

Father's 1975 Tour Across The Country

One time Father went to upstate New York, close to Albany, to visit a cavern. He had an entire busload of Japanese sisters accompanying him, and it felt like a nice family outing. However, there was much more to it. It might have seemed like a sightseeing trip but, of course, as with everything having to do with Father, there is always some deeper meaning. I only understood it later as I reflected about it.

When Father came to America, he started the Day of Hope campaigns with a banquet and three speeches in each of 21 cities. He explained, at that time that those three speeches were comparable to Jesus' three prayers in the Garden of Gethsemane. Of course, Father was going the course of restoration. After Jesus prayed those three times, he was arrested, tried, beaten, and finally crucified. Then he went to the spirit world. This sequence of events that Father was restoring began with the three prayers in the Garden of Gethsemane. After the Lord returned, the first thing he had to do on the worldwide level was to restore Jesus' three prayers, so, centered on America, Father held banquets and gave three speeches representing the prayers in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Ever since Father came to America, he has been working on the worldwide level; restoration is on the worldwide level. The campaigns were eventually successful with people coming and filling the auditoriums. Being accepted by the people meant the restoration of the three prayers, basically a worldwide acceptance of True Father. At the end of 1974, the major city tours were completed and the victory was transferred to the Korean peninsula.

The next steps were necessary to continue the process of restoration. When I was in the process of joining the church and receiving so many revelations, one revelation included so many warnings to the people. Even I was warning people. In the vision, there was an incredible heat wave or firestorm comparable to the explosion of a nuclear bomb, causing the roofs of all the houses to melt and liquid rain to fall.

When it hit the people, they died. It also hit me, but I did not die. I remained alive. I thought that was a warning or the sign of a coming nuclear war—something similar to what was described in the Book of Revelation, which was given to John. Thus, the danger of a nuclear war was not imaginary but real.

In 1975, Father traveled by car across America. At this time the threat of a nuclear war was very real and nuclear weapons were not banned. Without talking about it, during this tour Father was looking at many different caverns as possible shelters for the members in case of a nuclear war in America.

Father started out gathering all of the people in the New York area and spoke to them. Then he went to Baltimore, and the members were gathered there and Father spoke to them. Then he went to Washington, where several hundred members had gathered to listen to him at a big church that was rented for that purpose.

After the speech was over, Father left the church and walked through the crowds with somebody in front of him and me right behind him. As we were walking like that through the crowds, one person suddenly stretched out his arm to touch the clothes of Father. It was similar to the woman who touched Jesus' garment and Jesus responding by asking, "Who has touched my garment?" This person just wanted to feel Father's garment. I saw that hand coming out to touch Father's garment, but I failed to push it out of the way. So that person managed to touch the garment of Father. This memory is vivid, and I consider it my failure not to push the hand out of the way. There are not many failures that I have to repent for while being a bodyguard, but this was one mistake. I repented many times for it, and it never ever happened again.

After that, Father went to see many caverns in Virginia, including Luray Caverns. Also, we went to Kentucky and took a look at some caverns there. Father used cars for this trip. He was riding in the limo with Mother, the driver, and one security man. Most of the time, I drove the second car, which was the regular Lincoln. In addition another security man and me, the people in the car were Mr. David Kim, Mrs. Won Pok Choi, and Lady Dr. Kim. At nighttime, when we found a hotel to stay in, Father would say, "Okay, tomorrow morning

we get up at 6:00.” However, what that meant was that by 6:00 we were on the road, driving. One morning I woke up Mrs. Choi at 5:15, and she angrily responded, “Father said we get up at 6:00, not 5:00!” Soon afterwards, Father was up and moving around, and we had to hurry. By 6:00, we were on the road.

We went to see many caverns. At that time, I deeply regretted not being an American citizen and not having a detailed knowledge of where the caverns were located in America. Father just said, “Let’s visit another one; go to the next one.” I had no idea where caverns were.

One night we drove until almost 3:00 am before we found a hotel. Then Father told me, “Tomorrow, we shall fly to Chicago,” and I had to get on the phone and make reservations to fly to Chicago. It took a while to get all of the information straight. At 3:30 or a little later, I knocked on Father’s door. Of course, the hall entrance door was locked and blocked, and I used the side door, since our room was right next to Father’s room. Only through the side door could we enter Father’s room. Father responded to my knocking and asked me to come in. Father was in his underwear, sitting on the bed, in a prayer position with folded legs. Mother was in the bed, covered up and attempting to sleep. I bowed down before Father and reported to him about the flight schedule for the next day. Then I went into my room and took a shower; it was 10 minutes before 4:00 when I could finally go to sleep.

I slept on the floor right in front of the door to Father’s room. I am very positive that Father heard the shower running next door until ten minutes to four in the morning. Of course, he again said to get up at 6:00. I remember being so tired at 5:15, when one brother woke us up, that I thought, “Maybe I can get a few more minutes of sleep.” A little later, the door to Father’s room opened but it could only open three or four inches before it hit me and was unable to open any further. I opened my eyes, looked at the door, and saw it was Father trying to get out of his room. He found me sleeping in front of his door.

If Father is up and finds someone sleeping, his nature is to get angry with that person and scold them strongly to make them get up. So of course I expected an instant scolding in the early morning. Father

knew how little sleep I had and instead of scolding me, he said with all his love, "Get up." Of course, I instantly got up.

Even though I had made arrangements for the flight to Chicago, Father decided that we were going to drive to Chicago. Leaving by 6:00 am, we arrived in Chicago around 7:00 PM. Many members were waiting there. After driving all day long for several days and having such little sleep, that drive was very draining and tiring. Interestingly enough, during this car trip across America, I never saw Father sleep in the car. He always sat with folded legs like Buddha with his eyes open. Mother at times took a nap. Sometimes she laid her head on Father's lap and slept a little, but Father never did.

After arriving in Chicago, Father ate something quickly and then spoke to the members. I was so tired, and as I stood next to the stage exhaustion must have been written on my face. Mrs. Choi wrote a message on a piece of paper and gave it to me. It read, "You look so tired. Why don't you just sit instead of standing? Just don't fall asleep." I told Mrs. Choi, "I'm sorry, I cannot do that. If I sit down, the very next thing I'll do is fall asleep. The only way I can stay awake is to stand up." It took quite some overcoming to not fall asleep, but I did it.

The next day, we went down to Texas in search of caverns. Eventually, we ended up at Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. The day before we went to New Mexico, we had a hard time starting the Lincoln in the morning. It was Mark's turn to drive that morning. His attempt to start the car failed and he flooded the engine, so we had to wait for a repair shop to open and a mechanic who could help start the car. Father, of course, did not wait, and as he was leaving, he said to me, "Tonight, we'll stop at El Paso, Texas, and we will stay at the Holiday Inn there." Then he left.

After a couple of hours, we got the car running. As we were backing out of the service station, all of a sudden Lady Dr. Kim looked out and said, "Oh, David Kim forgot his shoes." There was a pair of shoes in the service bay. David Kim didn't say a word. He had shoes on, so they weren't his shoes. Eventually, when the mechanic brought the shoes to us, she recognized the shoes as her own. It was she who had put the shoes outside the door and was sitting in the car in her socks, without shoes.

Eventually, we were on our way, driving 85 mph along the Texas highway. After a little bit, David Kim said, "Hey Security, how do you think you can catch up with Father? Yesterday he was driving 110!" In response, we drove full speed; the Lincoln could go 115 mph but no faster. Texas highways are incredible. They are wide and straight and long. You can see straight ahead for five or six miles, until the highway and the horizon become one. We just drove, and we could see the police from miles away.

We arrived in El Paso that evening and found the Holiday Inn. As I drove into the parking lot, I felt in my heart a voice that said, "Father is in room number..." Sure enough, Father was in that room. Spiritually, I had heard the number ...upon arrival. I remember Father saying in a speech that the highest level of spirituality is intuition. My intuition told me which room number Father was in and I did not need to check with the front desk.

After grabbing breakfast the next morning, we drove through El Paso towards New Mexico and saw a fundraiser standing at an intersection. As we drove by, David Kim opened the window and yelled out, "Are you with Unification Church?" The person looked at him and nodded. David Kim said, "Father just drove by here; Father is there in the car in front of us!" That was quite an experience for this brother, fundraising all by himself in El Paso, to see True Parents drive by. He had quite something to report that evening when his team leader picked him up.

There are a few more incidents that I would like to mention about that road trip. One time when we were driving in the mid-west, a car with very strange people in it passed us. We first heard about it when the camera crew in the car behind us called on the walkie talkie to say, "There is a car passing us with really, really strange people in it." Those people saw us using walkie talkies as they were passing us. Of course, we called the limo in front of us and reported about the strange people who were passing us. It gave me a very uneasy feeling, and I expected some incident to happen. However, since they saw that the three cars were communicating with walkie talkies, whatever was on the mind of those people was not acted upon and they took off.

Bodyguard for Christ

Another incident was initiated by the police. Father told us that we needed to make better time and drive over the speed limit because it would take too long otherwise. Sure enough, we were caught going maybe 85 mph. The police caught the third car, which was the camera crew. The camera crew used the walkie talkie to tell the car in front that the police was stopping them. Seeing that we were contacted by walkie talkie, the police pursued us as well. Again, we reported to the limo in front of us that we were being stopped by the police, so after stopping us they pursued the limo and stopped it. After we got the tickets, we received a scolding from Father for using the walkie talkies and showing the policemen that there was more than one car speeding. If the walkie talkies had not been used, perhaps only one car would have received a ticket.

We ended up at Carlsbad Caverns, which extend way over one mile underground. It's a big cave.

Next we headed toward Las Vegas, Nevada. At dinner in the mountains of Arizona that evening, we were served incredibly delicious water. It must have been the best water I've ever tasted.

As we were trying to get some gas to continue on driving, we discovered that there was only one gas station in town and it had already closed for the night. Somehow we were able to contact the owner, who said: "I never come here at night time so people can fill up with gas. I always make them wait until morning." Incredibly, something told him to fill us up, although he had no idea why he was doing it. It was the good spirit world around True Parents, helping out.

The next stop was Las Vegas, and we went to the MGM Grand Hotel. It was an incredible experience. When we went to our rooms, I noticed the carpet was the thickest carpet I've ever walked on. It was several inches thick. We had a hard time closing the doors over those carpets. The bed was round, and the entire ceiling was a mirror.

It was dinnertime, and I believe the True Parents received their dinner in their room. I stayed behind as security in the next room while everybody else went to dinner. Once everyone was gone, I took my clothes off, took a shower, and laid down on that round bed looking at the ceiling mirror, seeing myself naked.

Sure enough, David Kim knocked on the door and said, "Father is going." As soon as I could, I put some clothes on and went out the door half dressed as Father was walking by me. As we walked to the elevator, I was dressing myself. David Kim tied the necktie and put it on me. As we went down in the elevator, I was still dressing. When the doors opened, I was fully dressed except that my shoes were not tied.

Father instantly went over to the one-armed bandits, otherwise known as slot machines, and I escorted him. Of course, Mother and all the others were here and there, trying this and that machine. Father gave me money to change into coins. He played the one-dollar machine. I remember that evening very well. He really tried to get the jackpot. He tried different machines and then stayed at one machine, where he was hoping to hit the jackpot. Several times I had to go and exchange more cash for coins. However, he never did get the jackpot. As he was playing those one-armed bandits, a couple of girls came to keep us company and engage us in a conversation, but Father did not respond to any conversation. I talked to those girls, and they brought us drinks. They stayed with us and tried to encourage us, especially Father, to spend more money. I do not remember how long Father tried the one-armed bandit that refused to give him the big reward.

Later on, the rest of our people came back from the restaurant and joined us. At 1:00 am, True Parents decided to see the Hallelujah Hollywood show at the MGM Grand. It was the greatest show I ever saw. There were so many topless girls performing—I estimated that there were between 200 and 300, but I was so tired that I did not respond to them at all. Nor did I feel attracted to them.

We were sitting at two tables, and one girl said, "You have to drink something. Each table has to drink something." So we ordered a two-liter bottle of coke. In 1975 it cost \$200.

We watched the entire show. The highlight of the show, as I recall, was a disappearing act. The person onstage had a big cage with a black puma inside. All of a sudden, all the lights in the room went out for a split second, not more than one second. When the lights came back on, the black puma was seated on top of the cage and the man was locked inside the cage. I have seen those kinds of acts many times since

on TV, but that time I saw it live, onstage in Las Vegas, at the MGM Grand

It was an incredible show with all of those topless ladies, but since I was so tired I didn't show any response. It was about 3:30 or 4:00 once the show was over, and we went up to Father's room. Father spoke to us and said, "From now on, I will use an airplane. I will fly to San Francisco and speak to the members there. After San Francisco, there is a holiday in New York, and I will have to go there. However, Gerhard, you drive the Lincoln to Miami. Mark is supposed to be with me. Somebody else has to drive the limo back to East Garden."

Then he gave us traveling money, and we escorted him to the airplane so he could go speak to the members in San Francisco. We traveled several days heading toward to Miami. On the way, we stopped and saw some sights. We saw the Hoover Dam. We stopped in old Tucson, Arizona, where a western movie was being made. From there we went across the country. In Florida, we stopped at Orlando and visited Disney World. What I liked most in Disney World was the hall of the presidents. All of the former US presidents were there in life-sized statues that could move. Each one was introduced, stood up, and bowed. President Abraham Lincoln gave his speech. I really enjoyed the Hall of the Presidents. Eventually, we ended up in Miami a day early.

The next day, Father came. The very first question he asked was, "Did you see the New Hope?" A 48-foot Pacemaker, the New Hope is Father's boat, and it was supposed to be brought down and made ready for Father. On its way, the New Hope had run aground on the Intracoastal Waterway. Allen, the captain, was driving the boat at almost full-speed, about 20 knots, and went aground, causing damage to the New Hope. A day beacon was missing. The New Hope ended up in a boatyard and had to be repaired. Father was not happy about this fact, especially since he had expected me to give him a full report on the status of the boat and expected it to be tied up at the Bahia Mar hotel dock in Ft. Lauderdale. Thus, I received another scolding.

I reported to him about all the places we had gone and the sight-seeing we did, but he was not interested in what I did. He was only interested in the boat. I never really understood at that time why

Father needed the boat so badly. Later on, I understood that he had decided to go to Bimini, a small island in the Bahamas, once the boat was fixed and ready to go.

I could not escort him there, and I had to stay behind. Much later I found out why Father needed to go to the Bahamas. It was 1975, and the threat of a nuclear war was real. There was still a danger of a racial war between blacks and whites in America. If an opposition movement were to rise against our church, conditions might become so unfavorable that we would have to leave the country, and Father wanted to check out the Bahamas as a destination. That is what I found out much, much later.

Much later, Father stated that the danger of a nuclear war was over, and even later, he explained that the danger of a racial war in America between blacks and whites was over. But in 1975 these risks were real and Father said he had to prepare in case something happened.

During Father's time in Ft. Lauderdale and in Miami, he went to the McDonald's in Ft. Lauderdale. There were two reasons: (1) McDonald's starts with a capital M, the golden arches, and Moon starts with a capital M; and (2) the Ft. Lauderdale McDonald's is the largest in the world. One time Father wanted me to set a record of how many Big Macs I could eat. For three or four days, I practically lived off McDonald's and could hardly eat any more. Then he decided, "Set a record! Eat as many as you can eat!" Soon, I couldn't handle any more Big Macs. He scolded me, trying to push me to eat more, but I simply couldn't. I don't recall how many I ate that time, but it was not enough for Father.

Father went to see many sights in southern Florida, including Key West. I provided security the night before he went to Key West, and in the morning when Father suddenly appeared, I had no time to wash my face. My face must have shown something, because that morning Father said to me, "You are tired. You stay here today." He decided to go to Key West without me, and he took other security men. I asked him many times to let me go with him, but he said firmly, "No, you are tired." In all reality, I was not that tired; I just hadn't

washed my face and wasn't completely prepared. Father knew it and left me behind, going to Key West without me.

One night we all went to the Miami center. As Father was speaking he asked me, "How old are you?" and I said, "I am 30, Father." His immediate response was, "Oh, you are Jesus' age." But he also made a very sour face, indicating that I was too old and that he wished I were five to seven years younger. Later, I found out what it feels like to be aging. During my 40s and early 50s, I realized that it would have been better if I had another seven or ten years ahead of me. If I had been younger I could have done more for God and for the providence.

I thought at that time, "How come Father is 55 and I am just 25 years younger than him?" But he knew that also. He didn't like his advanced age and wished he were younger. If so, he could have done much more for God. When he was younger, he had to pay so much indemnity and the providence did not advance as fast. Now, as I am writing this, the providence is advancing very quickly.

I remember Father and Mother enjoying these days in Florida very much. Mother loved Florida so much that she exclaimed, "Let's buy the state of Florida!"

When Father eventually left to return to East Garden, he was once more pressed for time. While bringing him to the airport, we ran out of time and I took the initiative and called the airline, asking them to hold the plane because there was a group of 12 people on their way and they would be several minutes late. The airline responded and agreed to my request. As a result, Father had a nice flight home.