

## On July 3, 1974 True Father's fishing providence began

Joe Kinney  
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*Photo date and location unknown*

I'd only been at East Garden for a short while when True Father's fishing providence began. It was July 3, 1974 and he was taking leaders out fishing. I was called to the limousine, just as True Father was leaving. He lowered his window and asked me in English "Are you strong for sea? Are you strong for sea?" True Father wanted to know if I got seasick or not. I told True Father that I had never been seasick. I didn't tell him that I had never been on the ocean.

The Flying Phoenix, a twenty-five-foot fiberglass boat with two Mercruiser inboard/outboard motors was berthed on Long Island. True Father, Daikan, Alan Hokansen, and I were on that small boat. It was an informal environment; there was no "leader" on the boat. When it was time to urinate we had a coffee can that was emptied over the side. The bait was a can of worms dug from leaf piles at East Garden.

As we skimmed over the waves on the way to our fishing spot, I was confident that I wouldn't have a problem with seasickness. In fact, if we had kept skimming along, I probably wouldn't have had, but we stopped. Then the waves rocked the boat, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Fishing, the Messiah, God, the desire to live, all slowly disappeared from my consciousness. My only thought became keeping my last several meals down.

True Father turned and asked for the can with the bait. I was closest, so I picked it up and had almost given it to Father, when I lost control. I dropped the can to the deck, wheeled around and vomited everything I had eaten over the side. Of course, since I had been in the process of trying to hand True Father the bait, he saw everything. True Father laughed, and said "Good training! Good training!"

The next time we went, I took seasickness medicine.

True Father teaches me how to sit down properly

True Father's boat, the New Hope, was new and it was my 1st time to go together with True Father on this boat. We left the dock and were on the way to the fishing spot and were all gathered in the cabin. I sat with my legs outstretched straight in front of me with the bottom of my feet exposed directly to Father. I simply didn't know what a terrible rudeness and bad manners this was from the Korean view point. True Father kindly and patiently explained to me that this was very rude and explained that if Korean did this he would scold him severely. I understood that my mistake was not small and that I should never do this again.

The Lord of the Second Advent was kind enough to educate rather than scold this ignorant 23-year-old American.