

Fishing around the Virginia Capes

On October 1st 1980 Father founded Ocean Church. However a few days earlier he decided where some people should go and work. I was assigned to Norfolk, Virginia. At that very moment I was on the New Hope, doing some boat security for all the boats at the marina.



Clark with my son, small Frederik, and a mountain of sea trout caught in a gill net



Gerhard and Richard hauling in a net full of fish

I was informed by walkie-talkie, to go to Norfolk and was complete shocked, because I had several things planned out ahead, and doing Ocean Church in Norfolk was not on my list. I had such a difficult time imagining, that I would have to make my living on the water. I remember my first trip to Norfolk. Ken was driving, towing a 25 foot Mako, called the Go Hope. After launching the boat in Norfolk, Ken left, and even now I remember clearly seeing the taillights of the trailer disappear around the corner. I was alone.

Norfolk at that time experienced a serious drought. For weeks the rains eluded the area, however when it finally came, Heaven opened up and God's grace poured down in the form of water. I had left a suitcase full of clothes on the boat, which was completely soaked by the rain, and since the suitcase was brown, all my clothes were stained brown. The next morning we had our first pledge service. That was the start of the Ocean providence in Norfolk.

Soon we had made some friends and decided to hold a Divine Principle workshop with Doug as the teacher. I remembered Father's words from long ago: "If you work for me, I will work for you". During the workshop we caught some fish by gill net and went out to sell the fish in the neighborhood, door to door. While driving at that time, I saw a vision of Father, holding fish in his hands, going door to door, trying to sell them. I said quietly: "No Father, you don't have to do that; I will do it". I drove faster to get to our area quicker and kept telling Father: "No, no, Father, don't". But Father kept on going, until eventually the vision disappeared.

When I reached my area, knocking on doors, trying to sell my fish, I realized that these were the houses where I saw Father selling the fish before. Now they bought fish from me. Very interesting, I thought.

We started out fishing for croaker, spot, trout and alewife, also known as poggy or menhaden, by gill net. When

people saw Moonies fishing in the Chesapeake, they stole many of my fishing nets, forcing me to make more nets, until I decided to stay out, guarding my nets, while fishing at the same time. Still, every so often some nets disappeared.

One of our friends, an old man named Clark, visited me regularly and talked about dredging for crab in the winter time. Of course, my boat was much too small for that type of work. We kept on gill netting, and I installed a hydraulic net reel on the boat.

Norfolk has the largest Navy base in the world with many Navy activities. Once, while gill netting in the ocean outside the Navy base, we caught a bomb. It had four wings and was bent a little out of shape. The net reel pulled the net in and the bomb plopped onto the boat deck—clonk, clonk, clonk—. We instantly threw the bomb back into the water hoping, it would not blow up in the process.

Another time I saw a small red flag at the beach and than a missile was fired right over our heads and disappeared instantly. Later on, when I got the Sea Hope 1 as my work boat, I decided to dredge crabs during the wintertime. Many times I dredged up explosives, thrown overboard by the Navy, including some World War II bombs, partly damaged by rust. Fortunately nothing exploded. I'm certain, that in one particular area grenades were dumped, because we dredged them up regularly.

One interesting object, I dredged up once, was white phosphorous. The burning point of white phosphorous is so low, that it will burn with a small green flame, once it is out of the water, and it turned the wood of the boat blue. The blue never disappeared, until we replaced the wood. I asked many people, what to do with the white phosphorous, but nobody knew. I even called some government agencies about its disposal, but nobody could give me an answer. I finally ended up throwing it back into the water, where it was neutralized.

As you know, fishermen have many stories to tell. I like to talk about an incident at Little Creek Inlet. I was out fishing for conch at night time, and after the conch disappeared, I headed home. My radar was on the smallest setting, and as I looked at the screen I saw something in the water, I could not identify. My curiosity was aroused, and as I looked out the window I saw a small black rubber boat without any lights, manned by people clad in black, obviously Navy Seals. Surrounding the boat were people in black wetsuits, all Navy seals in training. I became so upset about this situation and pictured the mishap in my mind that could have occurred. I then talked to one of my neighbors, who, as a Navy member was part of the seal training program. I told him, that at 3:30 at night a Navy team was training at the mouth of Little Creek Inlet without any lights. I explained to him, that it would have been impossible for me to spot them without my radar being set on the smallest reading, suggesting that they display a light on board to prevent accidents. From that time onward, the Navy Seals in training had lights on their boats, and the Seals in the water displayed a green light around their heads, a plastic calume light stick, which turns green in the water when bent and the inside broken.

It is worth mentioning, that I never heard of any accidents involving Navy Seals while training in the water. Several times I have seen planes flying over the water at dusk, dropping parachuting Navy Seals into the sea. Their mission was to assemble a boat out there, which also dropped out of the plane, including an outboard engine, and drive the boat back to the Little Creek Amphibious base.

In late fall in 1982 I went to the beach one evening. The sea was completely calm, and close to shore I saw about 30 different lights, trawlers catching flounder. At that time inshore trawling was permitted, meaning, they could trawl within the three mile limit, whereas off shore trawling was restricted to the

waters outside the three mile limit. When I spotted all those trawlers within the three mile zone, I really wished, I could do that too. It was the first time in my life that I really wanted to make my living off the ocean.



Blue Crabs caught by dredging in the Chesapeake Bay



Manuel, Bernhard and Hazel looking at 3,000 pounds of Blue Crab



Bhae-Jin Peemoeller picking conch off the platform at night

I came into contact with the ocean in 1975 for fishing, but I never liked the idea of making my living off the ocean in any form of fishing. For seven whole years I worked on the ocean, because I had to, but now it was my desire to do so. In 1985 I got the Sea Hope, and my family lived off the water ever since, using that boat. It took the Messiah, yelling and screaming at the top of his lungs, for me to fulfill my destiny. After seven years I finally did the work of my own free will. When I was younger, I had a vision, where God made me realize, that He wanted me to be a body guard for Christ. I fulfilled that mission to the best of my ability. During that time I had the opportunity to go to sea many times, and became a pretty good fisherman. I am a fisherman, because Father himself has assigned me to do just that.

After the turn of the millennium, I myself heard Father say during the speeches he gave in Washington D.C. and other major cities of the United States, that he has fulfilled his mission, the mission Jesus asked him to do, referring to the completed mission of the Lord of the Second Advent. I heard him say, that he is the Messiah in his return, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. In that position he decided, that I should make my living off the ocean and do the work of Ocean Church, and I have done my best to fulfill my mission.

I would also like to mention one phenomenon concerning a mission. A mission does not only pertain to the work of a person here on this earth plane, but stays with his descendants, once that person goes to Spirit World. When Father talked about Ocean Church, he gave many directions. Once he talked to me directly and said: "Gerhard, since you are in Norfolk, you have to bring in one Admiral". I found out that the American Navy has only 12 Admirals. How in the world would I be able to get into contact with one of those Admirals and bring him to the Unification Church? Once I talked to one of my neighbors, who was an officer in the Navy, and asked him

for some endorsement. He became rather stern and said, that he works for the United States Navy and as such he cannot endorse anybody, but has to stay absolutely neutral. I realized then, that it would be rather difficult, to get an active Admiral to support the Unification Church. However, there was a chance to get in touch with one retired Admiral, but I did not do that, because I had the wrong perception. I thought it had to be an active Admiral, but in reality, this was not the case. I remember when my oldest son was about to enter college, and we were looking for a suitable college for him. At that time I only said one prayer to God, asking Him to let my son go to that college, which God had in mind. Soon an offer came from the Naval Academy, which he accepted. After he graduated as an officer in the Navy, he changed directions and decided to make his living in a different way. I asked him: "If you would have stayed in the Navy, what would have happened?" He said: "I would have ended up being an Admiral." I thought to myself, wow, this was God's idea, aha. The mission of bringing an Admiral to the church would have passed on to my son.

Another son of mine went to the Merchant Marine Academy in Kingspoint, Long Island. After his graduation he worked as an engineer on large ships, cargo vessels, car carriers and other big ships of the military sea lift command. I remember Father speaking to us about big cargo ships and how to prevent war through their use. He told us, if we run ships with a cargo of weapons destined to crisis areas, we should let these ships disappear for a period of several months, until the danger of war has passed, thus preventing bloodshed. Interestingly enough, my son works for the Military Sea Lift command, at this time as a First Engineer of a ship 995 foot in length, the size of an air craft carrier. Isn't it interesting, how the mission stays in the family?

Many times Father talked about catching tuna and letting them spawn, protecting the young and then releasing them. My

youngest son studied Marine Biology, and he talks about protecting the young fish, raising them and releasing them. I never told him about Father's ideas in regard to this endeavor. He pondered this possibility by himself, or did God tell him? Father also said that there will come a time when the ocean is overfished, and we need fish farms. That exactly is on the mind of my youngest son. All these aspects were discussed in lectures for Ocean Church and it basically became my mission. As I am getting older and it is getting more difficult for me to accomplish all those things, the mission is passed on to the second generation of Peemoellers. What an interesting situation. You cannot run away from your mission, it will stay with you always.

I remember one time, when our dear sister Sandy asked me: "You are always on the ocean. It must be really easy for you to pray, and God must be very close". Well, I found, God works a little different out there at sea. Sometimes, when I was working hard and yet unable to catch much, I asked God: "Heavenly Father, can you please show me where to go, so that I may catch something". But I never received any answer to that kind of request. I remember going out to catch sea bass and decided to try fishing around boat wrecks. We had to travel large distances between those wrecks, and I asked God for a hint where to fish, but I never received an answer. I then changed my approach: "Heavenly Father, I'm going to go to this or that wreck and make a good catch", and lo and behold, there were fish to be caught, and I felt God's presence around me. I found out, that wherever I decided to fish, God would be there, supporting me. It was almost like God following me, watching over me and blessing my activities, after I made my decision. That's how I experienced God out at sea.

Another experience comes to my mind. I had just returned from my mission country, Chile, and was out on the water, dredging for conch. It was 3:00 am, and while working I

thought about Chile and what to talk about and teach the members there on my next trip. Would it be a good idea to talk about the ascension of Heung Jin Nim? At that moment I felt the presence of God, and all His love engulfing me in form of an incredible heat wave. I experienced such wonderful warmth, and I knew it was the love of God.

I had experienced this heat of God's love once before, decades earlier, just after I joined the Unification Church. I was witnessing on the streets of Munich, Germany, talking to one person about how God worked through the ages through different people; how God inspired religions to enable people, to develop a closer relationship with God. During that testimony this incredible heat poured over me and I felt, that this was the love of God. God was so happy about my witnessing to this person. I felt God knew, that I understood Him, and he poured out his love for me. It was the same wonderful warmth, the love of God I experienced in the middle of the night out on the ocean. It was pitch black that night, no lights, no stars, but God was right there with me, at 3:00 o'clock in the morning. It was such an incredible experience, and I knew without a doubt, that God is alive, watching over me out at sea.

While tuna fishing, I experienced the presence of God many times, but let me just mention this one event. After a tuna was caught, we offered it to God in prayer, and I could clearly feel the presence of God. He was with us out there, and it sometimes felt, as if God was pulling the lines, supporting us in catching tuna. Yes, at times, God can be felt clearly on the water, and I have felt His presence and support many times out on the ocean. Therefore Father, the sinless Messiah, must be able to feel the presence of God at all times. It is much easier for him to relate to God out at sea, in the purity of nature, than on land, being surrounded by so many fallen and satanic people. It is clearly understandable, why Father sometimes said:

“I have a meeting with God, an appointment with God at sea, and I have to keep that appointment”.

Now my memory goes back to the time, when I started dredging crabs in 1985 by pulling the dredges over the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay, periodically lifting them up, emptying them and processing the catch of blue crabs, which the Chesapeake Bay is famous for and which are known as a delicacy. When I first started dredging, about 300 boats were competing for the catch. Crabs tend to cling together, and when you catch some, you can be certain that there are many more.

Once, one of the fishermen told his buddies over the radio: “I have a Reverend dredging next to me”. I was very surprised, as I never told anybody to call me Reverend, but this person did. I am known in the Chesapeake and up and down the coast as Captain Gerhard. All commercial fishermen from that area know who Captain Gerhard is. Because of our big tuna fishing program, my name was known up and down the coast, from northern Massachusetts to the Carolinas. When I was Father’s body guard, they called me big Gerhard, and when I went to South America, Chile, they called me Reverend Peemoeller. As I mentioned earlier, it took Christ to get me out onto the ocean, to get me fishing, and here I am, and here I’ll stay, until Christ or God himself will take me off the ocean.