

# 1975 Missionary Testimonies

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## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

### William Connery - Uganda

This is my whole testimony - I did not have the heart to cut it down!

#### My Experiences as a Missionary in Uganda: 1975 - 1978

My own experiences as a missionary actually began on December 23, 1974. I was working in Los Angeles for the last speech in the 1974 Day of Hope campaign for Rev. Moon. Another brother and I received forms to be filled out concerning the immanent Blessing. Although I was almost 26 and 3 1/2 years in the church, I felt unworthy for this great step. Still, I filled out the form, leaving everything in the hands of God. After Rev. Moon's speech, I returned to Salt Lake City with the other brother. On January 7, 1975 we received word concerning the Blessing happening in Korea, but no other word was forthcoming. So on January 15 this other brother and myself took off to southwest Colorado for a fund-raising venture for the Center. I called the Center January 17 and was told by our director that the other brother and I would be going to Seoul for the Blessing! I was both shocked and grateful. The next day we returned to Salt Lake City and I applied for my passport on January 19, which was my 26th birthday.

We both went to San Francisco, where we spent a week fund-raising. All the American Blessing Candidates congregated in Los Angeles and arrived February 2 in Seoul. We were in Korea until February 10; the high point being the Mass Wedding of 1800 Couples on February 8, 1975. Then we all went on to Tokyo, where we worked on Rev. Moon's Budokan Speech. Both Rev. Moon and Neil Salonen (president of the American Church) emphasized the importance of the 1800 Blessing for the work of worldwide restoration. We had a special meeting on February 12: a list of 95 nations was read out and we were to pick out 3. My choices were French Guyana, Rhodesia and Singapore. We left Tokyo February 15 and returned to the States. I traveled to Salt Lake City, where I worked until the end of the month. Then I went to training at Barrytown, New York (I also briefly stopped in Glen Burnie, MD. for a day to see my father and aunt -- I knew it might be a long time before I would see them again). The training at Barrytown was quite an amazing experience. It lasted from March 3 until May 14 (at least for foreign missionary candidates -- there were also 7 day, 21 day, 40 day and 120 day workshops taking place). During that period, Rev. Moon came to speak to us at least 10 times. His advice was always strong and fatherly (in one speech -- Directives to Foreign Missionaries -- March 20 - he said:

Wherever you go throughout the whole world you will find established Christian churches. Do not try to fight or argue with that mission. Find a way to work together. Don't

argue, don't make enemies. It takes too much time and energy. Tell them 'you are my big brother or elder sister.' Tell them 'please pray for me.' If you say, 'The Principle is this, the Creation is like this, the Fall of Man is like this ... Rev. Moon is the Lord of the Second Advent from Korea, etc.' they will get upset! You don't have to tell them all at once. Use your wisdom. Give them the precious jewel gradually ... You can say Rev. Moon is a prophet -- that's fine.)

Most of our schedule during that period was very strenuous. We usually got up at 6:00, went outdoors for exercise, and had breakfast. Most of the day was spent listening to Mr. Sudo give lectures on Divine Principle and Spiritual Guidance. There were also three 30-hour street-preaching conditions during that time -- two in New York City and one in Washington, D.C. The personal commitment of each missionary was being challenged. My own greatest challenge started on April 5. It was announced that some missions were going to be changed. One brother (Lorenzo Gastanaga), who was originally slated for Uganda, was switched to an American mission. And it was decided that no one would be sent to French Guyana, because it was still a French colony. Mr. Salonen took me aside and asked if I would be willing to go to Uganda. Without much hesitation, I said yes. Actually, I knew very little about Uganda but my information soon grew. I discovered that the nation was under the leadership of Idi Amin, and was considered one of the most dangerous countries in all of Africa. I gave my fate to God, praying in my mind: "Well, if You want to get rid of me, this is Your chance. Anyway, I will go because someone must bring Your New Word to the Ugandan people and it is better for me to die than for some worthier brother or sister to go and die." God had guided me through many difficult situations in the past and I had trust in Him. Rev. Moon had wanted all the missionaries to leave for their nations by April 30. This could not be done, due to financial problems. On April 24 we had a big dinner at Barrytown as a send-off for 14 missionaries who were being sent out right away. The rest of us had fund-raising from April 25 until May 11.

On May 13 there was a farewell banquet for all foreign missionaries and the next day most of us visited the new National Headquarters which had just been acquired on 43rd Street in New York City. Then most of us left either that day or the next day for our nations. I almost didn't leave America. I had two suitcases packed with books, tapes and clothes. I also had my sleeping bag. The airport personnel wanted me to leave behind the bag but they eventually let me go on board. I flew on KLM with a British sister who was going to Tanzania. We flew over the Atlantic on a Jumbo Jet: Elizabeth was in a section with over one hundred young people who were going to do Christian missionary work for six weeks in Germany. We

switched to a smaller plane in Amsterdam and flew to Cairo, where we waited for 3 hours. No one was allowed to leave the plane except for those disembarking and also any taking of photos was forbidden; because the airport was considered a military installation (and actually soldiers with machine guns could clearly be seen from the windows of the plane). We took off and headed nearly due south. Elizabeth kept telling me to eat more food on the plane -- my stomach was turning over like a person awaiting their execution. I arrived 9:30 P.M. at Entebbe Airport, which is twenty miles from the capital of Uganda, Kampala.

Rev. Moon told us to make special conditions for our nations. My first started as soon as I left the plane - I began a seven-day food fast. I felt that God was protecting me from the very beginning. The few people who were at the airport were either half-drunk or so fascinated to see a white person that I easily got through customs (I eventually found out that usually only three kinds of American white people come to Uganda: missionaries, CIA agents or crazy people -- eventually I would be accused of being all three). It took me until 2:00 A.M. to get to Kampala and I began to experience the serious economic situation: the first taxi I took ran out of gas a mile outside Entebbe; luckily someone could stop and take us back and a VW van was found which took me in. The first few days were quite a memorable experience. I stayed in the hotel where the German missionary had stayed: he had come to Uganda on April 26 but had already moved, but nobody knew to where. The first day I went out to investigate my new surroundings. "Culture Shock" is probably a mild term which I could use to explain my first few days. Weather-wise there were very few problems. The weather in Uganda was very similar to the mid-May weather of New York. Even though Uganda is on the equator (Kampala itself is just thirty miles north of the equator) the altitude is 3000 - 4000 feet: during the day it gets no higher than 85° and during the night it drops to 60° and never lower. Two important aspects of living on the equator were very noticeable during my first year in Uganda. First, the sun always rises at 7:00 A.M. and sets at 7:00 P.M. - this was quite unusual for an American used to time variations in the sunset from 5:00 P.M. in the winter to 9:00 P.M. in the summer. Also summer, autumn, winter and spring - the change of seasons - had to be forgotten in Uganda. It was eternally springtime. And of course it was amazing to be around so many black people. I'm from Maryland myself, which had been a slave-owning state. I've never felt any hatred towards blacks (I had always been taught that we're all human beings, equal in the sight of God), but I often felt uncomfortable around blacks because of the racial problems in America. Also most of the schools I had attended were all or predominately white and I had never developed any real friendships with blacks. So being in

Uganda was being on a new planet, a completely different world from the one I had lived in for twenty-six years.

That first day I spent walking around Kampala. It is quite an interesting place. The original center of the city is built on seven hills (like Rome) and most of the hills are crowned by churches, mosques or hospitals. The center city itself looks fairly modern - with at least seven buildings that were 10 stories or higher (the two tallest were twenty stories) - but I soon discovered that looks could be deceiving. There had been no real development since 1972, the year that Amin had kicked out the Israeli technicians and the Asian merchants. There was a too-sudden attempt to Africanize the economic life of Uganda - Amin called it Economic War - but the ignorance of many people and the greed of others soon proved too harsh for the economy and a once-thriving nation was stopped dead in its tracks. I didn't believe the mess I had read about in the magazines, but I saw living proof before my eyes in Kampala. Most shops had nice show-windows, but a quick step inside usually revealed practically empty shelves. The streets were full of people looking for "essential commodities" (a term I would become very familiar with) such as salt, sugar, soap, detergent - things that Americans take for granted but they were hard to come by in Uganda. The usual means for people to get these goods was through "magendo" - the black market -- which even the government participated in: two pounds of sugar, officially about \$.30, could usually only be bought for \$1.20 - \$1.50 - two pounds of baking flour, officially about \$1.20, actually sold for \$4.00 - \$5.00.

In reality, the economic situation didn't bother me too much in the beginning -- I was fasting for seven days and didn't want to have anything to do with food.

My main concern was with people -- how to reach them in order to teach them the Divine Principle (D.P.). That first day I met two people -- Herbert, who worked at the Post Office and Oscar, a high-school student. Oscar told me someone had stolen his suitcase and he had no place to stay. So I brought him to the hotel and he stayed overnight in my room. The next day Oscar and I walked around, trying to find the German missionary. We also spoke to a few people and I treated him to two meals, though I continued my fast. My third day in Uganda was a Sunday. I woke Oscar up early and we both said the traditional 5:00 Sunday Pledge together. Later on we attended a service in the local Roman Catholic Church. In the after-noon the German missionary came to check on his mail and found Oscar and myself studying the Divine Principle in our room. I must admit that Ulf was grateful and shocked at meeting me. Grateful to know that at least one other missionary had made it into the country and shocked at all the material I had brought into the country -

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- several D.P. books, a D.P. teaching outline, a tape recorder and over 30 tapes of Mr. Sudo's lectures, spiritual guidance and some of Rev. Moon's speeches. Even one of my bags still had a Unification Church sticker on it. Ulf quickly left: shortly afterwards Oscar and I went downstairs for tea and Oscar was almost arrested by an army man. It was my first contact with the local authorities: the man left us alone when he found out that I was a tourist-businessman and the young man was just trying to help me.

The next day Oscar left to return home -- I gave him \$10 which he said he needed for transport. Then I moved in with Ulf, who was staying at the local Scout headquarters. The woman there was friendly, but her boss did not want us to stay there; so Ulf and I moved into the cheapest hotel we could find for \$8.00 a day. I returned to the Catholic Church and met Fr. Joseph, a white priest from Malta, who said I could see the local Vicar-General in a few days.

Both Ulf and I had entered Uganda on three-month tourist visas. We knew of the government persecution against the churches, especially newer and smaller ones, like the Seventh-Day Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses. We knew we couldn't operate openly as Unification missionaries. So we began the search to find the means to stay legally in Uganda. Ulf had about the equivalent of a Masters Degree in Engineering, so he began to search into businesses which could use engineering skills. I had a B.A. in History, so I decided to find a job as a teacher. (During our training it had been strongly stressed that we should stay in our nations as ginseng tea salesmen -- but the government animosity against foreign business in Uganda was still so strong that Ulf and I decided to try other avenues closer to our own personal training). That is why I wanted to meet the Vicar General -- possibly he could get me into the local Catholic school system. When I met him two days later he quickly closed the door on any contact with the Catholic schools. My main purpose in Uganda was to teach the Divine Principle and especially show people how it is a fulfillment of their own religious background. I come from a strong Roman Catholic tradition myself (including seven years in a minor seminary) and have always felt that the D.P. was the completion of my basic Christian faith. My own feeling was that God wanted to reach all people, and having a strong religious faith was sometimes a hindrance to God (just as when Jesus came - the people who accepted him and the Gospel were not the Pharisees and Sadducees but the fishermen, tax-collectors and harlots).

We were actually very blessed in Uganda. It had been a British protectorate for seventy years and English was the official language. And the better educated a person was, the more English they knew. So from the very beginning the

people I met were very friendly and were honored to know a person who they could speak English with.

At the Roman Catholic Church I met Andrew, a student at Gaba National Seminary. On June 1 he took me to the Seminary, about twenty miles from Kampala. It is fairly modern, being run by local priests with help from the Verona Fathers. Andrew showed me around, I had some simple lunch with him and I was able to teach him some D.P. -- he seemed interested and had a very inquisitive mind. I actually became a member of the choir in the Catholic Church and came to know most of the members: before the end of May I started teaching two of them D.P.

Meanwhile, our finances were being depleted by our \$8.00 a day room and the need for eating (it was forbidden to prepare food in the room). Somehow Ulf met Abdul, who was a Bangladeshi working at a local college. Abdul was living by himself in a three-room apartment, renting it from the government for a nominal \$10 a month. He offered Ulf and myself one of his rooms, which had its own entrance, for \$40 a month. Of course he was making a profit -- but he was still saving us money -- one month in our hotel cost \$240! So on the morning of May 27, Ulf and I moved in with Abdul; later that same day I visited Kibuli Mosque, which is on one of the hills overlooking Kampala.

On May 29 we began a seven-day condition of praying 3:00 - 4:00 in the morning. On June 3rd we had prayer 3:00 A.M., had some breakfast and then started walking to the Catholic Cathedral on Rubaga Hill. About half-way there we met a flood of people heading towards Namugongo, about eight miles east of Kampala. What were all these people doing on this day? On June 3, 1886, over 30 Anglican and Catholic converts had been burned to death for their faith at Namugongo by Kabaka Mwangi (the kabaka was the king of the local Baganda tribe). In 1964 the 22 Catholic martyrs were canonized by Pope Paul VI and in 1969 Paul VI became the first Pope to visit Africa. He came to visit Uganda, where he dedicated the foundation for the Martyr's Shrine at Namugongo. When he arrived in Uganda, Pope Paul VI had said: "At this blessed moment, for the first time in history, the successor of Peter as Vicar of Christ sets foot upon the soil of Africa. We give thanks to God for this great favour." The Martyrs Shrine was not completed until 1975. Its official opening was on June 3 by the Pope's Special Envoy, Sergio Cardinal Pignedoli, in the presence of President Idi Amin. Several hundred-thousand Christians gathered that day: we left early because the ceremonies were delayed due to the late arrival of Idi Amin. Still it was a stirring testimony to the deep faith and love of the people to be willing to walk eight miles (some had walked the whole night from longer distances). I had made an appointment to meet Oscar in Kampala, so I had to rush back to the city. I had missed my

first opportunity of seeing Idi Amin.

On June 6, Ulf and I attended our second Balokoli meeting at the Anglican Cathedral on Namirembe Hill. The Balokoli (Luganda for "saved ones") were still meeting every Friday evening, as they had since the Revivals first swept Uganda in the 1930's. I soon discovered that they had a mixed effect on other people. Some ridiculed them because of their strict life style: no drinking, no dancing, short hair for men and women, no bell bottom pants; members would often start confessing their sins publicly in a crowded bus and ask people to accept Jesus in their lives. But when Ulf and I went there, we could see many brothers and sisters, some who were now elderly and had dedicated themselves to the Lord in the original '30's Revival, some who were young men and women who had decided to cast themselves completely on Jesus. There were also three older white women who attended: the meeting consisted of some members giving testimonies about their lives or asking for spiritual help and guidance from the brothers and sisters. Each person's speaking was followed by the singing of the traditional 'Takatendaraza' (Praise the Lord).

During the month of June, I continued singing at the Catholic church on Sunday and attending the Protestant Revival meeting on Friday. On June 10 Ulf and I decided on three immediate goals: find our own accommodation; receive definite word about jobs; and witness to at least three people a day. Through the Friday Fellowship, I was able to meet Mr. K., headmaster of Nakasero Secondary School (N.S.S.)

I visited him on June 11; he offered me \$40 a month to teach at his school (if I was accepted by his Board of Governors). Later that same day I met the headmaster of another school -- he told me to return later in the week. Also on that day I met Mr. Singh, one of the last members of the Sikh society in Kampala.

On June 13 all meetings were canceled in the afternoon because President Amin was giving a speech in City Square Park. It was my first chance to see the most hated -- and beloved -- man in Uganda, depending on your tribe and whether your family had prospered under Amin's "Economic War" of kicking out the Asian merchants or some member had been killed by Amin's Security Forces.

It is worthwhile here to mention what Brother Andrew had written about Idi Amin in 1977:

The architect of this tragic new Uganda is a man who likes to be addressed as His Excellency A1.-Haji Field Marshall Dr. Idi Amin Dada, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Life President of Uganda. To the rest of the world he is Big Daddy Amin. To many Americans and Europeans, he is a cartoon character - a joke. It is easy to laugh at him from the detached comfort of the Western World. But to

Christians in Uganda, there is nothing funny about Idi Amin. ... Like so much of the violence in Africa, the Ugandan persecutions spring partly from tribal rivalry. Amin's small Kakwa tribe, known for its fierce, warring history, is a traditional enemy of the Acholi and Langi tribes, which include most of the country's better educated business and professional leaders (including Dr. A. Milton Obote).

The Acholis and Langis are also predominantly Christian; the Kakwas, largely Muslim. ... Amin has always been sensitive to his negative image in the world community, and has reacted violently to criticism of his regime.

And Godfrey Lule, the man who replaced Idi Amin in April 1979, wrote in 1977:

The system Amin has built up reflects his own background and peculiar talents. He comes from the far north-western part of Uganda. He is a member of the Kakwa tribe, which is based only in part in Uganda. There are Kakwa in far larger numbers in Zaire and in Southern Sudan. The basis of his power lies with the Southern Sudanese, who are recruited in large numbers to staff his police force and army. Many of these Southern Sudanese have lived in Uganda itself for several generations, forming a community known as Nubians. ... (These people) have no interest in Uganda's people or the future of the country. They owe personal loyalty only to Amin, a loyalty bought with imported luxury goods and the loot of their victims. They exercise a foreign tyranny more vicious than anything dreamed of by European imperialists or modern white minority governments in Africa.

Finally, Amin's Minister of Health, Henry Kyemba, had this to write about his former boss:

Amin's extraordinary sadism and cruelty have often been said to be a direct result of syphilis, which in its final stages affects the brain, driving the victim insane. Amin's records show that he has indeed suffered from syphilis. ... It is rumored that the disease is progressive in Amin and that he will eventually succumb to it. I have seen no medical evidence of this. But even if it is true, in my judgment it cannot explain his behavior. His extreme brutality is not the result of brain damage but a long-term phenomenon. His orders are premeditated and consistent. I have seen him dangerously angry. I have heard him lash out in apparently uncontrollable rage, ordering indiscriminate arrest and death. But he knows well enough how to stage-manage his rages. The most telling example of this occurred in mid-1973 when, for the benefit of a French television crew, he exploded in rage, threatening to shoot all recalcitrant ministers. He behaved like a wild animal. The tribal scars on his temple -- the three vertical marks which have earned the Kakwa's the nickname 'One-Elevens'

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-- stood out sharply, as they always do when he is angry. Yet immediately after the television crew left, he joked about his performance. "How did it come out?" he asked me, laughing.

A librarian I had met at the Catholic Church, Mr. M., attended the speech and helped translate it for me. President Amin spoke mainly about forming a liberation army, to liberate Palestine from the Israelis and South Africa from the whites. (In other speeches, Amin had applauded the slaughter of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympics; praised Hitler's genocide of the Jews; and called for the extinction of Israel as a state. Amin is sometimes referred to as the Hitler of Africa and he wants to build a statue to the Nazi dictator). Most of the people cheered and applauded, especially where there were soldiers - I also noticed that some people on the fringes were snickering or sometimes trying to hide their laughter. During that speech and on many other occasions I heard many different opinions about Idi Amin. Some people considered him a great leader who had brought Uganda recognition on a world-wide scale. While I was in Uganda, he had himself proclaimed Field Marshall and people said he considered adding the title "Son of God" to his list - he himself is a Moslem, but he claimed that one of his relatives was a Catholic priest and the man who became head of the Anglican Church of Uganda, Sylvester Wani, is his uncle.

To other people he was a clown or buffoon - some members of his own tribe jokingly said that the V.C. and M.C. in his titles meant Very Confused and Mental Case (actually they mean Victoria Cross and Military Cross). But by the time I arrived in 1975, most people had grown sick of the bloodshed which kept Amin in power and were just praying for the day that there would be a "change in the wind." Quite a few people said they would be willing to admit the British colonialists back into power - at least in those days there was a strict code of law and order. Nowadays anyone could just "disappear" at any time. The helplessness of Ulf and myself grew each day. As our circle of friends grew, more people told us stories of the beatings and killings that were taking place. Our hands were tied: if we did anything to help our friends we could be easily kicked out of the country. Our only solace was the word of God we could teach people through the Divine Principle.

I continued my desperate search to stay in Uganda as a high school teacher. I had never taught in any school before, but I'm always willing to try something new for the sake of God. But most of my contacts were dead-ends. I probably visited every high school in Kampala but with little luck. When I did have a lead, it usually resulted in a bureaucratic three-ring circus. Headmaster (A) usually said

I couldn't teach at his school unless I had a teaching permit from the Ministry of Education (B). The Ministry of Education refused to give me a Teacher's Permit unless I gained a Work Permit from the Immigration Dept(C). Then the Immigration Dept. refused to give me a Work Permit unless I had a Teaching Permit and an official letter of recommendation from the school. I had to play this game several times in June and July, 1975.

My hope was to become a history teacher, since that had always been my favorite subject in school. But I had studied only United States and Western European History: my knowledge about Africa was next to nothing. So I made time to study African history, with a focus on East Africa and Uganda (one headmaster specifically turned me down because he believed I couldn't learn and teach history at the same time). On June 24, the Ministry of Education rejected me for teaching in government schools. This only left the few private schools, of which N.S.S. was the most hopeful: June 25 I visited Mr. K. there and he promised to bring my case before the school Board of Governors.

The end of my first full month in Uganda was quite a momentous time for me. On June 30 I was able to finish the D.P. to one high school student, David S. And the next day, I was able to meet John-Patrick M. and his brother, David K.-M., who became two of our most faithful brothers. On July 2, I went searching for a young man I had met at the Catholic Church. Two other young men served as my guides as I went through a small village beyond Kibuli Mosque - they said I was extremely lucky because people were often killed around there "like chickens."

On July 4 I began a Friday afternoon practice that was to continue for three years. Between 1:00 - 2:00 I visited Mr. M., the man who had translated for me during President Amin's speech. I stayed in his office in his school's library for 2½ hrs, sharing the D.P. with him. He was a married man with several children, and a lay-leader in the Catholic parish in a village outside Kampala. I left him about 4:30 in order to attend the Revival meeting at Namirembe. I would see many people come and go during my three years, but very few kept such an open, concerned and keen mind as Mr. M.

July 19 was the fourth anniversary of my joining the Unification Church. On that day something happened that Rev. Moon had spoken to us about on March 20, 1975. He had said:

A real father and mother are willing to risk their lives for their children. Are you ready to die for your children? If you reach that stage, you'll love these people, even risking your life. Then you

are standing on God's side. ... If you maintain the heavenly attitude, the spirit world will mobilize people, and

show them to you in dreams. They will even come to you, saying 'I saw you last night in my dream.' 'I saw you in a vision.'

On that day, Leonard, a young man I had been teaching D.P., visited me and excitedly told me that he had seen me in a dream and wanted to join the Unification Church! I remembered Rev. Moon's words and felt God was working there.

On July 22 I visited N.S.S.: they were somehow losing two history teachers - I was hopeful that word on my appointment would be coming soon. I continued my daily schedule of prayer, history study, D.P. teaching, and visiting various schools and also many friends I had made by that time. On July 25 Ulf was able to get a three-month extension on his tourist visa. Little did we realize that the most serious test - to both our mission and our lives - was just around the corner.

July 27 began as a usual Sunday, with Ulf and myself holding 5 A.M. Children's Pledge service (this we held ever Sunday and first day of the month, as is traditional with all U.C. members - luckily the apartment where we stayed was near a street lamp, so we never had to use our own lights and possibly attract attention from Abdul or any passers-by). Ulf left 9:45 for service at the Protestant All Saints church. I left 10:30 for mass at Christ the King Church. The two young men I usually spoke with were busy, so I met a new person, Charles, and we went to a small park near the City Hall. I began to teach him the Principle of Creation, which I had put on 3x5 index cards. While we were talking, a very flashily dressed young man walked by us once and quickly returned. He asked what we were doing, and I said we were studying how religion and science could be united. He asked for our I.D.'s, where I was living, and confiscated some letters I had been writing. He left us alone and I quickly returned to the apartment. Ulf was just finishing teaching Michael, a young man Ulf had met about two months before (Michael was a Christian, even though he was of the same tribe and actually a cousin of President Amin - he eventually became the first native member to stay with us). Michael quickly left and I told Ulf what had happened in the park.

We were still in the process of wondering what was the best course to take, when the young man came with two fellow members of the Security Forces. We were in the hands of the State Research Bureau (S.R.B.) Henry Kyemba has written:

The State Research Bureau - the secret police - was set up as a military intelligence agency to replace Obote's bodyguard ... they steal money from their victims; they are paid lavish funds by Amin as a reward for gathering information. ... They do not wear uniforms. Typically, they dress flamboyantly in flowered shirts, bellbottomed

trousers and dark glasses. ... I have estimated the number of deaths over the past six years as 150,000 plus. This is well within the range of killings that Amin's thugs could have achieved.

Abdul was also at the apartment and all three of us were arrested. All of our belongings were confiscated and we were put in the backseat of a vehicle. We were driven to what appeared to be a vacant house near All Saints Church. The driver went in for a few minutes, came back out and drove on. Next we were driven to the three-story building, which had the external appearance of a motel, where most of the S.R.B. victims were beaten and eventually killed. Our driver again went in and again he came out after a few minutes and drove us away. He continued driving us around until it got dark, in an attempt, we felt, of trying to confuse us. We were finally brought into a 10'x 12' room which was located on the first floor of the S.R.B. living quarters. The three of us were left alone for awhile; then they returned, frisked us, and accused us of working for the CIA - the first young man was sure I was with the CIA because I had a white shirt! - and we were plotting to overthrow the government.

All of Amin's forces were hypersensitive during this period - the Organization of African Unity was meeting at Kampala during that same week - there had been some bomb threats against government installations: there was some method behind the madness of our being arrested. From the very beginning Ulf was demanding contact with the West German Embassy (there was nothing either Abdul or I could do -- there was no Bangladesh Embassy and the American Embassy had closed down in November, 1973). Our captors kept telling us that everything had been taken care of. At one point, Ulf was ready to tell them that we were missionaries. But I said no, that we would keep our identities as tourists trying to stay in the country and also during our captivity, we would fast from all food. It was truly a life and death situation, with Ulf trying to teach the D.P. to Abdul, with both Ulf and myself trying to prepare our souls for whatever might happen (possibly expulsion or death), and all three of us trying to cope with our captors who came in once in a while to question us. Actually I felt that God was protecting us very much, because we were never physically abused by our captors. We spent Sunday evening and all of Monday locked up in our small room. Our captors brought food for Abdul on Monday; they seemed quite shocked that neither Ulf nor I were eating. Ulf mentioned to me early on Tuesday that we would probably be released with apologies. I had no idea what would happen. About 11:00 A.M. we were taken to the Crested Towers to check on someone, but they were not in (Crested Towers is the headquarters for the Ministry of Education). We were returned to the room, and then taken out again 1:30. We were driven back to our own apartment,

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where we could clean-up and shave. Then we were taken again to Crested Towers, where we met the Permanent Secretary for Education. He gave us our official government apology and hoped that nothing had happened to us. Ulf and I were grateful to God that we were unhurt and able to remain in the country. (We never figured out the full details of our arrest and release - any white men were suspect at that time, especially those having contact with the native people. Also we felt that Abdul's being a lecturer at a local college was the reason that all three of us were released through the good grace of the Ministry of Education.)

Immediately after our release Ulf and I checked at the West German Embassy: they had never received any word about us! They told us to check all our belongings, submit a list of missing articles to them, and check with them at least every other day. We did get most of our belongings back, although most of our more valuable things and all of our foreign currency were gone. (Ulf's had been in cash and was lost forever -- mine was in traveler's checks, which I eventually got refunded through a local bank). That Wednesday (July 30) I returned to my usual schedule of meeting with friends and attending choir rehearsal - no one seemed too curious about my absence. On Friday (Aug. 1) I went to N.S.S and met the headmaster: he promised to get my tourist visa extended. Later that day I attended the Revival Fellowship at Nambarembé, where I again met the headmaster and Sepia K., who was the actual owner of N.S.S. (The school had originally been an Asian school - Pilai's - but it had been taken away from the Asians in 1972 as a result of the 'Economic War' and the Expulsion of the Asians). Later that evening Ulf and I saw Yasir Arafat pass us in a car.

On August 4 I revisited the Permanent Secretary at Crested Towers; he sent me over to the Chief Education Officer. He told me I needed a form from the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The next day I got a Special Form from the Immigration Board. They then needed a copy of my University Diploma (luckily in our Barrytown Training we were told to bring a copy of any college diplomas we might have. Also another missionary in New York told us that we should keep 80 percent of our money in traveler's checks). I recontacted the I. B. on Aug. 7 and I was at last granted a three-month extension on my tourist visa (Uganda was a place to learn patience - or else go crazy!).

On August 8 I met one of the great modern saints and eventual martyrs of Uganda, Archbishop Janani Luwum of the Anglican Church of Uganda (officially the Church of Uganda). He was attending the Friday Revival Fellowship at Namirembe. Brother Andrew said this about the Archbishop:

Luwum became a minister during the East African

revival which swept Uganda before Amin came to power, and rose rapidly through the ranks of the church, becoming the archbishop in 1974 at a ceremony in Kampala's Namirembe Cathedral. A photograph of the ceremony still hangs in the conference room of the Church of Uganda, showing Luwum ... with a smiling Idi Amin offering congratulations.

But that was in earlier and better days. As the pattern of violence against Christians developed in the time since then, relationships between Amin and the country's spiritual leader became increasingly strained. The plight of Luwum and other church leaders was a familiar one in countries where the Church is suffering: to speak out against the persecution was to incur greater hostility, and even personal danger to Luwum himself.

Although he was the Archbishop, I felt that Janani wanted himself to be treated like just another "brother in the Lord."

August 10 I attended 11:00 Mass and sang in the choir. Afterwards one of the members, whom I had been teaching for two months, said that my presence was no longer needed in the choir. I felt immediately that people knew about my arrest and feared for their lives. I could not really blame them - still I felt hurt inside. Later that day I visited a friend and his family: I did not return to the apartment until 8:15 in the evening, really upsetting Ulf. Because of the desperation of the situation, I decided to make a 400-hour no-food fast (that is over 16 days without food). Before leaving America, someone had asked Rev. Moon -- "Father, I was wondering if there are any special spiritual conditions which we can set in our country?" He had answered: "Fasting or some kind of a concentrated special prayer, in conjunction with deep concentration of your thought will be good. "There's no necessarily uniform condition, but whatever individually feels good to you; there's no right pattern." Ulf decided to join me in this endeavor. The beginning was not too bad: I had accomplished three-day and seven-day fasts before. On the tenth day Ulf had to give up -- he began passing blood in his stool. I kept on going, even though my energy level was decreasing and I felt like I had a fist of fire in my stomach. On Aug. 19 I went to N.B.S, and received a letter from the Immigration Board, requesting a teaching license and a letter of recommendation from the Permanent Secretary. I later visited him: he was away but his replacement seemed very responsive and ordered me to return with a copy of my diploma and a list of subjects I would like to teach. When I tried to sleep that night, my stomach felt like it was burning up. So I drank some water and prayed that God could give me some rest so I could do His Will. The next day I returned to the Crested Towers and the temporary Permanent Secretary wrote me a letter; he also said that if



things did not work out at N.S.S., he would find me a place in another school.

I went to Immigration: they sent me back to Crested Towers because I still needed a teaching permit. I returned and received another form to be filled out by N.S.S. The following day I went to N.S.S. - the headmaster was late because he had been beaten and robbed the night before. He told me that he was leaving N.S.S. to work at Makerere University in Kampala (M.U.K.) and I should work with the owner from then on. On August 22 I received my teacher's license and submitted all my papers to the Immigration Board - the man there said the I.B. would decide on my case within a week. Later that day Ulf told me that the Secret Police had visited the apartment twice. At 4:00 on August 28 I broke my fast (403 hours) with a cup of ginseng tea. September 1 I returned to the I.B. to check on my work permit. The man said it was still being processed and I should return in a week. I returned to the Immigration Board on September 8; they now said that my case would not be coming up until September 19. September 10 I visited Sepi K. at M.U.K.: he called the I.B. but still no definite response. On September 12 a policeman came to our apartment. He asked Abdul some questions. Then he asked me about my job and looked at my passport; he said it was a normal investigation and would return later to see Ulf.

A cold and sore throat had been working on me for a few days: on September 18 I began coughing up blood, so I went up to Mulago Hospital (formerly one of the best in East Africa -- now fallen on hard times due to Amin's regime). I was taken to a doctor, who gave me four kinds of pills and cough medicine. Later that day I met Ulf back at the apartment: he had been rejected by the Immigration Board and would have to leave by October 24. He started a three-day fast to set a condition. I met Sepi K. the next day: he seemed confident and gave me the name of the Chief Immigration Officer and told me to contact him in three days. On Sunday September 21 I visited a friend's family in a village outside Kampala. His parents were very hospitable people, showing me around their shamba (farm) and preparing me lunch. When I left later they gave me a large bunch of matoke (plantains) and a hen. The next day I went to the I.B. and finally received my Work Permit, valid from September 10, 1975 until September 9, 1978! I quickly returned to the apartment and had a prayer of thanksgiving with Ulf; we were confident that through faith and prayer his situation would improve.

The next day began another chapter to test my toleration level. Now that I had a work permit, Ulf and I also felt confident that we could get our own accommodations. Thus began my relationship with the Departed Asian Custodian Board (D.A.C.B.), which was in

charge of all the property which the Asians had been forced to leave behind after their expulsion in 1972. By 1975 there was no new building in Kampala and the population continued to increase. Some of the young men I visited were living in rooms that had formerly been servants quarters; sometimes whole families were living in converted garages. On September 23 I first contacted the D.A.C.B., and went there at least two or three times a week until they found me an apartment in March, 1976.

I had my first day at N.S.S. September 25. I sat in on a few classes and spoke to the headmaster; he needed two photos and two copies of my work permit. Also sat in on classes the next day and received my first pay-check (\$200 a month). On September 26 we established the first Holy Ground on Old Kampala Hill (by this time Ulf and I had discovered Hideaki, the Japanese U.C. missionary who had entered Uganda on May 26 -- I had seen Hideaki on the street before our formal introduction). On September 29 I taught my first history classes - I felt like a prisoner awaiting execution. Somehow I (and the students) survived that first day. I also volunteered my services to help direct the school's Bible Society.

October 9 was the celebration of Uganda's thirteenth year of independence. Hideaki and I invited some of our friends to see "Diamonds Are Forever" at one of the local theatres -- there are five cinemas in Kampala, plus one drive-in on the outskirts. We usually went to the movies about once a month: most of them were Hong Kong Kung-Fu specials and Spaghetti Westerns, though some high quality films were pre-sented once in a while.

On Oct. 21 our first Holy Ground was destroyed and we moved it a short distance to a small (now vacant) building which had served as the first Uganda Museum. Every day for many months I went to that spot and prayed, overlooking the whole city. About this time final exams were starting at N.S.S.: I was lucky that the Uganda school system began in January and not September - this gave me more time to study my African history. And on October 26, under the direction of one of my students, I visited the Gospel Assembly Church, which had been established by an American in 1963; by 1975 it was a locally run institution.

On November 3 (Children's Day), Ulf and I went to Jinja, 40 miles east of Kampala. Jinja is the second largest city in Uganda; it is also the industrial center and home of the Owens Falls Dam, which is the main producer of hydroelectric power in Uganda. But Jinja is most importantly the Source of the Nile River; the actual place where that River begins from Lake Victoria and starts on its 4,000 mile journey through Uganda, Sudan and Egypt. Unlike many rivers, which start from small creeks or from the run-offs of mountain snows, the Nile is a full-fledged

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river from its very beginning. We also visited the spot across from which John Speke had been the first white man to see the Source in 1862.

November 6 was the start of the East African Certificate of Education Exams (E.A.C.E.). The school system in Uganda is composed of seven years of Primary Education, four years of ordinary-level high school (O-level), two years of advanced-level high school (A-level) and three years of University at the only University in Uganda, Makerere. A student did not get a diploma simply by graduating from a school: he or she had to take special exams which tested their accumulated knowledge. Where I was teaching was a four-year ordinary-level high school and all of November was devoted to the fourth year students taking their E.A.C.E. exams. I proctored some of the exams, while I also corrected the exams I had given to the lower classes. Our school was co-ed, with students usually between 13 and 18 years old. The students were there for various reasons: some had too low scores to enter government schools; some were the children of 'nouveau riche' parents (mafuta mingi in Swahili) who either wanted their children to get the education they never received or to get the kids out of the house; and some

people were actually interested in education! Space was another problem; my smallest class had 40 pupils - one of my classes had 80! And of course discipline was a problem - growing up in the ruthless environment of Amin's regime had hardened some of them and I was forced to strike a few students. But I do have to admit that the majority of my students were attentive and responsible young men and women: I hope to be able to meet them again some day.

November 8, 1975 was a day of trial and testing for both Ulf and myself. Oscar, the high school boy whom I had met on my first day in Kampala, came to pay me a visit. He had visited me intermittently since May 15, but he was always requesting money from me, even though I always focused our meetings on the study of Divine Principle and the Bible. He showed his true colors on this day, threatening to turn both Ulf and myself over to the police unless he was given a bribe. I pleaded with him and reminded him that any turn against us would involve himself. I finally gave him \$15 and he promised never to see us again - and actually I never did see him after that day. Later that day, Gaquandi, a young man from Zaire whom Ulf had met, also came. He began talking all kinds of nonsense and seemed either mentally unbalanced or spiritually possessed. When he refused to leave, Ulf called the police. When the police came, Gaquandi told them how he was involved with us in a gold-smuggling scheme. We told the police his situation and said they could search our apartment if they liked. Somehow they trusted us and took

Gaquandi away. Ulf and I were thankful and grateful that we could keep our positions in the nation: also we were angry to see how Satan used people, especially in relation to money.

Ulf -was able to submit his papers for a work permit on November 18. He had tried using his engineering skills to get a job at various places, including a car-repair agency, the University, and even UNESCO. He finally could get a position with Dr. A. who ran a firm of consulting engineers right across the street from the West German Embassy. His office was in the same building with the South Korean Embassy (which had been the Israeli Embassy). Ulf could establish good friendship with both embassies. December 1 was Ulf's first full day at his job.

On December 8 I received a ration card from Fresh Foods, Ltd. As I have mentioned, it was very difficult to get what we consider the bare essentials of life (salt, sugar, soap, cooking oil). Ulf and I had been sharing some of the commodities that Abdul could get with his card. And every once in a while we got lucky and happened to be at a shop when sugar or baking flour would be distributed. But you had to be quick - once put on sale, most essential commodities would be sold out in an hour or less.

Ulf returned to the Immigration Board on December 15 and discovered that his application for a work permit had been turned down. He brought his case to the West German Ambassador: he met with the Minister of Internal Affairs on December 22. The next day found Ulf overjoyed: he had received a work permit good for two years.

### 1976

School had ended for me on November 28 and the new year began December 29. Both Ulf and I were now seriously looking for our own place. We had also been informed that after six months we should seek separate dwellings or even go to a different city. Ulf and I just kept pestering housing organizations; the D.A.C.B., National Housing Corp. (N.H.C.), the Uganda Muslim Supreme Council (U.M.S.C.) and others. I was promised many apartments - usually they were occupied by the time I got to them. On January 22, I was given an apartment - it looked like a disaster area. But while I waited for it to be painted, someone else had put their padlock on it and had broken mine off. On February 2 I discovered three men at "my" apartment - one of them claimed to be an army sergeant. We all went to the D.A.C.B. - the Housing Officer had not been informed of my moving in so the army man had been given papers and moved in. Everyone agreed that he had no right to be there, but he refused to move until given another accommodation. I could make friends with the Lieutenant in charge of security at the D.A.C.B. and he tried to help me on my case. Various

people dilly-dallied on my case for over two weeks - it was not settled until March 2 when it was decided that a Captain would be placed in the apartment, the sergeant would be kicked out, and I would be promised another place!

Finally on March 15 I moved into a small apartment just a block from the school. Shortly afterwards Ulf could also move into an apartment near the open-air market. On March 28 Ulf could borrow his boss's VW bug and seven of us piled in. First we drove east to Jinja and established a Holy Ground near the source of the Nile. Then we went through Kampala and south to Entebbe, where we established a Holy Ground near Entebbe Airport. March 31 we celebrated the first church holiday at our own place (my apartment). We established a tradition which we generally followed in the future: food preparation in the morning (after 7:00 Pledge Service); a feast about noon; games, singing or testimonies in the afternoon; and going to a movie in the evening.

On April 4 I attended the Gospel Church; I had already visited there a number of times, had sung some songs and given testimony. Now they asked me to give a sermon on April 25. The next day my new neighbor, Mr. Y., promised to make blackboards for me (he was in charge of a large bookstore in Kampala). A few days later John-Patrick could move into the apartment with me: about the same time Michael moved in with Ulf. On April 19 John-Patrick took me to Kasubi (a few miles outside Kampala) to visit the Kabakas' Tombs: Kabakas Mutesa I, Murunga, Daudi-Chwa and Mutesa II are all buried in a native-style mausoleum.

April 20 we received a message about a visitor coming from New York City. And April 23 he had arrived. It was Mr. Song; he was one of Rev. Moon's earliest disciples - he had joined when he was 12 and had been a member for 25 years. His visit was a real revival and a breath of fresh air. I met him near my apartment and walked him over to see Ulf; on the way he bought many fruits and vegetables. John-Patrick and I had just finished a three-day fast while Ulf, Hideaki and Michael were starting one. Mr. Song told us to forget about fasting - we needed to eat so that we could work harder. He said that we should not be separated: since Ulf had the largest apartment, Mr. Song said we should all stay together there. So I quickly moved out of my place and Hideaki made plans to move away from the lecturer he had been staying with at the University. Mr. Song told us about the situations in other African missions - some nations he had been unable to enter and others he had only stayed three hours or one day. He could stay with us almost five days. During that time I gave my sermon at the Gospel Church. He also bought us much food and took us to the movies several times. We felt

revived, refreshed and renewed by the time he left.

On May 2 we switched our Holy Ground from Old Kampala Hill to Namirembe Hill, near the cathedral. And May 4th I attended my first meeting of the Kampala Businessmen's Lunch Meeting at the Speke Hotel: Archbishop Luwum was the guest speaker; his topic focused on a recent Anglican Conference held in Trinidad. I had been introduced to this group by Mr. K., a former seminarian whom I had first met in January and had met many times since, speaking about religion and other topics. He had studied in England and was now an asst. manager in an insurance firm. Thus began one of my most fruitful contacts in Uganda -- I attended that Tuesday meeting from then on, meeting many of the Christian leaders of Uganda; eventually Ulf, Hideaki and I could speak there several times over the next two years. Also what was left of the British community usually attended the Tuesday luncheons; through this I started attending Bible Study at one of the homes of an expatriate. May 29 we celebrated Day of All Things by driving up to the Baha'i Temple, about a mile from downtown Kampala. The Baha'i faith has a temple located on each continent: so this Kampala Temple was the Baha'i center for all of Africa. It is located on top of a hill, with flower gardens and manicured lawns. We had a prayer inside and also visited the Visitor's Center. And this year we took a taxi to attend services at the Namugongo Martyr's Shrine on June 3. (I had written down the names of the twenty-two Catholic martyrs and reminded them daily to help their physical and spiritual descendants give their support to the modern dispensation).

On June 11 we heard about an assassination attempt on Idi Amin. (He had been attending a police review. He left early, driving away with his own driver in the passengers' seat. Two grenades were thrown at his vehicle, exploding next to it and behind it. One seriously wounded his driver, who died two days later. Amin had amazing luck - or premonition - at this and other times - if he had been where he was meant to be he would be dead.<sup>76</sup>) The next day we began going through any of our belongings that could be used against us if we were arrested again. On June 26 Amin had himself declared "Life President" (or as one friend of ours said "President until he dies"). An event of international proportions began on June 28. An Air France jet had been hijacked from Lebanon and flown to Entebbe Airport. Idi Amin immediately stepped in as a "neutral negotiator" -- although everyone knew of Amin's hatred of the Jews and his support for the Palestinian guerillas - the hijackers had Palestinian connections while eighty passengers were Israelis. On July 4 we heard of the daring Israeli Raid on Entebbe - although people had to publicly condemn the raid, most of our friends admired the courage and forcefulness shown by the Israelis and how President Amin had been made to look like a fool. July 6 and 7 were

public holidays to mourn for the twenty-three Ugandans and seven hijackers killed in the raid. July 22 I -was stopped about two blocks from school by two secret police. They asked what I was doing and what was in my bag. I said I was a teacher and my bag contained books. They had a look and quickly left.

Hideaki had been able to start classes at the University on July 1. He had been able to overcome the language problems and been able to stay in Uganda on his wits and the grace of God. Because of his experience as a center leader in Japan, he was the unofficial central figure, even though my own thoughts were that the three of us were equals and each one had something important to contribute. (Someone had asked Rev. Moon during training "I'd like to know if there are special roles for Germans, Japanese and Americans. For example, Cain-Abel, Adam & Eve, etc.?" He replied: "Father does not think that way. The application of the Cain-Abel relationship is often misused or misinterpreted. There is no Cain and Abel. 'You are three brothers and sisters. Natural leaders periodically emerge, of course. Then you pray centering on Father, and everything is going to be O.K.")

On Aug. 24 John-Patrick returned from Nairobi where he had been working since the beginning of May. Many pages could be written about the people Ulf, Hideaki and I met over the three or more years we spent in Uganda. Some were seekers after God and moved into our center for various periods of time. Some just saw us as rich white men (for many people white = rich). After being "burned" a few times during our first months, we established a strict policy of no financial or physical hand-outs. We often had to make difficult decisions and constantly prayed that God would guide us in the proper care of our new members. September 4th found Hideaki and me at the University, listening to an ecumenical talk. Dr. A. Lugira (who later fled the country with his family) spoke on "Aspects of Prayer and Worship"; his main point was that things went slowly between churches because of lack of approval from the higher centers.

Letters were always an important part of our lives. Especially we were trying to keep abreast of the Yankee Stadium rally in June 1976 and the Washington Monument rally of September 18, 1976, which was the second anniversary of Rev. Moon's first major breakthrough at Madison Square Garden. Finally on September 28 we received word (from Japan) that W.M. had been a great success. It was also during this time that Rev. Moon's picture appeared on the cover of the international Newsweek magazine. Somehow we received five copies through the mail; it broke our hearts but we had to destroy them by fire in order to keep our cover.

Our relationship with the foreign community was

strange and interesting. This was due to our own position and most of the foreigners in Uganda were strange and interesting. I don't mean this in a bad sense. Especially if you were British or American you had to be dedicated to stay. But everyone had to walk a tightrope (we knew of one West German who came to teach in a local college -- he took pictures all over the place - got picked up and beaten by the Secret Police and left Uganda within a week.) One American couple came during the Entebbe Crisis - and left after he finished a year of teaching chemistry at the University. I usually met foreigners when I went shopping; this included Russians, Red Chinese and North Koreans - all of whom I avoided as much as possible. I'm glad that God had given Ulf, Hideaki and I enough common sense to pick our friends carefully and keep our mission foremost in our mind.

The first week of November, 1976, was devoted to an Ecumenical Revival at the University. We heard Bishop Festo Kivengere, an internationally known Ugandan Evangelist speak. Archbishop Luwum also spoke at that time. There was even a film -- Billy Graham expounding on the Ten Commandments (many of the students were angry because the film had been billed simply as "The Ten Commandments" and were expecting the epic with Charlton Heston.) November 13 was closing ceremonies, with speeches from the Greek Orthodox Bishop, the Anglican Archbishop and the Catholic Cardinal. One of our friends -was a teacher at a local grammar school. On Nov. 24 I could speak to his 7th grade class on the Purpose of Life and the Process of Creation. The children were very responsive and I was hoping that this would lead to a new avenue in our work. But my friend visited me five days later and said I couldn't speak there again - he had probably gotten some bad reactions, either from other members of his faculty or possibly from the Secret Police. At least on December 12 I was able to speak again at the Gospel Church.

My first full year of school ended November 30. December I spent studying, teaching the Divine Principle to our friends and attending the Tuesday Luncheons. We could attend a Christmas party at one of the British homes (complete with a little fake snow, made out of cotton) and had a Christmas party for our friends on December 25. January 1st we celebrated God's Day. I started teaching again on the 10th. Ulf also could take his first "vacation" (Dec. 31 - Jan. 16). John-Patrick suddenly returned on February 8. He had gotten a job as a steward on East African Airlines. But the Airlines was now defunct due to the breakdown in relations between Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania.

## 1977

Another major crisis started on February 14. It was

announced on the radio that Archbishop Luwum was implicated in a plot to overthrow the government. On February 16 a statement was read, reportedly written by Milton Obote, concerning the overthrow of Amin's government.

Archbishop Luwum and two cabinet ministers had been arrested. The next day Hideaki told me the news about the "car accident" in which all three men had been killed, even though their driver had been only slightly injured.

(The truth was reported in Christianity Today (March 18, 1977) : "Amin ordered all three shot and the two government officials were promptly killed. When the president learned that his troops were reluctant to shoot the archbishop he is reported to have shot Luwum himself. Soldiers were also reported to have been reluctant to follow Amin's order to run trucks over the bodies of the three; they finally agreed to crush the corpses of the cabinet ministers but not the archbishop's."

We all felt deep sorrow at the loss of our brother and dear friend - a modern Uganda Martyr.

February 19 we moved to a new home, a three-bedroom house close to the University. Ulf had been able to rent the place through one of his business contacts. On February 25 there was a radio announcement requesting that all Americans were to meet with President Amin on the following Monday, February 28. His Excellency said he wanted to make awards to the Americans who were devoting themselves to Uganda (we weren't sure if they were going to be .38 or .45 rewards!) February 27 it was announced that the President's meeting was being postponed until March 2 and was being shifted to Entebbe: later that day there was news of American forces being landed in Mombasa, Kenya. Finally February 28 there was news that the meeting with the Americans was being indefinitely postponed because of March 2 being Mohammed's birthday (later one of my friends in the telephone bureau told me that President Carter had actually called Idi Amin and told him to leave the Americans alone).

We were able to stay in our new house for over a year. During that time four of our Ugandan brothers were able to stay with us. Our daily and weekly schedules became more solidified, with prayer meetings at the beginning and end of each day: lectures usually two or three evenings a week on Divine Principle, Unification Thought and Victory Over Communism. And Sunday we had our 5 A.M. Pledge service, a (more or less) public service at 10:30 A.M. and a Sunday afternoon D.P. lecture after lunch. All these services were on a rotational system: especially we wanted to train our native members because we were never absolutely sure of our position.

On April 22 we had a robbery attempt at our new house. (Someone had actually robbed our other apartment shortly after Mr. Song had visited us). Hideaki had been home and gone out 11:00 to do some shopping. He returned within an hour, to find the main door of the house broken in and a man waiting inside. The man quickly excused himself, saying he had just stepped in because he saw the robbery taking place. He went back out the door, whistled (probably to warn his accomplices) and ran away. Hideaki found that our radio and other valuables were neatly tied in bundles - we actually were only missing a clock and some cash. Shortly afterwards we hired an askari (guard) to take care of the house during the day while we were at work or school.

Hideaki's academic year also ended in April and the University refused to renew his application: he had been attending the school under a "special student" status. During May he came with me to N.S.S. and began teaching Math in the afternoon; shortly afterwards he had to stop because the Ministry of Education refused to give him a teaching permit - he had no University degree. After that he could get his entry permit extended for three-month periods at a time while trying to open an import-export company.

May 26 we established a new Holy Ground on Kololo Hill, which is the highest hill in Kampala, about two miles from the center of the city. We had established our Holy Ground on Namirembe Hill where we thought it would be safe. But there had been some sort of Archdiocesan meeting where it was decided that a new congregation hall was needed: and the only place suitable for it was where we had placed our Holy Ground! Our new Holy Ground we felt would be safe: it was near a house used by the Secret Police (and later we were almost arrested when we went up there to pray: luckily one of our members (the President's cousin) could speak their language and they just let us go).

Two important national events happened at the end of June. On the 29th President Amin conferred on himself the title "Conqueror of the British Empire in General and Africa in Particular" (C.B.E.), another ridiculous boost to his ego. The next day was the 100th anniversary (Centenary) of the arrival of the first Christian missionaries in Uganda - there was a large ceremony at Namirembe Cathedral with the President attending.

Also at the end of June I was elected Chairman of the Scripture Union at school. Up to that point I had not done too much concerning religion at school. But now I was in charge of the weekly meetings. Eventually I tried to split the meetings: half the time the speaker would be from the Anglican or Catholic Church; the other half they would come from our native members or Ulf, Hideaki and me. The meetings were not compulsory and anywhere from 2 to

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30 students attended at various times.

On September 21 there was news in the paper about all religious sects being banned except for the Muslims, Catholics, Anglicans and Greek Orthodox. Even the Baha'i Temple was to be shut down. We were glad that we were not a recognized "religious sect" so we could not be shut down!

When I attended the Tuesday Luncheon Fellowship on October 11 I met Dr. R., one of the few remaining Professors at the University - earlier that day I had met his brother-in-law at N.S.S. Dr. R. had received his doctorate in America and one of his children had even been born in the U.S.A. He was a scholar yet a true African: warm-hearted, generous and a brother in the Lord. At least once a week, from then on, I would visit him, his wife and darling four children. October 18 was an exciting day at school. Students were preparing for the final exams and one teacher discovered that a student had his final Biology exam - he discovered that another student had the Literature, Physics and Math finals. The school typist was implicated - he had been selling copies of the exams to the students for \$5. The typist was fired and we were to keep our eyes open for too high scores - it was too late to redo the exams. About the same time Hideaki was knocked off a bicycle by a Mercedes car - he sprained his foot yet still kept working - he could also receive a special entry permit and business registration. Also I began to teach some Muslim students in N.S.S. from Rwanda - they were a mixture of Omani and African blood. I myself had been reading the Holy Koran that year and felt real hope in reaching Muslims, presenting D.P. as a new revelation and Rev. Moon as a modern prophet.

In December we were taught a hard lesson by one of our best home members. He came to visit in the morning. One of our native members was home and let him listen to some lecture tapes while he continued washing clothes. About an hour later he came back to the room, to find our tape recorder missing. Some time later we had to have one of our members leave the house because we found him stealing some essential commodities in his trunk. This member later repented and continued to visit us, although he couldn't move back in. Various members, we discovered, had girl friends or dabbled in the black market. It was extremely difficult keeping a high moral standard yet knowing the chaotic environment of Uganda.

### 1978

In January I started my third full year of school on the 16th. During the previous year, besides being Scripture Union Chairman, I was head of the History Department (two of us), and Senior Study Master (a position similar to asst. headmaster). I was also secretary for staff meetings and in charge of distributing paper and pens to the other

teachers. Eventually I even got my own small office.

February was quite a momentous month for all three of us. The owner of our house suddenly stopped by on the 5th and announced that he had sold the house and we would have to move out by March 1st. Just as we were beginning to contact our friends and the various housing agencies, we received word on the 11th that we should be in Kinshasa, Zaire as soon as possible. Lady Dr. Kim, an early follower of Rev. Moon, was visiting various regions in Africa. We were actually supposed to meet her in Nairobi at the beginning of February, but we had gotten the message too late. We left on the 16th, after getting tickets and the necessary documents to leave and return. We spent almost a week in Kinshasa, with missionaries from five or six nations. Also the center there had 30 or 40 members and they were in the process of being recognized by the government.

Dr. Kim spoke to everyone together several times and saw each person individually. She thanked everyone for their hard work and sacrifice during the three years. It was a time of revival and renewal for all of us. We were back in Kampala late on the 22nd.

March 1 came and went without us being kicked out of the house. Our search for a new dwelling continued. It seemed that either no one knew of any vacancies anywhere or people would tell us of vacant houses - that had been occupied the day before. On the 19th we started a seven-minute nightly prayer for housing.

During March and April I had a breakthrough at a local high school. It was the school where I had been visiting the librarian almost every week for the past 2 years. On March 30 he told me that I could speak to about 100 students the following week on the Principle of Creation. April 6th I spoke for over an hour and answered questions from between 80 and 100 students; they were very curious and open-minded. April 20th I returned for a final lecture on the Purpose of Life and the Fall of Man. My lecture series ended there and in some ways I was glad: the price of fame in Uganda was usually fatal.

At the end of March we had contacted the Church of Uganda at Namirembe - they owned some housing but none of it was available. April we continued searching and in the first week of May we could get an empty apartment near Namirembe. We rented a truck, loaded it up and moved to our new home, a small, two-bedroom apartment (about half the size of our house). Also ever since our trip to Kinshasa (or even before), we had often spoken about touring the country. Ulf had gone several times to Nairobi and had gone to different parts of the nation for his engineering firm. But except for brief trips to Entebbe and Jinja, Hideaki and I had never seen the rest of the country. We contacted several travel agencies and finally settled on

one. Hideaki and I tried to leave on the 15th, but there were no vehicles available (it -was also my third anniversary in Uganda). We made connections the next day and headed north from Kampala. The area around Kampala is hilly; as we traveled north the land became flatter and more arid. At 1:30 P.M. we arrived at Paraa Lodge, not far from the Kabalega (Murchison) Falls, the largest falls on the Nile. The operators wanted to charge us \$85 for a boat trip on the Nile, but we refused. About 4:00 we recrossed the Nile in our van and the driver took us up the back way to the Falls. (The Falls are actually only 20 feet across and 130 feet high; but the whole pent up volume of the river dashes out of a ravine - it is more of an explosion of water than a fall). It was truly a powerful, inspiring sight. On the way back to the Lodge we outran a storm and saw a beautiful rainbow. The next day we visited another place along the Nile (Chobe Lodge). In the afternoon we went on a game ride and saw giraffe, hartebeest, warthog, waterbuck, and a herd of elephants. The lodge is famous for its baboons which will even come into rooms and steal things if windows are left open. We saw them and Hideaki wanted to become friendly with them - one man warned us that they were known to bite through a rifle!

The next morning Hideaki and I tried our hands at fishing in the Nile; we were near a pool of hippos. One of our guides caught a perch; Hideaki and I struck out. Our driver took us to Lira, a small town nearby. Hideaki and I wanted to see the eastern part of the country, but we felt it could be too expensive to use our van and driver. We used public transport from then on. We stayed overnight at the Lira Hotel. The next day we traveled down to Mbale, the largest town in eastern Uganda. It is reputed to be the most beautiful town in the country, at the foot of Mt. Elgon, which is 11,000 feet high. We just stayed overnight there and returned to Kampala the next day. We could see why Uganda was nicknamed "Pearl of Africa." Once the political climate improved, Uganda could become a tourist Mecca, due to the mild climate, game parks and magnificent scenery.

During this time the first International 40-day training session took place at the New Yorker Hotel. 41 nations were represented, including Uganda. John-Patrick, whom I had met three years before in the Post Office, had been able to sneak out of the country (he still had a passport from his previous job in East African Airways -> he hid it when he crossed the border into Kenya). Two months later he returned to Uganda on the train. He could bring many books and tapes back with him - there was no border check and he took his things off in Jinja, before they could be checked in Kampala!

We gradually settled into our new home in May and June. June 6 we could celebrate Creation Day there. June 13

I was appointed treasurer of the Tuesday Luncheon. I began visiting more people at the University, including Dr. R. and Dr. Ohin, a West African surgeon who had spent over 15 years in America.

August was a busy month for us. Ulf was able to get both a printing machine and an electric typewriter. I was able to get my work permit extended until August, 1981. Ulf, Hideaki and I had been discussing for some time what type of business could support the church in the future. A friend of ours at the University said we could get land from the government about 80 miles west of Kampala. We were considering raising cows and opening a cheese factory. I began writing and drafting letters, especially to cheese-making companies in West Germany. There were also various reports and rumors about a talking tortoise and a cow giving birth to a baby boy. And August 15 was the second time I had seen a news article about Rev. Moon in the local English paper (Voice of Uganda): it dealt with the New York newspaper strike and News World being the only paper published (the first article had appeared when the church had bought the New Yorker Hotel.)

September 9 was the third anniversary of my work permit. On that day Hideaki and I went to Namirembe Cathedral, where we met Bishop Watanabe, visiting from Hokkaido. Later that day the sister-in-law of my school's owner was married, also at Namirembe. About 6:10 I was back in our apartment and I received a phone call. It was Nancy Neiland calling me from Church Headquarters in New York City! She told me that "Your Dad wants you to come to the Seminary" - in other words, Rev. Moon wanted me to start a new mission as a student at the Unification Theological Seminary! I was truly shocked - I had never applied to the Seminary and never thought I would ever go there. Ulf, Hideaki and I had a good cry together - we were glad at my good fortune of being picked for the Seminary and sad about my having to leave the mission-field. The next day we went to Entebbe, where we prayed at the Holy Ground, visited the Botanical Gardens and had lunch at Lake Victoria Hotel. Before returning to the apartment, we visited the Namugongo Shrine, the Baha'i Temple and the Kabakas' Tombs. The next morning we discovered that an Air France flight for Paris, which usually only came through on Thursday and Saturday, was coming through that very evening. We could get a ticket and take care of legal matters for leaving the country -> I told everyone that my father had died and I had to leave suddenly in order to attend his funeral. Ulf and Hideaki later that day took me to Entebbe, where we had a final prayer and cup of tea and I left 8:40 P.M., vowing, like General MacArthur that "I shall return."

### Postscript and Conclusion

This paper, dealing with my missionary years, was

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taken from the daily diaries I kept (except of course for relevant quotes I included in various sections). Some parts of my diaries are difficult for me to decipher, especially concerning the many people I met during my stay in Uganda. Since most of them are still alive and the present situation is still volatile in Uganda (there have been 4 governments since Amin's overthrow in April 1979) I decided to use either initials or first names. Also some events I was not sure of their exact dates ( e.g. when I first met Hideaki) because I had to write in somewhat cryptic style in case my books were captured by the government. Also I just tried to present the main events that happened to all of us. Our personal dynamics I just glossed over - Ulf, Hideaki and I generally got along well together, although our ragged edges did grate once in a while. It is also probably noticeable that I don't mention women at all in my paper. This is not because I am a chauvinist. I met quite a few beautiful, loving and caring women in Uganda -- and actually my attraction to some of them was very physical, although I was always able to keep myself within the strict confines of God's Will. From May 1975 I kept written contact with my American fiancée - wife until she left the church in 1977 -- that dealt quite a blow to me which Hideaki helped me greatly to overcome. I hope in the future to give some fuller account of all the events which took place during my missionary years. I like to thank Ulf and Hideaki, who sacrificed more than I ever could and helped me get through many difficult situations. Especially I would want to thank Rev. and Mrs. Moon, whom I believe are Very Special People in this present age. And thank you to my precious brothers and sisters in Uganda, who have undergone ten years of trials and whose suffering still continues. Rev. Moon has said:

This dispensation is for everybody - three races and five colors. Since this is the time for the black people to receive the truth you have to give them equal treatment - the problem is for the three blood lineages to be united into one, to have unity among the three races. We have to train ourselves to live together with three races, even in the family, under one roof. So we cannot under any circumstances abandon Africa. God's will is to save all mankind.

William Connery, The History Guy

Author of *Civil War Northern Virginia 1861* and *Mosby's Raids in Civil War Northern Virginia*



### Susan Fefferman - Iran

*This testimony is part of a larger document that is still a work in progress, but in the spirit of celebrating forty years I chose to answer the questions put out by Nanette Doroski, an indefatigable spirit of remembering what is good, while using some of the writings I have put to paper thus far.*

#### **My escape from the danger of imprisonment during the revolution in Iran:**

It was time for me to leave Iran, I didn't want to but the government was about to fall and my visa was soon to expire putting me in a dangerous situation. The members and I arrived at the airport amid snow flurries on January 29, 1979. The city had been nearly shutdown due to the strikes against the Shah's regime fomented by Ayatollah Khomeini, (who had been exiled to Iraq after his son had tried but failed to assassinate the previous Shah years before. Khomeini's son and others were killed in the attempt.) It was a desolate drive to the airport with much less traffic than the usual chaos. My heart was heavy thinking to leave the nation True Parents had given me to love. There was a sadness underlying everything people did, due to the division within the nation among the pro- and anti-Shah elements. The struggle had been going on for at least six months and was building to a head. A few days prior to my departure I had listened to a speech by the Shah on the radio, where he had confessed he had not realized until now how much he had been kept in ignorance by those around him about the extent of corruption in his government. From my imperfect Farsi (Persian language) I understood that he was expressing regret and sadness and hoped for a restoration of peace in the land.

The airport had been closed due to the strikes against the government. I had been to the airport two days before, but there was no way to get out of the country. We returned home defeated and the more than 40 members worried I might get hurt or arrested when my visa expired. Beate, the German missionary, had already left and Ryuji, as a Japanese man, wasn't really in danger. They were all deeply concerned for my protection. They would never forgive themselves if I suffered, was jailed or was seriously hurt; and I didn't want them to suffer because of my presence. Foreigners were beginning to panic as the anti-Shah elements became more bold and aggressive against Westerners, especially the newly 'hated' Americans. It reminded me of a gang of children seeing no adult in sight, jumping up and down in abandoned frenzy, not unlike the children in *Lord of the Flies*. But this was only some of the people; there were still many more good people in Iran. Nonetheless, we never knew who was a friend or who might fly into a fury if they realized I was a *khareji* (foreigner, an increasingly pejorative term in Iran).

We had heard rumors of people attacking those whom they thought to be former secret police (*Savak*) with the small fruit knives people carried. 'A messy puddle of human being was left on the sidewalk afterward,' I was told, but Iranians like a well-embellished tale. But these were just 'rumors.' My experience was that Iranians were loving, yet emotional people, not used to violence. I couldn't imagine these rumors to be true, but in every barrel there are a few bad apples. And the strikes, especially in Tehran, had been increasing in violence and fervency. So I had to leave.

I had visited the American Embassy at one point and ended up talking to the CIA representative. He didn't say that he was CIA but he let me understand his job by what he told me. There had been demonstrations in front of the University not very far from the Embassy every day. He told me people would gather and wait for the TV cameras and when they arrived they would make a lot of noise and shake their anti-American signs. When it was discovered they were being paid to do this, the embassy suggested to the Iranian government that someone hire the same people to do a pro-Shah demonstration! It worked, the cameras showed up, they shouted and waved their signs. The members and I had seen that oddity on the news one night and wondered why suddenly, and only for one day, there was a pro-Shah demonstration. The man at the embassy said that the government wasn't interested in doing it again and he thought that was a mistake. The airport was still not open, but a few planes had tried to land just to get people out without the usual support of the tower in wintry overcast conditions. The previous day a Pan Am flight skidded off the runway onto a soggy, snowy field and the people at the airport had to hire locals in trucks to push the huge plane back onto the runway so it could take off. The turn-around was speedy for fear of retribution by angry crowds. I don't know how many people got out on that plane.

The only reason I could get a ticket was because of my wonderful "brothers." Ryuji Kuranaga, the Japanese missionary, who rode on the back of spiritual son, Nasser Zomorrodian's motorbike, a few days before. They went to every airline office in Tehran looking for a ticket - a ticket to anywhere safe, but just out of Iran for me. The other brothers, Essi Zahedi, Hossein Temorijam, Shahrokh Namiranian and others, had stockpiled gasoline in the corner of the backyard after hours and hours of standing in line at gas stations just in case they might have to drive me to the Turkish border. Finally, Ryuji and Nasser found a lone ticket -- thank God for Lufthansa -- a one way, first class ticket for \$880 -- more than \$3,000 in today's dollars. To pay for the ticket everyone pitched in with whatever money they had, including Jose Lim from the Philippines, just to pay for the possibility that I might get out and be

safe. Our German sister, Beate Wilhelm (Lauer-Schmaltz) had gone on ahead to Germany and safety, and when Ryuji and Nasser discovered I could go to Frankfurt too, they felt their prayers had been answered. I was amazed at their inventiveness and stick-to-itiveness, but a first class ticket? I'd never flown first class anywhere before, and the thought of leaving my beloved Iran in comfort went against everything in me.

I arrived at the airport with a van full of earnest, young Iranian men determined that I was going to get on that plane to safety, no matter what. (The women needed to stay out of sight for their own protection.) When we arrived, we could see that the area inside the simple airport was wall to wall squirming bodies, like a can full of worms. People weren't panicking – yet – but they were pushing and shouting and trying to get through to the gate and board the only plane on the ground, whether they had a ticket on Lufthansa or not. People wanted out.

My wonderful brothers naturally formed a 'V' formation with me in the middle and literally pushed their way into the mass of struggling bodies; shoving all shapes, sizes and nationalities aside. Their precious sister was getting on the plane 'come hell or high water.'

Amazing to me was that it worked. They protected me with such determination that I found myself staring at the very stressed-out Lufthansa agent, who told me my ticket was good for this flight but that the way to the gate was completely blocked by the roiling crowd. He asked me, "Can you jump?" I looked at the place he was pointing to and it seemed far, to the other side of the conveyor belt. Hossein, said, "Yes, she can!" I stepped up and he and whoever else propelled me up and out from the area as I jumped. It seemed as if I was flying through the air to the agent's waiting hands on the other side. I was shaking but amazed that I sailed over the barrier to the offices behind. I turned to look at my wonderful brothers, and others who had their faces pressed against the windows in the back of the room with such downcast looks. I hadn't said a proper goodbye and hadn't hugged them or given them my last 'words of wisdom.' Because of the circumstance I felt ripped out of their embrace and love. I waved goodbye knowing that I might never see some of them again. All my investment of nearly four years was being offered up because I was no longer safe in my adopted homeland. Because I had that precious first-class ticket, the agent made sure I could get to the gate by guiding me through the offices to the tarmac. What a send off.

I joined the throng of other passengers who were rushing to the plane, often worriedly looking back over their shoulders. Some were running while looking behind "just in case." I hoped that no one would fall while they turned around to look as they ran. I bumped into a man who

announced to me that he was from *Transcendental Meditation* and would I like to hear about their ideas? (Funny, witnessing on the way out of the country.) I told him I had my own group, "the Unification Church." "The Moonies?" "Yes," I said, "and I just left 40 wonderful Iranian members here to fend for themselves. I hope they will be alright." He was more than just impressed, he said, "Wow."

With no help from the empty tower, the plane took off. The visibility began to weaken due to a mist forming over the field and everyone held their breath until we successfully rose from the ground and up into the air. After some moments the passengers gave a loud, collective sigh of relief and enthusiastically applauded the captain and crew. They sighed and applauded again as the announcement came that we had left Iranian airspace. As I looked out my first class window I ached from the rushed departure. Did I say goodbye enough? I really had not expected to leave that day and I certainly thought I would return soon. What about the people I couldn't see before I left? I hoped they would forgive me.

I did not want to go. I had determined I would live in Iran for the rest of my life if that is what God wanted me to do. But God cannot always control an angry mob who felt the power and freedom of dissent for the first time in many, many years. The Iranian people seemed "drunk" with the new freedom to march, shout and express their pent up anger and resentment at everything in their lives: lack of good jobs, stupid neighbors, the congested traffic at every corner and angry wives – they were not just angry at the Shah and the imperfect government. But the Shah was an easy target much like a red flag to an angry bull.

The government did need to change and I had felt that the Shah was beginning to get the message, but in reality good change is revolutionary. The Shah had done a great job in the 1963 "White Revolution," but most people hadn't understood or forgot what he had liberated. He had taken back the land from the wealthy Mullahs and given it to the tenant farmers to own. In one blow he had weakened the overly-powerful clergy and ended serfdom. And whose family lost the most land? -- Ayatollah Khomeini's. I was friends with one of his very-Westernized cousins and she told me how the entire family was angry at the Shah because all of them had to work for a living once the clergy had lost their lands to the serfs to own for the first time. It was considered a holy act to leave one's land to the mosque. That made for a lot of land being owned by the religious leaders. She told me she was even willing to wear a veil (*chador*) to get her family's land back. I heard later that she left the country in fear due to the oppression of women. I wonder if she ended up in the USA.

Most people didn't understand that it's the culture that

takes much longer to change than the people in power. The treatment of women and the attitudes about the family and girls' education needed to be upgraded and democratic principles learned and practiced for it to take hold. Freedom wasn't something the populace knew how to handle or even what it looked like in everyday life. True freedom actually means that you have to respect all dissenting opinions, even those of people you don't like! Taking responsibility for that freedom was farther behind. And the negative thinkers already had a well-thought out plan to control the populace. It quickly went into effect after the Shah left, three days after me. And much worse oppression descended on formerly free Iran.

Within months after I left, vigilantes would roam the streets punishing women and girls who didn't "properly" cover themselves. Businesses disappeared if they sold "Western" goods that were thought to undermine the religious life of devout Muslims. The Jews were badly persecuted and driven out, until Ayatollah Khomeini spoke with the Chief Rabbi on TV and said that Iran needed the Jews to stay. In the years following, the Jewish community would eventually be asked to deny the Holocaust and other "Jewish truths" in order to continue to live safely in Iran, their ancient homeland. But the Baha'is left, nearly en masse. Their prophet, Baha'u'llah, came after the Prophet Mohammad, who, according to Islam, was the last and greatest prophet. So the Baha'is were *persona non grata* religiously and feared for their lives. Many found their way to the US, Europe or other parts of the Middle East. Those who remain are denied many rights of education, employment and security just for being Baha'i.

The Shah had tried to import democracy and reforms into his nation. Telephones and technology had increased greatly, there were better roads into the villages, and a social security system was beginning to be set up so the beggars would have no excuse to clog up the streets with their children. (Many of them had been thought deformed by their own parents (I was told) to gain sympathy from passersby.) And widows without families wouldn't have to resort to questionable work to support themselves.

But the education of democracy had not begun in earnest, except for those who could study abroad. The Madrassas still taught fundamentalist Islamic principles and passed on the narrow male-chauvinistic culture and thought of the past in strictly gender-based schools, which had markedly different curricula for girls and boys. The Shah's father had tried to outlaw the veil, but poor women didn't have the money for good clothes and many women suffered from the leering looks, comments and affronts of the men who were unused to seeing women without their entire bodies covered. The Shah relented and allowed women to use the veil again if they chose. Many did but

others chose a variety of dress, mostly Western, some, so skin tight that I wondered how they could breathe. Young men too often wore shirts opened to the third button and so tight that every ripple from every muscle could be seen. But few men ever went bare-chested.

Good grief, I was persecuted as a female, merely for riding a bike one day. Women had some rights since the Shah's reforms but they were giving them up and putting the veil back on for the sake of the 'revolution.' Their excitement and euphoria lasted less than six months. Anyone not wearing a veil was persecuted, beaten and even some uncovered women would have acid thrown in their faces by fundamental vigilantes by the following summer. Hell was descending on formerly forward looking Iran. The Shah would definitely roll over in his grave, as would his father, once the Islamists fully gained control. And forget religious freedom, it was a concept no one cared about and didn't learn about in any school. Islam doesn't teach religious freedom and if you change from being a Muslim to some other religion you can lose your life and your children will be given to a faithful Muslim family.

Without the practice, wisdom, and experience of democratic principles, people didn't know what to do with their new found freedom. An immature system of domination set in to soothe the fears of those who saw what was going on, and the hated secret police, *Savak*, would be replaced by the new Islamic police, "protectors of the faith," and the elitist Revolutionary Guard.

**On the plane as I left my beloved Iran**, I opened the first class gift bag and found not only slippers and an eye mask to block out the light, but a toothbrush, toothpaste and socks. Then the stewardess offered me champagne and chocolate. I was stunned and couldn't eat anything. How could I celebrate and eat well when Iran and my precious brothers and sisters were suffering so much? I turned my head to the window and my tears dripped down my cheeks in silence. I felt such guilt and sadness at being separated from my efforts to love the people of Iran since I arrived in May of 1975.

Clear as a bell, I heard God's voice say to me. "*I wanted to send you off from Iran with a joyous band playing loudly in the airport, flags waving and grandmothers and children crying and cheering for you, but I couldn't. The best I could do for you is to give you a first class ticket to Germany where you will be safe and loved. I will still be here in Iran loving and looking out for your spiritual children. They will survive.*"

I was so surprised. I could actually see the flags waving and the happy faces of those grandmothers, kids and all those people I had loved and served in Iran, sending me off victoriously - in my mind's eye. The grateful crowd held many faces I had known and loved, especially the

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mothers of my members, Mama Zahedi (the mother of Hossein, Mariyam, Essi, Foozie, Abbass, Hassan, Maliheh, Khosrow and Manijeh) and other Muslim, Jewish and Zoroastrian mothers standing in the center of the crowd.

So I ate the chocolate, but I still couldn't celebrate with champagne. I did somehow find hope rising inside of me once again from God's words and wondered what the future would bring. Would I ever return to Iran again? Would our members be able to continue teaching about the principles of peace?

**Reflections on the revolution:** I thought back on what I had seen during the months of turmoil that led up to this fateful, parting day. The first image was a beautiful demonstration on a Friday in 1978, the Islamic religious day, of people marching south down *Shahreza* street; women and children carrying flowers, offering them to the soldiers on guard along their path, singing and enjoying the new situation in Iran. It was like one huge picnic. This was the first ever of this kind of demonstration and it seemed that the people were saying, "Give peace a chance."

Yet, I also remembered "Black Friday" soon after where, when the demonstrating people gathered at the *Medon-e-Shahr*, the city government center, the point at which several streets emptied into a large circle, where cars would drive around seeking another avenue exit. The center had a huge flag pole, some flowers and a huge chain around the center reminding me of the pictures of the place of torture in front of the palace in Esfahan, during the ancient kingdom of Persia. I wondered if this place had been a place of torture in the past too. Bad karma.

The crowds became congested and young men with bullhorns shouting at the people, pushed the crowds forward toward the young soldiers (from the villages) guarding the government buildings until --in fear of being crushed by the confused mob, they began to shoot at the legs of the people to make them move back. But when the crowds moved back they were repelled by those same angry, shouting men to move forward for whatever reason people use to force a confused crowd to do as they want. Panic and chaos ensued and many were trampled. Many were eventually shot.

How can I say this when I wasn't there? Because up in a tree was one of my friends who was a serious student of the Koran. He had been watching from the sidelines in amazement, and when the shouting and pushing began he wisely climbed the nearest tree. Good for him, because around him people began to trample one another in a stampede to get out, but due to the "Arabic-speaking men dressed in black shirts," the people couldn't escape. My friend had been in support of the demonstrations until then, but due to his good Arabic study, he realized that these men weren't from Tehran, and maybe not even from Iran, in fact

he wondered if they weren't Palestinian. He saw how they manipulated the crowd until panic broke out. That day a photograph was taken by a Pakistani photographer in the morgue; I believe I saw the number written in Farsi on the last body in the row as '3,124.' (This photographer was the brother of the local UPI representative, who was my friend.) My memory may not be reliable, but I do know that it had four digits. The newspapers reported less than a hundred had died that day. I could see that things were going to get much worse.

That same friend and others including myself saw other things as well. One day coming from the public bath, I saw a group of middle school boy students, led by two male teachers, who rushed into a bank and begin to empty it of papers, desks, chairs, etc. They then set fire to all of it in the street. When the soldiers arrived some of the boys were still there and got arrested, but their teachers were nowhere to be found. The bank was owned by Baha'is, I think. I ran home just as the soldiers arrived, and decided to bathe at home from then on.

Other friends reported seeing a Citroen car speeding along a main road with a passenger standing up in the sunroof opening, lobbing Molotov cocktails into banks. I was told they hit about 20 banks that day all in a straight line, but it made it look like a lot more people were doing it but it was just one driver and the expert pitcher.

Many nights the electricity went out around 8 or 8:30 pm. The water was shut off too. Our group stayed indoors due to the curfew and prayed, slept or read by candle light. It was so depressing. Sometimes we could hear a demonstration nearby and wondered how they got away with it under curfew. It lasted for half an hour then stopped. What had happened there? No gun shots were heard, why had they suddenly stopped? Several days later, one of my younger students told us that he lived in an apartment house on the circle where one of the demonstrations took place. When he looked out of the window on those nights he saw no one gathered there but he could hear them. He and his mother climbed to the roof to see what was going on. On a nearby roof was a loud speaker from which the sounds of a demonstration came. It lasted a few nights until the police figured out where the sound came from. The man running the recording was arrested, of course. But few people really knew what had actually happened. It stimulated some to be bold enough to leave home during the curfew and try to join the demonstration. I imagine that a number were arrested for being out after curfew.

I also remembered when I first realized that something was going on 'underground.' I was standing in line waiting to use the public pay phone. I was afraid that our house phone was bugged, so when I called our members I had to

use a pay phone to protect their anonymity. I had on my usual dark sun glasses that were darker on the top to hide my hazel-colored eyes. I got into a conversation with a young man, 14 or 15 years of age. During our conversation, he asked me when I had become a Muslim, I explained that I was actually just studying Islam and had not converted. He said I should change my name when I did to *Maryam* (Mary, the mother of Jesus who is considered a godly woman in the Koran) or something to show that I had converted. (Susan could be pronounced as *Suzan*, an inward burning desire, or *Sussan*, a needle. Not a very good name for a Muslim.) He then began to tell me that for many months at his mosque they were listening to cassette tapes sent from Ayatollah Khomeini in Iraq. He was teaching them about how to create a revolution. This boy was very excited and trusted me I guess, because he told me that they were beginning to gather sort of defense at the mosque. I realized that some Muslims don't have any theological quandaries about stockpiling weapons in a house of worship. I don't know if I ever made that phone call, I was too stunned. This was sometime in September, 1978.

The Lufthanza plane droned on and my body began to unwind. I had wanted to do a campaign in Iran with banners saying, "Forgive, Love and Unite" for Iran to stop the violence, just like our Unification movement had done in the US during the Watergate crisis. Our American members became experts at demonstrating and public speaking about uniting behind the principles of democracy and protecting the dignity of the office of the President of the United States. But Nixon eventually resigned in shame. Someone suspected he did so after his wife threatened to leave him.

When I presented this idea to our Iranian members, they convinced me that we were not protected by the same laws of freedom and public respect for the views of others. They expected me to be arrested or beaten senseless by angry crowds if I held such a demonstration.

**Wonderful Iranian hospitality:** All these terrible memories floated unbidden into my mind during that long flight to Germany. Yet, so many good memories pushed them aside and reminded me of the beauty of the Iranian heart. The people welcomed me into their homes and treated me like family more times than I could remember.

In Ann Arbor, Michigan where I grew up, the Asgar family had two sons, and a grandmother who visited regularly, and numerous relatives studying in the US over the time we lived near each other. They were a loving family, and we enjoyed many wonderful times together. They became a second family to mine. I even learned a few words of Farsi from them and ate some Persian food. My home still has a huge red Persian carpet that they bought for my parents and has stayed with us all these years. Their

presence, through that carpet, is a constant in my home.

So when I landed in Tehran 12 hours later than I expected, in May of 1975, it was the middle of the night. I didn't have anywhere to go, no idea of a hotel to stay in overnight and the airport was just too small for an American girl to spend the night in. So the Persian boyfriend of my fellow-traveler got on the phone and found the phone number of the Asgar family business. The caretaker answered and gave the phone number of the Asgar family (Asgarzadeh) home.

And who should answer the phone in the middle of the night? That awful boy who used to throw acorns at me (with alarming accuracy) when I was a kid, Kambiz. Obviously, he had grown up and in fact had just come home from nightclubbing with his wife and was still awake when the call came through to his family building. He came to the airport to pick me up and over tea interrogated me about "Why in the world did you choose to come to Iran?" He finally took me home to sleep on his couch until the morning.

I was awoken first by the birds flying around outside my sunlit room, and then by voices in the hallway where I found my parent's best friends (who were visiting from the US) talking to Grandma Mina who lived across the hall on the third floor. They knew I was coming but didn't know when to expect me. I had in fact not planned on staying with them but just wanted to visit them after I had found some place to stay. I actually spent 42 days with them living on the first floor with Safieh's sister and her husband, who was also Kamal's brother and Kambiz' parents. The feeling of family and Persian hospitality welcomed me and helped me get settled on my own.

They fed me, kept me safe and worried about me just like surrogate parents. I was welcomed by an Iran filled with love. I also got to see my former dentist, Jamal Asgarzadeh and his wife, Ferri. Jamal was another brother of Kamal. And then there was Soheila, daughter of my hostess. She was a few years older than me and a puzzle to her parents. We had known each other in Ann Arbor and she drove to school with my cousin, Carole, who lived with us while she went to high school. Soheila was unusual to say the least, awkward and not really connected to the world around her as a child. In Teheran, she welcomed both Beate and me into her world for awhile and Beate stayed with her until we found an apartment we could rent together. But Soheila lived separate from her parents which was unusual. She did live in an apartment owned by the family and a caretaker lived in the building, but in the middle of the night she would pound out music on her piano and sing at the top of her lungs. She loved a bohemian style of life, she said. But I couldn't figure out what that meant. We visited her often after we got our own

apartment but something changed in her life and she became so upset saying she didn't want to meet with us anymore.

Yet Beate and I stayed friends with her until our presence in Iran became a police matter. We had to stop visiting the entire family to keep them safe. My "second family" had helped me get safely settled and I will be forever grateful to them for their unconditional love and care.

I was invited to lunch one day at the home of a girl student early in 1975. The mother made their favorite dish, *kal-ay-paw-che*. Her mother was very proud of her "stew" because it is a national treasure. I didn't know what it was until my tongue grated against another piece of tongue in my mouth. Then my student told me that I could find the greatest delicacy in the bowl, "brain." *Kal* means "head" and *paw* means "foot" of the sheep. I did my best to eat that delicious stew but I couldn't finish my bowl. After lunch my student's little sister came and sat by me. I told her (through translation) that she had on a lovely skirt. Her face fell and she got up and went into another room. She came back and handed me her skirt as a gift. I asked my student what this meant, and she told me that when you compliment something someone has, good manners require that they must give it to you as a gift. Quick thinking made me say that I loved the skirt ON her and her face lit up like the Fourth of July and she gladly took her skirt back. On that day I learned two lessons: I should compliment very carefully and always say, *Bay shomah miyad* --"It becomes you," (or it goes to you)." I didn't want to get any gifts that weren't really meant for me and break the heart of a sweet, dutiful girl.

I also remembered a visit to the home of Essi's sister, Maryam, in the north. She and her husband slept with their kids and gave me their bedroom no matter how hard I tried to dissuade them. Actually in retrospect, I realized that not only were they honoring their guest, they gave me the only room with real privacy except for the toilet! To add to her generous spirit she had her children call me *Khalleh Suzan*, which meant that I was her 'sister' and should be called 'aunt' out of respect. I was always treated with such love and kindness. [Maryam and her husband brought her mother to the US one time in 1989 and they visited my home and met my family. It was so wonderful but my heart was so heavy from all the memories flooding back and my Farsi had begun to deteriorate from lack of use so I couldn't communicate as I wished. I hope they understood the source of my sadness and still understand my gratitude and love.]

**The heart of the people of the nation:** I struggled to understand the people of Iran as their lives, language and culture was so very different from mine. One day a young

man had made a pass at me and I brushed him off with an angry look. Later that day I saw that same man in the park with his baby daughter walking along so proudly. He didn't recognize me and just paraded by in the evening with a happy heart. I realized that family is the key, and was convinced again and again of this truth. Men alone could be awful, but men with (even) their daughters were loving and admirable. They love family and are generous always. There are also free water cans on the street with a metal hand on top so anyone can get a drink in the warm summer months as an example of their generosity. Seeing the love of family was the beginning of the trust I followed in finding the people God had prepared for me to witness to.

Iranians love God and they love their families. They also love their nation, although there is still tension between the various tribes that make up the population. There are also obvious differences in some people due to dress, accents, and attitudes. In the far northwest you will find *Turkomen*, Turkish people who long ago traveled from the Russian steppes. Most ended up in what is now Turkey, and in northern Iraq, but a good number occupy the area in Iran next to Turkey. They have their own dress, language and Persian accents. Some are Sunni, but most are Shi'ite. There are also darker skinned Iranians in the southwest, who look much more Arabic than most Iranians and they are seen as 'lower' than the normal person because their skin is darker, racism exists everywhere.

And of course there are many jokes about different areas or cities, they are reminiscent of 'Polack' jokes in the US about Polish people being simple or stupid. There is also a beloved national fool: Mullah Nassrudine. He carries his donkey in one story in order to be fair when his donkey complains of being tired. Humor is enjoyed everywhere in Iran, crossing over all barriers.

I understood that to be normal and maintain one's sanity in such a different land "one should be able to laugh at oneself." I heard Papasan Choi say this in San Francisco when I was a young member. This led the otherwise stern Mike Warder to play the fool in a skit on God's Day 1972! So at times I remembered to laugh at myself. One day on a busy street in Teheran, I got a flat tire in our Japanese van. I was alone and so I pulled over to figure out how to change the tire. As I worked a small crowd of peasant men sat down on the curb near me to watch. I struggled and struggled and wished I had some help. I looked at those humble peasants and said in Farsi, "Well, instead of just watching, why don't you help me?" They got up and left. I was shocked. I said to myself, "Why did they leave instead of helping me? Is it because I am a woman or a foreigner?" Then it dawned on me that they probably

didn't know how; they didn't own a car and had probably never changed a tire in their lives. Maybe they were watching me to learn how to do it! So I laughed at myself and somehow that van made it home. I hope they forgave that rude *khareji*, it certainly gave them a good story to tell at home.

On Fridays (Sabbath) you will see so many Iranians enjoying a picnic with family and friends on a spare piece of grass or even just dirt under a shade tree. I have been welcomed numerous times to share in their food even though they didn't know me. They are friendly, welcoming people who make very good friends. Only extreme religion, ignorance or politics get in the way. Most of the time, any suspicious nature can be overcome with a sincere smile, but to really win them over I had to be unchanging in my love and consistent in my actions.

Above the entrance to many homes you will see a sign in Arabic saying that 'a guest is a friend of God.' This is the source, perhaps, of their unchanging open hospitality. Another aspect of their hospitable nature is the practice of giving you food and drink until you explode. This is called *tarrof* meaning the practice of being a good host by giving unconditionally. So often I heard and used the expression, no *tarrof*--meaning I or another isn't doing this out of required hospitality. But I did learn to leave a little food on my plate, or a bit of tea in a glass just to send the message that I had no more room. My mother would be horrified if she heard about this, I was trained to absolutely clean my plate to be in the "clean plate club" as a child. And I learned to always be aware of the amount of food the Iranian family had and eat only a portion that doesn't take away from anyone in the family.

Most nationalities have pride. For Iranians this is just a part of the culture and finding out the results of that pride can be most challenging. One of my early spiritual children came from a poor family yet he won a scholarship to go to college. He always insisted on paying for tea or food, until we didn't see him for a while. My worst fears rose up and I sought him out. Finally we discovered that he had used up all his money buying food for us and decided to wait until his family sent him more before returning to our home. Under much pressure he agreed to let us pay for ourselves at least. I thought we had lost him, but it was his pride that kept him away because he couldn't be generous anymore. He is still in our movement but living in the US with his faithful family.

A source of pride for our members came one day when Beate brought home a flier that talked about a meeting in a church "revealing the dangerous Moon sect." About 12 of us attended that meeting in the basement of the

American church building. I asked our members to spread out and sit quietly in the audience until I had a chance to hear what was being said. An American, Dr. Goodman, spoke about how "this sect" didn't believe in Jesus and thought that their leader was the messiah instead. He said a few other incorrect things. Finally, he asked for questions. I stood up and told him that in fact Unificationists believe in and honor Jesus as the son of God, love him and follow his tenets. There was an audible gasp from the audience comprised of mostly sweet looking grandmother types. But one very agitated young man jumped up shouting, "Blasphemer!" I smiled at him as I had dealt with blind prejudice by ignorant Christians in the US before. I stated that I was a missionary in the country, sent personally by Rev. Moon since May of 1975. Then in a grand gesture I raised my arms and opened them wide and said, "Let me present our members in Tehran." They were beautiful young men and women who proudly stood for the first time as Unificationists. They were Muslim, Zoroastrian, Jews and we three missionaries, American, Japanese and German, former enemies in World War II. Dr. Goodman was flabbergasted and couldn't say much after that. We skipped on our way home, such a wonderful feeling to be able to openly declare our faith instead of the usual underground fear of being discovered.

**The First Chicken:** Beate and I found a simple apartment finally after weeks of looking in the beginning of our mission. It was on the third floor next to a 'busybody neighbor.' As a celebration Beate went out and bought a whole, small chicken at a local store. She brought it home and prepared it to be cooked whole. We didn't have an oven but we had bought a gas stove top with a propane gas tank and two burners and a big pan to cook it in. We used this burner for a year until we moved to a better home with a real stove. After the chicken was done we sat down to eat it and after one bite we both spit it out. "What on earth had happened to our chicken?" Beate cut deep into the chicken and found 3 soft eggs inside and all the innards! Iranian chickens are not cleaned at the butchers! What a shocking lesson. They are only plucked and beheaded. We laughed at our ignorance, Beate went out again and bought another chicken and from then on we cleaned out everything before we cooked it.

**Spiritual experiences or 'miracles':** The only way I could survive and succeed was by God's support and guidance, so this section could go on for many pages. I should begin with how I came to be chosen to go to Iran.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

After our 1800 couple blessing in Korea, we were housed in the Hajimanyama bowling alley in Tokyo, Japan witnessing for the Budokan New Hope Festival speaking event by Dr. Bo Hi Pak. We were told that those who didn't have a very important mission to return to, should choose three countries as a possible missionary nation. In my typical matter-of-fact way I thought for a moment and began to write down Nicaragua, Hong Kong and..... then it hit me like a brick wall... Iran. My parents' best friends were from Iran, as were their many relatives whom I had known my entire life. I suddenly heard my mother relating to me how she felt "pushed" to impose herself on this shy Iranian woman down the street. It was against her nature to do so, as she usually only went where she was invited. Yet over the years she and 'Sofie' Asgar (Safieh Asgarzadeh) together with her husband Kamal, who taught dentistry at the U. of Michigan, became the very best of friends, more like sisters really.

I suddenly realized that God had 'set me up.' This had been His plan all my life since my mother found her best friend. It was like God had dug this hidden ditch and I just fell into it and He rolled me down it to where I stood that day. The nations on the list didn't matter, I was going to Iran. This had always been my destiny. When the roster was announced, by then president of the US church Neil Salonen, he made a mistake and announced someone else going to Iran. The sister sitting next to me said, "Oh Susan I am so sorry." I held up my hand and said, "Wait," and sure enough, Neil corrected himself saying that "Susan Fefferman would be going to Iran." That sister (wish I could remember who it was) was surprised both at my confidence and that I was actually going to Iran. From that day on I knew that God was in the driver's seat. This began my ever deeper and intimate relationship with God as my mentor, protector, very best friend and parent.

My next spiritual experience was while I stayed with Sofie's sister in her big, safe house in Teheran, where I started a 40 day prayer condition. I recited the pledge and prayed every single day. And every day I ended up in a heap on the floor. I have a strong constitution so this was quite surprising. Near the end of each pledge I either fainted, threw up, got so dizzy that I couldn't stand or was knocked over by 'something.' I struggled on with a croaked, "This I pledge and swear" each day. My knees worked well usually, but not during this early time of each day. On the fortieth day I heard a squeaky door hinge open above me and 'felt' that if I prayed in a strongly vertical manner my prayers could pass through the Muslim ceiling

and reach God. The second 40 days was easier but it was still a battle. Each time thereafter when we started a new condition or campaign trying to move forward, the members would have to hold me up by my arms as I swayed doing the pledge. From this I knew I had to be very disciplined and careful in what I did and said, no excuses would be tolerated by the Islamic spirit world. I couldn't relax nor be comfortable any more.

I had a spiritual experience connected to the Imam Ali (the first imam), the nephew and son-in-law of the great prophet, Mohammad, and his true successor, according to Shi'ism. He was the fourth leader of the young Islam, and Shi'ism comes from him. Many times I was told of his superior character, of how he stayed in his home for 22 years to avoid bloodshed until he could assume power over the faithful. His reign was short-lived. His sons Hossein and then Hassan each took a turn but died quickly in the violent struggle for control. In the Shi'a tradition there were 12 Imams, the final one being the "hidden messiah" who will return in the Last Days when the judgment of the evil will occur and the resurrection of the good will complete the age. In the first year, I witnessed to Essi Zahedi, and while I was talking to him in our first center I saw Imam Ali standing behind him, as if giving him a blessing.

On an eight city prayer tour, we visited Imam Reza's (the eighth imam) mausoleum which is in northeast Iran, in Mashad. Beate and I wore chadors and held them over our faces to hide our 'foreignness.' While we were inside the tomb it was so crowded and a bit scary with people bowing, wailing and praying, placing a stone on the floor to which they touched their foreheads. The brothers had let us go on ahead, and they followed close behind. We couldn't move around inside and couldn't feel anything holy (it was on the special holiday in remembrance of Imam Reza). When we got outside and walked away I heard his voice, "I am sorry that I couldn't welcome you properly inside my remembrance place; I am sorry that it does not have such a good atmosphere." Suddenly, as one of us shifted our chador to make it hang better, a man in the crowd said out loud, "These are foreigners, they must get out!" The brothers stayed to the side, not wanting to get into a fight and they knew we usually had novel ways to get out of trouble. But we were really nervous. One man stepped up and said to the crowd, "Wait, they must be studying to become Muslims. Let us question them." And so they did. "Who is buried here?" "Imam Reza, the eighth Imam." "And who is his son?" "The ninth Imam." He turned to the crowd and said, "We must let them pass, they wish to become Muslim." Needless to say, we got out of there quickly.



**First members:** We worked so hard to bring new members. When Hossein Teimorijam (known as ‘Dr. Mohammad Jam’ in Los Angeles) finally joined us we gathered in our empty prayer room (our altar was a cardboard box with a scarf over it) in our first center. When Hossein prayed for the first time he offered a simple prayer in English. In my mind I suddenly saw God doing cartwheels around the prayer room in glee. It was so funny and joyful. God did the same thing when the first sister joined and prayed in a different prayer room two years later. Maliheh Zahedi, was “given to me” by her mother to raise in Teheran at 16 because she wanted Maliheh to be with us and learn all she could. Perhaps her mother also understood how Maliheh suffered at the hand of Abbas, her older brother, who seemed to hate her, or some of her rather cruel male cousins. She thrived living with us and I was so grateful to have another woman in our center.

During the revolution my Jewish spiritual daughter, Mahvash Saberan, spoke some very angry words to me on the phone and let me know she didn’t want to continue our relationship anymore. I said little, and after I hung up I looked out the window where a heavy rain dripped down the panes. I wept and wept and my heart ached. God spoke to me and said that His heart had been broken into tiny shards thousands upon thousands of times, yet He continued. I regained my determination and pledged to love her and the others no matter what and to carry on against any odds even if my heart would be smashed to pieces.

Another experience happened during the revolution, at night while I studied alone in my room by candle light. I either fell asleep or fell into a spiritual state. I ‘awoke’ to find myself naked and tied to four corners of a bed. Above me stood a handsome but terrifying man, laughing in an awful manner. I knew that he was going to rape me and he was really enjoying the idea of it. He knelt down between my legs and just before he penetrated me he threw back his head and laughed a horrible laugh. At that desperate moment I stretched up my neck and took hold of his throat with my teeth, clamped down and shook my head hard, left and right until I felt the blood trickle down into my mouth and nostrils. I never let go, nothing else mattered. He would not win in this battle. I sudden awoke shaking in my normal room, appalled at what I had done. I could still feel the sticky, salty blood in my mouth. I wiped at my tongue but found nothing. I realized I had ripped out the throat of Satan. I then heard the members outside my door talking about why all the noise from the demonstrations stopped and perfect silence filled the air. After that I humbly realized that I could harm another person if it was required for me to save myself or someone I loved. Prophet Jacob move over, I beat the devil!

A beautiful experience during that same time occurred during a dream. I awoke in my dream to being a baby sleeping between my parents who happened to be my True Parents, Father and Mother Moon. They were asleep but as I moved in shock at where I was, they turned toward me and both held me. I began to grow and grow until I reached my true adult size. I was worried because a ‘baby’ me in their bed wasn’t so bad but a ‘big’ me was not appropriate. Yet they both hugged me and comforted me so that I fell asleep again and awoke in reality renewed to deal with another day of Iran falling apart. Another day in tears I saw the image of True Parents move in their picture frame and they nodded their heads to me as if to let me know they were ‘watching’ me.

My greatest spiritual experience in Iran I wish to share with everyone in the world. It involves the ‘secret’ I discovered about God’s nature and the nature of His love. This happened in 1977 before I was exiled to Turkey. I had been going through a rough patch. I had been receiving threatening phone calls from a radical group and had seen the same car following me around town. I also had a strained relationship with Ryuji and Beate and felt isolated and a bit lonely which told me my relationship with God was not what it should be. I hadn’t lost faith in God, but I had no energy and little faith in myself. I couldn’t pray anymore and feel heard. I was alone at home and I tried to pray again and again to no avail.

My busy mind wandered to the “what if” section of horrible scenarios and I saw myself giving up and just wandering alone in Iran (too much drama in my mind). I saw myself in rags wandering the streets and I imagined that various men could just grab me, use me for their dirty desires, and then I would just lay in the gutter waiting for a truck to run me over. I tried to call God once more and finally tried the word, “Papa” which I never used for anyone before. I saw Him far off, He was very busy but my call made Him turn toward me and look over His shoulder to see who had called him, “Papa.” I cried out again louder with all of my heart. He had to come to me! He couldn’t resist the love that I had for Him and was propelled toward me even in my ugly, dirty state. He couldn’t resist no matter what condition I was in! I understood that He is controlled by love, and unable to resist love even in the worst person. I was liberated and wiped my tears away and determined to start anew. Later Ryuji told me that he and Beate both felt like I didn’t need them and so they also felt isolated and alone. My nature as a loner had pushed them away and I apologized for that and determined to be a better sister to them.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

**The greatest loneliness** I felt was when I couldn't experience God. I often felt lonely when my spiritual children pulled away from me and of course all of us felt lonely missing the foods and the comforts of home. But I tried to be happy just where I was with only a few Kitkat chocolate bars eaten along the way. As long as I had God with me I was "home." Only once did I eat Iranian pizza, it didn't satisfy. Iranian ice cream is made with rose water so it never satisfied my homesickness either. I did buy a Betty Crocker cookbook in 1978 and introduced our members to some familiar and new recipes. Their favorite was homemade mayonnaise which they put on everything, and three-bean salad. One other funny thing was that I introduced buttered popcorn to the members who laughed so hard they nearly fell down. No one puts butter on "Elephant farts" (their name for popcorn).

**Conditions I made:** When I first landed in Teheran I stepped with my right foot on the ground and claimed the land as my elder sister, Barbara Buroughs, told me to do in 120 day training at Barrytown, NY. I was her team leader and she was the most humble and best team member and always supported me.

The *foozool* taming condition: In our first center, we three missionaries lived in a third storey apartment building in a busy neighborhood. We began to get to know our neighbors and the local merchants. Our immediate neighbor with whom we shared a party phone line (she would listen to our conversations sometimes so we had to be careful in what we said), invited Beate and me over in hopes her sons would get interested in us, marry us and move the US, achieving a coveted status. Of course when our guests, which were all young men, began to arrive to "study English" she was incensed. After awhile I began to notice that the local merchants treated me different, as if I was a 'fallen' woman. I realized probably that the *foozool* [busybody] next door was bad-mouthing us. An inspiration came to me for us to clean the hallways in the building before anyone got up in the morning, making an offering in secret.

So we arose early before we heard people rising for early morning prayers. One of us swept the hallways from the roof down three floors to the front door, another began washing the floors from top to bottom, the third one did door stops, walls, etc. Obviously we were terribly dirty when we finished so we each took a shower before we headed out to work or witnessing. As the 40 days moved on, we noticed people opening their doors just as we quietly closed ours and heard a hushed gasp as they discovered yet another mysterious clean hallway. So the next day I said we should get up 15 minutes earlier so we

wouldn't "get caught." This went on day after day with us getting up a little earlier to foil discovery. We totally shocked the *foozool* and kept everyone wondering, we could feel the questioning energy as that building had never been cleaned so well. Jeff Tallakson, our tall missionary from Afghanistan, decided to come visit just at the exact time we needed a taller person to wash the upper walls standing on a chair, and so he did. We even cleaned the windows above people's doors! Eventually the lady next door would run from meeting me, her conscience was getting to her, maybe. The merchants began to smile at us again and treat us with respect, the word got out about the 'wonderful' foreigners living in our building. Finally, the neighbor across the hall, a nice Armenian Christian woman, caught us about 3:30 am one morning and tried to tell Beate that we all should take turns, not just us. We knew we had 'won the heart of Esau' and when we turned in our quit notice and the residents, including the *foozool*, didn't want us to move away! But we did move to a much more private area with lots more room, cleaner and no stairs!

For our first workshop in the mountains we held a prayer vigil all night in a leaky tent on a mountainside across the valley from the house we stayed in. *Maman* (Mother), Essi's mother and hostess, was worried about snakes biting us so we had to place garlic all around our camp. In the morning the sun shone brightly and we could teach the lectures. This was soon after True Father's Yankee Stadium rally. I remember because a boy who nearly died on the day of the speech in New York, was in a weird near death motorcycle accident was still bruised but able to join us. Each time we held a workshop in that mountainous retreat, *Maman Zahedi* would offer conditions of absolute service with a grateful heart. She never really heard the Principle through, and never talked about it much with her children; but she grew in heart and understanding each year. She became my close friend and helper. Together we got both spiritual and physical things done and she gave me a scolding when we didn't come for a workshop as she had expected! She asked me how can she serve God if we don't come to her home? -Wonderful, spiritual lady.

*Maman* made dough, had her grumbly husband knead it and then baked the bread outdoors in the adobe oven no matter the weather. She or her husband went down the mountain to barter for milk and honey, and she grew or raised the rest of the food; all of it prepared over a kerosene stove or an open fire in the yard. She had the biggest heart of all. I will love her forever. She trusted me completely. One afternoon in Teheran when I was struggling from an over-active thyroid, she found me resting. I awoke to her

pounding on my chest in tears saying, “You shouldn’t be ill! I should be ill so you can do your important work.” Needless to say I got up and didn’t rest again. I wondered if True Father hadn’t miraculously taken over her body to give me an important message! I eventually got the correct medical treatment and could continue working. But from that encounter I asked myself: “what is it I am supposed to be doing?” I realized that I could do all the physical things but I had to leave a legacy about True Parents to our members. So I began telling more and more stories about True Parents to a hungry group but I am sure I left out a few. I never thought about leaving Iran, or even of Father going to the spirit world. I am grateful that at least I gave something to those wonderful people who loved me.

One story I must share is about *Agha Jan*. *Agha* means ‘sir’ and *Jan* means dear. So Maman’s 20-years-old, grumpy husband was carefully called *Agha Jan*. He complained and grumbled and threatened his children on a regular basis. They called him “Little Hitler” behind his back! True Father told us at Barrytown that as we won over the people they would love us even more than their own children. I never imagined that from *Agha Jan*! At first he complained about the foreigners and having to share his food, but as the years went by even he mellowed as he got to know us better and the brothers in our group could always make him laugh. One weekend we arrived to find that Maman had gone north to a funeral so we had no one to cook for us. Maliheh, the eldest of his daughters who lived with us in Teheran, said she would do it. I assented sorry she wouldn’t be able to participate. A few minutes later she came running out of the kitchen saying, “We’re going to be poisoned!” Her father had forcefully kicked her out of the kitchen and said that he would do all the cooking and everything instead of Maman, and Maliheh had better stay out his way. Needless to say we weren’t poisoned and we ate well. It was amazing to say the least.

Some of the braver boys had to do the chicken slaughtering one time too, as women weren’t allowed and *Agha Jan* was not at home. That led to me telling them how to do it from my mother’s tales as a child. It was quite funny with that dull blade on those poor unsuspecting chickens being sacrificed in the name of God. The final experience was one weekend when the Hossein, the dentist didn’t come and couldn’t give *Agha Jan* his vitamin B shot. *Agha Jan* asked me if I could do it! I have never given a shot before but my father taught me how to do it for a high school project. So seeing the hand of God in this intimate exchange, I said, “Yes, of course.” I did it correctly, even aspirating to make sure I wasn’t in a vein, but it didn’t quite go in far enough so a little of the serum came out as I injected it. After this I actually heard those precious words

from *Agha Jan*, just as True Father had predicted: “I love you more than my children.” When True Father asked me if I had been successful in 1979 in New York City, I answered ‘yes’ in part to this experience. ‘Little Hitler’ had been naturally subdued by love.

**How to deal with other religions:** Iran has five religions, in historical order: Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam and Baha’ism. In the parliament of the government, one seat is allocated each for the Zoroastrians, Jews and Christians. The rest are for Muslims: Shi’ite only. Baha’is are not a recognized religion. Every non-Muslim suffers denigration and persecution to some degree Muslims are considered higher or more worthy due to their religion. Anyone who claims to be a Muslim but is actually something else risks bad treatment, and their family will suffer the same plight. Under the Shah all the religious minorities were treated better and Baha’is owned many businesses and the biggest bank, but now it is a struggle for the Baha’is and many non-Muslim people have left the country. Many moderate Muslims have also left the country. It is always important to understand the practices of each religion and how they fit into the culture of a country. It is important to study each religion to learn the particular important practices so we can show respect and not offend.

There are also several Sufi orders that practice various philosophies. I met a few of them but wasn’t impressed as they were more a personality cult or a “special knowledge” cult that excluded those who didn’t “receive” the information appropriately. They weren’t open to new ideas and wanted me to feel ‘awe’ at meeting their leader; so no witnessing success there.

**Betrayal:** Although there were a number of instances where I really felt betrayed, only one is *the* official “betrayal.” There was a student of mine, Hassan, who studied the Principle with us for a while. He was a tall young man with a tense look in his eyes. He didn’t instill trust in us but we tried to love him. He even reported to me that his mother was grateful to me because he had started to pray again. Sometime along the way he asked if he could pray in our prayer room alone. We let him but I realized that all of our materials were in that room. I don’t know what he did, but soon I began to receive threatening phone calls about my religious work in Iran. I went out and bought a device to stick on the earpiece of the phone so I could tape the calls. I had to have the brothers translate them to me because it was fast, angry talking. I also noticed a Citroen car following me a lot and wrote down the tag number. At the time, I was working for the office of the Prime Minister as an English teacher for the staff. One

woman was kind and I asked her what to do if I was being threatened. I eventually turned over a copy of the car license tag and the tape. Unfortunately this led to the police escorting Beate and me out of the country, and we landed in Turkey for the first time. [Ryuji was out of official sight and mind at the time.] The policeman said his government couldn't handle an American woman being hurt in Iran, especially after the murder of several American military contractors just before I came to Iran. We knew who the betrayer was, and he no longer came to our house. While Beate and I were in Turkey the members moved to a new home and severed ties with anyone who might be a traitor.

Years later after the three missionaries had gone our group had to split up and some were jailed for awhile, someone from the government took over our house. The brothers had to kick them out to return home but the people took everything that wasn't tied down. Later several members felt they had to leave the country for their own safety. My gentle brother, Shahrokh was imprisoned and tortured repeatedly, some of it unspeakable. His hands became so swollen that he couldn't feed himself or wash himself after the toilet. Thank goodness an old man took care of him until he was released. Why did they torture the gentlest of souls? Shahrokh told me he just kept thinking of True Father being tortured in jail. This dear, kind brother is a saint in the history of the movement of Iran. He lives in upstate New York with his wife and two boys, near his brother in law, Essi Zahedi and his extended family. I saw him when he first came to the US and still meet him every now and then. I am so grateful to him for his unchanging faith. He was one of twelve Zoroastrian members when I left Iran, and the only one I gave my own DP book to, he is safe in the US and I don't know about the other Zoroastrian members, only one has connected to our brothers through Facebook.

#### **The first attack on the American Embassy in**

**Tehran:** I remember the angry crowd in Tehran that day. Our brother from the US, Robert Morton, who worked at the *New York Tribune* in New York City at the time, had come to visit us in Iran and I was taking him to interview Dr. Seyed Hossein Nasr, who was then head of the Ministry of Education at that time. His office was across the street from the American Embassy on Shahreza Street. (Robert had also visited the American Embassy and had met some of the staff who later would become hostages for 444 days.) We had had a reasonably good interview with Dr. Nasr who was a philosopher, and when we left his office we crossed the street in front of the American Embassy. Mid-street a group of angry young people attacked the American Embassy. They weren't successful in gaining access and the soldiers pushed them back that time but there was a lot of milling about and angry, shouted

words. During a later attack on the American Embassy, the group was professionally trained and it was taken over until the moment of the inauguration of President Ronald Reagan. How they hated Jimmy Carter for the failed rescue attempt that killed the American rescuers outside of Tehran (actually they burned to death in their helicopter crash). There's a saying that camels not only never forget, they never forgive until their resentment is satisfied.

Robert and I were both dressed so clearly Western, and I didn't have my usual dark sunglasses to hide my Western blue eyes. I told Robert under my breath, "Don't run, but let's walk real fast toward the car. I don't want to get stuck on the wrong side of the street." Just then a man came running towards us with his fist in the air. He nearly hit me in the face. But another arm, from a young man who had been walking behind me in the crowd, reached out and interrupted the line of his punch with a strong hand. He said in *Farsi*, "We don't hit women in Iran." The attacker grunted and ran off. 'Phew.' I was so grateful. Then I realized that I had been absently listening to the young men and women walking behind me talking about "teaching the foreigners a lesson." That is what had made me pinch Robert's arm in desperation to move faster and get to the car parked a few blocks north. I took a deep breath and turned around to face the voices grumbling behind with a smile before they found the courage to confront us. I spoke to them in my best *Farsi*, saying that I lived in Iran with my family and that I loved Iran. I also said that I was grateful that Iran was a Muslim country that would protect its guests. Their mouths fell open and I thanked them, smiling at the young man who had saved me, turned on my heel, grabbed Robert's arm again and headed for the car trying to look relaxed while doing the speed walk. Those young Iranian people realized that I knew what their culture and the religion practiced. It gave their conscience pause and allowed their spirit to change enough for us to flee to safety.

Robert went on to work at the Washington Times newspaper for a long time and lives in Virginia, with his wife, Choon Boon, and daughter and my family, and I now live in Maryland. We see each other sometimes and smile that smile that always takes us back to that exciting day.

**Cultural differences I had to work with:** The hardest challenge was the way women were treated, especially as 'sexual objects.' I always dressed modestly, yet often when I walked alone on the street (or even with my brothers a couple of times) I suffered abuse.

I called this the: "How I fell in love with Iran despite the constant attacks on my behind" situation. I was 24 years old, average build, 5'7", medium brown hair, not bad

looking and definitely American. It took me awhile to understand that certain kinds of colors were wrong for Iran and that meant most of what was in my suitcase: reds, yellows and other bright colors. I even had a red, white and blue striped dress made for me by mother! Black, gray, brown and dull colors are best if you don't want to draw attention to yourself. For a while I stood out like a neon sign saying, "Here is the idiot American girl waiting for you to do your worst to her."

I often saw a young man cross the street or move over toward me as he walked, planning on pinching my rear or bumping into my chest. In an effort to digest this annoying practice I referred to this as "the national sport in Iran" to my friends and acquaintances, and yes, to my students as well. I wanted everyone to know just how awful this practice was. I quickly learned to carry a big purse or bag over my shoulder and in sync with the perpetrator I would swing my bag just as his hand reached out for me. Disappointedly, he found my heavy bag in his way. I eventually developed "radar" in noticing when a man/boy was preparing to attempt this rude behavior and got very good at defeating my attackers. One time a young man came right toward me and I prepared to push him aside as he walked in front of me, instead of an outreached hand I heard him whisper that "a beautiful flower doesn't need flowers." Clever guy, I was carrying a bunch of Narcissus or *nargile* that I just bought. This memory causes me to smile at his poetry and the fact that he didn't touch me.

Another incident was when Beate and I were on a bus and two teenage boys sitting behind us were making insinuations about our morality, when a mother and baby got on the bus and sat in front of us. Beate and I focused on talking to the baby and when I turned around to look at the boys I was shocked to find that they had sweet faces looking at the baby. They were transformed by the baby and mother. Another funny incident was when I was walking down a main street when the boys' high school across the street was letting out. We all know the pent up energy seen at the doorway of any school. I groaned and began to hear whistles and anticipated the insulting words when a young voice raised above the ruckus called out to me, *Salam, Khanum-e-Fefferman--* 'hello Mrs. Fefferman.' The crowd quieted and a feeling of respect overcame the group. Maybe this student of mine was showing off because he knew such a woman, again I felt how precious is the respect that all ages give to a teacher in Iran.

I have to say something about **Iranian food**. It is just so delicious and even now I miss it terribly and run to any Iranian/Middle Eastern restaurant I find in eager anticipation. Rice is the very best, like Basmati. Its aroma

will put a bounce in your step as you drool your way to eat. Butter or oil is put into the pot most of the time so that the rice on the bottom forms a crispy layer called, *tah-deeg*, or 'bottom of the pot' which all the children and some adults fight over! Then there are the sauces which take hours of cooking and disappear in eager waiting mouths in less than three minutes. Many are made with finely chopped spinach and greens of a variety only found in the Middle East. Chopped and then fried dry until browned and then added to beef, lamb, chicken, or camel and onions with other veggies, tomatoes sometimes; and of course the unique spices we never used in the US. My American family has long been exposed to turmeric and anything else I can find with a Middle Eastern flavor.

Then there is *mosst-O-khriar*--plain yoghurt, salt, shredded cucumber (no seeds) and various other things. You put it on your rice, dip your bread in it, or add water and ice and really satisfy your thirst in the summer-- Absolute heaven. And, yes, my family calls it *mosst* and tries to pronounce the *khriar* part sometimes without spitting the words. There is another dish to die for. It is made of crushed walnuts made into a sauce with tomato paste and spread over rice. Then of course, there is the kebab which I would eat anywhere, anytime, anyplace.

In the winter there are amazing things to eat on the street. On a small heated cart you can buy a piece of steaming, hot beet wrapped in newspaper. I know it doesn't sound so inviting but you just have to be there. It was heaven. Even more of a favorite to me were the huge brown, spicy Fava beans. I think you can find them in the Hispanic food section in the US. In Iran their spicy smell is absolutely irresistible. You get them in a wrapping of newspaper and eat them by biting off one end (but not separating it) and then squeeze the insides into your waiting mouth. In the end you just throw away all the bean casings in the newspaper into the trash.

In the summers you hear vendors call out *abb-e-talebi* or *abb-hendevaneh*, cantaloupe juice or watermelon juice. In fact *abb-e-talebi* was my first taste of Iran the day after I arrived. I will never forget the flavor which told me I could be very happy in Iran. But unfortunately, skip the ice cream unless you really like rosewater, which flavors almost any kind of ice cream. But there are dozens of other sweet things to eat including my favorite *bakhlava* dripping with honey and many fresh fruits. And of course, everybody eats toasted seeds all the time. Just be careful who you sit in front of in the movie theater. Beate and I once came away with a pile of shells on our shoulders!

But two things stand out in my mind. The raw cut greens, lettuce, radishes and feta cheese that you can wrap

in warm baked bread, which are served with lunch and dinner, so very fresh and healthy. And of course, the bread. It is baked fresh from five o'clock in the morning, until the afternoon. I ate four or five different kinds while I was there, but my favorite looked like a long pizza with ridges that fingers had created in the dough. The smell just makes you eat some right away before you even get home. I made a discipline for the brothers in our group to determine not to take even one bite before they got home and offered it first to the "family" instead. This philosophy comes from belief that the highest ideal is to "live for the sake of others." Needless to say, many of the them didn't succeed. I wonder if I would have succeeded everyday myself. But they did run really fast back to our home to lessen the temptation.

Tea power: Everywhere and nearly at every hour it is served. In many cultures tea represents a bonding of friends and a time to carefully talk business. Quite often it is made in a steaming samovar with the tea leaves in a teapot heating on top as the water boils. The tea is concentrated in the teapot and the boiling water is then added to the thick starter in a cup or small glass which you must carefully hold with one finger and your thumb on the lip and bottom. It is always piping hot and you can easily burn your fingers and your tongue, but it is rich, dark and delicious. A jagged piece of sugar is placed in the cheek so that the sugar melts as the tea goes past your teeth. I imagine cavities are more often found on the outside of the molars than other places in Iran and from Israel to India too. And if you visit several homes in a day, you end up drinking 6-12 glasses of tea! Some people read tea leaves left in the bottom of the cup, or even coffee grounds to entertain.

"Coffee" is so thick and sweet that the spoon can nearly stand on its own. One small cup a day is more than I can handle intestinally. Once I tried to read the coffee grounds of our busybody neighbor to impress her. I spoke from some inspiration in my mind, but she said I spoke correctly. I don't remember if I was speaking some "truth," complimenting her or just doing polite *taroff*.

A carpet seller offers tea to customers he feels are a good investment for him. Not just someone who will buy a carpet but someone who will respect his business and even come back, or recommend his shop to others. Someone he can actually call "friend." One does not just jump into price discussion at first, but asks about family, the weather and other things not related to business. It is a cultural practice that goes back centuries. This shows respect for the people and the value of the goods involved not just as a means to an end and then as the tea is drunk, compliments about the rugs can be made and only then can prices be discussed and

haggled. Bartering is also necessary as part of the entire culture of exchange. People need to get to know each other to actually buy something so that both sides can feel happy in the end. Satisfaction of both is essential so that when the two meet again, they meet as friends not as people who have battled to rip each other off in selfish advantage-taking. Give and take is essential in the business world, creating a personal relationship is what commerce is all about and a source of joy for everyone. That is why so many business people have hated the practice of outlawing bartering. The customer and the seller often never get to know each other and the impersonal atmosphere adds to the feeling of alienation and estrangement that supports the feeling of separation into "them" and "us."

**Getting around:** Iran has a unique system of shared taxis. It also exists in Turkey and probably other Middle Eastern countries. You lift your arm at passing taxis and yell out your destination. The driver has one or two seconds to decide whether he can take you there while taking the rest of his riders. Taxis were compact *Peikan* cars that can hold six people squished together. It sometimes meant running half a block if the driver took longer to decide to pick you up. Sitting in a crowded back seat or in front with the driver and another can make for a too-close encounter with strangers. Sometimes it is just you or one other rider. You never know what will occur. Once a man sitting in the back seat next to me casually opened his wallet and showed me his money. At first I ignored him but he kept nudging me and showed the money. I finally realized that he wanted to "buy" my favors. I pulled my tight fist up close to his face and shook it. Suddenly, I had more room to relax in. Another time the driver tried to cheat me about the fare thinking I didn't know what he was doing and probably couldn't speak the language. I used the most terrible insult: "Are you a Muslim?" When he answered in the affirmative, I asked him if his actions represented how a good Muslim should act. He quietly returned my money and we parted company.

In the same vein, one night I was walking home and realized I was being followed. I had been there for three years and knew what to do. I was never really afraid and by then knew the foolish man was just having romantic ideas. But I was tired and had no patience. I looked around me for a weapon and found a brick. I began to throw it up and catch that brick with flourish, until I heard a gasp and he disappeared. Iranians at that time for the most part were lovers not fighters.

**The tisk of a 'no':** It took me awhile to understand that when someone pushed up their chin and tisked their tongue against their teeth they were saying "no." Until

Beate and I figured that unusual cultural oddity, we really were confused. When we figured it out, we had many laughter-filled experiences and could tisk and nod up like natives.

**Camel culture, or Resentment with a capitol 'R':** I am not big on keeping resentment if I can help it. It just clutters up my heart and confuses my mind. I thought I knew what resentment was until I went to the Middle East. I came to realize I was a novice at resentment. Middle Eastern resentment is a totally different sentiment than in most American households. It is huge and passionate and deadly and is passed on from generation to generation and any slight can make it rise up like a cobra snake and strike a person in the heart. Some people don't even remember the reason for their ancestral resentment, some even get the story skewed. "It doesn't matter what the truth is, we just have these feelings and they are true," one energized young man told me. I met a camel driver one summer selling bags of extremely smelly fertilizer near our apartment. The camel was very testy that day and the driver had to stay away from his mouth for fear of being bitten. One of my friends told me about an Iranian joke, though I bet everyone from Israel to India knows this story.

*A camel driver had made his camel very angry and nothing he did could get his camel to move. After some thought, the driver removed his clothes and laid them in front of the angry camel. The camel smelled the clothes, and then began to stomp on them, spit on them, and even urinate on them in frenzy, until he was emptied of his resentment. The camel driver shook out his clothes and put them back on and they went off peacefully together.*

I was told this is the nature of Middle Eastern people. I began to see this aspect of resentment as the Revolution unfolded. In this situation no apology would work, only the full expression of the hatred and anger could "empty" the person of his or her resentment. Yet they still remember as the emotion attached to it has powerful historical patterns. When I counsel or teach about relationships, I always emphasize that an apology is only good if it is accepted. Sometimes we need to keep apologizing in different ways until we move the heart of the person who is angry at us. I wonder about the Middle East, what will it take to heal?

Now as I watch the nightly news I see images of angry people during the "Arab Spring" and read the mounting numbers of deaths, rapes, burnings and beatings. Christians and their churches are being destroyed in Egypt with no punishment, no recourse for the cruelty and damage done to Christians whose only crime is being the ancient minority in an old land. Christian and Mandaean girls are kidnapped in many countries and forced into marriage with

Muslim men. The anger and arrogance are so thick you can cut it with a knife. How can Islam be the last and final religion when it is so evil in its practice? I know that the history of most religions is filled with blood and conquest but this is the modern age. Shouldn't all religions have evolved closer to the ideal of their makers? Shouldn't we realize that the blood that runs in my veins is the very same that runs in yours? Every mother suffers to bring children into this world, every mother cries when their child dies. We are all of the same human family.

When I look at the struggles and wars from the Mediterranean to India I see a lot of expressed passionate resentment that defies diplomacy and wisdom. Suicide bombers being the most filled with resentment. I have known resentment in my life. I believe each person beginning in babyhood knows those feelings of being treated unfairly and wanting to hurt the one who treated you badly. Of course, our Western Judeo-Christian culture teaches us to "turn the other cheek" and "forgive your enemy seven times seven." And every kid learns that a good person must learn to "love your enemy as you do yourself."

Everyone suffers from the inner struggle to overcome resentment and even the desire for revenge. My poor younger brother suffered from my unkindness as we were growing up and I discovered his resentment and revenge when he finally grew big enough to look me in the eye, luckily I called our Iranian neighbors to come and rescue us before we cut each other up.

This same picture I found in Iran and in the region, but now it was between adults from differing views or different religions. It was savage and ugly and some people were damaged, some even lost their lives. The power to forgive was not respected or desired by many people, especially during the early Iranian revolution. When I saw the tidal wave of anger and resentment and the failure to ever forget, even generations later, I called this the "Big R resentment." This was historical resentment, added to generation after generation. It is based on fear and ethnocentrism. It seems a sort of tradition in the region.

But it doesn't just occur in Iran. I saw the angry demonstrations at my university by the SDS which disrupted the class schedule and brought the police to our campus at the University of Michigan in the late 60's. But no one lost their lives. It took the Klu Klux Klan to shed innocent blood on American soil in overt resentment to make people want to stop racism in America. And then there were the Weathermen, ugly stuff. It is a shame to have this kind of action in a nation that opens its doors to all those who suffer and seek freedom, honoring each

religion and giving the immigrants the freedom to live and practice their religion or enjoy freedom from fear because of the color of their skin. So naively I thought that this was the worst I would see in my short life growing up in America.

As I have matured I have seen more and more ugly actions of one fanatical group against another, where life and property are destroyed because the one group thinks that they are 'right' and the other are 'wrong' and deserve to be punished. Or one group has been "wronged" and revenge needs to be extracted. In each case, the attackers feel that they have the "right" to seek revenge and the destruction of the other. Didn't Hitler feel he had a "divine right" to create the *Sonnenkinder*? (He wanted to create a pure race with no flaw that was superior to all others and thus more capable to rule others.) This is Big R resentment. I didn't fully realize it until I was in Iran and Turkey. I saw people with no thought of conscience or the divine concept of the preciousness of life. I was suitably shocked at the fervor of the hatred and the violence in both Iran and in Turkey during the May Day riots in 1977. I wondered if they ever woke up in the middle of night in regret.

I suspect that this anger was fed again and again, just as it is being done around the world in so many Mosques with outrageous vitriol where in the past only the loving words of devotion to God and respect for all the "people of the book" were taught. (Jews, Christians and Muslims are all 'people of the book').

I know so many wonderful Muslim people from many different countries who just don't feel they have a 'divine right' to kill or dominate another human being. These people also love their wives and children not as property but with natural kindness and respect for their feelings and ideas. In my 'book', a good Muslim is no different than a good Jew, Christian, Buddhist, Confucian, Sikh, Hindu, Native American, or even an Animist or atheist. I believe that it is natural to treat every other human being with the same respect and care that we long to have given to ourselves. I am talking about "normal" human beings, not those whose hearts and minds are burdened by fear and ignorance, or who have been "trained in hatred."

Needless to say my experience of the Big R resentment made me realize how much more of a burden does our God have in trying to heal this world back to "normal" true love and human family? So I continue each day of my life to try and decrease His burden and never add to it.

**Don't talk to members of the opposite sex:** As a teacher of English I was always respected and treated well.

But usually boys and girls weren't allowed to mix except as cousins or with a chaperone. In the classrooms where I taught English they could mix but did not sit together. At our center they did mix and talk freely but always with the guidance that we were all "brothers and sisters" not boyfriend and girlfriend. Never were any boy and girl left alone, we were very careful and practiced the familial relations carefully. Another point was that girls' school curriculum was different from that of boys and they never had physical education or experienced an emphasis on sports. So we went to the mountains where everyone was equal and free to try their best and challenge themselves physically. We climbed the mountains during the good weather on Fridays (Sabbath) in a group and ate our simple lunch at the top or bought tea at the little hut on the way up. We spent time talking and most of the time it was me educating again about the principles of self-control, bringing God to the center of oneself and one's decisions, maintaining our purity until marriage, loyalty to one's country and family, and creating a family of true love – one man and one woman loyally loving forever, raising children who would be responsible, good citizens and good parents to their own children beyond the barriers of race, nationality, social status, and even encouraging international marriage to reduce prejudice and encourage respect for others who were "different."

We tried to keep our mingling modest and out of the public eye. But at the workshops in the mountains we felt more free. We even did the Virginia Reel square dance on a mountainside one time. Beate would play her guitar or we just sang the wordless tune as I called out the moves in *Farsi*, (I kept 'do-si-do). It was a joyous time where we all treated each other with sincere respect and felt God's love to just be brothers and sisters, beyond being Muslims, Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians and Baha'is.

Still, some parents may not have liked this fraternization if they knew the details. One boy in particular suffered greatly. He was one of the many 'Mohammad' guests we had. He was young, gentle and full of curiosity. He had light hair so he was probably from some Northern tribe. I don't remember how he came to our center but he just fit in with the rest of the group. He attended workshops in the North and took notes about what he learned and what he saw. He was especially moved to get to know girls in a 'nice' way, his newfound 'sisters' made him so happy. He would just show up at our center and sit through a lecture or go with us when we went out. One day after not seeing him for awhile he came in quietly. When I looked at him, he had bruises all over his face (and under his clothes too, I was told). His father and older brothers were mullahs and very strict. One of them had



found his notebook from attending the workshops. When they read that he was fraternizing with girls not in his family, they beat him within an inch of his life and told him never to see us again. But after he was able to get out of bed again he came to us and with tears and told us if they found out he was seeing us again his family might actually kill him, the youngest son in a long line of Mullahs. We didn't see much of him after that.

There were also news stories that told of girls being killed by fathers or brothers or uncles because they had fraternized too closely with a male not of their family. One story in particular made me rage inside. A girl had been sent by her father to study Islam with a mullah. The man had eventually seduced the girl and had sex with her. When her father found out, he took her to a field and tried to kill her by driving back and forth over her body in his car. He did so several times. Somehow she survived and crawled for help. Her father was being questioned by police. What happened to the mullah her father had sent her to, who had seduced her? Nothing. Now, I understand that "honor killing" is a practice found in many Muslim countries, even in the US by some Muslim families. The crime the girl commits? It can be as simple as being seen talking with a non-relative male in public.

**"I am so happy to see a black person":** I didn't realize that I missed seeing and relating to black people, good ole African American, slave descendant or not, people that I grew up with, fought and made peace with, gossiped and laughed with; people in shades of mocha and chocolate of every warmth and glow. Arabs were dark and had wavy or kinky hair but their internal selves and the look in their eye weren't the same familiar "home" to me. I am not saying the trite, "Some of my close friends are black." But WE are Americans together, used to each other and most of the time comfortable in each other's company. The melting pot of America has so many beautiful shades and 'flavors.' African Americans are part of my favorite landscape, especially since I discovered God.

We kids grew up together barely noticing skin color unless there was obvious hurt or violence interjected. The first day in my new second grade I brought home several new girlfriends. When my mom saw them she said something about the "United Nations delegation." I fought with and made up with numerous black girls in middle school, one in particular was Delores Middleton, I heard she became a Playboy Bunny after high school! We were just a couple of ignorant kids who didn't always hear about how the races were part of the same family. At least I was lucky enough to finally learn that. "In God there is no black or white..." I missed seeing people of color in the grocery

store, or in line at the bank, bumping into each other in K-Mart or on the street, chatting with whom ever happened to be next to me, even swapping stories of our friends or families. I just didn't realize how much I missed them until I saw a very tall man walking down the street in Teheran one day. He was so obviously an American, an African American. Without thinking, I ran up to him impulsively and said with much enthusiasm, "Hi there" grinning ear to ear as if I had run into a long-lost friend. He stepped back in surprise and asked me, "Do I know you?" It was then I realized how much I had been missing people of color, people of the American landscape that I was homesick for. So I said, "It's been so long since I saw a black person!" He looked puzzled and managed to get around me and continue on his way, probably wondering who that crazy 'white girl' was. You never realize how much you miss something or someone until they are gone. On that day I realized something about myself. I love all kinds of people naturally, unless they do something terrible to frighten me or hurt me. I came to know something about my insides, I was a lover of all flavors of people and I believed that they are my brothers and sisters in the human family. I had grown up to be a person who could love anyone.

I discovered the hard way that people didn't always trust me or what I was saying. Maybe it was because I was an American, or a woman or an American woman or because my ideas were too idealistic. Maybe it is just human nature. But to me I felt that I had to invest again and again, with tears and much disappointment but investing yet again, forgetting the pain and keep investing until somehow the person could believe in my words and trust me. Maybe I was too idealistic, too full of hopeful expectations. Whatever it was my heart was trampled on again and again just when I thought I had been successful. Every person did it in a different way. I wonder if I trampled their hearts sometimes too.

Not everyone disappointed me, the mothers of my members somehow didn't. Maybe my expectation of them was not as high. I suspect they – being mothers – just understood me better. And they were proud of me as a girl doing the impossible. They were proud of me because I was a vivacious young woman who treated their sons and daughters as family without any sexual undertones.

**Prison or exile:** I didn't go to prison but both Beate and I had to leave Iran for awhile in 1977, because we had received threatening phone calls and the police wanted us to leave so we wouldn't be hurt. The police told me that their government couldn't handle an American woman being injured and asked me why I thought I should talk about religion when I was an English teacher. We went to

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

Turkey for four months and worked there. Then we returned with different passports and worked more quietly and no longer had legal jobs. We let the members be the public face for us. Ryuji somehow didn't have the same problems as we two and supported the members while we were away. He had to renew his visa regularly by going to Turkey every three months as he never held an official job in Iran. Plus, the Japanese people were never considered someone to worry about, there were so few of them and as a small nation they didn't have many enemies.

While in Turkey, Beate and I first lived with Harald and Ellie Unger. He had been an earlier missionary from our church from Austria and found Ellie who had been a missionary for the American Congregational Church, when the 1800 blessing came he asked to be blessed to her even though her total experience had been only with him. He was a quiet and unassuming man, she was a noisy American, a great match! They never had children until the 1980's for some reason, so it was hard on them waiting for the fulfillment of love. Harald drove a VW bug and was an avid gardener. He once filled his car with bat dung because it was great fertilizer for his vegetables. Elizabeth, or 'Ellie' reported that the car smelled for months! Growing food saved them lots of money when it was hard for them to make money in Turkey, I think he taught somewhere. There were many Japanese missionaries who found refuge in Turkey and needed a place to stay and the Ungers always took them in, no matter the number.

Beate and I didn't want to burden them and rented the basement apartment two floors down to give them more room, Beate bought some yellow paint for our little apartment but it turned out to be so loud that we actually had to repaint our bedroom just so we could sleep!

Once I dove down in the Black Sea and collected kelp, brought it home then laid it all over the Unger's house to dry so the Japanese brothers would have a taste of home. Needless to say, I was only popular with one group!

We witnessed while we were there and I found Hassan Ali Dehmen who sold leather jackets in the Istanbul Bazaar, when he asked me "What are you looking for?" I answered, "God." He sputtered and we went to his shop and I began to teach him. He fell asleep in every lecture so I don't know what he learned but when Lady Dr. Kim visited Turkey she just loved him and said he had such wonderful ancestors! I also found a Turkish-Iranian man, Mahmood who had married a Turkish girl. I taught him too but it was so difficult for him to change. We met on one of those long bus rides between Iran and Turkey and he watched me take care of the people around me, especially mothers with several children. He later told me he thought I

was either 'crazy' or 'very special.'

Evans Johnson, a missionary who couldn't stay in his country, also had an apartment down in the city and we visited there all the time. We met and talked to the people he witnessed to. Istanbul is full of history and sights and smells that are so different. We often would take a ship out to the islands to swim in the Marmara. We collected mussels and built a fire then threw the shells in. They would open up and we picked out the meat and dipped it into some butter I warmed in the largest shell. I cringe at the sight of a mussel now; free food has its limits.

Turkish men always tried to get Beate and me alone, and they were always disappointed! But I loved the simple things about these people, I especially liked the way the bus driver's helper would so kindly move us back so he could pack a dozen more people into a crowded bus! "*Kardeshim*, please move back." *Kardeshim* means family members, so his words were warm. But I always had to watch the hands of the men around me. Sometimes I would just chant my husband's name to make a vibration around me that protected me, it worked! Another time a man fondled my rear and I had just had enough. I turned around in a very crowded space and yelled at him in English, "You creep, stop that!" and pushed him away even though it was so crowded. He was very embarrassed and the women on the bus gave him the "evil eye" they all knew what was going on even if no one spoke a word of English.

On May first, 1977 there was a May Day demonstration and 33 (or so) people were trampled to death. Everywhere you could see the Maoists and Marxists, they all wore fatigues; one with the pants tucked into the top of their boots, the other with the pant legs left out, that was their only difference in dress. A bus driver told me that one day a passenger on his bus shot at a passenger on a bus across the street. The two drivers just drove away quickly to remove the threat. A famous saying in Turkey is: *Allahin day-deo-lur* meaning something like 'all that happens is the will of God.' So when someone on the street dies a driver just goes around. I felt fear in Turkey because of this cavalier attitude toward life and death, especially in a bus on a narrow mountain road in the middle of the night where I could look out over a precipice and see way down the hillside just below my window in the moonlight.

After I returned to Iran with a new passport (I used my married name now, but got harassed sometimes because I was "Jewish.") I had to make 'visa trips' every three months to Turkey to renew my visa. I sometimes had to stay in a motel at the border when the driver needed to rest for the night. I was always on guard. One night I was in my hotel room when a young man said I had to move to

another room as my room was a double and he wanted to give me a single. I stupidly followed him to a smaller room on a higher level. All night long those boys knocked on my door saying, *Khanum, khanum...* “Mrs., Mrs...” I just ignored them realizing my mistake and tried to sleep. In the morning I met the friendly government official, Mehmet Bey, who was traveling to the next town, sitting next to me on the bus, and he asked me how I slept. I told him, “Terribly because of (pointing to) those two boys who banged on my door all night long.” Parroting what they had said and done allowed everyone a clear picture of my night in the hotel. The hotel manager got an earful from Mehmet Bey and I will always remember him kindly. Another time I was crossing Lake Van on the route to Turkey from Iran when two teenage boys approached me in a cheeky manner and asked my name. I answered, “Teaze Suzan”, meaning aunt Susan and they straightened up right away realizing I knew what was expected from them and wouldn’t allow their bad behavior. Knowing the cultural practices of a country can help in many situations.

My time in Turkey was only four months and then for a few days every three months. On a return by train to Iran one time I met William Kittich and his Japanese brother in law. Bill had met his Japanese wife studying Islamic Jurisprudence in Iran, fell in love and married. They spoke Farsi together as she didn’t learn much English. The Japanese brother in law spoke only Japanese and a little English. I witnessed to them and they came over to our apartment in Tehran. His Farsi was so over the head of our members they didn’t know what to do with what he was saying. He was already full up so he didn’t receive much from us. He used his superior Farsi as a tennis racket hitting away any ideas we put forth. I later found out he worked for Dr. Sayed Hossein Nasr (former Minister of Education under the Shah whom Robert Morton had met in Iran) in the US and both of them attended an ICUS conference in Miami one year. I was there with my then, four year old Donsu, Bill wasn’t so happy to see me, but Dr. Nasr has always been gracious.

I also wish to add that in addition to Jeff Tallakson coming to help with our “*foozool* cleaning condition,” Evans Johnson visited us and was well known to our members. They laughed a lot with Evans, he is a great brother. He visited, after we three missionaries left, to check on our Iranian family. He wrote me that the members were praying in a rather unique way: “In the name of Susan, Beate, Ryuji and True Parents.” I wrote a letter to them asking them to just stick with True Parents; how wonderfully funny. John Boles also visited us and helped me draw up an architectural plan for a new workshop center in the mountains at a higher elevation from

Maman’s home that the members would build themselves. It was a two mile walk up into the woods. He also helped teach a young Korean man with little English, whose name was “Haywan.” In Farsi, *hayvan* means animal or wild. So the members joked a lot at the young struggling Korean man trying to find his way in the world. We had several wonderful Japanese brothers too, from Iraq, Egypt and other Middle East nations. When we were going to do our first workshop in the mountains, Kanno arrived just in time from Egypt. I met and asked, “Can you be the brothers’ team leader?” He answered, “Yes.” “Oh yeah, what is your name?” He was that kind of brother, always saying ‘yes.’ His first wife had been European and had left him and the movement. Later, at his re-matching in New York in 1982 I saw him struggle with being matched to another Western sister. I went to his side and said, “Kanno, look at her face, she can love anyone. And she is kind and thoughtful.” I didn’t say that I had never seen her before but when the heart is motivated by love we can see the “truth.” Shirley Kanno was indeed a woman who could love anyone with kindness and gentleness. They had many happy years together. They have three children, two girls and a boy and gave an offering child to a childless couple. He suffered deeply from stomach cancer years ago and passed on. Shirley now lives in Italy with a second husband, a comfort blessing. I often see her eldest daughter in New York and always let her know how much I love her parents.

**The heart we had to have to achieve winning spiritual children:** ‘Desperation’ and ‘never give up’ are key words. In Iran, we prayed and prayed and we went out again and again. My spiritual children were constantly on my mind, more than food, sleep and thoughts of home. I was so focused I sometimes forgot where I was and only looked for them. As foreigners, we were interesting to most people we met, so they wanted to talk to us. Being spiritually guided and finding spiritually guided or open people was key to our success. In a session in Barrytown Training center, NY just before going out to our mission countries, we were allowed to ask True Father questions. I asked him how to witness to a Muslim, he said, “Good question ... witness to spiritually open people.” It was invaluable advice. He meant the ones who could hear or feel God guiding them. Also, the ones who had an open mind helped a lot in witnessing in a Muslim country. And, it was dangerous to change one’s religion, especially for a Muslim. I never denied Islam but tried to fit the beliefs into the context of what we were teaching, after all there is only one God.

Talking about God is not so strange in a country like Iran, but getting to the deeper beliefs was dicey. I taught the Divine Principle with Jesus being a prophet in an

historical line of all prophets and then added more of the Prophet Mohammad and his contributions to following God. Restoration was focused on the concept of reestablishing True Parents as the universal example for all people. No one thought about True Parents before, but this idea had some attraction. The Prophet Mohammad had one especially precious wife, Khadijah, and a daughter, Fatimah. He married others, especially widows “so they wouldn’t be alone, and tempted to sin.” But he treasured his primary wife, who was older than he, and she is honored by Muslims worldwide. Also, people had parents and each family had a certain dynamic between husband and wife. Usually the wife/mother would be the boss at home, yet humble to the husband, and the husband was the boss outside the house. For women, especially daughters, could have no relationships with men not of their immediate family. Though restrictive, it protected girls and reinforced the idea of “True Parents.” True meant to them remaining pure until marriage. The family members and cousins were very close, and many people married their first cousins because they knew them. But that practice is changing to follow the scientific view that inbreeding is dangerous.

I cried bucket full of tears for my spiritual children, I ached, I struggled, I walked on and on alone or with my two missionary partners, but I never gave up. I ate, drank, and slept for my spiritual children, I was obsessed. Once after much heartache over a certain person, Ryuji told me to ‘forget him if he causes you so much pain.’ He only meant to comfort me because he couldn’t stand for me to suffer so, but I could do nothing but ache and pray. This person, Eshagh Zahedi, became the leader of our movement after I left. He translated the DP carefully and many other things so the members would have “spiritual food” to live by. He translated the book of True Father’s speeches entitled: *Twelve Talks: Rev. Sun Myung Moon*. Then, he even won the trust of the imam who gave permission for printing so that the members could publish thousands of copies, and the members fundraised with the little books! The members had no concepts. If I had been there I might have fainted at their fundraising during the revolution and difficult time that followed, and then they would have lost their confidence. This new experience challenged them all but provided some of the best testimonies and escape stories possible and they raised money!

I taught that True Parentism was the ideal of the messiah. It worked pretty well. The Shi’ite people expect their messiah, Mehdi, to be married. Mehdi is the 12<sup>th</sup> Imam in a line from Prophet Mohammad’s daughter and nephew, Ali, the first Imam in Shi’ism. Mehdi disappeared

at some point and is expected to return at the Last Days. Jesus is also expected to return at the same time. The Zoroastrian teachings that Jews and Christians adopted long ago are shared by the Shi’ites: Last Judgment, cataclysm, near magical happenings, angels, and the believers going up to Heaven.

But one thing that helped bring success was **constancy**. If I had acted badly they wouldn’t have trusted me and thus they wouldn’t have believed. We three missionaries actually lived like brothers and sisters, laughed together without any sexual vibes, served each other in any way, and according to our members let no cultural bias block our relationship. So I actually can say, we always checked our fallen nature, always tried to be fair and practice the love that True Parents gave us. This moved our guests to become members. It was nearly impossible to leave their families and their way of thinking but somehow many did. We had no more than a dozen living together at one time, but we had at least 30 plus at every workshop in the mountains, three hours by rickety train to the north. And we always made extra food for the guests that would just show up. Thank goodness Beate, Essi and I, made good money. Ryuji luckily continued to receive his \$300 a month stipend from Japan.

#### **I finally landed in Frankfurt, Germany from Iran.**

At the airport in Frankfurt I saw a young man with the “look of a brother” looking at me expectantly. Yes, he was a member of our movement sent to pick me up by my dear friends, Reiner and Barbara Vincenz, who were the leaders in Germany at that time of the “Vereinigungskirche.” (Unification church in German) We had gotten to know each other in 1974 in Cincinnati and Chicago and I loved them dearly. They put me up and let me sleep in if I wanted and allowed me to heal from the rigors of revolution and separation. I jumped into the climate of the movement there after a few days and even witnessed to someone I saw in an old church! I also reunited with Beate. We called Iran together one time and spent the weekly food budget for the center on the phone call! But our ‘children’ were safe and surviving without us.

Overall I spent two weeks in Germany where I was able to attend a workshop with guests who spoke English and did some site seeing in several cities. I also worked on my autobiography that Father Moon had asked all missionaries to write. It was called “The First Thirty Years.” It was extremely naïve and will remain unpublished, but I have used it in the writing of my work in progress, *Mission to Iran: Underground and Inspired*. Unfortunately, it was the only time I ever visited Germany. But I met many wonderful sisters and brothers who I have seen again in other venues over the years, one in particular

would become my dear sister in Bowie, Maryland later on. Angelika Selle, who at this writing, is now the national president of *Women's Federation for World Peace, USA*, an organization I dedicated heart and soul to for over 20 years. WFWP is another great love of my life which demanded and received total dedication and sacrifice from me.

I felt safe in Germany, despite the language and very long vocabulary words. I saw "peaceful demonstrations" by Turks there and realized that a struggle would come to Germany as well. But my real sigh of relief came as a surprise to me when I finally landed in New York on January 29, 1979. (Even though I had hoped to turn right around, and head back to Iran again). It was not a just a sense of "home" or "safety" it was also a realization that my roots, my ancestors, who had lived and died for a greater good and had sacrificed to build this great nation dwelled. I actually believe that so many blessings in my life have somehow come from their exemplary lives somehow. They came before me, paving the way, and they somehow supported me in my work for a better world. The Shah, or *Shahanshah* of Iran (King of kings) would follow me several days later and eventually die in New York, away from his beloved home, I too had lost my beloved 'home.'

**A note on my fellow missionaries, Ryuji and Beate.** I have been told that they are no longer active in our movement. I love them and couldn't have done it without them, they are a casualty of the war between the forces of light and dark; and to find the strength to overcome all the difficulties we faced is superhuman. They protected me and helped me when I needed it the most. My love for them and especially for all our members came directly from God. His love flowed through me to all of them. It was only my own criticalness and fallen nature that blocked Him giving them more. I wish I could have given them much, much more.

**Ryuji Kuranaga** joined our church around the same time I did in Japan. He was an 1800 couple with a strong wife I suspect. He was a gentle soul. He didn't come to Iran for six months after Beate and I did, he said, because he was afraid, and because he heard that "a strong American sister was in Iran." I later found out that his father had had a stroke on the right side of his body and was partially paralyzed. While we were in Iran one of his brothers died, then the eldest son of another brother died and then his father died. Ryuji didn't abandon his mission. I don't know how he did it. Then one day I was giving a lecture and "Yuj" staggered in the door. He had been hit by a motorcycle. A young man helped him home. I asked him if he was 'OK' he said, "Don't worry about me continue teaching." So I did, but something nagged at me and I went

to check on him. I realized he needed to go to the hospital immediately. Luckily one of our guests had a car and we put him in the car and instead of taking the long way around on one way streets he backed into the 'short way' against the one way streets and drove the six blocks backward. This is a unique driving phenomena in Iran, go backward on a one way street as if no one would notice! We arrived at the hospital in the very nick of time and they removed part of his bleeding liver. The doctor said he only had minutes to live. After this trauma, Ryuji began to witness. A fear block had been removed. He brought two unique members, both from Esfahan, both very precious. Albers was executed by the government years after we left, for running guns to the Kurds in Iraq. Nasser is well known in Southern California as a hard working brother and visits Iran regularly to witness to new people and to comfort the members. He still drives me crazy with all his antics but he is irreplaceable.

**Beate Wilhelm Lauer-Smaltz** married young and one day found her husband in bed with her best friend. Her broken heart led her to join the movement in Germany. She was four months in the church when she was sent to Iran. She was an inexperienced self-starter who played her guitar at all gatherings. We all loved her even though she never brought any new members. But she worked hard to be a loving 'aunt' to all who came to our center. She taught German until we were kicked out of the country. During her time she made a lot of conditions. She fasted seven days three times, and did a 40 day liquid-only diet to comfort the boy who had his jaw wired shut after his motorcycle accident on the day of the Yankee stadium speech in NY. Before she did any fasting I had trouble sitting next to her when we ate. I felt anger coming from her and a glutton spirit. I met other German sisters in time and felt that same spirit. Their ancestors ate until they were full and then threw it all up and ate again, while my Irish ancestors starved to death. But Beate changed from her fasting. Not only did she lose some weight but she began to look more feminine, even beautiful. But she couldn't break through in witnessing. During the last year Ryuji and Beate became intimate against our teachings, while in Turkey getting new visas. They hid their secret relationship and tried to support me in the last year we worked in Iran. I heard that they left our movement after I went to the US and later married in Germany. They lived in Germany where they had one child. I also heard that they divorced and Beate married an Iranian man. They put up with headstrong and bossy me, loved me despite my imperfections and kept their secret until I was safely back in the US. I know they never wanted to disappoint me but we all face terrible temptations. I don't know where Ryuji is but I wish them both well.

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**Back in the USA:** To finish this testimony I wish to share two deep experiences. The first came when I visited Belvedere after I had returned to the US and prayed at the holy rock. I had a clear vision of the connection of the holy grounds all over the world being connected by ‘tentacles’ reaching through the earth. Just before I left Iran I visited our humble holy ground that True Parents established in 1965 to pray for the safety of our members, our movement and God’s Will for the nation. At Belvedere I felt drawn through the holy ground to the one in Iran, and ‘received’ that whenever I prayed at a holy ground my prayers would be passed through the earth to Iran and my members.

The other experience was quite wonderful. As soon as I arrived in New York (the future Katie Zahedi picked me up, and I told her tales of my members including Essi, who unbeknownst to us would become her husband in 1982!) I was given a room in the New Yorker. I showered and changed into clean clothes and then went on the ‘hunt’ to explore the New Yorker. Very soon I found out that True Parents were in the building. I figured I couldn’t just go up to the 30<sup>th</sup> floor and announce myself, even though True Parents had called me back, but I quietly snuck up the stairs to their floor. When I opened the stairway door I saw a brother named Randy, whom I had know years before. I told him I had just come back from Iran because Dr. Pak said True Parents wanted to see me. So I hung out in the hallway sharing my experiences to an enthralled security guard, and as luck would have it Dr. Pak walked by the door and saw me. He said, “Susan, come in True Parents will want to see you.”

This was the moment I had waited four long years and many tears for to finally be reunited with my True Parents, the ones I loved and happily represented in Iran. When I walked into the room where they were sitting together I froze. All my emotions came rushing up into my throat and I had to use all my energy to not break down sobbing. True Mother came to my rescue and whispered, “Korean bow.” I thanked her with my eyes and did a fairly steady bow. Father waved and said, “Sit down.” In relief I did. I had always been happy to see them, to be with them, to listen to them, no matter how long; but seeing them after such a long time was so overwhelmingly wonderful. Father asked me about the mission and I told them about how many members we had, (40) the religions, and even Maman Zahedi and how she supported me. Then he asked me if my members could be trained and become leaders in Iran. At that moment in time I realized with a start, that I had been successful. I said, “Yes” and knew that both Essi and Hossein would make good leaders. Essi did lead the movement for several years before escaping through Pakistan to his new bride, Katie. They lived in the region

for several years.. Both of Essi and Hossein had to flee Iran because of persecution of our movement. We were known by the government and persecution could have become deadly. They now live in the US. Hossein returned to Iran with his family for a while, but it became too difficult. His presence there helped the members though, and others followed him to the US. Yet, there is a healthy remnant of our members in Iran keeping the faith. Most have never seen True Parents physically, but I hope the internet gives them a chance. Essi’s spiritual great grandson led the movement from exile in Turkey for several years where the members would come for workshops. He now resides in Korea with his family and continues to translate True Parent’s words for the members scattered far and wide. And Nasser Zommorodian (Zomorod), who lives in Los Angeles, goes back nearly every year to encourage and teach the members. Our members hang on in faith and love. The little seed I planted has grown deep roots regardless of the fanatical politics in Iran. Again, religious freedom does not exist and people who change their religion may die but our members continue to believe and practice living for the sake of others.

But the best was yet to come when I was with True Parents. While we were talking I began to see True Father’s face change. His eyes seemed to open wider and wider until I was drawn into his heart and I felt that his heart opened to me. He was saying something about how he had lost his nation like me, but internally I felt that I had been drawn into a deep part of his heart where only a few people can go. Our shared suffering and loss had given us a unique connection. I felt two things: first I said to him in my mind, “I am willing to go to the most difficult country now!” Djibouti was the most difficult place I heard of. The report I read was that there were 300,000 men and 600,000 goats in a Muslim nation left behind in modern times.

The second thing I felt was that this experience is not just for me. I represent all of the foreign missionaries from all the countries who couldn’t be there with True Parents and me. I offered up this experience to all those who had sacrificed and suffered to be True Parents’ representatives. I sent my gratitude on behalf of all of them to True Father at that moment. Afterwards, Father gave Mother some money to go shopping for me so I wouldn’t have such a tattered look. In the store she looked at a fur coat for me, I spoke to her in my heart and said, “Mother, I need to be humble and practical not rich.” Somehow she felt my words and stepped over to a winter raincoat. I still have that practical gray, imitation fleece-lined coat. She also bought me a gray, wool suit, two blouses, shoes and a purse. I still have all but the shoes. But I understood that True Parents wanted to give all the missionaries the very

best things in thanks for our service, I was but their representative.

My experience as a missionary made me a much stronger, self-reliant and spiritual person. I am deeply grateful for all the good and bad experiences. In the end, the suffering settles into gentle memories and the goodness rises to an overpowering feeling of gratitude and a strong sense of being uniquely blessed by God. Most of all I am grateful for the trust True Parents placed in me and the love of my brothers and sisters. The members named me the "mother of Iran." Today there are others who love and take care of this important nation. I hope that one day soon all nations can realize that we are actually brothers and sisters and must take care of one another.

**Finally**, one of the most terrible questions Father Moon asked me years after returning from Iran was: "*What is the great missionary to Iran doing now?*" I could not answer anything great but told him I was supporting several organizations like WFWP, ACC, New Hope Academy and the church. But I knew I disappointed him, because he still needs extraordinary, brave heroes to finish the work of True Parents.

I know there must be some errors in my memory, for those who remember differently please forgive me and let me know what your different memories are. Thank you. susanfeff@aol.com.

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**My dear husband, Dan**, was busy fighting for victory over communism during my time in Iran and Turkey. He was always working for God and True Parents in many ways. We wrote letters regularly to one another and even still have a few of them. We were always "principled" in what we said and used no sappy romantic words. We didn't really know each other except as members of the same family. On my birthday in the second year he called me from the US. Neither of us knew what to say, so we just listened to each other breathe. It wasn't romantic but I felt close to him nonetheless, just being in the same space was wonderful. I kept him close to me in Iran by playing the songs he wrote, sang and recorded for me. Ninety minutes of him singing those well-loved songs did two things: it kept him 'alive' for me and gave the members a chance to hear those precious songs and get a feel for how to sing them (singing doesn't happen much in Iran except with very horizontal popular Iranian singers). This was a fantastic tool and all of us could sing together. Beate could use the tape to learn the chords so we had musical accompaniment. Even when I returned to the US and first met Dan we only shook hands not wanting to be

demonstrative in public. But he was my rock and I knew being blessed to him protected me in so many ways, not only using his name to 'chant' on buses in Turkey to keep the men away from me but also I could feel his prayers for me and my protection. He was really with me most of the time - meaning when I let him - as I was slowly getting used to being married! I hoped that those members who went out without a spouse to support them could find protection in some other way. I know True Parents prayed strongly for each one of us.

One day in Teheran there was a small report on the Washington Monument rally in Washington, DC. They said 10,000 people had attended, I didn't believe the report. Another time a short paragraph said that "Dan Fefferman was charged with contempt during the Frazier Hearings" on Capitol Hill! I worried a little and wondered what it really meant. Those articles were in the English *Kayhan* newspaper because a reporter had interviewed me after a front page article on True Father was published. My interview put me on the front page after a few days saying, "Special Representative of Rev. Moon in Teheran." But my photo was on the lower half of the page and Father's had been on the top part of the front page. I was in great company! Was this stupid of me to be interviewed? Who knows? True Father was a bold man, and as his daughter I wanted to be brave and bold too. Working underground was not easy for me. I don't know if this article was in a file that was later used by the police to exile me when I was being threatened by a radical group of angry young men, but I think True Father was proud of me.

### **My children:**

**Donsu Finnegan Fefferman Spratt**, 7.26.1982, currently divorced. She is a specialist in autism (Masters in Special Education from Johns Hopkins U) and is an autism supervisor in Florida, a 'coach' for eight classes of autistic children. She is well respected in her field and well loved by staff, parents and kids alike, she just 'gets' those kids and loves them. She also has a special love for people of color beginning with Taj Hamad, as she helped her daddy and Taj do the garbage run at UTS when she was three years old. She gave herself the middle name 'Finnegan' while Dan and I were attending UTS. She stood up on a chair at the lunch table one day and announced her middle name. I surmised she understood that we have two families behind us and wanted to give them both representation. It stuck and we love her for it.

**Kaeleigh June Fefferman Moffitt** 11.6.1988, blessed to David Moffitt in 2008 in MD (Larry and Taeko's oldest son); our first granddaughter, June Sonoda Moffitt was born May 17, 2014 - on their anniversary and is the apple

of all of our eyes. [“June” comes from Persian, or ‘Jahn’ from poetry meaning, “my soul” or “my darling.” In Teheran’s pronunciation, Jahn becomes “June” and is added to a loved one’s name like “chan” in Japanese or in answer to a question, “Jahn” meaning ‘my dear please say it again.’] I called my daughter ‘Kaeleigh June’ in affection without thinking, and my husband said we should keep it as Kaeleigh’s middle name. The kids chose it for their daughter to honor this grandmother, and ‘Sonoda’ to honor the other grandmother, Taeko Moffitt. Kaeleigh has a degree in business and family, and is currently the National Youth Pastor Advisor for our church in the US, and David has a doctor of physical therapy degree and works in a nearby clinic, his kid patients especially like him and he now takes care of all the kids that come into the office. We are not only proud of them but grateful for all they do for our community. We are awaiting grandchild number two.



### Patricia Fleischman - Senegal

On May 2, 1975 at 3:00 a.m., I landed at the airport in Dakar, Senegal, West Africa, as a missionary sent out by True Parents. At that time I was 24 and I had no idea how long I would be staying and what situations I would face there. I also didn't know much about Senegal – just that it was a predominately Moslem country and that its president was a poet. I also knew that I would be joining a German and Japanese missionary whom I had never met though I knew their names. Reflecting back on that time I realize that I wasn't really thinking or analyzing things but just went totally on faith in God and True Parents. I ended up staying in Senegal 17 years thanks to God's grace and protection. I am eternally grateful to our Heavenly Parents for giving me the opportunity to go to Senegal as a missionary even though I was not qualified for such a responsibility. I feel my real life began in Senegal.

Because I had come to Senegal with only a one-way ticket, I wasn't able to enter until I bought a return ticket to Germany, which had been my last stop before arriving in Senegal. So I had to use half of the money given to me to start my mission to buy that ticket. Then I spent the rest of the night at a hotel near the airport. In the morning, knowing that the Germany missionary was already in Senegal, I took a taxi and went straight to the German embassy hoping to get his address. To my surprise, he was sitting there in the Embassy. That morning he had had the inspiration to go to the Embassy. He was staying in a small, very simple old hotel in the center of Dakar and had reserved a room there for me. It was a great relief to have met him in such a way that was clearly guided by God.

After a couple of weeks we were able to find an apartment in the center of town near the French Cultural Center and a couple of weeks after that the Japanese missionary arrived. The German missionary was 21 years old and had only been a church member for about 9 months before being sent to Africa. The Japanese missionary had been a CARP member in Japan and was clearly the one who had the most spiritual training and wisdom among the three of us. The German missionary spoke English and French (the main common language in Senegal) pretty well. The Japanese only spoke Japanese so it was very difficult for him. I had studied French through high school and college so I could read it pretty well but had trouble speaking it so I borrowed books in French from the French Cultural Center library which was near our apartment and after reading many books I started thinking in French and then, could speak it. Both the German and Japanese missionaries were kind and gentle by nature. Still, because of the providential importance of our unity it wasn't easy.

#### The First Year

I remember the first year of our mission as being very special – very intense. I feel that we were specially guided and protected by God. We were getting to know a new country and culture that was so different from our own. We were trying to figure out how to live there; what to eat, how to live our daily lives, how to support ourselves, how to relate to the people, etc. At first, it was all so strange I missed America terribly. Whenever I saw a gas station I would get tears in my eyes because that was the one thing in Senegal that most resembled America. Gradually, as I became more accustomed to Senegal and as we started getting to know some people and developing friendships, I began to feel such a great love for the country. I loved walking the streets and taking the old “cars rapides” - a very old kind of minibus that held about 15 people sitting in benches in the back and that had floors that were rusted through in many places so you could see the pavement below.

Being a predominately Moslem country, there were Mosques everywhere including one just two blocks from our apartment. Five times a day the call to prayer would explode out through the loud speaker of the Mosque. Every Mosque sends out the call to prayer 5 times a day. It is a chant in Arabic saying something like “Hasten to Prayer”. My bedroom in our 3<sup>rd</sup> floor apartment had a narrow balcony that faced the Mosque, so in the beginning I found the calls to prayer disruptive but I eventually became accustomed to them and could appreciate their beauty. Senegal officially has freedom of religion, though over 90% of the population is Moslem with only a small portion of Christians and others. Because of the high percentage of Moslems, there was some social pressure to be Moslem. There is a Moslem sect native to Senegal, the Mourides, that is very popular and powerful, as well as other branches of Islam.

One day during our first few months in Dakar, we had an interesting experience. Our apartment was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and had a balcony overlooking the street. It suddenly became kind of dark outside and then we heard a lot of noise in the street. We went out on the balcony to see what was going on and found there was a solar eclipse taking place. Looking down we saw that the street was full of men bowing towards the sun and praying to Allah in loud voices. We found out that they were praying to Allah to give back the sun. They continued praying until the eclipse was over.

There was also a large Catholic church not far from our apartment where many of the French people who lived in Senegal worshiped. In the first few months, the Japanese missionary and I would often go there to pray because we found it very difficult to pray in our apartment and, in general, in Senegal. Gradually we could build the strength to pray well in our center.

It was difficult at first to figure what to eat. For most of our first year we lived on bread, Laughing Cow cheese, and tomatoes or mangos or something like that. The food in the French super markets was way too expensive for us and the conditions in the open air African markets seemed so unhygienic I had a hard time buying anything but fruits and vegetables. The areas where they sold meat and fish were so different from anything I'd experienced it was a very long time before I could actually buy something there. One day I received a large package from my mother of dried food that needed cooking so we finally bought a little burner and pot and started cooking. It felt like Christmas to receive all that food! Later, the Japanese brother from Mali came to Dakar so he could renew his visa. He bought some meat at the market and prepared it. It was delicious and we didn't get sick so I learned to overcome myself and buy meat at the African market.

Through our friends we were introduced to the Senegalese national dish, "Tiebou Dien" which means rice and fish. It is a very spicy dish that many Senegalese eat every day for the noon meal. It consists of fried fish with vegetables and rice cooked in an oily, spicy tomato sauce. It's served on a large platter with the rice on the bottom and the fish and vegetables piled up in the middle. Traditionally, the people eat with their hands and each person eats from the spot just in front of him. The host or hostess puts morsels of fish and vegetables in front of each person. People not accustomed to eating with their hands are given a spoon. It is very delicious and satisfying.

From the beginning, we were witnessing and inviting people to our apartment. Looking back, it may not have been the wisest thing to do as we knew so little about the people and the country but we were very young and naïve. After a couple of months we had two young men, Jean Pierre and Charles, coming over almost every day. They would come share our simple meals and study Principle with us. We were so happy and inspired to have them coming but it was very difficult to figure out how to raise them. Though we studied every day, they didn't seem to understand very much. We did many conditions for them and really had hope for them. Charles worked as a tour guide and one day he brought a set of beautiful travel books and asked us to keep them for him because he thought they would be safer with us. As days and weeks went by, Jean Pierre asked to borrow the books one by one. He told us he was a student. We naively totally trusted these two brothers. Jean Pierre told us a story about knowing a good friend of President Senghor and that he would be going to Europe. In the end, he disappeared with all of the beautiful books that Charles had left with us. I took us quite a while to comprehend what had happened. We were completely shocked and realized we had been so foolish to believe his stories. Charles became discouraged

and stopped coming to see us. It was a hard lesson for us. We realized that our mission wasn't going to be as easy as we hoped it would be.

The German brother got the inspiration that we should meet the president, Leopold Senghor, so he requested a meeting. To our surprise we were granted an audience. I went with the German brother and the President seemed very surprised when he saw us. I think he expected older more mature people. We talked a little with him and gave him a Divine Principle book as we left. We believed it was a good condition for the country.

As missionaries, one of the most important aspects of our responsibility was to unite together – Japanese, German, and American. Naturally, we had to overcome many things in ourselves to be able to do this. It was fairly easy for the Japanese brother and I to get along after we got to know each other a little. When I went to Senegal I was painfully aware of how little I understood about how to live a principled life and I had never had a real experience of God's presence through prayer, etc. He seemed much wiser and more spiritual so I was often grateful to receive guidance from him though sometimes it was hard to take. The German brother was quiet and gentle but also rather stubborn and independent. We sometimes had disagreements but most of the time we got along pretty well though we weren't completely united. The thing I remember most about the German brother is how much he loved Senegal and the people. He was so dedicated. However, after some months, the two brothers, who were both very sensitive spiritually, began to have spiritual problems that became quite serious and led to strange behaviors. That was scary for me because I needed to be able to help them and take care of them but I had never had direct experience with such things. So we just kind of endured and persevered and little by little they got better. During that period we still had some people coming over to study but it was very awkward with what was going on so gradually they stopped coming. It was difficult to keep my spirit up when I was in the center but when I went out to do errands or just get out I felt so much love for the country and people and my spirit would be renewed.

As the two brothers got better our unity also improved and I felt so hopeful that we really could unite and work happily together. Unfortunately, another problem came up. Months earlier, without consulting the Japanese missionary or me, the German missionary had naively written a letter to the prime minister to ask for a job for the Japanese brother and himself. I guess he was just desperate to find a way to stay in Senegal permanently. When he told us what he had done we were extremely upset and I think that was our biggest argument. It turned out that that letter led to a police investigation of the three of us. We were all called to the police station but they were asking me questions

about the two brothers. The German brother had also, later, applied for a visa as a businessman so the police were very confused and suspicious. So in December of 1975, just when things seemed to be going much better, the Japanese and German missionaries were told to leave the country. Many years later when I was applying for a permanent residence visa I found out that my file said I was expelled at that time though actually I hadn't been.

### A new start

So January 1, 1976, my first God's Day in Senegal, I was alone. I remember how I felt that day very clearly. On one hand I felt completely overwhelmed knowing that I had absolutely no idea how to achieve the mission in front of me, or ability to do it. On the other hand I had this blind determination to stay and somehow be successful. All along since coming to Senegal, I had been praying fervently most nights on the balcony outside my bedroom, desperately trying to make a relationship with God and receive His guidance. Now, I could hardly pray or think.

I actually wasn't alone for very long. Soon a Japanese missionary from a neighboring country came to renew his visa to his own country. Senegal was a central point for the surrounding countries and often the missionaries from those countries came to Dakar to renew their visas. It was nice to have visitors but sometimes it made it more difficult for us Senegalese missionaries to unite and focus on our mission. At that time, though, I was so grateful to have someone else there.

A few weeks later Kathy Harting who had been expelled from Dahomey (later called Benin), came to Senegal. Her stay in Senegal was a wonderful vacation from unity struggles and loneliness. We became good friends and could really share our hearts with each other. I learned so much from her. One unusual thing happened during that time while we were doing the prayer condition for Yankee Stadium. At that time Gary Fleischman, my brother-in-law, was also visiting from Mali. The three of us prayed together for this prayer condition and we had the strange experience of being attacked by uncontrollable laughter during our prayer. One of us would inadvertently pray something strange like praying for the vegetables in the kitchen and that would start us laughing so that we couldn't do our prayer. It was a strange kind of spiritual attack.

After a few months a new German missionary was assigned to Senegal and shortly after, a new Japanese missionary came and Kathy was sent to Ivory Coast. This began a very difficult period in my time in Senegal, which I am not proud of. These two missionaries had strong personalities and unity became extremely difficult for us. Looking back I can't believe we spent so much time arguing about who should be central figure. It's hard to

describe how intense the situation felt at the time and why it was so difficult. I can only understand it based on the pressure created by the providential importance of our unity and, and, of course, our fallen natures that rose strongly to the surface. For many months we were spiritually paralyzed by this struggle and couldn't witness or do anything meaningful for the mission. At times, other Japanese missionaries came for visa reasons and they just kind of shook their heads at us. One of them once gave me some good advice how to handle my relationship with the Japanese missionary and things improved a bit after that. I remember us all going fishing together and actually having a good time. During that time it was so hard to pray and to feel close to God.

During that time we moved from our apartment in the center of town out to the residential area. We were still trying to overcome our difficult unity situation when a Japanese missionary who hadn't come before came for a while. He really tried to help us and things got a bit better. We moved to a new location and started doing some witnessing and people started coming to study Principle. The prospect of having new members seemed to intensify again the discussion about the central figure. There were four of us then in Senegal – two Japanese missionaries, a German missionary and myself. The original Japanese missionary had come back to Senegal around that time.

After struggling so much for what seemed like ages, all West African missionaries were called to Ivory Coast for a conference with Dr. Lady Kim. We were so excited! We had been in the mission field for almost 3 years and many people were thinking there would be changes after the three years were up. Especially since we had been struggling so much the past 2 years we were eager for something new.

The conference in Ivory Coast was such a good experience. Senegal is a very dry, desert-like country whereas Ivory Coast is green and lush. I'll never forget buying small sweet pineapples on the street. They were cut so you can hold them like a Popsicle and eat them. We didn't have pineapples in Senegal. It was so wonderful to see other missionaries and feel the deep bond that we had together because of our common experience. I spent a lot of time with my friend Kathy and felt really renewed spiritually.

Dr. Kim talked to us strongly about the importance of unity and also did a kind of ancestor liberation, which was a very new and strange experience for me. She also met with the Senegalese missionaries and spoke very strongly to us about unity. I felt so ashamed of our situation. At that time she told us we should not have any central figure and just work together as brothers and sisters.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

So we went back to Senegal with a new resolve to move forward with the mission. We witnessed and started holding workshops. Because I was the only one who spoke French well enough I taught the workshops. Just working together as brothers and sisters without having to worry about the central figure issue was quite easy and pleasant. It was amazing how well we got along. Then, one day we received a letter from headquarters saying that I should be the central figure. Suddenly everything changed. Our nice harmony was gone. The German missionary could unite with the direction pretty quickly but one Japanese missionary especially could absolutely not accept it. He would invite me out to talk somewhere and then insist that I write headquarters and tell them that I can't do it. His attitude became very extreme and he started making plans to move out and live separately with his spiritual son. Just at that moment, True Father called all the missionaries who weren't in their original countries to go to England to do Home Church. So the German and one Japanese missionary left for England. And the original Japanese missionary and I stayed in Senegal. This situation was an unforgettable lesson for me on the power and importance of the Cain and Able relationship. Without it, life seems easier because we can ignore or not be aware of our fallen nature. However, though it makes relationships very challenging, it is necessary for spiritual growth and as a foundation for God to work.

So 1978 was the time of a significant change in the focus of our mission in Senegal. Before that we were primarily focused on the issue of unity among the missionaries. But from that time we were focused on witnessing, teaching and raising members. After our first three members moved in and began witnessing, more and more people began coming, all of them young men,. The original Japanese missionary worked for a Japanese company for a while but because he was nervous about his visa situation, he was sent to another country and another Japanese missionary came. I can't say that he and I were totally united in heart but we didn't fight and tried our best to work together.

Educating the new guests and members was such a big challenge for us. All we knew was the way we had been educated in the movement but the situation in Senegal was so different than in our countries. We prayed so much for Heavenly Father's guidance but still made many mistakes. I was acutely aware of lacking the heart and wisdom that was needed. But there was nowhere to turn except pray and do our best. It was so exciting when the first members moved in. They were Theodore, Joachim and Souleyman. Now, many years later, I can't remember the exact order of how we did things and when each member moved in. I do remember that I often had a hard time to really understand their hearts and that caused many

misunderstandings and difficulties. But gradually a good number of wonderful and faithful members joined. They were all young men as it was difficult to bring women because of the way they were viewed and treated in the Moslem society. We did regular witnessing activities and held workshops on the weekends. Many young people came to our workshops though most of them couldn't understand the Divine Principle. I think some came because we served them food.

Following the direction given by True Parents, we initiated Home Church activities. Through Home Church I could see directly how polygamy was practiced and how it affected the people. Being predominately a Moslem country, polygamy was accepted and widely practiced in Senegal. Our members told me that a man was allowed to have four wives though I heard of cases where they had many more. One of our associate members told us that his father had had 35 wives and 107 children. In my Home Church there was a woman whose husband had 4 wives. In her case, her husband had the financial means to provide each wife with her own house. He spent two nights at a time with each wife continually going from house to house. Though the people saw this as normal I could see that there was a sadness with this woman. I can imagine how difficult it must be, knowing that your husband is with other women when he's not with you and only being able to see him two days out of every eight. What kind of relationship could a man and woman have in this situation? Men see women as a possession and sexual object instead of an equal partner in life. And the father could not be so involved with the children or have much of a relationship with them.

There was another home where a rather young man lived with two wives. One wife put on nice clothes every day and went to work while the other wife stayed home and did the housework and cared for the children. One day I learned that the wife who stayed home had seriously hurt the baby of the other wife out of jealousy. From the many, many stories I heard about family situations in polygamy I realized that it destroys love and trust in the family and among the people in general. Sometimes, there are extreme situations where one wife will do something terrible to the child of another wife out of jealousy even to the point of trying to kill the child. But even when it is not so extreme there is a lot of distrust and jealousy among the different wives. And children of the same father but different mother can feel very competitive with each other or not have any relationship at all. I noticed, even with our members, when we taught them that we are all brothers and sisters, it didn't seem to mean much to some of them. Jealousy is a big problem among the people. When I understood polygamy better I could understand why. Of course there are some families that somehow get along fairly well, but in general it is very evil. I came to

the conclusion that one of the main causes of the suffering in Africa is polygamy.

One time, some years later, we were invited to visit a well-known marabou (Arabic for Moslem cleric) who had a ranch far out in the countryside. When we arrived we were led to a place a little distant from his compound where his men had just slaughtered a camel. He and his men were eating the liver of the camel raw, which they offered to us but we declined. They explained that they also eat the fat of the hump raw. It seemed like it was kind of a celebration. The marabou then took us into his house and gave us some time tea. Because I was a foreigner I, as a woman, was received along with the men. He showed us around his house and I could see that he had quite a few wives who took care of the house and children. Then he opened one door and proudly showed us a wife who was just lying on a mat on the floor. She was very big, didn't smile and had an empty look in her eyes. I was told that her sole purpose was to lie there and be available to her husband for conjugal relations any time of night or day whenever he wished. It was truly heartbreaking to see her.

Over the years, a number of different missionaries came to Senegal for some periods of time and then were sent to other countries. I no longer remember exactly when each one came or how long they stayed but I remember how great it was to have each person there. There were two German missionaries, Werner and his French wife, Lorette who gave birth to their first child in Senegal, and Annerose who stayed for a couple of years, I think. Kevin Winter was with us for some time and several Japanese missionaries, Kuniosan, Kanadanisan, and Mistunorisan. Though the struggle for unity was never as intense as in the first years, I remember that it still wasn't easy to be really united in heart. I attribute that especially to my own fallen nature and willfulness.

During our years in Senegal, one thing that meant so much to me was the Today's World magazine. It connected us to True Parents and what was going on around them. I remember that whenever it would arrive, I was like a starving person who was suddenly presented with food. I rushed into my room and read the whole thing in one sitting. Seeing pictures of True Parents holding celebrations in New York with members made me feel such a longing to be there. I wondered if the members who attended those gatherings knew how lucky they were to be able to see True Parents like that. I felt so envious of them – and still do today.

**Foundation Internationale de Secours and d'Amitie** (International Foundation for Help and Friendship)

In 1983 we decided to do a service project and started FISA. We set up a small center in a very poor area of

Dakar with the intention of teaching handicapped people to sew so they could give up their life of begging and make a living for themselves. In Dakar there were so many beggars on the streets everywhere many of whom were victims of polio. Our idea was to work with such people. My husband, Justin, went to America to buy some simple sewing machines and we found some tailors who could teach. Our members took the principle responsibilities for this center. We started with about a dozen students but after a time they all gave up and went back to the life of begging that they were used to. We had so many difficulties trying to work with those people because of their mentality so we changed our idea and decided to teach young people. We found a house in a better neighborhood that we rented and set up our teaching center. We experienced many difficulties in the process of setting up and running this center because of our lack of training and experience. It was truly "on the job training." One day we had the great honor to be visited by the wife of the President of Senegal, Madame Diouf. It was a very exciting day for us and for the students. She spent quite a bit of time with us learning about the center and looking at the items created by the students.

After the students finished their training we gave them a sewing machine and helped them set up their own shop. The FISA continued until early 1990s. Today, one of the students from FISA is a blessed member of the Unification Church in Senegal.

### **Financial Activities**

During our first couple of years in the mission we received a monthly allowance from our home countries of \$300 each. In the beginning we could just manage to survive by pooling our money. I remember just one time during the first 4 months that we completely ran out of money and food for a day but the next day some money arrived. After some months, I was able to get a job as a secretary at the English Language Institute of the American Cultural Center. I could barely type but I managed to do what they wanted. They had a large book there full of beautiful pictures of America and as I was still feeling very homesick, looking at that book would always bring me to tears.

Later, I was able to get a job teaching English at the center. At that time, the only criteria to be able to teach, was to be American. I had no experience or training but they had books we followed so I managed. The teaching job paid very well so it was a big source of income for our mission. I taught for many years until they instituted the policy that you had to have a college degree to teach there - which I didn't have. I was very grateful for that job which enabled me to support our mission but didn't take up huge amounts of my time.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

I think it was around 1979 that we started our first fundraising activities. My husband, Justin, who was still in America, furnished us with two or three Polaroid cameras and film and the members went out offering to take pictures of people for a small fee. It took them some time to master the technique of taking the pictures and approaching people but then it was fairly successful as a way to make money for our center. The main problem was keeping a supply of film. Realizing that we needed a product that we could make or buy locally, we tried many different things including candles. The members worked very hard going out all day in the hot sun and the missionaries also went out fundraising. Missionary sisters could make a lot of money going to Lebanese shop owners with items and asking for donations.

Then the German missionary from Mali who was an artist came to Senegal. He produced beautiful artwork by spraying paint through stencils that he made. We sold his artwork very successfully for many years.

In 1986, my husband, who was then in Senegal, took a loan on a family trust and we opened an American restaurant following the model set up in Abidjan. It was called Hamburger House. It was in downtown Dakar in a nice neighborhood. Though I had no experience, I had the mission of managing the restaurant. We received a lot of help and support from Kathy Rigney and Dee Yakpore who came a little later from Ivory Coast to help. It was certainly a great adventure! Looking back, I realize my lack of experience really affected the restaurant but somehow it was pretty successful and was still running when we left in 1992. We served typical American food like hamburgers, French fries, chicken soup, tuna salad sandwiches, apple pie, etc. It was so gratifying when Peace Corps volunteers came in after spending time in the villages because they got so excited about the food. We had a TV where we played Looney Tune cartoons. Even though we had the restaurant, the income wasn't enough to completely support our mission so we also continued with fundraising activities.

### My Family Life in Senegal

My husband and I were blessed in 1975 and shortly after the blessing I was sent to Senegal as a missionary. I always expected that my husband would come join me but it wasn't easy for him to make that decision. Finally, in 1982 he came to Senegal. He immediately went to a town in southern Senegal to do a 40-day pioneer condition, which was quite amazing. When he came back to Dakar he supported our mission for a while by fundraising. Though my husband couldn't speak French before he came to Senegal, he picked it up very quickly and in a year or so could speak very well.

Our first son was born on December 13, 1983. I had the good fortune to be able to go to a Lebanese clinic to

give birth to our children. It wasn't as good or expensive as the French clinics but was better than the local hospitals. At that time, I was still the central figure. The night before our son was born, I had been up late meeting with leaders. I remember waking up many times during the night with a stomachache and thinking that I better get rid of this stomachache before I go into labor. In the morning I discovered it was labor. Shortly after our son was born, Heung Jin Nim had his accident and passed into the spirit world. It was such a difficult time. We never imagined that something like that would happen to a member of True Family. It was so painful and at the same time we were feeling the joy of our first child. It was very difficult to reconcile the two kinds of feelings.

We had four sons while we were in Senegal. Our fifth son was born here in America. Compared to giving birth in America, in some ways it was nicer and more personal in Senegal. However, I had no one to look to for advice concerning childbirth and raising children so it was rather lonely. Since we had no women members I had to hire someone to take care of the children while I did the mission. After our third child I focused mainly on taking care of the children. We lived in the center all the time we were there so our children received a lot of love from the members. We left Senegal in February 1992 to return to America following the direction given to us by Rev. Kwak.

This is a brief summary of my experiences. It would take a longer time than I have now to write about everything! And I have forgotten some things and also often the time sequence of things. But what remains is the feeling of deep love for the members and for Senegal.

This year, 2015, in June we had the great blessing of visiting Senegal with most of our family. It was a deeply moving and joyful experience! Though the country has changed a great deal since we left, it was still Senegal. I felt absolutely at home there and it was so wonderful to see the old members again and meet their wives and children! When we were there all of the members were young men so having the wives there has made a huge difference. It was also so meaningful for our children to visit the country of their birth. I felt a deep bond of heart with the members – as if we had not been separated at all. They are doing so well, persevering through many difficulties with strong faith and commitment. We all experienced a kind of rebirth experience in finally being able to meet again. For me, I felt that Senegal is my true home country.

### Regis Hanna - Ecuador and Chile

1975, after my blessing in the 1800 Blessing to Nancy Callahan, Father appointed me as the original missionary to Ecuador. After 7 months, I returned to the USA for health reasons. In 1980, I joined my wife in Chile.

At that time, the only members in the center were the Japanese missionaries, Wolf Osterheld and our couple. It was a wonderful time of strong witnessing conditions, much fasting and fundraising. Bit by bit, we were able to make a foundation of Chilean members.

In July, 1980, it was the middle of winter when I arrived after a 40 Day Training in New York's World Mission Center. One of the common diseases in Chile at that time was typhus, which we got by drinking dirty water. Although we washed our vegetables and boiled the water, we still got it.

A few days before Christmas I was sick and assumed it was typhus. Despite having diarrhea, there were students to lecture and nobody could do it but me, so I was interrupting my lectures with trips to the bathroom. That night, I had the most severe stomach pains I've ever had. The next morning, a young doctor who had heard DP came by the center to examine me. He quickly diagnosed appendicitis. Since we had no health insurance, I went to the Catholic Hospital as a social welfare case.

Although admitted around noon, surgery did not take place until around 6 PM and by that time, my appendix had burst and I had a massive infection all through my abdomen. After surgery, with 2 drainage tubes coming out of my abdomen, I was parked in a bed in a ward with one elderly man who was dying and 4 other men, right near a window. It was a long night as I prayed to see the first lights of morning.

The vocabulary that I knew in Spanish was to teach DP, so, although I had a dictionary, the vocabulary I needed to use in a hospital was quite different. This resulted in more than one hilarious miscommunications. After a few frustrating days of what I thought was called for a bedpan, I learned that "sillon" the word I thought was for bedpan actually meant "overstuffed chair" which explained why nobody ever brought me a bedpan! They thought I was delirious!

Christmas eve, the nurse discovered that my wound was infected ...quite common with a ruptured appendix but very dangerous. Because it was holiday time, however, they just bandaged me up and when they came back 24 hours later, it was very much more serious. I was given no food for weeks, and at one point I remember lying in my bed and shaking violently with chills while 3 doctors consulted at the foot of my bed with very serious

expressions on their faces. Only later did I realize on my own that I was going into septic shock, a potentially fatal condition.

However, it seems that Heavenly Parents had another plan for me. Slowly my condition improved. After 21 days in the hospital, only the last 3 of which I was finally given food to eat (the rest of the time I was "fed" through IVs, I looked like a skeleton.

I couldn't walk more than 1 block without resting. A few weeks after my release from the hospital, True Father appointed me Regional Leader of Brazil, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay. I guess this was "a providence for the start."

Since we had just invited our first member to live in the center, it was very interesting, and humbling to visit Brazil, which was quite developed and I learned a great deal visiting Sao Paolo, Rio Di Janeiro and Brasilia. It was also very inspiring to visit Paraguay and Argentina which were accomplishing their missions despite great challenges.

Towards the end of those 2 years, Nancy and I decided to have a "honeymoon" because we had not really seen the country. When we returned, the handful of members living in the center had all left with the exception of 1 member. He explained that a man had visited them and told them that he was the Lord of the Second Advent and they had become confused and gone back to their families. We phoned them all, one by one and talked with them to calm them down. Soon, everything returned to normal.

A few weeks later, 3 men came to our front gate and one insisted that we give him a Divine Principle book. This was highly unusual in 1982. Since he seemed intelligent and very charismatic, I invited him to come into the center to talk. As we spoke, a voice in my head told me, "This is the person who thinks he is the Lord of the Second Advent." I could not ask the members to verify this, so I just asked him directly, and he confirmed it.

I remembered that Father had taught us how to deal with this kind of person during one of our leader's meetings at Belvedere. As a way to teach the members about this kind of spiritual phenomena, I questioned him about the origin of evil and mission of the Lord of the Second Advent. He really had no idea of how to answer, so I challenged him, "How can you say that you are the Lord of the Second Advent when you don't even know these basic things? How do you plan to save the world if you don't even know what the fundamental problem is? You clearly are NOT the Lord of the Second Advent." He kept insisting that he was and we finally got him to leave, giving him a 2 hour lecture. A valuable lesson was learned by all.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

In 1982, after Nancy became pregnant, I was asked to attend 120 days training at the World Mission Center. Following my training and a few additional months in NY helping the Science Conference, Nancy and I were asked to move to Mexico and become Regional Leaders for Central America.

On my return trip from New York to Chile, I visited the Mexico City Center to familiarize myself with their situation. Although I sent the members there the details about my arrival, when I arrived in Mexico around 11 PM nobody from the church was there at the airport to meet me.

I had the center's address, but when I asked the taxi drivers to take me to "Colonia Piloto," none of the taxi drivers at the taxi stand in the airport had ever heard of that neighborhood! I knew Mexico City was big, but it was very unsettling that not even one taxi driver knew how to get to it! Finally one taxi driver said he knew, but it was after midnight when we left the airport, and close to 1 AM when we arrived in a dark and very humble neighborhood of Mexico City, out on the edge of the city.

With 2 suitcases and a guitar, I paid the taxi and went to the door of what I thought was the apartment building where the Center was. There was no doorbell! I knocked on the door, but it was the door to an apartment building, so nobody answered. I had no money to telephone, and there was no payphone in that area. Finally, all I could do was yell from the street like a crazy man and hope that somebody heard me! But I didn't have any idea where to yell from! Which side of that apartment building with 4 stories was the one with the church Center? Maybe somebody would call the police about a strange Gringo yelling in the street in that neighborhood!

Several taxis passed, I was sure I was going to be robbed or killed by some muggers out in the street at that hour, looking for money! Just when I was about to give up and return to the airport, I heard a wee, high pitched voice from high up calling, "Is that you, Mr. Hanna? (in English)." I was saved!

After 40 days in Mexico City, I returned to Chile in time for the birth of our twins after which we moved with them to a new, Mexico City Center that was rented in a much more central location in Mexico City. When we left Chile, there were 12 members. With 2 newborn baby girls, who moved when they were just 21 days old. The stewardesses on Panam airlines were very kind and seemed to really enjoy caring for our twins during the 9 hour flight.

For 6 months, we lived with all the members and Mr. Sato, the Japanese missionary, in a house in Tlalpan, Colonia Taj Majal. There was another center in the state of

Guadalajara where the German Missionary and her American husband were living. The Japanese missionary's New Zealand wife was soon to arrive and after 6 months, our plan was to divide the members, with half remaining with the Mr. Sato and the other half moving with my wife and I to another area of this vast city.

However, circumstances changed and most of the members came to live with Nancy and I in a large house we were fortunate to find in Colonia Cuahquemoc, a very centrally located area right in front of the Zona Rosa. We were one block from Paseo La Reforma, the principle and most famous street in Mexico City, near Chapultepec Park where the Holy Ground is located. It was a perfect area to witness.

I made an agreement with the members: since I was receiving \$600 a month as a Regional Director from WMD in New York, I would be responsible to pay all rental expenses, but they had to pay all food expenses. They agreed. This arrangement continued for years and all the older members were aware of it.

Mexico City has a wonderful subway system and thousands of students passed through this area on their way to and from classes at the more than 25 colleges and universities in Mexico City. At that time, Mexico required a foreigner to have a missionary visa to be able to witness and do missionary work. It is almost impossible for an American to get a Missionary Visa. So I just witnessed and did my work in faith that we would not be interfered with by the authorities. For awhile, we were protected.

Under Mexico's Constitution, all buildings used as churches automatically became the property of the government. Another worry was that if somebody complained to the government about our rental house being used as a church, then we would have to abandon the building within a few days or the owner would find that he had lost his house to the government! (This was exactly what had happened to the previous church leader and was why with a handful of members they had to move in the night to a new apartment in Colonia Piloto, to throw the government off their trail!)

A wonderful Mexican teacher had become a member when her brother joined in the USA. Gregorio Villafana taught all his family, including Rebecca and they had all accepted True Parents. Rebecca lived in the Atlantic Coast city of Tampico and gradually she became more active, eventually setting up a center and bringing many student members from that city.

After my wife returned from 120 training in 1985, our family lived outside of Mexico City, in Cuernavaca, in the state of Morelos. Soon my wife had the inspiration that



with some money I had inherited we could purchase a house there that the church could use as a training center and where we could live with our family. The plan was that we would all fundraise and pay back the money that I was loaning to them to buy the house. My wife has incredible good fortune with real estate, as I had learned from her stories about when she was a pioneer in Louisiana, so I did not doubt her. Our timing was extraordinary. Within 2 years, the value of the house tripled!

Together with our members buying handcrafted jewelry in Taxco, Guerrero, I travel with them in car from Mexico City to Los Angeles, where we sold the jewelry in Hispanic neighborhoods there. It took 3 days and nights to drive up to the border in our car, and we would spend 3 weeks in the Los Angeles Center, fundraising. We did this twice a year for about 3 years, and paid back all the money.

This is how our early members paid in full for the “Comonfort House” where many 7 day workshops were held as well as several 21 day workshops also.

As a result of the World Media Conferences during the ‘80s, we met very interesting Mexican journalist, who came from a very poor background. He didn’t look at all special, but he knew and could open the doors to everybody who was an important writer in Mexico. His name was Juan Picasso. He was an Evangelical Christian and turned out to be an outstanding John the Baptist.

At that time, Octavio Paz, later winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, was already quite famous. Juan Picasso looked at me after we had met several times and told me to put my glasses on. Then he said, “You look like you should be a doctor. From now on, I am going to introduce you as Dr. Hanna.” At this time, I was not even studying to be a doctor and felt uncomfortable doing it, but he was the expert and so I went along with it. He knew Mexico and Mexican journalists and I knew nothing! In this way, he opened all kinds of doors. It was all very spiritual.

One day not long after he said, let’s visit Octavio Paz. I asked if we should just walk in on him and he replied, “Well, let’s see what happens.” We went to the door and rang the doorbell and next thing I knew we were in the living room of the most famous author in Mexico! Being introduced as a doctor, Octavio Paz thought that I actually knew something about his work, the intellectual world of Mexico, etc. Quickly he discerned that this was not the case. We invited him to our World Media Conference and he said he would consider it and then he signed one of his books for me and gave it to me. I was amazed at it all.

Another journalists introduced to us by Juan Picasso, one who became quite a close family friend, was Dr. Gutierrez Tibon, an author of 50 books on Mexico, and

winner of the highest award that the Mexican government awards to foreigners, the Order of the Aztec. Dr. Tibon personally welcomed True Father to Mexico, soon after our departure in 1992 during his World Tour. His home turned out to be a mere 10 minute walk from the Commonfort House, where we lived in Cuernavaca for 2 years with our family.

My father passed away in 1988, during the Seoul Olympics. I went to see him in June and we knew it was the final time to see each other on earth. In September, in Seoul, I received the news that he had died and my family wanted me home for the funeral. All I could think of was “leave the dead to bury the dead.” I was determined to not go home and to continue to attend True Parents in Korea at this most important historical moment. Somehow I explained to them that I would visit them later, but that plane reservations were just not available to return due to such heavy traffic. It was very hard for them to understand and they resented me a lot for it.

With money inherited from my father, we purchased another house where we moved and began to renovate the house with the idea to eventually sell it at a profit, as a family business. The members continued to send money which we could use for our food expenses, but whenever money became short, I would go fundraising with the members in Los Angeles. In 1988, during the tour of the Zimbabwe member who channeled Heung Jin Nim, he connected me to the National Leader of Israel and our fundraising team leaders in Europe. We began a wholesale export business of Mexico Jewelry to them which also provided income for our family and for our mission.

Soon afterwards, Rebecca Villafana took a team of members around all the states of Mexico, to witness and lecture for at least one time in every capital city of every state. We felt strongly the need to make some connection to all the people living in the far flung corners of this large nation. She was an amazing soldier and faithfully accomplished everything. I would have gone personally, but after an illness my wife suffered during her 120 day training, it took her years to recover and I needed to be close to home in case she or one of our 6 children needed me.

By the time that we left Mexico in 1992, there were centers in Ciudad Juarez, Tampico, Guadalajara, Taxco, Monterrey, and Queretero, with more than 30 members. The last of our 7 children (5 born during our 10 years in Mexico) was born in 1990 shortly before Christmas. In 1989, our Regional Leader made the decision to change my mission and we began to research how to return to the USA as our growing children had educational needs that could not be met in Mexico were we were.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

However, it was not our decision or our choice to leave Mexico, and we would have much preferred to have stayed. It took about 2 years to finish the renovation of our house in Mexico and to be able to sell it at a modest profit. The money was used to purchase a much, much smaller home in my home town of Bronxville, New York.

After 4 years living in my home town of Bronxville, N.Y., when True Parents announced that people could volunteer to be National Messiahs, we leaped at the chance to return to our first love, missionary work. Of course, this time would be much more challenging since we had 7 children and there would be no financial support offered by the church.

Nancy went to the first workshop in Cheongpyung for National Messiahs in July 1996, and I joined her there for 2 weeks only, since I had a full time job. During the lottery to decide our countries, Nancy insisted that although I had only been there 2 weeks, I should be the person picking our “starting point” for the lottery. All were amazed that the country chosen was Panama, my wife’s original Foreign Missionary country in 1975. Reverend Kwak called it “a Cheongpyung miracle.” Although there were other missionaries there from the original 1975 missionary group, we were the only couple to return to Nancy’s original country.

While my wife began visiting Panama for long periods of time, I continued with my job. In the beginning, we hired various housekeepers, often church members. However it was not easy for any of them to deal with 7 children! When the 120 Japanese were assigned to Panama, one of them would come for 40 days or a few months to help with my children.

After TP’s visit to Panamain 1996, Rev. Kwak strongly guided my wife to move our family to Panama. One night, we sat on our bed and brainstormed about what we could do to make money in Panama. Ideas such as “sales” and “promoting things” were among the talents that we could exploit, but we had no specific ideas. Due to Rev. Kwak’s push, we put our house on the market and my wife moved with 7 children to Panama in August, 1997. The house eventually sold at a modest profit and for a time, Nancy and the children lived off that. I continued with my job and lived with the Pobanz family in New Jersey.

My mother and my brother were totally convinced that I was crazy, resigning from a good job as a Municipal Bond trader and moving my family of 7 children to a 3<sup>rd</sup> world country where I had no job, and no kind of financial support whatsoever! They pressured me in all kinds of ways to try to get me not to go. It had been a wonderful time for my elderly mother and my brother and sister to get to know our children, since all of us lived within a few

hours travel in the New York area. It was a very painful separation.

In 1998, I attended the required 40 day training at CP before joining her and the children in Panama. I totally fell in love with CP. It was a wonderful experience. Although things were much less developed, DMN sometimes came to our CY sessions and I was able to personally experience her *ansoo* on several occasions. I was also encouraged to become a drummer and during several 2 day workshops, I was able to drum for 2000 workshop participants. An unforgettable experience. When I moved to Panama, I encouraged Nancy to go to CP to pray for what to do about our financial situation. She went for 2 weeks and began to receive revelations. Her ideas about tourism promotion resulted in the birth of panamainfo.com, her first business! (see her testimony for the details about that).

When I arrived in Panama, David Kanagy, a wonderful American brother was working as a translator. He sacrificed himself and his family by introducing me to all of his contacts so that very soon I had plenty of work translating from Spanish to English. My business background proved invaluable as the complexities of Spanish legal and financial documents were not easily rendered into the precise vocabulary demanded by English speakers. It was a niche and I frequently had to work late into the night to finish urgent work. As Nancy’s business took off, our joint efforts enabled us to be able to keep our large family going, but we had some exciting moments when we kept going on faith alone!

The \$5000 initial investment we had made in panamainfo.com started was completely paid back in 3 months, something unheard of in the “dot.com” world! For the next 3 years, Nancy ran her business using a laptop computer that my mother had given me, from a small desk in our bedroom. Her customers would have been shocked to know where her “office” was located!

In 2001, I was offered the position of General Manager for the weekly newspaper True Father had started here in Panama. This was a wonderful way to meet all kinds of important people. Editors understood this and soon I was hosting a parade of the movers and shakers in Panama, coming through the office to “pay their respects” to this *gringo*! Sending free subscriptions to key people also won us many friends among key intellectuals, who appreciated the tolerance and responsibility with which TDM approached the news.

This dovetailed with my wife’s work, which was to invite VIPs to go to various conferences. Her dynamism and excitement were instrumental in several dozen Senators and other VIPs attending international conferences. This was of tremendous help in rebuilding our

reputation as a movement, which had been damaged due to a severe persecution directed by the Catholic Archbishop shortly after True Father sent the 120 Japanese missionaries to Latin American and Caribbean countries. Our 7 Forums on Marriage, which my wife writes about in her testimony also helped a great deal.

However, the biggest breakthrough came with the Hisao Lee providence. It has been a high honor and great privilege for me to know and work closely with Master Fabio Perez since 2006. Meeting with him weekly for many years, sharing deeply with him, studying Divine Principle, praying for him and his members has been without a doubt the highlight of my spiritual outreach. I never imagined that I could work with such a person.

His moment of destiny came when Shin Mi Nim visited Panama during the 3 generations world tour of True Family in 2006. Originally, she was scheduled to go from Brazil to Peru, but she missed her flight due to a bridge that collapsed in Brazil, so she decided to “catch up” with the tour by coming directly to Panama. Little did she know, but the flight from Peru to Panama, with True Mother and True children was canceled and so they never arrived in Panama! In the end, she was the only True Family member who arrived!

Our members were amazing! Not one word of complaint was uttered. They acted totally thrilled with Shin Mi Nim and she gave a wonderful speech.

M. Fabio had heard of our movement before and even was accused of being a “moonie” before he even knew what a moonie was! One of our members enrolled her children to learn karate from one of his students and he noticed that she always served people a lot. Later, he learned that our movement taught abstinence. Up until then, he had believed he was the only person in Panama teaching abstinence! After sending “spies” to find out more about us, he decided to attend the Shin Mi Nim event. At that time, he was the Vice-Mayor of the largest suburb outside of Panama City, San Miguelito. It has over 300,000 residents.

After the event, he was invited to a small dinner for VIPs and he gave a testimony that for him, this event “rose to heaven as an offering like a beautiful perfume.” It was clear that he had had a spiritual experience. As a result, we decided to pay for him to participate in the Tong Il Moo Do tournament in the Philippines a few months later.

While in the Philippines, Gustavo Giuliano taught Fabio. Being an Evangelical Christian, he found Divine Principle to be hard to accept, but every night when he was struggling, somehow he came to the conclusion that he was wrong and DP was right. One morning, he noticed very

early that members were quietly going by his room at 4:30 am, and he sent his member to investigate where they were going, dressed up so nicely at that early hour. Then he heard God’s voice and God said, “Don’t touch these people! These are MY people!!” He had thought he had the best members in the world, but then he realized that True Father’s members were better. He accepted True Parents.

As my wife has written, although we knew Master Fabio and were trying to figure out how to work with him, once Dr. Byeong Moon Lee came in 2007, everything changed. Step by step, Master Fabio began to understand our sincere interest in serving and helping his organization. Prior to meeting us, he was very centered on individuals, but afterward, he quickly grasped that he had to emphasize families in everything Hisao Lee was doing.

He brought all of his top leaders, including the pastor of their Evangelical Church, to hear Divine Principle lectures. In 2007, he received the Blessing along with a small group of his top leaders. As a result of that experience, he could strongly recommend to his members to study DP and to receive the Blessing. This caused divisions in his organization. At first, he didn’t understand that this was purification and that these were people who were never sincerely following his vision, but were people who had a private agenda. Now he understands clearly that Satan attacks and afterwards, we harvest even more than ever before.

One of his 15 schools of Martial Arts was led by a genius who understood that students at the national public universities struggle a lot with college level math, physics, and chemistry. He designed courses to help them through these university courses which often are not well taught. Students found they simply could not graduate without taking his courses and then he would encourage them to practice Martial Arts. Through this, many professional level people were coming into contact with HSL and Master Fabio strongly encouraged them all to study Divine Principle. Quite a few, including the genius, received the Blessing.

The main geographical area where Master Fabio has his base of operations is San Miguelito, a poor suburb of Panama City. There is great deal of crime and corruption there. He has to get along with many unsavory characters and yet be absolutely clear about his own values and never compromise them. In the process, he has been through many persecutions, including being blamed for being a “moonie” before he even knew what a “moonie” was because teaching Martial Arts and being an Evangelical Christian were incompatible in the minds of some narrow minded ministers who were attacking him.

HSL saves money by teaching in borrowed facilities.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

They teach in school hallways, school playgrounds, abandoned lots, soccer fields, basketball courts, wherever they can gather young people. When he was 15, the military government of Panama at that time, told the minister of Education to allow Master Fabio and his teachers access to the gymnasiums of all the public schools in the country because they understood that teaching martial arts would reduce violence in schools, by getting the violent people to learn how to control themselves through the discipline of Martial Arts.

Master Fabio understood that if you are making a difference in the world, you will be attacked and so he always through that Rev. Moon must be a great man because he was being attacked by so many people, just like he knew that he was being unjustly personally attacked.

For 40 years, he had kept his organization separate and isolated from any other influence in Martial Arts or in theory. He never allowed any other instructor outside his organization to teach his students, but he allowed Master Don Harbor and Master Gustavo Giuliano to do so. He would not even allow his students to watch Martial Arts videos from any other group. But they study Tongil Moon Do.

The way he introduced DP was by having his top leaders, each study one chapter of DP and then have them present it to all the others. They would discuss it and analyze it. Even the pastor of the church, being a HSL instructor, had to be present and was invited to make comments. The right hand man for Master Fabio is a licensed evangelist in 3 different denominations and regularly travels to Central and South America to preach in different churches.

Master Fabio has been unshakeable in his commitment and very clear in his constant testimony that he is a “member of UPP” and that his organization respects all different religions and does not discriminate. He seldom sleeps at night, since he is worried that one of his young people will be making a mistake and be out on the streets and getting arrested by the police. If that happens, he immediately goes to the police and gets that person released into his custody. It is this kind of loyalty that has enabled him to change the lives of many young people.

He is also very sensitive to where other ministers get their information from and he understands Panamanian psychology and culture so he guides us how to present ourselves to ministers by showing by example how to work with them. He has many friends who are ministers and one close friend/associate who is a professor in the Bible Institute which trains all the pastors for the Assemblies of God, the largest denomination in Panama. In this way, he is a key center of influence among Evangelicals.

Dr. Lee continued to visit us until 2012; he would come for 3 months and then go back to England for 3 months. Although there was not a lot for him to do in Panama, he would study Spanish and gave us tremendous guidance about how to develop Hisao Lee and the church in Panama.

In 2013, we received the news that True Mother was going to be sending a group of Japanese Missionary sisters to Panama. We were so grateful to be able to welcome 5 wonderful missionaries in September of 2013. They worked very hard witnessing to university students for the next 9 months. Every Friday night, they would go to the HSL church service, so I began going also. This must have been quite a challenge for them, speaking little Spanish, and the cultural difference between a Pentacostal, Praise service, with dancing, speaking in tongues and healing services and the more ritualized religious services customary in Japan. Very quickly I realized how important it was that I continue with this tradition once they left.

The type of Martial Arts practiced by HSL is closed to the Japanese Martial Art known as Shotokan, and Shotokan even acknowledges HSL by accepting their ranks as the same as Shotokan. Because of this love of Japan, the presence of the Japanese sisters at the church service was even more appreciated.

Our strategy from the beginning has been to follow True Father’s example when Ambassador Phillip Sanchez, publisher of *Tiempos del Mundo*, went to meet True Father, he told him he was a strong Catholic. True Father told him that he wanted him to become an even better Catholic! This has been our goal with HSL. Not one member has joined our church. That is not our goal. Our goal is for them to become the number 1 Evangelical church in Panama and by their good example to be able to lead and change all the other churches to become like them, living for others, tolerant and open to dialogue with all other denominations and religions.

Recently, after 5 years of having a very corrupt mayor, San Miguelito elected an Evangelical Pastor as the Mayor. He has cleaned house in the mayor’s office. As a result, he asked the Ministry of Education to please pay 1 HSL instructor in each of the public schools in San Miguelito a salary for them to teach Martial Arts in that school. Then the Minister of Education got excited and said they should expand that program to the entire country.

A recent TV program reported about the work of HSL and gave the telephone number. How hundreds of parents are calling their office to find out where they can send their children to participate in HSL activities!

The HSL method is very simple. They first teach the

student to respect his teacher, and then teach him to respect whoever it is who takes care of him: his parent, his uncle, aunt, grand-parent, neighbor, whoever. “Go home, hug them, thank them for taking care of you, make them a cup of coffee or tea and serve it to them.” Thomas Likona teaches that the main axis of values education is respect for parents. Master Fabio understood this without ever learning it in school. He always says, “The parents are the problem, not the child. So we have to use the child to reach into the home and change the parents.”

Dr. Lee also inspired Master Fabio to found a Martial Arts Association to be able to teach values. Just today, that dream was fulfilled as the Martial Arts Association was recognized as a “federation” by the Panama Sports Authority, enabling it to receive funding from the government.

Thus, through our unity with HSL, the Panama government has unwittingly become more and more united with True Parents.

The Ministry of Education has asked that Hisao Lee send one instructor to all the public schools in San Miguelito, to teach Martial Arts and Values. There are over 100 public schools in San Miguelito. When schools in Panama City heard about this program, they asked Hisao Lee to include their schools in this program. Some of the schools also pay a salary to the Hisao Lee teacher. At present they are in nearly 200 public schools and additional schools in the interior of the country are asking how they can be a part of this excellent program.

We believe that it is because of the work of Dr. Byeong Moon Lee and Maestro Fabio Perez, that True Mother designated Panama to be included in the list of 43 providential nations. We are very humbled by this responsibility.

From 2006 until 2010, I was privileged to be able to attend the Cheongshim Graduate School of Theology, during a very special time in God’s Providence, and earned my Doctorate in Ministry there in 2010. My dissertation was on Maestro Fabio Perez and Hisao Lee as an example of True Parent, True Teacher, True Owner philosophy. Mine was the first dissertation ever approved to receive a doctorate in ministry as well as the first Western Member to earn a doctorate in ministry.

Sincerely,

Regis Hanna, D. M. Cheongshim Graduate School of Theology, Cheongpyung, class of 2010

## Joy Pople - Mexico

### Growing in Heart in Mexico

When my dad would get out the photos of himself driving a twelve-ox team dragging huge logs through the rough land of northern Paraguay to clear roads, I used to feel a bit envious. Why did I have to be born after my parents returned from Paraguay, where they were on assignment from the Mennonite Central Committee, helping East European refugees begin a new life in a remote corner of South America. My parents would talk German to each other when they didn't want us children to understand what they were saying. I resolved to study German.

Well, I studied French and Spanish in high school before I had a chance to take any German classes, and I still haven't paid a visit to Paraguay. I did jump at a chance when in 1974 Rev. Sun Myung Moon started talking about sending out representatives overseas. I told Neil Salonen, the American Unification Church president, to remember me when it came time to assign missionaries and that I wanted to go to Africa. He did remember me, but I was on the list to go to Mexico.

It wasn't until the airplane started descending that I began to get cold feet. Mexico isn't that far away from the United States. Hey, a flight from New York to Mexico City takes less time than a flight to California. Our countries share a border and a river. I had studied Spanish. I wasn't going that far away. Or was I?

I arrived in Mexico in the spring of 1975 with a thousand dollars in my pocket, to be used sparingly. I would need to work to meet most living expenses. And in Mexico, as I guess in many non-English speaking countries in the world, if you can speak English, you can earn enough money to survive by giving English classes.

You cannot go to Mexico without being assaulted by many new sights, sounds, smells and tastes. About one fifth of the 60 million inhabitants of Mexico live in the capital, and that was my destination. Since I assumed I would be there for several years, if not the rest of my life, I wanted to plunge in.

It seemed like a plunge. In mid-May the weather is hot and dry, and the atmosphere is polluted. At 7,000 feet above sea level, oxygen is sparse. Nestled in a mountain basin, where little air circulates, and being home to an oil refinery and untold thousands of cars with no emission controls, Mexico City has few equals around the world in poor air quality.

My German companion, Sylvia, had arrived a few days earlier. She had rented a room a few blocks from the tourist area, the *Zona Rosa*. It was a ground-floor room

with no window. The adjacent bathroom had a toilet stool with a shower head immediately above it. No sink. I guess it was designed so you could take care of all your personal necessities at once. Whole families lived in rooms like ours that lined the narrow courtyard. The children stared at us. The women found us amusing.

Sylvia had bought some lovely-looking green peppers at the market and decided to cook them for me to eat along with some fresh tortillas, to celebrate my arrival. A neighbor let us use her charcoal brazier. Our faces turned red and sweat poured down our forehead as we chewed. Later we learned that the veins of the chili peppers contain most of the aromatic oils, and if you clean out the veins before you cook them, they don't burn your mouth and stomach quite as much. We learned a lot of things the hard way, by experience. We were willing to go almost anywhere and try almost any kind of food.

The women in the markets were delighted to tell us the names of exotic fruits and vegetables, give us samples, and tell us how to cook or serve them. It takes an entire year to experience the whole array of Mexico's bounty. Of all the fruits, mangos were my favorite. Fresh off the tree out in a village. Lush piles of yellow, orange or reddish-green fruits in the market. Juice dripping down your chin. Cool in the hottest of days.

We stayed for a while with a Japanese family, and I gave the children English lessons to help pay rent. Our third companion in mission was a Japanese man named Sato. If people from three formerly enemy nations can get along, there is hope for world unity. The three of us had our ups and downs.

We lived in an apartment building where washing is done at corrugated sinks lined up on the roof and hung up on clotheslines. Being an American, I like to do things efficiently. Therefore, I would fill buckets with water and put my clothes in them, on the theory that it is less difficult to get the dirt out if you pre-soak the clothes. However, all the other women would wet each piece, rub soap on it, scrub it, and then rinse it before going on to the next piece. One old woman constantly criticized me. "Didn't your mother teach you how to wash?" she would nag me. Well, we did have a wringer washing machine when I was growing up, and I could probably still use one. However, Americans do as little hand washing as possible. After observing things for a while, I learned that people paid this woman to do their wash. When I started paying her to wash clothes for me on occasion, she stopped criticizing me.

I love music. Mexicans love music. Their traditional ranchero music is similar to American country music in its rhythms and tales of lost or betrayed love. Sylvia plays guitar, and she kept talking about wanting a guitar. Our

simple prayers were answered, and at one point, we had five—none of them much good—and she taught me some basic chord cycles. We learned to play Mexican music, and with my guitar and repertoire I was welcome at any party. People kept asking for Beatles music, which I thought had gone out of style, so I learned to play a couple of their simpler songs.

We went to high mass on Christmas Eve in the Metropolitan Cathedral in Mexico City. Those who don't have a car have to walk home, because public transportation ceases at midnight, in expectation of Christmas. We were an international conglomerate of young people living 7,000 feet above sea in the high central plateau of Mexico. Foreigners and native-born belted out carols and folk songs in Spanish, English, German, Korean, French, and Japanese, and maybe Italian. We surely sang "Silent Night" in at least four languages, each system of phonology overlaying its special vibration. Even the guttural German of "*Stille nacht, heilige nacht*" softens in the universal awe at the emergence of divinity into our world!

On festive occasions Mexicans hire *mariachi* bands to serenade a beloved one in the wee hours of the morning, and neighbors snuggle under their covers to the sweet baritone voices booming out: "*¿Qué linda está la mañana en que vengo a saludarte; venimos todos con gusto, y placer a felicitarte....!*"

We sang for free. We serenaded and raised up the spirits of the living and the dead as we stretched the radius of the Eucharistic peace from the metropolitan cathedral to our humble house near the Chapultepec Park holy ground, sanctifying each block and every kilometer. If the stars and angels that heralded the Christ-child's birth at the turning of the age didn't find resonance on earth then, we provided the echo that was 19 long centuries in the coming.

An American in Mexico runs into puzzling situations. There seems to be a mixture of admiration, envy and resentment for Americans. I remember in high school reading about the Mexican-American war of 1948 as a kind of interlude between our westward expansion and the Civil War, our heroes the valiant men who defended the Alamo against hopeless odds. Mexicans learn about the various times the United States military invaded Mexico.

I would get so frustrated when I saw Mexicans adopting some of the worst aspects of our popular culture. Visible evidence was the emulation of Saturday Night Fever styles of dress and talking. I would think of the American proverb: "You cannot keep the birds from flying over your head, but you can keep them from building nests in your hair." Translations of that proverb were not very favorably received.

Mexico is a land of abundance. Its geographic shape has been likened to a horn of plenty. It has bountiful resources of food, minerals, climate, and people. Mexicans blame their economic woes on the United States, but when a recent Mexican president left office after his six-year term, he was the sixth richest person in the world.

I couldn't make up for all the wrongs committed by my country. All I could do was offer a listening ear, a caring heart, and a hand of service. You meet a lot of beggars in Mexico. I gave people food. I collected clothes and bedding for people who came knocking at our door. But I seldom handed out money. A friend wanted me to meet his sister, who was in need of some guidance or counseling. We showed up at her house, much to her surprise, around mealtime. She fed us the stuffed chili peppers she had prepared for her children's meal, much to my dismay.

When an American or European tries to give advice in Mexico it is often dismissed with the comment, "Oh, that works in an advanced country such as yours, but it wouldn't work here." However, Mexicans do admire the Japanese. Japan never invaded Mexico and at that point did not exert a major economic influence on the country, so the roots of resentment are not so strong. When Japan wanted to end its centuries-old isolation it sent emissaries around the world to observe the best aspects of each culture, which could then be adapted by the Japanese. Japan rose out of the destruction of war to become a major world power. Mexico could also.

We visited churches and schools. We talked to people on the streets and in the parks, asking them if they were interested in talking about God. Some were. Some weren't. We gave lectures and held seminars on the Divine Principle, a systematic study of the nature of God and the universe that encompasses three main topics: the way God envisioned the world, how things went wrong, and how God has been working throughout history to restore the lost ideal.

Few young people knew very much about the Bible. They were interested in learning to know us, and they invited us to their home villages to meet their families. However, the idea of applying spiritual principles in daily life seemed pretty foreign to many young people.

Some of the most serious-minded young people we met were martial arts practitioners, and Sylvia and I enrolled at a taekwon-do school. We engaged in spiritual and physical training and discipline. Among the students and professors we found people who could grasp the vision of a life of sacrificial love and service for God, for the nation, and for humankind.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

We reached out to both Catholics and Protestants in a country where there is little communication between the two versions of Christianity. I became close friends with a Jesuit priest, Padre Carlos. He had spent years of missionary work with the Tarahumara Indians in northern Mexico. His experiences there were the high point of his spiritual life, and it broke his heart to be reassigned to the capital. Padre Carlos asked me to help with a project in a poor section of the capital, where he and several families who were involved in the Catholic charismatic movement hoped to spark a difference in the lives of the people. I was asked to offer some English conversation classes and lead and lead an evening song and prayer service. With some of the women, I went door to door explaining about the school and inviting children and families to participate. Sylvia and I had collected various simple songs and choruses, some of Catholic origin and others from Protestant churches, which I taught those who came. We would read Bible passages and pray, both recited prayers and spontaneous prayers. I was so moved by the earnestness of the people.

Sometimes I stayed with one of the families who were spearheading the community efforts. I offered to cook an American-style dinner for one family. They were delighted. I realized I had nearly forgotten how to cook American food. The first year I was in Mexico I ate whatever was available and got sick about once a week, until my body was able to adjust. However, after four years a bout with hepatitis seemed to indicate that it was time to return to the United States.

One of my most vivid memories is a trip with a Baptist evangelist to Chiapas, a state in southern Mexico. Emilio traveled from village to village selling Bibles and showing filmstrips of the life of Jesus. He invited me to join him and his family on a trip over the Easter break. Having a *gringa* along would be a drawing card for getting people to attend the gatherings. I had my guitar, as usual, and taught people the simple choruses. Sometimes, as we were walking towards the meeting place, Emilio would say, "It's your turn to speak tonight." I would look at the roomful of faces lit up by the single electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling and talk in a simple way about our Heavenly Father, who created the world out of love and who sent His son Jesus out of love for us. The audiences were attentive, but I wondered how many of the people understood my American-accented Spanish.

Traveling with people offers an unequalled opportunity to learn to know them more deeply. Emilio and his family took me to villages not found on any map. At Emilio's home village, where we spent Easter, people lived in mud-brick houses. We sat on sections of tree trunks and slept on woven cord mats suspended from four posts.

I met Emilio's mother and several of her children, as well as his sister and her children. The children were pale, thin and listless. In contrast, Emilio's three children were chubby, bright and energetic. Emilio's wife bought food at the market and prepared it for her children, who ate while their cousins stood with empty eyes in a circle around them.

I had nothing to offer the people but my efforts and heart. Each morning I made tortillas for the day. It would take a couple of hours to shape the tortillas, pound them flat and even between the palms of my hands, and cook them just so on the round tin sheet balanced over a wood fire. A properly cooked tortilla has a thin skin on top and bottom, with a thicker core. The women and children watched me shape and cook one tortilla after another. If it wasn't exactly round, I had to re-shape it.

On Easter Sunday, someone bought a scrawny chicken, cut it up into nineteen pieces, and cooked it in a watery broth. I will never forget the eyes of the village children as they looked at the one precious cube of meat and bone that was their holiday treat. As the honored guest, I was served two pieces of meat.

The drive back to Mexico City took about 16 hours. Emilio was exhausted, so I did most of the driving. Three adults, three children, a teenager returning to school in the city, and a puppy filled the medium-sized car.

As midnight approached, our road wound up the escarpment from the semi-tropical seacoast of Mexico to the dry central highlands. Perched on the border between the two climates is Mexico's highest mountain, the Pico de Orizaba. An extinct volcano capped with eternal snow, the Pico de Orizaba is usually shrouded in fog and clouds. I was at the wheel, the only person awake in the car, when suddenly, rounding a bend, I saw the shimmering splendor of the Pico de Orizaba emerge in the moonlight. I pulled the car off the road and walked over to the edge of the lookout, to absorb the awesome sight. It was as if I was alone, facing God, the Creator and eternal loving Parent. Clouds and fog, often of our own making, obstruct our view of Him many times. Still God is always near, watching, waiting, longing to embrace all His children.



## Jeff Tallakson - Afghanistan

### 1975-1978 - Missionary Activities in Kabul- written by missionary, Jeff Tallakson

Makoto Shigehiro, Wilhelm Lichner, and Jeff Tallakson arrived in Afghanistan in April and May of 1975. They were part of the worldwide missionary advent, which our suffering world had long awaited, when Rev. Sun Myung Moon sent his emissaries to 120 nations. Father Moon said that he chose these young men and women from the three nations of Japan, Germany and the United States because 30 years earlier these nations had been enemies deadlocked in the devastating Second World War.

Each of us arrived separately in Kabul. We were young, in our 20s. We were immature; the average time we had been committed to a life of spiritual discipline and service to others was a mere 4 years. Yet we were full of zeal, proud to represent the new spiritual movement, which has continued since to do so much to encourage world peace, inter-religious harmony and the strengthening of nations through healthy families. This was a time of peace in Afghanistan, before the horrible wars, which began when that scourge of the 20th century, Communism, destabilized Afghanistan.

We were certainly inexperienced about teaching in a foreign land, with no experience of working in an undeveloped nation, no experience of Islamic culture. The only thing really that helped and guided us was what Rev. Moon had taught us -- we had absolute faith and love, so we faced it all, new and uncharted, as a daily revealing adventure, guided by our Father/Mother God as Father Moon also began his mission as a young man in the suffering land of Korea. When we arrived we searched for each other. The nation's phone system was primitive. Phoning outside the country required a special appointment. That spring we took our first steps and wandered in wonderment the dusty streets and alleyways of Kabul. We had no culture shock, because Father Moon had taught us to love that land before we had come, yet it took time to take in what was so very different. Donkeys and camels carried goods on the streets. Private cars were few, old taxis in disrepair were driven by men who dressed just like the camel drivers. No foods were we used to; we had no refrigerator. Yet Afghans were the most wonderful people we had ever met. We felt at home and made many friends. Kabul was the only town in the country with constant electricity. Television had not yet come to the country. In 1976, Young Nam Tallakson, the new bride of Jeff Tallakson, arrived from Korea to help us.

Our purpose was to teach the Unification Principle, and to train Afghans to be leaders in the coming world of

peace, to join in Father Moon's worldwide projects for peace, and to protect Afghanistan from Communism. The Unification Principle, which had inspired us and changed our lives, which had made us teachers of True Love, was taught in the West as a set of profound logical principles which took weeks to teach fully. Only 5% of Afghans then could read, although our friends were literate and most knew either English or German as well. Still there were cultural humps to reach over to communicate our teachings. Our new Afghan friends could not easily comprehend our English lectures, until we ourselves had come to comprehend their mindset; their language, culture, and religion. So we immediately began our study, eventually studying at Kabul University, from which Makoto Shigehiro graduated. From the beginning we were very respectful of Muslim and Afghan customs. We fasted when our friends fasted. We practiced the many native manners, which encouraged social interactions of kindness and hospitality. We respected the attitude toward women which encouraged modesty and purity, so nearly all our contacts were young men, and when our friendships had matured, they introduced us to their mothers and sisters.

We did not think of ourselves as missionaries who came to make Muslims into Christians. Not at all! We were emissaries of True Parents, and we came to share the love of God with fellow believers who already believed deeply in God, and were happy to learn the good news about how God was working on the earth in our time to bring the world of Peace and True Love. From 1975 to 1978 we made steady progress. In 1978 we took a dozen brothers for a retreat in Peshawar. This Divine Principle Seminar was the first time we could discuss Father Moon's vision and plan in its entirety with a so many young Afghan men. In those days of rule by President Daoud there were, of course, many problems with healthcare, corruption, poverty, ethnic conflict in this quite preindustrial nation, but there was less crime than in any American town, very minor problems with alcohol and substance abuse, better family culture than in Russia (this writer would later spend 15 years in Russia). Up until Communism, the Afghan nation had successfully held the countervailing ethnic interests in balance. Communism destroyed that balance irreparably. What the nation needed was Unificationism, and the clear understanding of the falsehoods of Communism which Unification Philosophy provided. One reason for the great pride we took in our band of young brothers was they were from nearly all the main ethnic groups that made up the nation of Afghanistan - Pashtu, Tajik, Farsiwan, Hazara, Turkomen, Uzbek and they loved each other. They loved God. And they wanted to help Rev and Mrs Moon bring peace to the world.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

During these 3 years there were many challenges. Legally we were not allowed to live in the country, but Heavenly Father always made a way. The policeman in charge of visas became our friend. Unlike the present problems in the world, we never ever felt threatened by any Muslim. Rather we visited mullahs and respectfully asked them questions. We purposely did not associate with non-Afghans, Westerners and the like. We had to be wary of some Westerners, who we understood were secretly Christian missionaries, as we learned the hard way that they would be happy to disrupt our work and try to get us in trouble with the authorities. This was because of the climate of persecution of Rev. Moon during the 1970s, when our increasingly successful movement, with its central head-wing ideology, met with intense persecution in the United States from rightwing fundamentalist Christians and leftwing pro-Communists. We were also threatened by Russian and Afghan Communists, who we could clearly see had completed their infiltration the government and military, readying for the day to stage a violent imperialist (Russian) takeover of the land. Our neighbors were Russians. (A few of them let us know they were secretly against their government.) Afghan communists spied on us. We realized Russia posed an immediate dire threat. We wished we had a way to warn President Daoud, but before we could, the military and Communist parties attacked in April 1978. From the roof of our house we watched the Russian pilots dive-bomb and strafe the people of Kabul night and day, rocketing the homes of the cabinet members, murdering their leaders. They targeted any person who by their and broad-mindedness had the leadership qualities to unite Afghans against Communism. (This is why the rebel leaders who later did rise up were themselves sectarian with tendencies to fight with each other; ethnic warlords rather than unifiers.) Bullets hit our home and our neighborhood was bombed. The next day fear spread out over Kabul. One by one the young men who were our members visited furtively to sorrowfully inform us that they could no longer safely come to our house. In the days that followed the Communists tightened their death-grip. In those first few weeks there was no sign that the Muslim people would rebel against the Communists. People held out hope the nice words of the new rulers could be believed. But within the year the words promising change and forward progress showed themselves as lies. And valiant Afghan people rebellion began against their Soviet overlords.

Especially because of Mrs. Tallakson we had good friends in the south-Korean embassy. All south-Koreans had to leave, as north-Koreans took over their embassy. Shortly after that Jeff and Young Tallakson returned to the United States and later Wilhelm Lichner returned to

Germany. However Makoto Shigehiro stayed for many years in Kabul. His wife joined him. They raised their children in Kabul and took care of the members in secret. Makoto graduated from Kabul University.

Rev. Moon's movement, always in the forefront to stop the evil of atheistic materialist imperialism, did much to free the Afghans from Communism. In 1987 Lee Shapiro was killed by a Soviet Helicopter while making a documentary film of the Afghan people's struggle. We and every missionary who served in Afghanistan mourned for the suffering of her peoples, and went through difficulties as we left. It was impossible for the suffering of the Afghan people to leave hearts and psyches. Impossible. We had a feeling of unresolved resentment against injustices suffered, a sense of helplessness because of the overwhelming odds against Afghans, feelings of acute pain in our guts, because we could not still be in Afghanistan. We nurtured an obstinate yearning to right the wrong. Russian Communism fell in 1989, and since Rev. Moon had been the central force to cause that downfall, he immediately reached out to President Gorbachev, and a few years later to Kim Il Sung, in order to foster worldwide peace. Rev. Moon sent emissaries to the USSR in 1989, to work with those who had been underground since the 1970s. In 1991 Jeff and Young Tallakson went to Russia as Rev. Moon's emissaries. Upon arriving in Crimea I met Tajiks and spoke with them in their Farsi language in the Afghan idiom. We were near the Afghan border, now Russians in huge multiple workshops and seminars, about unification through True Love, rather than through the Marxist dialectic. Our feelings of the pain of our long unresolved resentment against Communism was lifted as we realized Rev. Moon had moved God's restoration full circle to bring peace to the USSR and eventually the world.

## Sara Towe Horsfall – India, Greece, UK

### Missionary Experiences in India, Greece and other experiences in UK

Its hard to know where to start when telling the story of my time overseas, which began in India, in 1975. To put it in perspective, I need to begin with my first experience of God, which occurred when I was in high school. One afternoon in the woods I was thinking about my life - who I was at home, who I was at school, and the meaning of it all. I looked up at the sun shining in the trees and suddenly there was something more. There was a living, vibrating something that filled me with wonder and awe, and brought tears to my eyes. This experience started me on a journey that continues to this day. Sometime later, I attended a talk at our church by missionaries to Africa. They showed pictures of village people living in grass houses. They said how much they loved these very different people, and how they couldn't wait to get back. I was touched, and told God I wanted to be a missionary – but not one who ignorantly destroyed indigenous culture as happened in Mitchener's *Hawaii*.

I first learned of Divine Principle through Barbara Ten Wolde, a high school classmate. She met Jhoon Rhee in D.C. in 1965, and moved into 1907 S Street. I stayed there for a few months, as well, and witnessed at Dupont Circle. My parents then insisted I return to Montana to complete my education, which I did. When I came back in January of 1970, the center had moved to Upshur Street. I was part of the 1972 speaking tour, and the bus trip across the country with Perry Cordell and Joseph Sheftick at the helm. It was an amazing time for all of us for many reasons, one of which was because members of the four groups were working together for the first time. Miss Kim, David Kim, Col. Pak, and Mr. Choi (Nishikawa) had each worked independently, and very differently. Each group was convinced they were Abel. But all of us heard deep lectures from gentle Mr Kim, sang potent but roughly translated holy songs, and felt the excitement of new horizons. Father's reaction to the different groups became clear at the end of the tour. Someone asked which group was Abel. We all watched, wide-eyed, as Father kicked the chair out from under David Kim, who calmly picked himself up from the floor, straightened the chair and sat back down. There was only one group.

At the end of the tour we drew lots to see who would be pioneers in the states that had no centers. I drew Idaho, David Kim's territory! I am one of the few persons with a

personal connections to all four Korean missionaries. I learned Principle from Col. Pak at S Street. As a diplomat, he was intelligent, patient and practical; each chapter of the Principle that he translated was printed separately. I came to know Mr. Choi while a student in Montana - I visited him and his family in California. He was a maverick; his thinking extended into every nook and cranny of life and his translation of the Principle was expansive, and philosophic. Miss Kim was in charge when I returned to DC. Her commonly used translation, the red book, was very Christian leading to surprisingly touching moments with God. David Kim was generally considered nuts by many of us on the bus team. His behavior was impossible to understand. But he inspired deep loyalty in his members. Galen Brooks, for instance, took time off from work to drive from Oregon to California to take me to Idaho.

Being a State Leader in those early days meant struggles with loneliness, financial worries, and persecution. A visiting bus team brought welcome companionship, but left increased debts. In time there were state and regional speaking tours. And then there was fund-raising. I will never forget the first shipment of ugly lime green candles that we were to sell! Somehow it all happened. We grew from 4 to 8 members, met our fund-raising goals, and helped purchase Belvedere. I thought I was in Heaven when I first visited the New York property. So beautiful. And it belonged to us – I helped purchase it! Then we got the Seminary. Incredible!

When I got the call telling me I was to be a foreign missionary, I couldn't believe it. I expected my husband, Lokesh, who was from India and a state leader in Nebraska, to be the one to go to India. But no, it was me. So off I went to stay at the Seminary for the 120 days of preparation. During our training, Father announced that Mother had successfully completed her training, and Mrs. Choi would return to Korea. He gave long talks, telling us to imagine being cradled in the womb and being reborn. Listening to Mr. Sudo's exciting lectures, we developed "skin touch" with God – the tapes of which were later sent to us. We did 24 hour marathon teaching on the streets of New York City. We did prayer conditions, and took a group picture on the Barrytown steps. Finally it was time to go.

### India – HOT and a Different Culture

I arrived in India at 6 a.m. It was hot. I knew it would be, but it still surprised me. I stayed with the German missionary, Manfred, who had been in New Delhi for several months and had a small apartment in a very

crowded area of the city. We slept on rope beds, heard neighbors' early morning ablutions, and drank what passed for tea – hot water poured repeatedly over tea leaves in a small strainer. I argued that we should go to Mumbai, where Lokesh's folks lived. They could help us get established. It was decided I would go to see what the situation was, and maybe they would follow.

In Mumbai<sup>1</sup>, we lived in Mankhurd – the very end of the train line. Lokesh's parents had a chicken farm with an unfinished section of the house they let us use. We had our own entrance, an Indian style bathroom (hole-in-the-floor toilet, bucket and cup for shower), and a kitchen consisting of a black stone countertop on top of a bookshelf, and a single burner kerosene stove. The windows, with opaque glass and no screens, were always open – except during the rainy season. I found the usual mosquito netting cumbersome, so I pulled a thin, loose weave sheet over my head at night to avoid bites.

The first time I went out to witness in India, I stopped two young girls on the street. They were shocked that a memsahib (white woman) would stop them, and ran away before I could tell them anything. So I went to the park. A man was sitting on a park bench, with a bundle beside him. At least he couldn't run away. As I talked, he grinned, and I could see teeth missing. Then I realized the bundle was clothes, and that he was a dhobi (clothes washer). He spoke English, but had no education. It would be hard for him to understand. I realized I had to find another way to find people! So much of what we take for religion is actually just culture and tradition. A Billy Graham associate (that I interviewed) on a Crusade in Calcutta put it this way. How much of a Fourth of July church service in Chicago is relevant to people in India? Indeed!

Ashwin, an intense college age young man, was the first person to hear all of the Principle. He listened, and pondered deeply as we traveled around Mumbai. He nearly joined, but in the end, couldn't. Not too much later, another young man seemed to accept easily, and came to live with us. He was a tall Punjabi, who took the name of my brother, Andy. He stayed in Kazuhiro's room and was very protective of me when we went by train. Trains in India are uncomfortable for women. In the crush of people there is

always unwanted groping. What a disappointment when after several months we woke to find Andy gone – along with our money and my jewelry. One of the difficulties of working in such a poor country is that being friends with a “wealthy” foreigner is attractive. It makes it hard to know a person's real motives. Going out to eat with someone can present problems. If you pay repeatedly, the relationship becomes unbalanced and ends. The honorable people we met took pride in the fact that we were guests in their country, and would insist on paying for us. But this, too, could be a show to get something more from you later.

There was one Indian man, a church minister, who somehow traveled to the Seminary in NY, and had told everyone that there were 100 Unification members at his church in India. I was skeptical. Soon after I arrived in India, he came to the YMCA in New Delhi, where I was staying. The church could be registered, he said, for \$100. For \$300 it could be registered nationally. I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt – and let his true motivation be revealed. Nothing came of the \$100 I gave him. But it was a positive experience, because it saved me future time and heart ache. He also got money from Kazuhiro, who was bitter about being tricked. Some months later I spent a day with him at his village. He gave no sign of understanding Principle nor did he mention the money. He was poor, but educated and hospitable.

I ran into Andy by chance, one day on a train to Delhi. My heart pounded, and I wanted to confront him. Instead, I very calmly said “Oh, hello! Where are you these days?” He looked very uncomfortable. In my mind I heard the words he had said so many times, “No one can take my (spiritual) treasures away.” It was a blessing – I was free of my accusation, and he was now the suffering one.

### Meeting Indian Leaders

Shortly after arriving in India I had a dream. I remember only the last part – there were strings through my hands – not nails, but strings. Another time, as I woke I heard a voice saying, “Aren't you going to visit Vivikenanda?” By chance I went to the Ram Krishna Mission that day. I did not know he was the founder. When I realized, I felt I had been led to one of India's spiritual leaders. Father had told us to find them. At the turn of the last century (1900) Vivikenanda traveled to the World's Fair in Chicago to share Hindu wisdom. “Brothers and Sisters,” his speech began – he was received enthusiastically. An intense person, he was sometimes different. When he went to visit his teacher Ram Krishna in rural India, he did not prepare himself by fasting and

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<sup>1</sup> After 1978, there was an move to adopt Hindi as the national language to Hindi, but people in South India refused, so it remained Hindi and English. However, some city names were changed. Bombay, Calcutta and Madras became Mumbai, Kolkata, and Chennai

prayer like the other disciples. This led to complaints. Ram Krishna replied that his intensity burned up all the impurities – not unlike the guru himself, who had repeatedly asked God where his disciples were – and how they would find him? They will come, God replied. And they did. Vivikenanda honored his teacher by naming the mission after him.

An important Indian leader on the other side of the country, was Rabindranath Tagore, who won a Nobel Prize for his poetry in 1913. His vision for India was a return to the simple life where people could love and trust each other. He started a school, Santiniketan (Village of Peace) near Kolkata, based on the premise that when immersed in nature students would learn more easily and enjoy it more. The school is now a university and still adheres to Tagore's philosophy. The village still has dirt paths and is, indeed peaceful.

Perhaps the most well-known of India's leaders was Mahatma Gandhi, although many Indians see him as a politician, not a spiritual leader. He was not Brahmin, like Tagore, but Vaisha (merchant class). While studying in London, he nearly became Christian. Quaker pacifism and the discrimination he experienced in South Africa both profoundly affected his thinking. He developed his method of passive resistance. Satyagraha, he explains, is being willing to suffer (at the hands of your opponent) until your opponent realizes their error - a method he learned from his wife! He wanted everyone to understand that spiritual force was stronger than physical force. His resistance movement led to India's freedom from British rule. He dressed simply because that was how the people he led dressed. He was spiritual, but practical – my hero. When someone pooh poohed what I said, insisting that spiritual practices were not important to “real” life, I could point to India's independence. I visited the Gandhi Ashram in Kolkata and in Gurajat. At one national celebration of Gandhi's birth, heard a speech by a well-known follower. Given in English (because I asked), the speech was mesmerizing – about how Gandhi's vision was being lost, and the country losing its direction. An hour was like 5 minutes.

Jayaprakash Narayan, or simply JP, was a contemporary leader, alive when I was in India. His<sup>2</sup> resistance movement was a major cause of Mrs. Gandhi's State of Emergency – a 2 year suspension of civil liberties that went into effect within a month or two of my arrival in

India. To protest Mrs. Gandhi's policies, JP had urged non-compliance by the army. Earlier in his life JP was a Naxalite – violent Marxist Communists in Bengal. I asked him why he changed, and he told me he couldn't deny that where Gandhi went, the people went. JP didn't fully adopt satyagraha. His method was pure means – you can't achieve peace with violent means. In the 1970s, he captured the popular imagination like no one else in India. An erroneous announcement of his death caused schools, shops and Parliament to close. Every day the newspapers had at least one news article about him. During Emergency he was under house arrest. His health became fragile, and he was on dialysis.

Despite his popularity, few people outside of India know JP. But almost everyone knows Mrs. Gandhi (no relation to the Mahatma). I interviewed her when she was out of power, and was surprised at her small stature. She was proper, courteous and spoke flawless English. She kept saying the current government didn't understand how “these people” think. It could not last. It was true that she came back to power later, but then was assassinated. As a female leader in a patriarchal culture, she inspired me. She and her family were very dedicated to India, and made great sacrifices. Her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, was India's first Prime Minister – somewhat equivalent to George Washington. Her son Sanjay, went into politics and may have become Prime Minister, but died in a plane crash. Her older son Rajiv, a commercial pilot, married an Italian woman wanted nothing to do with politics. After Mrs. Gandhi was killed, he was pressed into politics, became Prime Minister and was assassinated.

Another well-known spiritual leader in India, Mother Teresa<sup>3</sup>, inspires everyone. She was touched by the suffering of the poor and destitute – the desperately poor, the crippled people and the lepers who lay on the street, covered in dirt, begging passersby with pitifully sad eyes. No one wants to touch them; she took them in. I visited her mission briefly in Kolkata, and was struck that the building had no ceiling fans. That may seem like a small thing, but India is hot, and to be inside without a fan is like living in the cold without heat. I was also impressed that the nuns wore Indian saris. It is not the most practical dress, nor the coolest, but it respects the Indian culture.

These outstanding persons influenced my life in India, and their lives continue to inspire me.

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<sup>2</sup> He died in 1979.

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<sup>3</sup> She died in 1997.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

### Patna – the Alice in Wonderland City

I wanted to interview JP, and thus embarked on a wondrous journey to Patna – his home. My story begins with the accordion I brought to India, to add to our music making. The customs officer insisted it was brand new, and assessed a duty of \$1000. – probably more than my dad paid for it 10 years before. There was a lot of arguing and discussion; I refused to move for about ½ hour. Finally he stamped it on my passport and allowed me to enter. But I would have to have it with me when I left the country. After some time, I concluded that might be inconvenient if I had to leave suddenly for a short trip. Better not to have it on my passport. So I planned a short trip to Nepal, from Patna, where border controls were less strict.

My plan was to leave the accordion in the airport so IF I was asked about it by passport control, I could run and get it. At the Patna train station, I asked a man for directions to the airport. I met him later, as you will learn. At the airport, I asked the manager at the Nepal Airlines ticket counter if I could leave my bag there until I came back from Nepal, since I didn't need it. The accordion case looked like a suitcase, and I continued that impression. Further, it was tied with string and tape to look old and valueless. He asked if it was locked (it wasn't), which I assured him it was. He hesitated, then asked if I could get some Johnny Walker from the duty free shop. I was delighted. This would be my insurance policy! No one asked about the accordion when I left India.

In Nepal I discovered I didn't have Steve Conlon's (the missionary to Nepal) address. I had used his card as a sample when getting cards printed in Delhi, and apparently hadn't gotten it back. What to do? After a moment of panic, I concluded he might stand out as a foreigner living in Katmandu. So I started asking people if they knew him. No luck. Finally I remembered that he wrote for a newspaper. I called the paper, but the editor wouldn't be in until later. So, I did some sightseeing. It was late afternoon by the time I arrived at the center. Steve, Reiner and I had a wonderful visit. The Japanese missionary and a companion (introduced as his sister<sup>4</sup>) were illusive. The next day, back in Patna, waiting in the customs line, I heard my name on the loud speaker! The Nepalese manager greeted me, then ushered me through immigration and customs. He wanted his Johnny Walker. He asked me to join him for lunch with

the manager of a new hotel and a Nepalese travel agent. My bag was in the trunk of his car, I couldn't easily refuse. At the hotel, the lunch party grew to 7 or 8. After lunch, I was to go with the travel agent to get my bags, still in the trunk of the car. The travel agent had other things on his mind - we ended up at his room. Realizing there was a price for getting my bags, I left him and went to the hotel manager. His secretary called him out of a meeting. "I am very sorry," I said, "but my bags are in that man's car, and I can't seem to get them." He was a kind, moral person, and was somewhat embarrassed about the situation. He would get my bags, and I should be a guest of the hotel!

One member of the lunch party was an investigative reporter from Patna. From him I got the contact info for JP, and a tip about something else. Once settled in my room, I arranged an interview with JP for the next day, and went to investigate the something else. It was a wild goose chase. The rickshaw driver took me to the ends of Patna, and could not find the address. I told him to ask someone, but he wouldn't. Finally, I ordered him to stop at a house. I jumped out, and went to the door. To my surprise, the resident who answered the door was the same man who gave me directions at the train station. He didn't know the address, so I gave up my search and went back to the hotel. The next morning the interview with JP took place as he was having dialysis. I handed him my written questions. He read one question – looked up and answered. Read the next – looked up and answered. I sang him the song Guantanamo (in Spanish) – which he liked, and that was it.

Back at the train station, with my accordion in hand, but NOT on my passport, I was stopped by a young man who said three days ago I had promised we'd have tea if we met again. I didn't remember – but we had tea. The train came, I got on. Enroute to Kolkata, I felt like Alice in Wonderland. Where had I been? Such an interesting set of events - so many coincidental events. What did it mean? Ordinary life seemed rather dull compared to the magic I had experienced. Patna is one of India's oldest cities, I learned later, magically created by an ancient king at the birth of a son. During the Mauryan Empire it was thought to be the greatest place on earth. It was also the birthplace of Guru Gobind Singh, thus is one of the most sacred pilgrimage sites for Sikhs. It was and is a special place for me.

### Indian Society

After a few months in Mankhur, we needed a more centrally located place to meet people. I found a room in a

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<sup>4</sup> Reiner told me later that they had discovered she was not his sister but a romantic partner.

cottage industry area. The building was cement, somewhat dirty and unimpressive, but there was an elevator, electricity, and plumbing. The room we had was part of a two room suite – with no window. It was not a successful place for us, but exposed us to an amazing sector of Indian life. The building was 6 or 7 stories high, with approximately 20 suites on each floor. Each suite, and sometimes each room, held a different small business. In one room women were sewing, in another there was a small table and lots of papers, in another there were baskets of merchandize. There were few phones, and no spit and polish. Yet it was teeming with life. It reminded me of an anthill – with everyone going every direction. Everyone wanted to make money, and set up their own enterprise.

Next, we found a room in someone's flat, with a separate entrance. It had no furniture, but was clean (more or less), and had a ceiling fan. We went there every day, to give lectures and have discussions. One of the ladies who came was a Muslim named Miriam. She was a dear, sweet person who I loved a lot. She brought a mat with her, and at appropriate times - after washing her hands, feet and face, she went out to the balcony to pray. We shared deeply but she never joined, and somehow I lost track of her. But I remember her fondly many times.

As missionaries, we each – the German, Japanese and American – received a stipend from our home country. For me, that was \$300 a month. It was adequate for our lifestyle, but not enough for a flat downtown. At one point I decided to try my hand at fund-raising, to see how we might increase our income. We lived on a chicken farm, so I made a deal with the chicken owner to get a percentage of the chickens I sold. Off I went to the prosperous looking neighborhood not far away. The reception was similar to witnessing. If they opened the door at all, people were wide-eyed. Their homes, while clean, were not prosperous. Many had van car seats as a main living room couch. Selling chickens door to door (in a vegetarian country!) was not be the way to make money! Not long afterwards, a fence was put up around the neighborhood. I hadn't realized it was a support community for the nearby nuclear, military facility. Someone got nervous about a foreigner visiting such a sensitive place!

After about a year of working in Mumbai, I became aware that only a small portion of India's population lives in cities. It seemed we should reach out to the majority in the villages, like Gandhi and Mother Teresa had done. But villagers are even poorer than those in the city and few speak English. I developed a plan to find an Indian to go to

the village to work. Jobs were at a premium in India, so a job offer would receive a hundred calls in the first hour. Why not capitalize on that, and advertise for someone to work in a village? It wouldn't pay like a regular job, but for the right person it could provide purpose. Kazuhiro and Wolfgang didn't think much of the idea, but I reasoned that in the big picture, we were not THAT much more spiritually advanced than someone willing to take on such a mission. Father trusted us, why shouldn't we trust someone else? I forged ahead, placing an ad – one ad – in the paper. The phone rang nonstop for a week. At the end, I had a perfect Indian accent - because that was the only way I could be understood by phone. We didn't find the right person, however.

Another time, In Kolkata, I placed an ad for a correspondence course. I noted that people liked learning, and responded well to educational opportunities. The response was terrific. I worked very hard to divide up Chapter One into single sections, edited slightly and added study questions, which I read and responded to. The sections were printed by a Kolkata printer, week by week, and sent out. There responses declined each week, but after 7 weeks, there were still a sizeable number. At that point I ran out of time, money and enthusiasm, and was faced with other urgent matters.

About a year after I arrived in India, the directive came from headquarters one of us should send stories to the newly formed Newsworld newspaper in New York. That turned out to be right up my alley. I loved it. There were soooo many stories to tell. I remember looking down from the 2<sup>nd</sup> story bus window on the busy street, with people going every which way, and huge containers balanced on sturdy wooden carts, being pushed by very thin, but very strong, dark men dressed in white cloth and sandals. There were things one couldn't imagine in the west. As it turned out, however, the Newsworld editors were not as fascinated by my stories as I had hoped. Still I sent many, writing them out by hand, and going to the telegraph office to send them. Sometimes I had to copy them again by hand onto the telegram. Sending them by phone was impossible. International calls, known as trunk calls, were very expensive, and had to be booked a few hours to a day ahead. When the call came through, you had to be ready. Another problem was that the infrastructure was old. It had all been set up under the British 50-100 years earlier, and badly needed updating and replacing. The phones worked, sort of. But you had to shout to be heard. There was no such thing as a private phone conversation!

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This was before the days of the internet. Because of the difficulties with telephone (not everyone had a phone anyway), mail was the most reliable way to communicate. Before long, I learned another way to communicate – use your spiritual senses. If I had a meeting and really, really didn't want to go, it probably meant the person wouldn't be there. On the other hand, if you were ready to go to the meeting way before time, it probably meant you *should* go early. I came to trust this sense, and it saved me a lot of hassle and aggravation.

India was a poor country, and this was brought home to us in many ways. Around the train station and the big hotels downtown, there were always a lot of beggars. Many of them were small children. I was told never to give a begging child anything, or you'd have a hundred more in the blink of an eye. They had cute, dirty faces, and big eyes, so sometimes I couldn't keep from giving them a few coins, and always, in a second there were so many children surrounding me that I couldn't walk. I also learned that most of them worked for an adult – Oliver Twist fashion, who took the earnings. Sometimes children were maimed to arouse sympathy and earn more money. In addition to children, there were often lepers at the train station, their arms or legs wrapped in bandages. I had never seen a leper before. It was repulsive, but also made me feel sympathy. What kind of life do they have? As it turns out, the government has provided for them, to some extent.

Every morning as I rode by in the bus, I saw poor people washing themselves, washing clothes, doing their morning toilet in whatever body of water was nearby. The saddest ones were the group that lived in the center of the city. They were dark, their clothes were dark (from soot and dirt), their cooking pans were black from soot. I watched as a mother cradled her child between her legs, searching through the child's hair for lice. Other children were playing around her. So sad.

Sympathy can quickly change to anger, however, if you are the target of clever pickpockets. Every foreign visitor I met was pick pocketed at least once. The first time was always a shocker! In the crowd one person works to distract you, while the other gets your valuables. Kathy Erickson, a missionary to Ethiopia who visited us for a few weeks, had her cloth purse slit at the bottom. A coin purse was taken from my handbag on the bus. My dad, who was visiting, had his wallet stolen. I even had a garnet stolen from my ring! I felt something, but it was so crowded I couldn't let go of the pole. When I got off the bus, it was gone. It was not just money that was stolen. Anything left

unattended for 5 seconds would disappear. Homes all had bars on the windows, and you never put anything too close to the window. Some children even took my little kitten from my front porch, and left another bug infested one! Imagine my surprise when I returned to find different kitten snuggled inside the bed I had made.

Prevention is the best protection. Carry your bag in front, hold on to it at all times. Don't set anything down without watching it. Don't keep a wallet in your back pocket. And above all, don't carry a lot of money with you where pick pockets can get it. We all had body slings tucked under our clothes, where we kept our passports and stash of cash. Lokesh's mother had an interesting way to avoid thieves. She kept all her valuables in plain sight, but in containers that didn't look like they would hold anything valuable. Anything shiny and new is a target.

In addition to thievery, there was the problem of corruption and bureaucracy. We had help setting up a house in Calcutta, trying to get all the necessary hook ups - like gas and phone. There are long waiting lists for every necessity. Nothing was available for several months, unless you paid a bribe. Even if you paid, you couldn't necessarily get what you wanted. There were just too many people. The lady we lived with in Calcutta used to say, treat everyone well, because you never know when you'll need someone again. And it was true. Make enemies at an office, and you'll end up at the bottom of the list. When it came to train journeys across country, foreigners had some advantage. The government reserved a certain number of seats for foreigners who didn't have time to wait several months to travel. But when it came to the Post Office, we all fared the same. You had to have your foreign letter cancelled officially, or someone would steal the expensive stamp. So, you stood in line to buy the stamp, and then in another line to get it cancelled. Just to mail one letter might take most of the afternoon. At one point, after arguing with some small minded official about a ridiculous regulation and procedure (there were procedures for everything), I concluded that the reason India was known for its holy men was because the general life in India was so frustrating. You either rose above it, or you sank into a pit.

But too many people, and a lack of resources didn't always spell inefficiency. When I went to the passport office to renew my visa, I was ushered into a hallway to wait. There were bundles of paper everywhere, each carefully tied. I mistakenly assumed they would never find my previous application for a visa. I was wrong. Within a few minutes, someone came back, told me when I had



applied before, what had happened, what the address was. All my information was there! And they had found it in short order.

### Travels to the Rest of India

India was a big and very diverse country, and we had seen very little of it. Kazuhiro and I decided to take advantage of the Indian Airlines special – unlimited travels within India for a week.<sup>5</sup> Combining that with bus and train allowed us to travel to all the corners of the country. We first went south on a bus to the beautiful, seaside state of Goa, originally an area dominated by Christians, and now frequented by hippies. Next further south to a village in Kerala and then to Kanyakumari at the very tip of India, where you can see 3 large bodies of water - the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Ocean. We stayed in what had been a private residence during British rule – now a hotel – with huge rooms – a bathroom as large as most bedrooms, and a bedroom as large as a whole flat. All throughout South India we had coffee instead of tea, and rice 3 times a day.

Our next stop was on the eastern coast. Pondicherry (now Puducherry) was under French rule until mid-1900s, and is now the home of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram – making it a favorite site for westerners seeking Indian spiritualism. Further north to Chennai (formerly Madras), and then west to Bangalore. Now called Bengaluru, it is the Silicon Valley of India and surprisingly clean and pleasant. It was the first place to have electricity and running water, thanks to the Maharaja of Bangalore, who sent someone to bring back the technology to improve life for the people. In contrast, the Nizaam of Hyderabad, a city not too far away, was known for his stinginess – although he was said to be the wealthiest man in the world!

Next we flew north to Gujarat, to see Gandhi's ashram, and then to Jaipur in Rajasthan, the magical city of red sandstone and rajas. On to Srinagar in Jammu and Kashmir, territory claimed by Pakistan and one of the northern most cities in India. It is a well-known summer retreat (because it is cooler) with picturesque houseboats. The last place we visited was clear across the country - the state of Mizoram, east of Bangladesh, next to Burma. In a state of heightened security, there were forms to fill out and curfews to comply with. But I was amazed at how different it felt – like a different country. It was

predominantly Christian and remote. While brief, these travels helped us understand the great diversity of the Indian people, and some of the political turmoil.

### Kolkata

After some time in Mumbai, we decided to move to Kolkata. We stayed with Lokesh's Aunt, Chaya. She lived in a small two room flat in central Kolkata. Jhuno, her small servant girl, was more like a daughter. She brought us tea and something to eat when we came home. Chaya was a telephone operator for a big company. From an important Brahmin family, she had divorced her first husband because he wanted her to sleep with his friends, essentially. She then married a Muslim man, at a difficult time in India politically. He subsequently died of TB, at which point she had three children. She gave her son to her older, childless sister to raise, and provided for the two girls. One of the daughters had become a Unification member in Canada. So Chaya was very interested, and finally decided to live with us. She arranged for a nice house in a nice section of the city, moved all of her furniture (via the hand carts, pushed by the thin, strong men), and we were ready to begin a new, and exciting period. We had several people ready to attend a workshop, and possibly stay with us.

Then we learned that Wolfgang had TB. He had been coughing a lot, and coughed up blood. The doctor prescribed medicine, and told him what to do so others didn't get the disease. Chaya and Jhuno immediately left. Kazuhiro and I, and two other visiting missionaries, Kathy and Mark Erickson, argued that Wolfgang should go to a sanitarium until he was better, both for his benefit and because it would be difficult to have guests. He refused. These were dark days. One night, after an intense argument, I decided to stay in a hotel just to get away from the confusion. As it turned out, that was the very night that the soccer great, Pele, was in town, and there were no rooms anywhere, for any price!

### Visit to Bangladesh

Around this time, for some reason I can't remember, I decided to go to Bangladesh. We all knew that you can make a little extra money buying things cheap in one country, and selling them at a premium in another – including items from the duty-free shop. I bought a bottle of Johnny Walker and a carton of cigarettes. The American missionary in Dacca, John Thomas (he changed his name later) was upset that I would bring proscribed items into the

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<sup>5</sup> The distances are so great, it would take a month or more to travel to all the places we went to by land.

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country. But the German missionary, Ottmar, said he'd be happy to sell the cigarettes at the German embassy.

I had no idea what to buy with the money from the Johnny Walker and the cigarettes, so I wandered the market place to find something. The dacca (Bangladesh currency) was worthless, so cash was not an option. Nothing struck me, and I started home. Out of curiosity, I stopped at a guitar shop. Most guitars I had seen made in India were lousy. So not bothering with the cheap ones, I asked to see the most expensive guitar in the shop. As I was playing it, I realized how much fun we could have with it at the center. So I told the shop keeper that I was interested, but it was too noisy to hear. Could I take it home and bring it back tomorrow? "Send your man to see where I stay," I said – knowing full well that this trust would ONLY be offered to a foreigner. He agreed. His man walked with me to the center – a block away. We had a great fellowship night. I started thinking the guitar wasn't too bad. Maybe I could buy it. The price was almost the same as the black market value of the Johnny Walker and the cigarettes. The next day I took the whiskey in a discrete shoulder bag, and asked to see the owner. In Dacca, as in India, a crowd will gather very quickly. So I was low key. "I like the guitar - I have something to trade," I told the owner. He wanted to see, so I went inside the shop (rather than stand at the counter on the street), and very inconspicuously showed him. He liked it. "That's not enough," he told me. "I know – how about 350 dacca more?" He agreed – I gave him the cigarette money and the whiskey, and the guitar was mine! I played it a lot in the dark days of Kolkata. I remember locking myself in my room, and playing and playing all day and all night.

### The Last Months in India

Finally, I decided to get a separate place. No one was going to visit us in a house where someone had TB, so it was pointless to stay there. I found a small place nearby where we could have visitors. They somewhat reluctantly agreed. It was a cute place – the bottom floor of a small house, with a small office/bedroom upstairs. Very clean and new. I loved it. I wrote a lot of poetry and recorded my songs there. Abeer, a cousin of Lokesh who lived not far away, became a frequent visitor. Anita, Chaya's daughter returned, and she and Abeer started a school for the children in the nearby squatter area in our garage. We called it Anandaloy.

About that time Lokesh came for awhile. We had met during our college years in Montana. He too came to D.C. and became a member in 1970. But then he wanted to visit

his family, so we traveled by car from Europe to India (another story). We returned to Canada where we stayed for nearly a year before coming back to DC. From 1970 we lived as brother and sister, and were blessed in 1976. Now in Kolkata, he said we could start family life. But it didn't feel right. It turns out he had had a romantic liaison, and fallen out with nearly every church leader in the US. He wanted me to dislike them the way he did, but they were my friends, so I couldn't – which made him angry. After some time, he went to Mumbai to see his family.

I was in crisis. My marriage was falling apart. I didn't know where to turn. I couldn't go to his family – they would side with him, regardless of how much they respected and loved me. The other missionary sisters from Ceylon were far away. After much soul searching, I sent all the family things back to Lokesh's mother – a wedding sari, a gold bangle (like a wedding ring), and other (expensive) jewelry. It had been a deep relationship and it was painful. To help the healing, I vowed not to say his name for one year. I decided to return to the US – I was not strong enough to remain in India in such an isolated situation.

### Greece

I was sent to Athens almost immediately, where I mostly worked as a journalist. My stories were sent out of the UPI office. People spoke English, but Greek script was a problem. I picked up the phone book to call the Foreign Ministry and realized I didn't know the word, and wouldn't know where to look even if I did. So I called the American Embassy - they had an English phone book! Other people couldn't read Greek either! From then on, my information came from the American Embassy or the UPI office. After I had studied Greek, on a visit to the French Embassy, I discovered I could make out the words on the French side of the directory, but not the Greek.

Peter Ellis, from England, was the European missionary. His 2 room flat was too small for Yoshinori (Japanese missionary) and me to stay. So we got an apartment in Exarchia, near the University. From time to time George Lambros joined us. He was a quiet and serious young man, unlike most Greeks who are fun-loving, gregarious, and generous – and sometimes rough. To understand the Greek character, it is important to know how they suffered during WWII. But the change was a shock for me. I was used to India, where people help each other when it rains, crowding together under whatever shelter they can find, squeezing to make room for the next person. In Athens, people run in every direction, bumping,

pushing, knocking thing out of your hands – with no apology. The first time it happened to me, I cried.

Soon after I came Peter showed me his emergency fund – sent from headquarters in England. It was a tangled glob of chain necklaces. He laughed, and said I could do whatever I wanted with them. I decided to try fund raising, painstakingly sorted them out, and managed to sell quite a few. Seeing my success, Yoshinori and Peter were soon doing the same. I was pleased they followed my example, but disappointed that the fund raising money I had plans for was slowly disappearing!

Witnessing in Athens was problematic as an American female. I was a target for the gigolos, and there were few Greek women in public. So, I put an ad in the paper: “Wanted – people who love God.” Two wonderful people answered - a young man from Africa, and a young man from Pakistan, but no Greeks. Mushtaq Suleri was a cook on a ship, although his tall, slender frame made him seem more like an academic. He wasn’t so interested in the Principle, but he did truly love God, and came to the center a lot, as did Joseph, the man from Africa. Mushtaq went back to Pakistan, and we kept in touch for quite awhile. I have often wondered how he is faring with all the activity there.

Greeks are vigorous in general. They get up early, work hard, eat a hearty lunch, sleep, return to finish the day’s work, and then spend the evening with family and friends at a taverna. The people in the office across the street were at work before we woke up. We rushed to get to government offices before they closed at 1 pm, then wandered the empty streets as people slept during the afternoon. But it was the evenings that are most memorable. Tavernas were everywhere. Plaka, where music from one place competes with music from another, is for tourists. Greek residents go to more humble, remote gardens where the music is a quieter. A soft breeze, nice music, good company - I came to enjoy the Greek lifestyle. Music and dance is as much a part of Greece as the beautiful blue sky and whitewashed buildings that show off bright, red flowers.

Church is not a big part of Greek lifestyle, except at Easter. The Orthodox Church is Christian, but different. There are no chairs or benches to sit on during service, for instance. One time I went into a church to pray, lit a candle and put my money in the box. A few minutes later, an attendant blew out my candle and put it in the recycle bin. But during Easter week, everything else stops. There are preparations including special breads and new clothes, and

church services daily. Stores close for each service, so we bought extra food, because we never knew when they would be open. In the village, festivities begin with a Friday procession through town led by the priest. A huge overflow crowd waits during the service so they can file inside to light a candle. Early morning on Easter Sunday lamb roasting begins, turned round and round slowly over the fire. By noon, there is wine, music and dancing.

When it comes to cuisine, Greeks are like vegans: they will only eat what they eat. One time I invited half a dozen people for dinner. I woke up in a panic. What if they didn’t like my food? I fussed all day to get everything right, and it went pretty well. BUT, I didn’t serve wine – because I didn’t drink it. Without the traditional beverage, the evening fell flat. It was my only Greek dinner party. But as much as they like wine, I never saw anyone drunk. They drink at mealtime, in company. The whole family is part of the sharing – young and old alike.

Greece is the birthplace of democracy, and this heritage is reflected in the Greek character. They are outspoken and argue a lot. But a Greek friend is something special. I had several Greek friends, whom I think of often. Ioannies (John) Tsortsis was a student, who eventually went to New York when he completed his studies. Luly Kaya was a sometime radio announcer, who invited us all to her village house in northern Greece. She and I became good friends, and hers was 1 of only 4 homes I was invited into while in Greece. (As I said, Greeks are private.) I spent a lot of time with Maria and Ioannis (not John Tsortsis) in their small two room flat. Maria was from South America, and may have been the daughter of an Ambassador, or some such – she was always vague, but specific enough to know there was a connection. The two of them sang and played with a band. Vasilis worked for the local paper. I met him as a journalist, doing a story on Greek gypsies. When he found out my affiliation, he wanted me to get an interview with Rev Moon. Didn’t happen!

Throughout my life, my motto was to have no regrets. But when my marriage broke, I wondered how I could not regret that. Then one day, talking with a Greek man who was divorced, I realized I had more sympathy than before. There are many divorced people in the world who need sympathy and understanding. I also felt humbled. My imperfect life meant I could not claim to be better than anyone else. I recognized that I had been somewhat arrogant. We humans are so foolish, making tiny differences into big distinctions. Before God, we are all about the same.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

When missionaries Thomas Cromwell and Kanu were kicked out of Egypt, they came to stay with us. Thomas arranged a most interesting trip for four of us through Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary and Yugoslavia. All had Communist governments. We drove Peter's car, although he didn't come with us. Bulgaria was similar to Greece, in many ways, but everyone kept to themselves. We did see men playing soccer while riding motorcycles! In Romania, the atmosphere was more fearful. At the border, every inch of the car was searched. The guard found one pamphlet under the back seat. "What is this?" he demanded. "I don't know – keep it." I replied. After he finished searching, I waited for the others a very long time. Thomas and Kanu had recently come from Egypt, so needed inoculation. But then they found Yoshinori's journalist card (communist countries don't like journalists). There was much discussion. In the end, Yoshinori received the inoculation! It made no sense, but at least we could continue. Bucharest reminded me of WWII movies – dim lighting and bullet holes in the building walls. It was night when we drove to a mountain overlook and got out to pray. Almost instantly we all felt we had to leave. I'm certain we were being watched. In the city, people were hesitant to talk with us except at a busy cafeteria, where they could not be watched so easily. In Hungary, we met a young lady who showed us all around. Yugoslavia was the most free of all.

One place I was unable to visit, however, was Albania, where Mother Teresa grew up. I was curious to know about life there – a very closed Communist country. Mushtaq pointed out that ships dock there, so I toyed with the idea of becoming a stowaway. Another place I was not able to visit was Mount Athos. The oldest monastic community in the world did not allow women to enter. Again, I contemplated entering clandestinely, but never did. But I did interview the Dalai Lama, on his visit to Greece.

### The New York City Tribune and London

My goal was become to be a correspondent for the New York City Tribune, instead of a stringer<sup>6</sup>. So I went back to New York to convince the International Editor, Robert Morton. I lived at the New Yorker, naturally, and wrote some stories for the Culture Section of the paper. Finally, after about a year, I was sent to London, as the Bureau Chief (bureau of 1). Problem was, the Foreign

Press Club didn't recognize the paper as being legitimate. So they would not give me press credentials – which meant no admittance to government press briefings. The reason wasn't specified; it took me a few months to find out. Once I did, I asked for the issue with a front page picture of Mayor Koch holding our paper – predicting his landslide re-election. What could be more legit than that? The paper was sent, and I got Foreign Press credentials.

My small efficiency flat was across the street from MI6. I rode a bike everywhere in London – including to the press briefings at Downing Street (Prime Minister's residence). I asked the guard if I could lock my bike up on the fence, and he agreed! During the Falklands war I became a war correspondent – albeit without going to the scene of battle. I reported the initial incident that started it all. I argued strongly with my editor that it was significant, and prevailed. Briefings during the war were held all over London at all hours of the day and night. Journalists were on call 24/7. It was sometimes tough to figure out what it all meant.

After the war, Robert wanted me to do a story on Friedman versus Keynesian economics. Another time he had a theory about Soviet policy and wanted some information from their embassy. I went, somewhat hesitantly, and asked to see the press officer. I was ushered into a small room with a man who didn't seem to understand anything I asked him. The answers he gave had nothing to do with the questions I asked. But I persisted. After a very long time, he finally said, "Oh, that's what you want to know. Well, I'm not able to talk about that." He knew all along, but just didn't want to answer!

After writing daily stories for some time, I became dissatisfied by the deadlines. No matter what the deeper causes of an event, or who else was involved, when the end of the day came, the story was done. When Thomas Cromwell started the Middle East Times, I started doing features and interviews. Soon that became my main focus. The Foreign Office official learned of the change, and suggested I come to a Middle East briefings. Jews and Arabs reporters were briefed separately. I went to the former. The Jewish reporters raked me over the coals – who was I, what was the paper, who published it, etc? They refused to let the briefing continue as long as I was in the room! A Jewish reporter told me later they would have approved me, they just didn't know.

There were many opportunities for a correspondent in London. I rubbed shoulders with journalists from all the US publications – TIME Magazine, all the newspapers

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<sup>6</sup> A correspondent is hired by the paper – thus MUST send stories regularly, and can be asked to go somewhere, or write about a certain subject. A stringer sends stories of their own selection which may or may not be printed.

(except the NYTimes reporter, who apparently had sufficient status to be briefed privately!), UPI, AP. I attended two Economic Summits - one in Paris and one in Switzerland. There were press briefings with all the leaders of Western Europe and Japan. I saw George Bush Sr., before he became President. (Most of the journalists brushed him off as a light weight!) There was a very interesting foreign press luncheon with Mrs. Thatcher, in London. She was amazing! She used her aggressive Parliament style and outdebated the usually outspoken and liberal American journalists, hands down. I visited Parliament, and the House of Lords.

One day at the Foreign Press Club, I was told it was my turn to go to the Queen's Annual Garden Party, if I wanted to. I did! Had to get a hat. A knighting inside Buckingham Palace preceded the event, at which the Queen's band played royal music. In the Palace garden, tea and cakes were served on long tables. There was a huge crowd - everyone dressed in their finest, and on their best behavior, waiting in long lines to shake hands with the Queen, Prince Charles, and other royals.

When a UC sponsored conference was held in London, Robert called all the correspondents from Europe to attend. At one point during the conference all 6 or 7 of us met with a church leader for a pep talk. He said we should get our credentials, and go to all the government briefings like other reporters. I was taken aback. He obviously didn't realize we HAD been doing exactly that. Further, it seemed like he thought we were less competent than non-member correspondents. I may not have been the best writer, but I certainly wasn't the worst. I regularly compared my lead (the first sentence of a story) with the best London papers, and concluded it was usually on par with the Guardian and The Times. Only The Financial Times was consistently better. Whatever the regard for journalists in the church was, I felt a calling to get more education, and dig into things more deeply. I left London in December of 1985.

### Conclusion

While in London, I was blessed with John Horsfall, from New Zealand. He came to London, and a year or two later we moved to Texas, where son Nathan was born. I supported us as a family by teaching guitar, and directing the choir at a Catholic Church while he went to school. Since we lived in a college town, I found a way to go back and get my PhD in Sociology. After graduation I became a Professor of Sociology at Texas Wesleyan University in

Fort Worth. Unfortunately, John and I separated in 2007. I retired in 2013 and moved to Maryland.

I hope my contributions to the various situations were valuable. There were no church congregations when I left, either in India or Greece, but it wasn't for lack of trying. Over the years I have met former members who complain about things in the church. I always find those complaints surprising on two counts. First, life is what you make it. Second, my church experiences were a wonderful opportunity to see the world, to grow, to understand life. I would not have become a correspondent, and I would not have met the people I did. Likely I would not have gone the places I did, either. I have made many dear friends, and my time in India, Greece and London made me a bigger and better person. I understand people and cultures more, and feel I belong to the world, not just to one country.



Sara, Kazuhiro, Wolfgang in India  
George, Yoshinori, Mushtaq, Sara, Peter in Greece

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies



Children from Anandaloy and their parents & families

Some foreign correspondents with Sara interviewing the Dalai Lama in Greece  
Robert & Chun Boon Morton



Abeer, Anita and Sara in the Anandaloy Schoolroom

### Strings Through My Hands (song)

1. There were strings through my hands, when I woke they were gone.

What did I dream, what does it mean?

He had nails in his hands when he died on the cross,

He had hope in his heart he had love.

#### **Chorus:**

Go and die (live) in my place, bring the world a new light.

Don't open the door to fear.

Give my love to your brothers (sisters, all others), for I don't have time.

And I'm sorry it couldn't be another way.

2. He gave hope to my life, in a world filled with hate,

He dared to speak of more than just his own.

He would give what he had so that others may know,

There's more to this world than what is known.

3. There is death at the door unless you fight to find more,

And travel the desert alone.



At the end of the road you'll find children of heart,  
 And you'll know you have life because he lives.  
 India 1975

### All My Friends

How can I possibly be lonely?  
 All I need do is look beside me –  
 there are moles who enter my door  
 and scurry here and there.  
 Sometimes they even find my bed attractive.  
 How nice to have such good friends.  
 And on the walls are innumerable moths.  
 They are so patient. They alight and sit for hours.  
 I'm sure they must be praying with me.  
 And the corners of the room are the homes of many  
 nameless creatures.  
 Occasionally some larger variety appears.  
 They love my clothes so much. It's really  
 A pleasure to have such admirers.  
 There are several families of lizards.  
 So entertaining they are! There is no height  
 too great for them to climb. Their walk is so  
 funny to see – more like a waddle. They  
 used to frighten me, but now I've learned  
 they are truly dependable creatures.  
 No night passes without their appearance.  
 And of course, I couldn't forget the most  
 ambitious of all my friends – the flies  
 and mosquitoes. Sometimes they bring all their  
 friends and families and relatives. They have so  
 much to do, I never see them still for a minute – except  
 when they see me. They are so fond of me.  
 They stop everything else to be close to me.  
 There is one more variety of friend who comes  
 and likes my house so much he immediately  
 builds his home – wonderful, cottony-lacey  
 home all over. He just can't bear to leave.  
 And sometimes, I find him, or her, I'm not  
 sure which, so startled by the things I say  
 he is suspended in mid-air. Such  
 depth of heart! There are those who can't  
 even listen to my words. But not this one!  
 Truly I am fortunate to have so many friends,  
 with such dedication and tenderness toward me.  
 God must have given me friends to learn from.  
 India 1975

### On Living Next Door to a Calcutta Slum

Do you know what I miss?  
 The gentle folk I knew.  
 not the ones who knew  
 my name  
 and brought me sweets,  
 but the silent ones who padded by  
 late at night,  
 and again early in the morning.  
 They lives next to me,  
 across the field,  
 in their huts all squashed  
 together –  
 carefully arranged around the  
 multiple tributaries of  
 dirty water.  
 They bathed and washed their clothes  
 together  
 in the lake nearby.  
 Their beautiful, black bodies  
 glistened in the sun  
 as they chatted busily,  
 mindless of passersby.  
 Their fires characteristically thickened  
 the Calcutta air morning  
 and evening  
 even as their presence swells my memories.  
 I met them in the streets,  
 sat next to them in the bus,  
 and spoke to them wordlessly  
 in my home.  
 I admired their frugality,  
 their good cheer,  
 and their strength.  
 There were two ladies who slapped cowdung  
 paddies all day beneath  
 my window.  
 There was an old, toothless man,  
 lowest of the low,  
 who came every morning to brush  
 my porch and clean my toilets;  
 every morning, that is, except the mornings  
 he didn't come.  
 He would then unashamedly, and without apology,  
 appear the next day.  
 But he was a reliable fellow,  
 and never tried to get more  
 than his due.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

There were the children,  
 full of pranks,  
 who took the tiny kitten I had befriended  
 and replaced it with a dirty,  
 bug infested one of their own.  
 There was the bread wallah,  
 who sat in his little stall  
 from early morning until late at night,  
 and the rickshaw drivers  
 who lived together in one  
 garage,  
 and who worked long past sunset,  
 and double that during the rainy season,  
 to earn the money to send back home to their villages.  
 And there was the shy lady  
 who washed my floors  
 everyday,  
 and left with my discarded paper  
 carefully bundled to burn  
 and cook her family's meal.  
 They had their own noises,  
 but they were peaceful sounds,  
 and I was happy when they were  
 my neighbors.  
 I wish I had windows  
 to watch them now.  
 Here I am all closed in  
 with dos and don'ts;  
 people with no time  
 and no smiles.  
 I miss the gentle folk  
 who give much  
 in their simplicity.

London 1983

### Cover my soul

Oh you who are more my heart  
 than my own –  
 cover my soul,  
 for I am in great need  
 of thee.  
 With thy strength I beg thee  
 to fight the battle  
 I cannot win.  
 Those who would claim me  
 crowd round about me  
 and I stand helpless.  
 Fold me in your safe keeping

that I might not  
 be torn limb from limb,  
 each piece going to  
 my debtors.  
 If you have pity –  
 a small drop of it to spare,  
 I beseech you  
 from your great treasure  
 throw a few sheckles  
 to my hounding wolves  
 that I might be free.  
 But I have nothing to  
 give you in return.  
 My life will be yours –  
 but it may cause you  
 more suffering.  
 And again I implore of you  
 if you are truly the God of Love,  
 let me rest my head  
 for a moment on your shoulder  
 that I might know the joy  
 of peace and security.  
 I fear my hands are too ugly  
 to win your praise,  
 and I seek not the place  
 of a princess.  
 Let one who is worthy  
 sit by your side.  
 But keep me in the folds  
 of your garment  
 that I might feel the warmth  
 of your love  
 and my wounds be healed.  
 Don't seek my past  
 I come from a war torn  
 and desolate land.  
 Even now I can smell  
 the charcoal embers of death  
 and destruction.  
 I have no home  
 and no one.  
 But if it pleases you  
 I have you.  
 You are my home.  
 You are my love  
 You are everything to me –  
 Only cover my soul  
 and keep me



for I am burning  
with the fires  
that destroy the soul  
and I long for your  
    comforting hands  
to rescue me.

You are the only one  
    and my last hope –  
Cover my soul  
    and keep me,  
    for in this world I cannot stand,  
I lost my shield in loving you,  
    and now men with sharp swords  
    pierce me through.

My days and my nights are filled  
    with the bitterness  
    of battle.

The world sees still  
    the fortress of my former  
    strength.

But now the armor is  
    paper thin,  
And even then it has more  
    weight than my arms  
    can bear.

My heart is like a turtle  
    that has lost its shell  
    and stand prey  
    to any.

Cover my soul  
    and keep it,  
    lest it be lost.

I have no will of my own,  
    and I fear I shall go  
    as the spoils of battle  
    to the strongest warrior.

Fight for me, oh my love –  
I am lost  
    but for you.

Cover my soul  
    if you can  
    and keep me.

And hurry,  
    lest in my weakness  
    the battle should be lost.

Bombay January 1977

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

### Richard Van Loon - Suriname

In 1975, as an American foreign missionary I was sent to Suriname to work with a Japanese brother and a German sister. Suriname is a South American country with a tropical rain forest climate and a small diverse population of beautiful, racially mixed people. During my time there I had deep experiences with God and our True Parents. Through this testimony I hope to share some of those experiences.

After receiving the blessing and attending a 120 day training program in Barrytown, New York where we studied the Divine Principle, Unification Thought and Victory over Communism and where True Father came and poured out his heart to us almost every other day, I was deeply inspired. Father was sending missionaries to some 120 countries throughout the world, one each from America, Japan and Germany, and I had been selected to go to Suriname. One evening as the workshop was drawing to a close I went to the dining room to pray for my assigned nation. As soon as I began, I was overwhelmed with a feeling of utter grief. I wept profusely and inconsolably for a while and when I was done, I noticed that my tears and mucous had formed a small pool on the table. How could I feel this way for a country to which I'd never been? I wondered. The answer was obvious: God exists and is the Heavenly Parent of mankind; as such He is grieved to see His children suffer; He was sending me to Suriname on His behalf to help end that suffering. That profound experience formed the basis of my understanding of why I was being sent.

On his way to Suriname, the Japanese missionary, Shinichiro (Mike) Mikuni, flew to New York to meet up with me. As we set out to Suriname together, a small country on the Atlantic coast of South America bordering Guyana to the west, French Cayenne to the east and Brazil to the south, I felt he was truly my brother. Suriname has a population of around 350,000 people made up of various races living mostly in the capitol city of Paramaribo and another smaller city, Nickerie, both on the Atlantic coast. The rest of the inhabitants, descendants of run-away-slaves known as Bush Negroes and native Indians, live in small villages in the interior, a thick jungle of which the rest of the country is comprised.

At that time Suriname was transitioning from a colony of Holland to an independent nation and the entire country was in turmoil. To work the land, slaves had been brought from Africa. After slavery was abolished, indent workers were imported from countries such as India and Indonesia. Consequently, the population became quite diverse. To represent these various peoples, separate political parties were created. Suriname was also the home to an American Aluminum mining company named Suralco through which it had strong ties to America. It also had ties to South Korea through a shrimp company that fished off Suriname's coast. But Suriname had a communist party, too and Guyana, together with their embassies from Cuba, Mainland China, Russia and North Korea, was also seeking a foothold in the newly emerging country. All of these parties and their varied interests were represented in a Parliament with a President. It was this political body that

was charged with making the new country's constitution. As the various parties vied for power, there was much tension, both within Parliament and in the country at large.

When Mikuni and I arrived in Paramaribo late one evening, we went directly to the main hotel. The German missionary, a young sister named Barbara Joosten, had arrived several weeks ahead of us. We had not been in contact with her and didn't know where she was, but luckily she had left a note for us at the hotel. She was staying in a rented room several blocks away so instead of checking into the hotel, we carried our luggage through the hot, dusty streets of Paramaribo to where Barbara Joosten was staying. There we rented another room from the Christian woman with large-framed, thick-lensed glasses who had taken Barbara under her wing. When we awoke the next morning we learned that the hotel where we had originally planned to stay had been engulfed in flames. It was allegedly the victim of politically motivated arson, but we missionaries couldn't help but see it as an assault aimed at us as well. Invisible spiritual forces were not happy that we were here, it seemed, and we felt this clearly. (That experience set the tone for me and for all of the time I would work in Suriname, I would feel and see clearly the many ways in which both God and Satan worked.)

A few days later, we moved into an apartment on the second floor above a busy street in downtown Paramaribo. There we faced our first challenge: how to work together. Father had clearly said there was to be no Cain-Abel relationship among the missionaries, yet a core structure of our church life was based on the importance of unity between leader and follower in just such a Cain-Abel relationship. Without this, it was hard to imagine, according to our understanding of the Principle, how God could work through us. Being Japanese, this was especially true for Mikuni.

At issue was the fact that we each had a different idea of how to accomplish our mission. Mikuni, who had come as a journalist, wanted to do research for the first six months or so while I was under the belief that, if we really had strong faith, we could accomplish our mission within the first 21 days. Both Barbara and I believed our main focus should be witnessing, so I began meeting people on the street below our apartment while she focused on developing her network of contacts. (Officially, as I remember, she represented herself as a student. I applied for a visa as a businessman with IL HWA Ginseng from Korea and Mikuni applied for a visa as a journalist for our church's newspaper in Japan.)

The climate in Suriname is hot and rainy and people tend to move about slowly. For example, they go home from work from 2 till 5 in the afternoon to have lunch and take a nap then return to work in the cool evening. It is not important to arrive at an appointment on time and many things can be put off till the morrow. Filled with zeal and being from industrialized countries, in stark contrast we were quite busy, bustling about there in the nation's capital within walking distance of the presidential palace and national government buildings. During such a critical moment in the country's history, we must've stood out like apples in a basket of oranges. (I know the government was

aware of our presence and at least once we were called in for questioning. By the time I left, I had yet to be granted a visa.)

The first thing we did together was to set up a holy ground. One day we were out walking through the city when we came to a palm tree garden behind the Presidential Palace. In the garden was a large rock about six or seven feet tall and three or four feet in diameter. We decided to make this our holy ground. The rock is Christ and the tall, straight palm trees were like righteous believers; it was a wonderful place to pray and we would often go there.

Through street witnessing I met a young man, a Bush Negro who had come to Paramaribo for school. After learning The Divine Principle (mostly with Barbara because the official language in Suriname is Dutch and being German she could communicate much better than Mikuni and I), he accepted our teachings and decided to join us. He was living with his Aunt at the time. Shortly after joining, he would move in with us and we would treat him like a son, buying his clothes and books, helping him with his studies and teaching him Divine Principle. Not long afterward he would introduce another young Bush Negro man who would join and move in too.

In the meantime, Barbara had been busy cultivating her friendships. The lady who had rented a room to her and whom Barbara felt had been prepared by God to take care of her when she had first arrived (the woman had been like a mother to her) was a member of a prominent Baptist church. Barbara attended their services at times and eventually Mikuni and I would go too. The minister--a warm, round-faced black man with a large, racially diverse congregation, was very outspoken about the dangers of communism. Besides preaching about this in his church, he would often warn the country at large of its dangers through pamphlets and newspaper articles. True Father had told us that when we went to our countries God would prepare a John the Baptist figure for us beforehand. Seeing this man as our possible John the Baptist, we began to cultivate a relationship with him and his elders. Because our church was being persecuted worldwide, we decided that we should focus on developing close personal ties with the minister first before letting him know of our affiliation with Rev. Moon. Hopefully this would help us to overcome controversies and doctrinal differences that were sure to arise.

His was a spirit-filled evangelical church. The congregants sang and prayed fervently, the minister gave fiery sermons, some members spoke in tongues, the minister and his aids laid hands on people to cast out demons and effect healings and performed full-immersion baptisms which they would conduct in a small, glass-lined pool behind the altar. Attending their services, I would often have a curious feeling: it was as if I was a disciple of Jesus visiting a Jewish temple two thousand years ago.

There was a lot going on in the country politically and as a journalist, Mikuni was attending press briefings, keeping abreast of the latest developments and writing articles for his newspaper in Japan. Fascinated with the diversity of peoples, cultures and languages in Suriname

and coming to see the country as a kind of mini world, he would eventually start a monthly publication called "The Mini-World News". It was in English and I would help him to write it. It was the only such publication in English and as more foreign journalists began to arrive in the country to follow its development towards independence, the government would make Mikuni's newsletter available to them as a news source.

As the impending day of independence drew nearer, political tensions increased. Most of it was focused on the wording of the new constitution. At one point there was a proposal made by the party representing blacks that frightened and alarmed some of the other parties. Although they were opposed, this party had just enough votes to push it through. When the day came to vote, however, the nation was shocked to learn that one of the Parliament members had left the black's party to side with the opposition, tipping the balance in their favor and blocking her own party. The woman's name was Albertine Liesdek/Clark. A school teacher before being elected to public office, she was a brave, powerful outspoken representative of the people. Some considered her a traitor and her life was threatened. To others, though, she was a hero. Either way, the whole country was talking about her.

Mikuni was inspired by Albertine and wanted to meet her. One day he called her. When she asked who he was, he said "Mikuni from Japan". There was a well-known politician in Guyana named Jagan. Thinking Mikuni had said "Jagan" and not "Japan" and that he was the Guyanese politician's representative, Albertine told him to come over. We went together and when we met with her in her house, somehow Albertine was deeply moved. When we introduced our church and the Divine Principle to her, Albertine began to have dreams and spiritual experiences. These would convince her that indeed this teaching was the new truth that God had sent to mankind through Rev. Moon. In this way Albertine became the third Surinamese to join our church.

One day, I believe it was through our minister friend, we met a Baptist missionary who had come to Suriname from America. I don't know how he happened to come, or why, but he seemed to be keeping an eye on how the independence was unfolding. We had yet to inform our minister friend about our affiliation with Rev. Moon. We had also moved from the apartment to a flat where we lived together with our first two members. Albertine was a public figure and her relationship with us was known to only a few. Mikuni was busy with the Mini-World News. I was helping him and also developing a ginseng business. Barbara was keeping up with her network of friends and translating for us. (While Dutch was the official language, Surinamese also spoke a pidgin-English type of language called "Taki-taki" and many also spoke English, not to mention the languages of the countries from which people's forbears had come. Gradually Mikuni and I would learn Dutch.)

Things were going smoothly for a while but then our first member seemed to have a change of heart. I don't know if he became jealous of our second member or exactly what, but he started acting strangely. Eventually he

left us and went over to the Baptist church. When he told them of our affiliation with Rev. Moon and the Unification Church, the minister became negative towards us, warning us strongly not to follow Rev. Moon. Meanwhile, learning of our affiliation with Rev. Moon, the American Baptist missionary acquired pamphlets from Holland where our church was heavily persecuted by Christians. He then distributed these pamphlets, which were in Dutch and which condemned our church in the strongest of terms, to all of the religious leaders in Suriname and told them about us.

Through these leaders, practically the entire nation came against us and based on these pamphlets, negative articles were written about our church in the newspapers. (I believe it was at this time that the government brought us in for questioning.)

Things were looking dark. We thought we might be expelled. The matter even came up in Parliament. I don't remember the details but when it did, unexpectedly Albertine spoke up on the floor in our defense. The nation was shocked. She was so popular, no one could come against her and our opponents didn't know what to do. It was an amazing turn of events.

Through Albertine, it seemed, God was shielding us and there was nothing anyone could do. Our minister friend stayed adamantly opposed to us but through Barbara's contacts we were able to meet some of the other top religious leaders in the country and mollify their fears. It would even happen that, through Albertine, a close aide and representative of Rev. Moon, Col. Pak, would be officially invited to Suriname to meet with the president. It was an amazing, total turnaround to be sure.

We were able to stay in Suriname and would eventually establish an official Unification Church. More members would join and at one point we would air a Sunday morning program on a national radio station teaching a simple version of the Divine Principle in "Taki taki".

This is but an outline of my time in Suriname. There were many challenges we missionaries faced--internally with ourselves, with each of the other missionaries, with our circumstances—challenges that would bring us to our knees in desperate prayer in the prayer room or have us pouring our hearts out at the rock at our Holy Ground. In this way I believe each of us forged a deep connection with our Heavenly Parent and with our True Parents with whom, through our experiences, we could feel very close, even though they were physically far away.

I will never forget my time in Suriname where God allowed such an unworthy representative as myself to taste something of the depth and power of His love. Those experiences, which are treasures I will always keep in my heart, remind me of these words of Jesus: "Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moths and vermin destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moths and vermin do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also."

### Anita Walters - Chile

I was born in Germany, but I met the Church while I was studying medicine in Vienna, Austria. I joined on Children's Day 1969 and stayed in the Austrian Church Family until the end of 1970 when the leader Peter Koch assigned me as missionary to Belgium where I worked as a pioneer. Upon arrival in Belgium, I didn't speak the language, so when I invited people I met to come to the center, I asked them to read the Divine Principle in French to me. That was a win-win situation. The guests learned about the Principle, and I was on a fast track learning French.

In the beginning, I did many prayer conditions at the Holy Ground.

At one point, a missionary brother who had worked in Russia came to visit me for a while.

Together we set "prayer walk" conditions, visited many churches and established a number of friendships. One young lady was very intrigued by the new explanation of the Mission of Jesus, which inspired her to visit the center to study the Divine Principle with me. She became a member.

Later on, Peter Koch sent 2 sisters from Austria to help me in my mission. We did "street witnessing," invited potential members to the center and gave lectures. We brought our first members to workshops in France, so that they could experience a more established Church family/community and deepen their knowledge of the Principle.

Erika from Austria, missionary in Denmark, had met Renee Robinet, mother of 4 children, in an English class. I was invited to come and teach the family the Divine Principle in French. The entire family joined our Church. After they returned to Belgium, they moved into our center. We found a bigger center and continued our "street witnessing" in Brussels. We met many people from other European countries. At that time, a substantial number of young women worked in Belgium as "au pair's". We became a very international family.

In February 1975, I participated in the 1800 couples Blessing in Korea. I was blessed with Russell Walters from the USA. While in Korea, we had a deep experience: while praying, we saw a vision. In this vision the children of Chile came and asked us to come to them as missionaries. We approached Mrs. Choi with the request to let True Father know that we wanted to be sent as missionaries to Chile.

After the Blessing, the new couples went to Japan to support True Father's speech in Tokyo. Father told me in Japan that my husband should go first. I was ready to go to the airport to travel back to Belgium when President Salonen offered me a ticket for a flight to the USA. He suggested that we get married legally and meet Russell's family in Michigan. We did that. The family was happy to

hear that Russ had got married. So I received a warm welcome.

After that visit, we went to New York. The foreign missionaries went to a training workshop in Barrytown, N.Y. True Father told me to attend as well. After my husband went to Chile as a missionary, I went back to Belgium and worked there for another year. By the time I joined my husband in Chile, we had about 40 members in Belgium.

My husband had not received the telegram I had sent to let him know when I would be arriving in Santiago. With the help of a skilled taxi driver, I got to the center safely and surprised my husband. He had been in Chile for a year together with Wolf from Germany and Hiroshi from Japan. We made efforts to strengthen our unity through "prayer conditions" and frequent walks to the Holy Ground.

Russell was teaching English at the American Institute in Santiago. I got the chance to take Spanish classes at that Institute for free. I learned the language quickly, since we also spoke Spanish at the Church center.

At that time, Chile was ruled by a military government after the overthrow of communism which had been brought to the country by foreigners.

Before my husband joined the Unification Church, he had served in the Peace Corps in Chile. At that time, people were very friendly and open to foreigners. But then communism invaded the country. As a result, there was a lot of mistrust of foreigners. By the time we arrived in Chile as missionaries, communism had been overthrown. Nevertheless, people were still quite suspicious of foreigners. This created quite a challenge for us. We made great efforts to build friendships with people before introducing them to the Divine Principle. We continued with our prayer conditions and also did several 40-day "street preaching" conditions.

After starting our married life, I became pregnant and gave birth to our daughter Teresa on September 6, 1977. Teresa was born with "spina bifida". During this difficult time, the missionaries from Argentina came to assist us. Before she could be transported to the USA to receive adequate treatment, Teresa had to undergo surgery in Chile. Father explained that her condition was indemnity to prevent communism from returning to Chile and then spreading to South American countries. Father said that Teresa must survive at all costs. True Parents even went so far as to pay for Teresa's surgery. Because of this situation, we had to leave our beloved Chile and return to the United States.

Later Regis Hanna and his wife took over the mission work in Chile.

Today Chile is a democratic country, very developed and prosperous compared to other countries in South America.

## Takashi and Genie Kagawa - Malaysia, Thailand, Philippines - 40 Years

### Forty Year Testimony

We are humbled by this unexpected and extraordinary blessing of having received the ‘True Parents’ Award for 40 Years of Meritorious Service”, bestowed upon us by True Parents. As part of the 1800 couples blessed who were sent out as foreign missionaries, we share this incredible journey we spent with True Parents, and realizations that were our privilege to experience because of our challenging course.

### Discovering the Living God in Pioneer Days

My husband, Takashi Kagawa, was a student studying at a Christian University, Doshisha University in Kyoto, where he was introduced to the Christian life and the Bible, a rarity in Japan. He was searching for the meaning of life and purpose of human beings, and coming from a Buddhist background, it was the Restoration Principles and history that convinced him about the truth of the DP. After the workshop, he often visited the small UC center in Kyoto which attracted him like a magnet. It was in September of 1967 that he joined the Kyoto-Carp center. It was a poor family, with 15 fulltime members. They carried out fundraising in Kyoto and other nearby cities by collecting old newspapers from the homes and then selling them to recycling shops, and used the money for their activity. After collecting old newspapers, they sold flowers house-to-house. Another way to support themselves was by going to the market and shops for food-raising of old vegetables and fish free-of-charge or for a cheaper price. Then, they would go to the bakery for free bread. They restored new members slowly.

His most memorable experience was attending the first God’s Day in Osaka, Japan on January 1st, 1968, and meeting True Parents for the first time in Osaka, Japan. He recognized that True Father was a very strong and charismatic leader, while True Mother was so young and beautiful and sang Korean songs. Father gave very strong messages, and everyone was extremely inspired by the truth. After that, spiritual phenomenon was prevalent nationwide, and even in Kyoto. Whenever they prayed, the members were speaking in tongues. Sometimes, Biblical figures, such as Moses, would give messages. During the early days, they felt like real brothers and sisters and experienced the deepest gratitude.

Across the ocean, in Paris in 1969, I met the Unification Church, as a disillusioned and disappointed person despite 16 years of strong Christian education. I was blaming God for all evils in the world and abandoned him. But, one day, I saw a huge red symbol on the street, and followed my spiritual father Henri to study about God. He then guaranteed me the unfathomable, that if I studied the Divine Principle, I would actually have an experience of God. After studying about indemnity, I was stimulated to make a big “showdown” with God by fasting for three days

and confronting him with the words: “Make your appearance!”. Later, when my spiritual father was describing the arrogance and rebellious attitude of the Jewish people towards Jesus, I deeply repented. “Yes, that’s me. I’m one of them”. The moment I felt this great remorse, miniscule gold sparks filled the tiny room, and there was spiritual fire and heat, as if from a scorching furnace. I was embraced in a strong Father’s love, and was sobbing uncontrollably. I had found my God.

I had little expectation when I met True Father for the first time in Germany in 1972, but I was again swept away by an experience I was unprepared to digest. Father entered the hall of 500 people and turned, opening his arms wide to greet everyone. Radiating from his face and spiraling in all directions was some kind of invisible energy, filling the entire hall. True Father’s mind was universal, and he was enormous. I felt so small, like a grain of sand in the ocean. Being so young spiritually, unfortunately, Satan used this magnificent experience to drag me down into unredeemable unworthiness. My spiritual life was in a chaos, and I was wasting away, both physically and spiritually.

Later, I was part of the European team called to America in 1973 for IOWC. At a 10-day workshop at Belvedere, I was seated in the front when True Father came to speak on Cain and Abel. He was explosively enraged and banged the microphone. Dark waves of fear engulfed me. I was afraid to look at Father in his eyes. One inner voice was saying: “He’s your Father. You must not be afraid of your Father. You must look at him straight in the eyes.” Another voice condemned me: “You are nothing. You are a small speck in the vast universe”.. It took all of my strength to raise my head and look at Father right in his eyes. All of a sudden, our eyes met, and a powerful impact hit me, lunging me forward from my chair. Shocked, with my eyes opened wide, I saw Father’s blushing expression. I was swept up in the resurrecting power of Father’s love, and my spirit wanted to fly with wings spread wide. When we are filled with such intoxication of love, there is nothing to envy in this world. That moment, Father liberated me from months of internal imprisonment.

Both my husband and I were assigned to IOWC and the Global Team, a heavenly army travelling together with 70 to 300-600 persons, working for the True Parents’ Day of Hope Tours in America, Japan and Korea. We plunged into severe circumstances of the IOWC and Global Team life. The schedule was from 4 a.m. to midnight, spending all day on the streets, with poor food, and little personal attention. We thought we were working hard, and it was easy to feel a lot of deprivation. However, no one could say they suffered or sacrificed more than True Parents during their tours. During the 70’s, Father guided leaders’ meetings at the New Yorker, and spoke for 10 to 17 hours straight. There are no words to describe the atmosphere that emanates from his body when he stands in close proximity. I perceived the same burning fire that I felt when I had my first encounter with God when I was spiritually reborn. The warmth emanating from True

Mother was extraordinary as well. With agony, Father educated us about Communism and the impending tortures that would befall humankind. We were always on the edge of our seats and feeling tense and witnessed with a sense of desperation, even teaching DP all through the night. In the 1980's, True Parents met Kim Il Sung and Gorbachev and announced that conditions were set for the downfall of the Soviet Union. Later on, history will know that True Parents were instrumental for the world to know peace.

### Pioneer Missionary's Lonely Life

After the 1800 blessing, True Father appointed our couple as a missionaries of Malaysia. This mission was a very shocking thing for my husband who thought he would continue to work on the Global Team after the Blessing, but Japanese missionaries were asked to join a 120-day workshop and proceed to their mission countries. Takashi arrived in the tropical country of Malaysia on May 30, 1975. True Father assigned 3 missionaries representing America, Germany and Japan. The American was a blessed sister. The other sister was a young German. My husband found their messages at the Japanese Embassy and quickly proceeded to their living place. They rented a small house and started their mission with prayer and fasting conditions. They went to the university campus and downtown for witnessing. The composition of races in Malaysia are Malays, Chinese, Indians and Eurasians. Malaysia is multi-national country, and they restored a few members, but they also had unity problems among missionaries. It was very difficult. My husband could unite with the German missionary, but with the American, who was Chinese-American, he felt very much that they had a difficult spiritual background from the past. They tried to resolve this problem many times. The Japanese army occupied China before, and they fought against each other in the war. The American missionary's relatives suffered tremendously through the war in China. He felt the indemnity of Japan's past. After 3 and a half years, the American and German missionaries returned to their different nations, and my husband remained in Malaysia.

In September 1979, I went to Malaysia from America to do missionary work. We started our family and continued to do witnessing, as well as opened a company to sell health products. It was an important and historical event when we could register our church in this Muslim country. A few Chinese Malaysian members who were witnessed to in England as students, came back to Malaysia. They had passion to serve their country and started to work together with the local members for witnessing and fundraising. When core members grew up, they pioneered in rural areas. My husband especially was able to work together with Chinese Malaysians who were enemies to Japan in past history and became close due to True Parents love.

### Evil Sovereignty Tried to Crush Jesus

Jesus was so wrongly pushed down, humiliated and executed, even though he taught "Render to Cesar what

belongs to Cesar" and "My Kingdom is not of this world". The 1980's was a suffering period for our entire movement, as True Parents had to carry the cross by offering their son and Father spent time in prison, due to evil sovereignty. God has allowed missionaries to experience the agony of True Parents in America over sovereignty as well in our mission countries. In 1983, a former member in Malaysia betrayed the church and spread rumors to the local newspapers, turning the Christians against the Unification Church. As missionaries, we had to leave the center and go underground. The media came to our center for interviews and an under-cover-detective came to investigate. All of our telephones were tapped. We realized True Parents course of paying indemnity as our main mission in order to liberate people. Sometimes, it was impossible to move forward, but based on our forgiveness and unconditional giving, God had a chance to work. While True Father was in prison and attacked by sovereignty in America, we were underground in Malaysia, pursued by police.

When Father got out of prison, we were out of the spiritual jail, and eventually met a wonderful Sikh leader who had met Father in 1959 during the early days in Seoul. He lifted us out of our trials through interfaith work. After the persecution period, we could hold many workshops in different areas, and sent pioneers to other cities from the Capitol, Kuala Lumpur. Our couple visited the new centers and taught them and guided them. When we saw many young members in the centers, it was a great joy for us. We set up a language school to teach various languages in Kuala Lumpur. We had worked in Malaysia for 13 years, and we had gained over 120 members before going to Thailand. It will be a small result, but we felt how much God had guided our family and Malaysian members through our mission. Now, many Malaysia members have been blessed and are working in many nations around the world.

In 1990, the Asian Continental Director reassigned our couple to Thailand, where our movement was thriving, with tens of thousands of students visiting our video center during a 3-year period. But, the sovereignty was threatened by the rapid growth. 8 of our Thai leaders were arrested and put in prison, charged with treason to the monarchy. What an un-imaginable shock to see True Parents' and our leaders' names associated with this kind of accusation! Imagine the repeated phrases in the media, newspapers, TV stations calling out for life imprisonment and execution of 8 of our very own Church leaders. Those phrases were ringing in our ears daily, as the Crime Suppression Police kept pounding at our centers nationwide, day after day for three solid months. Not ordinary police, they were like a crack team used to raid prostitute dens or drug lords. They carried no sense of accountability. They were rough and crude and bullied our pure, harmless members. They invaded our HQ prayer room, and took away the holy chairs, slippers, and holy salt, and set up an entire floor at the police headquarters to display our traitorous activities. We were even accused of intoxicating youth with "white powder" (heroin). But, they couldn't find any evidence, so just kept invading our centers repeatedly day after day.

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

Thai jails were like medieval prisons – dirty, dark, overcrowded and scary., and in Thailand, you were arrested first, and had to prove your innocence from the jail. During the first three months, our Thai leaders were in a very small jail cell with wall prisoners. The hot air was stifling, as there was just one tiny window. Our clean-cut innocent leaders were surrounded by prisoners covered with tattoos. Some of them were hardened criminals who committed serious crimes.

There were 500 fulltime members, dispersed due to the center raids, who were called in for questioning by the police one by one. They tried to trick them into saying something derogatory against the monarchy, but not one member could be enticed to say anything negative. After one month, slowly, the fulltime students and members began to regroup themselves in small apartments of 10-12 persons each, and stayed together to pray, make conditions and maintain their life of faith. Within one year, the church foundation mysteriously remained intact, due to the courageous and brave attitude of the Thai leaders outside the prison.

After three months, a case was filed without bail, and all of our leaders were transferred to a larger prison facility. One of the difficulties of living in that prison was that during the night, our members could hear the loud and terrifying shouts of prisoners being whipped by the guards for not cooperating. Visiting the prison was such a painful, inhumane experience. The prisoners stood behind bars in one area, while visitors could only shout at them from a long distance, many feet away. It was our Thai Ambassadors for Peace who stood up and worked for the bail of our members, who could finally be out of prison after 2 years and 8 months. We shed a lot of joyful tears the day the Thai leaders could leave the jail. It took 20 more years for the entire case to be dropped by the government.

In 1991, our couple was once again reassigned to the Philippines to work for the VIP providence, another providentially thriving country. But, again the evil sovereignty felt threatened and stood up against True Parents and our movement. Many Filipino members joined the Church, and almost 2,000 were blessed in international marriage between Korean men and Filipino women. Christian groups influenced the sovereignty, and the government filed a case against our movement for mail-order-bride violations. We were falsely being charged with mass trafficking of women and even accused in the media with prostitution. And again, the penalty was execution or life imprisonment!! The Presidential Palace, the Cabinet, 9 government agencies, 9 Committees of Congress, and the Senate all united to put 8 leaders in jail and close down our Church.

In the Philippines, our Continental Director emphasized the VIP Providence in tandem with the witnessing efforts, in order to make an environment for good relations with the sovereignty. Even though we faced so many challenges, it was the Ambassadors for Peace who stood up to clarify with each government department one

by one until the case could be dropped two years later. The Philippine leaders were also brave and courageous and continued to witness and teach the Divine Principle in the centers. Many members joined during that time, as well as Ambassadors for Peace, who studied the teaching and received the blessing. 8 of our Philippine leaders had one foot in the jail, but were rescued at the last minute by one righteous Senator. Especially, it was through the efforts of Hon. Jose de Venecia, Jr., the Speaker of the House of Representatives, that the legal case was finally dropped in the Congress, in the Senate and finally in the Presidential Palace. The victory was won through the unity of the Ambassadors for Peace and Filipino leaders.

### True Parents Are Victorious

Since 2007, I have been assigned to the UPF headquarters in New York, in administration and with focused work at the UN. My work is of a different nature in supporting the different Summits, and conference, but it brings me tremendous joy because of my strong passion for solving the issue of sovereignty that I was burdened with in my missionary work. Compared to previous years, as True Mother has said, we are living in a miraculous time. It is truly a time of harvesting and a time of restoring sovereignty. And, True Mother, with strong faith, has declared Vision2020 for nations to be restored. Through UPF, heads of state, government officials and entire groups are able to link to True Parents. Based on the spiritual foundation that True Parents have laid through all these suffering circumstances, like fishermen, we only need to be ready to cast the large net very wide and high. My husband is also working for the Leda Providence in Paraguay, and is devoting himself to True Parents vision for the restoration of that country. We are blessed to still be continuing in this work.

### Our Blessed Family

Of the 1800 couples, we were also pioneers for the international and interracial marriages in our Church. We were separated for 5 years before starting our family life, and for another 3 years, there were tremendous language barriers, which prevented deep discussions beyond the daily schedule. In addition, we faced cultural differences, not only in our marriage, but in our mission field. Four of our children were born in Malaysia, 3 daughters and one son. They are internally and externally beautiful, so much so that some people who met us did not recognize that we were the parents. When True Father matches extremes, the second generation products are so much better than the 1st generation. This is what we felt. We feel tremendously blessed, with 3 daughters having received the blessing and the 3rd generation being far superior than their parents. We cannot express enough our gratitude to True Parents for this blessing. It is our eternal treasure.



### Takashi Kagawa - Malaysia, Thailand, Philippines - 21 Years

#### 21 Year Testimony

1975 I was blessed in Seoul, Korea as one of 1800 blessed couples and as a pioneer of couples with international marriage on a severe, cold winter day.

My spouse is American and her name is Genie.

After the blessing, I went back to Japan as a member of Global Team and worked with brothers and sisters, and my wife, with desire of sincere heart to unite with my central figure and contribute to the victory of God's providence.

At that time surprisingly, the Church HQ in Japan called me to be an international missionary and my mission country was Malaysia in the SouthEast Asia region.

It was very sudden, so I was surprised but because I had experienced "Day of Hope" campaigns with brothers and sisters from abroad, I was not so afraid. However, when I just about was leaving to my mission country, I felt I was like a soldier who had been given the mission to go to the war, leaving my loving wife or fiancé alone.

On the other hand, I felt the spirit of a missionary who is going to a foreign country with the heart of faith in God and service for the people. I felt a little nervous from being given this important mission.

During the 40-day workshop for missionaries, we researched the situation of our countries or went to the beach for all night prayer to prepare for the mission internally and externally.

On 1975 May 30th early in the morning, I departed from Haneda airport in Japan, stopped by Singapore then arrived in the capital city of Malaysia. I met the American missionary and German missionary at Kuala Lumpur. We then rented a small house in Lucky Garden and started pioneer witnessing. The three of us decided to use English for our communication. Malaysia was formerly a colony of the British Empire, so in those days, they used to speak English more than their own language of Malay. My English was broken English and the German sister Heidi also couldn't speak English so well. So, we managed to learn English during our missionary work and gradually, we could speak English for prayer, lectures and sermons little by little.

[Struggle among Missionaries]

From the beginning of our missionary work, there was a big problem. The American missionary Beverly was Chinese American and her parents were Chinese. Her grandmother committed suicide when the Japanese Army invaded China. Also Japan ruled Malaysia for 3 years and 8th months in the past. In those days, the Malay people didn't protest so much against the Japanese military but the

Chinese people who lived in Malaysia protested a lot. So they received lot of persecution from the Japanese military.

With that kind of background, we had to live together in the same house and work for the providence.

Beverly and I had many struggles with each other and our hearts were down. One day, she struggled a lot and left our house and started to live in some other place. Through those things, I experienced that to love our enemy is so difficult to practice and not simple at all.

True parents and Jesus said: "love your enemy" and they practiced and got victory over the enemy but for us fallen people, it is such a difficult thing to overcome.

The German missionary Heidi was genuine and had a good conscious and I did not have so many problems with her, but with Beverly, I continuously struggled. Although we made prayer and fasting conditions and made effort to unite, we couldn't witness to people well because of the struggle between Beverly and myself.

Through this incident, I learned that even if we have people who come to us, we can't raise them up when we have disunity between the missionaries. With those struggles, my perseverance reached its limitation, but I tried to be patient as much as possible with the motto "even being disappointed, do not be disheartened".

[My wife came Malaysia and started family]

Five years later, we received an announcement from the World Mission Department that Beverly received permission to go back to America to start her family. Then my wife came to Malaysia from America to start our family life.

The German missionary Heidi already went to Hong Kong. In September of 1979, I welcomed my wife with a few members and had a new start.

After the 1800 blessing, my wife worked in Japan and Korea as a missionary. During those days, I wrote a letter to her once a month in English with help of a dictionary as a condition. During this separation time when I received the letters or photos from my wife, I was very happy and encouraged and got power for my mission work.

We could start family smoothly probably because we lived publicly as much as possible with those conditions.

She served members as a mother figure, so the atmosphere of the church became brighter and more active.

In 1980 August, our eldest daughter was born and she was named Set Pyul, which means morning star in Korean.

She was the first blessed child born in Malaysia. After my wife gave birth to our daughter, a few Chinese Malaysian members who were witnessed to in England during their study there, came back to Malaysia. They had

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

passion to serve their country and started to work together with the local members for witnessing or fundraising. I appointed some of those excellent members as leaders of our headquarters or local churches.

### [Development of the Malaysia church]

I focused on Sunday service, events and workshops. Near Kuala Lumpur, there is resort area called Port Dickson. I rented a bungalow there and had 3-day or 7-day workshops and strived to raise up the young people and students. In Malaysia as in Japan, many people determined to devote their life to God but I advised the students to graduate from college first.

When core members grew up, I sent them pioneering in rural areas. First, I sent them alone but later on, I sent groups of 3 to important cities in Malaysia, such as, Penang, Ipoh, Malacca and Johor Bahru. They opened witnessing centers there and registered them at the city hall as a church. In that way, church centers were established. Later on, each local church had workshops, and my wife and I went around giving lectures and sermons to guide the members. With that system, many working adults and high school students joined the church because of members' hard work.

### [Malaysia and Its History]

Malaysia is unique country and there is a monarchy. Alternately, one of the Islamic chief Sultans becomes the King. Each state has one Sultan, and once every 5 years, they have a conference to elect the King with a secret ballot. After the King's 5-year term, a Sultan from another state becomes King.

Malaysia's ethnic groups are represented by Malay, Chinese and Indian people. The members who joined the church were mostly from Chinese background and a few were Indian. The Malay people are all Muslims so converting to another religion is almost impossible. I worked for God's providence with Chinese Malaysians, who were enemies to Japan in past history and gradually became closer in heart. They were mostly moved by True Parents life course.

Buddhists who are not Christian don't know the content of the Bible but their ancestors suffered a lot. And, as children of immigrants, Chinese people suffered, so when they studied True Parents' course, they could understand the deep shimjong of True Parents to some degree. Especially, sisters are a little more emotional, so some of them, shedding tears, were inspired by True Parents and determined to work for God.

In the beginning, many sisters joined the church, and then brothers increased. I will never forget that I was so moved and inspired when I met with the leaders and members whom I raised up during my travels around to the local churches. I was so moved when I saw young members work so hard for God's providence with sincere heart. During my life as a missionary, it was most memorable

when I went around to the local churches and workshops there.

### [Persecution from Media]

In 1983, a former member betrayed the church and spread rumors to the local newspapers, and the Christians turned against the Unification Church. As a result, the "Malay Mail", an English daily newspaper, had editorials about us. Other newspapers came to our HQ for interviews and an under-cover detective came to investigate. The Christian churches in Malaysia were very much influenced by European churches and believed whatever they were told. At that time, we were so nervous and urgently discussed about this situation.

However, this situation calmed down very soon. After this incident, we received persecution from the media twice but we could overcome well because of unity between ourselves and the local leaders. When we received persecution from the media, I was called by the Special Investigative Officer and the person in charge harassed me in various ways, as well as our local leaders.

During that time, we made a lot of prayer and fasting conditions and worked very seriously. Even under this difficult situation, the local leaders testified about True Parents and the Divine Principle. Because of that condition and unity between the members, we could overcome that critical situation.

Even though we received this persecution, almost no one left the church. Through this persecution, we were grateful that we could experience a little part of True Parents suffering course. And also, I could understand a little of Father's words "receive persecution and gain ownership" .

### [Assignment to Thailand, Georgia and Philippines]

On 1989 January, I received a new assignment to Thailand and moved to Bangkok with my family. Thailand is the country built with 3 pillars - the King, Buddhism and the nation. When I went there, there was already a foundation made which was pioneered by the hard work of Jack( American), Eva(Germany) and Mr. Katsuda. On their foundation, Rev. and Mrs. Byung Wooh Kim came from Korea and set up a video center system at Ramkhamhaeng University where members greatly increased. Later, Rev. Byung Wooh Kim became Regional Leader of Southeast Asia and led the countries of ASEAN.

On 1991 June in Thailand, there was severe persecution against the Unification Church and 8 core leaders of Thailand were imprisoned for more than 2 years. Actually, before that incident there was military coup, and the civil government changed to a government controlled by the military. Despite this difficult situation, Thai members overcame this severe persecution with strong faith. In 1992 December, I got new assignment to the CIS and I went to Moscow with other missionaries of Southeast Asia, leaving my family behind in Thailand.

After the meeting in Moscow, I got the assignment to Georgia. Georgia is the country that always suffered from invasion from other strong neighboring countries. Stalin was born there, in a quiet small town, and I couldn't believe that this dictator was born there. Georgia is the country which has beautiful mountains and agriculture with a unique tradition. The Current President was Mr. Shewarunaze who was the right hand of Mr. Gorbachev and was Foreign Minister.

In the beginning, I was with an American brother, but later I was alone and continued to pioneer. I became a Japanese language teacher at the university and continued missionary work. After 2 years, I endorsed the mission to a Korean missionary and went to the Philippines.

On 1995 November, True Parents came to Manila. Philippines members were packed into the Philippine Cultural Center and welcomed True Parents passionately. True Father went down from the stage and talked very closely to the members with gestures like parents do to their children. These were very delightful moments, truly with love and joy. The VIPs who attended the banquet enjoyed the familial atmosphere. I was very impressed that one of the lady guests took the lead to sing songs and pray together hand in hand with the audience. The atmosphere was really like one family under God.

On 1996 January 1st(God's Day) I could meet world missionaries in New York. Looking back at myself, I don't think I did make a great result, however True Parents accepted just my condition that I worked as a missionary 21 years. They gave me a commemorative plaque and watch for honorable achievement. I really appreciated it and was grateful to be able to attend this ceremony with my wife.

[Looking back at 21 years of Missionary Life]

The countries in Southeast Asia have a history in which Japan previously occupied their countries, and the people who opposed the Japanese sovereignty were persecuted by force. Through my 21 years of missionary work in Southeast Asia, I really came to understand that Japanese missionaries who worked in Southeast Asia were offerings to pay indemnity through service for the people who suffered in past history.

## Genie Kagawa - 21 Year Court Case - Thailand

September 12 2011

In December 1989, my husband, Takashi Kagawa, and I were transferred as missionaries from Malaysia to Thailand by the Continental Directors, Drs. Christopher and Julia Kim. While my husband taught Japanese to Thai people, I oversaw the public relations area and development of the Thai federations under the Church. Dr. Lek Thaveetermsakul was the Church National Leader in charge of all activities in Thailand. We had been in Thailand for one and a half years before the 21-year case exploded.

Although I was raised a Christian all my life, I never realized why it was so important for the Romans to put the placard "King of the Jews" on top of the cross of Jesus when he was crucified. Now, I know that treason was the banner that they were flaunting. That signboard cried out with this message: "Don't sympathize with this man, otherwise you will face the same fate. This man committed treason. He subverted the ruler and is setting himself as a supreme ruler." Jesus was so wrongly pushed down, humiliated, and executed, even though he taught people to "Render to Cesar what belongs to Cesar" and that "My Kingdom is not of this world."

Absolute power can be such a dangerous thing. One morning, as I watched television, five Thai army generals were making announcements every 15 minutes on TV stations that they had taken over, declaring martial law and their rule. Even the Prime Minister had disappeared and was being held in an undisclosed place. The generals claimed that they were loyal to the king and were going to straighten out the country. These were the same generals who were influenced by the newspaper that was attacking us, and they used their extreme power. They accused us of treason. On June 26, 1991, eight of our Thai church leaders were arrested. Little did we know that it would be more than twenty years before they'd be cleared of all charges.

According to Thai law, treason is subversion against the monarchy and the nation, and its penalty is life imprisonment or execution. What an unimaginable shock it was to see our names associated with this kind of accusation. Imagine the phrases repeated in the media, newspapers, and TV stations, calling out for life imprisonment and execution of eight of our very own Unification Church leaders. Day after day for three months, these phrases were ringing in our ears as the Crime Suppression Police invaded our centers nationwide. The Crime Suppression Police were not ordinary police. They carried no sense of accountability. They were rough and crude and bullied our members. They invaded our Headquarters' prayer room, and took away the holy chairs, holy salt, and our slippers, and set up an entire floor at the police headquarters to display our traitorous activities. We were even accused of intoxicating youth with "white

powder," or heroin. But, they couldn't find any evidence, so they just kept invading our centers repeatedly, day after day.

Thai law is based on German law, so one is arrested first, and then has to prove his innocence in jail. The first three months, during which a preliminary investigation was taking place, the National Leader and his wife, Dr. Lek and Vipa Thaveetermsakul, and six other members of the Executive Committee of the Church were jailed in a very small cell with many other prisoners. They had no room to move around, and the hot air was stifling, as there was just one tiny window. When prisoners get heavy sentences and feel that they will not get out of jail easily, their pastime is tattooing each other. Our clean-cut, innocent church leaders were surrounded by heavily tattooed prisoners, some of whom were hardened criminals who had committed serious crimes. The military junta meant to terrorize us into fear, desperation, and helplessness. Unlike American jails, the conditions were dirty, primitive, overcrowded, and degrading.

We had 300 fulltime members who were dispersed because of the center raids. However, the police got a hold of their names at our Headquarters, and called them in for questioning one by one. They tried to trick our members into saying something derogatory against the monarchy, but not one member could be enticed to say anything negative. Associate members and parents were then called in one by one for questioning. They were looking for disloyal and treasonous statements, but again, they found none. After one month, slowly, the fulltime students and members began to regroup themselves in small apartments of 10-12 persons each, and stayed together to pray, make conditions, and maintain their life of faith. Within one year, the church foundation mysteriously remained intact, due to the courageous and brave attitude of the Thai leaders outside the prison.

Even though there was no evidence of treason found after three months, a case was filed and no bail was allowed. All of our leaders were transferred to a larger prison facility. A leader shared with me that one of the difficulties of living in that prison was that during the night, they could hear the loud and terrifying shouts of prisoners being whipped by the guards for not cooperating. In Southeast Asia, whipping is inflicted most effectively with flexible, long bamboo sticks, covered at the end with rubber bands formed into a ball. We could visit that prison, but it was such a painful experience. The prisoners were brought to one area and stood behind bars, while visitors could only shout at them from a long distance, many feet away. It was such an inhumane system. I was told that once someone enters the prison in Thailand, they lose their spouse, children, family members, and friends. Gradually, people don't visit them less and less, then not at all. The prison guards grew to admire our leaders and the relationships they saw in them with our church members greatly. Luckily, our members suffered no physical harm. There was extreme discomfort in the jail, but they executed

their work assignments and cooperated with the prison officials and therefore, they were not treated badly.

We saw the light when the King of Thailand took unprecedented action to relieve the top dictatorial general of his duties as head of Thailand and replaced him with a Prime Minister who would formulate a constitutional system for the country. The era of tyranny had ended, and our precious Ambassadors for Peace stood up to demand bail for our eight leaders. The President of the Foundation for Development and Peace (FDP), an organization formed by Ambassadors for Peace to raise money, was the head of the Commission on Human Rights, and together, with university presidents, a Minister in the office of the Prime Minister, academicians, and NGO leaders, submitted a petition for bail to the court, which was finally granted. I cannot forget the day that Dr. Lek Thaveetermsakul, the secretary-general of the Universal Peace Federation in Thailand, and the others were released from prison. Jack Hart, the first American missionary of Thailand, and I went to the jail at the appointed time, and the first person I saw, standing alone in the outside court, was Dr. Lek. After almost two long years, I saw him standing there like a bird released from its cage and ready to take flight. He was free, and it was so liberating. We shed a lot of joyful tears together with the Thai church leaders that day.

There are a lot of hidden stories woven into history that are played out by women, as in this case. After the release of Thai leaders, Mrs. Julia Kim, wife of Dr. Christopher Kim, entered Thailand discreetly and met a very distinguished Thai woman, Mrs. Khamontip Phayakvichien, who played an important role in the resolution of this case. For years, she reached out unceasingly to the media, government leaders, judges, lawyers, commissioners, and human rights activists. She came to the center almost every day and gave her sincere, motherly heart to all the leaders and members. Parallel to the legal initiatives, she laid important foundation stones in the public relations until we could witness victory in the lower and intermediary legal courts. Despite all the lobbying efforts, the Supreme Court had delayed issuing a final resolution until the recent conclusion on September 1st, 2011.

September 1st is a day of liberation, not only for our members, but for God himself, True Parents, and for humanity as a whole. True Father is someone who had personally tasted the terrifying tyranny of evil power, and he knows well what kind of world awaits mankind if we cannot succeed in our mission to build God's Kingdom. We see his tremendous passion. We see his inexplicable energy and drive. We see his magnificent love. We are baffled by the arduous conditions that True Parents are laying even at the age of 93. He cherishes the words "complete liberation" and "freedom" more than any of us, and there is the true meaning of power.

### From Kathy Rigney to the 1975 Missionaries

May 19, 2017

I am really really busy, today alone I had to send 4 different detailed reports to HQ in Korea!. My heart is really with you all for this meeting and if there is any way that I can escape I will do it.

I have attached an article I just wrote, I wonder if this would be something appropriate to be read at your meeting there. If not, please let me know and I'll try and find time to do something else.

God bless you!

Kathy

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May 12, 2017

I am sorry to say that it looks as though I cannot attend. I am in Senegal at the moment working on a very important event that True Mother is hoping to organise here later on this year. Also, I have been asked to go to Nigeria in a few days to start preparations on a 100,000 youth rally being prepared in Nigeria for November.

Personally, I would love to be able to attend even just to be able to see everyone again but I'm afraid this mission is too urgent to leave right now. I surely appreciate both of your efforts to make this successful and if there is any way I can get away, I will surely come.

Thanks so much.

Kathy

### Approaching the Providential Year 2020

Since that fateful day in September of that fateful year 2012 when our precious, loving and victorious True Father ascended from this physical world to join our Heavenly Parent in Heaven, my heart, like so many other members, went through so many emotions. Of course, I know we will see our True Father again. Of course, I know how victorious his life on earth was. Of course, I know all of these things, but my heart was heavy, sad and full of repentance. I knew that sending our True Father to Heaven should have happened from the nation that belonged to our Heavenly Parent! I knew that I should be repenting!

Some time later, our amazing True Mother spoke to all of us. She, more than any of us, she knew God's Providence and knew that we should have restored at least one nation before True Father departed. Then, our Mother, out of her love for us, her children, gave us a special grace. True Mother announced that by offering all our heart and devotion, we have a grace period to restore God's nation before the year 2020, the year of our True Father's 100th birthday! And so it began, the work towards the victorious realization of Vision 2020.

With the passage of time, day by day, my heart grew more worried. Which nation will be restored, time is short, we are in a hurry, what can we do, what kind of plan can we make that will bring this important victory. Sometimes, in the middle of night, I cannot sleep just thinking about the way in which we can bring this victory. During meetings with members and meeting with other leaders, we discuss this and try to find the formula that can be successful. Time is short.

Suddenly, in March, 2017, we received very promising information from our International Headquarters in Korea informing us that our True Mother was sending her precious staff from Korea to meet with ALL African leaders - Regional Presidents, National Leaders, UPF Leaders, Special Envoys and Special Emissaries to discuss substantial plans to restore Africa and to be victorious for Vision 2020! We were all so excited and grateful to think that we can have this special time, guided by our leaders who live day to day with our True Mother, to discuss practical methods of restoring nations!

True Mother organized everything and finally in Lusaka, Zambia, on the 31st of March, we went to the airport to receive Rev. Cho Sung Il Director General of World Missions, Dr. Yun Young Ho, Deputy Director of True Mother's Secretariat and Secretary General of World Missions, Dr. Thomas Walsh, President of UPF International and Mr. Hyunook Suh, Manager of World Missions Department Korea. Our hearts were beating with excitement and anticipation. When we finally saw this important delegation, walking from the Emirates airplane towards the Lusaka airport terminal, it was possible to imagine that, perhaps True Mother is just behind them, perhaps, she is somewhere in the crowd, perhaps if we look more carefully, we will find her because with these important brothers came the spirit and the heart of Cheon Cheong Gun, the spirit and the heart of the only begotten and amazingly precious daughter of God.

Our leaders from all over Africa, more than 210 leaders, for the very first time ever since our mission began in 1975, gathered together, nation by nation, city by city scurrying to be on time to meet our True Mother's representatives, sent to educate us, guide us, raise us up to meet the expectations of Heaven towards the victory of Vision 2020. Everyone was full of hope, serious more than ever, knowing that this was an historical moment.

From the opening ceremony, till we brought our brothers back to the airport of Lusaka, every moment was filled with the heart of Heaven. Rev. Cho Sung Il guided us with deep heart, conveying True Mother's directives, True Mother's heart of love for each of us and True Mother's desperate desire for us to feel the urgency of the providential time we are living in to bring about national restoration.

Dr. Yun Young Ho, with certain clarity, never losing focus on our important objectives but with a humble and loving heart taught us strategies and methods that can work

to restore our nations before 2020. He explained the practices that can bring results and overcome obstacles. They both listened to each and every report with patience and later carefully showed us the flow of ideas that can help us to find the victory.

Dr. Walsh, who always has the objectives of UPF as it pertains to national restoration clear in his mind, also conveyed his enormous love for his True Mother that is the underlying motivation that we all need in order to achieve our goal.

Hyunook Suh, a child of Africa, came home to the continent he knew as a young boy growing into a man. He was bright and shining and extremely effective in translating and supporting Rev. Cho Sung Il and Dr. Yun Young Ho in innumerable ways. Africa was so proud of him.

Finally, our focus was made clear:

1. Focus by all members daily on accomplishing Heavenly Tribal Messiah centering on village chiefs, religious and community leaders.
2. Focus on contacting VVIPs of each nation, President, Vice President, and Prime Minister, members of Parliament, government ministers and witness to them about True Parents thus preparing a proper environment for national witnessing. Inaugurate the International Association of Parliamentarians for Peace in each nation.
3. Focus on education of Youth. By inaugurating the International Association of Youth and Students for Peace in each nation we can educate the youth with pure love and thus prepare the environment for Cheon Il Guk.

Can we say that we are grateful! Gratitude doesn't seem to describe well our feelings after this amazing meeting. Hearts full of love and thankfulness to our True Mother said goodbye to our True Mother's delegation. Finally, our African leaders returned to their nations and the work of national restoration has been taken to a new level. Our minds are clear and our hearts are set and determined to continue until the victory can be offered to Heaven and Vision 2020 can begin here on this precious continent of Africa prepared by God for this very moment!

## 1975 Missionary Testimonies

### From Robert Kittle

May 12, 2017

Oh how I would love to be there.

But we are in the middle of planning a two-day program in Bangkok. One day at the UN with Ministers of Education and other high-ranking VIP from education, youth, sports, etc. from throughout Asia, Pacific and Greater China (1200 people). Then the next day, 12,000 students at the Impact Arena. PM will be the Chief Guest. All sponsored by the Ministry of Education Thailand.

And I'm very much in charge...

It's crunch time.

### From Gloria Frothingham

May 23, 2017

Sorry I won't be attending the 40 year anniversary. My love to all those brave souls who went out we were about 25 years old and our movement had only ICF. Now I speak to people with much more authority because there are so many organizations we can attract people to also I do sales and witness everyday for an hour. So I am

I getting a lot of inspiration and love that is not mine alone.

I am trying to get those who go to the anniversary to give a report to those of us who could not go.

God Bless you all 1975 Missionaries .

Love, Gloria Frothingham-Goldstein

### From Mary Johnson

May 19, 2017

My husband Mike is still recovering from a stroke he suffered on March 29, and I have some responsibilities to assist him that will not allow me the time to come to UTS for the 1975 Missionary reunion from May 26 to 29.

So I have to cancel my reservation for that weekend, Michael, and have copied Tal Zorer here as well. I will miss much seeing and sharing with you all, but please do give my best to everyone who will make it to Barrytown that weekend. and I will enjoy watching the videos and reading the testimonies.

May our Heavenly Parent bless all your family,

In CIG, Mary

### From Susan Schroeder

May 23, 2017

As it turns out, I won't be able to come next weekend. The person I was counting on for a ride has a full car and I have no other way to get there.

Instead, I have included an obituary that I wrote for Merlinda when we heard of her passing. Please ask people to pray for her and she was unable to have a SungHwa and no one knows for sure where she is buried. I'm still searching cemetery listings, but so far to no avail.

Thank you,

Susan

### Obituary for Merlinda Skow Fournier

On February 2, 2015 Merlinda Skow Fournier passed into the Spiritual World. Due to many unfortunate circumstances this was not discovered by her spiritual family until January 8, 2016.

Merlinda joined the Unification Church in the 1971 in California, having been witnessed to by Diana Weber. She was sent to pioneer in Alabama and then to Mankato, Minnesota. She was Blessed to Lou Fournier in 1975 as part of the 1800 Couples. They had one son, Coby.

In 1975 she was sent to Sri Lanka as part of the 1st missionaries sent to 120 countries from Korea, Europe and America. She stayed there for one year, but had to leave due to a take-over by communists when all missionaries were told to leave.

From Sri Lanka she went to India and stayed there for four years. While there she nearly lost her life twice due to cholera, but persisted in her work until she succeeded in meeting the Dalai Lama.

In 1980 she returned to America to join her husband in New York to begin their family life. From New York they went to Pennsylvania, and Washington DC. After this her path becomes unclear as rumors of a divorce were heard. She then took her son to California to care for her aging parents and lived there with her son, now handicapped, after their passing.

Her obituary, found online, simply reads: "FOURNIER: Merlinda Sue Fournier, 66, of Magalia, California died Sunday, Feb. 1, 2015, in Magalia."

In addition to being survived by her sister, Teri and son, Coby; she is also survived by her spiritual family: mother - Diana Weber, Mobile, Alabama; sons - Clark Eberly, Arlington, Virginia; Gary Chidester, Orlando, Florida; and daughters - Dr. Susan Schroeder, Baltimore, Maryland; Mary Jane Anderson, White Bear Lake, Minnesota and Iris Sardella, Concord, California. If there are more, we would be happy to hear from them, but these are all we know of. Of course, any in India are unknown to us.

Attached you will find a picture of Merlinda (See display table) reciting a poem in Russian to True Parents while attending the 120-day workshop in 1975 just prior to being sent overseas.



**HSA-UWC Invitation to the 1975  
Missionary Awards Ceremony and Reunion at  
UTS**

**Genie Kagawa - Religious Harmony in  
Malaysia**