

## 1986

1986 was the year of our biggest tuna program ever, because we used 100 Good Go boats plus the New Hope. But the ocean did not have as many tunas as the previous year. According to Father's direction we eventually spread the fleet out to several locations.

Of course we fished at the Northwest corner and the Southwest corner of Stellwagen Bank. Ernest also took a number of boats up to New Hampshire, but those boats were fishing mostly around the fingers of Jeffrey's Ledge. According to Father's direction, I took the New Hope to Montauk with about a dozen boats and fished there. On our first day out on the ocean around Montauk and Block Island, we caught one giant tuna, about 550 pounds. From that time on, all the tunas we caught were small fish, weighing between 50 to 100 pounds, and we caught many of those.

We all kept in touch by marine radio in the evening. Karen worked in the office, relaying messages to all the different groups of the fleet. The most tuna were caught the year before. From that time on the fish became more and more scarce, and I attributed this phenomenon to the long lining in the Gulf the previous winter. Gradually the tuna population declined over the years.

I really like to talk about living in Montauk. The New Hope served as the mother ship and as such every dinner was cooked and served on board of the New Hope. Angeline was the cook, she did an outstanding job, she also was the mate on the sisters boat with Mary being the captain, After we finished fishing for the day, we anchored up in Montauk lake and Mary tied her boat to the stern cleat of the New Hope. Than Angeline climbed

on to the New Hope for cooking dinner. All the other Good Go boats then anchored close by, When dinner was ready, Mary usually went from boat to boat to pick up the members.



Gerhard and Manuel looking at the catch in Montauk

Everybody came on the boat and we had time for dinner, fellowship and fishing reports. I remember once, I wanted to eat raw tuna for dinner, so we cut out all the head meat and tail meat of the tunas. However I did not realize, that the small tunas have very little head meat and tail meat. So the dinner was very little and everybody was starving. Most of the time, we were eating fish, which we caught ourselves. One of our Japanese brothers was an expert in filleting fish, he almost made an artwork out of it. As a result we had many times sashimi. I also like to report about a very interesting thing. One

night one of the Good Go boats was tied up behind the New Hope, to spend the night there, so they do not need to pick up their anchor in the morning. To my surprise the little boat was gone in the morning. I looked all around, but I could not find it. After a while the boat came from the other side of the lake. I asked them, where they came from, and they said, from the other side of the lake. How in the world did they get there? Those guys had no idea, but me neither. I do not think that the tie up line undid itself. I rather think that in the middle of the night somebody came on to the New Hope and untied the good go boat and send it adrift. I have no other explanation, period.

The Montauk lake is really shallow and once I remembered, that a lot of sea wheat was caught in the propellers, so that the New Hope just barely could move. I had to maneuver many times back and forth, before it finally came out. I also like to report, that we caught our share of Mako sharks, so that I renamed one spot out there "Mako Bend" . There were many different species around Montauk, even a Great White shark was caught, it was feeding on a dead whale. The guy harpooned it right in its belly. That's how the Great White was caught.

After weeks of fishing at Montauk and catching only small tuna, I decided to go back to Gloucester. On that very day Father came to Gloucester also. He went out on a small boat, and when we entered Gloucester harbor in the evening, I saw him returning in a Good Go boat.

We had another boat out there, the Golden Sea, a buy boat. It measured about 95ft in length and had two gigantic outriggers for trawling. I remember the boat going down to the Southwest corner and even a little bit further into the Bay of Massachusetts. There is one area called the Fishermen's Ledge. Many boats were out there already. They caught tuna and sold them to our buy boat. John, the captain, told me, that tunas were being caught down there. The area is about 40 miles south of

Gloucester. I would like to explain, that the Fishermen's Ledge is like a bank or ledge, and the water is about 60 feet deep. When I arrived there on the New Hope with a couple of Good Go boats, we found a fleet of about 40 boats at anchor already. However, I could not see any fish being caught yet. I anchored at the northern end of the fleet, with the Good Go boats close by, and started to fish.

Soon we had our first strike and caught a fish. But we were told a few days earlier, that the fishing quota was changed, allowing each boat to catch 2 fish a day. So we continued fishing. We had another strike, but the tuna ran towards one of our Good Go boats and got entangled in the anchor line. The brother did not get off the anchor right away and as a result we lost our fish. After a while we had another strike, but this time we caught the fish. None of the other boats though had any strikes and were envious of our success. When they saw, that the New Hope had more than one fish, somebody took out his video equipment and captured the fishing activity of the New Hope on tape, proving, that the New Hope caught two fish on that specific day.

Filled with jealousy, this fisherman contacted the National Marine Fisheries Service in Gloucester and reported to the Federal Agents, that the New Hope had caught two tunas on that specific day, one day before the law changed, and would be able to proof it.

However I was rather happy and satisfied with our catch that day and headed back to Gloucester. As we tied up the boat at the dock, people were staring at two tuna fish in the cockpit of the New Hope. Galen was there and I asked him: "We are allowed to catch two fish, are we not?" He shook his head and in a very small voice said: "No". I felt my heart drop to my stomach. Oh my, what the hell have I done? Of course we had to report our catch to the National Marine Fisheries Service. I did not want to report two fish when the law only allowed one,

so one of our sisters reported, that she caught one fish, even though she was tied up at the dock all day long. But as a result of the report and the video, National Marine Fisheries Service had an agent at our dock, waiting every day for the New Hope to come in, trying to catch the boat and its captain.

I knew they would do that, and did not go home to Gloucester but anchored the New Hope at other ports overnight, avoiding Gloucester and the National Marine Fisheries Service as much as possible. I became like a refugee out at sea. This lasted for a few days, until the National Marine Fisheries Service was tired of the game, and fined the New Hope and its captain \$11,400.00, the value of those two tuna fish. After the coast was clear, I went back to Gloucester, where no federal agent was waiting at the docks any more. I want to make clear at this point, that our people paid the fine. Years later I thought about this incident many times and was sorry, we had to pay the fine. Our people did not argue about the fine with the National Marine Fisheries Service, merely paid it.

Afterwards, the National Marine Fisheries Service posted a document in a public place saying that on this specific day Gerhard Peemoeller violated the fishing laws by catching two tuna fish on the fishing vessel the New Hope, when only one was permitted. That paper was kept in place for one year, before it was removed.

Towards the end of the season Ocean Church made a video at sunrise, when the New Hope was going out to sea to the tuna grounds, followed by a hundred Good Go boats in V-formation. The V was miles long, an incredible sight. It's worth mentioning, that a minimum of over 200 people are necessary to fill the positions of captains and crew on one hundred boats for tuna fishing. I believe we had about 300 people participating in the program that year.

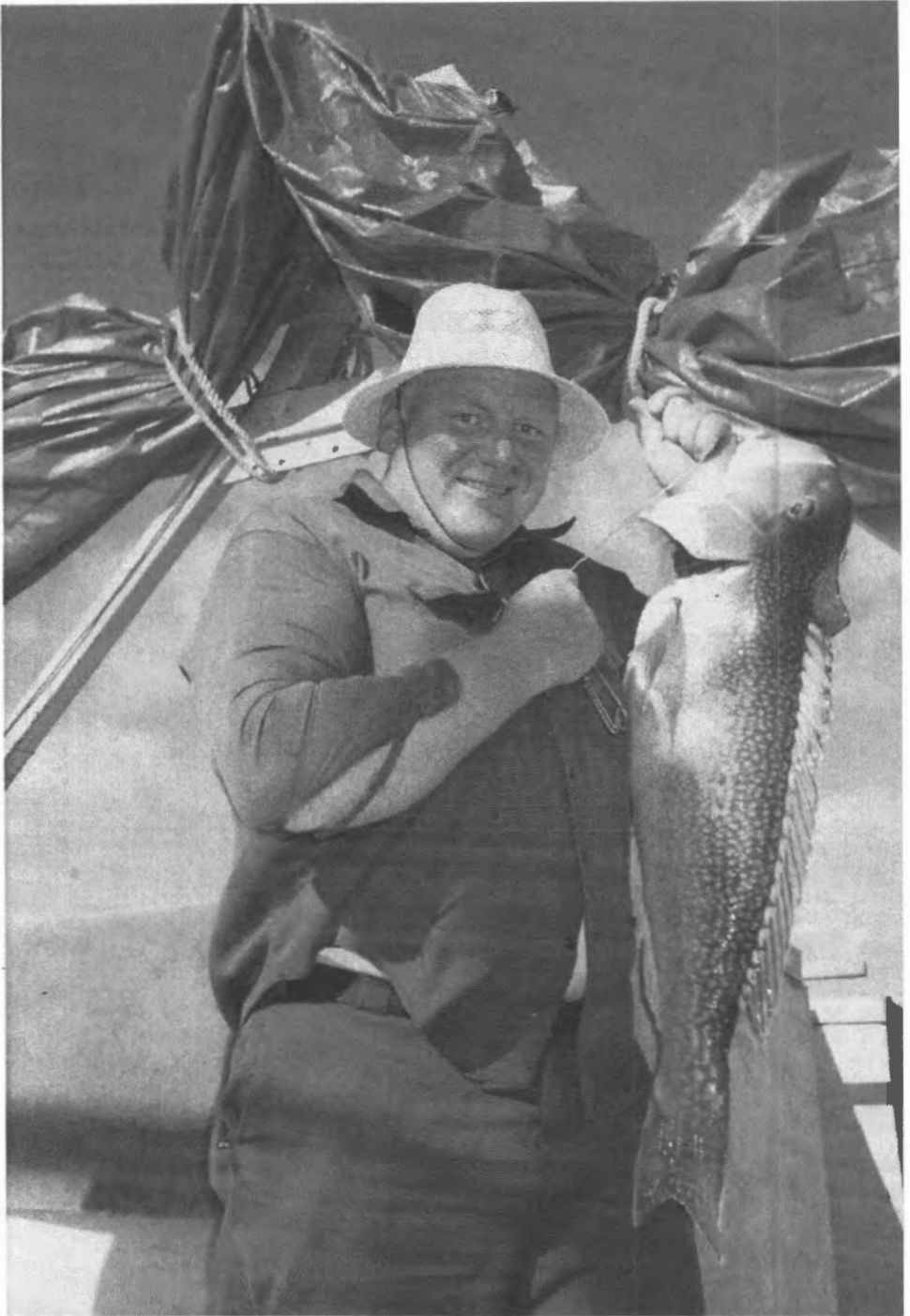
Many people slept on their boats, and there were always some activities going on at the restaurant, in the office, or at the

marina in Gloucester. Many years later I have been contacted by people again and again, telling me, that we had met in Gloucester at the time of the tuna season. All I could say was: "Where you one of the captains, a member of the crew? What boat were you on? And the final question: "Did you catch any tuna fish?" If their answer was "yes", all I could say was "Good Job". I would also like to mention, that a few years earlier one Gloucester fishermen lost his boat. It was confiscated by National Marine Fisheries Service because he violated the fishing laws by catching two tunas when he only was allowed to catch one. Considering that fact, all I can say is that we were pretty lucky by just getting fined.

In 1987 I did not participate in the tuna fishing activities. However I taught the workshop, 7 days of lectures. After a few days of talking, my voice became rather hoarse. But after the workshop concluded and the fishing activities began, Chuck caught the first tuna on Jeffrey's Ledge. It gave every participant a boost.

I decided not to join the tuna fleet that year, because I was working out of Southport, North Carolina long lining with my boat, the Sea Hope, for grouper and tile fish. The fishing grounds were way off shore, and it took 16 hours by boat to get there.

Many times we were long lining off the Continental Shelf in deep water, I'm talking about 800 feet and more. At times the Gulf Stream passed through that area. The sea there is incredibly beautiful in its hues of blue. This color is difficult to describe but unforgettable. The water of course is completely clear 80 miles off shore, and while hauling back the long line, we could see the fish already at 50 – 60 feet below the surface. When one of my favorite fish, the Golden Tile fish became visible, I marveled at the sight.



Gerhard presenting a Golden Tile fish caught by long line

The Golden Tiles we caught weighed about 50 pounds each. These fish are covered with golden spots all over, and it is so incredibly beautiful to see them come up from the deep blue sea, 50 – 60 feet below the surface. Just seeing the beauty of nature, made me think of God as a super artist, creating this beautiful masterpiece called nature.

I decided to go long lining off Southport, North Carolina, because Father chose Southport as an Ocean Church center and assigned one of the Seminarians from Barrytown, Lee Shapiro, to pioneer Southport. However, Lee Shapiro was killed in Afghanistan while working on a documentary about the war there. So I took it upon myself, to pioneer Southport during the off season. Fishing in the Norfolk area, around the Virginia capes, was very dependent upon the season, and after rigging the Sea Hope for long lining, I took it to Southport.

I had absolutely no idea about long lining. I just went out and learned while fishing. There was one situation I would like to describe in detail. Whenever I was out on the sea at night off Southport, Father came into my dreams every single night, and I realized that he appreciates even a little extra effort in our work, even outside our mission. I was not told to go to Southport, but I wanted to pioneer the Ocean Church chapter in Southport for God. Amazingly enough, Father appeared in my dream every single night. I still remember them very vividly. I had set the line about 80 miles off shore and was starting to haul back, when all of a sudden the wind started to blow from the north east at about 25 mph. It took me about 2 ½ hours to get the long line in. By that time 15 ft. high waves had been building up in the ocean. I am 6 foot 6 inches tall, meaning, the waves were more than twice my height, breaking at that level. Some of the waves broke right on top of the wheel house of the Sea Hope.

The boat was rocking and rolling under these extreme conditions. I held on to the wheel at the second steering station,



running the boat and the hydraulics at the same time. Our brother John was bracing his back against the steering station to unhook the fish and the leaders from the long line. He then threw the fish to the back of the boat, where Manuel and Sato kept gutting and icing the fish down. I was very concerned about their safety, because they could not hold on to anything substantial while doing their work. But they were ok.

After the line was in, we ran for shore. However, closer to shore, at a depth of about 250 feet, the sea calmed down a bit and the waves were decreasing to about 6ft. So we decided to stay out there and continued fishing. Being that far off shore though, the marine radio does not really work because we were out of the range. There was no weather radio and no possibility to call the coast guard in case of emergency. It is just you and the ocean. To get some kind of idea about the weather, I used a barometer. Abrupt changes in the barometer indicate a storm, and it means it is time to run for shore.

Once, a thunderstorm developed right on top of us without warning. In that dangerous situation I remembered Father's words: "Ok you storm, give me all you got", and then you go right into the storm. What else can you do? As I went right into the storm, I said to myself: "Ok you storm, give me all you got". The wind was so strong that it blew the lid right off of one of the coolers and into the face of our brother Sato. As a result his glasses broke, his eye socket started to bleed, but his eye was still ok. He only needed new glasses once when we came back to shore.

However, in the middle of August, during the height of the summer heat, long line fishing off the Carolina's was completely dead, and if you continue, you lose your shirt. The Carolina's summers are extremely hot. Out at sea the day time temperature reaches 100 degrees every day, cooling down a bit at night to no less than 80 degrees, meaning, you sweat day and night, if you don't have air conditioning. If you would sleep

close to land or at the dock, you become prey to all kinds of insects, which I never appreciated.

So I decided to go back to Virginia, where I did some gill netting for some spot and croaker and afterwards changed over to dredging for conch during the night. It is rather difficult to catch conch, and again I had to start out from the very bottom without any experience. But I learned little by little, and after 25 years I am still catching conch at night during the summer time. The water temperature should be at least 60 degrees or higher. If it's colder, the conchs do not come out of the bottom. So you can not catch them.

The conchs also have some kind of collective instinct. In any kind of dangerous situation they dig into the sand all together, and sometimes they also come out of the sand all together. For example, during a thunderstorm with a lot of lightning and heavy downpours, the conches seem to love it and come out of the bottom. Therefore plenty of conches can be caught in these weather conditions. However, if there is a full moon, or at the breaking of daylight, or the tide runs really strong, all conchs disappear at the same time and dig in, and none can be caught. I also have observed, that they suddenly disappear all together, once I had caught too many. Observing all those different activities of the conchs, I have no doubt, that they have a collective mind.

## My Last Tuna Season

My last tuna season was 1988. We brought the Sea Hope up to Gloucester from Norfolk, which took four days and four nights, running constantly. We only stopped in New Bedford for some extra fuel. We had three people on board, Sato, Mary and I. Each one of us had a four hour shift to drive and then 8 hours of rest. With this arrangement we were able to drive constantly. I remember handing over my shift to Mary south of the Delaware Bay, telling her to proceed to the mouth of the Delaware Bay and head up the coast east of New Jersey. I expected her to cut straight across the bay and up the coast however she decided to head straight to Montauk, New York instead, past Hudson Canyon in deep waters.



My last tuna fish  
925 pounds



Gerhard and John unloading the fish

I remember waking up, when the boat was rolling quite a bit. It seemed to be in a beam sea. So I got up and checked, what was going on, not expecting high seas at all. When I entered the wheel house and looked around, I couldn't see any land, and the fish finder showed me, we were in deep waters. I asked Mary: "What did you do, this is not straight across Delaware Bay". Her answer was: "I decided to go straight across to Montauk". As a result we encountered 5 to 6 foot waves around the Hudson Canyon. I checked the plotter and found out, that we were almost right on course to Montauk, New York. I decided that we just keep on going and remembered seeing the Light House on Block Island with its green light. I changed course a little bit, aiming directly at Block Island and the Light House. In the end we actually saved quite a bit of time.

Nevertheless, we needed to stop in New Bedford for fuel and then continued on through Buzzard's Bay into the Cape Cod Canal. In the Cape Cod Canal I found the waters running south to north and our speed increased from 7 to 8 mph to 15 mph into Massachusetts Bay, 50 miles short of Gloucester.

At the beginning of the training program that year we decided to focus on developing good leadership, especially future captains, and of course tuna fishermen, and after the traditional Blessing of the Fleet, the actual tuna fishing season of 1988 started.

I was designated as captain of the New Hope, and centered on the New Hope all Good Go boats would follow in V-formation according to our tradition. Father wasn't present at the outset, but came a little later. At that time the fleet was already out fishing, and because I took out the New Hope, he had no way to join the fleet. Father did not like the idea at all, and consequently I was no longer captain of the New Hope. I had to take the Sea Hope instead.

Compared to the New Hope with a speed of 15 to 20 knots, the Sea Hope was rather slow at 7 to 8 knots and the Good Go boats had no leader anymore. As a result the Good Go boats didn't wait for me and were already anchored at the fishing grounds by the time I arrived, and I had to anchor at an unoccupied spot.

During the whole season I only caught one fish at Jeffry's Ledge, weighing 925 pounds. I used live bait, a cod I caught out there. I put the whole fish on the hook with a thin piece of wire going through his eyes. The fish stayed alive, constantly swimming around. When the tuna approached and took the bait, he swallowed the whole fish, including the hook, and that sealed his fate. I remember that day very clearly.

When I was still head of the fleet, four guests from Brazil came over to my boat, and one of them, Waldir talked about the situation of the Brazilian Unification Church. Of course he, as the National leader, didn't have to report to me, but nonetheless he did. I don't want to go into detail about some of the difficult situations there. One of the four visitors was Caesar, and he told me that this day marked his daughter's birthday. Interestingly enough it was my own son's birthday as well, August 3<sup>rd</sup>. While we were talking, my mate John continued fishing, when suddenly he screamed: "Strike". I was expecting to catch a fish today on account of my son's birthday, which I was not able to attend. I witnessed several times, that we caught a tuna on the day, when the captain of the boat or one of the crew were celebrating the birthday of one of their children.

The fish was 125 inches in length and weighed 925 pounds, which meant it was still lean and a good fighter. We took turns fighting the fish and eventually landed it. This was the last tuna fish I ever caught.

About 300 people were participating in the tuna program in 1988. If you are out on the water tuna fishing, with about 80 boats surrounding you, it's unlikely that the leader of the fleet

would know if every participant is out fishing or not. I remember finding out towards the end of the season that 10 people had left the program a few days earlier for the West Coast, to start up a witnessing program for Ocean Church. I was not told of their departure, but I remember the last day of our program when Mr. Kamiyama officially closed the tuna season. We had to come in earlier to take part in a meeting where we then were informed, that he received a message from the West Coast about a serious boating accident. One big sleeper wave had caused one of our Good Go boats to capsize and two of our people were missing.

I had absolutely no idea who those people were, and that they left the program 10 days earlier. Once on the West Coast, they decided to go out fishing in one of our Good Go boats. Unfortunately they had a boating accident the very next day, and two of them lost their lives. Of course the tuna program was over then, and we understood Father's warning clearly, when he told us in 1980: "The Ocean is dangerous".

I was told later on, that those two brothers who lost their lives, had a prayer meeting at the Holy Ground the night before, asking God to please use them any way he wants. They were ready to do anything for God.

After the end of the tuna season I brought the Sea Hope back down to Virginia and did some gill netting and catching conch, and in the wintertime I dredged for crabs. The tuna program continued for a few more years on a very small level, but I never participated any more.

After the tuna program was discontinued, the Gloucester fishermen were at a loss as to what happened. Where were the Moonies? No Moonies out here anymore. A few years earlier they gave us such a hard time, persecuting us, but now they missed us, and understandably so, as we had a fleet of 80 – 100 boats fishing out there.

Another incident happened during the tuna season, when I took the Harvard out and it broke down just outside Gloucester in a thunderstorm. I anchored the boat, called the Coast Guard for assistance and waited for their arrival. The storm intensified, and as the downpour got heavier, the color of the ocean changed to green. It was a beautiful sight. When fresh water mixes with salt water it somehow causes the salt water to turn cloudy, making the fishing easier, as the tuna can't see that well.

One year while being out tuna fishing, a southeasterly wind picked up, and I ordered everyone to hoist their anchor and return to Gloucester. As we entered the harbor I heard over the radio, that two Good Go boats had broken down and needed to be towed in. At that time I was on the New Hope, but Ken was the captain. I asked Ken to turn around, as those two boats needed to be towed in, but Ken refused. So I asked him to stop the boat and let me disembark. I then boarded the next Good Go boat, turned it around and went right back out to tow the crippled boats in. By that time the seas had built up to around 15 feet, a very dangerous situation.

The roughest spot was just outside Gloucester Harbor. I drove right into the waves with that little Good Go boat. The mate looked at the size of the waves and gazed back at me, and his face mirrored, how scared he was. But the Good Go, which Father used to refer to as Reverend Moon's boats, was extremely well built and performed excellent in head seas. The waves were twice my height and I headed straight into them at a speed of only a couple of knots.

Just a short distance outside of Gloucester harbor I spotted the troubled boats, being towed in by other Good Go boats. They had almost made it home. I watched them enter the harbor and was grateful for their safe return. I mention this story because I wanted to emphasize the safety of the Good Go boats, even in rough weather. No matter how big the seas are,



even in head seas, the Good Go boats will be ok. Father did a great job building these boats, pretty much pulling out all the stops designing it.

I also distinctly remember February 1980. Daikan was part of Father's party and accompanied Father everywhere he went, meaning he always had Father's special attention, until tuna season. At the end of the tuna season Father decided to establish Ocean Church on October 1<sup>st</sup> 1980 and appointed Daikan as the leader. Almost all the members who participated in the tuna program had a change of mission and were assigned to Ocean church. Father picked out 30 cities along the East Coast, the Gulf and West Coast for the establishment of future Ocean Church centers. I was assigned to Norfolk.

During the tuna season of 1980 we had the "Sunrise" out at the fishing grounds. The Sunrise was a shrimp boat, built at our shipyard, Master Marine, in Alabama, and Father wanted to take her out trawling in Massachusetts, inviting me to join him on this trip. I marveled at the brand new electronics of the Sunrise. For the first time I saw a color fish finder and was very impressed by this piece of technology. It marked different fish the way they appeared on the screen, displayed in different colors. Father was very impressed too.

We decided to trawl for cod, and as we were steaming towards the east of Cape Cod, I had a chance to talk to Father. I told him about one of my dreams. I dreamt about Father entering Russia. Father got very excited and said: "You have to believe in this dream, you have to believe it". Years later, after the fall of communism, Father managed to enter Moscow and meet with Chairman Mikhail Gorbachev. This event was almost identical to my dream I told Father 10 years earlier. This dream was like prophesy.

Another event in 1984 comes to my mind. At that time Father was so angry with Ocean Church members, and during that meeting he changed the leadership. Daikan was no longer

the leader however Ocean Church remained under Japanese leadership. Early that year we had a 40-day workshop in the World Mission Center. The workshop was given by Mr. Kamiyama. One day Father came for a visit to check up on the progress of this workshop and said that Daikan was no longer fishing with Father, because he had cancer, and asked me to be his fishing guide. I responded by saying “Yes Father”. He then asked me, whether I could feel fish being around while fishing. Immediately my experiences while tuna fishing came to my mind, when I could feel the presence of tuna fish. So I truthfully answered: “Yes, Father, I can”. Then Father said: “Yes, I can do that too, and I know exactly when the fish is kissing the bait”. I never heard that expression before. I always thought that once fish see the bait, they come and swallow it. However that is no true. Before fish bite, they circle around several times, smelling the bait from close up, which Father calls kissing the bait. Sometimes this takes place for quite some time, before they decide to take it.

At that time Father told me, to escort him whenever he goes out fishing, and prepare good fishing spots. Then he asked me again: “Can you do that”, and I responded happily: “Yes, I can”. However I did not have the chance to escort Father many times on fishing trips, because he had to go to Danbury prison soon afterwards. However, I remember one instance, when Ken came to my place in Hempstead and said: “Father wants to go fishing out of Montauk, New York. How about doing some test fishing for him in advance?” Of course I was excited, and we went to Montauk for a trial run. We ended up on the north side of Block Island, right at the point where there was an abundance of Atlantic Mackerel. The next day Father actually came to Montauk. As we went out to sea, I told Father about our test fishing the previous day, and about the spot with plenty of mackerel. Eventually Father said: “Ok, let’s go there”. When we arrived at Block Island, we found the Mackerel there still

plentiful, and Fathers party caught so many Atlantic Mackerels, that Father said after a while: “Ok let’s go home, too many fish”. In all the years I spent with Father, I have never heard him say: “Let’s go home, too many fish”, never ever.

Later Father told us to bring the boat up to Gloucester for tuna fishing. He came up one day for fishing and we went out. However at that time the deep water was still very cold. The water at the surface was kind of ok however in the deep of the ocean it was too cold for tuna.

A day later Father entered Danbury prison with Mr. Kamiyama. After that unsuccessful day of tuna fishing in Gloucester, Father never called me again to escort him as his fishing guide. After their release from Danbury Mr. Kamiyama was his escort.

At this time I would like to talk a little bit about the Sea Hope 2. It was a 34 foot Silverton, equipped with two Mitsubishi diesel engines and a small one cylinder Onan generator. Actually those Mitsubishi’s were no good. We constantly had problems with them, and eventually one had to be replaced while still under warranty. Anyway, I used to drive the Sea Hope 2 for tuna fishing for a while. One day, coming back from the fishing grounds, entering Gloucester Harbor, one engine acted up funny. I opened up the engine cover, when smoke came out from the engine. I could not believe what I saw. The engine block had a big hole in its side and I could watch the cylinder and the connecting rods going up and down. When I contacted the dealer, they replaced the defective engine without question. They must have been aware of the poor quality of those Mitsubishi engines, and as to myself, I would never buy a Misubishi diesel engine ever again.

I remember one incident while tuna fishing with the Sea Hope 2, with Paul as my mate. On this particular day I was in the restroom, when Paul called me, that we “got a strike”. I quickly went outside to catch this tuna, which eventually we

did. However I made one major mistake. Once the tuna was next to the boat, ready to be tied up, I tied the tail line to the stern cleat and put a second line through his gills, tying it to the other side of the stern cleat, so that the fish was tied up perpendicular to the boat. While moving the boat forward, everything worked out ok. However, when I had to do some maneuvering and back up one engine, the propeller, being in reverse, sucked in the tuna fish and chewed up the soft part of the tuna, biting a gigantic hole into that fish. As a result the fish was completely ruined, only good for cat and dog food. What a loss! Needless to say, I never did that again. Why in the world did I ever get that stupid idea in the first place.

At this time I would like to talk about some secret tips from Father. When questioning Father about his many strikes while fishing, he answered: "If there is no fish around, you have to find a tuna with your line spiritually and hook it. Then later in the day you will have a strike on that line". I remember someone asking me "How can we spiritually hook a tuna fish?" I had no answer to that question, because I had never done it before. However later on, when I was out on the ocean, waiting for tunas to strike, I remembered Father's words "You have to find and hook a tuna spiritually".

I would like to emphasize, that you really can feel the presence of a tuna, as I have experienced this many times. But what do you do, when there are no tunas around? According to Father's words, you have to find a tuna spiritually and hook it. I tried it many times and succeeded eventually, but I cannot say for sure, whether I found the tuna or the fish found me. Whatever happened, I ended up with a hook up and the tuna was caught.

Successful fishing is much more than just the physical work on the ocean. I also remember Father saying at one time, that you have to focus upon one buoy to go down, and eventually you will have a catch on that line. All I can say is,

mind over matter. Whenever Father sensed the presence of a fish, he checked the fish finder, marked the fish and raised the tuna flag on the New Hope to half-staff, halfway up the antenna, signaling, that a tuna was around. For us it meant, to increase the chumming, correct the spacing of the lines and wait for the tuna to strike.

Once, Father called our brother Jonathan, to adjust one of his lines, to go one and a half fathom deeper. After a little while, that specific line had a strike. How in the world did Father know, where the tuna was in relation to the other lines. But he surely knew. A tuna swims basically horizontally and very rarely vertically. When Father knew, where the tuna was, he realized that Jonathan's line was not at the right depth. How did he know the depth of the tuna? How did he know, the line in the water did not match that depth? He gave orders to extend that specific line, so that the tuna could bite. As a result the tuna was caught. To me that was incredible.

Once, while I was out on the Sea Hope 2, the sea conditions were very rough. I remember Zola approaching with his boat, asking me for permission to tie up behind me. When I agreed, he threw me a line and I tied it up on my stern cleat. It was early afternoon, and I was pretty hungry. I started up the generator to cook some ramen. Actually it was kind of difficult. The movement of the boat caused the ramen pot to slide from one side to the other on that little stove, and I had to hold unto it most of the time. Eventually the ramen was ready to eat. I poured it into a bowl, stepped outside and proudly announced that I had ramen for lunch. In the meantime one of Zola's crew members asked him: "Should I throw some chum into that ramen bowl?" Zola said: "Go ahead" thinking the chum would only reach half the distance. However, this brother had much power in his arm, and lo and behold, that piece of chum landed in my ramen bowl. When they saw the bait hitting the bull's eye, all of them dropped to the floor instantly, laughing and

laughing, except for Zola. I was completely shocked, when out of the blue this piece of bait landed in my ramen bowl. The ramen splashed all over my clothes, causing some nasty burns. I looked at the boat and could only see Zola standing there, eyes wide open. I got so mad that I disconnected their line, threw it into the water and sent Zola and his crew drifting.

Once I had a really good and productive season. I caught a tuna early on and went in. The tuna fishing program itself was rather strenuous and took a lot of energy. Therefore, when we reached the dock, I was rather happy for the opportunity, to catch some extra sleep. Of course, when Father and the rest of the fleet came in for dinner, I was not there, because I was sleeping. Father then decided to speak to all the fishermen, and when he did not see me, he asked several times: "Where is Gerhard?" Nobody really knew, because no one came into the bedroom yet. I only woke up, when the speech was over and the people came in to rest. They told me then, that Father spoke and asked about my whereabouts. I felt so sorry, that I did not attend Father at that time, and that feeling stayed with me. I really wish I could have been there and listened, to what Father had to say.