

A Typical Day In My Life

The first thing I did after waking up in the morning was to pray. I went on my knees and prayed to God, asking for guidance through that day, praying for the safety and protection of True Parents and the True Family.

Then I went outside, and in the fresh morning air I did 50 pushups on my knuckles. Actually, I made a tight fist and used the knuckles of my index and middle fingers. The first 20 came easily. The next 10 weren't too difficult either. After the first 30 I had to make an effort to complete the 50 pushups.

Then I went inside and changed into my work clothes. The three of us went to wash Father's car and also the security car, which was used as a chase car. We first hosed down the car and then washed it with soap, rinsed it, and dried it with chamois. The inside was vacuumed, the windows were cleaned with Windex and dried with paper towels, and the dashboard and seats were cleaned with Lemon Pledge, which made it smell rather nice.

After the cars were washed, we went back and changed into nice clothes, ready for Father to call us if he needed us. Father told us that we should ask someone else's opinion on whether the clothes we were wearing matched. Because of that, I asked someone, "Do you think this matches with this?" many times. One day Father came out of the main house wearing a combination of light blue and light green clothes. As he walked out, he looked at the clothes and realized that they did not match well. However, he decided that he was going to wear them. I thought to myself that those clothes were not a good combination. That was the only time that Father wore those clothes.

Regarding the rest of our daily schedule, the other brothers then went for breakfast. I would stay in our room and pray; my breakfast was prayer, normally for 30 to 45 minutes. I prayed in gratitude to God that I could be living with the True Parents. I prayed for the safety and protection of True Parents. With desperation, I begged God that no

harm would happen to True Parents or True Family. I prayed that before anything would happen to the True Parents, I would be the first target. If anything were to happen to True Parents, I would not want to continue living; in fact, I could not continue as a bodyguard if anything happened to True Parents. I offered my life to God every single day. Every single prayer I prayed was like that. After about 45 minutes of prayer, I was ready for the day. I was ready for Father to call us.

Of course our schedule depended on the schedule of True Father. Sometimes he wanted to leave very early, and we were called early in the morning. There was no time to put nice clothes together if the phone rang early with the message, "Bring the cars; Father wants to go." There would be just enough time to put on a sweater and jacket. We always kept clothes for quick dressing ready. Then we brought the cars to the main house and lined up to greet Father.

One meeting stands out in my memory. Father called the security guards and we lined up according to size. Father gave us certain directions and inspirations; he concluded by saying, "Father would like you to salute Father from now on. Not bow, but salute!" He walked up to me, stood in front of me, stared me straight in the eyes, and asked, "Are you going to salute Father?" I wanted to say, "Of course I'm going to salute Father," but I felt he wanted something else. I straightened myself out, stood at attention, and saluted him. He nodded, accepted it, and went back to the main house.

Some brothers who were in the army before the church taught us how to stand at attention correctly, how to march correctly, and how to salute. To learn that was part of our daily routine as well.

When we received Father, the driver stood at the driver's side, one person stood at the passenger's side, and I stood at the back of the car. Once Father came out, I would call for attention. We stood at attention and together presented a salute. If Father was in a good mood, he responded with a smile and raised his right hand in greeting. The person on the passenger's side opened the door for him, Father entered the car, and then the door was closed.

Once all the people who were supposed to come with Father were in the cars, we took off. If there were guests coming in the second

car (the chase car), they had to hurry to get in because we didn't want to wait for them. Once Father left, we left. We drove around the circle at the main house and down the hill. Then Father would say where he wanted to go.

I especially remember feeling like it was Sunday every time we drove around the circle. When we had the opportunity to serve True Father directly like that, it felt like it was Sunday no matter what day of the week it was. It was always special, very special.

When we were driving for Father, we drove in a way that made sure no car was able to come between Father's car and the chase car. I drove the chase car many times. After a while I started to get tickets for following too closely. Somehow the police noticed when we were following Father's car very closely, and they would try to catch us. We received tickets because of that.

When only Father and Mother were going out, they didn't always take more than one car. When there was only one car going, it was just the True Parents, the driver, and one bodyguard. In that case, Father often stood in a prayer position, bent his head, closed his eyes, and focused on God. He asked God who should escort him. After a few seconds, he then opened his eyes and decided whether it should be Gerhard, Jerry, or Allen. It was uncomfortable being left behind. If I was left behind, I went to help construct the fence, clean the cars, or do stationary guard duty.

One time when Father and Mother decided to walk to the Belvedere estate, I was escorting them. Father walked on the right side and Mother was on his left side; I walked to the right side of Father. As we were walking down the hill, Mother talked to me with an incredible, beautiful voice. She had an electrifying voice. She said, "Gerhard, you take Father's right side. I am taking Father's left side." Father looked at us with a smile. At that moment, I could have given my life for the True Parents. I felt so special.

Some years later, when I was on the security staff at the New Yorker Hotel, the World Mission Center, in Manhattan, I went to the Midtown South police station. One of the detectives was my friend, and he said, "Yes, I remember you. You move smoothly." He was telling me that he was a bodyguard for President John F. Kennedy

when he was visiting New York City. When he and the other guards escorted President Kennedy into an elevator to go to his hotel room, the President said in his New England accent, "You're doing a mighty fine job." The detective told me that at that time he could have given his life for the president. That's how I felt when Mother instructed me to walk on the right side of Father and take care of his right side while she took care of his left side. Without any hesitation, I could have given my life for them.

At East Garden, I spent time helping to build the fence. They needed help to drill holes in the rock and pour concrete. One evening when I was going to my room after working on the fence, Father called me to the main house and saw me in my work clothes; they were clothes that I had brought with me from Germany. At that time he decided he wanted to go shopping with me and buy me some good clothes. He asked Daikan to bring the car, and we went to Macy's in White Plains. He chose clothes for me: a brown leather coat, three other coats, a number of pants, and some shirts. It was quite a lot of clothes.

At Macy's, one of the salesmen came to me and said, "Oh, you are the one who is with that religious man, the Reverend Moon." And I said, "Yes, I am a bodyguard for Rev. Moon." From that time on, people started to notice me.

After Father bought all of those clothes, we went back home. We went into the main house, and Mother was there with all the staff sisters. Father asked me to put on the clothes and show them what he had bought for me. So I went to the neighboring room, the Yellow Room. It had milky glass doors, which you could not see clearly through. When I was in my underwear, trying to put on the new clothes, Father opened the sliding doors. There I stood in front of Father and Mother and all of the staff sisters in my underwear. Father was laughing. The staff sisters began screaming and ran away. So I closed the door again and finished dressing. Then I showed off my clothes.

Once I was finished, Father talked to the sisters. I understood that he was telling them that they were pretty much the same size. One sister was a little bit shorter, and he talked to her in Japanese. She

responded with, "Hai!" and jumped up. Then Father and Mother went upstairs to their room. One of the other sisters asked her, "What did he say to you?" She replied with only one word, "Chosen." Then I went back to my room.

I felt like I was on cloud 9. Having received so much special attention from True Father was such a privilege. The fabric on one of the coats was in a herringbone pattern. When Father gave me that coat, he told me, "This coat you have to wear when we go to Seattle," meaning that when he was going for the Day of Hope campaign in Seattle he wanted me to wear that coat.