

My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 13

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In order to support myself in school, I applied for the Federal Work-Study Program, Pell Grants, and scholarships. Very soon, I became self-sufficient and would leave school with no debts. With my work-study grant as funding, UC Berkeley employed me in the East Asian Library on campus. There, as a supplement to my Chinese and Japanese language training, I was able to immerse myself in the universe of East Asian ideographs, and enjoy the company of mature Japanese, Chinese, and Korean librarians. As most were women, I quickly connected with them as though they were Unificationist older sisters and team mothers. My capacity to make a connection of heart beyond age, race, and culture had been honed on MFT and in the intercultural "give and take" so characteristic of our movement's daily life. Church training bore fruit as the librarians began to bring me home cooked food and to exhibit a maternal interest in my well being.

and a pool, enabling me to regain my physical conditioning after years of not quite neglect, but at least disregard. I had always maintained the habit of waking up and knocking out 50 push ups. From around 8 years old, I would rise with my father and do PT, a discipline that has served me well in life (and a practice my father, ever the Marine, keeps at 95).

A shuttle ran between UCSF and the Berkeley campus. I would catch it early in the morning, go to class, work in the library and return to San Francisco in the late afternoon. UCSF had a gym



After going to the gym, I would grab a quick bite to eat in the hospital cafeteria, and meet Cindy in the Reading Room or the Main Library. (When I related to my mother where Cindy and I would meet, she reminded me that after she graduated from UC Berkeley in 1948, she went to work at the UCSF Medical School Library. It would seem that we never really wander too far from home). We would study in the library until closing time at 11:00 p.m. Very clearly, I had entered a new phase of training, as Cindy introduced me to Bushidō academics. For her, the exertion seemed completely natural. Among my colleagues at Berkeley, I knew no one with as consistent or

intense a study schedule. Consequently, I performed very well academically. The lowest grade I earned

was an "A-" in Christian Intellectual History - and UC Berkeley is not known for grade inflation. I must emphasize that I do not attribute my success to myself, but to the fortunate circumstance of being adopted by Cindy as her "study partner."

One cannot be in the company of a person over an extended period of time without developing bonds of heart, of affection, that form the basis of friendship. At some point, maybe a year into our study routine, I felt the desire for a more intimate relationship with Cindy and suggested that we go out. Without hesitation, she responded, "Why ruin a good study partnership." End of discussion - we continued on as before and as if nothing had been said.



During this time, I know that my spiritual life was of great concern to my housemates, Joachim Baum and Bruce Biddle. Our friendship became a spiritual anchor for me in the Church. Even our casual exchanges reminded me of my deeper spiritual commitments. Simply the intensity of my work and study schedule eliminated much of my formal interaction with the Judah Street Center. Moreover, Asian Church increasingly became transformed into Korean Church, and even the Chois were less involved. Nonetheless, as my mind became preoccupied with work and school, through friendships, God continued to exert an influence over my life.

My Vietnamese friend and food project colleague, Thai Pham, took the room next to mine in our house. Hanh Nguyen would come over to visit on the weekend and cook Vietnamese food for Thai and me. She usually would prepare meals sufficient for the two of us to eat throughout the week. If there were family celebrations, the Phams or Nguyens never failed to include me. Thus, even my ties with the Vietnamese community easily continued and deepened. As I reflect back, it seems as though God was busily at work in our 6th Street flat, though I was likely too immersed in the "world" to grasp the spiritual import of all that was happening.