered by the giver to bring good luck. It was likewise fortunate for the other beggars that Andrew possessed a generous nature himself, as he was able to survive on half of what he made, and having no direct kin, distributed the rest to Hyfa, to Lame John and his twins, and to Mary, who was as

crippled by her complaining ways as she was by flaws at birth.

On this day, Andrew's spot at the well was different. Usually, to avoid getting stepped on, he sat to one side, away from where the rope and pulley were tied off at the rim. The small group usually kept to the shady side too, moving around the wall like the shadow on a dial as the sun went across the sky.

But today Andrew was underfoot. He sat so close to the pulley rope, in full heat of the day, that users of the well had to reach over him to lower the bucket. Three travelers had already kicked him off the step, but as soon as they watered and left, he went back to the spot under the rope.

Road talk that day and the day before had been of a stranger on foot who would be coming through on his way to the south, and Andrew couldn't rid himself of the feeling that it was important for him to meet the man. And since one could not pass from the north to the south without putting his hand on the rope above his head, Andrew knew he would see the man today.

"I'm going to see someone I know," he told Hyfa when she asked why he preferred the company of the sun to theirs.

"Who is going to give their coins to a stricken dog lying about in the sun?" Mary interjected. "Even the buzzards are beginning to take notice. I hope this friend of yours is a rich one." He felt no need to answer or be irritated at these expressions of her unchanging nature.

Hyfa slid over next to him to ask what he saw. She knew that to him, sight was holy, and that he never used the word "see" in an unthinking manner, as a conversational habit. Why did he say he was waiting to see a friend, and who was the friend? Did she not know everyone he knew? Was he ill? What was he feeling today that was unlike other days?

"The world is a little different each day than the day before," he told her. "But lately, the differences from one day to the next are becoming greater. There may come a time when a child will grow up in a completely different world than the one his grandfather knew.

"And there are differences in the travelers. They still speak of robbers, shortages of trade and women, but the traders themselves arrive from longer distances and speak increasingly in terms of the

future: wars to come in peaceful countries and fires to rage where they have always been contained. This summer is hotter than any I can remember, and the hornets are building their nests near the ground in fear of the coming winter.

"People say they have dreamed these things and I have dreamed them too. Harsh change is coming, but so is hope. I have dreamed this as well.

"Last night I understood inside myself the meaning of color. I saw and felt 'green' and 'brown' and 'blue' and 'white' in my sleep. I have never had such a dream."

Hyfa pleaded with him to come to the shade. Rest your head in my lap and I will fan the flies away while you sleep, she said.

"I will wait here. You go to the shade," he told her, and began to sing softly to himself his songs of greeting. He rattled a coin in his cup to attract other coins.

A townsman asked him to move, but he said nothing and stayed where he was. By the sun it was noon. Hyfa sat beside him.

"Has the mad dog found a mate?" came Mary's voice from the other side.

Andrew grew more attentive as groups of strangers began to gather. Some were beggars, beggars who traveled by themselves, and some were dragged there on mats by relatives. Soon every space by the wall was taken and people began to quarrel among themselves.

Andrew was careful not to attract attention and risk being shoved away from his place. His sweat was cold from fear of being pulled even an arm's length from his spot on the step.

From this spot he could touch the foot of anyone who stopped for water. If only I can be here, he thought. If only I can touch his robe or his sandal, I will see true color awake. His face will be brown, the same brown of my dreams. If only I can be right here when he passes. I already know the sound of his walk.

The crowd pressed from all sides, stepping on his hands, cursing at Hyfa, cursing at themselves. He told her to put her arm on him, and that if she kept it there, she would walk before the day was over.

There was nothing to say. She wrapped both arms around his, hugged it close and laid her head on his shoulder.

*Last spring severe flooding struck areas of northeast Bolivia, leaving many people stranded without shelter and food. In a cooperative effort, CAUSA and International Relief and Friendship Foundation (IRFF) helped flood victims in a number of towns and village of the province of Beni. Flooding began in March 1982, and a small emergency shipment of medical supplies and blankets was brought in shortly afterwards. Widespread flooding destroyed roads and made river travel dangerous. By May, waters had receded enough to allow a major relief effort. Fifty tons of food and supplies were brought in, by truck, barge and planes.*

## **Relief for Bolivian Flood Victims**



*A faithful Catholic woman lamented, "Why did God punish us?"*



*Small boats rescue stranded villagers.*



*Yolanda Delgado and Kem Mylar distribute food to the village people.*



*An abandoned village, after the waters receded.*



*Airplane lands in a central town, San Joaquin, and smaller planes transferred food to remote villages.*



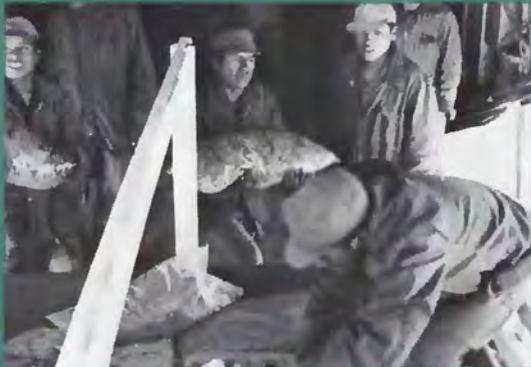
*The first of many trucks are loaded in La Paz; gasoline and transport were donated.*



*Children wait to see what will happen.*



*A Catholic nun receiving rice for her school in Puerto Almacen. Flood waters had reached as high as the roof.*



*Civil defense volunteers unload supplies from a plane.*



*Bags of noodles are light enough for the children to carry.*



*Life returns to normal. A village woman, wearing her best dress, bakes bread with donated flour.*

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## REFLECTIONS OF AN INDEXER

*One of the final duties in an editor's year is preparing the index to that volume. Five or ten years from now, researchers will use this tool to find out what Father was saying and doing, how church projects began to take shape, how God was working in the lives of pioneer members. If you wish to send your magazines to a bindery and have them bound in yearly volumes, the index at the back of the December issue will become your guide to the volume.*

*The contents of Volume III are somewhat different from Volumes I and II. For one thing, fewer articles of the "internal guidance" nature appear this year, largely because a book on Unification Church traditions is being prepared for publication; this will give our members an organized presentation of the major points in our life of faith.*

*You might also have missed home church testimonies and theory. Again, the definitive book of Father's teaching on home church will be published soon.*

*However, no book is being planned which will compensate for our scanty coverage of news from some areas of the world, such as Europe. Readers who are in a position to supply us with testimonies, reports, photographs of international activities—don't be shy. We would love to hear from you! We also welcome comments about our coverage and suggestions for future articles.*

*Many members report that they have been studying our historical articles. We have many more in the planning stage. We feel such articles are invaluable aids in understanding the formative era of our church; they give us guidance and courage, as we try to follow the footsteps of our True Parents.*

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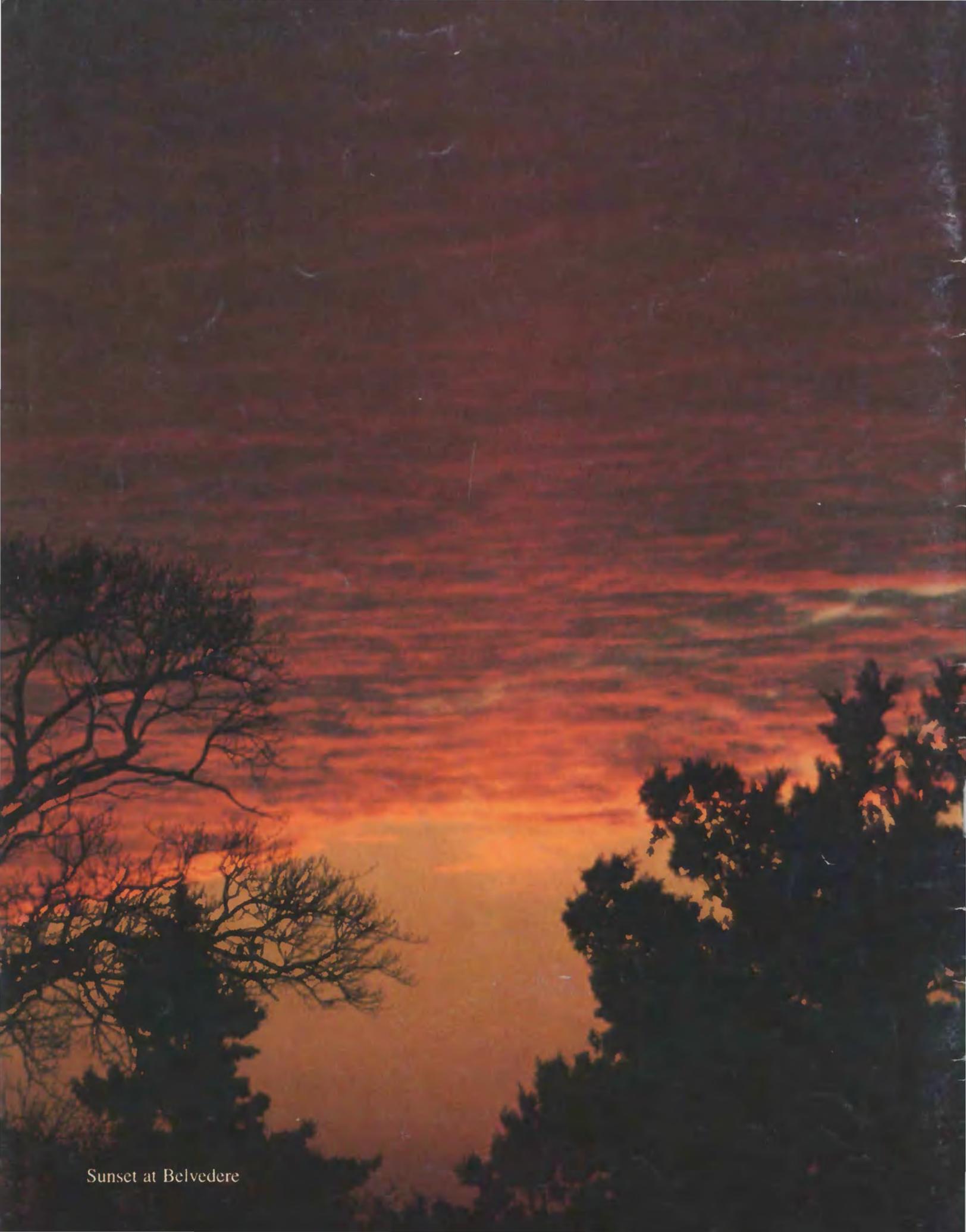
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