

Preparation For A Major Event

Father bought the boats in 1974, first the Flying Phoenix and next the New Hope. September 18, 1974 was the Madison Square Garden event. Even though I participated in this event, standing onstage with Father and other security men, including hired bodyguards, I was not his personal bodyguard while he was preparing for the Madison Square Garden speech. I was doing security in East Garden and working on the fence, but I knew that Father was preparing himself on the water off the Atlantic Ocean outside of Long Island for this event. Every day he went fishing. I did not know at that time about the condition, but most likely Father had a 40- or 70-day condition to go fishing every day and catch fish every day.

Every morning, at 4:00, he left East Garden. The kitchen sisters offered orange juice for anybody going out at that time. Of course there was food on the boat, which the Captain or the mate prepared for Father. It took about an hour to reach Freeport, arriving when the bait shops opened so he could buy bait, chum, hooks, and whatever was necessary for the fishing trip. He normally had some guests escorting him

One day he invited one of the security brothers, a Japanese member, to go along. Father had set a goal of catching 160 bluefish, and it took him a day and a half to reach that number. The number was important because it's a multiple of the number 40. Forty, first of all, represents separation from Satan and second the 40,000 people who came for the event, even though only 20,000 could enter. I believed that if the number of fish caught was a multiple of the number 40, it might correspond to 40,000 people coming to attend the event.

During that time he also went after sharks on one occasion. He caught two sharks, about 250 pounds each. One was a hammerhead and the other a mako. I knew this because one time I was trying to raid the freezer at Belvedere for ice cream, and when I opened up the freezer that normally contained ice cream, the hammerhead shark looked out

at me. The other freezer contained the mako. My ice cream was somewhere else, and I lost my appetite for it.

I did not attend or escort Father during that preparation period for Madison Square Garden. We were very focused on building the fence and providing local security. However, after the Madison Square Garden event, everything changed. As I mentioned earlier, Father solved all the problems of the world on the New Hope out on the Atlantic Ocean. Whatever obstacle stood in front of him was removed through the successful conditions offered on the ocean, and the spiritual victory of the Madison Square Garden event was granted to him on the ocean onboard the New Hope. Bear in mind that these conditions were extremely difficult to fulfill. His attitude completely changed, and he became incredibly serious and shed many tears. Later he became a smiling Father.

The next major event was Yankee Stadium, and again Father prepared for that by taking the boat out fishing. The Yankee Stadium event was June 1, 1976. From the end of April and throughout May he went fishing nearly every day, not in the ocean but in the Jones Inlet outside Freeport. He would catch flounder. I was with him every day. For bait, we used killies, small live minnows. The fish we caught were actually fluke, although we called them flounder. Flounder are caught using worms, and they don't have teeth. However, the fluke have a row of sharp teeth and are predators that feed on small fish. Also, if you position a flounder with its white side down and its belly towards you, the head will be on the right side and it will swim from left to right. If you position a fluke that way, its head will be on the left and it will swim from right to left. The fluke is a predator, and that is basically the difference between fluke and flounder.

Father caught so many fluke that he became an expert in that type of fishing. On top of that, he has such good fortune that he normally catches more fish than anyone else on the boat. Also, those fluke were big enough that once the fluke were brought to the surface and close to the boat we had to use a net to bring them into the boat. Many days we had almost an entire cooler full. We caught so many fish that somehow it made the news, and we could read in the papers that Rev. Moon was catching too many flounder in the Jones Inlet. I sensed

some negativity coming and expected the authorities to arrive and interfere with our fishing, but that did not happen. Usually the daily catch was brought to the New York church, where people enjoyed the fish for lunch and dinner.

I especially remember one day when Lady Dr. Kim was a guest on the New Hope; she, being a spiritualist, told us in the very beginning, "Today we shall catch two coolers full of fish." When we started, Father told us to keep as many fishing poles in the water as possible in order to catch as many fish as possible. We caught very many fish, almost two coolers full.

Father was always sitting on the flying bridge, and he fished from there. Somebody always had to put bait on his hooks, and once he had a fish we had to take the fish off and re-bait the hooks. That day, I believe we had as many as 20 poles in the water, and we were very busy trying to catch the fish. It was amazing how many fish there were in Jones Inlet. It seemed that every day more and more flounder would come in.

During this period of fishing Father rarely talked except sometimes to say, "Let's eat lunch," or "Move." Whenever he wanted to drift into another direction, he would just point in a certain direction so we would drift that way. Of course he was the captain, and the person driving the boat was the helmsman. Somehow he knew where fish were and where fish could be caught. So we drifted around Jones Inlet for many days catching flounder.

Among ourselves, we were confident that the Yankee Stadium event would be a success. Father never spoke about it in a way that indicated that success was imminent. He always remained deep in thought and meditation while out in the water and catching fish.

In these times, the negativity in this nation of America became most intense. The negativity was against the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the Unification Church, and anything connected with him or with his name attached to it. Father once said that even when the negativity in America was its most intense, the negativity in Korea used to be even worse. He recalled that one time Koreans threw stones at his house and at the people going in and coming out.

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The peak of negativity would be connected to the Yankee Stadium Rally, he said, but afterwards the negativity would decline. So of course we were waiting for the Yankee Stadium event to take place so that the negativity would decline afterwards. Father took the preparations for Yankee Stadium very seriously.

Preparations for the Washington Monument event were completely different. Father knew early on that the Washington Monument event would be a big victory. At Yankee Stadium, there was no guarantee and no big victory, and he remained serious until the last day.

The Washington Monument Rally took place on September 18, only 78 days after the Yankee Stadium event. The preparation period for the Washington Monument event was a 70-day tuna fishing condition.

Father decided to stay at the Marblehead Center, which was directly on the ocean. The Center members had to go someplace else, and True Parents and their staff took over the house. At that time Mother was pregnant with Sun-Jin Nim. Father expected the baby to be born any day. However, it took Mother more time than expected. There came a point when Father couldn't wait any longer, and he went up to Marblehead.

Outside the house was a solid, rocky area. A floating dock was built 100 feet away from the shoreline. Attached to the floating dock was a little dock for the raft that took people back and forth to the rocks. To reach the dock, we had to pull the raft to the rocks, climb onto the raft, and then pull ourselves to the floating dock. The New Hope was anchored with its stern tied to the floating dock. To load chum and bait on the boat, we had to truck it in and bring it through the basement of the house, over the rocks, and onto the raft. Then we had to pull the raft to the floating dock, unload the contents onto the floating dock, and then put it on the New Hope.

When a tuna was caught, we opened up the tuna door on the New Hope and pulled the tuna onto the floating dock and then the rafting dock. Then we pulled the raft to the rocks. With a line through his mouth and coming out of his gills, five or six people pulled the fish weighing about 800 pounds over the rocks, through the basement, up

the stairs, and out the garage. Then we lifted him onto the back of a truck. That was a major operation because these tuna were so heavy.

That tuna season was very productive for us. On many days, we caught two tuna, one by the New Hope and the other by the Flying Phoenix. Afterwards, we had to drag both fish over the rocks. It was really tough work. After a while, Father designed a tuna board that six people could carry over the rocks, through the basement, up the stairs, out of the garage, and onto the truck. It wasn't much easier with the board. If the tuna was large it was quite heavy lifting. That's how we did it in 1976.

When we arrived at Marblehead, Father gave directions for two people to provide security each night. This meant that two people had to stay up all night. With only three people doing security, to have two people on duty every night meant that sleep was available only every third night. Father traditionally got up and went out fishing at 4:00. Of course, we had to escort him and leave at 4:00. We fished all day, sometimes catching a tuna and sometimes not. If we caught one, we had to drag the fish over the rocks, load it onto the truck, and bring bait back to the boats. Then came dinner, and most of the time there were guests. Speaking to the guests usually lasted until midnight. Of course we had to provide security at that time, and there was no way to sleep. From midnight to 4:00, one person could sleep but the other two had security duty. The next day, we left again at 4:00 for tuna fishing all day. At nighttime we came back, went through the same unloading and loading procedures, and provided security until midnight. Then the second person could sleep from midnight until 4:00 while the other two had security duty until 4:00. Again, we went tuna fishing, and in the evening there was the same loading and unloading procedure and security until midnight, when the third person was able to sleep until 4:00.

Daikan came to me and asked, "Are you going to sleep tonight?" and I said, "No, I have to stay awake. Security duty." He didn't say anything and went to sleep. The next evening, he came to me and asked, "Are you going to sleep tonight?" and I said, "No, I have security duty." He didn't say a word and just went to sleep. The third day,

he just looked at me and didn't ask if I was going to sleep, since it was my turn to sleep for four hours.

I was just 31 years of age and in the prime of my life. The atmosphere was so intense with preparations for the Washington Monument campaign, and the presence of the Messiah made it incredibly intense. The presence of God permitted us to maintain such a schedule. With God's help, his spirit and energy, we could keep going. We spent the entire summer, the entire 70-day condition, with that schedule. Towards the end of the condition, I thought, "Maybe soon, it's over. I really want to sleep then." But once it was over and we went back to East Garden, I went to sleep at 10:00 the first evening, expecting to sleep all night long. However, after four hours I woke up completely rested and could not sleep any more. My body had adjusted to this intense life with such a short resting period.

Guests came often, which meant that people needed to be driven to and from the airport. I had to do those tasks as well. As soon as we arrived in Marblehead, we did go out fishing and caught a few dogfish, which are small sharks. The next day, we started to go tuna fishing. As I said, it was a very good season for tuna fishing, and we caught many, many tuna.

After two or three days, we received a phone call from Mrs. Choi at East Garden to tell us that Mother had gone to the hospital and gave birth to a girl, Sun-Jin. She talked to Father and after that phone call he said, "Big girl is born." Then he went back to his room. About five minutes later he came out of his room fully dressed. Most of us were sitting around in the living room talking. When he saw that situation he was so disappointed that he went back to his room. He had expected us to be ready for action, but nobody was. He wanted to celebrate the birth of his daughter, but we were not ready. Everybody felt Father's disappointment. We prepared instantly to get things ready and sent somebody to buy ice cream, coke, and cake. Once everything was ready, we sent Mrs. Sheftick, a Korean, up to Father's room to ask him in Korean to please come down. She knocked on the door and Father responded, "Nugo?" which is, "Who is there?" Mrs. Sheftick told him, "Father, everybody is ready and waiting for you. Please come down." He was still angry and said, "Who is ready? Who is waiting?"

At least she fulfilled her purpose of informing Father. It took him about ten minutes to overcome this anger, and then he came down.

We were all sitting in the dining room, and Father was talking. Normally, he needs one person with whom he can relate closely. Even though many people may be present, he likes to have one object for give and take. The people there that day were not so close to Father, so his focus that evening was on me. He focused all of his conversation on me the entire evening. It was such a privilege to be the one closest to him and for him to be able to relate more easily to me than to one of the other people. Usually it was someone else that he focused on, not me. It was one of the very few times when he singled me out.

One time the New Hope had mechanical problems, but he wanted to go out fishing anyway. So he had to use the Flying Phoenix. I was always on the Flying Phoenix because it was the “chase boat.” It was so small, only 24 feet long. For the ocean, where the waves can be very high, that is a very small boat. That day as I was cutting fish and chumming, Daikan was with us, and he was adjusting the lines. I stood all day long, chumming, chumming, chumming. All day long, Father talked to Daikan in Japanese. Of course, I didn’t understand a single word. Later I asked Daikan, “What did Father say? All day long he just talked to you and his mouth never stopped.” He responded, “It was about the Washington Monument rally and how big the victory would be.” To me, he only said one sentence in English all day. He said, “You can sit down while chumming; sometimes use brain.”

It made it very clear that it was much easier for him to relate to Daikan and talk to him in Japanese than to relate to me and talk in English. It was much easier talking in Japanese. If there had been a Korean present, I’m quite sure he would have talked to the Korean person in Korean, because that was easier still and, of course, more natural.

That day we had two strikes. The first strike was lost because both Father and Daikan were pulling on the tuna line, and I was pulling in all of the other lines. After the tuna escaped, I said, “It’s lost because of too much tension with two people pulling.” Of course there was no response. Father and Daikan looked at each other. They both knew they made a mistake. I shouldn’t have said that because it was not

necessary to say. Anyway, we kept on fishing, I kept on chumming and a little later we got a second strike. This time I quickly grabbed the line myself. Father and Daikan pulled in the other tuna lines and then released the anchor. I kept the line in my hand until the fish was on the surface. Then Father harpooned it like he always does, and we tied the fish up. It was ours. This fish was not that big, about 550 to 600 pounds.

Next we attempted to pull the tuna over the gunnel into the boat. We all stood on one side of the boat, trying to pull it in. We were lifting but didn't succeed in pulling it in. During our attempt Father and I bumped heads together accidentally. For me, it felt like my head bumped into a steel ball. It only caused laughter for Father. After that we tried again to pull the tuna over the gunnel into the boat. This time, we succeeded. The tuna came sliding over the gunnel, which went down flush with the ocean, and a little water entered the boat. It wasn't much water. Then we headed back at full speed to unload it and return home.

The next day I had to do something else. I cannot recall what it was. All I remember is that I was not on the water with him. He also caught a fish that day, and again they tried to pull it onto the boat, but this time they were unsuccessful. Daikan said there were two reasons why they could not pull the fish in. First, it was bigger. Second, Gerhard was not there.

At the evening celebration of Sun-Jin's birth, it was such a wonderful feeling to be the object of the Messiah and be the focus of his attention. As I said earlier, that privilege did not happen many times.

The next two days we went tuna fishing. Then came another phone call from Mrs. Choi from East Garden. I took the phone, and she scolded me because Father didn't come to pick up Mother and the baby from the hospital. But it was not my fault. If he kept fishing for tuna instead of going back, what could I do? The next day we went tuna fishing again. The next evening Mrs. Choi called again, and again I received a scolding because I was the one who answered the phone. The scolding became very severe. Afterwards, she talked to Father and again asked him to come and pick up Mother from the hospital. We went

tuna fishing the next day, and in the evening Mrs. Choi called. Again it was me who took the phone, and this time I got a major scolding from her because the hospital wanted Mother out but she didn't leave because Father didn't come to pick her up. Thus there was a major problem. After Father talked with Mrs. Choi, he told us to continue tuna fishing without him the next couple of days as if he were present. He apologized that he had to pick up Mother and the baby; providentially it was important for him to pick them up from the hospital.

We went fishing without him but kept his standard and we caught a few tuna without him. Once he returned some days later, he was so happy. Later on that season, a hurricane came all the way up to Massachusetts, and we secured the boats to protect them from the winds inside the Marblehead harbor. It was the first hurricane I had ever experienced. I remember looking out at the ocean and seeing the big waves. There was a center block on the floating dock, and the waves were so big that the center block fell off the floating dock and ended up in the water. The storm did some serious damage: the rafting dock was completely destroyed, and the floating dock was severely damaged as well. We worked for a couple of days to get everything restored again.

One time extraordinarily big waves were coming in and crashing against the rafts. The surf was so heavy that it was very difficult to get from the floating dock back to land. We pulled the rafting dock towards land and tried to get from the rafting dock onto the rocks as the surf rocked it back and forth. It was not that rough out on the ocean but that the surf was so heavy. Everyone knew how difficult it was, and they were all watching me as I tried to get on land. Eventually, with one big jump, I jumped onto the rocks and climbed ashore.

Next Father wanted to get off, and he was faced with the very same problem. Standing on the rocks, I bent over and stretched out my hand. I wanted to grab his hand and pull him up. However, he simply looked at my hand, looked at me, and didn't take it. I felt as if he wanted to say, "I don't need your help. I can do it by myself." However, he couldn't. As he made a step off the rafting dock onto the rocks, he didn't make it. He stepped right in the water and instantly he was in the water up to his shoulders. Everybody saw it and felt sorry

for him but he could have avoided it if he had just taken my hand. He didn't and without saying a word he climbed out of the water and walked into the house, soaking wet.

Just before the Washington Monument event, we went back to East Garden with a successful and victorious condition of having caught many tuna. Father was very happy, and he knew that with many tuna caught, the event would be successful and many people would come. He told us that tuna represented people, so catching a tuna of course meant catching people. The killing of tuna is a condition to prevent the killing of people. He would rather kill a tuna than have people killed, so we caught tuna as a condition to prevent the killing of human beings. Of course, people in the Green Party and people influenced in that direction want to do anything to protect the fish and prevent the shedding of blood in the ocean and making the ocean red, but I'd rather kill a tuna and have it bleed than see human beings die.

Then we went to Washington DC for the event. We took one picture at the house of Col. Pak with Father, Mother, and the security guards. Father had a very dark tan in that photo, as did the security men. I looked like a boiled lobster because I don't tan; I just become red. The picture clearly shows that we spent quite some time on the ocean. Those were the conditions for the success of the event.

The Washington Monument rally attracted a large crowd. There were at least 200,000 people there. The numbers were estimated based on counting the number of people in one section and multiplying it by the number of comparable sections. Father was staying in a trailer waiting for the event to start. There was another trailer for the security team, and we received the same royal treatment as Father. When I came to pick up Father at his trailer to go to the stage, I noticed that his face was so happy because he knew it was a victorious event before it started.

Of course, the Washington Monument event became a big success. After the speech there was an incredibly large fireworks display that lasted for a long time. We were sitting very close to where the fireworks were being launched. The wind blew the smoke from the fireworks our way, and it was difficult to breathe because of the intense smoke that remained for so long. It was the greatest fireworks I've ever

seen. By that time, I think there were over 500,000 people watching the fireworks. All of Washington was watching.



The date of the Yankee Stadium event was June 1, 1976. It was the peak of persecution in America. There was persecution against the Unification Church, against Rev. Sun Myung Moon, and against anything he did. How intense the persecution was I found out only years later when I was director of security at the New Yorker Hotel/World Mission Center. Our security staff kept a record of every threat against Rev. Sun Myung Moon. One night when I was on security duty, I looked through the record books to see what incidents had happened. There were so many incidents around the Yankee Stadium event. People had come into the hotel screaming, "I'm gonna kill Rev. Moon at Yankee Stadium!" and things of that nature. Every single incident was recorded.

Small rallies took place in New York City in opposition to Sun Myung Moon. I looked at the threatening letters. One letter really got my attention. It was a blank piece of paper with words cut out from a newspaper and glued in a line. The words read, "I am going to kill Rev. Moon at Yankee Stadium." There was nothing else. I spent quite some time reading through those threats. I counted how many I read, and it was about 300. There were so many pages remaining that I was discouraged at the thought of reading any further. I read about a third of the pages containing threats against Sun Myung Moon's life. The rest I did not read, but I figured that they had about the same content as the previous ones. There must have been about a thousand threats at the time of Yankee Stadium. Nowadays, if a bomb threat or something of that nature is called in, the police and authorities go haywire. Schools are evacuated, and every threat is taken so seriously. At that time, there were a thousand threats on Father's life. Not one policeman came and said, "Hey, there are too many threats on his life. We've got to do something about it." The only ones who could deal with it and had to deal with it were the security force and his bodyguard.

One of those threats was not directed at him but at Mr. Kamiyama. He came to East Garden all shook up that he had received a threat to his life. Somebody wanted to kill him. He reported it to Father and looked distressed. Father was not impressed at all. He said, "It is not important whether we lose our life, but what is important is whether we lose God." He knew of the threats coming towards him, but he never showed any fear. He did what he had to do. He made sure that he would not lose God and that God would not leave him.

On the day of the event, we decided that I should go to Yankee Stadium prior to others and prior to Father, because I was already quite well known. I showed up and walked around Yankee Stadium so that people could see me. Eventually, Father arrived in a small Toyota that we used for driving the children around. The route taken to Yankee Stadium was not our normal route. A car that was used for outreach to ministers was used as a chase car. Once they arrived, I escorted Father and Mother into the prepared room in the stadium. Among the children, only In-Jin Nim could come and escort him. I was in that room as well. I felt it was a great privilege and honor to be there. He was just

sitting there meditating, never saying a single word. I remember the seriousness of that day, and even In-Jin Nim was serious. The normally laughing, happy, and joking In-Jin Nim was not there. She was very serious and carried an American flag around. Some snacks and drinks were set out, but Father didn't touch anything. He was incredibly serious.

As we were waiting for the event to start, suddenly one flier about Yankee Stadium that was taped to the wall fell down. I thought, "Man, it should have been taped better so it wouldn't fall down." Later Father said that when he saw that pamphlet fall, he felt that somewhere outside a major sign had fallen down. About that time, the weather changed and a storm moved in, blowing down a big sign. Lots of rain fell. A little bit later, Mr. Kamiyama knocked on the door and came in. With tears running from his eyes, he said in Japanese, "Otossima piga." Piga is Korean for "rain." His clothes were soaking wet. Father responded by saying, "Postpone the event, 15 minutes."

Later when I watched the tapes I saw that one brother, Tom, was leading those people in the stadium in singing, "You Are My Sunshine." Amazingly, the weather obeyed, and soon the rain stopped and it became dry. The event started, as ordered, 15 minutes later.

There were close to 40,000 people in the stadium, maybe even more. I was told that once the program started and the Rev. Sun Myung Moon was announced, I had to be in front of the stage in the middle of the stadium. I was not to escort him from the dugout to the stage. Standing at the stage, I saw Father and Col. Pak come out from the dugout. People didn't know where he would be coming from. There were helicopters flying around, and people thought maybe he might come by helicopter. I think people didn't really notice him coming until he was already halfway to the stage.

When he went onstage the people welcomed him and clapped. As he started to speak, it was in his native Korean using Col. Pak as an interpreter. When the audience realized that he did not speak any English, they started an incredible concert of whistling, booing, and noisemaking. Standing in front of the stage, it felt like somebody stepped into a giant beehive and all the bees were coming out, ready to attack. For a split moment, I felt scared, but it was less than a

second. I never saw such a negative welcome in my life. After a second, I said to myself, “Okay you guys, I’ll take you on. All of you. Come here one by one, and I’ll take you on, all of you.” Strength was coming over me, and there was no more fear within me.

I turned in a complete circle and looked all around, but there was no safe place in any direction. We had security people everywhere, and every aisle had at least one person responsible for security. All throughout the stadium, including the upper levels, our people were stationed. If there had been somebody with a gun in the stadium, we would have seen it.

The back side of the stadium was completely open, and it was impossible to secure that area. We had put up some bulletproof glass, but at the time I doubted whether it would have stopped a high-powered bullet. Because there were so many threats on his life, all our security team and even Father himself were wearing bulletproof vests to protect our chests. When I first saw that bulletproof vest made out of Teflon, I questioned its effectiveness. I went out in the woods, laid the vest down, and fired my gun at it. When the bullet hit the vest, the vest flew away. I picked it up to look at it, and to my amazement just one outer layer of the Teflon was damaged. The bullet did not penetrate anything else. It made a believer out of me.

As Father was delivering the speech, the audience was very negative and kept on booing and whistling. Father gave his speech anyway. The people in attendance were unhappy and angry. They could not understand his Korean words but had to wait for the translation, and they didn’t like it. Little by little, people started to walk out of the stadium. As the speech concluded, perhaps only 5,000 to 10,000 people were left in the stadium.

The direction given to me was that he wanted to walk by himself from the stage and across the stadium back to the dugout. But within my heart, I felt I could not permit that to happen. So I walked around the stage to the exit, and as he came down the stairs he looked at me and said, “Mhmm.” That indicated to me that he accepted me as his escort walking right next to him. That walk from the stage to the dugout was the best I ever did on security. With my body I shielded his

body, blocking him from view. That's how we walked to the dugout across the field.

When we had covered about one third of the distance, an incredibly sharp pain began on my left side. Father was on my right side. The pain went more than halfway through my body and then stopped. It felt as if a bullet had entered through my left side and penetrated my body; it didn't go all the way through but stopped half way. It was not a physical, literal bullet, but the pain made it feel like a bullet had entered. Later I thought that perhaps some assassin was planning to fire a high-powered rifle at him, but because I shielded him he could not pull the trigger. All he would have done was kill me. In that manner, we went into the dugout and to his room underneath the stadium.

After about an hour in the room, he decided to go back to East Garden. I escorted him, and this time we drove together in the small Toyota, using an alternate route. Finally we arrived in East Garden. I consider the Yankee Stadium event the most dangerous event of those years I was a bodyguard.

The next day I saw my photo in the New York Post. It was taken when I was escorting him off the field. Of course, this event caused much media attention. A reporter from the Times in London had come to cover the event, including the security of Sun Myung Moon. There were reports that a former CIA man was part of the security force. Thinking that I was the former CIA man, reporters wrote that "he has a gun." Satan knew that I had a gun at that time. Anyway, the security force that always escorted Mr. Moon was very well known. I was much taller than Father, and because of my size I became very famous as a big man escorting a smaller man.

Somehow, after a while Father resented the reality of me being so big and so obvious. Many times he told me, "Father is not small. Father is not little. You are just so big." Other people who went to Korea were saying that among the Koreans, Father is big and Mother also. They are not small compared to other Koreans.

An interesting example of his attitude took place when we were fishing for tuna. Father told me, "When you spread your arms to measure the rope in fathoms, your fathom is not the standard. My fathom is the standard." When I extend my arms as far as I can reach

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and Father does the same, my reach is perhaps half a foot longer than his. That's why he said that his length is the standard fathom, not mine. I am too big.

Anyway, our preparations for Yankee Stadium proved to be correct and adequate, and there was no major incident. Even though there were a thousand threats on the life of Sun Myung Moon, not one succeeded. Afterwards, the negativity was supposed to subside. For me it was kind of difficult to see that it did, but little by little it did become less.

Looking back, there was no comparison between those two big events, Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument. The entire Yankee Stadium event was so dangerous, while the Washington Monument grounds was a much more open space with many more people, and they were mostly positive. There wasn't much opposition. The closest source of danger was the Washington Monument itself, which was half a mile away from the stage. We had security posted inside the monument, and nobody with a high-powered rifle could have harmed him. The Washington Monument event was a big victory, while Yankee Stadium was perhaps a spiritual victory, a minimal victory.

