

Living In East Garden Estate

We had one van filled with people assigned to be security guards. Most of them were Japanese. The team leader was Japanese as well. The first thing we did was buy judo outfits. Then we went to East Garden, where we stayed at the Gate House. During the evening, True Parents came down to see who was part of the security group and how things were working out at our residence.

Our daily schedule included security duty plus eight hours of sports, mostly judo. I was not especially good in judo since I had never practiced it. But some Japanese brothers were very good at it; some had earned a third-degree black belt.

Spending so much time so suddenly at sports was a unique experience. I was not used to that much exercise, and as a result my muscles became sore. At one judo practice, I was so worn out trying to throw my opponent by sweeping his legs but he jumped out of the way and swept my legs. I fell and badly injured my shoulder. I thought it might have been broken, but it wasn't. Nevertheless, it hurt.

The first duty of the security guards was to build a fence. East Garden is basically one big rock, and we had to dig nearly a thousand holes for fence posts. Over two thirds of the perimeter was rocky, and we had to use jackhammers and eventually even a rock drill powered by a generator. In reality, the work was quite difficult and progress was slow.

We spent most of the time building the fence, playing sports, and of course, on guard duty. In the beginning, we had absolutely no equipment for guard duty. Basically what we did was stand all night at assigned locations. When it rained, we got wet. When it was cold, we froze. That's how it all started.

Sleep was only four hours at most, and when Father went out for the day and returned in the evening, we were awakened and assigned to wash the limousine. The limousine never got very dirty and

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we had no idea how to take care of the paint. As a result, we made more scratches by washing the car than we should have.

Working under those conditions with a Japanese team leader, I was in culture shock. Japanese do everything opposite to how they are done in the West. One time when I thought I couldn't handle it any more, I walked into my room, sat down on a chair, and prayed to God. I said, "Heavenly Father, it is so difficult to work under these conditions." God answered back with, "Yes, I know. But now, go out again and work." So I did. Through that experience, the burden was lifted from me and I felt much freer and in better spirits.

Since the working conditions were rather difficult, not everybody could handle the responsibility, and from time to time, somebody left. A couple of weeks later, three additional brothers arrived who were supposed to be mobile guards and travel with True Parents. One of them, Mike, was a pretty competent brother, and soon he was put in charge of all stationary security, and I was chosen to become a mobile guard—a bodyguard for Christ. When that switch was arranged Mike said, "Let us celebrate this promotion with a cup of coffee." And so we did.

I remember Mike's words to me, "Don't let the devil get close to him."

The very next day, as we were going with Father to Belvedere, he asked Daikan, "How come this new person is here?" And Daikan explained, "Gerhard is here to replace Mike, because Mike is in charge of stationary security." Father accepted that arrangement.

Father went with the security brothers to Macy's in New York City and bought the same style and color of suits for everyone. It was our security uniform.

In my spare time, I still was working on the fence whenever Father did not leave East Garden. Usually I used the rock drill to make holes for the fence posts. It took quite some time to complete building the fence.

Early on, Father lined us up according to size and spoke to us. He talked to us about security. I remember two critical points from that speech. First, he mentioned that before you can protect others,

you must be able to protect yourself, so he ordered us to do karate exercises. The second point he emphasized was, "When you do security, you have to stand with your back always protected—against a wall, for example—so there is no possibility for you to be attacked from behind. Also, you need to have a clear view in front of you; you have to be able to see everything."

As a result, we started doing karate exercises. The style was Kyokushinkai-kan, founded by Mas Oyama, a Korean who lives in Japan. His best student, also named Oyama, was our shihan. The karate exercises seemed as if they were made just for me. From the beginning, I really liked them, no matter how difficult they were. We had two lessons a day, each one hour long, with a ten-minute break in between. At the very end of the lesson, when we were completely worn out, there was free fighting. In this exhausted state, we sparred with each other.

The karate exercises, amazingly enough, were always the same ones. I remember being told, "You become a master of karate if you do those exercises 10,000 times. Only then do you become a master." Thus, we did the very same exercises, repeating them every time at every practice. As we did that, our form gradually improved and our punches and kicks became more precise. Of course, whenever we made a mistake we were always corrected, but after doing those exercises repeatedly, we improved. I became better at karate.

In the very beginning, I had absolutely no idea how to punch with my left hand, but I learned fast. As our skills improved, we became more confident. I certainly gained confidence because of karate. The shihan said to me, "I'm going to fight you now. But I'm not going to fight you when you have a black belt." That indicated that once a person's skill improves, it is as if an entirely different person is fighting.

After a while, he chose me and lined me up for free fighting so that I had to fight pretty much everyone. At that time I became very confident in karate and in free fighting. I could spiritually dominate my opponents. I somehow knew how they would attack and how I should defend myself against them. I became better and better at free fighting. I realized that karate was the art of self-defense. It is truly an art. In

defending myself during the free fighting, I could block everything, and my opponents could hardly land a punch or kick.

During our sparring I sometimes did not block but just made all of my muscles stiff and tight and let the other person punch me. Once they punched themselves out, I responded with one kick or punch and the fight was over.

Karate greatly strengthened my self-confidence. I practiced breaking techniques one time when I was doing guard duty behind the main house in Belvedere. I laid out some tiles together and tried to break them. At first, I couldn't do it. Eventually, I realized that my focus could not stop at the tile itself but had to extend beyond it in order for the punch to go through the tile. When I focused on going through the tile, I could break it without feeling pain. In that way, the energy of the punch broke the object. Amazingly enough, my hand did not get damaged at all. The only time it hurt was when I couldn't break the object. Then, of course, the energy of the punch was stopped by the object and returned to my hand, causing pain.

I became pretty good at breaking things. When we were building a walkway around the swimming pool at East Garden, I wanted to break one of the stone plates. Actually it was rather big—almost 12 inches thick. I was almost confident that I could break it. However, the stone was not positioned solidly and wobbled a bit when I hit it, so it didn't break. All the power of that punch came back to my fist and almost broke it. That was very painful. Then I tried hitting it with my fingers stretched out like a knife hand. The result was the same, since the stone was not positioned solid on the ground. I had so much pain in my hand because of those hits. So I thought, "I've had enough of this."

One Japanese brother came and said to me, "You can break it. You just have to do it right. I cannot break it, but you can." He laid the stone solidly on the ground so it wouldn't wobble. Some other Japanese brothers came and started yelling some karate calls. The atmosphere completely changed. As he was holding the stone in place, he said, "Use the heel of your palm and hit it with that." So, he held it solidly on the ground, I hit it with all of my might and the stone broke. No pain came to my hand even though it broke the stone.

Everyone watching was amazed. This demonstrated how karate strengthened my self-confidence.

My security skill gradually improved also. One time Father came to me and said, "I want you to study karate very hard." And so I did. I attended all of the karate exercises I could fit into my schedule. Every night, before I went to sleep, I went through the sequence of exercises starting with warm-ups and then going through all the kicks, all the punches, and some basic combinations.

Our karate teacher told me, "As long as you practice the punches and the kicks, you will never forget them. You will never forget how to punch." So as long as I was in East Garden, every evening I did my karate exercises. Even though my form might not have been perfect, I could fight very well because I had self-confidence. Just by looking at a person's eyes, I could overcome him. That was the confidence I had gained. For security purposes, that was very helpful and, I believe, necessary.

There were several key things that the karate teacher taught us. Regarding punching, he said that only the knuckles of the index and middle finger are strong. The knuckles of the ring finger and pinky aren't that strong. Therefore, when we punch, we need to punch with the first two knuckles. Also, he emphasized tucking in the pinky finger. When you make a fist, you tighten it with the pinky finger. When the pinky finger is in the proper position, you are ready to hit.

When making a front kick, you have to raise your knee before extending the lower leg. The point of impact is supposed to be the ball of the foot, with the toes pulled back.

In fighting, you focus your eyes on the point between your opponent's eyes. He told us to stare like a snake, without blinking. When you focus on your opponent that way, it's possible to see every movement he will initiate and then react to it. He told us that his teacher looked at him that way and knew instantly how he would attack or respond. Knowing exactly what your opponent is going to do makes a person superior.

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