

BODYGUARD FOR CHRIST



Gerhard Peemoeller

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Preface

My reason to write this book was not a financial one, even though any money coming to me would be gratefully appreciated. After completing my time as bodyguard I felt, that I should write these experiences down, it would make a good story, but always something else came in between. Even when I tried to start, I felt that my work was not what I expected it to be.

Many years passed, and many people did encourage me to write, but when I thought about my trials and compared it with other literature, I was not encouraged to continue. Many years passed and finally God came to me and told me to write a book. I was completely surprised, but it still took me some time to get serious. When I saw, that during summer vacation my youngest daughter Oceana could not find a job, I felt that it was time to start, because she could type the book into the computer. Many times I was asked, who would buy such a book, and how can you make money with that? All I can say is, that I tried to present an inside story of this special time, to present the human side of the man.

I really do not like that in a few centuries people will vote again: was he God, was he man, or was he both? I rather present my story of this physical man, my experiences with him, with his family and I like to portray his human side, which I have done so to the best of my abilities.

Gerhard Peemoeller

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Introduction

This journey of mine began one late October night in 1972 in Germany on my way home from listening to music at a disco. I had a Volkswagen bus at that time, and it was full of people. At the time I had a beat band and was living in a small village. Having a band in that small village attracted many, many people. Whenever we would play, many people would come. Even every band practice on my farm attracted many people to come to listen. I was well known locally and had many friends.

This October night, I went to different cities to pick up some of my friends, and together we went to Luebeck to a disco to listen to music. While driving back that night on the way to drop off my friends, one girl started talking. She said, "I would really like to know about God." So, they began discussing about God. I was driving, and the more they were discussing the more frustrated I got about it.

At that time in Germany it was cool to be intellectual and to have all the intellectual answers. As a result, the religious aspect was diminishing, and many people left the churches and tried to find intellectual answers to life's questions. When I heard the discussion about God, eventually I entered it and said, "There is no God. There is only energy." I explained about the beginning of time and creation from the point of view of energy. As I was talking, the words came flowing out of my mouth. The words were coming out of my mouth, and it was as if someone was speaking through me. As I listened to myself, I remember thinking that I never realized that I knew those things.

After half an hour or so of talking I finally stopped; we dropped everyone off and then went home. There was one friend still with me who came from a neighboring village to visit me almost every night. It was a crystal clear night, and so many stars could be seen. It was so beautiful. All of a sudden, a purple light appeared in the night sky in the shape of an old Germanic letter "A." This purple light went back and forth, and we looked at it in awe. My friend asked, "What is it?"

“I have no idea!” I replied

That sign eventually headed towards the direction from which we came, so we got back into the Volkswagen bus and followed it. Eventually it disappeared. The spot where it disappeared was the section of the road where I had previously been talking about energy. Then we went home.

The next day, my friend went to school in Luebeck and was approached by a young lady. She lectured him in a trailer about God and about the Divine Principle. That night he came to my house again; filled with excitement, he said, “I met some people today, and they were saying the same thing about God that you were saying last night.” What he heard from that lady was the first chapter of the Divine Principle. I answered him, “I want to go there and discuss it with them.” However, it took me about four weeks to find the time and the opportunity to go to Luebeck to talk to those people who were spreading the Divine Principle.

It was interesting that although my friend received an invitation card, he had lost it. He remembered the street where a meeting was supposed to take place, so we went to that street. However, we couldn't find anybody. We walked from door to door on that street looking at plaques. We went halfway down the street and eventually found a plaque that had a Divine Principle symbol next to it. My friend, recognizing the Divine Principle symbol, said “They are using this symbol; this must be it.”

I rang the bell, and a young girl came running down the stairs. Half-way down the stairs, she looked through the glass door and saw us. We were both big and tall; I had long hair and a beard, and my friend had long hair too. She came to a dead stop. After pausing a moment to think, she came down very slowly and opened the door. “Yes, can I help you?” she asked.

“I heard there were discussions here, and I came to discuss this matter,” I answered.

She replied, “No, there are no more discussions here.”

I was so disappointed. “I missed it again,” I said to myself.

Then she said, “But there are some speeches and teachings.”

“Okay, let's listen to the speeches and teachings,” I replied.

We walked up the stairs and came into a very small apartment with two small rooms and one walk-in closet. The floor was a little crooked. It was a very humble place. We sat down, and the girl started to speak. She told us her name was Maya. Of course, she spoke about God. I got this uncomfortable feeling as I listened to her. After a little while, she said, "You have a wall around yourself. If you don't let down that wall, I can't teach you anything."

I thought, "If I don't do something, she might kick me out."

I made an effort to become more open and receptive to what she had to say. As she continued to speak, something felt very familiar. This was actually what I had been saying that night in my Volkswagen bus to the people who were discussing about God. I realized it was the Divine Principle, chapter one. After the lecture was over, I was so excited. I bought some literature from her and said, "You know, I don't think anybody is supporting you. Here, have some cash."

After I went home, I went through the literature and read it again. I wanted to go back to the center and listen to more of the teachings. I went every night to listen to more of the Divine Principle, and after 13 days I heard the conclusion. Even though listening to the Divine Principle had excited me from the beginning, when I heard the conclusion I answered by saying, "No, this isn't true—it cannot be true," and I started to argue.

I went home and thought about everything. Every day for 21 days was like a battle. During the day my thoughts were about the Divine Principle, but I determined, "No, I'm not going back there any more." At night, however, something would come over me and I would end up going back to the center. One Sunday, when I wanted to do something else, I wound up at the center. I was discussing with one girl the depths of the Divine Principle and I ended up saying, "Let us work together loosely." That's how I joined the Unification Church.

I went to the center every night and shared my feelings and experiences; I talked about the purple light I had seen in the night sky. The girl had some speeches that had been translated from Korean into English and then from English into German. They were given by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon after he arrived in America. Those

speeches were called "Master Speaks." He was called "Master" at that time, but of course that title soon changed to "True Father."

In those speeches, Father spoke and answered questions. One of the questions was about UFOs. He answered, "They appear physically, but they are spiritual." When I heard that explanation, I understood why the light was moving across the sky the way it did. No airplane could move that way. It was spiritual, not physical, even though it appeared to be physical. Interestingly, the date I saw it was October 22, my mother's birthday. My mother had died ten years earlier of a lung disease. I thought that the light must have come from or through my mother and that someone was speaking through me to my friends that night about the first chapter of the Divine Principle.

I talked to the girl in the center about my feelings and my fear that there was someone watching me closely at night. It was a very uncomfortable feeling, especially when it was pitch black outside. "Maybe you should pray," she suggested. I agreed and decided to pray the following evening. The next night I had to take care of the cattle on my farm, and just before I milked the cows I went to my room to pray.

I hadn't prayed in a long time, so when I entered the room I felt that I should take off my boots, which I did. Then I also felt that I should kneel down and pray on my knees. As I tried to do that, I found that I had never done anything in this position in my life and my knees were hurting. I couldn't pray that way. Then I decided to sit on the floor and fold my legs to pray. However, I was 27 years old and had never folded my legs before, so I couldn't do it! I couldn't pray!

I finally decided to just sit on the floor with my legs stretched out in front of me. With my back against the wall, I closed my eyes, folded my hands, and started addressing my prayer to God. I told God what was in my heart. As I did, I felt as if energy was leaving my head vertically. I understood that energy will not be lost and cannot be destroyed, and since I was addressing God I felt that this energy must reach God. I was confident that God knew what I was praying. As a result, I simply sat there with closed eyes, waiting for some kind of response.

Several minutes passed and nothing happened. Then all of a sudden there seemed to be a movie screen in front of me. I felt like I

was in a movie theater staring at the people and action on the screen. However, my eyes were closed and the images weren't clear. So I said, "It's not clear." Amazingly, I began to see everything very clearly. However, it was in black and white, so I said, "And now, in color," and everything appeared in full color. I saw so many things. Then I saw a big rock, taller than a man. Next to the rock there was a person who used to advertise a certain type of liquor called "Leibwaechter," which means bodyguard. I knew I was supposed to be the person represented by the bodyguard. I understood that a mountain symbolizes God, so this big rock, which comes from a mountain, symbolizes Christ. In my heart I believed that the person by the rock symbolized the bodyguard for Christ, and I felt that I was supposed to be that person. Then I saw myself in America at a certain place, which I later found out was East Garden. I saw myself doing many things in America—traveling around, raising funds, and talking to people. Then I saw a lady with glasses who had two little children with her. Those children were supposed to be my children. After a while, the vision disappeared.

I was amazed. I went back to the center and explained my vision. The people there were amazed at what I had experienced. For a while, whenever I prayed like that I saw another vision about what was supposed to happen in my future. In one vision, I saw the entire world and Father was standing next to it, trying to ignite it.

Gradually, I came closer to the people in the center. Around Christmas, they invited me to go to the headquarters in Essen. I used the Volkswagen bus and brought some people from other centers with me, and we ended up at the national headquarters in Essen. There were many people there, and they were all so interested in the spiritual experiences that I had and the visions I saw. All of a sudden, I had so many friends and people to talk to.

Saturday night, the boys slept in sleeping bags on the floor on one level, and the girls slept on the next level. At around 4:30 am, I heard the sounds of people getting up, so I also got up. They told me, "Oh, it's not necessary for you to get up. You can lie down."

"But you are getting up," I said. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, it is a pledge service, a prayer," they replied.

"I'll also come to pray," I said.

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We went into the hall, and everyone was there—boys on one side and girls on the other. At 5:00, we started by bowing. In the front of the room was a picture of an Asian man and an Asian woman. I thought it was strange to bow to an Asian man and woman, but we did. Then we started to read the pledge.

“Number one, as the center of the cosmos, I will fulfill our father’s will....” As I was reading through this first paragraph of the pledge, I realized that I had committed myself to God; I had given myself to God. However, I felt I was not quite ready to do that. I thought to myself, “Oh my gosh! What have I said? What have I done?”

As I thought about what I had just promised and the consequences that it entailed, an incredible phenomenon occurred. I felt energy come over me in the form of a bell, starting from my head and covering the rest of my body. The energy settled around me and took the shape of my body. Energy was coming in from the very top of my head, as if someone was stuffing energy into my head. There was so much pressure in my head that I couldn’t take the pain it was causing. I wanted to scream, but the energy around my throat was squeezing it closed. Not one sound came out of my mouth, no matter how much I tried to scream. More and more energy came into my head, and it felt as if my head was about to explode. I felt so much pain, but my head couldn’t burst because the energy around it was holding it in place. When I couldn’t take the pain any more, everything became black.

I fainted and fell down, breaking three chairs in the process. As I was lying on the floor, I heard what seemed like a voice within me saying, “What? This is all you could take? You’re already done? This is all?” It was the voice of God. I felt hands on my arms and around my chest helping me up. I thought, “I already got up today; why do you have to help me up?” Then I realized that I had fainted. I felt that God could easily have killed me at that moment if he had wanted to, but it wasn’t my time. I became so afraid of God that ice-cold sweat appeared on my forehead, something I had never experienced before. Some people escorted me to a couch and helped me sit down. I was scared for my life. Everyone was asking, “What happened? What happened?” I ended up describing what I just experienced.

From that time, I was very afraid of God. With every prayer, I thought that experience might repeat itself. The Pledge ceremony especially scared me. This phenomenon never recurred, but I definitely paid attention to God from that moment on. When our national leader, Paul Werner, came he asked me, "When can you come to us and move in?"

"Maybe in three or four months," I answered.

Then he said, "If you don't speed up this process, something might happen to your family."

Sure enough, it did. When I returned home, my dad told me an amazing story. My brother was married and had a child who was less than a year old. He was on vacation in Rio, but his wife was still working at a department store. Her co-workers knew that her husband had gone to Rio and sang for her, "The Star of Rio." She was very frustrated.

After work, my sister-in-law went home to her baby and mother. She gave her baby a bath, and as she was drying her something amazing happened: the baby's toes suddenly became dark blue, nearly black. The dark color very slowly covered the entire foot and went up the leg. It went past the calves, the knees, all the way up to the thighs, and spread up to the arms and head. She became hysterical and screamed for her mother to come. Then both of them became hysterical. They called a doctor, but the doctor didn't come right away. The dark blue covered the baby's face all the way to the temples before stopping.

My sister-in-law held her baby tightly. From the temples up, the baby was normal, but below that, her skin was completely dark blue, nearly black. After a while, the dark blue color receded and the baby's skin regained its normal color. When the doctor eventually came, he couldn't see anything wrong, but he decided to admit the baby to the hospital hoping they would be able to figure it out. They did all kinds of tests on the baby, but they couldn't find an answer.

A few days later, the same phenomenon happened again while the baby was in the hospital with doctors and nurses present. Again, the baby's entire body became dark blue, nearly black. The doctors had absolutely no idea what was happening or how to treat it. Eventually,

the color went away as suddenly as it had come. My dad told me that that this had happened again.

As I listened to the report, I remembered what I was told before: "If you don't hurry, something might happen to your family."

I told my dad, "I know what it is: God is calling me." I explained that I was going every night to the city to listen to the Divine Principle. For the entire day, we did not do any work. We sat down, and I explained the Divine Principle to him as well as I could, from the beginning to the conclusion. I explained about the messiah, the True Parents. I said, "God wants me. I have to go. You must have had dreams of my mother. Did you dream of her?"

He said, "Yes, I did."

I asked, "What did she say to you?"

He replied, "She said, 'Let the boy go. You do not know all the good that will come of it.' It took you three months to join this church; it might take me three years."

Even though it was clear that God wanted me, I still had doubts and I prayed to God, asking whether he wanted me to join the church. God was silent and gave me no answer. However, the answer did come 33 years later. At that time, I was living in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and I went with my family to see the movie "The Passion of Christ." As we watched the movie, all of a sudden an incredible energy came over me. I recognized this energy—it was the energy that I used to experience 30 years earlier. An incredible strength came over me.

At the point in the movie where Jesus was being arrested after praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, I heard a voice telling me, "To prevent that from happening again was the reason why I called you." It was the voice of God. After about 33 years, God finally answered my question.

Returning back to my original dilemma, I still wasn't 100 percent convinced, so I made a condition to fast and pray for three days. After one day of fasting, when I prayed I saw the same vision of the bodyguard for Christ. I felt I was supposed to become a bodyguard for Christ. On the second day there was no vision when I prayed, but that night I received the answer in a dream. God told me in that dream, "I want you to become a bodyguard for Christ." On the third day, after

praying I felt I would find the answer written in the Bible. I opened up the Bible and my eyes fell on a certain verse—Revelations 14:1: “Then I looked and behold, a lamb standing on Mt. Zion. And with him, 144,000 having his father’s name written on their foreheads.” I knew I was supposed to be one of the 144,000, and so I joined.

I had wonderful experiences as I went to different cities in Germany, witnessing, talking to people, and teaching the Divine Principle. During that time we were told that there was a campaign in America and that Father wanted members to come to America to support the Day of Hope campaign. There were going to be three public speeches, entitled Christianity in Crisis: New Hope, America in Crisis: New Hope, and the New Future of Christianity.

On September 18, 1973 a group of us landed at JFK Airport in New York to support and help out in the campaigns starting with Carnegie Hall in New York City and then going through 21 cities in America. The first evening, there was a banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Then came three evenings of lectures in Carnegie Hall. It was not easy to bring people to the event. Mr. Sun Myung Moon was not well known, and the program consisted of one Korean man lecturing about Christianity in crisis, America’s problems, and new hope for Christianity.

I was chosen to provide security at that time, and I was sitting right in front of True Father. I was listening very attentively, waiting for some bold proclamation about the second coming of Christ, but he didn’t say it. However, he proclaimed that in the year 1960 he had fulfilled the holy marriage of the lamb. Even though people heard it, nobody responded to him. What he was speaking went way over everyone’s head.

The next city we went to was Boston, followed by Dallas. Dallas has many Christians, many of them fundamentalist Christians. No one thought they needed new revelations coming from an Oriental man. Early one morning, our team leader asked for volunteers who would like to provide security in the house where True Parents were staying. My arm went up instantly, but I thought that there was very little hope for me to become a security guard since everyone else likely

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wanted to do the same thing. Amazingly, only one other person raised his hand, so the two of us went to Father's house.

I had no idea how to provide security, since I had never done it before. I stood at the entrance door and made sure no strange people went in. Then True Parents came out of their rooms and started to walk outside. One Korean elder brother said to me, "Hey security guard, do you know that Father is outside?" I went outside, and Father asked me to bring out some chairs. Earlier I had looked inside the garage and had seen some lawn chairs there, so I brought them to True Parents and they sat down on them. Then Father started to talk to me. He said, "You have been a farmer and you like music. You made music." He told me all kinds of things about my past. I was reminded of the Bible story in which Jesus told a lady about her past. I was really excited.

Most of the time while he was talking to me Father's eyes were closed, but when he opened his eyes, which were very small, he stared straight into my eyes. As he did, I felt an incredible energy come into me. All of my burdens and cares were gone. My body straightened out completely. I didn't realize that my head was angled so far forward and my shoulders were hunched, but I felt my head go back and my shoulders straighten up. My true self emerged. I had an incredible feeling that God was looking me right in my eyes. Father asked me about my feelings about America, and I told him that I was kind of disappointed that I could not find many young people. But he said, "They are in the colleges and schools."

He then sang some German songs for me. I was amazed. And then True Mother asked me, "Do you know the song 'Am Brunnen vor dem Tore'?" Of course I did. Then she sang it for me. She has a very beautiful voice. An incredible, almost electrifying atmosphere enveloped me, and I was lifted into Heaven by the True Parents. I recognized that they really were my true parents, and I was willing to give my life for them. That was the time of my spiritual rebirth.

After Dallas came Omaha, and I was again part of security. I worked all day and provided security all night. In the morning, I was so tired and I thought, "I hope someone comes to relieve me soon." Then Father came out with some older members and they went into an

RV. I became very hungry and tired as I stood outside, and after a while the door opened and Father said to me, "You are very weak. You have to watch out that you don't fall away." He asked me to come inside and gave me some orange juice to drink. His pronouncement that I was very weak stayed with me for a long time.

The next city we went to was Tulsa. The weather there did not cooperate with our plans, and there was a blizzard. As a result, not many people came for the event. At the banquet, there were only six guests. It turned out to be a family-style banquet, and again I served as security. At a meeting afterwards at his house, Father announced that the time was coming when he would need a bodyguard and that the person standing outside would be his bodyguard. That was me. I was not in the meeting, but one sister who attended the meeting told me about it much later. By that time I was already in East Garden.

Our leader, however, told me, "You have failed completely. You will never get close to Father again." Then he decided that our team needed a fundraising team to finance the campaigns and take care of the other team, which was preparing for the events. He asked for volunteers, and I thought, "Since he said that I'll never get close to Father again, I might as well go to this fundraising team."

We had vans and trailers and we traveled all over the country, fundraising in many places. I had a wonderful time. Eventually we were called back to rejoin the original team and stop fundraising. At that time, I felt as if the purpose of my life had disappeared and there wasn't anything else to do. I really loved to fundraise, but we went to Phoenix, where I became a Divine Principle lecturer. Afterwards we went to Las Vegas. I really enjoyed working in those cities.

The call came to go to Barrytown, New York, to prepare for the Madison Square Garden event on September 18, 1974. All of the members met in Barrytown for a five-day workshop to prepare for the Madison Square Garden campaign. As we were heading to New York City, our team leader asked me, "Is there anyone whom you can recommend to provide security at East Garden?" I had absolutely no idea what East Garden was and guessed that it had something to do with Madison Square Garden. In reality, it was the residence of True Parents. I suggested various brothers, but he rejected all the suggestions.

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I did not suggest myself, even though I would have liked to very much. Then he asked me, "Would you like to go there to serve as security?" And I said, "Yes, I would." That's how I ended up in the East Garden estate in Irvington, New York.

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Mrs. Christel Werner: Wife of the former President of the Unification Church of Germany

Very few people had the privilege to be so close to True Parents in their everyday lives and to be entrusted with their safety during those turbulent years of our movement. I am truly grateful to you, Gerhard, for writing this book, preserving these precious experiences, not only for the benefit of all of us but also for posterity. This opportunity of serving the Messiah as He is walking the earth, only comes once in all eternity, and it happened in our lifetime.

What a unique privilege to be a Bodyguard for Christ, living every minute in the presence of the True Parents, and on the other hand, what a scary responsibility to guard their precious lives. Without constant prayer and selfless dedication this would have been an impossible task. This eyewitness account of True Parent's day to day lives is truly unique and priceless for all generations to come. I was so deeply touched and fascinated to read about your extraordinary experiences in such detail that every reader can instantly connect with. It's a most valuable testimony to the Messiah and the True Family.

I am proud that a strong son of Germany was chosen and fulfilled his calling and responsibility at all times, however difficult the circumstances.

Well done. Thank you, Gerhard.

