

Thank You! Mother, Please Take Care of Everything!

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Excerpted from Chapter 1 of True Mother's memoir, *Mother Of Peace: And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears From Their Eyes*



*Moon, moon, bright moon, the moon
with which Lee Tae-baek used to play,*

*Far away on that moon,
there is a cinnamon tree.*

*I cut it down with a jade axe
and trimmed it with a gold axe,*

*To build a small cottage
where I attend my mother and father.*

*I want to live with them forever;
I want to live with them forever.*

While laden with sadness, this traditional Korean song also stirs and uplifts the heart. The wish to live forever with one's mother and father conveys the heart of filial piety. We are utterly bereft orphans, far from our Heavenly Parent whom we have lost, and

even if we lose everything, we have to find Heavenly Parent and our original homeland. Nothing leads to greater happiness than being able to attend the beloved parents for whom we long, even if it is not in a splendid palace but just a humble three-room thatched cottage.

Everything and everyone loves the sun. Only with the sun can life flourish. The moon, on the other hand, bestows something else. The sun represents splendor, the moon tranquility.

When people are far from home, they tend to think about their hometown and long for their parents while looking at the moon, not at the sun. I have fond memories of gazing at the moon together with my husband. We watched it with many members during the Korean Chuseok harvest festival, and at the first full moon of the new year. Nonetheless, my husband and I could not simply lose ourselves in contemplation as we gazed at the moon.

"After this work is done ...," my husband would always say, and so would I, "After this work is finished and we have a bit of free time, we'll be able to take a break."

We thought that once we had finished the urgent work before us, we might have a little time to rest. But that time never came. Thinking of my grandmother Jo, who a century earlier had cried "Mansei!" for our nation's independence, I poured out my youth and passion, working throughout my life to save humanity and build a peaceful world.

I have always held high the banner of peace, inheriting the March First Independence Movement's noble spirit of non-violence and peace. I lived with a constant sense that there was never enough time and accomplished more than anyone could have imagined. I did my utmost in everything entrusted to me, living throughout the years with one heart and one will, solely for the sake of others.

As a result, I never gave my body the rest it needed. Many were the times I neglected to eat or sleep, and even being sick seemed like a luxury I could not afford.

My husband, Rev. Dr. Moon Sun-myung, was born with a strong physique, and had he taken even a little better care of his health, he would have had more time to work for a better world. But he followed Heaven's Will with unflinching devotion, without taking care of himself at all, and this damaged his health ultimately to the point of no return. During the final four or five years before his Seonghwa, he was in continual motion, living each day as if it were a thousand years.

Father Moon constantly traveled between continents, and it was usually between east and west, which takes a much greater toll on the body than traveling between north and south.

Considering his age, he should not have traveled such long distances so often. If overseas travel was absolutely necessary, he should have limited such trips to once every two or three years. Yet even in the year before his Seonghwa, when he was well over 90, he traveled between Korea and America more than eight times. He gave no thought to his own health, working solely for God and humankind.

He also often spent entire nights on rough seas for days on end to help church members and young people cultivate patience and the spirit to overcome hardship. During Hoon Dok Hae, my husband had so much he wanted to share that it was not uncommon for the Hoon Dok Hae sessions to continue for more than ten hours.

Despite other urgent matters, he pushed himself to make a hurried trip to Geomun Island and Yeosu, and eventually caught a cold.

We should have gone to the hospital immediately, but he kept postponing it, saying, "We can go after this is done." By the time he reluctantly went to the hospital for an examination, his health was already very weak. He was hospitalized for a short time during the summer of 2012, but as soon as his medical examinations were finished, he stubbornly insisted on being discharged. We tried to persuade him to stay longer, but he wouldn't listen.

"I still have a lot of work to do; I can't just sit here in the hospital!" he said, scolding the people who advised him to stay. There was no choice but to discharge him. That was August 12, 2012.

When we arrived home, he suddenly said, "I want to have breakfast sitting opposite you, Omma." The members who heard this were quite surprised, because I always sat next to my husband during meals. And then, when the late breakfast was served, my husband seemed uninterested in eating. He just gazed at me as if he were trying to engrave my face in his heart. I smiled, placed a spoon in his hand, and served him some of the side dishes. "These vegetables are delicious, so take your time to eat," I said.

The next day, the sun was unusually strong, even for mid-summer. In the oppressive heat, Father Moon toured Hyojeong Cheonwon, beginning with Chung Pyung Lake and Cheongshim Middle and High School, accompanied by a huge oxygen tank. Upon his return to Cheon Jeong Gung, he asked for a voice recorder. With the recorder in his hand, he fell into deep thought for about ten minutes, and then little by little, began recording his thoughts.

"I have offered my whole life to Heaven. I have accomplished everything for this. I have completed everything! This is the consummation, completion and conclusion."

This turned out to be True Father's final prayer. In it, as he brought his life to a close, he spoke of transcending the history of the Fall, returning to humanity's original Garden of Eden, and following only True Parents on the way to the kingdom of heaven. He also proclaimed the mission of restoring the nation by guiding one's tribe. It was a prayer and message that encompassed the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end.

Breathing with some difficulty for a moment, he squeezed my hand tightly. "Mother, thank you! Mother, please take care of everything!" Though he was struggling, he went on to say how sorry and truly grateful he was. I held his hand more firmly and reassured him with warm words and loving eyes. "Don't worry about anything."

On September 3, 2012, my husband, Rev. Dr. Sun Myung Moon, ascended into God's embrace at the age of 93. He was laid to rest at Bonhyangwon at the foot of Mount Cheonseong. I often slip into deep thought as I gaze at the moon rising above Mount Cheonseong. "I cut it down with a jade axe and trimmed it with a gold axe, to build a small cottage where I attend my mother and father. I want to live with them forever; I want to live with them forever." I repeat that wish to myself, over and over.