

# BOOK 3

BOOK 3  
Chapter I

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## Miami and Cuba

As we moved into 1996, Avril and I celebrated our 70th birthdays and we began to settle into a quiet and comfortable lifestyle living at South Garden, near Irvington, Alabama.

Life on the Gulf Coast was slow and easy. Avril had responsibility for looking after the house where True Father and Mother visited occasionally and I was doing research into various projects and working in my spare time to develop the garden and grounds. I also had, in the back of my mind, the future development of a 32ft boat. While we were thus occupied, we suddenly received a message from David Franklin in London to say that Father was looking for more senior couples to go to Cheong Pyeong in Korea for 40-days training. We understood that this was to prepare us to become National Messiahs and that we would be given our countries in a special lottery at the end of the course.

We approached Mr Sugiyama, our central figure at this time and he consented to our attending the course. The Cheong Pyeong training centre had been in the process of development over a number of years. Father had selected this mountainous area bordering the Cheong

Pyeong Lake some years earlier and the area was imbued with a beautiful spiritual atmosphere. Much literature has been written about this very special place. I can only recount my own personal experience.

We occupied a couple of long huts in the middle of the developing area where we slept and attended the various functions of the workshop. At night the sleeping bags were spread out on the floor and during the day they were stacked up around the walls and chairs were brought in for lectures and singing and prayer sessions. At those times, we were joined by the sisters from the other hut.

There was one other couple almost our age, Paul and Christel Werner. Paul had a lot of trouble with his legs which rather restricted what he could do physically. One part of the daily experience that I have a strong memory of was rising in the early morning. We had to go down to the wash-house in the valley to have our morning shower. The water came directly from a mountain spring and there was no heating. The shower was, necessarily, a very brief affair. The sisters had hot water in their wash room !

Each afternoon we made a pilgrimage to the top of a small mountain visiting various holy places to pray on the way. This was a very special and precious experience but in wet weather the path became very muddy and slippery. I found that I could make better headway on the mountain path in bare feet until I was stopped by a Korean leader. He evidently thought I was playing the part of a penitent too seriously. He pointed at my feet and said 'No need. No need!' so I reverted to shoes.

During our stay, we ate only Korean food – very spicy with a lot of rice. Towards the end of the course we underwent a 7-day fast with only water to drink. We were

able to take this in our stride and, on the last day of the fast, I found that I could run down the final stretch of the mountain path to the bottom, still full of energy.

At the end of 40 days we attended a special lottery when our countries were allocated. We were given the Communist nation of Cuba, an island off the tip of Florida, in the Caribbean Sea. I was to discover that the dictator, Fidel Castro, who had been in power for almost forty years, was just ten weeks younger than me and we felt that this was somehow a special opportunity.

Each country was to receive four National Messiah families - one Korean, one Japanese, one American or English and one German or Italian.

Since Cuba was closed to us as a group, it was decided that we should live in - and operate from - Miami. It is understood that there are more Cubans who have moved to Miami, Florida, than live in their native Cuba, many having moved during the previous dictatorship.

Fortunately, some member or members of each of the four families was able to move to Miami within two or three months and to live in the homes of local members, resident in the city. We, ourselves, were fortunate in being able to find a very suitable apartment in quite a short time and were in a good position to help the other families settle into this 'foreign country'. The other three families all had teenage children and we were able to help them sort out schools and doctors and attend to the various legal requirements so that they could have a smooth transition when they arrived.

Relations between Cuba and the United States of America were very unfriendly and it was not possible for us to travel directly between the two countries. We were obliged to travel via the Bahamas, Mexico or Jamaica. One

or two Japanese sisters were already living in Cuba, as students. They could not mention their connection to our Church or indeed to the United States. They had evidently built up a connection with a young man, Roberto, who helped them out in many ways. It was he who was instrumental in organising accommodation for us when we visited Cuba. He also arranged for the rent of a couple of hire cars from the Cuban government and acted as our guide.

We were also fortunate in having an invitation from the family of one of our Miami members. Antonio had escaped to the US when he was a boy. We visited this family on our travels. They treated us as family and gave us such a wonderfully warm welcome with strong coffee and rich cream.

Tourists were welcome in Cuba from Europe and Canada but they were mostly restricted to a tourist area. The local bus service consisted of open wagons drawn by tractors. There were a few ancient Chevrolets dating back to the 1950s, before the Revolution. They had been meticulously cared for and kept roadworthy.

I was given the responsibility for driving the second car. Driving at night was particularly hair-raising as horse drawn carts did not have rear lights or even reflectors.

We travelled the length of the island and found it to be breathtakingly beautiful and frozen in time. The people, as individuals, were always so welcoming and hospitable.

The younger son of the family we were visiting was a 'member' of the Communist Party so he had privileges that could be very helpful in opening doors. On one occasion we stopped the car and he used his

privileged position to shin up a farmer's coconut palm and throw down a ripened coconut for us.

On another occasion, when we were travelling, we came across an isolated statue of Jesus, with broken hands, by the roadside. While Reverend Kim was claiming the statue as a holy ground for the nation, two black crows landed on Jesus' head and proceeded to mate. We took this to be a very significant act, although I am not altogether clear as how to read its significance. The name of the place was Sancti Spiritus (Holy Spirit).

One of the first things we did, when we came to Cuba, was to go to a high place overlooking the city of Havana to unfurl a banner which read as follows:

*'Ceremonia de Proclamacion de Victoria de los Masias Nacionales de Cuba, 1996-12-06, Havana, Cuba'*

Each mission country was able to have the services of 120 Japanese sisters to help with the witnessing etc. Our Japanese National Messiah couple were organising their sisters very efficiently in Japan and when the time came, a large group of sisters descended on Miami. I had to find accommodation for them. After some searching we managed to find a large house where the owners had kept tame tigers. The house had fairly substantial grounds which were well-fenced and relatively private. Predictably, we called it 'Tiger House'.

Nobody seemed to notice when two large buses from the airport turned up at the front entrance and disgorged 120 young ladies and their baggage. The tigers had moved out and we managed to find sufficient floor space for all of the 120 sisters to sleep. They were very well organised and everything was strictly regimented. When, eventually, they returned to Japan, I had to explain

to the owners why the tenants had cleaned the gold plated taps in the bathrooms with wire wool.

Each National Messiah nation was provided with funds to buy a house. We bought a three-bedroom house in West Miami with a two-bedroom annexe and a swimming pool. We named the house 'Peace Garden' and it became our headquarters. Reverend Kim and his family lived here as well as the Italian family and a Japanese sister and her children. Here we held our Sunday Services and guests were entertained. We also acquired an office suite which we converted into a church and general purpose hall where we also held events and entertained guests.

Our work was primarily centred on Cubans who had emigrated to Miami over the past 40 years. We tried not to conflict with the Florida state church and often organised events together.

On several occasions we held larger events where we hired halls or hotels. On these occasions, we invited the local elected officials and the representatives of other churches and faiths. I developed organisational and logistic skills.

On special occasions Reverend Kim would take us all on an excursion to the 'Keys', a string of islands off the southern tip of Florida. Here, at Key West, one could look out to sea and know that Cuba was only 90 miles away, across the Straits of Florida.

Florida has many wonderful beaches and sometimes Reverend Kim would take us all out for a day of recreation at the seaside.

Learning new languages has always been a big problem for me. I tried hard to learn Korean, as this is Father's mother tongue, and would help to bring us closer

to him. Although Mr Hwang tried hard to teach us, I, for one, didn't make much of a breakthrough. Now that we were in Spanish-speaking territory, we took lessons in Spanish. Regrettably, I didn't make much headway here either.

For organisational purposes, our nation of Cuba came under the Continental Director for Central America. From time to time we were invited to attend meetings within our region. On one such occasion, I went to San Jose, in Costa Rica, to represent the Cuban National Messiahs. At the meeting, the Director spoke in Korean which was translated into Spanish which was further translated into English. There was not much that I was able to take back to my fellow National Messiahs whose native tongues were Korean, Japanese and Italian!

Costa Rica is one of the very small countries in Central America that separate the Caribbean Sea from the Pacific Ocean. I had the opportunity while I was there to drive up into the central mountains and walk for a short distance in a tropical forest where there was such a cacophony of sound and where the most fabulous orchids clung to the trunks of the trees.

During the time we were in Miami, Father was developing an area in the Pantanal, a pristine swampy area in the southwest of Brazil, centring on the town of Jardim, and bordering on the Paraguay River. True Father has been working passionately to protect this environment where water, land, animals, and plants exist in harmony. "To care for and love the environment," Father says, "is to love God." Father wanted as many members as possible to experience this totally undeveloped area, even if it meant being bitten by the swarms of mosquitoes that infest the place and by the dangerous piranha fish in the river. It



was a primordial place virtually untouched by man.

Unfortunately, we were not able to visit there at that time. The area was being developed by a group of Japanese leaders led by Mr Kamiyama. They had a small fleet of Good Go fishing boats on the Paraguay River that had travelled there, by sea, from New York. They had worked their way down the east coast of the US, along the intra-coastal waterway, island hopped across the Caribbean Sea and then continued down the east coast of Brazil to Sao Paulo. From there, they were taken by road to their destination on the Paraguay River.

While Father was staying in the Grand Hotel in Sao Paulo, Brazil, he invited members from various countries in Central America to a workshop. I went representing Cuba. When I arrived at the airport I did not know how to get to the hotel until a Brazilian brother, who had worked with us in New York, appeared out of the blue and put me on the right course. His name was Antonio Angello. From then on I always recognized him as my guardian angel.

One morning, while we were at the hotel, we were invited to have breakfast with True Parents. When I arrived in the dining room, I was called to sit in a very privileged position, ahead of the Korean members, second only to Reverend Kwak! After the meal was over, I discovered the reason for the privilege. Father had received a report, which was read aloud, about a factory-ship that he had purchased. This ship had been fishing for krill in the Antarctic. The krill had been transformed, in the factory-ship, into fish powder. Father's plan was to use this fish powder to feed starving people in Africa and other parts of the world. He wanted to hear my opinion of the project which, of course, was supportive.

Father had already developed the production of fish powder in Alaska. This had been distributed to starving people but I had not heard how well it had been received.

On a later visit to Sao Paulo with Reverend Kim and Gregorio Pette, from Cuba, we spent a very interesting few days learning about the various things that Father was doing in South America. At this time a group of us flew down to Montevideo in Uruguay. It seems that Father was planning to start a boat building enterprise in this important South American city. Later, Mr Sugiyama, who had recently been our central figure in Alabama and was now the leader in Uruguay, asked me if I would join him in building up the business there. As I was already connected to True World Marine in New Jersey and the direction had not come to me from Father, I did not feel that I was in a position to take up the offer.

In the United States it is necessary to change to a different Health Insurance Company whenever you move into a new state. In Miami we were able to obtain an economical insurance in a Cuban friendly company when we explained that we were missionaries in that country. The insurance company had its own health clinic which we attended. It always came as a surprise when one was greeted at the surgery by a lady doctor with a hug and a kiss in the true Spanish tradition. While we were in Florida it was discovered that I was in the early stages of prostate cancer. I was able to undergo a rather unpleasant operation in the hospital that made it unnecessary to go under the knife. In response to this treatment, I was completely cured. I believe that my restoration to good health was due, in no small measure, to the prayers of so many brothers and sisters. One Japanese couple made me some origami that consisted of 1,000 folded paper cranes.

Each crane represented a prayer. I was fully aware that these prayers, together with a determination to remain positive and happy during this period, were essential to making a good recovery. Sadly, two brothers to whom I owed so much in our boat building mission, Brian Hill and Geir Isaksson were not so fortunate and lost their lives to cancer.

While we were in Miami, I often had to travel into the city centre on business. While I was there, I would visit the library where, surprisingly, I was able to do research into my family history. In my spare time I continued to work on the design of the 32ft boat for True World Marine, although, without pressure from above, this was making slow progress.

At one point, during our stay in Miami, Avril was able to make another visit to Cuba. One of the leaders of the American Church in Washington DC, Reverend Levi Dougherty, had connections with a left-wing evangelical group who, in turn, had some kind of relationship with evangelical ministers in Cuba. These ministers were allowed to operate under the strict supervision of the Cuban government.

Levi and his wife Claire, who spoke Spanish and could act as an interpreter, were invited to visit Cuba and they, in turn, invited Avril to go along with them. They visited several churches and Levi gave slide presentations. Together, they blessed several couples including one child in the womb. Avril spoke of the very warm hearts of the people worshipping in extremely poor conditions. They built their churches themselves of un-plastered breeze blocks and metal windows. The congregation also helped to build houses for each other with similar materials.

Twelve years later, Avril is still in communication

with one of the couples over the internet. Avril developed some stomach problems after the visit to Cuba which doctors were unable to placate for quite some while. It was an unpleasant indemnity condition.

We spent some months in Miami finding inventive ways of spreading the Blessing and linking to various different denominations and their ministers. Finally in 2001 I had a message from Mr Sato, the leader of True World Marine in New Jersey. True Father wanted me to return to boat building and to become involved in the design and building of the 32ft sport fishing boat.



National Messiahs make proclamation overlooking the city of Havana, Cuba.



Celebrating Parents' Day, 7-4-1997 at Key Biscayne, Florida, with Japanese missionaries.



Holy Ground at Sancti Spiritus, Cuba. National Messiahs and supporters.

## BOOK 3

### Chapter II

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## **New Jersey and North Carolina**

Over the years, True World Marine had been growing and developing at its establishment at Jersey City, across the Hudson River from the City of New York. Mr T Sato was in charge and most of the members working there were Japanese. The leading members had developed their skills while working with Master Marine in New York and Alabama. I had maintained a connection with the company and was called in from time to time to advise on matters of design. At some point, during the time that Avril and I were in Miami, the company moved its main business in New Jersey to a much larger premises, a little further north, at Little Ferry. Here they could expand considerably with the help of a generous financial backing.

When, in 2001, I had a call from Mr Sato to say that Father wanted me to move to Little Ferry to work on the development of the 32ft boat, we dutifully packed up our things and moved back north. At first we squeezed into two rooms of an apartment shared with other families. Later we were given the use of a more commodious apartment in an adjacent building. This became our home for the next four years.

At first, I was given the use of a large office space in a building that was otherwise used for storage. This proved to be rather remote and I subsequently moved into the design office in the main building. We had moved from the very hot climate of Florida and the warmth of the Spanish temperament, to a new home in the north where it was not only the climate that was cool.

For the past ten years or so the Japanese brothers had been successfully updating and developing the Good-Go series of boats. At the same time they had been developing their sales skills. They were now preparing catalogues to help sell the boats and they included in these catalogues a picture of me as the 'designer'. I was very uncomfortable about this because, in the first place, Father was responsible for the design and the development of the first boats and, in any case, I had had nothing to do with the development of the present series of the boats. I was assured that this was necessary for sales purposes but it clearly created a very uncomfortable situation with those who had been responsible for the new designs. In that area I was made to feel a little unwelcome.

After preparing a preliminary design for the 32ft boat, I went with Mr Sato to see Father and seek his approval. Certain adjustments were proposed which included widening the beam and extending the roof back over the deck. I adjusted the design drawings to incorporate Father's direction in the face of a certain amount of adverse criticism.

Soon after we arrived in New Jersey, the attack on the Twin Towers in Downtown New York was perpetrated. Standing on the roof of our factory we could see the smoke billowing up from the towers and blowing across the river. It was a very tense time.



One great joy we had in living back near New York, was that we could rise early on a Sunday morning and drive up to East Garden to attend True Parents' speech. This brought back special memories from twenty years earlier and we could, at the same time, reunite with many old friends.

When the production of new boats got underway, a new building was erected to accommodate the assembly lines. True Parents visited the factory when the boat building started there. Avril and I followed along on the tour and Father greeted us and asked if we had a comfortable place to live. Afterwards Father graciously gave a gift of money to True World Marine members and a separate gift to me as 'Master Marine'.

During our time in Little Ferry, Avril did not enjoy very good health and we were obliged to make a number of visits to hospitals and clinics. During this time, Avril underwent a hip replacement, which was followed by several weeks stay in a nursing home. These were very difficult times that were made much easier by our being able to go through them together. Those earlier decades, when our individual missions made it necessary for us to live separate lives, had effectively cemented the bond between us. Now, any separation was painful.

While we were busy developing the 32ft boat at True World Marine, Mr and Mrs Sato were putting a lot of time and energy into various outreach activities with a Ministers fishing club and other enterprises.

As we entered the 21st century and the 40th anniversary of the Ocean Providence was looming, Father was anxious to see the fulfilment of many of the projects and enterprises he had set in motion over the years. As a consequence, Mr Sato, who was currently responsible for

the Ocean Providence, had much expected of him and he was under a lot of pressure.

In addition to developing the boat building, progress was also needed in the educational side of things. A Ministers' Fishing Club was established and an Ocean Festival was held in Liberty Harbour. Numerous fishing tournaments were organized and held in the area. One of the things that I, personally, was drawn into, was the development of an Ocean School. This was to be known as the MEDLATT School - 'Maritime Educational Development Learning and Training Technology School'. A curriculum was established with classes on Boat Building Practices, Mechanics, Operations, Design and History.

The question now arose as to who was going to teach and run the school. Those with a detailed knowledge of the practice of boat building were very fully occupied in the factory and, even if they had time, they professed themselves to be totally unable to teach in English. Somewhat reluctantly I was pressured into teaching and was appointed principal of the school. Two Japanese sisters supported Mr Sato in the office and had responsibility for fundraising and for finding students. I managed to find a couple of Western members, who had been working part time in the factory, to teach in the mechanical and electrical areas. I then found a most informative book on working with fibreglass and, from this, made up a series of lectures on this subject. At the same time, I was able to learn a great deal on up-to-date practices.

The history of boat building I found particularly interesting and prepared a series of classes on this subject. Design, I taught from personal experience.

It was necessary to test the students at regular intervals and from this I could keep a check on individual performances.

The next thing was to find some students to teach. At first I was presented with a small group of people from the Philippines who wanted to learn so that they could take what they learned back home to start their own boat building business. Somehow their circumstances changed and they were unable to continue the course after the first term and I saw no more of them. I then received an African American who had been in prison on drug charges and needed to be rehabilitated. At the end of the course we were able to give him a job at the factory. He confided to me later that, following the classes, he knew a lot more about safety regulations than did his foreman!

This adult was followed by a group of young people who had been 'incarcerated' for problems resulting from drug abuse. They were sent to us to be rehabilitated. These were potentially innocent young boys who had been caught up in a totally corrupt society because they knew no other way. There were times when I felt I could hold their interest for a spell and they were genuinely interested in discovering a new way of life and then, the next day, they were gone – drowning in the flow of a life they could not resist. The school, I felt, was really not making any headway.

Father visited the school on one occasion – passing through, as it were, on his way to go fishing. He was with a group of early members. During the lunch break I slipped into the classroom to greet one or two members I had known for many years. Father was sitting on the platform at the far end of the room having his lunch alone. His face was completely expressionless. I knew that it

would be altogether inappropriate for me to make any approach to Father, uninvited. But in the coldness of Father's expression I knew that he could not have approved of the way the school was being run. This was not the way we should be going. Shortly after this the school closed - simply because there was no one left to teach.

Back in the design office life was becoming rather difficult for me. At seventy-five it was extremely difficult for me to keep up with the fast developing technology in Graphic Design. My shortcomings were constantly thrown at me: 'You are too old', 'You shouldn't be here wasting my time'. Everything was becoming a personal battle. What I needed was support and understanding.

In the early days we worked together each contributing what we could to the whole and sharing together the joy of achievement. Now, it seemed, that spirit had changed. Now there appeared to be a tendency in the Japanese mind to work hard and build up knowledge and abilities that no one else had and then to hold that knowledge to yourself. It is your pride and glory, not to be shared with anyone. For me this was not a happy experience and I was constantly being put down while slowly moving forward.

A new horizon opened up for us when one of our boats was bought by an Englishman living in California. He turned out to be the chief designer for a German car manufacturer operating in the USA. He expressed enthusiasm about the design of the boat and flew over to New York to meet with us and to check out our manufacturing facilities.

At their plant in California, they developed detailed designs, not only for their own range of cars, but

also for larger vehicles and even for rail cars. Their design facilities stretched to choice of upholstery, materials and colours.

For my own part, I had been unable to produce drawings that could adequately show to the layman (my client) the interior arrangement of the cabin of our 32ft boat. The company in California was in a position where they could take my drawings and build a full size mock-up of the cabin and the pilot station above to see that everything fitted together and worked to the optimum.

Mr and Mrs Sato were excited about this and so, at Mr Sato's request, I negotiated a contract with the company for building the cabin mock-up. This was subsequently approved and now we were able to step inside the mock-up of the cabin and assess how the human body could be comfortable in the environment of the bunks and the seating area, the necessarily restricted area of the 'head' and the galley. Not only was it possible to demonstrate the comfort of the cabin but we could also see that the pilot seat on the upper level could be made adjustable to suit different sizes of people. There needed to be accessibility to controls and clear visibility and clearance in all situations. This exercise was very helpful in achieving a good balance at the heart of the boat.

At around this time Father made some dramatic changes in our leadership. Mr Kamiyama became the new leader of True World Marine and Mr Sato went to replace Mr Kamiyama in the wilds of Pantanal, Brazil.

Mr Kamiyama now came in like a new broom and many changes were brought about. The Japanese members seemed to adjust very easily to the new management but for me there were rather dynamic changes that had to be

digested.

Mr Kamiyama did not want to have anything more to do with the Californian company and it was up to me to close down the contracts as quickly and as inexpensively as possible. During this period I had had quite a lot of contact with the German management of the automobile company. I had not previously had so much connection with Germans en masse. I now found them to be extremely polite – courteous to a fault. They were both generous and gracious. Any attempt at English humour on my part, however, was simply greeted with a polite smile. We were able to close the contracts without any difficulty. If they had been thinking of some kind of a closer relationship, I think they realized that it would not work and were, perhaps, relieved to let us go.

Having completed the basic design for the new 32ft boat, the next stage was to have plugs and moulds made, from which to construct the boat. Over the years, it had been our practice to have our moulds made by a relatively small mould-maker in Massachusetts. He had now retired and it was time for us to move to a rather larger mould-maker where new techniques could be developed. He recommended to us a company in central Florida who had built up an establishment that could provide just what we needed. We checked this out against a very small number of similar companies and decided, with Mr Kamiyama's approval, to settle on this company in Florida.

It so happened that the Directors of this company were of the Jewish faith as, incidentally, was the owner of the company in Massachusetts. I found them to be serious people, totally dedicated to turning out a good product. I think they respected the fact that we were a bit different

from the usual run of boat builders. They gave very good advice and helped us to iron out any irregularities that there may have been in our design. They also gave advice on electrical work.

Whereas, in the past, everything was done by hand, the system was now totally computerized. Under this new system, to make the plug for a hull, a huge lump of foam would be set on a carriage, and, with a series of routers attached to the end of articulated arms, the foam would be moulded into the exact shape of the designed hull. The same was repeated for every individual part of the boat. The surfaces of the plugs would then be prepared and moulds made and reinforced for the total complement of parts, all polished to a high glaze. The moulds would then be mounted on casters.

During the time that the moulds were being made in Florida, we had constant communication over the telephone. They carefully checked that our lines were fair and that all the various parts fitted together perfectly. We were grateful for their high level of technology in this field.

While work was progressing on the moulds, we were also developing the mechanical and electrical design. For the mechanical, we sought the advice of a German engineer who we had found most helpful in the past. We greatly valued his advice. Again, my English was needed to negotiate the technical details.

At one point during this period, Mr Kamiyama refused to speak to me. This was very difficult as there were many occasions when I needed his approval to move forward. I was given no reason for his not speaking to me. As far as I could see there was no personal animosity, but it became something of an aggravation for others to have

to act as go-between. For me it created a painful feeling of tension.

I came to realise that, just as in the 1980s in New York, it was necessary for me to unite totally with Mr Kamiyama, as the person in charge, in spite of much provocation, for the fulfilment of the Providence. So too, at this time, it was again necessary for me to unite with that same person in order that the 32ft boat might also be an acceptable offering to True Parents.

While we were in New Jersey, we attended the local church at Clifton. This was led by the Korean Regional Leader and an American Pastor. There were some 200 families who attended the services that were held in a school auditorium. This was our church and the centre of our faith activities. Mr Kamiyama also held services at the company offices on Sunday afternoons. These were in Japanese with simultaneous translations that were often difficult to follow.

We were very much involved in the various activities orchestrated by the Clifton Church. On one occasion our daughter, Scilla, came from Italy on a European witnessing crusade. She stayed with us while she was there - which was wonderful for us and for her. During this time we visited a number of different Christian churches and experienced varying levels of acceptance. At one Episcopal Church the minister was very positive and began to offer special prayers for Reverend Moon and the Archbishop of Canterbury!

Mr Kamiyama could see clearly the difficulties that existed for boat building in the premises at Little Ferry. He recognised the problem of sharing the facilities with other members of the True World Group.

At some point he started making plans for moving



the boat building operations to an area of land he wanted to purchase near Beaufort, North Carolina. This land adjoined the Intra-Coastal Waterway which ran down much of the east coast of the United States. This area was ideal for our industry. Mr Kamiyama had the opportunity to raise the money needed for this development and the move became a reality.

In the early days of boat building in New York, the members were living as single people. Now that our members had growing families, it was planned that we should buy or rent our own homes and merge into the local communities. A new factory was built on the land and we were back on the road again moving to our new homes. The Saman family, whom we had known and worked with since our time in Alabama, were one of the decreasing number of Western families still with the company. They went down to North Carolina, ahead of time, and found a single-storey house for us on the outskirts of Beaufort. This family was always so helpful in looking after our interests. Keenan, Caren and their son Samuel moved into a house in a nearby street.

Moving into the coastal area of North Carolina was like moving into another world. Although not far from the neighbouring states of Virginia and Washington DC, it was as if the world had passed us by. Flat, sandy country extended back from the Atlantic coast with pine forests and open farmland. River estuaries, watery inlets and a generous sprinkling of islands made movement difficult but boating a popular past time. There was always the danger of hurricanes coming in off the ocean and when storms did come, we were sometimes pelted with hailstones the size of golf balls.

One of the early inhabitants of Beaufort was the

pirate Blackbeard who, it is thought, hailed from Bristol. In his day he terrorised the coastal shipping hereabouts and left his mark on the town. A strange thing about Beaufort was that the tour buses, which roamed the streets were ex-London Transport double-deckers with the roofs cut off.

There is a variety of pine tree in this locality that used to be tapped for turpentine. This supported quite a lucrative trade. I wonder about the meaning of the old nursery rhyme, 'Queen, Queen Caroline dipped her hair in turpentine. Turpentine made it shine, Queen, Queen Caroline.'

Our church centre in North Carolina was some 70 miles inland. This made it difficult to attend their services on a regular basis. The local services in Japanese were also difficult for us to follow. As a consequence of this, we and the Saman family made a point of attending local churches in Beaufort and the neighbourhood, as we had done in New Jersey. In practice, these churches remained segregated and were either black or white, whatever their denomination might be. We were always made to feel very welcome and we always told the minister who we were.

During this period, we had instructions to go to the churches and read a certain speech of Father's. We were able to do this successfully in one black church where the minister was a lady, Reverend Marion N Bell. Apparently, she had attended Duke University in North Carolina. True Father had visited the university while she was there and had made a substantial donation. This had left a big impression on her. We were able to read the selected speech in her church, St. Stephen's Congregational Church, and she subsequently received the Blessing. After

the Blessing, she asked if she could take some of the Holy Wine to bless her husband who was suffering from terminal cancer. She also wanted to bless other members of her family. The church building was quite old and we were shown how, at one time, segregation existed even within a black congregation. Seats were set aside for different groups of black people depending on their level of education.

During our latter days at Beaufort we held meetings with the blessed children aged eleven and over, in different homes, and taught them the Divine Principle, Chapter One. We used all kinds of unusual props and I think it went down very well. The Japanese children spoke English at school even if their parents found it more difficult.

By the time we had moved down to North Carolina the first main moulds were being prepared for delivery. Mr Kamiyama seemed to feel that I was, perhaps, too familiar with the mould-making company and demanded that I reduce the current costs by the equivalent of one month's salary. This I was able to negotiate without rancour, although I found it difficult since they had been so helpful to us.

We were now starting to build the 32ft boat from the moulds we were receiving. We were also building a new 28ft boat with moulds from the same company. I was constantly hearing criticisms of the 32ft boat - that it was fat and ugly and that it would be bow heavy. I had previously widened the beam and adjusted the shape to comply with what I understood Father to have asked for. I felt confident that Father's investment would work out, whatever others might think.

When the boat was put together and the engines

and equipment had been installed, we took the boat to the dry dock and floated it. I asked that a spirit level be used to check the pitch. It showed that the boat lay exactly level. Mr Kamiyama congratulated me and the matter was closed.

When the boat was finally completed and we launched it on the waterway, a school of dolphins leapt out of the water to port and starboard to accompany us on the maiden test run. The boat sped over the water at 30 knots and proved to be extremely manoeuvrable – able to turn in exceptionally tight circles. What a joy to experience! How I wanted to present the boat to Father. He had not seen it completed. When we were still in New Jersey, I had met with Tim Read, the National Leader for England. He had invited us to return to the UK to celebrate my 80th birthday in July, 2006, which we did. He also invited us to return to England for our retirement. We explained to him that we had not yet completed the 32ft boat that we were building for Father and could not think of retirement at that time. Mr Kamiyama was also concerned about where we were going to spend the final years of our lives. Where, he asked, did we expect to be buried.

In February 2007, after disposing of much of our possessions among the members at True World Marine, we packed up our remaining personal belongings and sent them to the UK by sea. We finally said goodbye to our brothers and sisters in North Carolina and returned to England after 29 years as exiles in a foreign land.

A year later I received a DVD showing a visit of True Father with his son Hyun Jin Nim and some Korean and Japanese leaders, arriving at Beaufort by plane from New York to see the 32ft boat and to take it on a test ride.

Father was clearly so happy with the boat and, after flying back to New York, he returned the next day with Mother. After showing the boat to Mother, Father went out fishing in the sea off Beaufort. I was so happy to see Father's look of joy and achievement at being able to go fishing on this boat that had been so long in the making. It would have been such a precious experience for us if we, too, had been able to be present at that time. The real joy, however, was to see the look in Father's eyes.



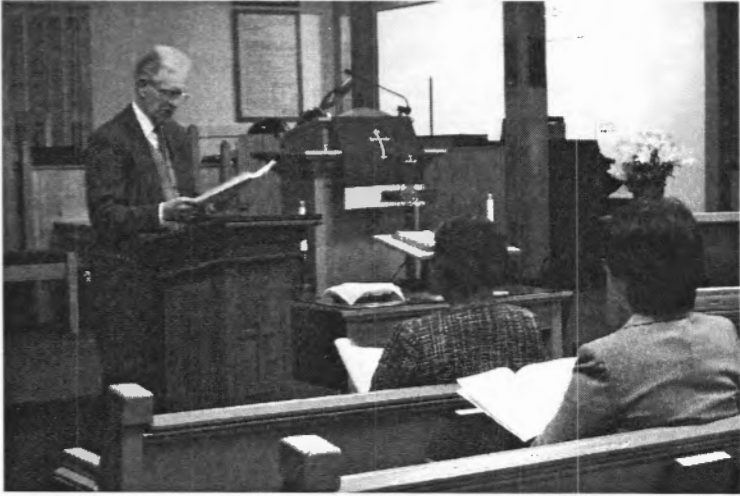
Liberty Harbour, Jersey City, shortly before 9-11-2001.



Second Generation preparing for Divine Principle lecture - Chapter 1. North Carolina.



**God's Day celebration. First of January 2006**



5<sup>th</sup> World Tour Event - Main speech in Beaufort.





**True World  
MARINE**



**32' OFFSHORE**  
walkaround

**MASTER THE SEA**

## BOOK 3

### Chapter III

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## Contemplatio

We had returned home to England just 31 years after leaving for America and other parts of the world. It was 33 years since we had made the decision to offer all that we had to God and True Parents.

Now, standing under the shade of one of the two oak trees that remained from the grove of six trees that had been planted and blessed by True Father in 1974, I looked out across the valley to the fields and the landscape that had been a part of my inheritance. There, on the rising ground across the valley was the spot where, as a small child, I had enjoyed a picnic and I had experienced the wonderment at being told that this village and this land would one day be mine. A few yards away, hidden by the old railway embankment and buried under the ground, was the site of the Roman villa that had once stood there. Up on the rising ground to the east where I had built my house was the site of a Roman fort that commanded the area until the Romans left some 1,700 years ago. Across the valley I could see the tower of the church that had foundations going back to Saxon times. People had worshipped in this place for all of 900 years. Here, in this building, are the tombs of my ancestors. Here

my grandfather had worshipped and preached and laboured on his wood carvings. From the church is the view across the park to the lake and the woods beyond. The pervasive smell of box hedges still lingers in my memory.

Standing in a hedgerow above the village, on the very highest point around, is a sarsen stone which gives the village of Stanton its name. It has stood erect, hidden in the middle of a hedge, since time immemorial and keeps a watch over the settlement below.

This land, that had been held by my family, as Lords of the Manor, for 400 years, was freely given. Nevertheless, I still feel a strong connection and my heart is filled with a love for the land that cannot be extinguished. The spirit of the land is in my blood. Although there have been many improvements, it is not always easy to come back and see the changes that have taken place in our absence. There are things that were done that had not drawn on the same depth of heart and understanding that had previously motivated our actions. We were disappointed to find that the herd of deer that Father had assembled had been destroyed, ostensibly to prevent the spread of foot and mouth disease.

It had been suggested, over the years, by visiting members of Father's family, that we should have a burial ground on this property. This suggestion has been taken up by some members of our local community and planning permission was obtained from the Local Authority in 2010, to create a Woodland Burial Site on an acre of land adjoining the Holy Ground. This is the first burial ground or 'Won Jeon' to be created by our movement in Europe and it was consecrated in that same year by our Regional President, Reverend Song. The Won

Jeon lies on the sunny hillside overlooking a peaceful view of the manor lands and the ancient church.

In the final chapter of the *Divine Principle*, section 3.3.5, 'The Culmination of all Civilizations', Father shows how civilization started as a continental civilization in Egypt and Mesopotamia, centring on the Nile, Tigris, and Euphrates rivers. It then passed to the peninsula civilizations of Greece, Rome and Iberia, centring on the Mediterranean Sea. From here it went to the island civilization of Great Britain, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean which is shared with the continental civilization of the USA. The direction was then reversed and civilization passed over to the Pacific Ocean and to an island, Japan and to a peninsula, Korea.

When Father was in Great Britain in 1976, I accompanied him when he visited Hampton Court, the home of King Henry VIII. Henry VIII had been an enthusiastic boat builder and had built up a very fine navy. These ships, built of English oak, were to be used by his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, to take dominion in the Atlantic Ocean and subsequently to develop an empire on which, it was claimed, the sun never set.

Now, in the development of the Ocean Providence, Father appears to have taken 'the course of development of civilizations' as a pattern. Brian and I studied boat building under Father's guidance in Great Britain and took our expertise over the Atlantic Ocean to the United States. Here we developed our skills and were partially taken over by Japanese interests. (In the past Japan has adopted many things from England including driving on the left side of the road.)

Eventually, Father sent me to Korea, with Japanese assistance, to develop fibreglass boat building at Mokpo

on the Korean peninsula.

It would seem that everything has to follow a certain course in order that Father can achieve victory. For us to assist in this work, we must understand and be able to act in total obedience to his will.

In looking back, I see so many occasions when I have let Father down because of my insensitivity to his will. I am confident, however, that victory will come to True Parents through their involvement in the Pacific Rim Providence.

There is no way that I can adequately express the wonderment and awe that I feel when I look back at the absolute love and trust that we, as a couple, have received, personally, over the years from Our Beloved True Parents. We can only receive this and pass it on in humility as representatives of the body of our brothers and sisters.