

My Experiences With Mother - Part I

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Vulcan Statue in Birmingham, Alabama

Here is my story. I was on National MFT in the South, doing door to door and shop to shop. There were a couple of brothers that I liked, Chris Colaneri and Patrick Erlandson. Fundraising was difficult, but being friends with them helped us get through our days. As an introvert, going up to people I didn't know every day was difficult, but I clearly knew that this group was where I was supposed to be, so I could push myself.

However, apart from our daily struggles to deal with negativity and rejection, one thing reared up. I had plenty of resentment about things in my life, I was only too happy to leave my parents behind to follow God. Not much sacrifice there. But when Chris became my team captain, things changed. I hated being told where to go, where to suffer today and for how many hours. I liked Chris, but I resented him as my team captain. One day he asked me for a shoulder massage as he drove. As I worked on his neck, I felt my fingers start to close around his neck. I couldn't stop them. "Sam! Sam! Don't kill me!" Chris said, half joking. But it

scared me. Part of me was that negative.

I had within me something that could take me right out. I was where I was supposed to be, and it was difficult. But if I couldn't overcome this feeling seething in me, I would be gone. And I didn't know how to control it.

I usually liked to know what I was doing, but here I didn't have a clue. Father had talked about dissolving resentment, but I had no idea how you did that. I prayed desperately "Heavenly Father, this is going to kill me. I need to get rid of it, and I don't know how. Please, please, how do I get rid of my resentment?"

That night I had a dream. I was in court, being accused of misusing my potential, spacing out, not giving my all. These were all the things I'd been a feeling inside. Then Father stood up. "No, he's good. Look at what he's doing. Sleeping five hours, getting accused every day and replying with blessings. It's so hard, but he keeps going. This is the last thing he'd want to do. He's not bad, he's good. He's mine." Father was defending me, interceding for me. When I woke up, I was lying on the shag rug in a cheap motel, but here were Mother and Father beaming down at me like I was a baby lying in a crib. I had seen Father just a few times, the second time I saw him he was matching me. But here were Father and Mother just radiating a pure love at me, a deeper and brighter parental love than I'd ever known.

I woke up on that shag rug hearing "Wake up brothers" and another day on MFT began. Stale motel room air, stumbling half asleep into the shower, forcing stiff muscles to move. Into the van, jostling along with morning service, then breakfast elbow to elbow bouncing up and down. Then out.

Our team was in Birmingham, Alabama, a gritty industrial city with a huge statue of Vulcan atop the hill. I was on a gritty sidewalk in the morning light, engine noises, diesel exhaust, the clanking and rattling sounds, going in and out of shops where stony faces told me "Ah don't believe" "What church is this for?" and various other repellents. Everybody preoccupied, nobody welcoming, nobody wanting to give even a smile.

Yet the whole time, True Parents' faces were floating in front of me. "Oh, look, he's fundraising. He keeps going no matter what they say to him. Ohhhh." I kept waiting for it to fade, but they were with me the whole morning, just beaming at me.

That is the first time I felt that degree of pure parental love. I had plenty of problems with and resentment for my parents, for their inability to love me and really see me. This penetrated through all my life experiences. Here was a parental love pure, bright and deep.

This is one reason why I don't need theological explanations about who Mother is. This pure and beautiful heart, this expression of God, is inside each one of us, but it's locked away. In that way, God is in jail, all around the world. True Parents' mission has always been, my job is to free God.