

Sang Ik Choi, the First Unification Church Missionary - Part 12

Bong-chun Choi

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March 9 - I was getting used to the hospital a bit. I heard that a young Christian doctor had the night shift, so I spoke with him about various things and a part of Divine Principle. I was surprised that outwardly his attitude seemed humble, but inside he was quite arrogant, and was a total atheist who didn't even recognize the existence of God. He was just a moral believer in the personified Jesus. I didn't see the use in further discussion but I wanted to witness to top people and get results.

March 11 - In the results of x-rays from Osaka both lungs showed abnormality so I had x-rays taken at the Kinoshita Hospital. Incredibly both of my lungs were unwell, and I was told to receive medical care for six months. I was grateful to God for making it possible for me to stay here legally, and agreed to go to a sanatorium, all the while quietly thinking about other things.

March 15 - It was Sunday. As I had to prepare in many ways for my plan, I decided to connect to a church, and visited the Maruyama Church. I was anxious to witness and shared about the Principle with a member of that church, but as he resisted, I became cautious so that my way would not be blocked.

March 16 - I had promised the hospital director to enter a sanatorium, so I prepared from the morning. He also called immigration. It seemed my stay would be changed by 3 months. Around 11:00am, I arrived by car at the Koufuen Sanatorium, a quiet place in the mountains. I also spoke to the driver about the kingdom of God.

After arriving I was taken to my room. I wasn't a serious case so I walked to the upper parts, and was given a room in a ward that was like a row house. In the cold room, I wrapped myself in a blanket and was shivering, when around 4:00pm, they brought me futon bedding, so I felt a bit better. Later, a Japanese brother named Ueno who was in the next room came on his own to greet me, saying, please let's eat together. I became close to him right away and went to his room, saying I am Korean, explained that I'd come from Korea. I spoke about the Divine Principle with him. He accepted it 100 percent, and responded happily and sympathetically. I was elated. It felt as if, for the first time, I had gained some result in a foreign land. My heart was filled. We parted, promising to talk again tomorrow, and after returning to my room, I meditated quietly.

Translating the Divine Principle into Japanese

I'd come here for health reasons, but it was for an important mission so I could not rest even for a day.

Yet, haste can make waste, so I tried to be careful. I remembered about translating Divine Principle into Japanese, and started on the task. When I left Korea, I had already completed a Japanese translation and had it with me, but when the incident occurred in Kure, Hiroshima, I had lost my bag. I really disliked the idea of re-writing everything from before, but set my mind to it, and wrote the translation in a notebook, starting with the Principle of Creation. As my lungs were not well, I tried not to push myself too much. It was slow work. But it was my responsibility to complete this.

I led a stable life at this sanatorium, so I gained weight and became healthy. My thoughts were focused on the mission in Japan. I thought only about going to Tokyo. The reason for coming here was to escape. Each day that was delayed was easy on the body but a pain spiritually. I only wanted to go to Tokyo.

I wanted to witness during that time, and spoke with a church minister but it didn't seem as if he would believe and follow, and I also spoke with another Christian doctor, who also would not listen. Whenever I had a chance, I shared part of the Principle.

The Divine Principle translation was coming along, and Brother Ueno copied it by hand. I gave him lectures from the beginning to the conclusion. He believed it well, almost to the point of thinking of me as the Christ. I testified to the Lord, and told him I was his disciple. He was eager, but did not have power. It did not seem as if he would strongly overcome the temptations of the world. On the one hand he was sociable, so I expected that if he understood, he would bring others. He introduced me to a friend of his. But Ueno was the only one, and it was truly comforting that he appreciated the value of Divine Principle. I tried to love him as much as possible.

One day a policeman came in connection with immigration. He asked me about my family relations and I had a hunch, right away, that he was checking about the possibility that I might escape. Rather than fear of that moment, I wanted to fulfill my heavenly mission as soon as possible. I thought about how heaven would lament with each day of delay. Unfortunately, I was running short of funds and I wouldn't be able to pay hospital fees or buy a train ticket. I began to lack money for daily living. I was worried that if I ran out completely, they wouldn't allow me to receive treatment in Japan and I'd be deported to Korea.

March passed and it was now April. If I had the money, I wanted to rush to Tokyo. Even if all I had was money for a one-way ride to Tokyo, I was determined. For each day that I delayed, I would have to burden our members financially and providentially. I needed to get to my destination asap by whatever means, to start the battle with Satan.

Decision to go to Tokyo

I had to receive a money transfer by then. Through letters I'd made a number of requests but nothing had come, so I gave up. But in mid-April, the office said a transfer had come and I received it, a little less than 30,000 yen. I promptly paid some bills. Of course I couldn't take care of all of them. Now that I had funds, what remained was to take action. Mr. Ueno believed in the DP and as following, but it was not time to reveal all to him, and I made plans quietly on my own, and decided on a Saturday. The sanatorium was closed on Sundays so it would be the best time.

I still owed the hospital about 20,000 yen. If I paid for all of it, I wouldn't be able to get to Tokyo. Although reluctant, I sacrificed the small for the large and decided to become a bad guy from the world's viewpoint. I did take care of all some smaller payments. I also returned the blankets lent to me by immigration so they wouldn't be inconvenienced.

Tokyo of my dreams

It was finally Saturday. My heart was dancing. I would take the overnight express to Tokyo, and checked the timetable many times. If I boarded at Shimonoseki, immigration or the police might find me, so I would board at the next Asa station, and made detailed plans. After lunch, I called Mr. Ueno to tell him for the first time that I planned to visit Tokyo for about ten days to see how things were, and asked him to bring my bags. He agreed to keep it secret and to help me.

Late afternoon, I left the sanatorium casually as if going for a walk. I said to myself this would be the end of my stay here. I went to town, bought a coat and leather shoes. I was ready for my trip. I met Mr. Ueno at a coffee shop, went to Asa station, bought a ticket to Tokyo and was on the platform. I was full of emotions. Mr. Ueno suddenly started to say he would also like to come, so I calmed him down. At this stage, he would still be an encumbrance.

Finally the train came. I boarded it gleefully. The train started off. Joy again. Heavenly Father, success! This day that I had longed for in my dreams had come. Five months ago I was here as a bald criminal with iron handcuffs, but now I was headed to Tokyo as a free man. Those days in prison in Hiroshima and Yamaguchi - how I had yearned for this day, this moment! It was like a dream. But it was real. I had no other words than, "Heavenly Father, victory!" Yet the battle was about to begin.