

Special Privileges

Many times I've heard Father say, "You are blessed by God. You are like a person who finds a flower in the desert." It surely is true because religious people have been waiting for the coming of the messiah for ages, and once he came to Israel 2,000 years ago, they didn't recognize him. They persecuted him and finally killed him by sending him to the cross at a very young age. All he could do was promise that he would come again and complete the work, the mission that he started and could not complete.

People have been waiting, again, for the return of the messiah. Yet they have been waiting for so long that they forgot about the return of the messiah and made up their own ideas and thoughts; in the end, they only led people astray and took away their hope. When the time was finally right, the messiah appeared again. Similar to the first time, he was not accepted; people had different ideas about what he should look like, where he should come from, how he should speak, and what he should pursue. Again he had to suffer rejection and persecution, and he even had to have bodyguards to make sure that this time he would not be killed. Those who met him and who have been with him truly are blessed by God; they truly found a flower in the desert. I, myself, have been so blessed by God to enjoy the privilege of knowing Christ as he is living on the Earth. Even though my financial fortune is not that great, in this one aspect of finding the messiah I was truly fortunate. I do not know why I had this privilege, but I just happened to be there at the right time in history.

When I was a little boy, my grandmother taught me how to pray and explained to me as well as she could about the Bible stories and the life of Jesus. I asked her when he would come again, and she said, "Maybe after 4,000 years." I thought, "Who can live 4,000 years? How can we wait for him that long?" Among all the people living on this Earth, God chose me in 1972. He told me, "I want you to become the bodyguard for Christ." I truly found the flower in the desert where nothing else grows; I found a beautiful flower.

Bodyguard for Christ

Father also told me, “You are a special person, Gerhard. You are an important person because you’ve lived with Father and you have attended Father directly. That’s what makes you so special.” When many, many people come to follow him and his teaching, it will become very obvious that Father’s prophecy will be true.

My greatest privilege came after the entire East Garden staff watched a John Wayne movie in East Garden with True Parents. After the movie was over, Father talked and Mother translated. Father said, “After this movie, Father wants to go to Father’s Rock to pray, and Gerhard is to escort him.” That moment was perhaps the greatest privilege I have had: the honor of praying with Father at Father’s Rock, just Father and I. I remember escorting him up the hill at East Garden to Father’s Rock, and as he was sitting down I took a position behind him. Of course, I checked the area and everything checked out clear. As Father was praying, I felt that very important people would come to attend him there at Father’s Rock. I felt the presence of the former American presidents Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. Father was praying for awhile and then he stopped, moved his body around a little bit, and listened attentively to invisible people who were reporting to him. I really felt that the leaders of America who were in spirit world were coming to him and reporting to him. Father stayed for about half an hour praying and listening to spirit world. What an incredible moment! What a wonderful experience! Even though I could see only Father, I felt the presence of so many special people coming to see him and attend him. Throughout all my years in East Garden, this evening was the greatest privilege.

I want to describe some events at Barrytown. In the early spring Father went to Barrytown to speak to members there, and afterwards decided to go into the mountains to do some fishing in the streams and in the lakes. We went to a bait and tackle store and bought fishing poles, bait, and tackle. Then we went into the mountains. We ended up at a mountain lake. There was another family nearby who had a very ugly daughter, but she caught fish. As she was catching fish she was talking and talking; her mouth never shut up. Many things she said over and over, such as, “The first fish you catch you have to eat.” She kept on talking. We were not so successful, especially myself. I felt fish

nibbling at my bait, but I could never catch anything. Father caught a few fish but nothing very big.

Very early the next day he left Barrytown before 5:00 in the morning to fish in the mountain streams, rivers, and lakes. As we left Barrytown there were four white-tailed deer crossing the road. It was kind of special, as if they wanted to give us their blessing and show themselves to Father. So we tried again to catch fish. In reality, we didn't have the skill necessary to catch the fish in these streams. When we returned to Barrytown without success, people were reporting to True Father that the shad were spawning. Also, a few students were stretching a tennis net across the narrow opening of the Barrytown lagoon, blocking the fish from going out into the deeper water of the river. Once the tide went out, the fish were caught in the net. Most of the fish were carp, and there were quite a number of them.

Before describing what happened next, I want to share about how Father would catch shad as they were spawning. As the shad were coming to the very shallow part of the lagoon, very close to shore, somebody gave Father a trident, which is a three-pronged spear. Father took it to the edge of the lagoon where the shad were coming close to the shoreline and moving around to spawn, male and female. Since they were within reach, Father caught them with that trident. We kept moving around the lagoon, looking for better spots. Somebody recommended that we go to the waterfall on the property of Bard College, which is three or four miles north of Barrytown. On the school property are several acres of forest and one small, dirt road leading to a beautiful waterfall. At the bottom of the falls there were many, many shad. Father became very inspired. There were about ten people accompanying Father, most of them Koreans. Father was really enjoying this with his early followers surrounded by the beauty of nature and catching shad. It was a great experience for him. I do not know whether he saw the signs "No Trespassing," "No Fishing," and "No Hunting." I do not know if any Korean mentioned to him, "Hey, Aboji, it says no trespassing; we cannot go here." Regrettably, I have to say that neither did I tell him that there was a "no trespassing" sign there. After enjoying himself at this waterfall and catching so many fish, eventually he said it was time to go back to Barrytown. As we

went to the cars, we found two security cars for Bard College parked in front of our cars, and they refused to move. They radioed the police stating that there were trespassers. I do not know whether they mentioned the name Rev. Moon, but at that time the reputation of Rev. Moon and his church was very negative and the image was very negative. The police were rather eager to come. Before the police arrived, some of our senior Koreans such as David Kim and Rev. Kwak were arguing with the security men and asking them to let us go. But they did not let us go. When it became obvious that we couldn't solve this situation, Father himself came and talked to the security men. With all the love he had, he told them, "Please let us go. We haven't done anything criminal. We were not aware that there was no trespassing." With all his love, he begged them to let us go. The security men from Bard College responded with only an ice-cold, "No." It felt like a slap in Father's face and Father's heart when he offered them all his love and they categorically refused it. My heart felt very pained. I felt hurt and sorry that I could not prevent this situation. Then the police came and declared that everybody was under arrest. They asked us to drive to the police station, which we did. By then, the word spread that Rev. Moon was staying at the police station and was under arrest. We had to wait for quite a while. Even though we contacted our church president, who headed out right away, it took two hours for him to drive up to Barrytown. I do not know what tactic he used, but we were bailed out and eventually released. After we returned to East Garden that evening, Father invited us to dinner and said, "This is a typical situation where two Satanic security men were victorious over three heavenly security men." I felt very sorry, but of course it was true. A little bit later, all of us except Father had to go to court. The hearing was postponed to another date, and on that date Bard College dropped the charges and we were free. I do not know what caused them to reverse their position, but we all were freed. Of course, this event made national news as the media reported that Moonie officials violated the "No Trespassing" sign at Bard College and were arrested for trespassing. This was another mistake I made in not preventing this incident, and I repent until today for this.

Returning to the time when the students at Barrytown caught so many carp with a tennis net, Father became so interested in that technique and got the idea of using nets to catch fish. It was early spring, and three weeks earlier there was still ice on the Hudson River. Father decided to go into New York City to a bait and tackle shop. He bought floats, nets, nylon lines of different diameters, plastic needles for sewing fish nets, and sewing twine. With that he returned to Barrytown. As soon as we arrived, we took all that stuff out and Father started to make a fishing net. The first net he made mostly by himself, because nobody had any idea how to make a fishing net. As we watched him, we just picked up some materials and copied him, doing the same thing he did. We made a long net.

As I'm writing this, I am a commercial fisherman, and when I recall the way we made those nets I have to think, "That is not how a net should be made." But there was nobody to give advice at that time. We had no commercial fisherman in the church; nobody could advise him. There were a few in Korea, but not in America, so Father had to think by himself how to make it. For us, it was an interesting experience, being with Father and trying to make a net together with him. The net was several hundred feet long, with about six to eight feet of webbing, a cork line, and a lead line. We set out the net with one man at one end of the net and every ten feet another man holding it. We walked into the water as deep as we could for a certain distance and then walked back to land, bringing the net with us. We caught many fish that way. That method is called beach seining. However, Father was not completely satisfied because we could cover only a limited part of the lagoon and could not reach the majority of the fish. We could not catch anything big. Even though we caught quite a few fish, it was not satisfactory because Father wanted to catch the big carp.

Then he decided to make a different net, a trap net. We set the trap in the lagoon, with some nets on either side. Dragging another net toward the trap, we tried to herd the fish into the trap. That idea did not work out, and no fish were caught in the trap.

Then Father had the idea of stretching the net all the way across the lagoon. However, by that time the people who were moving the net through the water had become incredibly cold because the

Bodyguard for Christ

water was around 32 degrees. Some people got hypothermia, and one brother had to be taken by ambulance to the hospital. Much later I asked him about this incident, and he said he felt like he was going through a tunnel into the spiritual world and came out on the other side of the tunnel. But arriving on the other side, he was sent back and had to return through the tunnel.



Demonstrating his expert craftsmanship, Father sees the "trap net" as fishermen look on.

When he told me that, I replied that he had died and gone into the spiritual world, but he couldn't remain there since he still had some major activity to do in this world. Therefore, he was sent back. Many years later, he became the president of our church in America. That's why he could not die at that moment.

Many people had to be rescued because they were so cold. Somebody had a small boat in the lagoon, and I was in the boat pulling everyone who suffered hypothermia into the boat. It was really cold. Eventually none of the people in the water were able to continue this type of fishing. When Father saw that situation, he looked at me and asked me, "Can you go in the water?" I said, "Yes, of course." I took off my shoes, suit jacket, and necktie and went into the water. What Father wanted me to do was pull that little rowboat to where the net was and pull it across the lagoon. He was in the boat with Daikan. Unfortunately, the net had become completely tangled, and it took

such a long time to set the net out. It was high tide when we started, and by the time we had the net out, it was almost low tide. I spent several hours in the icy cold water, and during that time in the cold water I learned a lot. I learned that one can survive hypothermia if the head is kept dry all the time. As long as your head remains dry, you can remain for a long time in the cold water.

The lagoon was so deep that I was up to my neck in the water. I focused on not getting my head wet. As I pulled the boat little by little across the lagoon, I realized it was necessary to have intermediate goals. I headed for one point, then the next point, and the one after that. After a while—I do not know how many hours—the water in lagoon became shallower and I was in only three or four feet of water. Eventually, I got the net all the way across with Father in the boat. With the net all the way across the lagoon, the fish were caught behind the net at low tide the next day. We went back to the lagoon in the morning and saw incredible numbers of carp stuck behind the net in the mud. When Father saw it, he said, “This is victory.”

Then people went into the mud, caught the carp by hand, and carried them out by hand. The carp, of course, were still alive. I believe we caught about 120 three-foot carp, along with many small red ones. Afterwards, all those carp were brought to Belvedere and put in a pond. We had a pond of carp. Some of the carp died and we ate them as sashimi.

After that time period there was a leader’s conference in East Garden. The special event of that leader’s conference was Mother giving her testimony about her early years, her marriage, and the difficulties she had to endure. She cried and cried. Actually, public speaking was not a God-given gift to Mother, and she struggled a lot with public speaking. She did not often speak publicly prior to that time. I believe this was one of the first times she spoke publicly in America and gave a testimony about her life with Father. It was a great privilege to hear that, a special privilege to see Mother’s tears as she was crying so much about the difficulty of the early times.

Later Father called my name and ordered me to go to a certain place in New England and get more lines and nets and bring them to Barrytown. I was successful at getting everything. Then the real net

making began, and we worked day and night to make nets. We made between one and two miles of net—enough to cross the lagoon several times. After we worked all night, Father invited me for breakfast the next morning and asked me how I felt about working like that. I told him, “Before the church, I had been a farmer. I’ve worked my entire life, so I like working hard, especially with Father. I’ve really enjoyed it.” When the time was right and the tide was right, all the nets were set out, crossing the lagoon several times. Many, many carp were caught. That carp fishing expedition became a tradition at the Seminary, and for the next few years, time was set aside for the UTS students to go carp fishing.

Father really liked to go to Barrytown. He spoke many times at the workshops there, and after it became the Unification Theological Seminary he often spoke to the seminary students. He liked to take them on a walk through the woods down to the Hudson River, and there were certain places where he had everybody sit down while he relaxed and talked to them with deep insight about the existence of God and His principles. As I listened to those talks, my understanding of God changed and my knowledge increased. It was interesting that the more I understood the more questions I had, and even though I amassed this spiritual knowledge it did not give me greater happiness. At one time I realized I didn’t have greater happiness with more knowledge. I prayed to God and asked him to let me return to that stage of basic faith. I didn’t pray for more knowledge or complete understanding; I prayed for God to return me to basic faith. Many years later, one of our sisters wrote a theological thesis and she talked about me in that thesis, calling me the “Man with Simple Faith.” But in reality, the feeling in my heart was happier than a man with incredible knowledge of God. Simple faith was what I liked much more.

When Father spoke in the summertime, when the weather was very warm, he relaxed so much so that he took off his outer clothes and was just in his underwear, an undershirt and Korean underpants which had half-length pant legs. In front of everybody he took his clothes off, and in front of everybody he put the clothes back on when it was time to go. He was completely unashamed, and it felt like he was at home. After he dressed and zipped up his pants in front of every-

body, all the people were laughing. He asked, “Why are you laughing? What’s so funny?” For him, what he was doing was very natural. The audience was the students of UTS. I believe it might be the only seminary in the country where the students are addressed out in nature by the number one man in his underwear. He liked to sit on the grass with folded legs, and that is how he delivered his speeches.

One time as he was sitting facing the Hudson River and giving deep insights about the existence of God and energy, police cars went by with blue lights flashing. Of course many of us were wondering what was going on, but we had absolutely no idea. What actually happened was that Hyo-Jin Nim and a boy named Brian went on a rowboat into the lagoon and then rowed out into the Hudson River; the tide changed to incoming tide, and they went through a small opening where all the water flows through. The water was running very fast through that opening, and as the boat went through the opening it was rocking quite a bit for a small rowboat. Brian became afraid, stood up underneath the railroad bridge, and grabbed some of the structure under the bridge, trying to stabilize the boat. He was unable to do so, since he was only 12 years old. Instead, since he was holding tight onto the bridge structure while the boat went under it, he was lifted out of the boat and when he couldn’t hold on any longer he fell into the water. He couldn’t swim; that’s how he drowned. His body got caught under some underwater obstruction and wasn’t found for several days. In spite of the many people looking for him and divers searching for his body, nobody could find him for three or four days.

After we went back to East Garden, the police called and demanded that Hyo-Jin Nim come up to Barrytown to answer questions. It was a time when Hyo-Jin Nim was in trouble for all kinds of things and the name Hyo-Jin Moon was connected to many situations that were not positive. That time Father asked me to escort Hyo-Jin Nim up to Barrytown to answer questions for the police. Also Mr. Kim came along just to make sure that correct interpretation was communicated. The police were waiting in Barrytown when we arrived, and Hyo-Jin Nim explained in detail about the accident and the accidental drowning. Of course the police couldn’t do anything at that time except write the report. On those special or extraordinary situations,

Father always chose me to help take care of that special work and be the escort. Looking back, I only can say it was a special privilege.

Participating in one event during 1980 was truly a special privilege. Father organized a tuna tournament with the first place winner to receive \$70,000, second place \$20,000, and third place \$10,000. The tournament continued for seven days, and we developed our own tournament rules. For me, it was rather difficult at that time to catch tuna. Even though I had previously caught a lot of tuna—just as many as Father did—I couldn't catch anything during that tournament. Several mornings, before we started out Father called me and instructed me, "Today you have to catch a tuna." All I could say was, "Yes, Father." But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't. Then he started to catch many tuna; he was hot and caught many, many fish during the tournament. As a result, he caught the highest total accumulated weight of tuna during that time. The longest tuna and the heaviest tuna were also winning categories. Thus there were prizes for three categories—the total accumulated weight, the longest, and the heaviest. Father's boat, the New Hope, won the contest, which means he took first place and won \$70,000. He was talking about what to do with the money and explained that this money shouldn't be used for our own purpose but we should donate it for a worthy cause. He was thinking of having the money donated for a scholarship for children of commercial fishermen. However, I had already figured out how I would spend all that money—what I would spend it on, and how I would use it. I did not have any idea of donating it for a scholarship for children of fisherman, and because I had my own idea God could not give me any prize and couldn't give me any money no matter how hard I tried.

After that tournament was over, there was another tournament, which we called the internal tournament. It did not have monetary prizes. The prizes for first, second, and third places were to have lunch with Father. In this tournament, my crew was Peter Koch and his Austrian members. We were actually a pretty good team. Peter was good at praying and I was good at fishing. Over that period of this internal tournament, after one prayer, he said, "Either we catch one fish every day or we catch one big one." So that's what we did. We did catch one big fish at the end of the tournament. It weighed 1,036

pounds. While fighting that tuna, one of the brothers was holding on so tight without using gloves that he had incredible rope burns on his hands, the worst rope burns I've ever seen. After we went home with the tuna and he showed me the rope burns, I gave him a bucket with salt water and told him, "Hold your hands in the water." Salt water somehow helps heal rope burns. He had them for several days. After the tournament was over, Father decided who took first, second, and third places. We took first place. As we went to Morning Garden and into the dining room, Father was already sitting there with his eyes closed, and I felt that we were entering the presence of God in that room. The reward of that tournament was that Father manifested the presence of God to us. The real reward was that we had lunch in the presence of God. That was the real prize of the tournament. It was an incredible feeling sitting there until the food was served and we started to eat. He was sitting there with his eyes closed. For us it felt as if God himself was there. That was our reward for winning the internal tournament. That was an incredible privilege. No money in the world could buy that privilege.

After the meal was over, Peter, his Austrian crew, and I went to eat ice cream, and we enjoyed it very much. Peter told me a secret, "I promised that if I won first place, I would tell you what is behind all of this." Before the tournament started, Father had scolded him and told him, "You are much too fat for tuna fishing; you are no good as a fisherman." That kindled the spirit in Peter and made him promise to Father in secret, "I'm going to show you how good I am at fishing: I'm going to win first prize." And that's what we did. The one person Father didn't think would become a good fisherman won first prize in the internal tournament. All I could add to that is that we were really a good team.

Bodyguard for Christ

