

# BOOK 2

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### Chapter I

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# **True Parents' Blessing for England: An Introduction to the Ocean Providence**

I have told, in the first book, the story of my life from the time that I was born, in 1926, until a special day in late December, 1976.

While the community of Tarrytown, New York, was covered in a blanket of white snow, my wife, Avril, and I, together with 34 other previously-married couples, received The Holy Marriage Blessing from The Rev Sun Myung Moon and his wife, Mrs Hak Ja Han Moon, at the Belvedere Estate.

In recording my 'life of faith', I have recalled many historical events and a number of historical figures who have laid the foundation for us to reach this point in our lives.

Following the Blessing, the next turning point in my life came some two years later. In March 1978, True Father, and later True Mother, came to England for a visit that lasted for three months. This was a great blessing for England. I, personally, was privileged to be selected as Father's driver during much of his stay, and in that

capacity, I went, together with our National Leader, Dennis Orme, to meet True Father on his arrival at Heathrow Airport. I sat at the wheel in front of the main entrance to the airport building while Dennis Orme went inside to greet Father and his entourage. There was, we were to learn, some reluctance on the part of the immigration authorities to allow Father to enter the country on this occasion and there were, it would appear, some heated negotiations and telephone calls to important officials before Father could be granted admission to enter the country for a limited period of time.

I had been sitting in the car for three hours, somehow avoiding the attention of the traffic wardens, when the main entrance door suddenly burst open and Father appeared. I drew up alongside and Father climbed into the car, accompanied by Col. Han. We drove back to Lancaster Gate, our new Headquarters, followed by Dennis Orme, with staff and baggage, in a second car. Father was warmly welcomed at the centre and then went directly to his rooms, which had been specially prepared for him on the second floor. I had personally painted the walls with much tender, loving care.

A short time after our arrival, I received a hurried call – “Father wants to be taken on a tour of London!” We took off with Father in the back seat and Colonel Han, his assistant and translator, sitting beside me in the front. I began to point out some of the more important landmarks and places of interest but soon discovered that my words were not being heard. There was a sound of gentle breathing coming from the back seat. Colonel Han told me to “just keep driving around”. I cannot adequately express my feelings while driving around the busy, brightly lit, streets of Central London, proceeding so as not to disturb

the gentle slumber of the Messiah in the backseat. After about one hour, Colonel Han indicated that we should return to Lancaster Gate where, on arrival, Father retired to his apartment.

Later, in the evening, a group of us were sitting at a table in the dining room when Father walked in. We jumped up to welcome him but he motioned for us sit down and he sat with us and spoke to us for some while on a one-to-one basis.

During the three months' period that Father was in England he had invited members from America and Europe to come, as part of The International One World Crusade, 'IOWC'. Dennis Orme was very much involved in organizing Father's itinerary and other important matters, so I had the privilege of driving Father on many other occasions.

One of the first visits Father made was to Aberdeen in Scotland. Father wanted to meet a professor at Aberdeen University who had attended one or two of the Science Conferences. Father travelled to Edinburgh by plane and I met him at the airport there. After a brief visit to the Aberdeen Centre, we went to the hotel where Father would be staying for a few days. While we were there, Father invited the professor to dinner and, for more than an hour, spoke to him through his translator, Colonel Han. Later Father was invited to take tea at the professor's home. He appeared very much at ease, sitting on the lawn, sipping tea with his host.

One part of our stay in this hotel was very precious to me. Father was playing pool, as he often did, in the hotel pool room when he noticed that I was not wearing a 'blessing' ring. For some reason, special rings had not been given out at our particular Blessing. Father reached

into his pocket and brought out a rather small ring. He fitted the ring on his little finger and then removed it and slipped it onto my finger, my pinkie finger. This was, to me, such an incredible blessing.

For Father's visit to Scotland, someone had arranged for the rental of a Land-rover with 4-wheel drive. Although it would have been ideal if we had been travelling over the Scottish moors and hills, it was not the height of luxury on paved roads and had a tendency to rock from side to side when negotiating bends. Before leaving Scotland, we drove down to our centre at Dunbar, to the west of Edinburgh, where Father spoke to the members. As time went by I became acutely aware of the time it would take to reach the airport if he was to catch the last flight back to London. I rather rashly took it upon myself to stand up and announce that if we were to catch the flight, we should leave soon. Father appeared to be rather annoyed at being interrupted and continued to speak for another half hour. We then made a hurried exit.

The airport was, of course, on the other side of Edinburgh from Dunbar. Hamish Robertson, who knew his way around, led the way and I followed with Father in the Land-rover. I did not know my way around Edinburgh at all and was obliged to follow Hamish at high speed to avoid getting lost. The suspension on the Land-rover caused it to lurch from side to side at every bend. Father always sat on the right side of a car. So, with a right-hand drive, Father sat behind the driver. I was very much aware that, each time we negotiated a sharp corner, hands grabbed the back of my seat.

We eventually arrived at the airport some 30 minutes late for the flight. Father walked calmly into the airport and found the plane waiting for him. It left as soon

as he was seated and returned him to London. Dennis Orme, who was at the airport already, had, it seems, been most insistent with the flight crew about the importance of the passenger they were waiting for.

Back in London, Father wanted to have his own car instead of a rented one. He wanted a Rolls Royce, as he was in England, but the waiting time was six months and this was totally unacceptable. Instead, we went to a car sales establishment in South London and Father chose a Mercedes. It was a beautiful golden colour. Before driving Father, I tried the new car out on the motorway. It accelerated very easily up to 120 miles per hour on the open road. The Rolls Royce was also ordered at the same time, to be delivered later.

While acting as Father's driver, I had to be ready, at any time, to leave immediately. I often had no idea of where we were going until we were already on the road. It might be to Devon or Cornwall or to a factory in East London, or simply to a Chinese restaurant in Soho. I was grateful for having a good sense of direction. We were followed everywhere by a second car with two American security brothers, Mike McDevitt and another guard. I knew of many shortcuts through central London but had always to make sure that security was following.

I took very seriously the responsibility I had in carrying Father safely and comfortably. I rejected any inappropriate or negative thinking from my mind and thought only of good things. I endeavoured to concentrate totally on how to drive most smoothly and safely, alert to everyone else on the road.

I was always very much aware of Father sitting in the seat behind me. I felt that he could read every thought that passed through my mind as he watched my hands on

the steering wheel. I knew he could read my character and see every one of my limitations. When, as we sped down the motorway and I could hear the soft breathing of innocent sleep, I felt that I was cradling his life in my hands.

One day Father put me to the test. I was driving, either on the M4 or M3, travelling towards London, when Colonel Han, who was sitting beside me, said 'Father wants you to drive faster'. The speed limit on the motorways was 70 miles per hour. I was already travelling at 80, which was normal. I put pressure on the accelerator, 85. 'Faster' came the voice from the back seat. Then 90, 95. 'Faster, faster'. We reached 100 miles per hour on the speedometer. We were passing everything on the road, weaving this way and that through the stream of traffic. Then 'Ok – you can slow down now'.

It took some while for the security car to catch up. Tears came to my eyes as I thought 'How much Father trusts me; he trusts me with his life'.

Another experience that I cannot forget was when Father and his eldest daughter, Ye-Jin Nim, were in the back seat of the car and Ye-Jin Nim was teaching Father to sing 'Danny Boy'. Although this is a Scottish song with an Irish lyric, for True Father it represented England, the Mother Nation. The song expresses a mother's deep love for her son. To be driving at speed down the motorway in the golden Mercedes while Father and his precious daughter were singing this song together over and over and over again was such a deeply moving experience. It is an experience that words cannot adequately describe.

At a celebration in New York a few months later, Father sang 'Danny Boy' and touched the hearts of many in the audience.

During part of True Parents' stay in England, Ye-Jin Nim was attending a language school in Oxford Street, learning French. One day I was asked to accompany her to a cinema in the West End. I suggested a film that I thought she would enjoy: 'Oh, God'. As a young lady of seventeen, she was reluctant to take the suggestion of an uncle figure, and chose another film which proved to be a disaster. She was clearly irritated that I treated her with deference but to be treated with familiarity, as some younger western members might have done, was equally offensive to her.

In the poems and writings contained in her book 'Mind Garden', Ye-Jin Nim expresses a deep love for nature and a passionate love for her dear Papa and Mama. She loved them with such a passion that she must have found it incredibly difficult to share her parents with church members. We are told that some Korean elders had even resented her birth because they thought that the first child should have been a boy.

However painful it may have been for True Parents, their sacrificial heart dictated that they should always give out love and support to their followers and members, even before their own children.

Father was always so generous with gifts to leaders and others alike. We went to a shop in Oxford Street and Father bought me a suit. We went to Harrods in Kensington and he bought me a pair of Brogue shoes personally taking care to see that they fitted comfortably.

Mother came to stay at Lancaster Gate during this period. One day she asked me to take her to a pizza restaurant. I took her to one in Oxford Street that Rosalind, my daughter, had previously recommended. Mrs Durst accompanied Mother. Mother always enjoyed pizza but

the smell of cheese was totally repugnant to Father. To him it smelt like 'under the arms'.

On another occasion, in Lancaster Gate, Mother was with her fourth son, Kook-Jin Nim. Mother approached me and said 'Henny, when you have a good meal and then make wind, what do you call it?' Kook-Jin Nim immediately responded with a strong, American accent, 'It's a FART!' 'Well, yes Mother, you can call it that but....' I was so moved by Mother's innocence and by Kook-Jin Nim's ability, at an early age, to see things and to express things exactly as they are.

Around that time I was standing as security outside the door of Father's rooms when the two boys, Hyun-Jin Nim and Kook-Jin Nim decided to test out the system. Together, these two muscular boys crept up and jumped on me from behind, bringing me to the ground. I was powerless to resist. These lively boys literally brought us down to earth and kept us grounded. We were frequently ambushed, as we climbed the stairs, by toy guns protruding through the banisters.

Father was very serious about visiting places of historic interest. We were constantly visiting museums, Oxford and Cambridge colleges, stately homes and palaces. He would walk through the galleries of the museums absorbing the essence of the exhibits and then he would stop to gaze intently at a particular exhibit that interested him, such as a human skeleton.

Blenheim Palace was a building that especially interested Father and he often recommended to Korean guests that they go there. Blenheim Palace was the gift of a grateful monarch, Queen Anne, to John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, in gratitude for the great victory he had achieved at the battle of Blenheim. It was

also the birth place of a junior member of that family, Sir Winston Churchill. Father appeared to be very much impressed at the grandeur of the buildings, their terraces and avenues of trees. He admired the bridge spanning across the artificial lake and the extended park land blending into the rolling English landscape.

Father also visited the Tudor Palace at Hampton Court situated on the river Thames, west of London. Built for Cardinal Wolsey, it was later acquired by King Henry VIII who lived there for some time.

After going through the Elizabethan knot-garden, Father walked across the parkland to a bridge spanning over the head of an artificial lake. A crowd of people were standing on the bridge but, as Father approached, there was a sudden great rushing sound and a huge flock of water birds landed close to where Father was. The crowd on the bridge looked across to see what had attracted the birds, but Father quietly walked away to avoid attention.

At some point during True Parents visit to England in 1978, Father approached me with a new mission. "If you are an architect and can design buildings," he said "you can design boats." It was as simple as that. He sent me out to buy a book on fibreglass boat-building. I went, together with Colonel Han, to a bookshop in Charing Cross Road where we bought a book entitled, 'Amateur Fibreglass Boat Building'. We brought the book back and gave it to Father. Father took it in both hands and then presented it to me and said, "This is your Bible!" Father then asked me to choose someone I would like to have working with me. The inevitable choice was Brian Hill. Brian and Marjorie Hill were the only other English couple who had been in the same blessing with us at Belvedere, two years earlier. Brian was a qualified

electronics engineer and was working at that time in the printing department of the NewsWorld, a newspaper that Father had quite recently resurrected in New York.

Brian was the most talented, resourceful, loyal and unassuming person that one could ever have the good fortune to work with. From this point on, we worked closely together for some fifteen years and I am most deeply grateful for his loyalty to True Parents and for the constant and unstinting support he gave to me. Brian was later to become National Messiah for Denmark where he passed away in 2005. He left behind his wife, Marjorie, who had been such a great help to us during our earlier years in the Church, and four talented daughters and grandchildren.

During Father's stay in London he was interested in purchasing Ambassador College, a private college that was on the market in the North of London. The college consisted of modern buildings set in parkland. There was a lake and both Japanese and English gardens. We visited this spot on several occasions. Father loved to feed the water birds on the lake and sometimes we would be accompanied by Mother and the children and there would be a picnic on the grass. I particularly remember one such occasion. Father chose a grassed area at the centre of an 'English' rose garden. A rug was laid down on the grass and Korean food was produced. There, under the warm summer sun and to the accompaniment of the bees busily pollinating the roses, Father spoke about his plans for building boats. Colonel Han translated Father's words, but, to my eternal shame, I found that I had no means of capturing them. However, I listened intently and felt I could understand Father's vision in starting this venture.

Father wanted to build boats of fibreglass

reinforced plastic, FRP (or GRP, in England). This is a material that had been developed during World War II when it was used in the construction of such items as aircraft wings. During the 1970s and 1980s, it was fast becoming the most economic, versatile and long-lasting material for building small boats. FRP is a composite, which means that it is stronger than the combined strengths of its individual components. It functions in the same way as reinforced concrete or mud bricks held together with straw. As a plastic, it does not rot like wood or rust like steel and, since it can be laid up in moulds, it lends itself to mass-production. This greatly reduces the cost of the end product.

As I recall, Father was thinking of starting off with 40ft fishing boats that could be mass-produced and then building up to boats of 200ft or 300ft. The quality of the work would have to be good so that we would be able to sell the boats with a three-year warranty. During the warranty period, the builder would have to take responsibility to pay for all repairs. Father spoke of expanding into submarines and fibreglass prefabricated houses for underdeveloped countries. Father spoke about constructing boats of prefabricated units which could be assembled, if necessary, in some other part of the world.

Father was so passionate in his dreams to develop the expertise that would find ways of extracting the abundance of the ocean to feed hungry people. Father's dreams are so expansive and he never lets go of his ideals.

Father put forward his golden rule: that the Ideal Boat should be: ***Strong, Economical, Functional*** and above all, ***Beautiful***. Strong - in that it should be able to stand up to any sea or weather condition and that it should be stable and unsinkable. Economical - in that it should be

inexpensive to build and inexpensive to run. This might be achieved through the development of fully hydrodynamic lines and concern for fuel efficiency. Functional - in that it should be perfectly arranged and fitted out as an ideal fishing machine. Beautiful - in that it should be sleek, graceful and perhaps even a little seductive, like a beautiful woman. These points must be totally integrated and interrelated in the design of the Ideal Boat – Father's boat. Our responsibility would be to interpret those ideas into reality.

We visited several sites in East London where it might have been possible to develop a boat building factory, but it was finally decided that we should move to America where, as I understood it, there would be more freedom of action and more funds available.

One day Father asked me if I would like to move to America. I replied that I would, of course, go wherever Father wanted but that I was concerned that our National Leader did not want us to leave the country. The reply was simply, "That's his problem." And the matter was settled.

Father's idea, in setting up a boat building factory, was that we could sink the moulds into the ground so as to make savings in the height of the building and that we should construct the buildings like a tent over a light framework. These ideas were often put forward but we were unable to find a practical way to develop the first idea because of its inflexibility and the second because of the unpredictability of the weather.

We visited the Maritime Museum at Greenwich and Father gave most of his attention there to the design of propellers and to submarines, although he did not discuss these with me at the time.

During this time, Father visited Greenwich Observatory and had the experience of standing astride the Meridian at 0 degrees longitude. Shortly after this, Father spoke to the IOWC members on Blackheath, not far from the Observatory. I had the job of fending off curious passers-by.

I always had a connection to this part of the world. My great grandfather lived at Shooters Hill; nearby, my father served at Woolwich Arsenal during WW I; and my mother's brother, Uncle Louis, had a parish at Blackheath during WW II. Uncle Louis always wore a black cassock when he visited the shelters during the bombing raids and was known, in his own words, as "The black devil that turned up when the bombs were dropping."

When Father came to England on this visit, we were in the process of buying a property in Chislehurst, Kent. It was a substantial building, reputedly built for the well-known explorer, David Livingstone, for his retirement. At this time the building was being used as a convent for Catholic nuns. Father was anxious to see the building – after all, Barrytown, in N.Y. State, was, previously, a Catholic Seminary. Father was greeted, most graciously, by the Mother Superior, with a warm handshake. After a brief tour of the building, we were invited to take tea in the Reverend Mother's private sitting room. Father returned to The U.S.A. in August of 1978.

I really had very little personal experience with boats although our family had enjoyed boating holidays in the past – chugging along canals into North Wales in a canal barge with the children running about opening and shutting lock gates. We also very much enjoyed navigating the upper reaches of the Shannon River, in Ireland, in a motor cruiser.

In the army, I had attended a three-week course on 'Watermanship' as part of my sapper training. We learnt about knots and lashes and how to erect pontoon bridges. My most painful memory was rowing the pontoons into position while sitting on the flat top of the pontoon. I empathized with the Roman galley slaves.

Brian had now returned from New York, where he had been working on the newspaper. In order to broaden our experience of boats, we were given the opportunity to travel around Europe visiting fibreglass boat-building companies. We went to France, Italy, Germany and Norway, investigating various types of boats and construction techniques. We also visited the Orkneys where the fibreglass fishing boats had to survive in quite extreme conditions. It was so interesting to see the various designs that were adopted in different nations. We were now ready to launch into our new mission in the United States.

## Book 2

### Chapter II

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## **To New York - Development of Good Go, One Hope Boats**

In September 1978, Brian Hill and I departed from England, leaving behind our families and everything we had previously been working on. We put ourselves in the hands of Our True Parents to fulfil whatever they might call upon us to do in the New World. As we flew across the vastness of the ocean and marvelled at the beauty of the clouds below, we turned our minds to study the chemistry of fibreglass reinforced plastics as a preparation for what was to come.

On our arrival In New York, we moved into the New Yorker Hotel and started our bachelor existence in two separate rooms on the 23<sup>rd</sup> floor. Built in the 1920s, the hotel had, over the years, become very drab and soulless. The dimly lit corridors were heavily carpeted and our silent footsteps built up static electricity. We experienced a shock every time we reached out for an elevator button. On this upper floor, we were high above the noise, the bustle and the smell of 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue where it intersected 34<sup>th</sup> Street. We were, to some extent, protected from the constant clamour of police sirens as our rooms looked out onto light wells where the sun's rays rarely penetrated.

We ate our meals in the communal dining room where we were able to have a certain amount of give-and-take with other members. Soon after our arrival, Father called a meeting in the Hotel and announced that he had brought two 'gentlemen' from England to work on a special project. "Please make them welcome and invite them into your homes," he said. We were touched by Father's concern, but invitations did not come flooding in.

In spite of the rather drab living conditions, we were, in fact, going through a very rich and meaningful experience working together under True Father's direct guidance.

One of the first things we did was to travel around the shores of the United States. We toured from New England to Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, where we visited the steel shipyard managed by Rev Paul Werner, and on to Los Angeles and Seattle, visiting boatyards where fibreglass fishing boats of all kinds were being built. We then prepared a report on our findings which we presented to Father in November 1978. The report was based on plans for the construction of a 40ft, general purpose, fibreglass, fishing boat for which we gave estimated costs and recommended building locations. Father accepted the report and then led us into the next stage of our training. He asked us to prepare a design for a 78ft, general purpose fishing boat. Fortunately we both had some understanding of structural mechanics. We studied books on Naval Architecture and obtained a couple of large volumes on fishing and fishing boats prepared by UNESCO (United Nation's Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization) who were, at that time, working hard to develop the fishing industry, particularly in the less developed areas of the world.

We worked on a detailed design for a general purpose shrimp boat, which could easily be adapted for deep-sea trawling, long-lining and other systems. We produced many drawings and calculation sheets and also a scale model. At that time we drew with pencil on paper. Brian was able to go to the accounts department on 43<sup>rd</sup> Street to use their computer for the more detailed calculations. I subsequently worked on the scale model. We had tests carried out on the hull design in a test tank at the Web Institute of Naval Architecture and these were found to be very satisfactory.

In working on the lines for the hull, we had studied research that had been carried out to compare the effect of differing angles of entry at the waterline. The optimum angle of entry reduced resistance and allowed the bow to cut more smoothly through the water. The staff at the Institute liked our design and, quite spontaneously, offered us jobs if we were interested.

We had the use of an office in the New Yorker Hotel where we could quietly go about our work. Some joker had put a name plate on the door. It read 'Noah'. From time to time Father would visit our office to check on progress. We never knew exactly when he would come but the visits often occurred on a Monday morning. We would be silently working away when the door would suddenly fly open, at the hands of the security guard, and slam back against the wall. Father would then march into the room. He was particularly interested in looking at the scale model.

I had scraped into Architectural School with a model of the Minoan Palace in Crete, made out of cornflakes packets. I had now chosen to use card to construct this model of a fibreglass boat. I was building

the model of the hull in much the same way as a full-sized fibreglass hull would be built but using cardboard frames and bulkheads, with longitudinal battens covered with a light plaster, sanded down to assume the correct profile. Father would go straight to the model. It meant so much more to him than detailed drawings. He would squat down by the model so that his eye could follow the lines. He would pass his hand over the surface as if to gauge the way that the hull would ride the waves and hold a course. His eyes would light up in pleasure and then other matters called and he would be gone again. I liked to think that some of the strain and worry of a Monday morning could be lightened for him. These were such tense times.

During this period, Father was becoming more and more concerned about providing food for an ever increasing world population. In some parts of Africa, people were dying of starvation and this was a situation that could not be allowed to continue. Father was constantly looking into ways by which one could tap into the vast resources of the ocean. As he constantly pointed out, the ocean occupies 75% of the earth's surface. Only one quarter of the surface of the earth is land. The continents are surrounded by and dominated by the ocean.

The important thing, now, is that we research to find ways by which we can harvest the abundance of the ocean. It is important that we learn about breeding, too, so that we can replace what is harvested. We should develop fish farming on land and at sea and also encourage water sports to open up an interest in the ocean. We must take dominion over the sea. For this purpose, we need to develop strong, fast and versatile boats that will plant our

footprints within this promising new environment.

In February 1980 True Father celebrated his sixtieth birthday. A sixtieth birthday is a very important milestone in the life of any Korean person. For Father, it was to be a most joyous occasion and it was to be celebrated in the New Yorker. The Grand Ballroom was to be transformed for this celebration, as was the Entrance Foyer and the surrounding areas. The Gallery around the Entrance Hall was being decorated with large wall paintings executed by Jan Parker from England supported by Carlo Zaccarelli and Shigeyoshi Watanabe. The Ballroom itself was most extravagantly decorated with plaster columns and ceiling panels all painted white like the icing of a cake.

The crowning glory was the reredos or back cloth behind the stage. The centre point was supported by a pair of peacocks representing the marriage blessing and this was surrounded by various give-and-take symbols and Korean-style ornamentation.

I was called in to help, in a very small way, in setting this out. I was asked to draw out, in detail, certain elements of the design. The detailed drawings would be passed back and forth until Father was completely satisfied and then the results were passed to the plaster mould makers. I do claim responsibility for suggesting the use of recessed lighting to create a more theatrical effect.

On the Celebration Day, Father spoke at length to a crowded Ballroom in the morning and he attended a special celebration at the Manhattan Centre in the evening. During the afternoon, however, I received a message that Father wanted to see me in his fortieth floor apartment. He wanted a report on the boat design.

I took a roll of drawings under one arm and the model under the other and ascended to the fortieth floor.

Father greeted me at the door and led me to a side room (the main part of the apartment was full of children). I showed Father the working drawings and gave a report on what we had been doing, but what Father really wanted to see, more than anything, was the model. This was our birthday offering. I had fitted out the model for various types of fishing which included outriggers that could be raised or lowered, a stern ramp and net reel, a mast with derrick and winches. It was by no means a professional model - it was made with cardboard, plaster and sticks of wood - but it served to show Father, three dimensionally, what the boat would look like and how it could be rigged for different types of fishing. Father was so happy with the result of our exercise. I felt that it meant so much to him on this very special day.

A few days later, we received new instructions. We were to start preparing the drawings for a 28ft Sport Fishing Boat for tuna fishing.

Unlike the displacement hulls that we had been working on, this new boat was to have a planing hull. This meant that the hull would be moulded in such a way that the boat skimmed over the surface of the water rather than ploughing through it.

Speed, I was to find out, is desperately important to Father. Speed and timing are so important to the success of any venture. We don't have time to waste. Spiritually, when the time is right, we have to be there. I deeply regret that I gave Father so much frustration due to my tardiness. Father was always urging me to move faster. He once complained "You are so slow, you even blink slowly!"

Father had been tuna fishing for some while and he had chosen a particular make of boat that he wanted us to

use as a guide for the new development that he was planning. We studied this boat in detail. We were given the use of a large room in the Manhattan Centre, which adjoins the New Yorker, and we drew out a full-scale line-drawing on the floor. We extended the new boat to 28ft in length with a beam of 8ft. In developing this line of boats we were using certain conditional numbers which were all multiples of the number 4. The width of 8ft was also, at that time, the maximum width that could be carried on a trailer.

When the parameters had been agreed, the next step was to start building. Father had purchased a defunct candy factory at Queens, on the other side of the East River. It became known as the East Sun Building and various businesses were developing there. One of these companies was the 'Pioneer Furniture Company' whose wood working machinery and small group of skilled wood working brothers, formed the nucleus of our new boat building company. In June, a new company was incorporated, 'Master Marine, New York', and, as it was not permissible for a foreigner to be president of an American boat building company, I became Vice President. Father already had a steel boat-building company in Alabama, presided over by Paul Warner, which had already been named 'Master Marine' before it was purchased. Father thought it appropriate that we should have the same name. On April 15<sup>th</sup>, 1980, we started work building the plugs for the first 28ft boat. A small group of brothers who had come from Europe to work with the Ocean Church were redirected to Master Marine, New York, and our workforce began to grow. We all worked together to develop the various skills and techniques that we would require.

The hull plug was built up on a sturdy ground frame with some eighteen plywood cross frames cut out individually in the 5<sup>th</sup> floor workshop and erected on the frame, like a very large toast rack. These frames were held together with a keel spine and longitudinal battens to form the clear shape of the hull. The deck plug was also built with flat sheets of plywood over a series of shaped plywood frames. Brian directed work on the hull and I worked on the deck.

Father visited us almost every week to check on progress. Our working area was approached by a metal stairway leading down from the main floor of the building. The stairway had a loose tread at the top. We would all be working away industriously when there would be a 'clank' as a foot trod on the top step and there was Father - looking as if he had just alighted. He would then descend the steps to see how we were progressing. When the three-dimensional outline of the hull was clearly visible, Father made some fundamental adjustments to the lines. He described a rounded bow instead of a pointed one. This was to provide a valuable fishing platform and also establish a considerable overhanging flair which would help to keep the boat dry. Actually, it gave the boat a certain oriental flavour. He deepened and lengthened the foot of the bow stem so as to give a better cutting edge to slice through the waves. We then made further adjustments to the keel line to prevent 'cavitation' from taking place.

The inspired improvements that Father made gave a totally new look to the boat. They gave the boat an appearance of purpose and urgency that was quite unique. They also greatly improved the performance. These were ideas that developed out of Father's observation, intuition

and insight while fishing on the ocean.

The hull and deck plugs, together with some other boxes, were then covered with fibreglass and putty and were sanded and polished to give a perfect shiny surface. Moulds were made from the plugs and boat parts were made from the moulds.

A Norwegian brother, Gier Isaksson, had the responsibility of building a mould for a rope locker. It was an oddly shaped black lump but Gier had put his heart and soul into sanding and polishing it until it positively glowed. On one occasion, when Father was visiting, I led him into the side room where Gier was working. Father walked over to the mould and, without saying a word, he gently rubbed his cheek against the surface. Father's action said everything and Gier was totally elated. Even in the rush to get things done it was still necessary to maintain the highest quality. In everything we do, we should always strive for perfection.

We were under a lot of pressure to get the boats into production.

At this time, we were faced with a big problem as to how to actually calculate the fibreglass 'schedule' and thickness that would give the necessary strength in the various parts of the hull. Fibreglass was still in a hit-and-miss stage without the rule of thumb that would have been available for more traditional construction methods. Various different fibreglass manufacturers were developing their own particular cloths and woven rovings which were being tested using a variety of different resins. There were not, at that time, any standards to go by and the boat manufacturer was obliged to take the advice of the supplier.

We thought we were fortunate in finding a

representative of a fibreglass company who was a Marine Engineer who had had previous experience building fibreglass fishing boats for a certain dictator in Central America. The engineer's name was Derrick Espute, a white Jamaican who had been educated in England. Derrick also brought a friend of his who was a native of Fiji and had worked with Derrick in Central America. They were very generous hearted people, from whom we were to learn a lot of practical knowhow. Derrick advised on the type and layout of the glass and Tom showed us the technique.

Derrick Espute was introduced to us by Bobby Wilson, an American brother who had joined us from Master Marine, Alabama, to help with the administration. He was a carpenter by trade and was able to keep the wheels turning. He was in fact the first American that Avril and I had met when we went to meet Father in 1973. He always struck me as the 'all American boy'.

Although Brian and I went back to our rooms in the New Yorker every night, the brothers slept in a dormitory in the East Sun Building in rather primitive conditions. We were all working 14-15 hours per day, seven days a week, and we felt that Bobbie's cheerful nature was needed to keep up the morale.

Father continued to push us on timing. He even called me from time to time over the ship's radio while he was fishing off Gloucester, Mass., to check on how things were going.

All kinds of people were brought in to try to hurry the work along. Sisters from One World Products (OWP), who were working in the East Sun Building, came in at night to help sanding the deck plug. Unfortunately, they had very little understanding of what they were supposed

to be doing. We were grateful for their help, but part of the next day was spent repairing the damage their sand paper blocks had done.

As we developed, we brought in members with mechanical and electrical experience, mostly from Europe. Outboard engines and mechanical and electrical equipment had to be installed and tailor made items, such as bow rails, made to fit. Other fittings were purchased and fitted. We extended into additional floor space and developed a production line over seven stations. We also extended our purchasing department with a stock room to supply the equipment to the outfitters.

Father was developing an engineering company called Saeilo, which he had started in Korea, and he was anxious that the engineering company and the boat building company should work together. Saeilo set up a workshop in the East Sun Building and I prepared detailed drawings for them to construct aluminium framed trailers, somewhat similar to the ones we had been purchasing for our boats. As father had directed, the trailers brought so much more manoeuvrability to the fleet, as boats could be carried freely over land.

Finally on July 10, 1980, the first Good Go boat, the One Hope 1, was completed. This was just 120 days from the time we started work at the East Sun Building. Since Noah was supposed to have taken 120 years to build the Ark, I thought we had not done so badly. But Father had expected better – much better.

On one occasion when Father came to the East Sun Building, he called us together to try to build up the momentum. He asked me if I was prepared to build boats for the rest of my life. Being a rather cautious person, I probably did not respond with an emphatic 'Yes, Father',

but in my heart, I was determined to follow this request to the best of my ability.

[I continued to work in boat building, within the Ocean Providence, for the next 26 years at which time I was obliged to 'retire' at the age of 80.]

During the summer of 1980 Father spent a lot of time in Gloucester, Massachusetts, working to develop the Ocean Church. He had recently bought a large house and property that had previously belonged to the Catholic Church. He named the house Morning Garden. As soon as the first Good Go boat was completed it was taken, on its new trailer, to Morning Garden. It arrived at two o'clock in the morning. As soon as Father heard that it had arrived at the gate, he came out of the house and ran across the grass lawn to greet it. Father immediately climbed on board and, throwing handfuls of Holy Salt over the deck, he gave it his blessing.

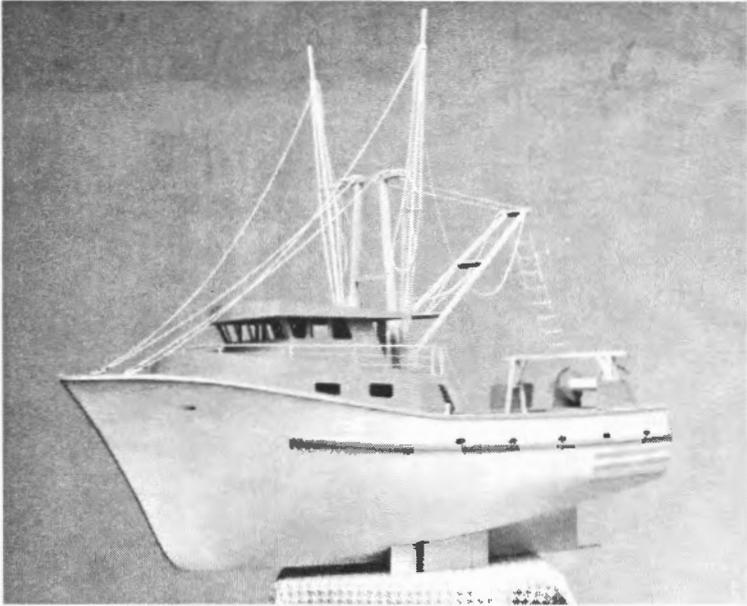
Brian and I flew up to Gloucester on the first flight in the morning. The boat was immediately taken down to the harbour, picked up by a crane and lowered into the water. No previous tests had been done so it was with great relief that we saw it sitting there in the water - on an even keel. We filled the tank with fuel and climbed aboard. Brian started the engine, pushed the throttle forward and we glided across to a jetty on the other side of the harbour where Father and Mother were waiting. They immediately stepped on board and we set off for a 'test drive' around the harbour. The performance was better than we dared hope. If Father had any reservations, he kept them to himself. This was Father's 'One Hope' and the first of many to come.

A week or two later the 4<sup>th</sup> Good Go, the 'One Hope 4' came off the production line and was delivered to

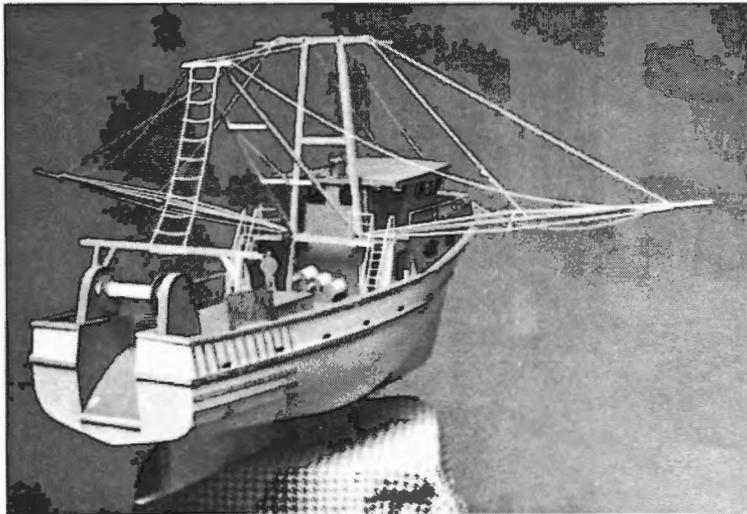
Gloucester. Brian and I received a call to meet with Father there. When we arrived, we found that Father was already out fishing on the New Hope, the boat that he had acquired some six years earlier and on which I had had the privilege of fishing with Father on my forty-eighth birthday.

We were told that Father was fishing with the fleet at a spot some twenty miles off shore. Neither of us had any experience of navigating at sea but we were told that, if we followed a course at a certain compass bearing, we would, in due time, meet up with the fishing fleet. It was a great relief when, after losing site of the coast, the fishing fleet finally appeared on the horizon.

Father observed with a keen eye the way the boat handled in the waves and, at the end of the day, he switched boats and returned home on the One Hope 4. Brian was at the helm. After a while Father beckoned me to follow him forward and we sat down together on a fish box. Father said "Congratulations!" I replied "Father, this is your boat, your design." Father smiled a little coyly, studied his feet for a moment and returned to the stern of the boat.



Model of a 78ft. G.P. fishing vessel presented to Father on his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday.



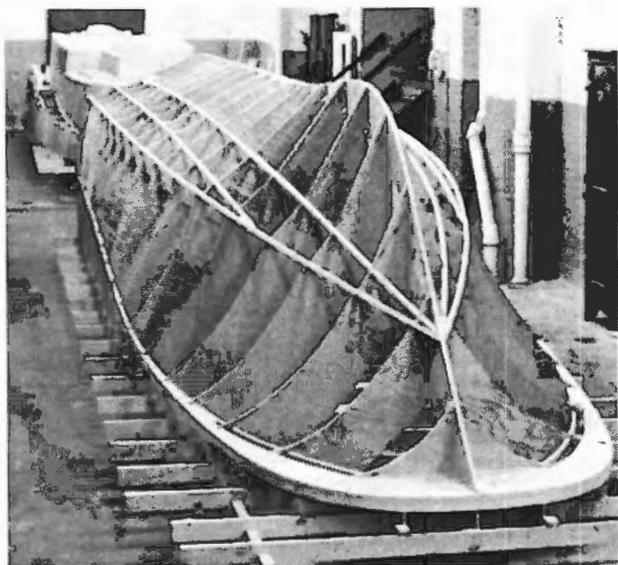


**The first international boat-building team.**

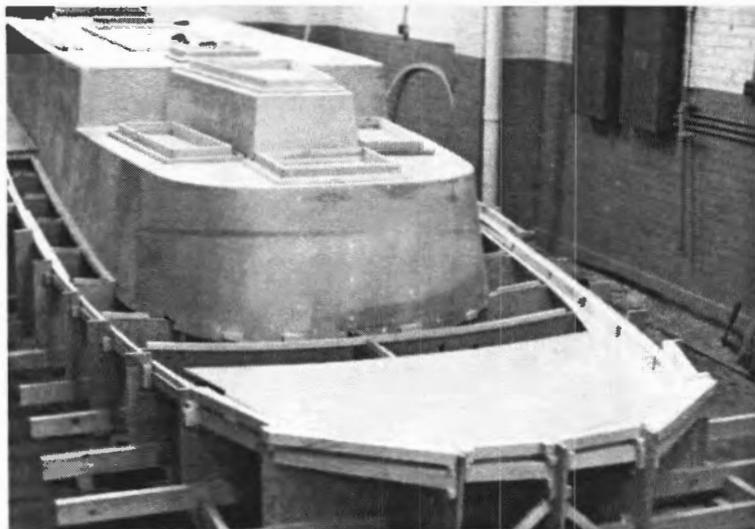


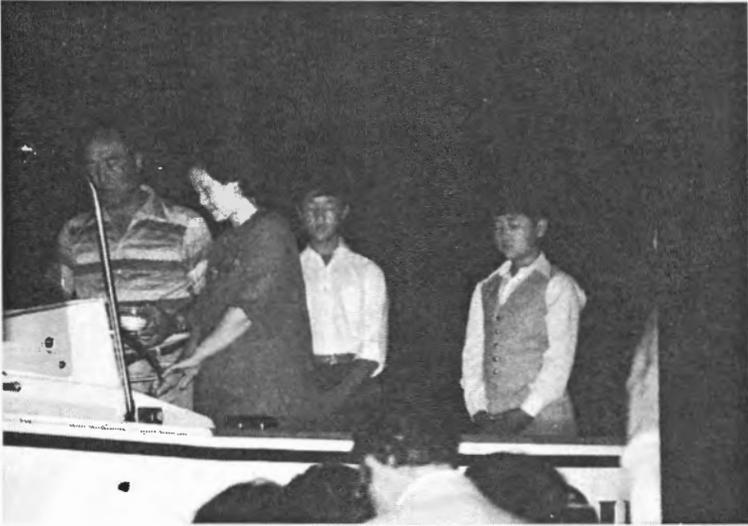
Father's practical involvement.





Foundation for Good Go hull and deck plugs, including Father's development of the bow.

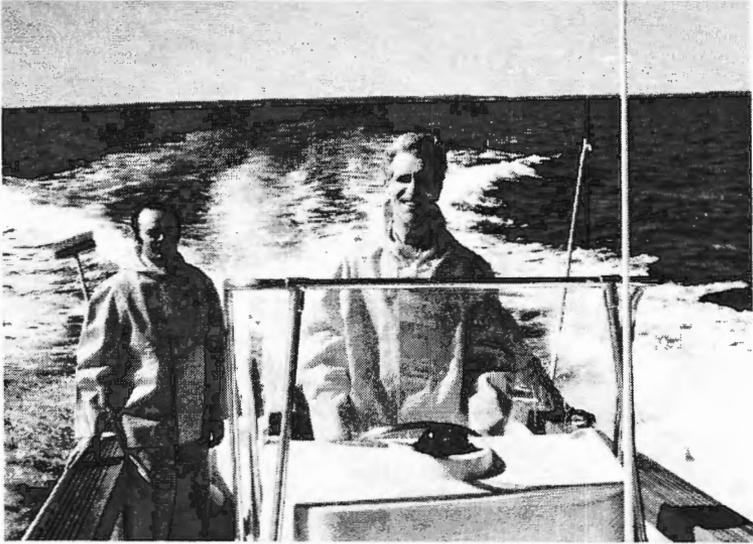




One Hope I arrives at Morning Garden at two in the morning, to be blessed by True Family.

Launching 'One Hope 1' at Gloucester, Mass.





**One Hope 4 - The coast of Massachusetts disappears below the horizon as we head out on a compass bearing.**

## BOOK 2

### Chapter III

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## **Growth of the Ocean Church: Alaska to Mississippi**

Although Father was enthusiastic about the Good Go boat, even at this early stage of development, he was not at all happy about the progress being made. The goal had been to build fifty boats in four months so as to be ready for the tuna season when it started.

In his speech at the Foundation of the Ocean Church in October 1980, Father spoke of his plans for the expansion of the boat-building program. Our progress was moving forward far too slowly and, somehow, matters had to be taken in hand. To remedy the situation, Father instructed Mr. Kamiyama, the US business leader, to take over the running of the company. Mr. Kamiyama straightway brought in a new manager, Lewis Burgess, and unceremoniously dismissed Bobby Wilson, our administrator. He discouraged our reliance on outside professionals. He appointed new foremen, some of whom, in our minds, were totally unsuitable for the job and then, to my dismay, he destroyed my 78ft model, which I rather treasured. Our labour force was then quickly increased, with skilled and unskilled workers, until it totalled over ninety people from fourteen different countries. It was a

most difficult situation for Brian and me. We felt very uncomfortable about it. However, we had to realise that changes were necessary if we were to provide the boats as Father needed them and we had no alternative but to buckle to and do our best to make things happen.

In January 1981, Father came to the yard to give encouragement and spoke of many things. I quote one section of the speech where he is speaking about leaders:

*“Father can see how a person works, then he can tell who will be the future leaders. If he came here and stayed three days, he would be able to see who is serious. He enjoys watching the person who likes to do his work. The person who doesn't enjoy, he doesn't feel like looking at him. Mr. Masters is too good a person. It takes not such a good man to run a boat yard. Mr. Kamiyama is better in that respect. He is able to be with any people. He harmonises the situation and blends in with them, and he pushes them hard.”*

A year or two later, at another time of change, when Mr. Kamiyama was needed elsewhere, Father told me that he had spoken to Mr. Kamiyama and that Mr.K. had told Father that I had united with him and that he and I had worked well together. Father then said “You have passed the test. Now see what you can do with a Korean leader!”

During our lives, we are constantly making conditions for good or evil. We are constantly working for restoration and, for this purpose, Father takes the situation of Cain and Abel, the sons of Adam and Eve, to represent the one ‘standing on the side of God’ and the other ‘standing on the side of Satan’. It is necessary for Cain and Abel to unite for a good condition to be made. In this instance, Mr. Kamiyama was put in the position of Abel

and it was necessary for me, in the position of Cain, to unite with him. Father, it seems, was satisfied that we had fulfilled that condition and that the Providence could move forward.

My wartime experience with Japanese soldiers had instilled in me certain feelings of fear and mistrust, where Japanese people were concerned. What appeared to me to be a totally different moral and ethical standard from that with which I had been brought up, led me to believe that, in some way, they were set apart. These fantasies have always haunted me and blurred my vision.

Once in production, we developed a production line system where the boat-building could be speeded up. Father gave us a goal of one boat a day. We managed to extend ourselves to five boats a week. Father was working hard at that time on the development of the Ocean Church and, as an essential part of the training program, he needed 300 boats with trailers in order to set up 30 centres around the country each with 10 boats. In the end, Father accepted 150 boats as having fulfilled the condition.

During the winter of 1980-81, more than ninety Good Go boats, with all their limitations, were stored on the lawns of the Belvedere Estate in Tarrytown and were buried under snow. When this became a problem with the local residents, they were moved to Norfolk, Virginia, where Father was developing a fish processing plant and had space to store the boats.

As time went by, we continued to develop the boat, changing from outboard engines to inboard/outdrive, which were much more efficient.

During the evolution of the boat's design, it developed a serious problem with listing to one side or the other. We found ways to overcome this by increasing the

flat areas under the chines. The problem was not fully resolved until we could widen the stern and install twin I/O engines.

We also developed removable hard tops to cover the forward part of the boat. This provided protection from the harsh conditions at sea but it detracted from the boat as a pure fishing machine. I, personally, worked on the construction of the plug, mould and production of this part. Hyo Jin Nim, Father's eldest son, had a hardtop on his boat but the part was later discontinued.

I was encouraged to go fishing from time to time, in order to better understand the conditions that a fisherman has to contend with and to recognize essential needs. On one occasion I went out with a couple of Ocean Church members and we caught a huge tuna. We had to lash the tuna to the side of the boat in order to bring it back to Gloucester from Province Town, where we were fishing. It took us about eight hours to get back to Gloucester and we had to continually fight off the sharks who wanted to take bites of the tuna's flesh. The tuna weighed 900 pounds and we had our photo taken, dwarfed beside the huge fish.

In August in 1981 we showed our boat for the first time at the boat show in Newark, Connecticut. This was exposure, but the boat was not yet for sale.

On one occasion, I was invited to go fishing with Father and his family. We were on the New Hope and Father took us across the bay from Providence to a quiet sandy beach. The New Hope was taken astern as close as it could go to the beach. Those of us who could swim jumped overboard and swam to the water's edge while True Parents and those who could not swim were ferried across in a dingy. We were there to enjoy ourselves and to

relax. On landing, I was challenged by Peter Kim, Father's close assistant, to a race. At fifty-six I think I gave him a good run for his money.

Also in the party were Hyo Jin Nim and his young bride Nan Sook Nim. I understood that Nan Sook, in Korean, means white lily and, seeing her in a bathing costume, I saw how appropriately she had been named. She seemed to hold herself with a certain cold aloofness - a stunning white lily.

While we were on the beach, I helped the security brothers to dig two trenches in the sand. Father and Mother lay down in the trenches and we covered them with sand so that only their heads were showing. True Parents wanted to draw the healthy elements from the soil into their bodies. Our immediate concern was to protect those two precious heads from vehicles speeding across the strand.

On another occasion I went fishing with Father and a group of other members, out of Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay. We were to be there for three weeks. Father had rented a chalet. True Parents and members of their family occupied the upper floor while a group of us slept on the ground floor. I found myself sleeping directly under Father and, at exactly four o'clock each morning, I was woken with a thump as Father leapt out of bed. I was grateful for this as it gave me a chance to get into the bathroom before the rush. At six o'clock we were at the dock and heading out to sea in our allotted Good Go. Generally, we did not return until midnight.

Father has so much love and respect for the ocean. He speaks very little while he is out at sea, but immerses himself totally in the creation around him and becomes one with it. Many religious people, throughout history,

have gone up into the mountains to fast and pray and to find God, but True Father goes out to the Ocean. Father often speaks in a most poetic way about the changing moods of the ocean – from beauty and serenity to tempest and fury. He loves to watch the sea birds soaring overhead and to contemplate the bounty that exists below the surface. He can read the clouds and recognise the scent on the wind.

Father knows that life at sea is tough. There are no concessions. For him it is a great training ground for life, a training that we should all experience.

For me, on this trip, I found it so very difficult to see the Ocean as Father did and to share his ecstasy. For me there were things that were very difficult to digest. I am sorry to say that I became absorbed in my own personal discomfort. Standing all day long under the hot sun, the boat rolling under a gentle swell, just gutting sharks and cutting them up into little pieces to throw out as chum for tuna that didn't bite, the oily fishy smell was nauseous. Mother, out of the kindness of heart, had cooked some shark for us and it was sent out to the boats for us to enjoy. Our boat was some way distant and, by the time the treat had reached us it was quite cold. Although I was deeply touched by Mother's kindness, I was quite unable to ingest the precious morsels with a truly grateful heart. All I could do was to make an offering to the creatures of the deep.

Another day we went out under stormy skies. The sea was choppy and, as we pushed forward to keep up with the other boats, every crested wave sent shudders through the boat and soaked us in salty spray which found its way under my sou'wester and down my neck. I

had pulled a muscle in my shoulder and was suffering a lot of pain.

During the third week I had to return to New York to keep an appointment with a lawyer concerning my business visa. Father had given me permission to go. After the appointment I convinced myself that it was not necessary to return to Massachusetts for just a couple more days so I took myself to a chiropractor for treatment. A little while later one of the security brothers told me that Father was asking where I was. I felt very bad as this must have been a special 21-day condition that I had not completed. The last thing I wanted to do was to let Father down. I felt so miserable.

In September 1982 Father gave a speech at East Garden 'Why we have an Ocean Church'. He spoke to the Ocean Church membership of the great hope he had in the development of Ocean Church as a testing ground for future leadership and about taking responsibility for America. I quote one paragraph:

*"When I first met Mr. Masters, I noticed his hair was completely white and thought he was an old man. I treated him kindly and didn't push him too much. Then I found out he was only fifty-six and I thought, 'Oh, I should have pushed him much more, he is only a young man! Why is this man here from Britain? Does he have a separate destiny from you? No, the world is only one world. America is not just by itself. We share whatever happens".*

In the late summer of 1982 a group of enthusiastic young Japanese brothers came to join our team. During the following year they helped to build a new set of moulds for an improved 28ft boat, learning lessons from the performance of the earlier boats. The area of the chime

flats had been expanded and we were now concentrating on an inboard-drive version. Father then pronounced these boats as being perfect.

We had started work on the construction of a 48ft boat. The hull mould had been developed from a rather misshapen mould that had been purchased. A lot of work was done to straighten and extend the mould. Experiments were also carried out at this time to incorporate steel reinforcement into the fibreglass of the superstructure, in order to give additional strength. Unfortunately, we were not able to find a satisfactory way of doing this and the added steel made the boat top heavy. The boat was completed and launched in September 1983 at Sheep's Head Bay on Long Island. Father came on board after launching and, during the test drive, he blessed the boat. Sadly, we failed to bring a good result. The super structure proved to be too heavy and had to be reduced before the boat, the 48ft Sea Hope could be used. Captain Gerhardt Peemoeller learned to love this boat and he continued to fish with it for a number of years.

After the launching of the 48ft Sea Hope, the workforce was considerably reduced and Mr Kamiyama was becoming more involved in other spheres. A new central figure was now assigned to the boat-building providence. Mr C. Hwang was some seven or eight years older than me. As a geologist, he had worked as a mining engineer under the Japanese in the northern part of Korea. When the Japanese left, he took over responsibility for the management of the mine. At the time when Father was opening businesses in Korea, Mr Hwang was given responsibility for developing a marble vase company which became a very successful business. Mr Hwang had no experience in boat building but he came to us as one

experienced in business. As early members, Mr and Mrs Hwang were among the 36 couples who received the Blessing in 1960. Mr Hwang was a very gentle man who did not enjoy good health.

Early in the morning of September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1983, I received a telephone call to say that I should travel with Mr Hwang to Alabama where we were to meet Martin Porter, who had succeeded Paul Werner as President of Master Marine Alabama.

We went there to discuss new plans for building an 85ft fibreglass trawler. We flew down to Alabama as requested and returned the very next day with Martin Porter, to meet Father and to discover what was to be expected of us.

Father wanted to build a fibreglass trawler similar in size and general form to an existing steel trawler, the Green Hope. The Green Hope had been built by Master Marine, Alabama, and was successfully fishing in Alaska.

The shipyard had earlier acquired a subsidiary yard in Mississippi at a place called Moss Point. The yard was situated at the point where the road running south to Pasquagula crossed the Escatawpa River by way of a swing bridge. The river was tidal at that point and frequently flooded over the surrounding sandy flatlands. The state was about to build a new high bridge over this flat area with the centre span high and wide enough to allow a shrimp boat, with its outriggers up, to pass under. To accommodate this high bridge, some of the area of the yard had to be forfeited and the existing steel frame buildings had to be moved and set up on new concrete pads further over.

Martin Porter found an apartment in Moss Point for Brian and I to live in and later purchased and

furnished a single storey house in the scattered settlement of Escatawpa for our use.

We set up a small office in one of the buildings at the Moss Point yard and set about designing the proposed 85ft trawler. The size and general arrangements resembled the Green Hope but it was adjusted to suit the requirements of fibreglass. Special features, such as a rounded bow and other characteristics favoured by True Father, were incorporated.

At that time we were still drawing in pencil on tracing paper with T-squares, adjustable set squares and French curves. Things were kept in line by copious 'tables of offsets'. Brian always took responsibility for the mechanical and electrical side of things.

For the stability calculations and for structural advice we went to Jensens, a Marine Engineering Company in Seattle for professional help.

In April 1984, after a short time in Mississippi, the main body of the members returned to New York. Master Marine, New York, had been closed down so they now operated as Ocean Church. Mr Hwang had a Korean friend who was a naval architect. Mr. Shin had recently retired from teaching in a university in California and was living in Alabama. Although, no doubt, a brilliant mathematician, he had no experience with fibreglass and was unfamiliar with the needs of a commercial fishing boat. Mr Shin was given responsibility for designing a 52ft boat. Koreans are often quite intransigent in their opinions and, as a consequence, our relationship with Mr. Shin was at times rather strained.

During 1984/85, Brian and I went with Mr Hwang on several occasions to the Seattle area in Washington State and to Kodiak, Alaska. We visited fibreglass boat

building companies and studied the different types of fishing that were being carried out in the North West. Mr Shin accompanied us on a couple of occasions. It was decided that the new 52ft boat should be developed as a Salmon Seiner but this was later changed to an inshore shrimper with outriggers.

Father's activities in Alaska centred on Kodiak where he had taken over a fish processing plant that was now being run by our members. At one time a group of Japanese sisters were working in this plant processing the fish in extremely cold and wet conditions. Our visits to Alaska opened up fascinating insights into the land of the far north, so dear to True Parents. The Inuit people, the Eskimos of the region, appear to be closely related to the Koreans and Mr Hwang looked upon them as his cousins. Seeing them together one recognizes the same features and the same stocky build. The Inuit live in a very close relationship with their natural surroundings.

Father spends a lot of time each year in Alaska. Out on the open sea, teeming with fish and other sea creatures, away from the worries and bustle of city life, Father finds an inner peace and the intimate presence of God in these surroundings.

Father has a house in Kodiak called North Garden. Here there are dormitories for those who come on fishing parties, and down in the basement are stored the oil skins and rubber boots, and most importantly, the fishing rods with lines, and hooks, and nets. The sitting room, which members share with True Parents, is equipped with a large screen where one can watch a significant selection of fishing films or sit and hear Father speaking when the weather is too bad to go out fishing.

Brian and I were able to stay at North Garden for a week or two while attending to some remedial work on one of our boats.

On one occasion we were able to travel north across the Alaskan peninsula to the Bering Sea and to Naknek and King Salmon where we could watch the salmon seiners at work in the lower reaches of the river. We flew in a small sea plane, the common form of transport in the area. The little plane took us through a totally white world as we cruised around the higher mountains and peered down into extinct volcanic craters, chatting with the pilot over the roar of the engine.

The salmon have an unusual life cycle. After spending much of their lives in the deep ocean, they return to the rivers of Alaska, where they were born, to lay their eggs and die. The young fry are born and grow, eventually making their way back down the river and out to the sea. This is a great time of harvest for the bears along the river banks and for the fishermen who net in large quantities of fish for the market as they stretch their seining nets across the river.

Alaska belonged to Russia before it was sold to the United States. This is still very apparent in the little Orthodox churches with their onion domes. Otherwise the houses are wooden framed. In contrast to the grandeur of the land and sea, the townships are rather cold and austere. That is until you step inside and experience the warmth and hospitality of the people and hear their stories. This was also the experience at North Garden.

Back south, Mr Hwang stayed part of the time in New York, where they were constructing plugs and moulds for the 52ft boat, and partly in Alabama. Martin Porter had purchased a comfortably sized house, within

its own grounds, in Alabama as a place where Father could stay as he travelled around the country. The house was given the name "South Garden" and Mr Hwang lived there when he was in the South. Mr Hwang had, as his personal assistant and chauffeur, a member who had previously been a fundraising leader. Roger had a very gung-ho character and was gradually taking over much of the administrative side of things for Mr Hwang.

The members in New York eventually moved down to Mississippi bringing with them the plugs and moulds for the 50ft boat. New buildings had been erected to accommodate the construction of the two boats – 85ft and 52ft These were connected by a building developed as a stock room. At one end of the 40ft high building housing the 85ft boat, we had erected a two-storey building with offices on the upper floor and changing rooms and a meeting room below. We introduced Tom from Fiji to act as general foreman and we started to employ outside workers to work alongside our members.

When we moved down to Moss Point, we had bought a house as our headquarters, and the single brothers lived there. A number of the brothers had been joined by their wives and were starting their families. These families were scattered around in single storey dwellings.

After many years of separation, Brian was joined by his wife Marjorie and their four daughters. They now moved into a house in Moss Point, close to the Centre. I was so happy that Brian was able to be reunited with his family after so many years. The girls were very talented in singing and dancing and they put on performances in local halls under the supervision and guidance of their mother. Brian supported them with his expertise in

lighting and sound. The Hill Family made quite a name for themselves locally and built a substantial bridge with the local community.

Brian and Marjorie's coming together again made me feel more deeply my own separation from Avril. When Brian left our house in Escatawpa I was joined by a couple who got carried away with some spiritual problem and subsequently returned to Europe. They were followed by Roger and his wife, Gwen. For some reason, my relationship with Roger was always rather strained.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> September, 1985, we had warnings that a severe hurricane was on its way across the Gulf. Hurricane Elaine was about to strike the shores of Mississippi and Alabama and it was anticipated that we would be right in the path of the storm. I made the decision to evacuate all our members to a reception camp some miles upstate. Brian decided to take the risk and stay out the storm with his family in Moss Point. Roger organised the vans and the rest of us took off for our destination upstate. At the reception centre I received a ticket which read "Henry Masters and family of 30". That gave me quite a warm feeling. We were given a hut with rows of beds and I took the parental position with the girls lined up on one side and the boys on the other. We were able to go together to the canteen for meals. On our return to Moss Point we found that Brian and family had taken refuge in a nearby church hall. When the roof of the hall blew off, they moved into the church next door. Their house was not seriously damaged.

Along the seafront everything had been flattened and cables were strewn everywhere. When we visited the shipyard we found that the 40ft high doors on the end of the main building had been lifted off and carried by the

force of the wind to disappear into the nearby lake. The building itself had been tilted like a stack of dominoes and was some five degrees out of perpendicular. It needed quite some pull to get it back to vertical again. As far as I can remember, the boats themselves were undamaged.

After straightening up the building, we resumed work on the two boats.



Good Go, with hardtop fitted, showing its paces.



We caught this 900lb tuna with the 28ft. Good Go in Providence Bay.



High-level discussions about the 48ft. design.



Original 48ft. Launched at Sheep's Head Bay.

## BOOK 2

### Chapter IV

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#### *"I know a place where the sun shines like gold."* The Belvedere Song

Since I had left England to start the boat-building activities, Avril and I had lived on separate continents. Father had given me leave to go back for short visits every two months but we were virtually living separate lives for four years from 1978-82. Then, in September 1982 Father called Avril to come to America to look after Belvedere House. True Parents were now living at The East Garden Estate in Irvington, about half a mile away.

Avril had been working in England in a somewhat motherly way helping young members to settle in. She also spent a lot of time travelling around the country visiting the parents of new members and to reassure them. She covered many miles and developed many deep and lasting friendships.

Avril was now taken on as one of the East Garden staff under Mr Peter Kim. We felt so incredibly privileged to be able to live together in what had been True Parents' home. We occupied a little room under the roof and shared a bathroom with Rev Won Pil Kim, when he was visiting. His was the room that we had stayed in when we first came to visit True Parents nine years earlier. It was at

Belvedere that I did my leadership training in 1974 and it was here that we received the Blessing in 1976. Now I was commuting every day to Queens.

The woodland at the rear of the Belvedere Estate, which ran down the hill to the Hudson River, had, I was to discover, once belonged to a forgotten cousin of mine who had developed a private zoo on the property. It was here that we discovered a giant turtle in an artificial pond and where True Father had stood under the spreading branches of a large, historic, beech tree when he talked to the brothers about the formation of the Ocean Church.

An enclosed aqueduct that carried water from the mountains, upstate, to supply New York City, ran along beside the fence that separated the two properties. It was here that we walked the true children's dogs. All this made us feel so much at home.

Ye Jin Nim, True Parent's eldest daughter lived at Belvedere with her family, and later In Jin Nim moved in with her husband.

Mr David Kim maintained a suite here after he had moved to the Theological Seminary at Barrytown. Mr Kim had built up an archive in the basement where many important historical documents were kept. He also filled the shelves of an extensive library with theological and philosophical works, mostly in English. It was a beautiful library with large windows looking out across the lawn and the trees beyond to the Hudson River. It had a high ceiling and bookshelves extended to the full height. I had access to this room and I loved to slip in there whenever I could, to soak in the atmosphere and enrich my mind.

While we were staying at Belvedere, we had a visit from Miss Young Oon Kim. In April 1984 she was kind

enough to present us with a signed copy of her latest book "An Introduction to Theology".

It was Miss Young Oon Kim's book on the Divine Principle that had moved us so deeply on that Christmas Day in 1972 and led to our joining the Unification Movement.

Miss Kim was teaching at a Theological College in Korea when she first met Reverend Moon. She and several of her students subsequently joined this church. Miss Kim was now teaching at the Theological College at Barrytown, New York, that had recently been established by the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity. I had received much spiritual inspiration from reading her books and was particularly interested to read her series on World Religions. Father Moon had a strong foundation in the teachings of Confucius before his family converted to Christianity. Both teachings taught the importance of living for the sake of others, but Confucius taught about the perfect man and the importance of family relationships whereas Jesus talked about the love of God as a Father figure and emphasized the power of love in the family structure.

So here we have *Jen*, as expressed in filial piety, uniting with the One God in True Love to build a Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, as Jesus foretold.

Soon after we moved to Belvedere, Father spoke to a group of leaders at the training centre. It was a very serious meeting and Father spoke very strongly to them. Knowing that Father was speaking, I had slipped into the room and sat in a corner at the back to listen to the precious words. Evidently Father had spotted me and, perhaps to lighten the atmosphere which had become rather heavy, he suddenly called out "Henry Masters –

come up here and give your testimony!" I was totally unprepared. I walked out onto the stage before all those important leaders and began to mumble about something. Then Father said "He is a castle owner". I misheard what Father said and thought he was accusing me of being a 'Casanova', that is a man who engages in promiscuous love affairs. I immediately objected "No Father, I am not a Casanova!" "He is a castle owner!" "No, no Father, I am not a Casanova!" The leaders held their breath that anyone had dared to talk back to Father in this manner. Father simply said "Ok, carry on". I tried to make another start by saying that my wife had recently come from England to join me. Father immediately retorted "She didn't come to join you, she came to join me!" "Yes, Father". "Sit down". I sat down much relieved but clearly put in my place and the meeting came to an end on a much lighter note. Later, Korean leaders came to speak to me with awe in their voices, "Father loves you very much!"

It was an almost idyllic situation for us to be there together at Belvedere. Our daughter, Priscilla, was fundraising in the neighbouring state of Connecticut and, occasionally, came to stay overnight, sleeping on the floor at the foot of our bed.

I continued to work at the East Sun Building, but while at Belvedere we were always close to True Parents and their family. We also became familiar with a number of the Korean leaders who stayed at Belvedere when visiting East Garden.

It was towards the end of 1983, when I was traveling up and down to Mississippi, that True Parents were undertaking an important speaking tour in Korea. There was a particular point in the tour when Father was threatened by communist detractors. It was at this very

tense time that Heung Jin Nim, True Parent's second son, was involved in a car accident when he was driving with two of his friends on a visit to Barrytown. Heung Jin Nim was severely injured and remained in a coma for some weeks. When it was obvious that Heung Jin would not regain consciousness, Father gave permission for the artificial stimulation to be switched off and Heung Jin Nim passed peacefully into the spirit world. The day of his ascension has become an important day for us to observe.

Heung Jin Nim was such an incredibly loving and gentle young man and was an example to all of us. I remember a particular occasion when Father was speaking at Belvedere Training Centre early one morning. As I found it so difficult to sit on the floor, I was standing outside in the cold listening to the speech over the loudspeaker. All of a sudden I felt a hand laid gently on my shoulder. I looked around to see Heung Jin Nim. He was concerned that I was standing outside alone in the cold and asked if I was all right.

Heung Jin Nim had a soft spot for stray cats. He had collected several strays and kept them in his room at East Garden. He had the carpet removed and replaced with a clean hard surface. When he passed away his cats were given to different families to look after. Avril received one cat. At the time, she also cared for pet dogs that In Jin Nim and Un Jin Nim had grown out of and were unable to care for anymore. This was a responsibility Avril very much enjoyed.

Another important event that took place during this period was the year that Father spent at Danbury prison. This is not the place to discuss the providential

meaning of this event but I wanted only to mention the times when we were personally affected.

I remember well the day in June 1984 when the staff members were called to East Garden to say goodbye. We gathered together on the lawn and Father spoke to us briefly. He firmly rebuked those who were crying and directed those members who were looking after Mother to be particularly diligent. The car drove up, Father got in and they drove off with all speed for Danbury as we waved goodbye.

Mr Kamiyama, who was sentenced at the same time, was to be with Father for the first six months of his incarceration. He left at the same time from his own house. There was a cold and empty feeling as we dispersed.

Needless to say, there were regular prayer conditions taking place at East Garden during this period and members of the staff joined in on a rota system. It happened that I spent a few weeks at Belvedere during the winter months and I joined Avril in her weekly vigil. We went out to the Holy Ground on the hillside above East Garden, overlooking the Hudson River. The snow was thick on the ground. We prayed for a set period after midnight. Hyo Jin Nim and other members of the True Family would be there and some of the older ladies including Mrs Lee and Mrs Kwak would regularly attend. Although we dressed up in every warm thing we could lay our hands on, the cold was so intense that it didn't take long before we felt as if we were as naked as newborn babies in the freezing blast.

During the time Father was in Danbury, Rev Won Pil Kim did not sleep in his room at the house. Instead, he spent the nights in vigil in the pavilion by the lake.

At one point in 1984 our son James came to visit us and stayed with Avril at Belvedere. During that period, I was living at Moss Point in Mississippi, so Avril and James travelled down by train to visit me for a few days. It was so wonderful to see him. He appeared to be happy in his life on the farm but our separation was always so painful. He was constantly in our thoughts and prayers and we missed him very much.



A passionate speech at Belvedere Training Centre.



**True Family's interest in boat-building. In Jin Nim, Heung Jin Nim and a Younger sister.**

## BOOK 2

### Chapter V

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#### **Cheju-do: Island in the Sun**

Early in April 1986 Mr Hwang and I had a call to go to Korea to look into the possibility of starting a boat building business at the Tong Il factory at Masan. The work at Moss Point was to carry on without us for the time being under the care of Brian, Rodger and, ultimately, Dr Porter. Avril was still living and working under the care of Mr Peter Kim at Belvedere.

We stayed, at first, in Seoul where Mr Hwang visited his family and I stayed at the Segye Ilbo Building. After a couple of days we were invited to attend some celebrations that were taking place at the Little Angels School. This culminated in a Blessing ceremony for Un Jin Nim, True Parent's third daughter. After the Blessing, the new couple, Un Jin Nim and her husband, departed for their honeymoon on romantic Cheju Island. Cheju-Do is the traditional resort for honeymoon couples in Korea.

What was rather unusual was that Un Jin Nim's parents accompanied the couple to Cheju Do and Mr Hwang and I were invited to come along too.

True Parents went to stay in a Penthouse suite on the top floor of the prestigious Hilton Hotel, situated on the south coast of the island. The newlyweds, Mr Hwang

and I and the security staff had accommodation on the floor below.

Cheju Do is a most beautiful island. The local guide books describe it as a second Hawaii, famous for its beautiful women and its rocks. At some time in Korean history there was a government coup and all the civil servants were banished to the island. Being civil servants, they were people of importance and standing who were not expected to do physical work. These idle men took the local women as their wives and the wives became the workers and breadwinners. In the villages on the east coast of the island, women divers go out into the sea to collect shell fish. It is an interesting sight to see these 'mermaids' emerging on masse from the waves in their sleek black protective suits, carrying their catch for the day.

Cheju Do is an incredibly beautiful and diverse island that has sprung up out of the ocean around the now extinct volcano that stands, at 1950m, as the highest mountain in South Korea. I longed to climb Halla-san and see for myself the lake lying at the bottom of the crater but that sight had to wait for another day.

The island is strewn with large boulders which appear to grow up out of fertile fields. The coast consists of cliffs and beaches and rocky coves and supports a wide range of fish and bird life. There are also caverns that have quite an array of stalactites and stalagmites. This fertile soil is ideal for market gardening and Father has developed nurseries to grow orchids and other exotic plants. He had also acquired areas of flat land in the north of the island where slow running streams presented conditions that were ideal for the development of fish farming.

Father has often spoken of developing the hobby industry and this is where he has hoped to expand this idea.

Father had spoken, at one time, of not being able to have a companion with whom he could discuss his ideas. Mother is, of course, Father's closest and most intimate companion but he may from time to time wish to have some other person off whom he could bounce his ideas.

As we walked together along the grassy edge of the low cliff overlooking the rocks and the sea on the east coast of Cheju-Do, Father spoke at length about his plans for the hobby industry and his love for this island paradise. Could I dare imagine, just for a brief moment, that I could be thought worthy enough to stand as a sounding board, a companion, for our True Father? I could only be a support to Father if I could maintain a truly humble heart of filial piety. Only then might Father express his heart as a True Parent. I was never able to take notes or otherwise record these conversations but I felt that I could absorb something of Father's desperate heart and deep spiritual awareness. I am deeply grateful for having experienced these times and equally humbled at not having lived up to the expectations or brought about the hoped for results. This was truly the expression of a father-son relationship that I was unable to experience as a boy.

We did a lot of sightseeing each day and even went pheasant shooting with True Parents. Pheasant shooting was a sport that I had no particular taste for, but I did well with clay pigeons.

We came back to the hotel each evening and dined with True Parents and the honeymoon couple. Although I felt quite confident with chopsticks, Mother graciously

offered me the use of a fork, which I accepted.

After dinner, we retired to watch television. Mother always liked to watch the 'soaps' every evening. In a way, this kept True Parents in touch with everyday life in a Korean family. Father always liked to tune in to the news broadcast. At that time, other members would join us and there were reports and a lively discussion about fishing. Korean members have no hesitation in expressing their strongly held views in front of True Parents and Father joins in the heated discussions. I sat on the floor beside Father's chair absorbing the atmosphere and enduring the pains in my legs.

Back on the South Korean mainland, Mr Hwang and I had the opportunity to travel around visiting places of interest. We visited the Rock of Tears near Pusan where Father had shed so many tears in prayer in his early years and we drank from the spring at the foot of the hill where Father and Won Pil Kim had built a shelter of cardboard boxes. This was where Father had started to write down the Divine Principle and where Won Pil Kim had painted portraits of the US servicemen to raise money to live by. On occasion, we travelled along the south coast road to a place called Yeosu which Father was later to develop as an ocean-related resort. The coast was very rocky with many small islands standing out sheer above the waves. It is a place of such great beauty, rich with fish and other sea life. From Yeosu we visited a small harbour where there was a replica of the famous Turtle Boat - a boat built with an armoured shell like a turtle by Admiral Yi Soon Shin to defend his nation from the invading Japanese marauders in earlier days.

On another occasion we visited the marble vase company that Mr Hwang had founded some years earlier.

I was presented with a beautiful white marble vase which I treasure. Rock represents the Christ and these vases were said to be imbued with spiritual powers. They were sold in Japan for quite a high price.

Masan, a city quite close to Pusan, was the home of the Tong Il Heavy Industry and Engineering Company. The Tong Il Company had developed under the expertise and guidance of President Moon, a cousin of Reverend Sun Myung Moon. The Company consisted of a foundry and a number of engineering and machine shops. They were producing, among other things, machine tools, automobile parts and air guns. Several of our western brothers from the US and Germany were, or had been, working there.

Father was anxious that the engineering and the boat building companies should work together and support one another. He wished to develop fibreglass boat-building within the Tong Il complex. Unfortunately, President Moon did not consider that the two were compatible and resisted the inclusion of fibreglass and chemicals on his premises.

I was put under the care of a Vice President, a kindly person who doubled as a Methodist Minister. I was given a uniform and an office and a young lady who translated for me and made coffee and attended to my personal needs. I worked closely with a Korean brother whom I had originally met on Cheju Do. We were looking not only for a suitable place where we could build boats but also for where we could find suppliers for all the various materials and parts we would need in the boat-building process – as well as their estimated costs.

On Sundays I went to the local Tong Il Church. I was invited to give my testimony through a translator

and, as a consequence, I was taken around to all the smaller churches in the area. The larger churches were western-style with pews, but at the local churches, everyone sat on cushions on the floor. When the service was over the cushions were quickly swept aside and low tables were set up in the middle of the room, piled with food, for the real highlight of the day. The little old ladies crowded around with their bowls and chopsticks and we all tucked in. The chatter quickly subsided as the room filled with the satisfying sound of slurping, a very gratifying sound which said, in the most eloquent way, "Thank you for what we have received".

Occasionally I gave English classes. This meant that a group of young people would pile into the room and we would have English conversation. It was quite entertaining.

I have always found it difficult to accustom myself to the hot, spicy, Korean food. It was therefore a happy day for me to find a German bakery in Masan where they baked good bread. This I enjoyed very much.

Mr Hwang's health was deteriorating and he was beginning to lose his sight. We had to return to Seoul where he went into hospital. I had undergone so many incredible experiences during the months in Korea but, sadly, we were not able to make any headway in the Tong Il Company. Back in Seoul, I spent a few weeks staying in a hotel and exploring the city on my own. When it was clear that Mr Hwang would be delayed in hospital for some while and could not travel, I returned to New York to report to Father.

I arrived early in the morning on July 16<sup>th</sup>, my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, and went directly to East Garden to report, on behalf of Mr Hwang. After hearing my report, Father

spoke briefly to Mother who went upstairs and returned with an envelope which she presented to me. It contained a very generous birthday present. I then returned to Belvedere into the arms of my wife. Peter Kim prepared a 60<sup>th</sup> birthday party for me at the training centre, as he had done for Avril three months earlier. These celebrations were attended by some of the younger members of the True Family.

As I returned to New York, we received news from England to say that our son James had left the Church. This came as a terrible shock. I was summoned by the Japanese leadership in England to come over and deal with the problem. I travelled back and was taken to Stanton to stay for a week or so at Hossil Lane, our former home. James was staying at the house of a family in Stratton who were very kind and understanding. He was supporting himself by doing odd job gardening but he was reluctant to see me for a few days.

When I did get to visit him at his new home, I learnt that his reason for leaving was that he had heard, from a roundabout source, that he was to be summarily removed from his position as Farm Manager, at which, by all accounts, he was doing very well, and was to be sent to a spiritual workshop. This was something he was quite unable to accept. He claimed that he had lost his faith in God.

We were deeply disappointed to find that things had deteriorated, spiritually, to the state where this could happen. We would have done anything to have it otherwise. Somewhere down the line, matters had been badly mishandled. In the end, of course, we are all responsible for our own lives and actions. James took the course he wanted to follow and there was nothing I could

do, at that point in time, to change things. Our love for our children always remains undiminished.

I returned to America and to Mississippi to pick up my responsibilities where I had left off.



The coast of Cheju Do.



The southern coast near Yeosu.



The shipyard on Cheju Do.

## BOOK 2

### Chapter VI

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#### **Boat Building on the Gulf Coast**

Back in Mississippi after a three to four month absence in Korea and dealing with James' situation in England, everything seemed to take on a different complexion. Father had visited Moss Point in the previous October and had been concerned, at that time, that everything was moving too slowly and was becoming too costly. We were learning as we went along and the construction of plugs and moulds was proving to be much more labour intensive than we had anticipated.

We had started building the first of three 52ft boats in November using the moulds that were brought down from New York. These were to be named Sea Hope I, II and III. In January 1986 we had finally started building the 85ft trawler using the moulds that had been so costly to construct.

While Mr Hwang and I were away, Brian had continued to take responsibility for the technical side of the boat building while Dr Porter, the new President of Master Marine, Alabama, and Roger Bair looked after the financial and organisational side of the business. Matters became a little tense when, due to his illness and our

absence in Korea, Mr Hwang was not available to maintain the flow of money from above. To everyone's relief, we were now able to address this problem and I tried to fit in where we had left off.

Sadly, during our absence, Tom, the Fijian general foreman had died of a heart attack and Dr Porter and Roger brought in a new foreman to replace him. This new man was experienced and conscientious but he held rather strong views that were not always in agreement with the systems we had developed. His involvement was well meaning but often ended up in creating conflict and division.

After Avril and I had reached the age of 60 and we had celebrated our 60<sup>th</sup> birthdays at Belvedere, Avril was released from her responsibility on the East Garden staff and came to join me at Escatawpa. For a while we shared the house with Roger and Gwen and with a Chinese sister, Yin.

At some point during our stay at Escatawpa, I suffered a reoccurrence of my hernia problem. This necessitated my having to go through another operation, which was performed in a hospital in Mobile, Alabama. It was such a blessing for me to have Avril with me during my recovery time.

As the work on the construction of the 85ft trawler was getting nearer to completion, the brother who was to be the captain of the boat, Jo Spitsiani, came down from Alaska for a few months to supervise the general outfitting with all the electronic aids that were so necessary for the safety and efficiency of a boat in demanding seas. These additional items were essential but they considerably increased the overall cost of the boat as well as further extending the time for completion.

When we first started on this project, I had prepared an estimate which I believed would cover the cost of the first boat. I gave the estimate to Mr Hwang who felt that it would be more than Father was anticipating. Because of this, Mr Hwang cut the estimate he gave to Father. Father, predictably, cut the amount still further. We forged ahead but, owing to many unforeseen circumstances, the final cost was considerably in excess of budget.

When the 85ft was sufficiently advanced, Father came down with Mother, Hyo Jin Nim and other members of the family. Ribbons were cut and Father blessed the boat as it was launched. A large crane picked up the "One Ocean" with the aid of two wide straps hanging from a longitudinal beam and it was gently lowered into the Escatapwa River. Later, Father was to be present on the Ocean Hope's maiden voyage down the river at which time he gave it a good checking over.

While the would-be trawler was being outfitted on the water with a steel mast, derrick and winches, we started work on the 100ft boat.

The hull moulds of the 85ft boat had been developed in such a way that, in plan, the water lines ran parallel at midship. This meant that we could extend the length of the boat to 100ft by incorporating new mould sections at midship. By separating the 85ft moulds along the centre line, we could insert new sections for the bow stem, the keel and part of the transom, so as to widen the boat to the width required.

Father always wanted to develop fibreglass boat building by using modules. Here we were developing a system whereby variable hull sizes could be constructed by adding or subtracting different mould sections.

When the 85ft Boat, the "One Ocean", was

completed and ready to leave, Joe Spitsiani, who had invested a lot of his experienced advice into the outfitting of the boat, took command and with a small crew navigated the boat through the Panama Canal up the West Coast of North America to Kodiak in Alaska.

A short time later, Brian and I had the unforgettable and exhilarating experience of going out on the high sea off Kodiak Island, aboard the One Ocean, trawling for cod.

As the boat was tossed about on the waves, the trawl net, full of writhing fish, would be winched up the stern ramp, lifted on high by the derrick and the fish spilt out onto the deck. From there they would be shovelled into the holds or overboard if unwanted. We were well protected by oilskins from the salt spray as we clung to the rail outside the wheelhouse.

Although it was an incredible experience to see how this little fibreglass boat could stand up to the stresses, there was one point of weakness that had to be attended to. We had incorporated a large steel plate into the underside of the deck where the main winch stood. Although this was completely encased in fibreglass, the extreme stresses from the winch caused the bolt holes to leak water which then dripped down onto the engines. Brian later spent two weeks in Alaska with a small team trying to rectify the problem. It proved a difficult fault to overcome and the One Ocean reverted to life as a tender. The 52ft Sea Hope boats were used in various fishing projects along the Gulf Coast. They were captained by our Ocean Church members, who took responsibility for them. On one occasion, when Father was visiting the yard, he happened to pass one of the Sea Hope boats that was tied up along the jetty. The boat had not been well maintained

and presented a very dirty appearance. Father was extremely angry with the captain for leaving his boat in this condition.

A number of Coast Guard and US Navy vessels passed through our repair yard at Bayou La Batre. These were always kept shipshape and in spotless condition. How much more important it was for our vessels to be maintained with the utmost loving care! Father was always most punctilious in matters of cleanliness and care of boats.

As work was progressing with the 100ft boat, I was also spending time writing a fibreglass boat building manual that I had been asked to prepare. Although Brian had many things to do, he always helped me with typing and developing the diagrams on his computer.

Around this time a lot of personnel problems were coming up in the company. In earlier years Brian and I had a very good working relationship with the brothers and sisters in the company. We all worked hard for a common purpose. Now this relationship was beginning to break down. Some brothers were downright rude and refused to do what I asked them. Others broke down in tears about their situation but I could not see clearly where their problem lay.

Roger felt that everything would be sorted out if we had a workshop to absorb some spiritual food and refocus. In response to this, we closed down the company for a day or two and stayed at a Holiday Hotel, leaving someone in the office to look after things in our absence. While we were away a telephone call came for me. The brother who was taking care replied that "Mr Masters was away on vacation". "What do you mean?" came the shocked response. "Unification Church members don't

take vacations!" It was Father's assistant with a message for me. We quickly returned to work.

Unfortunately, Mr Hwang was very unwell and was not able to do much more than sit in his office for three or four hours a day, supposedly preparing reports. This lack of decisive leadership on Mr Hwang's behalf as well as my own, probably led to this breakup. Mr Hwang had earlier told me that he and I were too much alike in that we were both 'too gentle'.

A short time later, during a visit to Mississippi, Father went out on the Gulf of Mexico on one of the 52ft Sea Hope boats. The sea was particularly rough that day. It was the only time that I had seen Father momentarily 'under the weather'. On returning to the dock, Father spoke to the brothers gathered in the wheelhouse. He is always very sensitive to the way things are spiritually. Among the words that Father spoke through his translator, Mr Peter Kim, which I picked up were, "Mr Henry Masters is a good man. He is almost perfect but not quite. He has the spirit of a Confucian scholar."

Oriental people, especially, thrive on strong leadership. Around this time the Japanese brothers were tending to separate themselves from the rest and to do their own thing. A special Japanese leader had been sent to take responsibility for them and this was less than helpful in bringing unity. Eventually Mr Kamiyama took the Japanese brothers away to reopen Master Marine, New York, and to develop Good Go boats again.

The yard at Moss Point was eventually closed down in 1989. The 100ft boat, The One Ocean II, was finally completed and launched in Mississippi. It was later finished and equipped as a Gulf Crabber. The work was carried out at the IOE (International Oceanic Enterprises)

establishment at Bayou La Batre in Alabama.

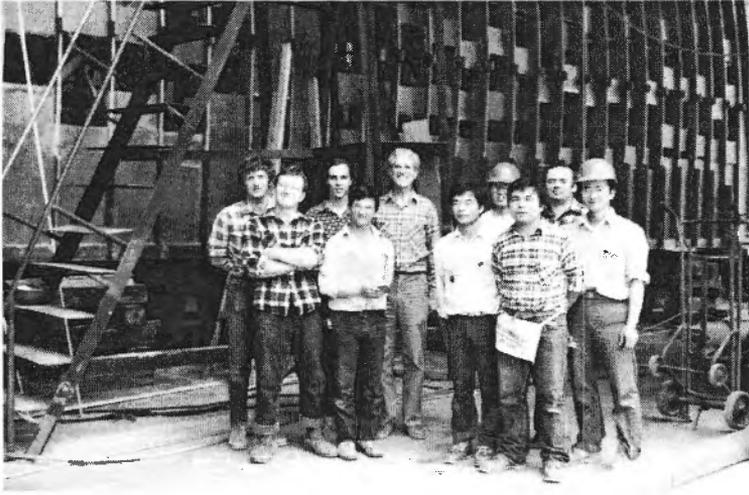
The 100ft had a good write up in the National Fisherman as the largest commercial fishing boat ever built of fibreglass. There were, of course, larger fibreglass boats built as mine sweepers for the US and Swedish navies and as luxury yachts, where money is no object.

It was well known that the cost of building larger fibreglass boats becomes prohibitive and, regrettably, we were unable to prove otherwise; plans we had for building a 120ft boat were scrapped.

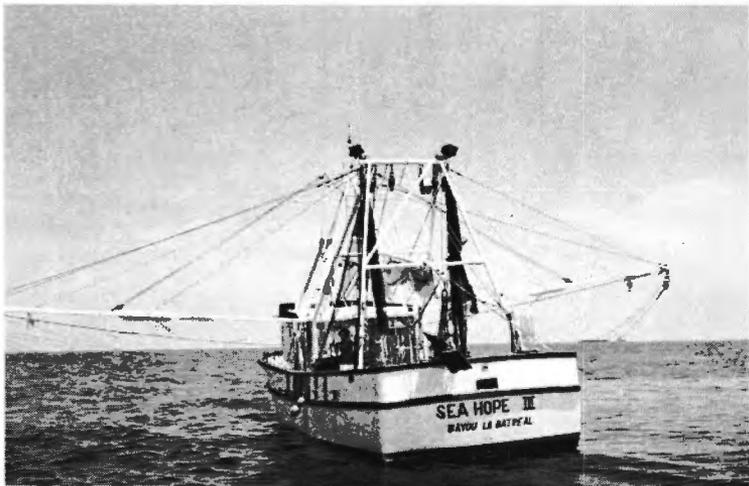
At this point Mr Hwang returned to Korea for medical treatment. Brian and I went to work at Master Marine steel shipyard. I helped with preparing quotations for repairs to Coast Guard cutters and similar boats and Brian worked in the electrical department. The Japanese brothers and sisters and one or two others, went back to New York with Mr Kamiyama and the remainder returned to missions in their hometowns.

Avril and I, now in our mid sixties, moved to South Garden, where Mr Hwang had previously lived. We occupied an apartment, which had previously been a garage, and looked after the house and grounds. True Parents sometimes stayed here when they visited the Southern States.

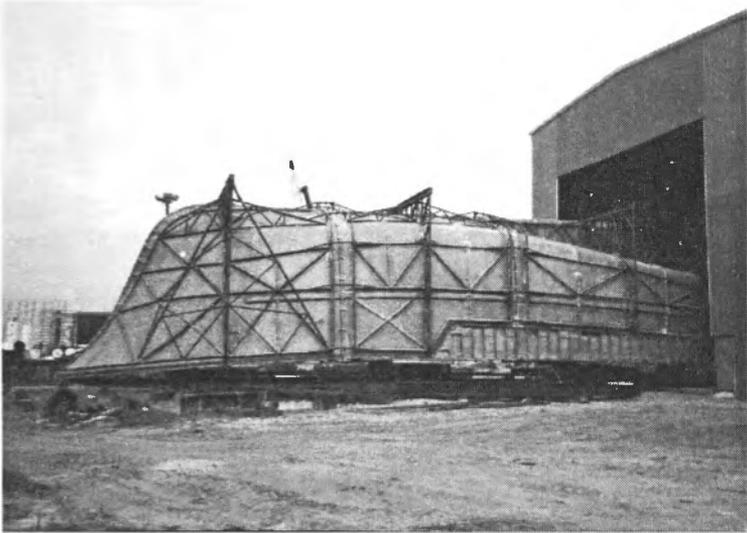
The moulds for the larger fibreglass boats that had been built with so much blood, sweat and tears, were stored for a while. As they became damaged and corroded, they were taken out to sea and sunk as artificial wrecks – havens for fish.



Part of the construction team.



Sea Hope III - 52ft. Inshore Shrimper



83ft. Boat emerging from its mould.



**One Ocean - 85ft. Alaskan Trawler.**



**One Ocean - with Captain Jo in the wheel house.**



Set up for trawling in Alaska.



Alaska





**One Ocean II. Crabbing in the Gulf of Mexico. Unloading the catch at IOE.**

## BOOK 2

### Chapter VII

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#### **Boat Building at Mokpo, Cholla Province - Home of the Moon Clan**

Now that we were moving up into our 60s, we might have expected that we could sit back and take things more easily. We were now living at South Garden, a house in Irvington, Alabama, where our True Parents sometimes stayed when they were visiting the South. We lived in an annex adjoining the main house and Avril had responsibility for keeping the house in a high state of readiness for True Parents, or other important guests, to stay.

I was still working in the office of Master Marine in Bayou La Batre, helping to prepare quotations for repairs to Coast Guard boats that were brought in. I also did some drawing. In our spare time we worked to develop the garden and grounds at East Garden, which we enjoyed doing very much, especially as we had the use of the open air swimming pool. The pool was one step from our back door.

As my mind was now released from the constant pressure of the boat building, in which I had been immersed over the past twelve years, I felt a need to look again at some of the basics of the Divine Principle. To start

with, I wanted to explore, graphically, the story of restoration that flows through the Bible and is described in the pages of the Divine Principle. In both the Bible and the Divine Principle, numerals are used extensively to express ideas that would otherwise be difficult to define. Beginning with the purpose of God's Creation and Adam's responsibility, I attempted to show, numerically, the purpose of God's Creation and what it was that Adam should have achieved. I began by preparing a chart that set out, numerically, the Providence of Restoration centering on Adam's family, Noah's family, Abraham's and Moses' families.

By the time the Israelites had entered Canaan, my 17-inch high chart had been extended to 14-foot in length. The exercise had helped to clarify a lot of ideas in my mind but I did not feel that anything would be achieved if I were to continue the course any further. Once I could grasp something of the significance of the providential numbers, I felt able to understand rather more clearly the spiritual forces that come into play throughout history and in the course of restoration. Father constantly brought significant numbers into play during the course of restoration through the boat building.

The next challenge I had to face was that I had never, in all my life, had to use a traditional typewriter. As a boy, I had possessed an ancient machine that had belonged to my father. This piece of equipment was operated by the process of picking out the letters on an enamelled plate with a pointer. The pointer moved and revolved a type faced cylinder which descended onto the paper with the appropriate letter when the key was depressed. Two other keys were for space and backspace. One could build up a certain amount of speed but it was

nothing compared to the speed of a conventional keyboard. In my professional life, I had always had a secretary to type my letters for me so there was no incentive to develop my skills with a keyboard. Now, if I was to move into the realm of computers, it was necessary that I should learn the skill. I was fortunate in being able to obtain a computer from IOE (International Oceanic Enterprises) which a brother kindly set up for me with a simple 'Autocad' program. The computer was installed in the annex at South Garden and, by applying myself to this comparatively simple program, I was able to produce design drawings for a 16ft river boat. I sent my drawings to the fibreglass boat building company then operating in New Jersey and, from the drawings, they built one boat. This 16ft boat proved to be fast and manoeuvrable in calm water but Father showed no interest in it. I felt a certain personal satisfaction in the achievement but as Father had not asked for this boat, it had no place in the planned course of restoration. The design was set aside for a later date.

In 1989, our daughter Priscilla, together with a group of other young people, was called to Korea to receive the marriage blessing from the True Parents. Scilla was blessed with a young Italian from Naples, Gennaro Migliore.

After the blessing the couples were asked to stay on in Korea for a period of three years to witness and to develop the sales of the Segye Ilbo newspaper. During this time in Korea, Scilla became pregnant. In this situation, it was difficult for her to continue with her mission in Korea, so she was sent home to live with us in Alabama. We, of course, were thrilled that she could come to be with us. In time, Gennaro came to join her and after the proper time,

she gave birth to our precious grandson, Henry. Scilla continued to stay at South Garden and a second son, Jonathan, was born 18 months later. Gennaro took on various jobs, locally, to support his growing family.

During 1991-92, fibreglass boat building was revived in New Jersey under the name of True World Marine Inc. This was a mostly Japanese company under the leadership of Mr T Sato. The workforce was a mixture of Japanese and Western members. The boat building was developed on a waterside property at Jersey City. From time to time I was called to spend a few days in New Jersey to meet with Father or to help out with some drawings. On one occasion I was called at two o'clock in the morning and told that I should get on the first flight to New York. "Father wants to see you at 10am at Half Moon Bay!" I would be called at very short notice but I never knew how long I would be away.

In 1993 I was called up to New York to work on the design of a 24ft cabin boat. On this occasion I was there for about six months. While there, I was privileged to have the free run of Mr Kamiyama's apartment in the New Yorker Hotel where I slept, prepared my breakfast and watched TV. I set up my drawing board in various different offices that were made available to me, and worked on my own. I was served meals in the Japanese restaurant but there was no meaningful give and take to be had with the young Japanese women who worked in the offices. In some sense I felt that I was some kind of pariah – a social outcast.

The weather was extremely hot that summer and there was very little air conditioning available. I sometimes walked over to the Public Library on 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue to cool off in the air-conditioned environment.

During my stay in the New Yorker, I met an elderly Korean lady who spoke very little English and was often confined to her bed. She didn't know many people so she asked me to come and visit her sometimes to keep her company which I did on one or two occasions. On one of these visits, she was not well and had retired to her bed on the floor. The only way for me to converse with her was to sit on another mattress at her side. I personally have great difficulty sitting on the floor, oriental fashion, so I was obliged to stretch out my legs and lie down at her side. It did not seem to faze her at all, as Koreans are very accommodating people. However, while we were talking, the door suddenly flew open and the Japanese sister who was looking after the old lady came into the room. She gave me a shocked and disdainful look and made a hasty retreat. I hate to think what rumours were set in motion. I often visited the boatyard at Jersey City, travelling by subway and changing trains at the World Trade Centre. I remember during that period that there was a beautiful design being created by Buddhist monks in an open space at the base of the twin towers. The design was formed of coloured sand sprinkled in intricate designs. It was such an exquisitely peaceful spectacle in the midst of this bustling crowd of people. I believe the opening, or consecration, was attended by the Dalai Lama himself.

When True Father first went to New York, he stood on the sidewalk on 5<sup>th</sup> avenue and wept. I felt that I could empathise with this sentiment. I, myself, had felt more lonely, in the bustle and clamour of New York, than anywhere else I know. The bums sleeping in the doorways and around the subways, the clamour of sirens, the invasive smell of urine, coffee and roasting pretzels, the sex shops and prostitutes on every corner all brought the

seamier side to the surface. I longed to be back at home in Alabama with the sound of the waves breaking over the sandy beaches and the sight of cormorants perched on the breakwaters, digesting their latest catch of fish. This was the home of pirates in bygone days but it was a place where one could breathe and feel at peace with the world.

In 1993 I was back at home with my family at South Garden, celebrating Christmas with our brothers and sisters of the Bayou, when I had another call. This time Father wanted three members to go to Korea to set up a fibreglass boat building department at the Il Heung Shipbuilding Company in Mokpo. One of those going had to be Henry Masters. The three of us set off, just before the end of the year with Mr Sato. The other two were Takedasan and Geir Isaksson. Both of these brothers had originally worked with me at the East Sun Building eleven years earlier.

We arrived at Seoul, Korea, and took our bags to the Segye Ilbo Building. Here we rested and because it was the last day of the year we prepared to go on to the headquarters church to see the New Year in and to celebrate God's Day with True Parents. It was a time of great excitement. The church was on the other side of Seoul and we didn't have very long to get there on the metro train. Everything was at the double and at 68 years of age, I was tagging along behind as best as I could. We ran down to the subway train. It was going in the wrong direction. Back up to the marble paved concourse, over the turnstile and down the other side. Somehow, in an attempt to vault the turnstile I misjudged my agility and landed flat on my back on the polished marble pavement. It seemed an age before I could start to breathe again but there was no time to lose. The others were out of sight. I

managed to catch up with them as they climbed onto the train. I didn't have enough breath to explain my predicament and they were too much taken up with the desperate need to get to the church on time that they didn't notice that I had been delayed and was struggling for breath.

We squeezed into little pews that were built for people with short legs and I have to admit that I can't remember anything of what must have been a very inspiring service.

Leaving the church was another ordeal. Koreans are impulsive people and everyone needed to leave the church at the same time. I had to stick with my friends, otherwise I would be lost. We were forced through the door like sausages being squeezed through the aperture of a sausage machine. My ribs complained fiercely, but somehow I was lifted above the point of the greatest pressure. We managed to get a lift back to our temporary lodgings. Here we were, in a new land at the beginning of a wonderful new year. It was several months before I could lie in bed without pain.

It was probably the next day that the four of us traveled down to Mokpo by coach. In Mokpo, we were privileged to have the use of a 2-bedroom apartment in one of the many tall apartment blocks that were springing up in all the Korean towns. Our apartment was adjacent to the one occupied by Company President Kim (Kim sajanim) and his family. We had two small bedrooms, a kitchen, bathroom and living space. I was privileged to have a bedroom to myself; Takeda and Geir shared the other. The washing machine was on the balcony. We had a splendid television set that received programmes from Korea, Japan, the Soviet Union and the United States of

America, so everyone was happy. Having introduced us, Mr Sato returned to America.

The shipyard that we were now joining built steel vessels, mostly small fishing boats. The company had been bought by True Father and now formed part of the Il Heung Group. Apart from the new President Kim and our young assistant/interpreter, another Mr Kim, the workers and staff were not our church members.

We were given new denim uniform work clothes with a company badge and were allocated an open building in which to work. We had brought with us line drawings of the various boats we were to build.

Korean winters are extremely cold and the only heating we had in our workplace was a large oil drum in the charge of an old lady who kept it stoked with assorted firewood and other fuels. I found that I had to wear my pyjamas under my uniform and as many coats as I could lay my hands on, to keep warm.

To start with, my job was to work on my hands and knees on the floor marking out the lines on sheets of plywood. Takeda-san and Geir then took the sheets and cut them out and assembled the frames for the plugs, from which the moulds were to be made. As time went on we were joined by unskilled workers who usually had their own ideas on how things were to be done. Labouring work was generally carried out by women, bundled up in voluminous layers of clothing.

In consideration of my advanced years I was able to leave work earlier than the others, walking back to the apartment through the busy streets of Mokpo. My first joy on returning to the apartment was to sink back into a really hot bath to relax my aching joints. Usually, in those early days, I went to the local market and bought food.

Takeda-san was an excellent cook and we enjoyed his Japanese cooking. Sometimes Geir and I managed to rustle up Western food for our evening meal. We were good at cottage pie.

During this period, we ate our midday meal at the company canteen. It was, of course, very spicy with lots of *kimchee* (pickled cabbage with hot pepper). The food was served on metal trays. After the meal the metal trays were licked clean by the dogs lurking under the tables, swilled under a cold tap and stacked up to dry ready for the next day. To a Western mind, this did not seem to be so hygienic but no doubt the *kimchee* looked after any germs that may have strayed in.

Kim saja-nim looked after us very well and, especially at weekends, he would take us out to Korean, Japanese or Chinese restaurants where we enjoyed many Oriental delicacies. One speciality we were treated to in the Mokpo area was something of an initiation for Western visitors. This was live octopus. The baby octopus would be served floating in a flat soup bowl. The practice was to thrust a chopstick under the gills, wrap the tentacles around the chopstick, dip it in hot sauce and pop it in your mouth. The secret was then to chomp down on the creature as quickly as possible and keep your mouth tightly shut. If you were not quick, the tentacles would find their way out between your lips, up your nose and under your chin. The operation called for quick and decisive action.

At weekends President Kim would take us to visit a Buddhist temple or climb a mountain or visit the homes of his parents and friends in order to help us understand the heart and soul of Korea, our True Parents' homeland. President Kim had two teenage daughters from his wife's

previous marriage, but he also had two little girls of his own who went everywhere with him. When we travelled in his car, I usually sat beside the driver with one little girl on each knee. I felt very comfortable as an adopted grandfather.

I always felt very uplifted when we visited the monasteries in the mountain areas. Crossing the forecourt and mounting the wide stairway, one entered the temple through a small opening in the large wooden doors. Inside, dwarfed by a huge figure of the Buddha and uplifted by the deep resonance of a gong and the insistent drone of the prayers, one was immediately raised into a higher spiritual realm which held one spellbound. It was difficult to tear oneself away.

On raised platforms outside the temple compound, the monks served pancakes garnished with wild herbs gathered in the mountain.

Korean people are very fond of climbing mountains. On popular climbs, the paths are well maintained. Soon after we arrived, President Kim took us to one of these popular mountain climbs. This proved to be quite a challenge. He brought his whole family with him and carried his youngest on his shoulders most of the way. Gier went ahead and climbed to the crest before anyone else. For me, going up was fine but the descent was the most difficult part. My knees simply turned to jelly. As the others strode off down the ravine, I got left behind and fell helplessly against a rock, almost on the verge of tears. It was Takeda-san who came back to find me and help me down.

Every summer, in Korea, there is a national holiday where everything closes down for three days. In our first summer in Korea, the three of us went to Cheju

Island where we stayed in a small lodging house with three mattresses on the floor. While we were there we decided to climb to the top of Mount Halla (Halla-san), the tallest mountain in South Korea. I had visited this mountain with Father eight years earlier but we had not at that time climbed to the top.

We took a public bus to the nearest point on the road and then walked the 12km rising up to the summit. Here, at the top, we could gaze down into the crater, with its blue lake nestling at the bottom, or out to the glorious views across the ocean to the south or back to the jagged mainland and the many small islands. I was fascinated to see that there were a number of small humming birds at the summit of the mountain, sucking the nectar from the wild flowers. As a 68-year-old Westerner, I was warmly greeted by the Korean climbers with their knapsacks and alpine stocks. The return journey was uneventful and we caught the bus back to our lodgings in Cheju City. A mission accomplished.

On Sundays, Geir and I sometimes attended the service at the local UC church. The services were in Korean but we were always very welcome. These occasions always ended with a meal. They were very social events. One thing that was notable in these services was that the small children were allowed to run around unrestricted and unchecked.

In our earlier days in the Movement, we celebrated May 1<sup>st</sup> as "Foundation Day". This day, generally celebrated as a pagan festival and adapted as a special day in the Communist calendar, was the day in 1954 when a sign reading "Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity" was erected over the door of the church in Seoul and a new era commenced. Now, 40 years

later, on May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1994, Father took us forward into a new era. Now, instead of reciting "My Pledge", True Parents raised us to a higher level and gave us the newly prepared "Family Pledge".

To celebrate this special occasion, Kim Saja-nim took us to Seoul, to a large Olympic Stadium where many members were gathered and Father spoke at length. As the proceedings were all in Korean, we did not take in the full importance of the event until later.

Through the words of the Family Pledge, which we continue to recite on a regular basis, Father stresses the absolute essentiality of True Love and the importance of the Family which is the very cornerstone of our faith. An understanding of the Family Pledge is essential to develop an attitude of living for the sake of others, leading up to building the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth as Jesus envisioned in the Lord's Prayer. This is the message that so inspired Sun Myung Moon when he was 16 years old. On another occasion, around this time, Kim Saja-nim took us up to True Parents' residence at Hanam-Dong to join in some celebration. Once in the door, I was spotted by Mrs Choi, who had been serving True Parents for many years. She seized me by the arm and led me into the dining room where Father was sitting alone at the head of the table. In great excitement she announced to Father that "Henry Masters is here, Henry Masters is here!" I gave a deep bow and Father greeted me with a curt nod and indicated that I should sit down at the table, a few spaces down on his left side. There I sat in reverent silence until the meal was ready and the guests came crowding in and I was engulfed in the throng.

During this period we were building boats of 16ft, 20ft and 24ft using moulds developed from the designs

that had been prepared in New York. We were testing the boats on the water and preparing catalogues in Korean language as well as Japanese.

I had with me the designs I had been preparing in New York for a 24ft cabin boat. I had the opportunity to work with a Korean carpenter to create a plug for this cabin but I am not sure that this venture was ever completed. We were working with very primitive tools and instruments.

Father tells us that, in earlier days, the Moon clan originated in Cholla province, in the area where we were now working. I wanted so much to explore this area and to experience the countryside that was an integral part of Father's background. The numerous islands and watery inlets around the coast obliterated any clear boundary between land and sea. Everywhere, there were rocky islands and sandy beaches, fishing boats and the smell of sea weed. It is no wonder that Father is drawn so much to the sea and fishing.

I wanted to get to know this countryside intimately and I took every opportunity to go out on my own to explore. I would walk for miles visiting the surrounding villages. In the deep flat-bottomed valleys there was fertile land for the cultivation of vegetables and other crops or for the establishment of rural industries such as the growing of various forms of fungus or even the intensive breeding of dogs for medicine or food. The valley bottoms would slope gently up in terraces of paddy fields fed from the mountain streams. Foot paths would wander up through the paddy fields to the area of burial mounds where the families from the village tended the graves of their ancestors. Above the burial mounds the paths wound on up into the mountains, open and exhilarating.

Once or twice President Kim took us to visit an artist friend of his who lived a short distance away in the hills. His home was surrounded by apple and pear orchards which were glorious when the fruit blossomed in the spring. Lotus flowers grew in the garden outside his window. He painted in simple black and white silhouettes and his favourite subject was a row of sparrows perched on a telephone wire.

We had another three-day holiday in the autumn. We went, three of us together, to stay at the Hilton Hotel at Kyongju National Park where there were many ancient tombs of the kings. It was an extremely interesting place to visit and we did a lot of sightseeing.

The tombs are in the form of large mounds. Some of these have been opened up by archaeologists. We visited one which had been opened up and arranged as a museum. We saw many ancient artefacts including a beautiful golden crown in the Korean style decorated with precious stones. This was a magnificent and moving sight. In one place we went to see a large bell. Bells in the East are differently shaped from those in the West. When this bell is struck, the sound it gives out is like a howl which builds up to a crescendo and dies away. The story is that, before the bell was cast, a child was thrown into the molten bronze as a sacrificial offering. Now, every time the bell is struck, the child is heard to cry out.

We enjoyed the indoor swimming pool in the hotel. After a swim one can run out across the courtyard and plunge into a hot spring before running back across the cold yard to jump back into the pool.

In November, Avril came to stay for a few weeks and we shared my little bedroom. It was so wonderful that we could be together again for a short while. It is so

important to us to be able to share experiences together. She soon learned how to shop in the market and she gave the brothers a break from cooking. During Avril's stay we had a visit from Father who came to check on progress. Avril was given the honour of presenting Father with a bouquet of flowers. Alas, the visit was all too short and Avril returned to a lonely life at South Garden. Priscilla and her family had moved to Italy, Gennaro's native land, and she was all alone.

Shortly after the visit, it was discovered that Geir was suffering from cancer and he was advised to return home to his family in the US and seek medical advice. Takeda-san also returned to his family after a year's separation and these two were replaced in the mission by two Japanese brothers. Kuroki-san was an engineer and had been responsible for much of the design and mechanical engineering work at True World Marine, and Hasebi-san, whose involvement had been mostly in sales. The three of us moved before the end of the year to a new block of apartments across town where we were to stay for the remainder of our tour.

My memories of this last six months or so are clouded and a little strained. I now had the use of a 4-wheel drive vehicle in which I drove to work. Driving in Korea is rather like driving in Italy. Neither nation takes easily to meek compliance with the law. Right of way is governed by the size of the vehicle. Heavy trucks, of which there were many, stopped for no one. With a 4-wheel drive I felt that I had a definite advantage over smaller cars. Koreans have no concept of forming a queue, as we do in England. When a bus arrives at a bus stop, it is a free-for-all and elbows are the most useful aid in boarding.

I have to say that when travelling on the bus or on the subway train in Seoul, young people were always respectful and would invariably stand up and offer me their seat.

Once we had constructed the moulds for the four sizes of Good Go boat and had developed the building process, we built up our sources of supply for engines, parts, instruments and accessories. We were now ready to build for sale. Where we were unable to find local suppliers, we imported from Japan, across the China Sea from Taiwan or from as far away as Hong Kong and Singapore. Then, when everything should have been ready, we received orders from Father to send quantities of boats to countries all over the world. To produce all these boats, we needed to step up the workforce very considerably. There was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Korean workers but, unfortunately, a lot of new people were coming in without proper training and everything was now going forward with people who didn't fully understand what they were doing. Everything was getting out of hand. I remember trying to do a quality check on one boat before it was wrapped up ready for shipping. We discovered that the fuel intake was not properly connected to the fuel tank and if anyone had attempted to fill the tank, it would have flooded the whole boat with gasoline. This could have led to disaster or, at the very least, the fuel would have destroyed the foam flotation.

It was imperative to get the boats out as quickly as possible but we were receiving so many complaints from countries around the world. It was imperative that we get the boats out in order to meet a numerical condition but I felt deeply ashamed that the boats which we sent were of

such a poor standard.

I have never heard any word of condemnation from Father but I felt deeply saddened in my heart. I had always thought that we had a good working relationship with the Korean company but, in this time of crisis, our voices were not heard. It would appear that we had not made adequate preparation. Sadly, any blame that we should have shouldered might so easily fall at Father's feet.

Soon after this, in 1996, the three of us returned to the US. The Japanese brothers returned to New Jersey and I went back to Alabama. Gennaro and Scilla and their two children had already gone to Italy, and Avril was living on her own at South Garden. She was living a very isolated existence at the end of a private drive with no company but a little dog. When I returned, however, there was nothing to match our happiness at being together again.

Mr Sugiyama, who was responsible for the shipbuilding and shrimp processing businesses in Bayou La Batre, asked me to research fish farming. I found this extremely interesting and researched with the University of Mississippi and Auburn University at Birmingham, Alabama. I also visited a number of fish farms in the Gulf States. My research was submitted to Mr Sugiyama but, as far as I know, no fish farming business was developed from this research.

Our lives were soon to take another turn.



South Garden, Alabama.



With Gier Isaakson at the summit of Halla-san.



Activities in the Mokpo area.



More activities in the Mokpo area.



Hanam-Dong, True Parents' home in Seoul.