

Part Four

Hibernating in a Big City

Eveline's Team

I don't remember at all why, but when our days in Italy were definitely over and we were sent to fundraise in the city of Cologne, they took Jeannine away from us. One day, Karl Leo came to visit, and when he left, Jeannine left with him to the National Headquarters. Her mission was changed. Suddenly we were all orphans. It was the pits. The logical choice for team-leader fell on Eveline—being the best fundraiser and all. But things don't always work out that way. Not everyone can evoke these certain dynamics of true leadership. Likewise, not every outstanding soccer player has what it takes to become a team coach. A whole entity is more than just the sum of its parts. Eveline had to fill a pair of shoes which really were too big for her. Apart from that, by the time we came back to Germany, it was November of 1978 and cold—very cold. We saw snow, lots of it. Many times we came back from our area in this cold and loveless winter of 1978-79 with soaked feet. I was truly depressed. So was everyone else on the team.

The fundraising approach in Germany changed as well. Whereas in Italy we just asked for donations, in Germany we had a Unification Church magazine at a fixed price to sell. The price was somewhat higher than an ordinary magazine, but the people understood that this was a donation "for the cause". Back in Germany that very first winter, life became very boring. No sun, no sea, no adventures... I had my first real dry spell in the Church and it lasted until springtime. And then, all of a sudden, spring was in the air—with all the growing and blossoming and buzzing, I was reborn! Luckily we had another change of team-leader—"team captain", as they said in the United States. Then, when summer came, we would become a true Mobile Fundraising Team again.

The French Connection

By then the German Leadership was the couple Rev. Reiner Vincenz and his wife Barbara. Reiner Vincenz was the first German Unification Church Member. The handful of people who composed the Unification Church in the early 1960s were all Germans who had lived in the United States, including Paul Werner, and had joined the still quite small Unification Movement there led by Miss Young Oon Kim, the very first Korean Unification Church Missionary to the United States. Miss Kim had a small group of followers around the San Francisco Bay area with quite a few foreigners composing the group, and the Germans were asked to go back to Germany to start with the mission in their home country. Barbara Vincenz was one of the original "American" Germans, who had joined the movement with her brother, Peter Koch, in California. Back in Germany, Peter Koch found a job in a company; Reiner Vincenz worked in the same company. Peter Koch seemingly did not sleep at night, and all the other employees were worried about him: "What's wrong with this guy? Is he a Russian spy or something?" So they all decided that someone had to find out what his big secret was—that "someone" was Reiner Vincenz.

The Peter Koch's "big secret" was that he translated the whole *Divine Principle* book from English to German—at night. Obviously, to Peter Koch this was a "secret mission", even more secret and serious than if he had been an actual Russian spy. So, when he revealed his "secret mission" to Reiner Vincenz, he asked him first, "If you were shipwrecked on an island and you could take three books with you, which books would you take?" Reiner Vincenz told us once that obviously he would take the Bible, and being a good German he would take Goethe's *Faust*; and the third book he mentioned, I forgot. But Peter Koch answered him, "I only need to take one book." And that's when he showed him the *Divine Principle*. The rest, as they say, is

history. That was the Gospel as told by Reiner Vincenz. I never heard the same story told by Peter Koch, but it couldn't have been all that different.

Paul Werner, on the other hand, had gone to Austria and started the Unification Church there. At one point before I met the movement in 1975, they had switched: Rev. Paul Werner came to Germany and became "Paul the Great"; Peter Koch embodied for many, many years the Austrian Unification Church. Reiner Vincenz was sent as missionary to France and built up the French Unification Church literally from nothing. That's where the "French Connection" came from. When Rev. Moon started with his campaigning in the U.S. in 1974, all the European countries were asked to send their members to help with the effort. I remember that Reiner Vincenz told us that he had exactly 120 members in France when he left with most of them for the U.S. He had loved France and he loved the United States as well—and he loved to drive. Rather disappointedly he told us, "In Germany you step on the pedal—and you're already there!" For someone who was used to traveling long distances, the forty-minute drive between Frankfurt and Camberg, for example, must have been very frustrating.

Reiner Vincenz didn't exude leadership in the way Paul Werner did. He was more of an easy-going person—there was something very particular about the way he said "Faaaather" in English or "*Vaaaaater*" in German. And every speech, every lecture, sermon or talk—he would always finish with a very melodic rendition of "Maaaarching Oooon!" Everywhere in Germany, in every team, in every center, any place that had something to do with the Unification Church—we were all imitating his "Marching On"! Do you remember *Amadeus*? If you want to know how Rev. Vincenz was, then watch the movie again and fix your attention on the actor playing the Austrian Emperor. The Reiner Vincenz I knew was very much like that.

Our Man For All Seasons

Karl Leo had left the Teams; he was asked to do bigger and greater things and our new leader was Hubert. He was a "Man For All Seasons". Coming from Munich and therefore being a true Bavarian, he was a born leader. We all loved him—no, let me rephrase that—we worshipped him. He was our soul. He embodied the German Fundraising Teams at their best. Every brother wanted to be like him, and every sister was somewhat in love with him. I climbed the same mountain three times with him—twice in winter and once in summer. He knew how to bring the best out of everyone. Once in Camberg we had a singing contest: the people participating had quite good voices, Hubert participated as well—his voice was nothing special, he couldn't even keep a straight tune—but he won the competition anyway. The heart and conviction he put into his performance convinced everyone. He took us to the cinema, he took us to Chinese and Korean restaurants, he climbed a mountain with us. He didn't come to lecture us, he was just "one of the guys". That's why he was so immensely popular. Whenever he came to visit us, he himself was the main message of hope to everyone.

Once, with brothers in the team and in the middle of winter, he took us to climb a particular mountain, the Herzogstand in Bavaria, which he apparently knew very well. The mountain was covered with snow and we walked up to the top! It took us quite a few hours to reach it. I made a startling discovery: the leader of the group has a difficult life—he has to make the way for everyone else to follow. If you literally follow in his footsteps, life becomes quite easy—because the pattern is already set and there is much less effort than for the one who's first in line. A year or two later, with a different team, we went up there again—it was winter, but this time we went with the lifts. That was a much easier feeling. Having arrived at the top of the mountain, we played around in the snow.

The last time I went up with Hubert to the top of that very same mountain, I didn't belong to the Fundraising Team anymore. One team was stationed in the Center in Munich and I just asked if I could go along. It was summertime and we had one Northern German sister with us who came from "Flatland"—there are no mountains in the north of Germany, not even hills. That poor sister, she almost fainted! It was hot—and the climb was heavy. At the foot of the mountain there is a small lake and we were all dying to swim in that lake. The water was ice-cold, but we loved it. That was the last time I climbed that mountain with Hubert and a Fundraising Team.

There is one tale I told many times: Hubert wanted to find out what exactly the problem was with one brother team that didn't make any money. In his opinion, "they should have gotten a job at the local hamburger place", because with expenses and all, they were losing money. So he bought a couple of (malt) beers for the guys—"It felt good to drink beer from the bottle, even if it was beer without alcohol!" Then he asked them one by one, "You—why are you here?" "Well, my leader sent me to the fundraising team...so I went to the fundraising team."

He found out that the brothers lacked motivation to a serious degree; they had lost their sense of purpose. Maybe it also had to do with the fact that their team-leader was "very vertical", as we used to call it—Sunday mornings at Pledge Service he would pray for a long, long time just by himself—and the brothers felt bad and were bored. So Hubert, in the middle of this never-ending prayer, just said "Amen!"—much to the relief of the poor suffering brothers!

We did great things together with Hubert, but the reason why we loved him so much was that he was so very natural in everything he did—he was just himself. He truly brought out the best in all of us: once he had us all running, and to everyone's delight, a sister outran even the brothers and won the competition! Then, when the Matching came around, everyone was in for a surprise: Rev. Moon matched him to another Bavarian—a sister who was quite small, quite chubby and wore glasses, the kind that make your pupils look bigger than they are. She was very industrious—she could cook for a couple of

hundred people, no sweat. She was always in good spirits, with a smile or a laugh on her face. A beauty she wasn't, but she was a "power woman". Of course she loved Hubert. Hubert didn't want to lose everything he had gained, so he stuck it out for some time. Then, finally, he admitted, "I like her as my sister, but I don't want her to be my wife!" He had failed the ultimate test: he couldn't love his wife. He had already everything anybody could ever wish for, but he wasn't able to accept the person Rev. Moon gave him as his spouse and companion in life.

Jesus told us that we shouldn't just love our friends, because everybody can do that; we should love our enemies. Well, Rev. Moon takes this idea a step further, he asks us to marry our enemy! He told us in many speeches that "husband and wife start out in the enemy's position", and from there on one has to work one's way up. Some couples, after years, still have remained enemies. Others fight and bite and bitch and bicker...and have come to a mutual understanding on a very profound level. With other couples, it was "love at first sight". Still, every Unification Church couple, especially if they are international, intercultural and interracial, try to embrace the Living God into their relationship, try to create a place in their hearts and in their homes where the Living God can visit them and be with them—that's the lifelong challenge of a Blessed Couple of the Unification Church.

Hubert then left the Unification Church on account of not being able to accept his wife. Every one of us felt very sad when that happened. His ex-wife got matched and blessed again. She has three children now and is very much the same "power woman" she always was. With the advance of technology, her glasses are a normal size now, which makes her more attractive. But then again, a person who lives for the sake of others *is* very attractive.

Thinking about Jesus again, he gave all of us a lot of practical advice. How else would you call this, when he tells us, "Better to go with one eye into the kingdom of heaven, than with two eyes into hell." I know what he's talking about. You can't have it all. You have to make choices in life. Sometimes it's better to let go, to give up something really, really important, just to be able to

win "the big game" later on. Nowadays, luckily, we don't have to sacrifice an eye; but some things may hurt just as much. Many brothers and sisters who left the Unification Church didn't want to accept that fact of life. They thought they could have it all. They didn't want to sacrifice something which really hurt them at that moment. They thought they were smart enough to go "with two eyes into the kingdom of heaven". Unfortunately, it doesn't work that way. Just like a good war veteran, you have to accept that one eye is left on the road. But, let's be honest. Real war veterans, the ones with a mutilated body or a mutilated soul, or both—they inspire awe in us. They humble us, because they did something we all don't want to do: invest our life for the cause. They started out being regular guys; what made them different was that they could rise to the occasion. Anybody has got what it takes to do that. The real question is: Do I want to? Or am I just too picky, too fancy, too sophisticated, too "special" to rise to the occasion? It's funny, but a lot of outstanding brothers and sisters—really, the best ones of all of us—stumbled over this stone: they couldn't rise to the occasion. They didn't want to let go of that one eye, they thought: Heck, I don't need that in my life. I can do better than this. As for Hubert, I hope he became happy in life—we, his fundraisers, will never forget him.

Swimming in the Olympic Stadium

While we were in a team with a team-leader who went by the name of Margret, hibernating in Munich, with or without Hubert, we went to the swimming pool on a regular basis, usually every Sunday afternoon. We lived in this really old giant apartment, which was part of an ancient building right in the heart of Munich and without any running hot water. If one wanted to take a shower, one was transported back into the nineteenth century. So we found the need to go swimming once a week, and we would go to the fabulous Olympic Stadium in Munich. It was a big-sized stadium and the water was just the right temperature. At that point we had a mixed team with brothers as well and I really learned a lot from them.

Swimming is one thing. Diving is quite another thing. You have diving from the board and diving under water. Jumping from the 1m board was something the brothers did—they even ventured up to the 3m board. Some courageous sisters would participate in that, but I never liked it, so I didn't even try. I learned how to dive under water. I learned it from Tobias. He knew how to dive. First, you have to make sure the ears are properly closed. One has to make a sneezing motion with the nose closed, so somehow the ears close as well. Then one has to learn how to breathe. Tobias showed me how to breathe really deeply to fill the lungs with enough air, so one could hold one's breath for a long time. The public swimming pools in Germany are truly deep—the deepest part is about 3.5m. That's the "safety net" for the 10m board, which by the way was always closed. We would start at the deep end, going right to the bottom of the basin and coming up again. Gravity moves with different rules under water. A normal swimming stroke takes you very far. Children who are learning to dive and showing off their skills very proudly to their parents, usually struggle in and around 50cm under the surface. That's really a struggle, and it doesn't lead you anywhere.

The true diving is done when one hits the bottom without fear. There, in the deep, there is peace; the screams and noises of the pool are not audible anymore and one has entered a different dimension.

Tobias also taught me how to come up quickly. You assume a vertical direction and put your arms straight up—this is enough, the body is propelled upward like a rocket. First, with little experience, you manage up to three or four large strokes underwater, then the air is gone and one has to come up. Week by week my lung capacity increased and my confidence as well. I learned to manage my lung and air capacity to make it up to ten or twelve strokes. Tobias had his own goals—he could dive wall to wall, the width of a giant swimming pool like the one in Munich and the whole length of a small-sized one. For many years, even though Tobias and I weren't in the same team anymore, I would perfect myself until I was able to do the same: I could dive the length of a small swimming pool and the width of a real big one.

Down at the bottom of the sea, there was the Living God. It was a pleasure to enter this world of calm and peace. No noises, no disturbances, just me, the water and the Living God. Too bad one had to come up so quickly. Coming up, one is truly exhausted, but it is a good exhaustion, the exhaustion that fills the body after having worked hard, and I let myself float a little bit, imagining that I was a dolphin resting in the ocean. Years later, while vacationing in Germany and being at one of these fabulously deep public pools, I had to know if I still had "the bite". People were looking at me strangely while I was breathing deeply in and out, but after I dived the width of the pool wall to wall they weren't looking at me so strangely anymore. I learned a lot from the diving. I learned how to set goals. I learned how to find peace. I learned that one has to push oneself right to the edge, putting the limit each time a little further without falling into the abyss. And I learned how to find the Living God. After a while, I knew that God was waiting for me down there, just like He was waiting for me on the Holy Ground in Camberg.

The Difference Between a Good Result and a Good Average

For those of you who are wondering, That's all very nice, but how much money did these guys make? Well, life is relative. At that time, somewhere between 1979 and 1980, we had the daily goal of 240DM. For a good fundraiser, that was an achievable goal. The better ones made more, the weaker ones made far less. It was nearly impossible to achieve that goal daily, but a goal is a goal. Every soccer team has the goal of becoming the champions. But there can be only one! Still, a clear goal raises everyone's performance.

So, every night, we brought in the money to a designated person, who usually wasn't the team-leader. He counted it, neatly wrote down everyone's results, and by the end of the week gave us a report of our averages. Mrs. Vincenz was, at that point, in charge of the German Unification Church because Rev. Reiner Vincenz, like every other National Leader in Europe, was working in Great Britain directly with Rev. Moon and a lot of the "Big Guys" who had come over from the United States. She made one thing very clear: she didn't want to have "outstanding once-in-a-lifetime" results, but rather brothers and sisters who had a stable average. That was good advice. First, obviously, a steady income makes life ever so much easier for the leadership; and next, a steady income creates a steady person with a lot fewer "spiritual problems", as we used to call them.

So, for us, average was more important than one-off results. The one with the best average was the celebrated fundraiser. And just as it happened before in Italy, I was number two, only occasionally was I number one. I could live with that, because for fundraising in hospitals, I definitely was number one, for no one had the guts or was outrageous enough to do what I did! And that's how we survived the fundraising winters. The first winter we came from Italy and stayed in the Unification Church Center

in Cologne. The next winter we stayed in this giant apartment in Munich. And the third winter we stayed in the Church Center in Stuttgart.

The regular members of the Unification Church Center had their schedules and their activities, and we had ours. Sometimes we would cook and eat together, sometimes not. But the Unification Church holidays, we would always celebrate together. We had good relationships with the brothers and sisters staying and working in the Center. On occasion, one of them would come fundraising with us, for the Center's expenses. Ours was a more sacrificial life—we were the ones leaving early in the morning, staying out all day and coming back at night.

The teams were changing all the time—brothers and sisters moved around from here to there and back again. Mobility was no issue; one had a sleeping bag and a suitcase or traveling bag, and that was it. I had accumulated quite a lot of things—I was a fundraiser, yes, but not all that "mobile" anymore. In the end, we stored many things away in Camberg.

One doesn't go through the Unification Church without learning the most popular of all the Korean songs: "Omayá". It's about a little boy, who says, "Mummy, older sister, I want to live by the riverside..."

Omayá

Omayá, noonaya
Kang byun sal-cha.
Ture nun, pancha gi nun
Koom more pit.
Tu me nun pa ke nun
Ka lippe no re.
Omayá, noonaya
Kang bynn sal-cha