

The New Hope

“And we go sailing with our Father. You know his ship will never sway. Oh, oh, oh, New Hope on the horizon...” The person, who wrote that song, must have never been on the New Hope, for the New Hope sways a lot. For some years I have been the captain of the New Hope and really experienced the swaying of the boat, depending on the conditions at sea.

The worst swaying of the New Hope I experienced was, while Father took the controls at one time. Usually Father does not drive the boat himself, but on that day it was necessary, as the seas were pretty rough. He caught a tuna fish and it had to be pulled in through the tuna door in the stern. Because of its size, it took quite a while to bring the tuna through the door, allowing a lot of water to rush in. The cockpit of the boat was swamped in a foot of water. Therefore Alan, the captain, asked Father to climb up to the flying bridge and drive the boat forward, while he and the crew would bail out the cockpit with buckets.



East Garden staff members visiting the New Hope



The New Hope getting ready for the Blessing of the fleet

We encountered a south easterly wind, which in the Bay of Massachusetts causes high waves very quickly. With the New Hope aiming for Gloucester, going north, these were the best conditions to cause heavy swaying of the New Hope. The waves were building up really high, and I remember on the way in, as I was driving the second boat, that the seas were so high I could not see the New Hope in front of me. According to my estimation, the waves reached a height of 18 to 20 ft., meaning that when the New Hope was in a trough, the wave between us was higher than the New Hope itself, making it impossible for me to see it.

As the tuna was being pulled into the New Hope, the stern dipped lower and lower into the ocean. I was afraid, that the boat might fill up with too much water, and the possibility of the New Hope sinking, became very real to me. As Father was driving forward, while the crew was bailing out the water from the cockpit, the seaworthiness of the New Hope was restored. But the swaying of the New Hope at that time was the worst I have ever seen.

Father bought the New Hope in 1974. He got it just before the Madison Square Garden rally, so that he could prepare himself for the event on the water. As I mentioned before, the New Hope was a 48 ft pacemaker. At that time the New Hope was a very nice boat. However, compared to the present designs, it is an old boat, and at this time many boats are much nicer than the New Hope. Yet the New Hope was Father's boat and as such a very privileged vessel.

If we read the Good Book, the Bible, in the book of Proverbs 13:12 it says: "Hope deferred makes a man's heart sick, but a desire fulfilled is the tree of life". So what is the hope of man? Well, the desire fulfilled is the Tree of Life, meaning Adam in perfection. As you know, Adam fell and had never obtained perfection. However, after many years another Adam appeared by the name of Jesus. In perfection, he must be

the Tree of Life and the desire of mankind. During his earthly life Jesus desperately tried to fulfill this goal. Instead, people tried to kill him. The more he worked to do God's will, the more persecution he faced, even to a point that his life was in danger. As you know, in the end his adversaries succeeded in crucifying him. How anyone can believe, that killing the desire of men's heart, Adam in perfection, will bring salvation and joy to God, is an eternal riddle to me. I never figured that one out. But as you know, towards the end of his mission on earth, Jesus spoke of his return to complete his mission.

In the book of Revelation we can read about the Tree of Life, bearing fruit every month, meaning, Adam in perfection shall return again, fulfilling the hope of man's heart. As we know, True Father is in that privileged position. He is the hope of Man's heart, and whatever he does, brings hope to man's heart. To me it is very obvious and fitting, that his boat should bear the name the "New Hope". After years of hopelessness, we finally have new hope. Also his speaking tours were called the "New Hope Campaigns". Therefore, after Father came to America and became known in this country, it was under the umbrella of "New Hope".

At this time, the tuna season and the World Tuna Tournament in Gloucester come to my mind. One small boat, called Mr. C, was maybe 24 foot long with an outboard engine. It was captained by Larry, who fished the boat by himself. Interestingly enough, during that tournament he won 3rd prize and got a nice check. We were always good friends with him, even though most people from that area were negative towards us. This guy figured out, that he would benefit while fishing close to us or to Father on the New Hope. When we were already anchored on the fishing grounds early in the morning, and Larry appeared in his boat, he used to drive straight for the New Hope, stopped his boat, took his hat off and bowed before Father. Then he waited for Father to assign him a spot, where to

anchor, and that is where he would fish all day. He was out there pretty much during every tuna season.

I remember the year, when I was captain of the New Hope. Just before we were ready to leave at 4:00 am, Larry, who was not a member by the way, used to come to the New Hope and touch it, and while he was doing that, he would say: "This is Holy Land". At that time, Father was not there, but he started every day by touching the New Hope.

What made the New Hope 'Holy Land'? It was Father's boat, and whatever this holy man does, is holy. Seen from that point of view it's understandable, that the New Hope is holy.

I remember when I saw Father in Barrytown at the Hudson River in 1973, casting some fishing poles into the river, trying to catch eel and catfish, that his attitude was completely serious. America's situation was difficult and he was so determined to bring salvation to America, he was dead serious. I also remember Father speaking to the IOWC Teams in NYC at the Holy Ground in Central Park. He was very serious and crying so much, deeply touching the hearts of all the members present, moving them to tears. That's how we saw him in 1973.

But when I saw Father in 1974 in Barrytown, preparing for the Madison Square Garden campaign, he was extremely serious, yet did not shed so many tears. This time he was a very happy and smiling Father. So what happened? Well, he bought the New Hope and took it out to the ocean. I would like to proclaim, that he solved all his problems by being aboard the New Hope in the North Atlantic in silent prayer and meditation, surrounded by water.

The Bible tells us, that Jesus went out alone into the desert many times to pray, to communicate with his Father in Heaven. The Lord at his return took to the ocean to pray and meditate about God's providence, to connect with his Heavenly Father and to plan the next steps in his fight against Satan. All the problems of the world, which Father pondered in his mind,

were solved aboard the New Hope, in the North Atlantic. The sea transformed the dead serious Father into the “smiling face” Father. That’s why Larry called the New Hope “Holy Land”, and I think, that’s a pretty good and correct description.

Now I would like to give an example of how Father lived on the boat. We went out one morning from Gloucester, Massachusetts and anchored outside of Gloucester Harbor. Father was on the flying bridge and didn’t say a word. His eyes were closed in deep meditation. We were catching cod and spiny dogfish, I believe. At 11:00 o’clock I kind of quietly looked up to see, if Father would announce breakfast time, because he alone would determine, when and what activities would take place on board. Well, I saw Father deep in prayer with closed eyes, not moving at all, just his body rocking with the motions of the sea, not saying anything. I would have appreciated breakfast at that time, because I was getting pretty hungry, but no direction came to us from Father.

We kept on fishing on an empty stomach hoping, to get directions from Father at 3:00 pm to prepare lunch, but he was quiet and didn’t say a word. With closed eyes he was still deep in meditation. We were very hungry by now, as we had skipped breakfast, and it seemed like we were going to skip lunch as well, as there was no change in Father’s expression.

Finally, around 6:00 pm, some movement came into Father and he gave direction to stop fishing and go home. So we pulled up our gear and anchor and headed home. What a strange day, I thought. Father didn’t say anything about the significance of this day on the water at that time. Many weeks later, while speaking to the members, he explained: “The other day I went out into the North Atlantic and gave a sermon for all the dead sailors at sea. Nobody on the boat had any idea about what I was doing”. I, for one, surely did not know what he was doing that day, and neither did anyone else. But I can never forget that day.

When Father is on the boat, actively involved in fishing, he is the one that gets the most bites. I have seen it over and over again, and I was wondering, how come, that the fish, the creation, respond to him like that. Well, I have witnessed, that silent prayer and deep meditation really affect the fish. In Fathers case, all his spiritual work is reflected in the number of fish bites he received.

I cannot but marvel at those times when we were tuna fishing in the Atlantic during the long hot summer. Sometimes the entire fleet out there wouldn't catch a single fish. Over a hundred boats would be anchored, waiting for the fish to strike. Even though the tunas may have been there, sometimes they don't bite. But this one phenomenon I have witnessed over and over again. The entire fleet was anchored and waiting for a strike, and there was no activity whatsoever. All of a sudden there was one strike, and believe it or not, it was guaranteed occurring on the New Hope, when Father was on the boat. Sometimes I heard outside fishermen cussing and swearing: "Stupid Tuna, why does this fish have to go to the New Hope". It's quite understandable, because out of hundreds of boats fishing out there, just one tuna decided to bite, choosing Father's hooks on the lines coming from the New Hope. Truly, in front of hundreds of witnesses on the water, Father was catching tuna, when no one else has a strike at all. I have seen so much jealousy on the water due to that phenomenon. But I have to say, tunas surely know, where the Lord is. It seems as if even the tuna fish know which hook to bite, in order to go to heaven.

I'd also like to say something about the structure and the interior of the New Hope. It has a state room, which is Fathers room, the crew room at the front at the V-section, the salon, a restroom, called the head, the kitchen, called the galley and of course outside the cockpit and the flying bridge.

As I talked about the cockpit earlier, taking on a lot of water that particular day, it became very obvious, that somehow there was a mistake in the basic structure of the boat. The bilge pump of the New Hope is in the front section. When the New Hope sits in the water, there is more water in the front than in the back because of the weight of the engine and its location. As you can well imagine, when all that water came in through the tuna door and ended up in the cockpit, while the tuna was pulled in, the sea water rushed in and could not be pumped out, because the pump was in the front.

I also remember that the window in Father's room, the port hole, was not sealed correctly and was leaking. Therefore one of the bunks was always wet, and I wish we could have sealed it better. I am not sure, whether it is sealed by now. I certainly hope so.

There also seemed to be a problem with the engines. They are two 8V 71 Detroits, naturally aspirated, which pushed the boat full speed close to 20 knots. If you know Father's nature, you can understand many things. While driving on the street, he does not like to be passed or to be overtaken by any other car. The same is true on the water. Once outside the no-wake zone, the boat had to run full speed. I myself heard him giving the command, to go full speed when the captain did not have the boat at full throttle. Seen from that point of view, the New Hope engines knew only two speeds, one is idle and the other is full speed.

I have heard so many people talk about how to run diesel engines, and often I was told, that they should run full throttle. However, that has side effects, and after a couple of years these engines were shot and needed to be rebuilt.

Now I am a commercial fisherman, and the boat I am using has one 8V 71 Detroit engine. The boat is 28 years old, and the engine was never rebuilt, while the New Hope engines needed rebuilding every couple of years. What makes the

difference? I am driving my boat 3/5ths of its throttle speed, while the New Hope engines are driven full throttle at all times. Of course my boat doesn't make the same speed, but it is much healthier for a boat to run at 3/5ths capacity than at full throttle. My boat is a work boat and has to pull dredges, while the New Hope is a pleasure craft. Comparing those two types of boats, one could easily think, that the commercial craft would be worn out much sooner. However the opposite is true. Running the New Hope at full speed kills the engine much quicker, while running a boat at 3/5ths of its capacity prolongs the engine's life. This also is true for the One Hope boats with outboard engines. They also know only two speeds, idle and next to full, with the result, that many engines need rebuilding.

I would also like to talk a little bit about my time as the captain of the New Hope, when Father was not there; for example during his time in Danbury or when he was in Alaska. Let me start with the last time I was captain of the New Hope. We were fishing for tuna out of Gloucester with a fleet of about 80 boats. I was the head of the fleet as the captain of New Hope. I do not exactly recall why, but somehow we started the program without Father being present. He came up to Gloucester a little bit later.

At that time we installed a VHF radio with an extra-long antenna at the Gloucester Restaurant. The range of the radio was approximately 50 miles rather than the usual 15 to 20 miles. We were expecting Father's arrival, but somehow it got postponed day after day. Anyway, at that time we were fishing north of Cape Ann, somewhere along Jefferies Ledge. Tunas were very scarce around that time.

The purpose of the radio at our Gloucester restaurant was to be informed as soon as Father left East Garden on his way to Gloucester. Somehow, in my gut, I felt that Father was going to come, and I was paying close attention to the radio. Sure enough he came that afternoon, but we were not alerted.

As soon as he arrived in Gloucester, he wanted to go to the New Hope to go fishing. He went to the Marina, looking for the New Hope but couldn't find his boat. "The New Hope is gone, where is the New Hope?" he kept asking. Someone told him: "Gerhard is out with the New Hope tuna fishing". The disappointment must have been written all over Father's face.

Well, if you think about God, whenever there is someone or something interfering with His plan, He always has a substitute plan. With Father it's the same way. The New Hope wasn't there but he wanted to go out on the water. Therefore he had to go take one of the Good Go boats, which hadn't gone out at that time, for one reason or another.

After Father returned, he wanted to speak to the members. Only at that time did we get the radio call and headed home right away. But by the time we reached the dock, and, after tying up the boat and going to the room where Father spoke, he was almost half done speaking. When he saw me enter the room, he immediately talked about Gerhard, taking his New Hope out, when he himself wanted to go out fishing.

Yeah, that's what actually happened. The New Hope was his boat, and I was the one going out fishing with it during our tuna program. As Father was saying those words, Mother turned her head and looked at me. At that time she wasn't feeling so well, and it was reflected in her face. When she looked at me she seemed to express: "Oh Gerhard, why in the world did you take the boat out, when Father wanted to go out fishing? Why didn't you honor Father's property? What have you done?"

I felt so sorry looking at Mother, not feeling well and having to escort Father, traveling with him and attending all his speeches. She already suffered enough, and on top of it she had to find out, that I did not wait for Father at the dock with the New Hope, ready for him to go out fishing. Instead I took the New Hope myself, leading the fleet out for tuna fishing. I can

never forget Mother's sorrowful expression and I felt so sorry for her. Anyway, needless to say, that was the last day I was captain of the New Hope.

But this was not the only time , that I was captain of the New Hope. I was instructed to pioneer Montauk for tuna fishing, with the New Hope and a dozen One Hope boats. Years earlier, when I was still Father's body guard, we went fishing with Father out of Montauk. It was 1977, the year when all the tuna fish fled the fishing grounds around Gloucester. They abandoned the entire Bay of Massachusetts, because killer whales came in, and tunas and killer whales do not get along at all. The killer whales were hunting and killing the tuna fish. While up in Massachusetts I heard, that at one time during the 1950's a group of killer whales came into that area and herded all the tuna fish into the Provincetown harbor. I believe they counted 8 killer whales. In cooperation they blocked the tunas from leaving Provincetown harbor. Then two killer whales went in and killed all the tuna fish. They did not eat any, meaning, they did not kill them for food, they just killed them for the sake of killing. I was told that the entire Provincetown harbor turned red from the blood of the slain tuna fish. Somehow that must have stuck with all the tuna population, because whenever a killer whale is coming close, the tuna fish flee the area.

So when we went fishing, the entire Massachusetts Bay felt empty, void of any tuna. As a result, Father moved the fishing operation to Montauk, New York, at the tip of Long Island. Even though we went quite a bit south, where we thought the killer whales for sure would not appear, the tunas weren't there either. We had no idea where they might have gone.

So we ended up in Montauk. As we did not have a dock there, we had to anchor up in Montauk Lake or out on the ocean at night. All the meals were cooked and served on the New Hope. We were like a mother ship for everyone. Interestingly

enough, the very first day of fishing out of Montauk, I caught a tuna fish. It was between 500 and 600 pounds. At the present it may seem like a decent sized fish, but at that time the fish we caught were usually much bigger. From that day on, the tuna we were landing were small, between 50 and 100 pounds, and we caught many of those.

Anyway, as I think about those times, I cannot but remember the hurricane we encountered up there. Of course we listened to the weather radio all the time and kept track of the announced hurricane's course. Lo and behold, it came right up the coast. I was crazy for tuna fishing at that time. Even knowing, that the hurricane was supposed to reach the Montauk area later that day, I still went out fishing in the morning. I planned that once the wind picks up we just head home. I was confident that we had enough time. Needless to say, I would never again risk going out in the face of an approaching hurricane, and I definitely would not take those little boats out with me.

However, I was younger then and, as I said, crazy for tuna fishing. So I stayed out until the wind picked up and when it did, it happened very suddenly. As I took in the tuna lines, the force of the wind broke the anchor of the New Hope loose and I drifted right into my own tuna lines. As a result the lines wound around the propeller. At that moment I really regretted going out under hurricane conditions in the first place and then not leaving the fishing grounds earlier. With the boat hook I grabbed the tuna lines, being stuck in the propeller, and did cut them one by one to get the lines back, bending over the transom as low as I could. It was a very dangerous maneuver. Despite all my efforts pieces of the lines were still stuck in the propeller. Eventually I started up the boat, hoping that the lines in the propeller would not cause the engine to stall. Luckily enough they did not and we made it home safely.

I also recall one incident when I decided to stay out overnight at Montauk. I thought we found a pretty good fishing spot, where we wanted to spend the night. As we prepared for next day's fishing, All of a sudden I saw lightning flashes on the horizon. The lightning became more frequent and at the same time appeared on another part of the horizon. As the lightening intensified, it appeared in a third location meaning, three thunderstorms combined, moving in a certain direction, directly towards us.

The wind increased and it became quite uncomfortable on the boat. I ordered the fleet to lift up their anchors and head for shore. The crew of one of the Good Go boats did not have enough skill or strength to pull up their anchor, and we had to wait a long time for them to be ready. When they finally managed to get the anchor up, we were anxious to leave. As usual we drove in a V- formation. The New Hope was the lead boat and the other boats followed in V-formation, reason being, that the boats did not need to fight the wake of the boat in front of them.

The thunderstorms came closer and closer until we were caught up right in the middle. I was sitting on top of the New Hope in the helmsman's seat all by myself at the highest point of the New Hope, with lightening flashing all around us. When lightening hits, it usually does so at the highest point. I have to admit I was very scared, being at the highest point on the New Hope, practically the lightning rod, riding through those thunderstorms. The lightening was flashing right overhead, and one of the captains of our Good Go boats, Mary, who drove her boat a couple of boats behind the New Hope, said later on, she saw lightening touch down between the boats. That is not just a story; it's the truth. I have smelled the ozone, which is burned oxygen. It smells as if someone is welding with an autogenic welder. It's quite something to smell that on the ocean, and believe me I was scared for my life. I prayed and prayed for a

safe trip home. In my prayers I promised God heaven on earth, giving you a glimpse of how scared I was. It was anything but a pleasant experience to ride the waves through that thunderstorm. I never smelled ozone before in my life, coming from lightening, but at that time I did. The lightening was very close and it surely was a poor decision on my part to spend the night at sea under these conditions. Anyway, with the help of God we all made it back to shore safely, and from that time on I really thought twice about staying out at night when facing a thunderstorm.

Later on, as I became a commercial fisherman, I spent many nights at sea and experienced many thunderstorms. But I have never experienced anything like that again. As a commercial fisherman I did dredging for conch at night towing the dredges with a long chain, which is on the winder of the boat. If lightening would hit the boat it would for sure hit the chain, because the chain was grounded to the dredges on the ocean floor. While on the New Hope, there was no grounding and I, at the highest point on the New Hope, driving the boat from the flying bridge, was most likely the prime target of lightening. So it is understandable, that I was afraid for my life. The only lightning rods at that time were my desperate prayers.

I also would like to talk about an experience on the New Hope, when we had a major problem with one of her engines. It might have been the year when Father was in Danbury prison. As usual we had a preparation period in Gloucester for the tuna campaign, which involved many lectures. I was giving the lectures, and when it came time to go out fishing, we were rather eager to go out, trying to catch tuna fish. The New Hope had some problems with the risers. As they were rusted and quite porous we decided to get new risers made out of stainless steel. The tuna season had begun and I had to take the New Hope out to lead the rest of the fleet, sometimes consisting of 80 to 100 boats, to the tuna grounds to start fishing.

At the very last moment the risers arrived. As the fishing had already started, we would lose a couple of days of fishing, if we would exchange the risers. Considering the fact that I was too crazy for tuna fishing, we postponed replacing the risers until the end of the season, just hoping, nothing serious would happen until that time. It would have been very nice to have the new risers at the beginning of the season though, without having to worry about them. Anyway, towards the end of the season the seas became really rough. I remember that after one day of rocking and rolling, I could not start one of the engines of the New Hope. Why not? Because the salt water from the risers made a big enough hole so that through the motion of the boat the water eventually entered into one of the cylinders of the engine. Since water does not compress, the engine could not turn over and was stuck. I was forced to return to port, running only on one engine, but I knew instantly that the reason for the engine failure was not, that the batteries were too weak to turn over the engine, but the water inside the cylinder. As a result the engine had to be rebuilt, and it happened on my watch because of my mistake. It could have been prevented by putting on new risers, right at the beginning, even if we had to sacrifice a few days of fishing. Though sometimes we went out fishing without Father, whenever I was on the New Hope, it felt as if Father was there, and never even once would I sit in Father's chair on the flying bridge. To me it was a very special chair, as it belonged to Father. Therefore I could never use it. Interestingly enough, that year, when Father was in Danbury prison, we caught the most tuna fish. How was that possible? He must have always thought about us while we were out fishing, helping the New Hope to catch the most tuna fish. That was one of the reasons we had such a good year.

At this time I would like to say a few words about the Flying Phoenix, which of course was Father's speed boat. He bought it at the same time he bought the New Hope, in 1974

and was able to use it before the New Hope arrived. However there was a problem with the boats engines, specifically the cooling. Originally it had two engines, 188 horse powers each, with saltwater cooling by an impeller, sucking up saltwater and pushing it through the engine. The saltwater stayed in the engine all the time. You probably can imagine how much corrosion occurred in the engine over the years. After 5 years, the saltwater penetrated the engine and the cylinder walls, seeping into the cylinders and making it impossible for the engine to run. That happened to be a mistake in design, cooling the engines with saltwater. We therefore installed two new engines, 250 horsepower each. It featured a fresh water cooling system, with saltwater cooling the fresh water. Of course the Flying Phoenix was more powerful and reached a higher speed with those new engines, but at that time Father did not use the Flying Phoenix that much anymore. Its top speed was in excess of 50 knots. I remember very well, when I was in charge of security at the World Mission Center after leaving East Garden, that Ken came to me and informed me about the two brand new engines in the Flying Phoenix, adding, that the boat just sits there without being used. So he asked me, if I would have the possibility, to put some time on the new engines of the Flying Phoenix. Oh boy, what an invitation. I certainly would find time for that. Anyway, shortly afterwards I took some of my security guards out to the Flying Phoenix. I cranked up the engines and as I heard the low sound, I knew, that was the sound of power.

We took the Flying Phoenix out to the ocean, and once it was close to full speed, the bow of the boat went down a little bit and the stern went up a little, as if she was running on propellers only. I was standing up, driving the boat, and the wind in my face was so strong, that it blew my mouth open. That gives you an idea of how much speed the boat had.

Of course we had fun turning the boat in different directions, curving around, and one of the brothers, who didn't

hold on tight, fell to the floor. As he wanted to get up I turned the boat the other way so that he couldn't make it. We played this little game for a while, and it was amazing to see, how much speed the engines on that little boat provided.

Eventually we stopped the boat and did some fishing, catching a few flounders but not much else. As I looked at the horizon, I became aware of a certain boat, which looked kind of familiar. As the boat came closer, I saw three red balls hanging off the railing, and I thought to myself, that is exactly what the New Hope looks like. I was getting rather nervous, because I took Father's speed boat out without His permission and drove it just for fun, putting some hours on the engine. Lo and behold, when the boat came closer, I saw that Father was on the boat, and he was coming straight at me. How in the world can he, who was supposed to be in Barrytown at this time, speaking to the members there, suddenly be out here and find me in the middle of the ocean. Well, East Garden people had called and said that Father was going to Barrytown, and to expect him in two hours. In Barrytown people were waiting for Father near his room, but he didn't show up.

Later I heard that as Father was driving down the hill of East Garden and, once close to the gate, he told the driver, let's go to the New Hope. The driver said: "Oh Father, the members in Barrytown are waiting". But Father repeated: "Let's go to the New Hope".

When Father arrived at the New Hope, there was no captain present, because Ken, who was the captain at that time, had to go shopping. When he returned, Father's limo was parked at his usual spot. Well, before Ken went shopping, he also was informed by the East Garden staff, that Father was not going to come, but apparently at the last minute Father changed his mind. I believe, that people from spirit world or angels were telling him, that Gerhard took the Flying Phoenix out and was having fun on the North Atlantic. Then Father also decided to

have fun and take the New Hope out on the North Atlantic, rather than to speak in Barrytown.

As they came out of Jones Inlet, Ken asked for a compass bearing, but Father didn't say a word. Instead he raised his arm, stretched out his forefinger, aiming in a certain direction. As they were following his directions, every so often Father corrected Ken repeatedly, saying: "No, not here...", "no, not there". That must have been the time when I drove the Flying Phoenix in crazy circles. Anyway, eventually he found me on the vast ocean, without any landmarks in sight. How in the world was that possible? As the New Hope came closer, I was expecting my fair share of scolding, but nothing of that kind happened. Instead they stopped the boat, took out the fishing poles and started to fish next to us. But that spot was not very productive, so we changed locations several times.

I remember Father telling me then, that the boat was still dirty and needed to be cleaned. Of course the mechanics fingerprints were all over. As we did not have any soap or scrubbing material on the boat, we just cleaned it with brushes. As a result it wasn't much cleaner than before, but at least we made an effort. We had a wonderful time out at sea, and eventually we all headed home. I still remember escorting Father to the limo and waving goodbye to him. As the driver backed up the limo, he did not see the telephone pole in his rearview mirror. I screamed my warning, as he almost hit it. Anyway Father left, waving goodbye. I bowed and waved as long as I could see the limo. Very interesting, I thought. I had surely inspired Father to do something, he hadn't planned on doing.

At this point I would like to mention the end of the Flying Phoenix. I was already working in Ocean Church, living in the New York area, but I also had to take care of the Flying Phoenix. It was time for an oil change, and I drained all the oil out of the engines. This happened on a late afternoon, and the

stores were closed already, making it impossible for me to buy new oil and an oil filter for the boat. I would have to do that the next day. So I called the office in New York and informed Karen, that I drained the oil of the Flying Phoenix but couldn't replace it with new oil yet, and that nobody should run the boat until I finished the oil change. However around that time Mr. Kamiyama asked me for a set of spare keys for the Flying Phoenix, and of course I gave it to him but didn't know about his plans. The next morning he went to the Flying Phoenix with some guests, ahead of anyone else, to do some speed driving. Even Karen was with him, but she failed to tell him, not to start up the Flying Phoenix. So he started the boat and ventured out to sea. But soon enough first one engine overheated and seized up, and then the other engine overheated and froze. They just barely made it back to the dock. The engines of the Flying Phoenix have never been repaired ever since. So it is out of commission.