

Fundraising on MFT: Moonie History - \$300 for everything you got

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Photo date and location unknown

I was in the Washington Times when Father went to Danbury prison. Bo Hi Pak came to speak at the building in Washington, DC. He said “Now is the chance, if you have been a business member for a long time, to join an IOWC team.” I volunteered, and went from Washington to Massachusetts to join Peter Brown’s IOWC team.

It was around Thanksgiving, and it was very cold. We were bundled up in layers of clothing. I got dropped off with my box for the flowers, with a little can burning inside to keep them from freezing. (Sterno) I was standing with wood roses in my hand, waving them at people. I didn’t want to spoil the live roses by freezing them.

There was a Catholic church on that street, and lots of people were driving by and looking at me like “You’re nuts!!” A couple of times people yelled “You Moonie! Go home!” I yelled back “Yeah! Tomorrow!”

I remember they gave me a paper bag, with a peanut butter sandwich and a baloney sandwich with mayonnaise and mustard and two little boxes of apple juice. But I left the bag outside, I forgot you’re

supposed to put it inside the box. So when I went to eat my sandwich it was frozen solid. Hard to chew. I went “What?!? Heavenly Father, really, are you punishing me or what is this? If you wanna punish me, welcome!”

I took the sandwiches and put them inside the box but they didn’t defrost. It was just a little can, not much heat. So finally I remember I was crunching my sandwich, chewing icy bits. Suddenly I was crying, very sentimental. And I said to myself “This is a condition you’re going to do. So eat your sandwich, be grateful for your food, and continuously wave the flowers.”

Drop-off was at 7 in the morning, and by 3 o’clock I hadn’t sold anything. Nobody stopped. It was so windy and cold, with snow everywhere. Pickup was supposed to be at 4 o’clock, and we were supposed to go to Boston center and have a big dinner.

I really felt sorry to Heavenly Father, like my attitude is not right, why can’t I sell anything? I was thinking like this when these two guys stopped, and said “Are you a Moonie?”

“Yes!”

“Why are you doing this?”

“It’s hard to express to you, but we’re doing fundraising.”

“How much you got there?”

“I don’t know.”

I still had 5 bundles of roses. He came up and looked inside my box.

Then he said “I’ll give you \$300 for everything you got. Box and everything.”

“Take it!!”

He said “This is a Moonie history for me.” Then he left with the roses, the box, the Sterno can, everything. 15 minutes later my central figure came.

“Where’s your box??”

“I sold it.”

He made me give that testimony many times. We got back to Boston and had a huge meal, with Japanese food and everything. And I gave that testimony over and over.

There are some very substantial points where it’s hard to describe the feelings you go through but it’s very precious. Very precious, as we look back on them today.