

PERSONAL TESTIMONY

OF

REV. PAUL WERNER

MAY 1985

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This is to testify what God has done to me and my family by sending His Son, our True Parents into this world for everyone's salvation.

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Having experienced miracle after miracle, it is very hard to begin. Twenty-two years of following True Parents contain a tremendous amount of confrontations with God and Satan, yet I consider those years as well as the present a time of training and preparation for greater things to come. I know, that He has turned our lives upside down and inside out. Praise the Lord!

I was born on September 13, 1927 as the ninth child of my parents in Labes, Pommern, Germany. My parents were very religious, as my father was a minister. My mother, being burdened with 11 children and all the hard work connected with raising a large family, lived an exemplary life of faith and prayer. Jesus was our daily bread.

Even as a little boy of four or five years, I already had a deep longing for Jesus, who was God to us. Often I withdrew and had my little prayer meeting with him in my own childish way. As we grew up, we all experienced the turbulence of the Hitler time. At the age of 16, I was drafted into pre-military training and then to military officer's school in Stettin.

Then I was transferred for special training to a garrison near the city of Dresden. Dresden, being the cultural center of Germany at that time, with its countless treasures of art in its many expressions, was hardly touched by the war up to that point. Then, during the night of Feb. 13-14, 1945 the Allies decided to wipe it off the map, to weaken the moral of the home front, and they literally did. In addition to the normal population, about 500,000 refugees from the east crowded the city. Many thousands of them came in wagon trains to the city, ready to leave towards the west, when the air-raid began. 1,300 allied bombers came in three different waves, dropping 2,000 tons of bombs over the city, killing 250,000 people within a few hours. After the terrible bombardment for hour after hour, the Allied planes returned with fire bombs, turning the city into an ocean of fire. The fire storm raged through the city at 180 m.p.h.. About 30 km away at our garrison, we saw the city go up in flames. It was an awesome sight. Once it was possible to go in, we were called to participate in the rescue mission. But there was hardly anything left to be saved. For three weeks I carried dead people, women, children, and old people, burned beyond recognition, some without their limbs, threw them on trucks, drove them to a large plaza and burned them, one hundred at a time. Thousands and thousands were burned that way to prevent an epidemic. To hear the cries of the hundreds of injured people was even worse, because many were beyond help. To experience something like this as a teenager made me age overnight. Therefore, when I see an

accident now, I don't allow myself to have feelings. I just think about what can be done to help, and once everything is under control, I can afford to have feelings.

With 17 years of age I found myself a prisoner of war at the infamous death camp "Remagen" at the Rhine River near Sinzig. During the first months of my captivity several hundred thousand of us were living like cattle under the open sky on many acres of barren land, surrounded by American tanks and soldiers, or watchtowers armed with machine guns. They didn't have time to build fences as fast we were herded in. So many soldiers were held on that field that we hardly got anything to eat or drink. Nothing was organized, and in desperation to fill their stomachs many prisoners dug out beets, stored there during the wintertime by farmers to feed their animals. Consequently they got violently ill, and every day hundreds of prisoners died of malnutrition or gastric diseases. I myself ate the bark of some apple trees scattered around, and got terribly ill with diarrhea, passing nothing but blood. Our bodies were so weak that we could hardly make it to the latrines, and many who did, fell in and suffocated. None of the fellow prisoners were able to help. But I had a strong determination to live through this ordeal and my faith in God was my greatest asset.

We all know how vital it is to have something to drink to stay alive. My only possession at this time were 25 cigars. I got a hold of this box of cigars at the risk of my life, while looking for food in the trenches of our captors. I guarded it

closely like a great treasure, since I was a heavy smoker at that time. Our captors would bring tankcars full of water throughout the day until 6:00 p.m., and we had to stay in line for hours and hours to get a cup full of water. As I came closer to the car, I was so exhausted and ready to give up, but the prospect of a drink of water kept me going. But when my turn finally came, there was not a drop left. I collapsed right there, and then someone offered me a mouthful of water for my 25 cigars. So I gave away my only treasure for a sip of water. Only a smoker can imagine what that meant. But you just can't live without water. After joining the movement I fasted for seven days many times, but at least I had water to drink, and that is even more important than food.

A few months later, along with 700,000 German prisoners of war, I was sold by the Americans to the French as part of the German reparation for war damages and had to spend four years in forced labor camps in northern France. These four years were terrible years, and many times, being near death, I cried to God to get me out of this place of danger and hunger.

I had many experiences in the labor camps. We had to work very hard and were so undernourished that I was just skin and bones. The only food we received at the end of the day was potato soup, which was water with some mashed potatoes, without salt or any other ingredient. Once the soup was cold it became like glue. Every day, one of the prisoners had the privilege to scrape out the pot, before it was washed. That always meant an extra ration. I had been looking forward to my turn for a

long time. That day finally came, and I started scraping out the pot while the soup was still warm. I was so hungry, that I kept on eating as fast as I could, to fill my empty stomach. This was my only chance for a long time to come, and, as it turned out, almost my last. Finally, there was still some of the thick mush left over, and I filled up two gallon cans. With those cans in my hand, I ran to my bunk, which actually wasn't much of a bunk, just a few boards, and emptied the first can all the way, while the pap was still lukewarm. My belly started to expand more and more, but I still couldn't stop eating, until I was half finished with the second can. By that time, my heart was pumping so strongly and I became so violently ill, that I almost died. But God needed me, so He kept me alive. I really experienced what hunger can do to a person, and I can feel with the millions of people, who go hungry every day somewhere on this earth. After those years I could really appreciate the food our Heavenly Father provides for us every day.

Even in this miserable place God looked after me. For awhile I had to work in a lumber mill, carrying wood and doing different chores. Being undernourished and physically so weak it took all my willpower to move around and work. Sometimes French civilians came with handcarts to pick up some firewood at the mill. Once an old woman came and as I filled up her cart she looked at me with deep compassion. Being so hungry, all I could say to her was "Bread, please." The next day she returned, and before she left she hid something wrapped

in a newspaper, between the boards next to me. I waited for the right moment when I wasn't watched, picked up the package and went to the outhouse to unwrap it. It was a piece of fresh bread and as I immediately took a big bite, I had my whole mouth full of butter. This kind old grandmother had hollowed out the inner part of the bread, leaving the outer shell and filled it completely with butter, and I had a feast for a few days. To this day I'm deeply touched in my heart when I think of this old lady and her kind deed. I can never forget her, even though I had many resentments towards my captors at that time.

Then I was transferred to another camp to work in the coal mines and I don't even know where to start to describe my experiences during that time. Some events I can never forget. During my first week in the coal-mine the ceiling caved in on me, burying me alive, more than one kilometer underground. My physical pain from injuries I sustained was nothing compared to the agony of being trapped, alone, and lost somewhere deep inside the earth, without light and hardly any air to breathe. Facing certain death, I cried to God, to get me out of this living grave. I promised Him, that I would serve Him for the rest of my life, if He saved me.

After what seemed an eternity to me, the rescue crew found and freed me, bringing me up to the surface. It was such a relief, to see daylight again. Although I had three broken ribs and countless cuts and bruises, not to mention the terrible shock of being buried alive, I was forced to go back

into the mine the very next day. I was just a prisoner of war, therefore nobody cared about my condition. During my time in that labor camp I had many accidents and was buried twice. Every time I had to go back into the mine, I almost cried for fear. It was a terrible trauma. Later, when I heard of Father's suffering in Hungnam, I could really connect deeply and feel, what He went through.

Before Christmas 1948 I finally was released and sent home to Germany, but there was no home for me. Two of my brothers were killed in the war and five other brothers had been in prisoner of war camps. The rest of my family was scattered all over the country. My parents, along with 17 million other Germans, had to flee from the approaching Russians to West-Germany and lost everything.

I myself had come back four years too late. All other people had picked up the pieces and at least partly recovered from the war. I started out on the bottom, wearing worn-out army clothes, and a spoon and a pair of socks were my only possessions.

At this time, when I was just 21 years old, I went to a revival meeting in the city of Duisburg. More than 400 people attended that meeting. Here, God spoke to me and I received Jesus as my personal saviour. It was such a tremendous experience, that I was turned inside out and outside in, truly a spiritual rebirth. I was so deeply touched by Jesus, confronting me directly, that I told him: "I offer my life, my heart and my love to you forever and ever", and I meant it too.

After that I kept looking for places and people, who were also more deeply connected with Jesus, like I was, with a burning desire in their hearts, to hear more and do something for God. So I applied for admission at three different seminaries in Germany and Switzerland, to become a foreign missionary. Even though my Father had great influence, being a minister himself, I wasn't accepted. The seminaries were all filled up for years to come. With 17 million refugees in West-Germany everything was overcrowded, and there was just no way to get in.

But I kept on going and finally I asked God: "Why did You let me have this experience in the first place, if You don't want me to be a missionary?" I had found many church groups I could go to every evening, either for Bible studies, singing in the choir, etc.. I attended all religious events in the city and just couldn't get enough spiritual food. If there was one evening during the week, when nothing took place in those groups, I would feel so miserable. My longing became greater and greater. I knew more about Jesus than about God at that time and wanted to still come closer and closer to him. My prayer life intensified and I had such a deep longing for Heaven, for Jesus, for something, I couldn't really put my finger on. It was something so mysterious and hidden inside myself in a spiritual sense, that I wanted to do nothing but spiritual work. I just wanted to live for God and Jesus.

Through the following months I didn't find so many people, who had the same longing and desire as I did. So my spiritual life declined a little, and after a few years it declined even

more. Then I thought: "God, what have You done to me? First you let me have this great experience with Jesus, and then You don't want me. I was full of fire to become a missionary for You, but it didn't work out that way."

In 1950, in a Christian youth group I met my wife Christel. We were married in 1951. In 1952 our son Klaus was born.

Since conditions were very unfavorable in our country, devastated by the war, we were looking for a brighter future. So, after working for four years in a chemical-metallurgical research laboratory, my wife, our son Klaus, then eight months old, and I, emigrated to Canada in April 1953. Here I worked as a construction laborer and carpenter for 4 1/2 years. During those years in Canada much indemnity was paid. At that time of course we didn't know the reason for this. I worked outside during the extremely hot summer months and in sub-zero weather with severe snowstorms during the long and harsh Canadian winters. But worst of all were the periods of unemployment with all the worries of how to feed my family. During those difficult times we were expecting our second child. My wife had to have two serious operations in her eighth month of pregnancy. Consequently our second son died five hours after birth. Then on top of this very painful experience came the financial burden of hospital and doctors' bills.

When we found out that economic conditions in the United States were much better than in Canada, we emigrated to the

U.S. in 1957. In Cleveland, Ohio, I became a partner in a formica factory. Just when everything started to look a little brighter, I myself almost died in early 1958 on account of a blood clot in my leg. This same year, our son Klaus became violently ill after a tonsilectomy. During those years we had really been tested in many ways, but we always lived our life with God.

In 1961 we moved to Sacramento, California, where I studied at a business and engineering college as well as at a real estate school, getting my diplomas and licenses in both. I then became a contractor, investor, and real estate broker. Since coming to California, everything took an upturn. We became wealthy and were thinking of an early retirement. We had definite plans, but things turned out altogether different. We have an old saying in Germany: "Man thinks, but God directs."

CONFRONTATION WITH FATHER AND THE DIVINE PRINCIPLE
IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 1963

It was hard to understand for us, why we ended up in Sacramento, Calif. But soon enough we would know, what God had in mind for us.

We lived a good Christian life, had our daily prayers on our knees, praying to Jesus, our Saviour. I always knew and told my wife, that one of these days I would become a preacher. At that time it was hard to comprehend, living as we did, far removed from such an outspoken religious life of service to God.

At this time I was in the process of building six superduplexes and several apartment houses. I had to deal with investors, bankers and the like in my daily business life, so I was well occupied with making money, creating a future of wealth for my family.

On this historical day in the summer of 1963 my wife attended a farewell party for one of the secretaries she worked with at IBM. There she met Sandy Pinkerton, a former co-worker, again, who offered to give her a ride back to the IBM garage where she had to pick up her car. Little did we know of the consequences resulting from that short trip. Sandy acted strangely, as if she was deeply troubled by something, and when she began to cry, my wife asked her: "What is it that bothers you?" Sobbing, she answered: "Christ is on earth. He has

returned."

In my over-protective way, I scolded my wife after her return, for coming home much later than I expected. As her excuse for being out so late, she told me the story of this girl.

Something clicked inside of me. After all, you don't hear everyday, that supposedly Christ has returned to the earth. On the other hand, my wife and I talked about this coming event many times. "Why didn't you bring her home," I asked my wife. She must have fallen into the hands of some false prophets, or some anti-Christian sect, since there are so many of them these days. My Christian spirit was ignited. But also something else was there, yet I couldn't put my thumb on it. My curiosity was aroused, and a magnetic force vibrated inside of me. To make it short, just hearing those words, re-ignited me again. I thought: "Ah, God left me alone for a few years and let me sweat it out. Now He wants me after all."

"Why don't you invite Sandy to our house soon and let us find out, into whose hands she had fallen. I would like to help her in her spiritual struggle," I told my wife.

Sandy agreed to visit us a week later in our suburban home. It was a Sunday afternoon, and she didn't come alone. Her husband John Pinkerton and Pauline Philips Verheyen came with her. Sandy didn't look like she needed help. She appeared very strong and self-confident, and so did the others. We invited them to have coffee and cake, but they refused to eat. That bothered me and I thought that those people had

little understanding of etiquette and seemed pretty arrogant. Later we found out they had been fasting. They began to talk, and within the hour we heard again, that Christ had returned and was supposedly walking on the earth now. Not enough with that, it wasn't Jesus, the one we had been waiting for. It was somebody else, a Korean.

We had a strong confrontation, since I could not accept any of that. They left us after about an hour and we were alone with what we had heard. All kinds of thoughts and feelings raged within me. Could it be true? What if it was true? Maybe, it is the Anti-Christ. I was in a turmoil. I had expected Jesus to come back on the clouds, like all the other Christians. I believed in the Bible, word for word, and didn't question anything at all. I was convinced, that God would reveal things to me, that I couldn't yet understand. For me, the Bible was the word of God, and I was ready to defend every word of it. That was my state of mind and heart at that time. All of a sudden I was told, that Jesus couldn't fulfill his mission, and that this is the reason for his Second Coming. Not only that, but I was told, that Sun Myung Moon and Jesus are one in mission and that the returned Christ has another name. This was really hard for me to cope with.

I couldn't get rid of these thoughts, and we waited for those three people to come back again. We figured they would, after making such a tremendous statement. But nothing happened. They had considered coming back, but maybe they regarded us as a hopeless case, because of our strong orthodox

Christian belief. After a week went by I told my wife to connect with Sandy and ask her to come back to discuss the matter further.

One week later they came, and a very turbulent time began. They had a blue book called, "The Divine Principle". The words were simple, but what problems they created for me! Just about everything written in that book was contrary to my firm Christian belief. That brought about one collision after another with the book and the people who brought it.

I began to study and pray as never before in my life. In fact I did it day and night. I prayed to Jesus: "Tell me, my Saviour, what is this all about? Is it true? Is Sun Myung Moon the Anti-Christ, or is it You, returning under a new name?"

Soon we asked Pauline, John and Sandy to move in with us. All my life I was very self-confident and strong. But they took over in no time at all, and I became a guest in my own house. They told me, to ask God for answers to my prayers, and to fast and study the Divine Principle.

So I began to pray without ceasing and to study. At that time I created an outline of the Principle book, to make it easier to study. I fasted and especially prayed. Boy, I really prayed.

Right from the beginning my spiritual eyes opened up, and I began to see things spiritually, that I had never seen before. I designated one room in my house as a prayer room. Whenever I sat down to pray, the room was filled with people,

spirits. I could see them, and the room was filled with light. I was drawn magnetically into that room at all hours. Many times I saw beautiful colors in there: pink, white, royal blue, much gold and a beautiful light green. It was such a wonderful feeling, just sitting in that room with so many spirit people, praying and talking to God. My prayers lasted for hours. Many times I even prayed through the nights. I never wanted to stop.

I found out, what baptism with fire is all about, because that is exactly what I experienced while praying, studying or fasting. All this was so wonderful that I didn't want to stop being in this spiritual realm. Soon I also found out that I had healing power, and many spiritual phenomena occurred to me. I myself and others around me regarded me as a man, down to earth. Therefore I tested all those experiences many times. Other things happened to me, such as smelling and hearing spiritually. Anyone who never had similar experiences may have thought that I was out of my mind. On the contrary, I was as keen as could be. But even today, after 22 years, I can still have those experiences if I want to.

One night in 1963, my wife was in San Francisco at that time, I woke up at about 2:00 o'clock in the morning by a sudden noise. As I sat up, looking towards a chair about five feet away from me, I saw a man sitting there, an oriental man, smiling and holding a baby in his lap. I was so shocked by this experience. I had never seen a picture of Father at that time. A few days later, being in the Unification Church center

on Masonic Ave. in San Francisco, where Miss Kim (Dr. Young Oon Kim) lived and taught the Divine Principle, I had the opportunity to look through the open door of her room, and there was a picture on her nightstand, showing the same man, who had appeared to me in my bedroom in Sacramento. It was our Father, Sun Myung Moon.

Our living together with the three members brought tremendous strains. Sandy was somewhat of a playgirl and hard to take. After a few days we had to ask her to go to San Francisco and live with Miss Kim, since the situation became unbearable.

Pauline and John tried very hard to bring us into the Principle, as we called it. One weekend Miss Kim came to Sacramento to teach the Divine Principle. For two days we listened for hours to her in-depth presentation of the truth and really bombarded her with critical questions. We also visited the center in San Francisco, where Miss Kim took care of the members, quite frequently. Miss Kim was one of the first missionaries sent by Father to the U.S.. She taught us the Principle, and sometimes Gordon Ross was the teacher. Most of the new people, who studied the Principle at that time didn't make it. Even Gordon, a good teacher, who appeared to us like a luminous being at times, fell away later. He could not overcome his personal problems.

While spending another of our weekends in San Francisco in the fall of 1963 it was decided to publicly announce the return of the Messiah. We got busy making up big signs and one of

them read: "CHRIST HAS RETURNED. HE IS NOW ON EARTH." On Sunday afternoon the whole family, maybe about a dozen members, paraded down Market Street displaying our revolutionary signs and finally stopped at Union Square. Usually some religious groups assembled there to speak out to the public. There we stood with our signs and one of us started to talk about the new revelation from God. Just then another religious group showed up with their brass band and started to play hymns, completely silencing us, as we couldn't compete with the instruments. Therefore, we joined them in singing along, and passers-by thought we belonged together. Suddenly it began to rain, and the downpour washed down the white paint on our signs. White polka dots covered our dark suits but we hung on to our signs. Marching home our boards were practically bare and our clothes soaked, but we felt very happy inside. When we entered the center Miss Kim received us with a simple but wonderful dinner and we all had a warm feeling of coming home.

Miss Kim had a very high and strict Principle standard, and for a newcomer, especially me, there was much to digest. The first Holy Day we ever celebrated was Children's Day 1963. For the first time Miss Kim gave us a deep talk about the suffering path Father had to walk to fulfill his mission. The atmosphere was so high, and many tears were shed.

God showed me in so many ways, through opening up Heaven for me, that this was the road to take. This was the time of real tribulations for me, to overcome my physical body and bring it under the control of my spirit. I began to take cold

baths every night, even with ice cubes in it. I continued this for nine months and only stopped when I left for my mission in Germany.

When I was confronted with the Divine Principle, the spirit of God truly worked. I got a baptism not by water but by fire. I mentioned my experiences with Jesus before, but my experiences with God and with Father were a thousand times stronger and different. I had heard about baptism with fire, but now I received it. When I came into contact with the Principle and began to pray and study, I felt surrounded by fire all the time, fire that came from Heaven. It was the presence of God in form of fire. Many other things happened along with that conversion experience. Once I heard that Christ is on earth, I felt subconsciously that it must be true. Yet another voice said: "Impossible, it has to be the Anti-Christ, because he has to come in the clouds," and so on. But inside of myself something was decided already. I just had to fight it out.

In Sacramento, after we accepted our True Parents, we began to go into houses, to teach the Divine Principle. It was our first Home Church mission. We went to prayer meetings and got thrown out of churches so many times, as soon as they knew who we were. There are so many stories to tell, how God and spirit world worked overtime to draw the first Westerners away from Satan and to use them in a greater way for His dispensation. Let me just talk about one or two experiences I had during the first 40 days of my struggles with the

Principle.

One evening, being in greatest anguish, while all those things were happening to us, I jumped into my car and raced out of Sacramento along the Sacramento River. There was just wilderness all around. The river banks were covered with all kinds of weeds and the moon was out, partly hidden by clouds. I glanced down upon the water of the river with a troubled heart. There were rocks along the river bank, and I remember being told that Sun Myung Moon had kneeled on rocks and prayed for many hours. Here I was, out in the wilderness. I had prayed and cried to God so much while driving out here, that many spirits came down to take part in this struggle. I could feel their presence. I kneeled down on the stony ground. He had done it, so I wanted to do it too. I prayed as never before asking God for some kind of a sign, showing me whether I was going the right or the wrong way. I prayed and prayed, crying out loud, shedding many tears. It was good that nobody lived in that neighborhood. They might have thought that I had lost my mind.

I kept yelling for God: "Father, You have to tell me whether this is the truth or not. I don't want to go to hell, but if this is Your work, I definitely want to be a good disciple right away. I want to do as much as I can to restore this world to You." All I wanted was a sign from Heaven, from God, a confirmation or rejection of what I was about to believe in. I wanted God to come down and say: "Oh, my dear son, you served Me so well in the past, and since you love Me so much

I'm going to tell you that Sun Myung Moon is My beloved Son. Surely, surely, he is My Son. Go and serve Him!" But God didn't do that. Hour after hour I prayed. I never knew that it was possible to shed so many tears. This went on for 6 hours, but no sign came, no matter how much I cried for God. Finally, completely exhausted and somewhat disappointed, but with a quiet prayer on my lips, I slowly drove home. I walked into my house and layed down on the couch. There God spoke to me in a way I had not at all expected. I began to cry and cry. My whole body was shaking and the whole couch with me. I experienced a suffering I never knew before. I could not stop crying. Tears ran down and soaked the whole area. Such a great sorrow went through my heart and I felt that I had to carry the suffering of the whole world. Then God said to me: "This is your sign. This is what I feel when I look at mankind."

For three days I had to cry. I couldn't stop. It even wore out my body. It was shaking, vibrating with the tears. This was my sign from God. I'll never forget it.

Even so I felt right from the beginning that the Divine Principle was true, and that the Messiah was on earth, I had to go through a tremendous struggle, to get my confirmation. I prayed and prayed day and night and studied the Bible and the Divine Principle. When I connected with God and True Parents, I got confirmation after confirmation from Heaven that He is the One. Then I said to God: "Now I know that Your Son has returned, and I'll give my life, my heart and my love to Him."

So we made up our minds to serve God and True Parents. But how could we offer our hearts, love and life to God? What power is it that changes a man inside out, that changes all his values? First, wealth and power were important, then all of a sudden nothing mattered as far as the material world was concerned. A much greater love replaced everything I had experienced before.

We had a nice family, a good life. When I was confronted with the Principle, I knew that accepting the new Messiah meant total sacrifice. It meant giving up everything dear to me, everything I am and have, all my dreams and plans, even my wife and son. The simple truth, that Christ has returned and is restoring this fallen world back to God, made such a deep impact on our hearts, that our desire to help Him made us give up everything, our lives, our hearts and our love for this cause.

On August 11, 1963 we decided to follow our Master, as we called Him then, and to go back to Germany as missionaries, to help restore our nation.

It was not so easy to disengage from all business affairs I was involved in. It was aggravating and time-consuming. My mind was already totally focused on God and the returned Christ. So I went to my partner in real estate and investment and said to him: "Isaac, I decided to become a missionary and go to Europe to spread the gospel there." Isaac Berger was a 63-year old very wealthy Jewish businessman. He looked at me and laughed. He thought I was joking, but when he found out

that I really meant it, he became angry and called me a crazy guy, a dumbbell and everything else in the book. His god was money. He once pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket, banged it on the table and yelled: "This is my God!" I'll never forget that. The poor millionaire Isaac was sitting in his wheelchair after a stroke. His own children wouldn't even touch him, so ugly he was to them. For the previous two years I had picked him up and put him into the bathtub and so on, since he couldn't move under his own power. Even though he had called me his angel before, now he cheated me out of a great amount of money due to me from our partnership.

Anyway, I then traded in my new Imperial for a VW-bus, which later served as my first center in Austria, and above all, was used for Father's first trip through Europe in 1965, when He blessed all the European Holy Grounds. We loaded up a few suitcases and starting on April 1, 1964 we crossed the United States to New York. From New York harbor a ship would take us to our new mission in Europe. Along the way through the United States we visited 40 churches, reading aloud some passages of the Divine Principle in each one of them as a condition for future witnessing in those states.

Before leaving for Europe we visited a medium for the first time in our lives. That was almost 22 years ago. From my experiences with spirit world since joining the movement I know what really counts in the world of spirit is love, not a brilliant mind or a dynamic personality, or success in any way. As a Christian we never even considered coming into contact

with a medium, since it was considered to be occult and evil, but at that time we decided to find out what this was all about. When the four of us entered that place we were confronted with an elderly lady with very kind and loving vibrations. The whole atmosphere in that room was very warm. We were just new members of the movement, barely a few weeks old, but spirit world must have told her who was walking in. She went into trance right away and started moving her hands in the pattern of waves, signifying the flow of love. She then started talking about me for 20 minutes. I was completely amazed. She told me that I would leave America in the near future for Europe. The first years there would be difficult, but then great success would come, and this would only happen through love. She said that all of us were called for a certain mission, and continued: "I can't tell you today what it is, but you have to prepare for a great mission in the future. There is still a little time." She told me many things about the future. How could she have known? I had never seen her before in my life. Somebody in spirit world must have known. Even though I was only a few weeks in the family at that time, my name must have been known in spirit world. Looking back at that experience now, I find that all the things the medium predicted came to pass, one by one.

Curious to find out more, we contacted several other mediums, who gave the same results. One of them spoke of the greatest teachers she had ever seen in her life surrounding me in gold or white attire. She was so amazed and asked me: "Who

are you?" It was quite an experience to hear so many wonderful things from a complete stranger, and I thought: "Where does all this come from? How could she refer to me as such a great personality?" What she really saw was the impact of the Divine Principle in spirit world, the truth we carried with us. When I started my mission I tasted the deepest agony and suffering, not in a high place but in a most miserable position, and only then an upward development began gradually. Our Father started from the lowest position, and as His children we are following the same path.

Our last station before boarding the ship in New York was Washington, D.C., where we followed an invitation to Col. Pak's home. Col. Pak and his wife received us warmly, as if we had known each other for a long time, and shared their experiences with our True Parents. At Col. Pak's request I gave my testimony to some members of his congregation for the first time, and it was quite an experience for me. The life of Col. Pak and his wife as a blessed couple, in service to God and our True Parents left a deep impression in our hearts for our work in Europe.

COMING FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GERMANY ON MAY 8, 1964

On May 8, 1964 we arrived in the German port city of Bremerhaven, after crossing the Atlantic from New York, on board the "S/S Berlin" in nine days. From Bremerhaven we proceeded to Frankfurt and arrived there on May 11, 1964 in our VW bus, to meet our brothers and sisters there: Peter Koch, his sister Barbara Koch Vincenz and Ursula Schuhmann. All three of them joined the movement in San Francisco, but we had only met Barbara there previously. Peter and Ursula had come to Germany from the U.S. about a year earlier, and he and Ursula used that time to translate the first Divine Principle book from English into the German language. He then printed 70 copies of that book.

We arrived in Frankfurt full of spirit, eager to turn Germany upside down. The center in Frankfurt was a little house in the backyard of some apartment buildings, where Peter received us, rather reserved. Realizing that it would be better for all concerned to start in another city, my wife and I decided within a few days to go to Wiesbaden, just about 36 km west of Frankfurt. We then started our mission there, while Peter, Barbara, Ursula and Elke Klawiter Van der Stok, who came with us from the States, worked in Frankfurt. Up to that time nobody had done any street witnessing. So I actually started street witnessing in Frankfurt and then in Wiesbaden. During the daytime I worked in a government office, to provide for my family, but as soon as I got out at 5:00 pm, I witnessed. For

the government I worked in the department of consumer statistics and used every opportunity there to witness, not only in my room but in other offices as well. As time went by I became well known as a missionary and highly respected, even by my superiors. In fact, I spent most of my time there preaching the new truth, the Divine Principle. My colleagues became so interested and soon had visions and dreams about me. To one of them I appeared as Moses on a high mountain, floating above the earth and being connected to heaven by a staff. I didn't compromise in any way at all. Every day at lunchtime I put my head on the desk and had my prayer for half an hour. At first this behaviour was difficult to accept by my co-workers, since they were far from being religious, and they kept making their cracks about it. But in time they got used to it, and soon enough they respected my deep devotion to God. More and more of them asked me for my opinion and advice concerning marriage and other problems in life. For months and months I taught the Principle there, until I received in prayer that I should go to Austria and start a new mission over there.

We had been in Germany for about a year by then, living in Wiesbaden. Every day, after I came home from work, I took a bath and then prayed for one hour. I needed that, to carry out my mission. Then I went out and walked the streets of the city. Not so many people were outside in the evenings, and at that time it was very hard to approach someone with the Divine Principle directly. I walked around like a wolf looking for sheep, and as soon as I was talking to someone, I was rejected.

Also, it wasn't considered good manners according to German etiquette at that time to approach a stranger in the street, but I kept on going anyway. I also went to churches, attended Bible classes and other activities. But as soon as I started talking about the Divine Principle they branded me the "Anti-Christ", or "false prophet" and warned their congregations not to have any contact with me. I was kicked out of many churches as a heretic, false prophet, or as a follower of the Anti-Christ. Ministers or elders even used dogs to chase me away. I received registered letters from churches, prohibiting me from stepping onto church grounds again, even threatening me with the police, should I dare to ignore their request. It was quite a peculiar situation.

When I went into Bible classes, I spoke openly about the Principle view concerning spirit world and many other topics in the Bible. They certainly didn't have any plausible explanations for the many parables in the Bible, but quite soon I was persecuted, chased out and banned from attending their meetings. When I worked with someone for a length of time, explaining the Bible and revealing the true meaning of the prophecies and the mission of Jesus, that person would be really fascinated, but as soon as I gave him the final conclusion, he went to his minister, and that usually was the end of our friendship. Of course, there were so many experiences that cannot be mentioned in this short report.

On July 26, 1965 Father came to Europe on his first world tour to bless Holy Grounds. I had started my mission in

Austria in May 1965 and came back to Frankfurt to meet Father. For many days before his arrival in Frankfurt we had fasted and prepared ourselves and our surroundings in many ways, to make his stay with us as memorable as possible. Also, Divine Principle lectures continued in the center, usually until late at night. Everything was vibrating in expectation. After all, we were actually going to meet the Messiah face to face for the first time in our lives. Finally the great day came, when we went to the airport to receive Father. Surprisingly we were given permission to stand at the entrance of the airfield outside the terminal building, in other words, in the restricted area, with our signs in Korean, "Welcoming our Father to Germany". All of us were so nervous, and while we were still occupied trying to spot his plane at touchdown, one of those large ground transportation buses stopped in front of us and out jumped our Father. Following Him were Mrs. Won Pok Choi, Dr. Young Oon Kim and Mr. Sang Ik Choi. All of a sudden there he was, and all of us were at a complete loss as to how to behave now. We had such a mystical concept of the Messiah and now we were confronted with quite a substantial man. But Father immediately solved the situation. As natural as could be, he walked over to our group and shook our hands, grinning all over his face. We then invited him and his party to board our VW-bus, and I had the privilege of driving them to the center. It was quite an extraordinary situation, having God sitting right behind me, breathing down my neck and watching my every move. I was almost stiff from tension during this short

trip from the airport to the center. By that time, Frankfurt Headquarters was located in an apartment house on the fifth floor. But unfortunately there was no elevator in that old building, which had survived the bombardments of the war. Every time we came to the center and reached the fifth floor we were out of breath. Therefore we were really troubled that Father would have to walk up so many flights of stairs. But when we came into the house from the airport Father jumped up the stairs ahead of all of us, and we were quite impressed about his stamina. Little did we know what was yet to come that same evening.

After dinner we all sat around the big table in our meeting room and Father began to talk. He spoke about future developments in restoring the whole world, that we would be flying from continent to continent in big planes, and about many other plans he had for the well-being of mankind. Many of his predictions from that time already came to pass. Here we were, just a handful of people, dead tired from all the preparations and the tensions of expectations, while Father unfolded His vision of restoration with so much vigor. One by one we started drifting off, fighting hard against our body's demand for sleep. Then, sometime during the night Father began to teach us the song: "Dong bang a balga o nun..." (Strong bond of heart is the force...). The neighbors didn't like the noise so much in the middle of the night, we found out later, but Father repeated the song over and over again with so much patience, and we really learned it that night.

At a certain time in the early morning hours, Miss Kim, watching us fight with our fatigue, having a hard time listening because we were so worn out, pointed out to Father that everybody was so tired and suggested that we adjourn the meeting. But Father kept on talking, leaving no doubt in our minds who the subject was.

Among us was my younger sister Elisabeth, who had accepted True Parents in 1964. She couldn't speak nor understand a word of English, but was sitting there for almost a whole week, just looking at Father with tears streaming down her face. She felt much more spiritually than all of us did.

In the following days we took Father and his party to several places of interest around Germany, such as the birthplaces of Beethoven in Bonn, and Goethe in Frankfurt, etc.. We drove along the most beautiful part of the Rhine River and visited the ancient castle of Heidelberg. During his stay, Father blessed three Holy Grounds in Germany: in Berlin, Frankfurt, and Essen.

On the last day of his stay in our country, Father personally bought and gave each of us a present. The men received a tie and a handkerchief with his seal, the women got a beautiful Korean handbag and a handkerchief with his seal, and Klaus, being too young to receive the handkerchief, got all the letters Father received on this trip from all over the world. Also, Father presented the German nation with the first Principle Flag and a beautiful clock. We also have some beautiful pictures of that time with Father, a real treasure.

Then I had the privilege of driving Father and his party (Mrs. Won Pok Choi, Dr. Young Oon Kim, and Mr. Sang Ik Choi) through all of Europe. We loaded up our VW-bus, which later served as my sleeping quarters and first center in Austria, with picnic boxes full of food and kimchee, and drove from Essen to the capital cities of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria and Italy. Wherever we went Father created a Holy Ground. In Rome he blessed two Holy Grounds, one at the obelisk at the Vatican in front of St. Peter's Basilica, and the other one in a park. My co-driver was Peter Koch, but I did all the driving through those nations. At noon we usually stopped somewhere at the wayside, spread out a blanket and had a picnic together. Fortunately it was summertime, and so the weather was quite nice. These were very memorable experiences, sitting with the Messiah by the roadside, eating lunch. Unfortunately we had forgotten to bring cups along. Improvising, we filled the top of a plastic butter container with water and served it to Father. He drank from it and then passed it around to all of us. I'll never forget that experience, drinking out of Father's cup. This went on for three or four weeks. Of course there are so many different experiences I could talk about.

During the trip we usually had a hot meal in the evening, Chinese food whenever possible, and an overnight stay in a modest hotel. Since this was just the beginning of our mission the economic situation wasn't the very best, and money was quite scarce. Looking back now I'm very sorry that we couldn't

make it more convenient for Father.

Sometimes during this trip I really had to go through an endurance test. I remember driving from Amsterdam to Brussels, then on to Luxembourg and all the way to Paris in one stretch. We only stopped in each city for the blessing of Holy Grounds, a visit to the national museum and city hall. That day and the following night were really tough for me at the steering wheel. As I drove through France my eyes were so tired that they couldn't focus anymore. It was dark, and the road quite small. Once, when I began to see white elephants on both sides of the street, it was time to stop, to prevent an accident. Several times I almost drove into a ditch. I just was so tired that I couldn't control my eyes anymore, no matter how hard I tried. I got out of the car and walked around a bit, but all of a sudden I heard Father's voice: "What are you doing? Go on, drive!" I said: "Yes, sir," and off we went. We finally made it to Paris, all in one piece. I was really grateful to Heavenly Father for protecting us. I'm sure spirit world must have worked overtime. Dead-tired we checked into an old hotel. Before retiring I brought some fruit to Father's room. When I entered he was sitting on his bed in his T-shirt, like Buddha. While I served him the fruit Father began to talk. He gave me a lecture on how to reach perfection. I was so tired, but he kept on talking for a long time. Father is really the most unusual and unpredictable person. Finally I went to my room and rested for a few hours.

We had many opportunities to really come close to Father.

Of course driving for so many hours on end was a hard job, especially because I felt the responsibility so strongly to get Father and the other members of his party safely to each destination. On the way we had many opportunities to take pictures with Father. He was still young then, and I was younger too. I have one particular photo standing next to Father all by myself. Father posed especially for this picture in commemoration of this historical trip, and I treasure this photo very much.

While visiting the catacombs in Rome, Father received a message announcing the birth of In Jin Nim in Korea. We were all sitting together with him at the curb on the sidewalk, rejoicing over the birth of our new princess. I still have a photo of that special situation.

There are many places in Rome where one vendor after another offers slides, postcards and other keepsakes of the eternal city to tourists. They shout at the top of their lungs, praising their merchandise. As we walked through these sections with Father I always tried to clear the way for him, keeping the vendors at arms length because I thought nobody should touch Father. But suddenly I found myself alone, and when I looked back I saw Father dealing with those people for a better price of the merchandise. He really amazed me many times and I learned so much during those weeks with Father.

Before leaving Rome for the Middle East, Father gave Peter and myself a golden fountain pen, engraved with his signature. I also received two pair of shorts, one T-shirt and one dress

shirt, which he wore during the trip through Europe. Finally at the airport in Rome, just prior to his departure, he pulled out a little picture, taken in Seoul, of himself, Mother, Hyo Jin Nim, and Ye Jin Nim, and inscribed on the back of it: "To the Paul Werner Family", with his signature and the date. We'll always cherish these treasures.

In every city where Father blessed a Holy Ground we also visited the national museum there. Many times we had to rush through those places, since time was always short. I remember especially how hectic it was to visit the Louvre in Paris. It's such a gigantic place.

While Father was still in Germany we invited him to our apartment in Wiesbaden. After we walked in and Father sat down in the living room, he said: "Well, what now?" I was at a loss as to what to say or do. After serving refreshments, I, in my immaturity and ignorance asked Father to please pray with us. Father thought for a minute and then he said: "Do you want to take the responsibility for that?" This really struck me. I never thought of the consequences and apologized to Father. He then talked a little about our future mission and then he prayed. I really learned my lesson, that a great amount of indemnity has to be paid for such a blessing, and sure enough it came afterwards.

After visiting the European nations and creating those Holy Grounds Father departed from Rome to continue his first world tour, blessing a total of 120 Holy Grounds in 40 nations in a record time.

I myself, my wife Christel and our son Klaus lived in the apartment in Wiesbaden, and we constantly brought people home to teach the Divine Principle. One day I witnessed to a young minister and he was quite touched by what I had to say. I took him home and taught him for many hours, day after day, usually until two or three o'clock in the morning. Also my whole family fasted and prayed for him, to help pay the indemnity, that he could accept Father. Since his foundation was the Bible I bought a comprehensive concordance to explain the Principle on the foundation of the Bible. During our meetings he had so many spiritual experiences, like dreams, visions, and even levitations. This never happened to him before. He was really amazed at the logic and depth of the Principle, and the conclusion, that Christ has returned, struck him deeply that in fact, he accepted the truth. But a few days later I became very restless and couldn't sleep all night. I was constantly troubled by spirits telling me that there was something wrong with Winfried, the minister, and I fought in prayer for his protection.

Sure enough, the next day he called me, and he wanted me to meet a minister, his superior, and after that confrontation he would make up his mind. I knew from experience that this wouldn't make sense, and I told him so, reasoning with him, that a confrontation like this would only be detrimental for him and everybody else. But he didn't listen to my advice and wanted me to come. When I got there I was led into a small room and asked to sit behind the table. Winfried was sitting

on the side on a couch. As soon as the minister walked in he started yelling at me and accusing me, like a wild man, absolutely possessed. There was no way to reason with him and he almost physically aggressed me. Winfried, looking at the situation, got so confused and repulsed, seeing his superior acting like Satan himself towards me, who had only given him love for so many months. He completely lost faith in his minister and in me as well. He ran out of that room and didn't want to have anything to do with religion anymore. At that moment the words of Jesus came to my mind, when he, in indignation at the clergy of his time said, in Mt. 23:13: "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Because you shut the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for you neither enter yourselves, nor allow those, who would enter, to go in." Satan really had his triumph. I walked home, deeply saddened and hurt by the events. My whole family and I had invested so much in him, so many, many days of fasting, praying and teaching, and I could deeply feel with our Heavenly Father, who is crying for His lost children. Later, I tried to meet Winfried again to talk to him and to build him up again, but there was no way. He became as satanic as can be, ridiculing and even persecuting me. This was only one of many experiences during the early days that really hurt me deeply.

Let me mention another experience of a different kind. One day, Reiner Vincenz, a new brother then, who had just joined the movement in Germany, borrowed my VW-bus. As he drove through Germany he picked up a hitchhiker and took him

along to Wiesbaden. As they entered our home I felt that this person was bringing demons into the room, not just evil spirits, but demons. He only stayed for a short while, but wanted to come back at 7:00 pm the next day. When he was gone he left so many evil spirits behind that our whole living room was filled with fear. I don't get frightened easily, but this gave me the shakes. Later we found out that he was a wanted criminal in East-Germany. To chase those spirits away I lit a candle and prayed and prayed for about an hour. I could hardly breathe because of fear and could really experience how it feels to have a horde of demons encroach upon you. My whole family felt those evil vibrations. I had to pray hard for an hour to clear the atmosphere and get rid of them. Then my whole body relaxed, and as tears streamed down my face, peace came over me. All the demons were gone and the whole house felt clean again. Then heaven opened up and I felt the presence of God. I'll never forget that experience.

But all wasn't over yet. We expected that person to return the next evening. After coming home from work I looked out the window and prayed to God: "Father, if this person wants to harm us please don't let him come here. Keep him away." As it happened, he didn't show up at the designated time, but we heard from Frankfurt that he had tripped on the sidewalk the evening before, fell and broke his right arm twice. This happened at the exact moment of my prayer. We have never seen him again.

We had so many deep experiences at that time, too numerous

to mention here. I went out to witness every day, and I usually came home at midnight, talking to God and crying and crying, because nobody wanted to listen to the message I was bringing. Yes, we had a close relationship, Heavenly Father and I. I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Messiah had returned and that God needed me. Therefore I had a very strong determination to be successful for Father.

MY MISSION IN AUSTRIA: MAY 18, 1965 - MAY 18, 1969

Since the first members in Germany had all joined in America, they were pretty independent, and unfortunately the relationship was not very harmonious. As I felt, something had to change, I received in prayer in the spring of 1965, to start a new mission in Austria. Immediately I quit my job and loaded up my VW-bus with a few necessities. On the platform in the back I put a piece of plywood and a sleeping bag. Little did I know then, that this would be my center for a long time to come. Christel held a job at a large insurance company at that time, and Klaus went to school. So I left my wife and son behind in Wiesbaden for the next two years and headed for my mission in Austria, on May 18, 1965, as the first missionary going out from Germany. On my way I stopped once more at the center in Frankfurt, where an incident hurt me so deeply, that I cried and cried all the way to Vienna, a 12-hour drive. That's how my mission in Austria began.

After arriving in Vienna, I parked my van in front of a church and prayed and prayed. I wanted to restore this nation as quickly as possible, and I knew, much indemnity had to be paid. I was resolved to pay more indemnity to speed up the restoration process and to have a large family very quickly. Therefore, I prayed day and night and fasted most of the time. In my search for prepared people I walked the streets of Vienna day in and day out, but nobody responded to my witnessing

efforts. Nobody wanted to listen to the message I was so eager to convey. The only partner I could relate to during those lonely days, weeks and months was our Heavenly Father. I talked to Him day and night, and we had a very close relationship. I always felt spirit world around me, but at the same time I was very lonesome. Yet God showered me with so much love, as I tried to comfort and reassure Him of my commitment to this mission. I could hardly sleep anymore, and when I dozed off sometime during the night, I woke up from my own prayers. My whole being was so involved with Heavenly Father, that my mouth kept talking to Him day and night. I received so much love and energy from God, that I know what it means, to be "intoxicated with the love of God". This lasted for years, not just temporarily for a day or a week, so I know it works. I just lived my life for God and He responded not only to me but to the people I came in contact with. Many unusual things began to happen around me, and I became a real spiritual fireball, eager to share God's love with His lost children. By being active for Him, searching for His children and proclaiming the appearance of our True Parents on this earth in our lifetime, my spiritual senses became so keen and helped me to perceive, what God is all about.

When I walked through the Vienna Woods, I felt God in the wind, and I talked to Him, tears streaming down my face. Physically I was all by myself, but it was the most beautiful experience just walking with God and perceiving His love. When I prayed I was so deeply connected with my Heavenly Father,

even big pine trees bent down, as if they were bowing before me. Heaven really moved nature as a result of my relationship with God.

I usually went to sleep in the back of my VW-bus around 2:00 a.m., telling spirit world to wake me up at 10 minutes to six, to begin my day. Indeed, they were very reliable. At exactly 10 minutes to six they shook me and woke me up, and the first word coming over my lips was "Father". After washing up at a camping place or gas station I fixed my breakfast, a jelly sandwich, and was ready for action. While driving downtown I constantly talked to God and then got out of the van singing and smiling. Many times though I walked through the streets with tears running down my face, but whenever I witnessed to someone, I was cheerful and happy. People who knew me already, couldn't figure it out. They shook their heads and were puzzled, because they knew I had left my wife and son behind in Germany, to work for God in this nation. They knew I lived in a VW-bus for months and months, and still I was happy and joyful at all times. That's all they saw. In reality I was lonely many times, also for my family, but the mission always came first. God had to take care of my wife and son, while I devoted my life to His work completely.

Because I was always fasting, I lost much weight and looked quite skinny, and my contacts were really curious to find out what made me tick. I told them all about God, and they believed me, because they saw, how God works and how much love I received from Him, enabling me to carry out this

impossible task. The point is, that Heaven really united with me at that time, because my whole life was devoted to this mission, and I was able to perceive God, talking to Him all the time.

My first contact in Vienna was a student who was working on his PhD in economics, Walter Linder. I met him many, many times and we discussed the Divine Principle. We became very good friends and he accepted the Principle and Father, but he had two great weaknesses--women and drinking. We had many deep experiences together. Once he invited me to visit him at a certain time, and when I came to his room, I found him totally drunk. I just sat at his bedside until he woke up and then I taught him the Principle. There were many other experiences we shared, and I tried very hard, to win him for Father. I didn't want to give him up, but he was such a weak person, even though he clearly understood that the Messiah had returned and that this was the way to go.

Finally, I remember standing with Walter at a plaza in Vienna, and he said to me, "Paul, I know this is the truth. I know that Sun Myung Moon is the Messiah. I know that everything you have told me will come about. I know it, but I am not strong enough. At this time I cannot come. I tried and tried, but I can't, I'm too weak." We were just like brothers, and it tore me apart inside when he went in one direction and I went into the other direction of the plaza. Again I had to start from scratch. Ten years later one of our members saw him in Stuttgart, Germany, and talked to him. He said, "Yes, if I

had only come then. I remember Paul. I remember what he taught. Now I see hundreds of people everywhere, hundreds of Moonies. On every street corner there is a Moonie. Everybody writes about Rev. Moon. All the papers write that he is the Messiah, sometimes in a very cynical and negative way, but it is all over the world. Paul was right. But in the meantime I am married, I have three children and had to cope with one calamity after another. I'll never forget standing in the middle of the plaza in Vienna with Paul that evening, hearing him say, "Walter, make that jump." But I had to answer, "I cannot go now. I am too weak. My heart was aching and he felt the same way. He was crying and so was I, but we both went into different directions."

I then began working with ministers, visiting the Calvinist church and the Lutheran church. They were situated side by side in the Dorotheergasse, in Vienna. The Calvinist church had three ministers, and I contacted the youngest one. I met him on the stairway to his office and conveyed the main points of the Divine Principle to him in 45 minutes. His head was spinning and he turned all red in his face from excitement. Finally he asked me: "Who are you? What you told me here in 45 minutes I have never heard in all my life. This is incredible.. I would like you to speak in my church." Naturally, I was happy to oblige and gave lectures in his church in the summer of 1965.

Then, on July 26, 1965 Father arrived in Germany during his first world tour, blessing Holy Grounds in 120 nations, and

I had the privilege to drive Father and his party through Europe in my VW-bus. At that time he also blessed a Holy Ground in the Rathauspark in Vienna, where I participated in the ceremony. It was a beautiful spot and as I resumed my mission work in Austria after Father's departure, I visited this precious piece of land quite frequently, praying for the salvation of this nation. Sometimes, while meditating at the Holy Ground, I saw Father walking by. It was quite realistic, and I'm sure, Father often prayed for the success of our mission. Needless to say, an experience like this gave me an extra boost each time.

Every day I was active witnessing in the streets and visiting churches. Fall turned into winter and it was getting quite cold in my VW-bus. It was almost impossible to find a room in Vienna at that time, however hard I tried. I told Heavenly Father in my prayers about my predicament, and said: "Father, it's getting cold now and therefore I can't sleep in the van any longer. I need a little roof over my head. You must help me out." I sincerely believed that God heard my prayers and would provide for me. The very next day a social worker from the Calvinist church referred me to an 90-year old couple, who had a room available. It was a small place in an old house in the outskirts of Vienna, on the other side of the Danube, on "Donizettiweg". My quarters were on top of a chicken coop, and to get up there, I had to climb up a steep outside staircase, more like a ladder. There was no running water, not even cold water, and to get to the outhouse, I had

to walk through the chicken coop. This was quite an adventure, especially at night, and I had to be careful in closing the gates, not to let any of the chickens escape. To prevent the snow from blowing into my room every time I opened the door, I nailed a blanket in front of the opening from the inside. Since it was an attic, the ceiling of my room was slanted, and of course there was no heating system. To get some heat, I bought a 500-watt heating lamp. In the corner under the roof I placed my little altar with a small picture of Father from 1960, in his Korean attire, the only picture I had, and a candle. When I came home from witnessing, usually at 1:00 or 2:00 a.m., I lit my candle, plugged in my heat lamp and positioned it to warm up my back, because in the front I had all the spiritual heat I needed. I was all by myself in that little room, rejected so many times during the day, but I had the most beautiful relationship with God. My spiritual eyes were opened and I could see many spirits around me when I began to pray. They had already waited for me. True Parents were always present as I had long conversations with my Heavenly Father. When I was awakened by spirit world at 10 minutes to six, in the morning, (I never needed an alarm clock) I greeted my Father in heaven, washed up and fixed my special breakfast, a jelly sandwich. Praying while driving into the city in my VW-bus, I asked spirit world to guide me to the prepared people in Vienna.

Once I met with three or four young couples at one of their homes in the outskirts of the city, and taught them the

Principle with so much vigor and spiritual power, that they were deeply impressed and within half an hour confessed their shortcomings to each other in front of the other couples. They were touched by the Holy Spirit and shed many tears listening to me hour after hour. Afterwards many phenomena occurred, and they had many visions and dreams. This happened often in different areas of Vienna in my Home Churches. I could feel God's power working through me and people were so deeply impressed by the message I brought, that I had trouble convincing them that I wasn't the Messiah, just his messenger. It was a wonderful time, because I had found people I could talk to.

I witnessed wherever I went. After I talked to a gas station attendant, who filled up my car, just for a few minutes, he was fascinated by my words and invited me to his house for Sunday afternoon. When I arrived, three generations were present, and I began to talk about the mission of Jesus. Sometimes, when one of them objected to my unorthodox presentation, the other family members would come to my defense. I taught this family with such great joy, and before I left, grandmother packed up some cake for me. She had noticed, that I enjoyed it very much in the afternoon. For days I had enough applestrudel, a specialty in Austria. We had several meetings afterwards and I'll never forget this home church of 20 years ago.

For the first year in Vienna I worked in a bookstore, Wilh. Lechner, in the Johannesgasse. Usually I began my day in

St. Stephen's Cathedral with Heavenly Father. When I walked in there, I was so conscious of my being the son of God and the only one, who could bring salvation to this nation by proclaiming Father's message. It was such a beautiful cathedral with a huge pipe organ, and many times I was overwhelmed by the music when I walked in. I sat down and prayed, deeply connected with Heavenly Father and spirit world. During those years I prayed all the time, even while selling books, and customers in the store noticed a difference about me but couldn't really pinpoint what it was. I served many aristocrats, who came in regularly, and one day a countess asked me: "Mr. Werner, what are you doing in here? You don't belong here, who are you?"

Usually all the sales personnel had their breaks together in a storage room in the back. One day our cleaning lady joined us for lunch. She was a rather shy old lady and usually didn't talk very much. But on this particular day she took all her courage together and said, "Mr. Werner, I dreamt about you last night, in fact, it was not really a dream, it was more like a vision." The other staff members were anxious to hear more, but she was so bashful and didn't want to talk. Finally, tears running down her face, she continued: "I saw a green pasture with many beautiful flowers, surrounded by trees. On the other side of the pasture I saw a person standing there. I was magnetically drawn to this person by the power of his love, and I knew, it was God. As I came closer, I bowed my head, because I didn't dare to look at him, but when I finally stood

in front of him and looked at his face, it was Mr. Werner." The employees, listening to her story, were deeply touched and didn't know what to say. The old lady herself was crying and still vibrating from her experience, but couldn't understand why she saw me in such a position. On this foundation I was able to convey more and more of the Divine Principle, and Father, and my mission here to her and the others, and one of the salesgirls later joined the movement.

Around noon, whenever possible, I went around the corner into a nearby church--Vienna has many beautiful churches--sat down and just prayed for half an hour. I had such a longing to be alone to talk to my Heavenly Father. I know I brought many spirits with me back to the store, and one day, as we all met again for coffee in the back room, a strange phenomenon happened. A long ladder, about 12-14 feet, was leaning against a bookcase, on an angle. We usually used it to reach the books on the higher shelves. Suddenly it moved away from the wall by itself and stood up straight. Everyone got the creeps and looked at each other quite puzzled. Then slowly the ladder moved back against the wall. For me it was clearly a manifestation of spirit world. Sometimes books moved around on the shelves and strange noises could be heard. Some employees really got frightened and didn't know what to think. They looked at me as someone very unusual with powers beyond their comprehension. In reality I just prayed a lot and spirit world responded. I also fasted many, many times. After a seven day fast, I ate for the next seven days, then I fasted

four days, and ate for four days, then three days and again for seven days. One girl, who knew me from Germany, came to Vienna and hardly recognized me, because I looked rather skinny. She later told the members in Frankfurt, "Paul's pants are walking behind him."

I especially remember one seven day fast. On the fifth and sixth day I was really hungry and quite tempted by the beautiful displays of food in the store windows. It seemed like everyone was cooking when I walked through the streets, to bother me with the scent of a warm meal. On the seventh day I was really ready to eat, and before my time was up, I bought some specialties I really liked, and set up a beautiful table. At that time I was still all by myself. I had worked myself up psychologically and my stomach already hurt before I came to the table. After I offered my condition to God in prayer I was ready to really enjoy the food. I took about 2 mouthfuls and got sick, but really sick, and couldn't see any food, much less eat it for the next few days. This experience taught me quite a lesson I never forgot.

A short time later I sat at the Danube River and watched the water flowing by for hours and hours. It reminded me of people's lives here on earth. They are born and die and then the next generation comes, and the cycle repeats itself. Every river eventually ends up in an ocean, but who counts the drops of water forming the river? Some of them are hit by objects floating in the river, some get dirty when a ship stirs up the bottom. They all have to follow the countless river bends and

windings through the mountains and valleys. That is what life is all about. Some people consider themselves very important on this earth, but unless they created eternal values, they are not important any more once they die. Life is a struggle for everyone on our way to this big ocean, spirit world. I was still young then, pondering the question of the purpose of life, and the river was like a revelation to me.

I was on the go all the time and one afternoon I visited Pauline, the social worker who helped me find a room. She was the assistant to one of the ministers in the Calvinist church. I had taught her the Principle many times before, and when I got there on that particular day, I found her in bed, very ill. Another lady was at her bedside, constantly changing the compresses on her forehead to get the fever down. This lady asked me to keep an eye on Pauline while she was trying to grab a bite to eat, since she hadn't eaten all day. I was happy to be of help and sat at Pauline's bedside, holding her hand and changing the compresses a few times while talking Principle. I could feel the fever leaving her gradually, and when her nurse came back an hour later, Pauline and I were sitting on the edge of the bed, playing the guitar and singing together. The nurse shook her head in disbelief, but the sick girl was well. It seemed like a miracle, but all I did was just hold her hand, giving out love and compassion and praying for her health. Both of them were amazed and I had the best opportunity to testify to Father and the Principle.

Often I had appointments with contacts, and I remember one

evening when I was supposed to meet a girl at a certain time. I sat in front of her house in my VW-bus for 7 hours, waiting and hoping she might show up any minute. I had prepared myself in prayer to pour out Father's love to her and draw her into the family. But late at night she came home with someone else and I didn't even have a chance to talk to her. Many times I sat in my van, praying and waiting for people, and many times I was disappointed. More and more I could understand how Heavenly Father felt, being disappointed by mankind. For days, weeks, and months I walked the streets of Vienna and talked to many, many people. Everyday I started out with new enthusiasm and a song on my lips, even though I felt very lonesome. Many times after I talked to people, giving them new hope, I went around the corner or back into my VW-bus, layed down on the platform and cried and cried, but when I approached people again, they only saw a happy face. Through an intensive prayer life I developed much spiritual power, drawing people like a magnet, to listen to the message I wanted to convey.

At this time I had many experiences with ministers. Three or four of them were rather unkind to me, and I could feel what Jesus and Father went through with these "men of God". I never prayed for their punishment, but spirit world really got involved and some of them broke an arm or leg for no apparent reason.

Once I talked to a Methodist minister very intensely about the Principle, after his sermon. He was deeply touched in his heart but wouldn't allow himself to accept the truth. He said

to me, "Mr. Werner, when I attended a Methodist seminary in Frankfurt, Germany, they took the Bible apart and I almost lost my faith in Jesus. I couldn't do anything else but cling to the cross, and that's why I'm still alive, while many others left the ministry. Now you come with such a powerful message and I feel like I'm loosing ground again. Your words are very plausible, but I did it once and I have to do it again. I'm clinging to the cross and am afraid to let go of it."

The next day he fell and broke his ankle while walking down the street and had to be in a cast for six weeks. Now he had ample time to listen to the Principle, and we spent many blessed hours together. But finally he rejected the Principle and me too.

Children's Day 1965 I celebrated all by myself in the Vienna Woods. I spread out a towel on the leaves of the ground and placed my little picture of Father on this altar. I then made my three bows, knelt down and talked to my Heavenly Father. It was so beautiful, sharing with God and True Parents in these peaceful surroundings. I felt so much joy and gratitude in my heart and will never forget this experience.

Spirit world led me in so many ways. Once I wanted to meet a certain person I hadn't seen for a few days and I didn't know where to start looking for him. As I sat in St. Stephen's Cathedral pondering this question, spirit world told me exactly what street I should walk down and at what spot to wait for him, as he would be driving by in his car. I jumped up, followed the instructions and waited for him. Sure enough,

he came driving by. I stepped into his car and we had a good talk about the Principle.

Many times I was deeply saddened when I walked into the cathedral. On the right side of the entrance many, many people lit candles and knelt in prayer in front of an altar for Mary. I found a crowd of people there at all hours of the day. In contrast, just two or three people were sitting in front of Jesus' altar on the left. Everybody else worshipped Mary and disregarded Jesus. I really could feel his disappointment and was deeply saddened in my heart.

As I mentioned before, I frequently visited churches, especially the Calvinist Church, and made friends with the organist, Gerhard Wurm and his wife Waltraud, a teacher of religion. They invited me to their home and I taught the Principle until late at night or rather early in the morning, day in and day out. We had a blessed time together and they were deeply moved by the power of God. They were special people with a solid Christian background and very active for Jesus. I knew, God wanted them at this particular time in the dispensation, and I paid much indemnity to assist them in their decisive battle. When I came home to my icy room above the chicken coop in the early morning hours, I lit my candle on the altar, knelt down and fought a fierce battle in prayer, mobilizing spirit world to assist me in leading this young couple to Father. They had a two-year old daughter, and he had a degree in engineering. I knew, once I succeeded in winning them for True Parents, many new avenues would open up.

Therefore I invested all the love and spiritual power I had, until they were so moved in their hearts, that they accepted True Parents and the Divine Principle, in Dec. 1965. Full of enthusiasm they invited their friends, most of them teachers of religion, and I taught the Principle with much authority and power every day. It was the most wonderful Home Church experience I ever had. Since all of them came from a very active Christian background, they had the best chances to accept True Parents and the Divine Principle, and the Christian spirit world really participated. It wasn't easy though to convince them about God's new dispensation, and time and again I had to drive out Satan trying to influence these precious people called by God. Again I fasted and prayed as much as I could, and it was a constant battle between the good and the evil forces. Usually after my lectures I drove each one of them home in my VW-bus. Since they lived in different parts of the city, it took a few hours to get them to their destinations and this gave me more time to talk to them about True Parents and the Principle. When I finally came to my room in the early morning hours, I prayed desperately, that they might understand the truth and would be protected until our next meeting. This constant and deep involvement in the mission is the most rewarding experience.

Once I talked to one of my early members, Inge Eisner van Winden, for a few hours, teaching her the Principle and the atmosphere was really high. Afterwards I asked her: "Did you understand everything?" Her answer was: "No, I just know that

everything you said is true and I accept it. I feel you are a man of God." She was so deeply touched in her heart by God's love and spiritual power, flowing through me when I witnessed to her, that she was convinced that God was calling her and all she could do was, follow. Later she studied the Divine Principle thoroughly and was able to teach others.

One by one these early members accepted True Parents and the Divine Principle. After three years of witnessing and my paying much indemnity, first in the United States, then in Germany, and now in Austria, suddenly, in the spring of 1966, I had nine spiritual children. I invested myself totally and worked hard with the result that all of them joined. First I was all by myself and now I had nine children to take care of: Gerhard Wurm, Waltraud Wurm, Inge Eisner van Winden, Hilde Maierhofer Blanchard, Romana Maierhofer Kunkel, Bernhard Maierhofer, Alfons Carda, Marianne, and Stephan. That was wonderful "trouble", but trouble it was. They needed constant care and nourishment. I was a father, mother and brother to them and had to be constantly alert to protect them from satanic influences. At least one or two of them created a base for Satan every day, and since we all held jobs during the day time, I only had the evening hours to straighten them out. Fortunately I had such a firm relationship with God, and while I was selling my books, I prayed for their protection. They were all girls, except for Gerhad Wurm and Bernhard Maierhofer. New situations came about which I had never encountered before, but with the help of Heavenly Father I was able to handle them.

We met every evening and I just poured out my heart, teaching them what I knew about God, True Parents, and the Divine Principle, and they all grew in their new life of faith.

But suddenly I encountered a serious problem, hitting me very hard. Gerhard Wurm, the organist whom I trusted very much, confronted me one Sunday morning and told me, "Paul, I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore." This statement really took me by surprise, even though I knew he was well-known in church circles, and some ministers tried to influence him. Regaining my composure, I answered him, "Gerhard, we have become close friends. You can't just send me away like this. Let's get together and you explain to me what this is all about. If you then decide to send me away, I'll leave." He agreed and invited me to his house for 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. So I drove home to my little room over the chicken coop, got down on my knees and pleaded with Heavenly Father: "Please, Father, you can't let this happen, You must save this couple, You must bring them back. Please give me the power to convince them that Your son has returned and they have the privilege to follow him." I cried and prayed desperately for four hours on my knees, battling the satanic forces to release these two people. Then I drove to their home in my VW-bus, confident that Heavenly Father needed them and would guide me in this situation. As soon as I entered their apartment, I gave out so much love, that they broke out in tears and asked for forgiveness. They asked me to take them back and forget what happened. It was a very deep, heartistic

experience, and immediately I sent a prayer of gratitude to Heavenly Father.

Yet even afterwards Gerhard created foundations for Satan many times. Being more the intellectual type, he began to study history very extensively, stumbling over certain parts of the Principle as he went along. But he always came to me and I gave him the explanations to his questions.

He was very rebellious in general, and whenever he rebelled against the Principle, he had a car accident. This happened three times in a row. His car was always badly damaged but he himself didn't get hurt. After it happened I appeared to him, saying just one word, "indemnity". On another occasion, when he had given me trouble again, he had a swollen face, caused by an infection in his throat. When I asked him: "What's the matter, Gerhard," he mumbled, "You already know." This happened three times. Every time as soon as he repented, the swelling disappeared. But when he rebelled again, he was afflicted with the same condition. It was almost comical, but other people noticed it too and just laughed about it. But actually it was quite a serious matter, and I myself paid much indemnity to help him overcome all obstacles.

At one time he couldn't sleep all night. He still couldn't accept the law of indemnity. But he had such a bad toothache and just kept hearing the word "indemnity" over and over again. Finally he gave up and accepted totally. In fact, he began to teach and preach and both, he and his wife, invested themselves in the mission as much as possible.

Having nine members now, I desperately needed a center. The only apartment we could find was in the Zirkusgasse, a neighbourhood infamous for its vices, but we moved into this apartment in May 1966 and turned this place into a haven for the spirit of God. Every evening we sat together for hours around our dining room table, usually with half a dozen guests, and I taught the Principle with much vigor and enthusiasm. Many members and guests had spiritual experiences in the form of visions and dreams. One of our frequent guests, Harald Unger, who was an assistant professor of botanics at the university for agriculture in Vienna at that time, and later became our missionary to Turkey, was deeply touched by the Principle. Even though he didn't talk much at all when I taught him, I knew that the high spiritual atmosphere and the truth had made a lasting impression and captivated him. When he was about to accept Father, he had a dream, that the whole congregation of his pentecostal church was praying for him to prevent him from joining our movement. Out of curiosity he checked it out and got the confirmation that the whole congregation had prayed for him for 7 days. But God was stronger and convinced him that Father's message was the truth and that he was called to participate in the restoration work. He accepted God's call and joined our movement in 1966.'

Our family grew quickly and soon we had 17 girls and three boys. It took a lot of parental love and care to guide them in their spiritual growth.

With one of them, Emmi Steberl Lee, we had some unusual

experiences. She worked at an insurance company in Vienna and was invited to come to our center to hear the Principle. As usual we prayed for an hour before the guests came and created a high spiritual atmosphere. When she came in, she sensed something unusual and kept staring at me as I was lecturing her for hours and hours. Finally she went home and told her parents, that she had been with a group of young people and had been hypnotized. Not enough with that; the next morning she went to work at the insurance company and told all her co-workers about her experience, and the word spread quickly among those hundreds of employees. Yet Emmi kept coming back to the center and I taught her day after day, until she finally accepted, on Oct. 26, 1966. In the meantime she had found out that it wasn't hypnosis but the spirit of God touching her heart, drawing her into the family. Now she had to eat up her own words and correct the situation at the office.

It was still harder to convince her own parents that she didn't get hypnotized. They were simple people and afraid to get in touch with us.

Many months later, her father must have gathered all his courage together and decided to visit Emmi at the center. As the door opened he stretched out his hand with a piece of paper, saying, "I will not talk because I'm afraid to get hypnotized, like Emmi." It was a serious situation, but at the same time amusing. So I laughed and laughed and said to him, "Do you really believe that?" He answered spontaneously, "Yes", and the ice was broken. I took the old gentleman into

the kitchen where three or four of our girls were preparing Sunday dinner. They embraced him with so much love, letting him taste all the food, while singing and talking to him. A few hours later he was one of us, and went home happy and relieved that his daughter wasn't hypnotized after all, and was living with normal people.

Now word got around very quickly in the circles of the clergy, that this Mr. Werner, who goes in and out of the churches, had taken away some of their flock. Not only the organist and his wife, herself a teacher of religion, but all my first nine spiritual children had been active in church work, many of them teaching religion. They objected to my "fishing in their pond" as they called it. All of us were members of the choir in the Lutheran church and the choir director was the father of the organist in the Calvinist church next door, Gerhard Wurm, my first disciple. The minister of the Lutheran church persecuted me the most, even though we belonged to his choir. In the meantime, the ministers of the Calvinist church had invited me to speak to their congregation and were now suspected as being Moonies themselves. In the Lutheran Church they needed our voices in the choir to be able to perform. Also we wanted to support Gerhard's father, who was the choir director and organist in the Lutheran church, as well as a professor of music at the University of Vienna. It was all very complicated, but we had much fun and made many friends.

At that time, I taught another young minister, a friend of

Gerhard's, and his wife, for many days. One Sunday afternoon, after I had presented the Principle for many hours, they were deeply touched by my statement that the Messiah had returned and they accepted True Parents. We had a blessed time together in a very high spiritual atmosphere, and after I left, they had a very profound spiritual experience. The minister himself had never learned to play the piano. On this particular evening, as he placed his fingers on the piano, some spirit took over his hands, and he began to play Beethoven. Both of them were stunned by this experience. His wife, being spiritually open, experienced quite a few other spirit manifestations after that, and became very frightened. Both of them didn't know how to handle the situation and I wasn't around to explain it to them. From that moment on they rejected me and didn't even want to see me anymore.

But this particular minister, after rejecting the Principle, received a new parish and our choir was scheduled to sing at the inauguration ceremony. After our opening chorale he stood behind the pulpit and gave a fiery sermon against the Anti-Christ and his false prophets, meaning me. After his sermon we sang again to the glory of God and in honor of this minister. As we left the church after the service we shook his hand and everybody smiled. It was a very unusual relationship and I don't think he will ever forget us.

I could go on and on, talking about my experiences with the clergy in Vienna at that time, from 1965-1969. There were several other ministers who told me their whole life story

within half an hour of our first contact. They shed many tears, confessing to homosexuality and other sins in their lives, relieving their troubled hearts and conscience.

In the meantime, in the spring of 1966, we registered our church with the authorities in Vienna.

On Sept. 30, 1966, we established our first pioneer center in Austria in the city of Graz, where we found a two-room flat in an old section of town in the Steyrergasse. Inge Meyer Sorgenicht, who had accepted True Parents on June 6, 1966 and was later blessed in the 777 couples blessing in Korea, was the first center director, and for awhile we worked there together to establish a foundation. Inge was divorced at that time and had a little girl, about six years old. After accepting the Divine Principle, she left her daughter in her mother's care, to be able to get totally involved in spiritual work. She was very active and devoted to our True Parents, and of great blessing to many, many people. Our family in Graz expanded rapidly, and in Oct. 1967 we had to move into larger quarters in the Krenngasse 19. Elfi Schiltermandl Verstraeten, who joined May 26, 1967 and Traudl Stimpfl Ebi, who accepted Sept. 29, 1967, were our first members in Graz, and both received True Parents blessing as part of the 1800 couples in 1975.

I'll never forget my experiences with Elfi. She was a vegetarian and walked many kilometers each day to keep fit. If I wanted to talk to her I had to tag along, which wasn't so easy for my legs, but I persevered. One day we had a heavy thunderstorm, and it was raining "cats and dogs". But Elfi

didn't want to miss her walk and I accompanied her, wearing my \$150 suit I had bought while I still was a businessman in Sacramento, California. We walked through the fields and pastures, soaking wet from the downpour, and up to our knees in wet grass, all the time teaching her the Principles, quite an extraordinary experience. But my perseverance paid off and she finally accepted True Parents. Each of our early members truly has a unique history.

But joy and pain are often very close together. In February 1967 spirit world warned me and told me several times: "Paul, watch out, Gerhard is going to become your Judas". I just couldn't believe it and dismissed the warning. He was such a dynamic teacher and good brother, practically my right hand, and I trusted him all the way. But suddenly the tragedy happened. After his wife came home from a trip, he got so involved in his married life again and became the strongest persecutor of our movement in Vienna. Now I could really understand how Jesus and our Father felt when they were betrayed by their closest disciples. My heart was deeply hurt, but my main concern was, to protect the family and keep them together. Everybody was sad, but determined to work even harder to restore this nation back to God. This experience also taught me to trust my intuition and really accept the cooperation of the spirit world at all times.

In the spring of 1967 we opened up a pioneer center in Linz, with Alfons Carda, and in Nov. 1967 Hilde Maierhofer Blanchard, also blessed in the 777 couples blessing, replaced

Alfons Carda as center leader.

As the family expanded we rented a large apartment in the Oelzeltgasse in April 1967, as our second center in Vienna.

In June 1967 Christel and Klaus moved from Wiesbaden to Vienna to join our family there. Moving from the U.S. to Germany and now to Austria, Klaus was confronted with entire different school systems each time, and by the time he graduated, he had attended 13 different schools, quite a challenge in itself.

During the years 1966 and 1967 I gave public lectures in the Porr House in Vienna twice a week, proclaiming the Principle to a wide range of people. Usually about 30 people attended and some of them had visions while listening to my lectures. After my 2-hour presentation we usually had discussions, often very lively and inspiring. Sometimes very unusual people attended our meetings. One man introduced himself as the "Incarnation of John, the disciple of Jesus", wanting to teach us something. Others insisted on being the incarnation of other great personalities. Once an old man, who had been a preacher for 30 years, gave me sound advice, never to eat beans before giving a sermon. We had contact with all kinds of people, messiahs, prophets, people who had their own revelation, and I could talk about many interesting experiences, which a person normally does not encounter.

Many times, while I was teaching the Principle, guests, even those who had met me for the first time, had spiritual experiences. I remember talking about the mission of Jesus,

when one of the guests just looked and looked at me for a long time. He was so overwhelmed by his experience and he finally told me: "I saw Jesus standing behind you." Of course I knew myself that Jesus was very near. During those years I was especially sensitive and keen spiritually, and was able to send spiritual messages to members and guests I had been teaching. I remember one instance in the book store while standing behind the counter selling books, I focussed my thoughts on a certain girl, letting her know that I was hungry. Sure enough, half an hour later she came, bringing me something to eat, telling me that she felt I was hungry. At other times I concentrated on certain guests I wanted to meet, and they "just happened" to walk down a certain street, surprised to see me there.

We were really driven by the spirit of God in those years. I remember talking to Rosemarie Stiermyer De Goy for a few hours, teaching her the Principle, chapter by chapter, after she had accepted True Parents already. All of a sudden she jumped up and said: "I can't stand it any more. I have to get out on the streets. How can I sit here and study the Principle when God needs people?" Then she ran out of the door and came back within the hour with a girl, Rosi Zenz Boland. Rosi accepted True Parents and was also blessed in the 777 couples blessing in Oct. 1970. Others, e.g. Emmi Steberl Lee, had similar experiences.

One of my early members gave me a lot of trouble right from the the beginning. She was very rebellious but finally she accepted our True Parents. Many times she ran away and we

didn't have any idea of her whereabouts. Since she had suicidal tendencies, my first thought was always in that direction. I alarmed several members to look for her, especially along the Danube River. Deeply troubled, I drove from Vienna to the city of Linz to look for her myself. At that time though she was sitting in the train to Graz, her hometown, and told us later what happened. Suddenly she saw me sitting across from her in the train, looking at her with sad eyes, asking her: "Why don't you come home?" She felt so much love and compassion that she just got off at the next station, and took the next train back to Vienna.

That wasn't the end of the story though. She ran away many more times and we didn't know where to look for her. Once, when she finally appeared again, I was so fed up that I loaded her into the car and drove all night through the mountain passes to Graz to take her home to her parents, as I couldn't accept the responsibility for her any more. On the way through the mountains I was so exhausted and worked up, that I felt my heart getting weaker. I stopped by the roadside to relax and recover. The girl really got frightened and begged me in tears to take her back to the center. Once I was able to drive again, I turned the car around and arrived in Vienna in the early morning hours.

But after a few months it happened again. This time I took a few members with me into the prayer room and told Heavenly Father: "I've had enough problems with this girl now, and I'm at the end of the line. If You really want her, send

her back and I'll cope with her in the future. But if you don't want her, please don't let her show up again, ever!" Our center was on the fourth floor of an apartment building and as it was summertime, all the windows were open while the family gathered in our large meeting room. Several hours after my prayer we heard somebody whistling "Arirang" outside on the sidewalk. Except for our members, nobody knew this song, and I went downstairs to open the door for our returned troublemaker. I didn't say a word, just let her in and sent her to bed. I knew, God wanted her, dumping her into my lap again.

The last episode with her though surpassed all others in severity. For awhile she was doing fine, but the day came when she was missing again. I had a hunch where she could be and called up a certain number. When she answered, her voice sounded dead, mumbling something into the phone, like: "This time I made sure you can't get me in time, because I took some pills," and her voice trailed off. I jumped into my car and found her in sad shape, her face all red and swollen. In the wastebasket I found the evidence, that she had taken 30 pills and her life was really in danger. I grabbed her and took her to the car, almost breaking her arm in the process, since she resisted with all her might. She wanted to die and refused to come along. I sped with her to the hospital, frantically looking for a doctor. Since it was evening and a weekend, only a skeleton crew was around. Time was running out and I was really desperate. Finally we found a doctor in another wing and her stomach was pumped out immediately, saving her life.

But what happened then came as a surprise to me too. It's the policy in Austria that everyone who tries to commit suicide will be automatically committed to a mental institution for a certain length of time. Therefore, as soon as the doctor was finished at the hospital, she was put into an ambulance and taken to Steinhof, the mental institution in the outskirts of Vienna. Following the ambulance, all I could see was a heavy door slamming shut and she was inside. The very next day I tried to connect with the psychologists and it took three days to get an appointment. I talked to the doctors, taking responsibility for her, so that she could be released. They finally consented and I was allowed to pick her up. There she was in this big room with all those mentally ill people, and I got a taste of that myself. Some of those crazy women yelled at the top of their lungs, others just stared or laughed like a witch, and another one paraded around, announcing that she was a queen. Our girl was terribly frightened and pleaded with me in tears: "Please, Paul, please take me out of here. I'm loosing my mind." As I had vouched for her, I could take her home, but this experience was a lesson for her for the rest of her life. Since then she became a stable member, got blessed in the 1800 couples blessing and today has three children.

During my years in Austria I had many encounters with possessed people. Once we all sat around our large table in the meeting room, studying the Principle individually. Suddenly a new member stood up and proclaimed with a loud voice: "I am Satan." Hearing those words from her, I became

quite indignant at Satan. I have a very strong voice myself and yelled at her: "Get out, Satan!" She got so shook up that she became stiff like a board, unable to move or talk. I then told two of our members to get her into the car and drive her home. But she wouldn't move, and we even had to put on her boots. I started talking to her, explaining what had happened, to get her back to normal. Every time I used the word "God" or "Father", her body began to shake and slowly she said in a broken voice, "Can't you see that you hurt me whenever you mention the words God or Father?" She was full of fear. We finally took her home and found out later that she had a history of suicide attempts. At any rate we never invited her again. The last we heard from her was, that she had moved to another city.

One of our members witnessed to another girl and invited her to the lectures. She was an attractive young girl, 21 years old, but surrounded by evil spirits. Recognizing her problems, I asked questions and she told me her story. She got involved with an old man in a satanic relationship and he really controlled her. Every time she had to pass his house, she wasn't able to walk by, but felt his eyes behind the window, staring at her, and magnetically pulling her upstairs into the apartment. He would treat her in an extremely perverse way, whipping her among other things. Lately, every time she passed his window she heard his voice telling her to commit suicide, and she feared for her life, longing to be liberated. Finally she said, "I know for sure, if you are able

to explain to me how spirit world works, I know I can be free." I had so much compassion with this girl and began to talk about spirit world, spirit possessions, analyzing her relationship with the old man, and explaining the laws of spirit world step by step. After four hours of talk I felt something like electricity going from my right side into her direction, going through her body like a bolt of lightning. Her body began to shake and she started yelling, "What are you doing to me?" But I actually didn't do anything. I just projected my love and compassion towards her and she could feel the spiritual power. After a minute or so I had a completely different person in front of me, and all those evil spirits surrounding her before, had left. She felt such a relief and tears were streaming down her face. She was completely free. I advised her, to leave the country immediately and stay with friends in Greece for at least a year to really regain her strength and start a new life. I told her not to even think about her past experiences any more, and get more involved in physical work for awhile. She took my advice, quit her job the next day and went to Greece, a free person. This was quite an experience and a lesson for all of us.

Once one of our older members got possessed. She rolled around on the floor, trying to get underneath a cupboard into an opening, only four inches high, making strange noises in different low voices, like demons possessing her. Suddenly she got up and tried to jump out of the fourth floor window. I grabbed her, but all of a sudden she was strong like a horse.

She had so much power that I had a tough time holding her down. It was such a dangerous situation, that I desperately called for help, praying, "Father, please help me with this girl." I felt so much compassion and love and began to cry and cry. Slowly this growling voice stopped and the demons left her. Her body was trembling as she started to cry in relief. Later she told me what happened. She found herself wrapped up in dirty rags in the gutter, small like a worm, yelling my name for help. She could see me walking down the street looking for her, but I didn't hear her voice. She was desperately trying to attract my attention to get her out of this hell. Then slowly I came into her direction, picked her up and through my compassion made it possible for her spirit to take control over her body again. It was an incredible experience for both of us and it took her several weeks to recover completely. I advised her to eat and sleep very much and refrain from spiritual work for awhile. She regained her physical, spiritual and mental strength again and was a great tool for God. In the meantime she got blessed in the 1800 couples blessing and has two children.

During those four years in Austria I taught the Divine Principle every day and had to sleep on the couch in our meeting room. After my teaching for 12 hours the room was full of spirits, and I saw them, sitting around our large table in golden attire, eager to hear more of the truth. Sometimes they walked around debating certain points, making a lot of noise as they paced the floor. They bothered me so much that I had

trouble sleeping. I could feel them, sitting on my bed. It was not just a vision, but reality. Spirit world was there all the time. Sometimes I yelled at them, "Keep quiet now and leave me alone. I need some hours of sleep." But early in the morning they woke me up again.

I also had several encounters with Satan. Once he fought me in the form of a black panther. He jumped at me while I was laying in bed, and it was a tremendous struggle fighting him off. I knew, I had to get up and chase him out. With all my might I pushed him away and he disappeared through the fourth floor window.

At another occasion I met him in an entirely different way. In our prayer room we had a 3x4 ft. picture of Father on the wall between two windows, and below the picture we had set up a little altar with a candle and flowers. When I entered the room one evening to pray, I saw a radiant being, clad in a beautiful robe like a prince, in front of the altar. His vibrations filled the whole room and it looked like snow was falling softly around him. I was awe-stricken and magnetically drawn by so much light and beauty and almost forced down on my knees to worship God, when I noticed a dark spot on him. I immediately sensed, 'this is not Father, this is Lucifer. Then I accused him: "You are Satan, get out." He immediately became smaller and smaller, turning really ugly. He disappeared behind Father's picture and took off through the window. That experience taught me a great lesson, that we always have to be on guard in order not to be deceived.

As we continued witnessing, many students responded and came to the center. Being the only teacher, I sometimes had to use my ingenuity to bridge certain situations. I would teach two students for an hour, and then two or three more students came in. While briefing the new students about the basics, I had to involve the other two students and keep them interested to hear more. Often three or four times different groups came in and I had to capture their attention by making my talks really interesting to the benefit of all guests present. This was a gigantic task, but the spirit of God really moved these people and I experienced time and again the power of the truth, the Divine Principle.

Once a group of 12 students from different faculties of the university came to the center. One was a student of art, who later taught at the academy of art in Vienna, one studied architecture, another one dentistry, physics, computer science. We had them all, very intelligent people. They all sat down very politely, wondering what I had to say. I sent a prayer to Heavenly Father, to really inspire me to capture the hearts and minds of these young people, realizing that they would be able to do great works for God. Then I began to talk very dynamically for six hours straight. Nobody voiced any criticism, they just listened and listened. After my presentation everyone of them came and shook my hand, deeply moved in their hearts. They all came back and joined, except one, who was an American. He was a little stubborn but somewhat later he accepted too, and is now a missionary in

South Africa. That opened up the universities for us. All those students belonged to a certain fraternity, the "Gilde Thule" and they immediately started to proclaim the Principle to their fellow students. While some of them were very positive, others rejected everything and split the fraternity apart. We then began to give lectures regularly at two universities. Winfried Schwarzl was the main lecturer at the Technical University and very instrumental in moving ahead with the student groups, while Harald Unger lectured the Principle to students at the University for Agriculture and Botany.

More and more students visited our center. Once a group of graduate students from different faculties, physics, chemistry, medicine, philosophy, etc., who had all received the first chapter from me previously, came to discuss the contents of the first chapter. Obviously they had come to criticize the contents and to tear it to pieces. They introduced themselves with their name and faculty, and the first one began to discuss the first chapter from the standpoint of physics. His copy was marked with his comments in red ink, and I saw no point in confronting these half a dozen PhD students head-on. I therefore decided to lead them into the spiritual realm and started talking about the mission of Jesus and the return of Christ. The change I witnessed was unbelievable. They forgot their technical questions and were completely captivated by the high spiritual atmosphere and the new revelation. They opened their hearts and the spirit of God could really move. After a few hours we closed with a prayer meeting and instead of

realizing their intentions of destroying everything, they walked out with a grateful heart and God could win the victory.

As our family expanded, we checked out many types of business ventures to build a sound financial foundation. Since we had several trained kindergarten teachers in the family we decided to open up a kindergarten and nursery. After we rented the proper facilities we renovated the rooms and installed many little sinks and toilets in compliance with all the rules and regulations. In the evenings at home, family members made little dolls and other toys for the children and each one contributed to this venture according to his or her abilities with great joy. We also bought tables and chairs for children and little cots for their afternoon nap. Everything was well prepared, and in Jan. 1968 we opened up our private kindergarten "Ingeborg" in a very good, middle to upper class neighbourhood in Vienna. Within a short time 45 children were registered and even doctors recommended our kindergarten to parents whose children had psychological problems. We really worked with those children, pouring out much love, and the results were amazing. We also taught English, because some of our children came from families of foreign diplomats. Soon we had more children than our facilities could accommodate, and our waiting list got longer all the time. At the end of the year we seriously thought of expansion, but shortly thereafter we were transferred and Peter Koch later closed the kindergarten.

On March 3, 1968, I took Bernhard Maierhofer to Zürich,

Switzerland. He was the first foreign missionary sent out from Austria.

In Oct. 1968 I sent Emmi Steberl Lee as the first missionary behind the Iron Curtain. She was very devoted to God and True Parents, ready to put her life on the line for the mission. As I took her to the border of this strongly communist country, I could clearly feel the danger and fear from the other side. After we parted, Emmi walked to the checkpoint, where her papers were controlled and her luggage thoroughly checked. She proceeded crossing the strip of "no man's land" and entered a bus, parked in the distance. As I saw her disappear, tears came to my eyes and I prayed to Heavenly Father for her protection and guidance. People behind the Iron Curtain are really longing for the truth and are well-prepared to receive the Messiah. Within a short time she had found her first disciples and was in desperate need of Principle material. She began travelling back and forth in intervals, taking the Principle along, always a few pages at a time, at the risk of her life. But she had such a deep trust in God and was sure of His protection, and she experienced just that, many times. Once she packed quite a lot of material, since the members there were translating the book into their native language and needed the material to complete the task. After a strong prayer she was on her way, and the next time she came, she told us what happened. At the border everybody was told to leave the bus and identify their luggage. The guards took great pains to turn the contents of each suitcase upside

down, and it looked like she was in deep trouble this time. She prayed and put her life into God's hands. But when it was her turn to open her suitcase, the guard looked at her and waved his hand, telling her to load her luggage back into the bus. It was so incredible and she could hardly believe it herself. She immediately gave thanks to Heavenly Father for this miracle. At another occasion the border guard checked her bag and saw the books at the bottom. She explained to him that she was a student of philosophy and needed to read the books during her vacation time. It was a very dangerous situation each time she crossed the border. When Christel and I were already in Germany, we printed their translation of the Divine Principle and she again brought the books over there, a few pages at a time. We supplied her members with clothing and other items and gave her money to buy a car to be able to get around faster. Unfortunately the girl who drove the car, her first disciple, fell asleep at the wheel and got badly hurt. As her family expanded, she needed more and more material. With our help they acquired a printing press and printed the books themselves, but they had to be on guard at all times. There was no way for the whole family to meet in one place. The only possibility was in nature. Early Sunday mornings, weather permitting, they went out hiking and had their Pledge service on the mountain side. They sang and shared together and had a picnic in God's beautiful creation. For sometime, everything developed very well, but when one of the members betrayed them, the authorities raided all their quarters,

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confiscating the printing equipment and all their other material. The members were all sent to prison. Some of them were executed, but others survived. Emmi herself was not there at that time, but the authorities knew her name and she couldn't return. In 1975, she was blessed with a Korean brother, Mr. Lee, in the 1800 couples blessing and stayed in Korea with her husband. On Dec. 23, 1981 Emmi died of cancer and is now in spirit world. She worked very hard, always focused on her mission, her heart completely centered upon God and True Parents. She was quite a fighter for God.

In Nov. 1968 we opened up our third center in Vienna, in the Schluesselgasse. In this center I translated the "Divine Principle and It's Application" by Dr. Young Oon Kim into the German language. During the daytime I taught and took care of the family and translated the book during the night. It was a most beautiful experience. So far we had used a very simple book, but this Study Guide really opened our eyes. It was like a new revelation. While translating the book, spirit world really came down. All those beautiful spirits were anxious to know more of the truth. My horizon was expanded as well, and I could feel my way into the words of God. With the help of this book, teaching the Principle became easier and still more exciting. When I stopped working at 3:00 or 4:00 a.m., I went into the meeting room for a short prayer offering everything to Heavenly Father and expressing my gratitude for His help while translating the book.

Later, during my mission in Germany, I had the opportunity

to translate Pres. Hyo Won Eu's manuscript of the Divine Principle into German. That again was a wonderful experience and a giant step forward in our comprehension of the Principle.

In March 1969 we went to Essen, Germany with all our family members to receive our True Parents on their second world tour. On March 28, 1969 Christel and I were blessed by True Parents as couple number four at the Falkenheim in Essen. For the first two years of my mission in Austria, Christel and Klaus had stayed behind in Germany. Since we joined the movement in 1963 we lived as brother and sister, after being married for 12 years before we joined. That wasn't so easy either. But with the blessing a new epoch in our lives began.

A day or two before the blessing Father surprised us with a new mission. He told me: "Paul, you now become the leader of the German movement, and Peter, you take over the Austrian family.

When I assembled my members and broke the news to them, tears started to flow. We had a close knit family and loved each other very much, since they were all my spiritual offspring. I gave them all the love I had, but this was Father's will and I therefore had no second thoughts at all. I immediately focussed on the German nation and the great task to love Germany as much as I loved Austria. Upon our return to Austria we took care of all necessary changes, especially as far as legalities were concerned and prepared the centers and the family for the forthcoming visit of our True Parents and their party. In April (Easter) 1969 we received our True

Parents at the Vienna Airport. Father and Mother spent a few days in Vienna, visiting different points of interest, like the TV-Tower, providing a magnificent view of the city, but mainly sharing their time with all the members in our big meeting room. We had a very blessed time together. Father and Mother were pouring out so much love, teaching us for hours, singing and laughing with us.

On May 11, 1969 Peter Koch transferred his mission to me. Concerning our mission in Austria, many things could be shared. Many of our early members were later scattered all over the world and are very solid and stable missionaries, great instruments for our Heavenly Father.

On May 18, 1969, exactly after four years to the day, I transferred my mission and 50 family members to Peter Koch and we moved to Germany, starting again at the bottom with just a few members, trying to build up that nation for the next 8 1/2 years, and I can truly say, I succeeded in loving Germany as much as I did Austria.

MY MISSION IN GERMANY: MAY 11, 1969 - DEC. 4, 1977

Today, as I write this testimony, my heart is filled with gratitude and thankfulness to our Heavenly Father and True Parents for the mission Father had given us during his visit in Essen, Germany, on March 26, 1969 and for the many blessings we have received while working in Germany. I love the land of my forefathers deeply and had the burning desire and zeal to help restore it to God. As I reflect upon those 8 1/2 years from May 11, 1969 - Dec. 4, 1977 I'm overwhelmed remembering these eventful years. As we had given our total commitment to our Heavenly Father and True Parents we worked hard in our mission together with our early members to build a strong foundation in our land, which plays such an important role in Father's dispensation. For a comparatively small input on our part Heavenly Father blessed us with great results.

I left Austria and the 50 members of our Austrian family, which I loved very deeply, with a heavy heart to begin our mission in Germany on May 11, 1969. We visited the Holy Ground in Essen, blessed by Father on August 5, 1965. The tree at the center of the Holy Ground had been struck and cut down by lightning in 1968, a year before our return to Germany and only the tree stump remained. There we were with a handful of members, some of them very unstable, feeling the heavy responsibility in confronting the enormous task of restoring this nation. As we resolved to put every ounce of energy into this mission and to go forward with great zeal and enthusiasm,

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we prayed for Father's blessing upon this nation. Right then we decided to begin a seven month condition of reading one chapter of the Divine Principle and praying for one hour per day.

We printed 15,000 invitation cards and, in order to gain new members fast, we began street witnessing immediately. People came in to be lectured every day. In the month of June we already contacted 1,000 people on the streets, a new experience in Germany, and six new members joined the family.

The family was small and we shared everything with each other. Time permitting we sat together talking about the Divine Principle and our experiences with Heavenly Father and True Parents, especially at the time of the blessing of the first eight European couples in Essen, on March 28, 1969, where Christel and I were blessed as couple number four. The memories of these precious events were still fresh and vivid in our hearts and minds and challenged us to greater activities. I talked to the members for hours on internal guidance and how to fulfill God's ideal, and we all grew together very quickly.

In anticipation of gaining new members, everyone joyfully participated in laying indemnity conditions to open the way for them to join the family. Some of us were always fasting and our prayer room was a busy place. Therefore the atmosphere in Headquarters was very inviting and people felt at home right away.

In Aug. 1969 we had 110 visitors to study the Divine Principle. Within a very short time many people joined and our

family expanded rapidly. Within a few months our center became too small. It was packed with 30 members and some of them even had to sleep in the hallways. We desperately needed larger quarters and finally we found a big old three-story house. The first floor used to be a supermarket and after we got through with our restoration work it served as our main meeting hall, accommodating 450 people. The supermarket storage room in the back was converted into a large dining room. We moved into our new Headquarters on Dec. 27, 1969. It was bitter cold and the house had no heating system or hot water. Some windows were broken and we covered them with plastic to keep out the elements. We'll never forget God's Day 1970. We celebrated our first Holy Day in our new Headquarters, shivering in our overcoats but happy and grateful in our hearts because we felt right then, that this house would become a home for many people. We stepped up our witnessing efforts right away and simultaneously improved our living quarters and facilities. Many guests usually joined us for dinner and stayed late into the night, fascinated by my presentation of the Divine Principle and my sharing experiences with True Parents and spirit world. The spirit was really moving and those young people felt drawn into the family by God's love and truth. With each new member the family was inspired to greater activity and dedication.

In addition to our normal witnessing activities in the streets we tried out different ways to attract peoples' attention to our movement. In the main shopping district in

downtown Essen hundreds and thousands of people walk down the "Kettwiger Strasse", a pedestrian street closed to all traffic. To expose a larger number of people to the Divine Principle we set up one of our members every 20 yards on that street. In August, 1969, each one of them started reading the third chapter of the Divine Principle out loud, all identified by wearing a plaque with our church symbol.

With our small manual printing press we started turning out leaflets with the main points of the Divine Principle and distributed them on the street. In Sept. 1969 we made about a dozen big sandwich boards with Principle signs and key Principle issues such as: "The murder of Jesus Christ was not the will of God but the victory of Satan", and on Sept. 6, 1969 we paraded up and down Kettwiger Strasse to attract peoples' attention giving out thousands of handbills inviting them to our center. Lectures and training courses were given everyday where, next to me Inge Meyer Sorgenicht was the first lecturer. Young members joined one after another and it was such a great joy to see our family expand.

Almost all of our members at that time held jobs to support the movement and we seriously started to search for business opportunities to free some of our members for fulltime mission work. Our first try was in the florist business in June 1969, since one of our sisters, Walburga Huettenmeister Forrester was a trained gardener and florist. At 5:00 a.m. I went with her to the wholesale market in Duesseldorf to buy flowers, made up little bouquets and sold

them on open market places throughout the city. Each day we had to rent a stand on different markets because of the rotation program of these produce markets. I remember one day especially when we had just opened our stand with what we thought was a good variety of flowers, when suddenly a big tractor trailer stopped next to us. Its doors opened and beautifully arranged display tables with all kinds of flowers imaginable, cut flowers, plants, etc. rolled out. A big wholesaler had positioned himself right next to us with this beautiful array of flowers, which made us look like little orphans. After several days we evaluated the flower selling venture and, after realising that the profit was too small for our efforts, we terminated this business.

Our next business venture was a physio-therapeutical institute in the city of Essen. This was established on Oct. 1, 1969. One brother and a sister were trained in this particular field, specializing in therapeutic gymnastics for handicapped children and post-surgery gymnastics for adults. We also had facilities for medical massages and mineral baths, etc. Our patients loved the pure and warm atmosphere and the kind and cheerful attitude of our staff and appreciated our dependability. We could build up a clientele very fast and were grateful for the success of this small business.

On the witnessing front we decided to contact all the ministers in the city of Essen in Aug. 1969. After producing 400 copies of the first chapter of the Divine Principle on our small manual printing press the whole family walked around the

big table in the dining room collating all the pages and stapling them together while singing hymns. For an outsider it would have been a strange sight but for us, knowing the destination of these 400 chapters, it was a sacred task. Manfred Sorgenicht was responsible for the distribution of the 400 copies of these first chapters. All 400 Catholic and Protestant ministers were visited and presented with a copy each. At that time hardly anybody knew our movement in Germany and they all promised to read the presented material.

On Sept. 8, 1969 I also had the opportunity to talk to a group of 20 Catholic youth leaders about our movement and the Divine Principle. A week later, on Sept. 17, 1969 I was invited to speak to students in two classes of different colleges for social workers with very lively and constructive discussions afterwards. There was not enough time to answer all their questions.

On Nov. 4, 1969 we opened up a new center in the city of Bochum, near Essen. This city was in the process of opening up the biggest university in Europe with an estimated number of 16,000 students leaning to the left side of the political spectrum, meaning a strong communist trend. This was really a great challenge for us at that time, since our family was still small and our members very young.

On Dec. 1, 1969 we incorporated the "Federation for World Peace and Unification of Germany" of which I became the first president.

On Dec. 3, 1969 Christel and I took two of our sisters to

Scandinavia by car to establish new missions there. We left Friedhilde Bächle in Stockholm, Sweden and Ingrid Schneider Joergensen in Oslo, Norway. Going over the border into Denmark nobody even paid attention to us. From Denmark we took the car-ferry to Oslo, on Dec. 4, 1969, to Ingrid's new mission field. It was very cold and we held a simple ceremony at the Holy Ground in front of the Royal Palace. The next morning it was time for our departure. There she stood in the snow all by herself. We waved good-bye to Ingrid until she was out of sight and prayed to Heavenly Father to protect her and bless all her efforts in restoring Norway.

Our next stop was Stockholm, Sweden, Friedhilde's new mission country. At the border the guards waved us on not even bothering to come out of their little guard shack. We arrived in Stockholm on Dec. 5, 1969 at 5:30 p.m. We proceeded right to the Holy Ground at Humlegarden where we prayed for the success of Friedhilde's mission. The next morning we departed for Germany. In the following years both girls paid much indemnity and worked hard in their country to build a solid foundation.

In Germany we had four centers by the end of December 1969: in Essen, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Bochum. On Dec. 11, 1969 we began our second seven month course. To deepen our understanding of the truth we set the condition to read one chapter of the Divine Principle per day and to intensify our prayer life and our witnessing activities.

On Jan. 15, 1970 we opened up new centers in Duisburg,

Oberhausen and Dortmund, all of them in the Ruhr District with heavy industry and a concentration of about 17 million people. By that time strong persecution began.

As we searched for new possibilities to reach a broader segment of the public, in April 1970 all our members taking the streetcar or bus to work began reading the Divine Principle out loud for the duration of their ride in the transit system. In June 1970 our members started to pray out loud in the streetcars. Some people voiced their protest but most of them were deeply touched in their hearts by such a strong faith and zeal for God that put their own convictions to shame. In fact, people who rode the public transportation regularly to work expected our members to come and pray in great anticipation. This activity brought God back into their daily lives and even to this day they remember our prayers. Through these activities we became well known in the city of Essen and even the newspapers printed favourable articles about our group.

As we street witnessed day after day, we invited everybody into the centers who wanted to listen to the Divine Principle, and our members were not well trained in discerning between mental illness and just spiritual problems. Eager to help everybody they also invited mentally ill people. Sometimes even after the first lectures their problems became evident. One boy had mental problems and epileptic seizures right in our center and we had to take him to the hospital right away. Another boy, who had just accepted the Divine Principle, apparently ran onto the highway right into the path of a

sportscar. When the hospital informed us about the accident the boy, Walter, was in a coma. The car he hit was smashed up but he himself didn't seem hurt physically. After three days Walter woke up and the doctors found out, that he had swallowed 30 sleeping pills prior to the accident. Only then did we really find out about his mental problems. Since this was already the second person from our movement to be committed to the same hospital, the doctors became suspicious.

A short time later one of our members brought a girl to the center from the street, who was very interested in our message and accepted True Parents. After she joined and moved in, the girl got possessed by her grandmother who had strangled herself some years ago. This girl, Eva, screamed all night long, trying to fight off her grandmother who, in her words, was trying to suffocate her. In the early morning hours we had to take her to the same hospital. Of course we could imagine the consequences, but there was no other way. Later we found out from Eva's mother, that she had tried many times to have her daughter committed but the hospital wouldn't take her. While she was grateful to us, the doctors started a media campaign against me as the head of the movement, warning against the Moonies who turned everybody crazy. That team of doctors persecuted us and me in particular, quite intensively. From that point on I really instructed our members very strongly, never again to bring home a person that is not mentally sound. Of course we met many mentally weak people, because these are the ones who are looking for help, and it is

not always easy to discern.

On April 13, 1970 we established a center in West Berlin. After Christel and I went to Berlin on April 10, 1970 to scout out the situation we sent two girls, Siegrun Kuhaupt Pintus and Barbara Landgrebe, by train through East Germany to Berlin to bring Father's message to this important city. In the following months and years many good, solid members joined our movement in Berlin.

In April 1970 we also printed 20,000 hand bills with key Principle issues and distributed them in Essen, inviting people to lectures and discussions in our center. During that time we were invited to a gymnasium in Essen and could teach the first chapter of the study guide of the Divine Principle to pupils in a class on religion. It was quite a privilege to be invited to a school at that time and teach publicly, because we still were a small group with much negative publicity.

On May 11, 1970 we started the second year of our mission in Germany with a prayer meeting at the Holy Ground in Berlin, the first Holy Ground blessed by Father in 1965 in this country.

On May 23-24, 1970 we had a European meeting with family members from 17 nations in Essen. It was a wonderful opportunity of sharing on an international basis and to get acquainted with young members from all the different nations.

On May 25, 1970 we established a second center in the city of Duisburg.

On May 28, 1970 we sent Suresh Patel, a native from India

who accepted the Divine Principle in Germany, as our first missionary to India.

In our efforts to establish a sound financial foundation we investigated many business possibilities. Since we had the necessary manpower we opened up an engineering and manpower leasing company in June 1970. We offered the services of our members to companies in need for manpower, e.g. engineers, draftsmen, office workers, etc. Many of those companies became regular longterm customers who valued our members and their work very highly.

Our first publication was the church magazine "Sonnenaufgang" (Sunrise), in June 1970, an internal newspaper but also read by outside people.

On July 11, 1970 we began our third 7-month course. During the next 120 days, July, Aug., Sept. and Oct. the family fasted a total of 360 days and prayed very intensely. Our goal until Feb. 11, 1971 was the establishment of a total of 21 centers in Germany.

On Aug. 13, 1970 we opened up a center in Munich and on Aug. 17, 1970 another one in Stuttgart. In August we had a total of 70 active members. In Essen we formed a ballet group with some of our girls. It was a small group but they took it very seriously and performed before our True Parents when they visited Germany in 1972.

In Sept. 1970 we established a center in Heidelberg and in Nuernberg. We also printed a new Unification song book for our members.

On Sept. 12, 1970 the "Federation for World Peace and Unification of Germany" distributed 10,000 handbills under the motto "Never Communism", which were well received by the general public. On Sept. 19, 1970 we repeated the action. Since communism was not so visible at that time and working in a more subtle way, it was very unusual for a group like ours to boldly attack communism in that fashion. Especially the older generation was very much in agreement with our action and expressed their hope that we would continue to speak out.

Also in 1970 we established our first MFT. On our small offset printing press we turned out "Introduction to the Divine Principle" and the "First Chapter of the Divine Principle" by the thousands and sold them in the streets after obtaining the necessary licenses. It was quite a task to print and collate them by hand. Every evening we were running around the table, collating page by page and putting the chapters together. Everyone participated wholeheartedly, singing hymns as we worked along. Our goal was not only to make money from the sales but to spread Father's message as quickly as possible in our nation. We therefore worked hard with great zeal.

In Sept. 1970 we sent several of our members to Korea to take part in the blessing of the 777 couples on Oct. 21, 1970. My sister Elisabeth Werner, Manfred and Inge Sorgenicht and Hans and Gisela Winkler were blessed by our True Parents in our homeland. My sister then followed her husband, Alec Herzer, to England while the two other couples remained in Germany. We were very grateful to have a larger foundation for our mission.

In November 1970 we were busy preparing headquarters in Essen for the European Conference. We were so happy to receive the 190 participants from all the different European nations and we had a very blessed time together, even though conditions were quite crowded in the sleeping quarters.

Also in November 1970 we opened up centers in the cities of Bremen, Freiburg and Hannover.

In December 1970 we printed 5,000 copies of the Divine Principle Study Guide by Dr. Young Oon Kim which I had just translated into the German language. We were very grateful for this Divine Principle material, to be used in teaching our members as well as contacts.

On December 29, 1970 we sent Heiner Pause as our second missionary to India.

Before the end of 1970 we opened up new centers in the cities of Cologne, Duesseldorf, Bonn, Aachen, Kassel and Saarbruecken and reached our goal of 21 centers well before our anticipated deadline of Feb. 11, 1971. At this time we had 100 active members.

In March 1971 we had another problem on our hands. One of our sisters, who had just joined the family, was engaged to be married and her fiance, and in fact her whole family, wanted her back. She was determined to follow our True Parents and rejected him. As a last resort to really hurt us, her fiance contacted a friend, a reporter for the weekly "Stern" magazine, a well-read nationwide publication. This reporter printed a 3-4 page article about our movement under the headline "Satan and

the Girl Heidi" and inserted terrible pictures from a Satan's cult group. This was our first confrontation with the media and very detrimental to our movement. During the past 20 years this article was quoted many times by the media like a documentation, especially by the left oriented press.

But during this period of strong persecution we carried out our mission no matter what, and gained many members. In the evenings we usually had many new guests for dinner. Our dining room tables were arranged in a U-shape and after dinner we cleared the tables and I usually gave internal guidance talks or Principle lectures for many hours. We had a strong prayer life at that time and a very high spiritual atmosphere in our center. People felt right at home and didn't want to leave any more. They were drawn into the family.

Since our family grew so rapidly we were in need of a training center and in March 1971 we had the opportunity to lease a castle near Bonn. We were renovating this castle, Schloss Ahrenthal, already when the negative article in the "Stern" magazine was distributed all over Germany. This was reason enough for our landlord to cancel the lease without compensating us for our restoration work. It was quite a setback for our work, not to mention the disappointment over such unwarranted action, and we had to keep searching for other facilities.

Over the Easter holidays in April 1971 we held a 4-day training session for members as well as potential leaders. District and center leaders also met and participated in

training sessions in Essen.

In May 1971 our movement suffered extreme persecution and two of our members had been kidnapped. One of them was brutally beaten by her own parents.

On May 19, 1971 we set up a special indemnity condition for our entire family in Essen, a midnight march. From midnight until 5:00 a.m. we walked in a wide circle seven times around our Holy Ground in silent prayer, a total of 28 kilometers up and down wooded hills. It was quite an experience for all of us and we felt so close to our Heavenly Father and True Parents.

In June 1971 we again assigned one of our members, Manfred Sorgenicht, to visit ministers and a total of 120 ministers, priests, chaplains and teachers of religion were contacted. Overall we were well received and could distribute 15 Divine Principle books in the process.

In August 1971 we transferred our German Headquarters from Essen to Frankfurt, Hochstr. 48, and our members witnessed very intensely at the University of Frankfurt.

At that time the entire German family finished a 7-week prayer and fasting condition. Everyday four members fasted and the entire family prayed for one hour daily. Much emphasis was put upon dynamic teaching of the Divine Principle.

In July 1971 I traveled to Southeast Asia: India, Thailand, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Taiwan, Japan, and Korea. My first stop was New Delhi, where I visited our foreign missionary to India, Heiner Pause. The whole atmosphere in

India was very depressing caused by the strong belief in reincarnation and the prevailing miserable physical conditions. Everything moved in slow motion or not at all and I still remember the huge vultures hovering over their prey and the terrible odor everywhere. How much these people needed salvation in every way.

During my tour I met many professors, students and religious and government leaders, but the highlight of this trip was my first visit to our Homeland, and it was the most beautiful experience to be so close to our True Parents and the True Family in their home. Martin Porter and I were invited to come to Korea and True Parents personally took care of us, showing us the beauty of our Fatherland. One day True Parents invited us to Chung Pyong Lake, the training center. The countryside there is just beautiful: the clear lake surrounded by high mountains and green valleys. It was a magnificent sunset as we sat with Father and Mother on the wooden platform by the lake. Father sat there quietly, just looking at the water. As I pictured in my mind the turmoil going on in the world, especially in Europe, I couldn't quite understand Father's tranquility and I finally asked him, "How can you sit there and look at the water when the whole world is burning?" Father looked at me and answered quietly, "God had to wait for 6,000 years." His answer struck me deeply and I kept quiet after that. God waited for 6,000 years. He had to be very patient with mankind. When I look at the photos we took at that occasion, precious memories come back so vividly.

I experienced Father in so many ways. I have seen him as a mystic and as a real man of granite. A photo taken at the time of his visit to Germany in 1965 shows him looking at a certain monument. His face expressed his spirituality, incorporating 1,000 years. His facial expression changes again and again, showing different aspects all the time.

I have met him as a real humble friend and I have seen him taking the position of King of Kings. We have shared many things, like plates of food or cups of water at picnics by the roadside, but there were also times when I didn't dare look at him, because he brought judgement. I have seen his many faces but I was never afraid, and even when he had to chastise me I felt love coming from him. I remember one occasion when Father shouted at me very strongly, but every time he opened his mouth, I felt his love coming towards me, and I just looked at him. It is not a contradiction at all. Whatever he does is out of love, and I never forget these experiences. To me he is not only the Messiah, he is the living manifestation of God on earth, no question about it.

While in Korea, Father told me to bless Holy Grounds in different cities in Germany, where we have centers already. Upon my return in Aug. 1971 I immediately carried out Father's wish and blessed Holy Grounds in Aachen, Saarbruecken, Kassel, Freiburg, Heidelberg, Nuernberg, Munich, Stuttgart, Duesseldorf, Bremen, Hamburg, Cologne, Bonn and Hannover, and during the month of Sept. I blessed 11 more Holy Grounds in different cities.

In the first week of Sept. 1971 we bought two mobile homes and set up our first OWC teams of 12 boys and girls. Christel and I traveled with the teams for half a year to all major cities in Germany, carrying out an intense witnessing campaign. With our street preaching while wearing big sandwich boards proclaiming Father's truth, we had a great impact upon many people.

Over the Christmas holidays until Jan. 2, 1972 I gave the first 10-day workshop for 120 active members of our church in Germany, based on the Study Guide of Dr. Young Oon Kim, and the manuscript of the first chapter of the Divine Principle by President Eu, of which we had printed 5,000 copies, translated into German by myself. The culmination of this seminar was a Divine Principle test, beginning at 8:00 a.m. and ending at midnight. It was a day of fasting with a prayerful attitude and a day of complete silence. The spiritual atmosphere was very high and we could feel the presence of Heavenly Father and True Parents very deeply. All members had a very blessed time together and still remember this special training session. Our brothers and sisters went out into their respective cities after the 5:00 a.m. Pledge service the next morning with new vigor and determination. Our OWC team began a new campaign and distributed 400 first chapters of the Divine Principle daily.

On Jan. 17, 1972 I sent Ellen Kocher and Kirsty Laaninen as the first missionaries to Helsinki, Finland, with Ellen in the leading position. Kirsty, a Finish girl who joined the family in Germany, had translated the Divine Principle book

into her native language and we printed it prior to their departure from Germany.

As our need for printed material became greater and greater, our small printing press couldn't keep up with the demand. We had to expand, and in Jan. 1972 we bought a Heidelberg printing press together with other necessary machinery.

On Feb. 10, 1972 I blessed a second Holy Ground in the city of Berlin, because the original Holy Ground was located in an area, too dangerous to be visited by our members, especially after dark.

From March 23-31, 1972 our True Parents visited Germany for the third time. Father at that time held three public meetings in the "Saalbau" in Essen, his first public speeches in Germany. On three evenings the hall was filled with about 500 people and each time I had the privilege to introduce Father to the public. For 10-15 minutes I gave a short summary of Father's life and mission and Dr. Kae Hwan Kim translated Father's talks from Korean into German. The people present in the hall listened to Father very attentively and nobody left the hall before the closing of the meeting. They were fascinated by Father's sincerity and dynamic.

Before and after this event Father spoke to the 450 European members, assembled in our meeting hall at Headquarters, for many hours and Pres. Young Whi Kim gave lectures on the Divine Principle.

As usual, wherever True Parents go, activities are very

intense day and night. Sleep was a novelty and we just kept on going. I myself remember falling asleep while standing next to Pres. Kim, translating his lectures from English into German, but everybody was so inspired by our True Parents' visit and resolved to work even harder to fulfill our missions.

While our True Parents were still with us, six more mobile homes and VW buses were bought and personally blessed by Father and Mother. Father also wanted Austrian members to join the team.

In June 1972 the number of mobile homes and VW buses was raised to 13, including the one for Christel and myself, and two teams with 30 members each were established. We traveled with the teams and stayed for seven days in each city. Until June 1972 the teams distributed 100,000 copies of Divine Principle literature and 700 ministers were visited.

Needless to say, our printing company was very busy. From April to June 1972 we printed 100,000 first chapters of the Divine Principle in German, 5,000 Divine Principle books in the German language and 5,000 Divine Principle books in the English language, and 500,000 invitation cards for the teams.

Also in June 1972 we opened up 10 new centers, bringing the total of German centers to 31.

On July 7, 1972 I blessed a Holy Ground in the city of Bielefeld.

On July 14, 1972 both of our IOWC teams with a total of 70 members traveled to Austria to witness in the cities of Vienna, Graz, and Linz. 100,000 copies of Divine Principle literature

were distributed in Austria at that time. It was quite an impressive sight on the autobahn, a convoy of 13 mobile homes and VW buses, marked with the Divine Principle symbol and the slogan "One World Crusade".

Our second crusade through Germany started in Munich and our PR girl on each team visited all the ministers, the mayor, newspaper reporters and other important people in each city for seven days, to inform them about our activities, and quite a number of Divine Principle books were given out. Street preaching was done daily for a certain length of time by each member and at least 30 members went on a 7-day fast.

In August 1972 we printed 100,000 copies of Divine Principle literature and distributed them to foreign countries free of charge.

On Sept. 14, 1972 a third IOWC team was established and by that time we had gained 35 new active members through our team activities.

On Sept. 24, 1972 Christel and I drove to Spain to bring Gesa Jensen and Patricia Rosset to their new mission field, with Gesa in the leading position, replacing Ursula Schuhmann.

On Sept. 25, 1972 I blessed a Holy Ground in Sevilla and on Sept. 27, 1972 in Barcelona.

After returning from Spain we divided the large teams into 10 smaller teams to be more effective. They then worked for one month in a city where we had centers.

On Oct. 9, 1972 Christel and I flew to Finland, Sweden, Norway and Iceland to visit our missionaries there, and on Oct.

9, I blessed a Holy Ground in Helsinki, the capital city of Finland. Our missionaries had worked very hard in their countries to build a solid foundation under very adverse climatical conditions, especially in Finland and Iceland, where the strong winds almost blew us off our feet. We were deeply touched by their determination and perseverance and their success in building up a strong Principle family.

In Germany itself a great dynamic could be found in our family and our work was really blessed by our Heavenly Father. From April to October 1972 we visited 1,200 ministers and distributed 190,000 copies of Divine Principle material. 1.7 million people had been witnessed to and a total of 1,900 people came into the centers for Divine Principle lectures and 35 new members joined.

In November 1972 additional machinery was purchased for our printing company and since April 350,000 copies of Divine Principle material was distributed.

After the last visit of our True Parents in March 1972 I translated the Divine Principle from the manuscript of Pres. Eu, translated into English by Mrs. Won Pok Choi. Since she didn't want to miss anything in the process, she translated the Korean manuscript word for word into English, and it therefore was a tremendous task to finish the German translation. Even though it was quite difficult, it was a very enlightening spiritual experience for me and I was very grateful for this bundle of paper, the manuscript. We printed 5,000 copies of this Divine Principle book and distributed the first copies to

our members on Christmas Day 1972. Now this book was available in Korean, Japanese, and German, and very much appreciated by the German family.

In November 1972 we found and purchased our first training center, the "Neumuehle" near Camberg, which in the meantime became a home for most Europeans. We started to renovate the old farmhouse right away, and the ground floor of the barn was turned into a beautiful meeting hall with a capacity of about 800 people. The upper floors of the barn and the pigpen were transformed into sleeping quarters, divided for boys and girls, furnished with about 200 bunkbeds and nicely decorated, while the horse stable was changed into a big dining room. Of course a heating system had to be installed, new appliances bought, etc. Everyone taking part in the restoration of this old, run-down farm property for the glory of God worked with great enthusiasm and diligence, and when we finished the job, the buildings looked beautiful, surrounded by 20 acres of rolling hills, with meadows and fruit trees. In January 1973 the work was completed and we put our new training center to good use.

In January 1973 I sent our son Klaus to the United States, leading a team of 70 brothers and sisters, designated to participate in Father's "Day of Hope" campaigns. Christel and I accompanied his team to America and were guests of our True Parents in Belvedere for about three weeks. Klaus was installed by Father as IOWC commander for the state of IOWA.

After returning from America in February 1973 we sent out Christa Jensen and Annette Bierau as the first missionaries to

Australia and Siegrun Kuhaupt as the first missionary to New Zealand.

On May 6, 1973 I blessed our Holy Ground in Camberg. Since then many prayer meetings have been held on that precious piece of land, sometimes by moonlight, where spirit world really responded.

In June 1973 we sent another team of 12 brothers and sisters to the U.S.

At that time Christel and I virtually lived in the car, always keeping in touch with Headquarters and all the centers by car telephone. We were on the go all the time to take care of the centers and our different projects. It was a time of great expansion and dynamic.

In June 1973 we established our "Werner & Winkler Import-Export Co.", selling mainly Il Hwa Ginseng Tea. Also in June 1973 we sent three German members to participate in the first 100-day training course conducted by Pres. Young Whi Kim, in Belvedere.

In Sept. 1973 Christel and I accompanied another team of 40 German members to the U.S. and participated in the "Day of Hope" campaign for Carnegie Hall, and then in the 21-city tour. In October 1973 four more German members arrived.

In October 1973 we established PWPA, ICF and CARP in Germany.

In the spring of 1974 another team of 33 German members was sent to the U.S. to take part in the "Day of Hope" tours.

Also in 1974 Manfred Sorgenicht went to India as our third

missionary to that nation.

On Feb. 8, 1975 our True Parents blessed 1,800 couples in Seoul, Korea. Quite a number of German members were blessed at that time and I also was invited to attend this event.

On Feb. 23-25, 1975 Christel and I came back to Germany from Los Angeles to designate the German missionaries for 120 nations. During the month of April 1975 all our missionaries had arrived in their mission countries.

Also in the spring of 1975 we published our first Unification Church newspaper "Eine Welt".

In June 1975 we sent 40 German members into the European team.

On July 4, 1975 Christel and I returned to Germany from the United States where we had participated in Father's "Day of Hope" campaigns, covered in a later chapter.

On June 7, 1975 Christel and I were invited by our True Parents to attend the "Yoido Island Rally for Korean Freedom" in Seoul. A record crowd of 1.2 million people with representatives from 60 nations around the world came to hear Father's speech. It was a tremendous experience to see the masses of people waiting for Father's appearance. Many representatives from different religions addressed the crowd and several national leaders of our church, e.g. Pres. Neil Salonen of the Unification Church of America, Pres. Kuboki of the Unification Church of Japan and I were chosen to speak at the rally. Afterwards we met with Father at the Chung Pa Dong church where he evaluated the rally and asked for our personal

opinions. The rally had been a great success and we were deeply moved by the warm welcome and the cheers of the crowd for Father. Even the weather cooperated, which was a little miracle in itself. It had been raining heavily all around Seoul but not on Yoido Island, and at the time of Father's speech the sun broke through. For all of us this event was an unforgettable experience. The next day True Parents invited all of us to the training center at Chung Pyong Lake where we had a delicious lunch with them. The weather was so beautiful and our return trip took place on a boat built by our Korean family members. The upper deck was for the girls and the lower deck for the men. We had a good view of the countryside when all of a sudden a speedboat caught up with us. As soon as we recognized Father, Mother and Mrs. Choi we really cheered our True Parents. Back in Seoul we were invited by our True Parents to celebrate the "Day of All Things 1975" with them at the Chung Pa Dong Church. We were overwhelmed by our emotions to be able to take part in the Pledge service with our True Parents and elder blessed couples in these historical private quarters of our True Parents. Our white robes and the Korean suit and dress for this occasion were a gift from Mother. Father and Mother also gave us a tour of the training center at Soo Tan Ri and the ginseng factory and we were so grateful to our True Parents for this opportunity and the warm hospitality of our Korean brothers and sisters.

In June 1975 Father founded the "European Economic Council" and appointed me President and Martin Porter Vice-

President. We met once a month with our representatives of the European nations in our business center in Walldorf near Frankfurt. We rented this building in 1975 to accommodate our printing company and our import-export business. At these meetings we discussed our economic developments as well as problems and helped each other in many ways.

In August 1975 we published our church magazine "Neue Hoffnung" and in October 1975 the name of our Church "Gesellschaft zur Vereinigung des Weltchristentums e.V." (HSA-UWC) was changed to "Vereinigungskirche e.V." (Unification Church of Germany).

Also in August 1975, shortly after our return from the U.S. we purchased another training center in easy reach for our members in southern Germany, the "Regelsmuehle" and started renovating the facilities right away. We also formed an orchestra, which became quite professional after a short period of time.

To expand our economic foundation we opened up a retail store for ginseng and other products in Frankfurt in June 1975, and in Duesseldorf in Sept. 1975. The third retail store was established in Dortmund in May 1976. We also expanded our import-export business and bought a fleet of new cars for our ginseng sales personnel in May 1975.

In June 1975 I appointed Annemarie Ebi Leonhardtsberger to start our parents association, and a little later Heinz and Lore Seel joined her in visiting the parents of all our members. Through these activities many misunderstandings could

be solved and hardships eliminated. We organized many meetings with the parents of our members in Camberg and Regelsmuehle and many of the parents attended every meeting, feeling right at home. In fact, they expressed their appreciation for the dedication and hard work of our movement in spreading God's love and truth throughout the country.

In 1975 we had 82 centers in Germany. From 1973-1975 a total of 169 members were sent to the United States to help in the "Day of Hope" campaigns and 40 German members joined the European team. In addition all the foreign missionaries were sent out. Also from 1971-1972 we had created 17 new Holy Grounds in Germany.

In October 1975 our True Parents visited the German family for the fourth time. When we received the good news, we immediately began with extensive preparations. Big tents were purchased and set up in Camberg and an additional kitchen was installed in our garage. On the cultural front our orchestra practiced for days to entertain our True Parents. Soon, members from all over Europe arrived and when Father and Mother came, our big meeting hall was packed with 800 brothers and sisters. Father gave many inspiring speeches and new directions and our orchestra really stimulated him with their presentations. We were one big happy family with our beloved True Parents right in our midst. All too soon they had to depart, but all our members were determined to work even harder in the future.

On Nov. 14, 1975 I gave a public speech in the

"Kuenstlerhaus" in Munich on the "New Hope of Christianity". The 500 guests also enjoyed the musical presentation of our orchestra and choir, and the "New Hope Festival" was a great success. One couple accepted, deeply touched by the love and truth of God, and in the meantime they were blessed by our True Parents.

In February 1976 our certified goldsmith, Cornelia Sattler McWilliams began with the production of fine jewelry in our business center in Walldorf. A little later we opened up a translation office, advertising company and a snack bar.

In the spring of 1976 we bought two Mercedes touring buses (50 seaters), a great asset for our anti-communist rallies. Our band and CARP members travelled through Germany in these buses and gave anti-communist lectures on public plazas, supported by our band. They drew quite a crowd wherever they went and handed out millions of handbills under the motto: "Never Communism."

In the summer of 1976 our CARP team together with the band actively supported the CDU (Christian Democrats) in 200 German cities in their election campaign for Helmut Kohl as Chancellor of Germany through their speeches and the distribution of millions of handbills printed in our printing shop. Unfortunately at the height of the campaign the CDU used the means of an injunction to stop our activities, afraid of loosing their public image by being associated with the Moonies. The effect was that Mr. Kohl missed being elected by 1%. If we could have carried out our campaign to the end, he

definitely would have come into office at that time. Now many people were really confused and Helmut Kohl had to wait another four years to become Chancellor of Germany. But within those four years many political problems could have been prevented.

On May 6, 1976 we purchased a former hotel in Frankfurt's west end, Feldbergstr. 38. This area is well known for its old patrician homes, and in the immediate vicinity the American Embassy is located. In walking distance is the famous "Palmengarten" a beautiful botanical garden. After renovating the building it became Headquarters of the German church. Considering the financial circumstances in Europe at that time we really accomplished some miracles in acquiring our assets.

At a leader's meeting in New York in the fall of 1976 Father emphasized the importance of the marine industry. He wanted every country to buy fishing vessels and to train every member to be seaworthy. I took his words seriously, and upon my return to Germany inquired about possibilities for the purchase of a boat. In October 1976 we bought the "Neue Hoffnung" (New Hope), the first fishing vessel in Europe. Except for the few winter months we regularly took out 30-35 members into the North Sea on our 20-year old fishing vessel, weathering many storms. We usually called the centers by districts, and this way everybody had the chance to become seaworthy. The North Sea is very notorious for its storms, and sometimes we really encountered dangerous situations. Once we left with all the district leaders and almost didn't make it to the harbor of Helgoland, because of a storm with hurricane

strength. Our boat was dancing like a nutshell on the waves, and of course the inexperience of our crew wasn't very comforting. We must have had many guardian angels watching over us as we finally reached our destination.

On stormy days many of our members got seasick, but sometimes the weather was very beautiful and we caught a lot of fish. Everybody was so proud of his catch and upon arrival in Bremerhaven we divided it evenly among the centers.

In the spring of 1977 we bought another boat, a 40-foot yacht we named "Phoenix". Again we invited our members in groups for trips on the Rhine River with its beautiful countryside. Recharged and joyful they returned to their centers, eager to work in their mission.

At a Leaders Conference, in May 1977 in East Garden, Father gave me the instruction to publish a newspaper in Germany. Immediately after my return from the U.S. we started to construct the facilities for our newspaper staff, including the photo-lab, etc, in Walldorf. We also applied for approval of the name and within 40 days the weekly nationwide German newspaper "Der Report" was developed and published. The Chief-editor was Juergen Helms, and I the publisher. In the meantime a nationwide distribution network was established and the paper became well known and accepted all over the nation. The readers, mainly intellectuals, appreciated our high standard in reporting political events and in our editorials. This newspaper was later closed by Reiner Vincenz, who became my successor in Germany.

Since 1975 our CARP movement had been very active at all major universities in the nation, e.g. Berlin, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Bremen, Freiburg, Hamburg, Bochum, Marburg, most of them strongholds of leftist student movements. Millions of handbills, exposing the crimes and repressions of communism and socialism were distributed at the universities as well as in the major cities of Germany. While the general public was very supportive, the communists became more aggressive and brutal. Many times we delivered one million handbills overnight to different cities and 800 members distributed them on the same day all over the nation. These actions had a considerable impact and repercussions. Many incidents happened and I would like to mention just one, but very typical of communist operations:

Three of our CARP members were giving out handbills at the "Free University" of Berlin when they suddenly were approached by a group of approximately 50 communists, beaten up physically and chased off the grounds. Our boys then asked for police protection and the next morning plainclothed riot-policemen pulled up in their vans to protect our three members, who started to distribute handbills again. It didn't take long for a gang of communists to appear at the scene, beating our boys to the ground. This was the signal for the police to step in and arrest these agitators. As five or six policemen came running to help our people, out of nowhere, so it seemed, 100 communists appeared, battling the police. Now the policemen had to run for their lives, pushed the two main communist thugs

into the squad car and sped off to the police station, jailing the two arrested communists.

Meanwhile the communists, being well organized, created quite a disturbance. Within a few hours 10,000 people marched through Berlin with big banners, denouncing CARP, the Moonies and the Unification Church, and demanded freedom for the two jailed communists.

When they realized that the police wouldn't budge, 300 communists occupied a nearby Lutheran Church with big banners inside and outside the church, again demanding freedom for the two communists. For three days they desecrated the church to the dismay of the Lutheran bishop, the minister and his congregation. When the communists realized that their demands would not be met by the court of Berlin, they agreed to leave the church only after the Bishop would denounce CARP and the Moonies publicly by nationwide TV and radio. Only after the bishop fulfilled their demands, did they leave the church, leaving the clean-up job to the congregation.

In the meantime, the two jailed communists had the support from over 100 leftist professors, who managed to get them released from police custody. Looking at this situation we realized, how deeply embedded communism already was in Germany at that time.

The Berlin incident became well known at all other universities, and from that point on the CARP movement was declared the most dangerous group for the communists in Germany. We had many confrontations and clashes at certain

universities and some of our members really got hurt too. On New Year's Day 1977 some communists spray painted a slogan in white paint on the wall of a big German bank in downtown Frankfurt: "We wish you a CARP-free New Year".

At the university in Frankfurt CARP was very active too. We distributed leaflets almost every day and invited the students to our lectures at the university in the evenings. The communists there were extremely brutal. Once a group of 10 CARP members was beaten up with sticks prepared with nails on one end, and they were also covered with paint. From that point on we had police protection. A van with a dozen or more policemen was standing by every day while our CARP members distributed their literature on the university grounds. But as soon as one of them turned a corner out of sight of the police, several communists were at hand to beat them up. The situation was quite dangerous there, as well as in Heidelberg, Freiburg, Bremen, etc.

Whenever we gave lectures at the university we informed the police, anticipating great disturbances. When we began one evening, we didn't see a single policeman around, and sure enough it didn't take long until the chairs were flying through the air. Minutes later the doors flung open and the police took over, very much to the surprise of the communists.

It was quite a busy, eventful and also dangerous life for us in Germany at that time, bustling with activities. We had many bomb and assassination threats.

Then at the end of November 1977 I attended the Science

Conference in San Francisco. At a leaders meeting after the 5:00 a.m. Pledge service in the Fairmont Hotel, on November 27, 1977 Father gave us the mission to establish and develop the shipbuilding and seafood industry in Alabama.

On Dec. 3, 1977 Christel and I said good-bye to our assembled business, district, and center leaders in Camberg and introduced Reiner Vincenz as my successor in Germany. Fortunately at the same time we received our green card as permanent residents of the United States and arrived in New York on Dec. 4, 1977 to begin our new mission.

MY MISSION: DAY OF HOPE CAMPAIGNS IN THE U.S.A.

1973-1976

At the end of 1972 Father invited European members to take part in the "One World Crusade" in the U.S.A.. We immediately mobilized 70 German members and prepared them at Headquarters in Essen for their mission abroad. It was quite a complex task as many details had to be considered. The first priorities were passports and visas as well as plane tickets. To buy suitcases, clothing and shoes, plus other necessary items for 70 members was quite a job too, and Christel and I personally made sure everyone was well prepared. On the day of departure all the members boarded the vans on route to England. The Dutch family accommodated us for one night and the next day all European members met in London to board a 707 chartered plane to New York. Our son Klaus was in charge of the team and we ourselves accompanied our members. Upon our arrival in New York it took a few hours to get our whole group cleared by the U.S. officials and when we finally entered the lobby we realized that our True Parents, Mrs. Won Pok Choi, Pres. Young Whi Kim, Pres. David Kim and Pres. Neil Salonen had been waiting patiently for many hours to personally receive the European members at Kennedy Airport. We were all deeply touched in our hearts by the love of our True Parents. Only later did we fully realize the great privilege, having been received by our Father and Mother personally. We ourselves, along with other national leaders, were guests of our True Parents in Belvedere for about three weeks. All European

members took part in a 7-day workshop in Belvedere, conducted by Pres. Young Whi Kim and were then divided into different teams by Father himself. Father appointed Klaus IOWC Commander for the state of Iowa. His team consisted of French members. Finally the day of departure for the teams came. The members boarded their vans and drove in a circle, passing the entrance of the main house where Father and Mother waved them off, surrounded by all of us. It was an impressive sight and we prayed for the safety of all our brothers and sisters travelling under hazardous winter conditions from east to west across the nation.

For us it was the most precious and memorable experience of our lives, living with Father and Mother for almost three weeks. They shared every meal with us in the main dining room in Belvedere, and I couldn't even start to describe all our experiences with our True Parents. They were so busy furnishing the main house at that time. Every day they drove into New York and picked out each piece of furniture, each picture and other items personally. I'm sure, each piece has its own story, having been handpicked by the Messiah himself. As we all know, shopping is very tiring, but upon returning from New York Father and Mother always thought of our well-being. Instead of resting they took us to a chinese restaurant and to the movies. One very memorable occasion was the experience of Father and Mother shopping for all of us. It took quite some time to get all the shoes and suits picked out and fitted for the men, and then our wives received beautiful coats, also

picked out by Father and Mother. We received all these presents with a grateful heart and cherish those once in a lifetime experiences for eternity. These times will probably never come again.

In Sept. 1973 we again accompanied a German team of 40 members to participate in the "Day of Hope" campaign for Father's speech at Carnegie Hall in New York. On Sept. 21, 1973 I addressed a huge crowd gathered for our rally on Wall Street, inviting everyone to attend Rev. Moon's speeches in Carnegie Hall on Oct. 1, 2, and 3, 1973 on "God's Hope for Man," "God's Hope for America" and "The Future of Christianity." Tickets for those 3 nights were sold for \$3.00 by all team members.

This was the beginning of the 21-city tour, starting with the speeches in Carnegie Hall, New York on Oct. 1, 1973 until Jan. 29, 1974. With our Team #1 (all German members) we made preparations in the following cities for Father's appearance:

- 1) Boston, Mass.: John Hancock Hall, Oct. 16-18, 1973.
- 2) Dallas, Texas: Convention Center Theatre, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1973.
- 3) Omaha, Nebraska: Burke High School, Nov. 26-28, 1973.
- 4) Detroit, Michigan: Masonic Auditorium, Dec. 8-10, 1973
- 5) Tulsa, Oklahoma: Civic Center, Dec. 20-22, 1973.
- 6) San Francisco, Calif.: Scottish Rite Auditorium, Jan. 18-20, 1974.

In each city we had to prepare a banquet, meaning the proper facilities, selection of the food and providing the

decorations. But the most important part was of course to invite the representatives of society in those cities and to get their confirmation to attend the banquet. The most beautiful and successful banquet I remember was our banquet in San Francisco, in Jan. 1974, where the room was packed with 600 guests. We had the impressive ballroom, beautifully decorated with orchids under the guidance of our florist Walburga Huettenmeister Forrester, a German member, and all the attending ladies were delighted to be able to take home an orchid from this memorable occasion. The atmosphere was very warm and rousing ovations were given to our True Parents. I still remember, how happy Father and Mother were in San Francisco. After Father's last speech in San Francisco we celebrated with our True Parents, having a "McDonalds party".

From the mayors of each city and the surrounding communities as well, we received proclamations and keys to the city for our True Parents.

After our True Parents had successfully completed the 21 city tour in Los Angeles on Jan. 29, 1974 all the teams gathered in Washington, D.C. and on Jan. 30, 1974 a motorcade of more than 100 vans proceeded to Dulles Airport in Washington, D.C. where 2,000 members gave our True Parents a rousing welcome. Christel and I had the privilege to receive our Father and Mother on board a mobile lounge when they stepped off the plane. Even from the air our reception committee was an impressive sight as the captain announced over the intercom, prior to the landing, to all passengers to look

down onto the edge of the airfield where Rev. Moon's followers were gathered to receive Rev. and Lady Moon.

On Jan. 31, 1974 all members attended a rally in support of Pres. Nixon in Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House, where the President held the annual Prayer Breakfast.

In the evening of Jan. 31, 1974 at the National Directors Conference in Washington, D.C. Father announced his plans for the 32-city "Day of Hope" tour. Seven IOWC teams with seven commanders were set up by Father and we were appointed to lead Team #1 (70 members). This time we had to prepare the following cities:

- 1) Portland, Maine, Feb. 15 & 16, 1974.
- 2) Richmond, Virginia, March 1 & 2, 1974.
- 3) Indianapolis, Indiana, March 15 & 16, 1974.
- 4) Phoenix, Arizona, March 29 & 30, 1974.
- 5) Salt Lake City, Utah, April 12 & 13, 1974.

During these months I gave many interviews on TV in different cities and often had the opportunity to participate in radio talk shows for more than two hours. We again received many proclamations and declarations of "Honorary Citizenship" for Father and Mother. Wherever we went, we had to restore and finish centers to be able to receive our True Parents there, and several times we had to buy houses. Our team really worked hard for the restoration of America, but it was such a privilege for all of us to work directly with our True Parents for more than a year. We knew, we would have them with us

every two weeks and were completely focused on Father's mission and to serve our True Parents to the best of our ability. We felt their heavy burden, especially when we heard Father's desperate prayers for the salvation of each city for hours before each speech in his fierce battles with Satan. We were deeply concerned about Father's safety during his public appearances and always tried to keep troublemakers outside.

During the speech we were constantly alert for any kind of danger and were very happy and relieved only when Father and Mother had left the hall safely.

During those "Day of Hope" tours we had many beautiful experiences with our True Parents. Early one morning, the sun was shining brightly, we found Father and Mother out on the sidewalk in front of our center in Phoenix, Arizona, playing with Hyo Jin Nim's toy plane that Father had just repaired. It was a rare moment of relaxation for Father and Mother with their son. Ye Jin Nim and Hyo Jin Nim were on school vacation and joined our True Parents for a few weeks. Hyo Jin Nim, I remember, was full of energy, and after True Parents retired to their room after lunch, he came running in from the outside, banged against the door and disappeared again before Father could open the door. The second time he got away too. But the third time, before he really had a chance to knock, the door opened just a bit and a hand came out, grabbed Hyo Jin Nim by his hair and pulled him into the room. This really took him by surprise and it showed clearly on his face.

Another incident in Phoenix we'll never forget: Before

the night of the banquet Father decided to cut Hyo Jin Nim's hair. Everything was prepared outside in the back of the house, but Hyo Jin Nim didn't like the idea too well. He screamed at the top of his lungs, but that didn't do him any good. Father had determined to do it and went quietly to work, slowly but surely transforming his appearance. When the job was done, he really looked good.

On our way from Arizona to our next destination, Salt Lake City, Utah, we stopped at the Grand Canyon with our team to give everyone the opportunity to marvel at the beauty of God's creation. When it was time to leave we lingered on, our band playing still another song, and another one. We just couldn't bring ourselves to pick up and leave. All of a sudden Father and Mother appeared with Ye Jin Nim, Hyo Jin Nim, Mrs. Won Pok Choi and other members of their party. At first we were stunned, so complete was our surprise. But when we ran to receive them, Father said: "I knew you were here." Then it became quite clear why we couldn't leave. While all the other tourists wondered what was going on, our band played to honour our True Parents at this world famous spot. When they finally had to board the big touring bus, we gathered underneath their window and sang: "We'll Never Leave You Anymore." Suddenly Mother stretched her arm through the window handing me two one hundred dollar bills to treat the team. Instead of spending it on food we exchanged the bills into silver dollars to have a memento of this occasion. We were so deeply touched by the whole experience with our True Parents and the memory of this

occasion will always stay in our hearts.

After the successful completion of the 32-city tour in April 1974 Father divided the nation into 10 regions with five states in each region. We received Region No. 1 with the following states: California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Hawaii. We travelled with our team to each of those states, except for Hawaii, and worked with the state members to increase their membership. Yet our main focus was on Los Angeles, as instructed by Father. At that time we bought the beautiful mansion in Pasadena, named "West Garden" by our True Parents, Camp Mozumdar in the San Bernardino Mountains and the Huntington Drive property.

We also participated with our team in the "Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade" (Celebration of Life) in Oakland, Calif. on May 15, 16, and 17, 1974.

In preparation of Father's appearance in Madison Square Garden our team joined the other teams in Barrytown for training and planning of the campaign with Father. Each team was assigned a region of New York City to work in and invite people to attend Father's speech in the Garden on Sept. 18, 1974. Mr. Kamiyama and I shared the responsibility for the teams during this campaign. Many rallies were held to publicize Father's speech and I again had to address a large crowd during the Wall Street Rally on Sept. 12, 1974.

On Sept. 18, 1974 Father spoke to an overflow crowd at Madison Square Garden on the "New Future of Christianity". 20,000 people packed the Garden and thousands had to be turned

away. Our German Brass Band played before Father's appearance while we were guarding True Parent's dressing rooms, where Father fought a fierce battle in prayer hours before the speech. We were very concerned with Father's safety at that time and were greatly relieved when the speech was over and Father and Mother were safe. The event was a great success and after the speech we worked all night with our team, removing all the posters we had put up. Even the police were amazed about our clean up job. The next day, Sept. 19, 1974 we attended the victory celebration in Belvedere.

After the Madison Square Garden Campaign we returned with our team to our West Coast Region to begin preparations for Father's speeches in San Francisco and Los Angeles. It was quite an intensive campaign. We stayed with the team in a motel, rented a large office downtown and had many telephones installed. Hundreds of top level people were invited to attend the banquet and Father's speech. The "Day of Hope Banquet" was held at the Fairmont Hotel on Dec. 7, 1974 with over 1,300 guests attending. It was a very festive affair to honour our True Parents. The next day an overflow crowd of more than 5,000 people came to the historic San Francisco Opera House to listen to Father's speech, and a second auditorium had to be rented to accommodate all the people. About a dozen nearby cities issued proclamations and Ronald Reagan, at that time Governor of California, wrote a welcoming letter to Rev. Moon. Also, the city of Oakland proclaimed Dec. 9, 1974 as "Sun Myung Moon Day."

One more campaign in 1974 was to come in the city of Los Angeles. We again put much energy into preparations for this historic event. An incredibly warm spirited "Day of Hope Banquet" drew 1,700 guests at the Conrad Hilton Hotel and Father's address was received with standing applause. On Dec. 23, 1974 more than 2,500 guests came to hear Father speak at the Schubert Theatre, and an overflow crowd of more than 400 had to watch Father via closed circuit TV in another ballroom across the street. Many positive comments were heard from the banquet guests as well as from the audience at the speech. This was a glorious finale for Father's 8-city tour.

We ourselves had the privilege of attending our True Parents many times in Pasadena and in the VIP lounge of the Los Angeles Airport whenever they travelled back and forth from the U.S. to Korea. These were very intimate and precious meetings with Father and Mother. Once in Pasadena Father and Mother were so relaxed and happy. They sat with members of their party and us around the dining room table almost all night long, laughing and joking.

The time in Los Angeles was a very successful one. Within a short time we opened up centers in different suburbs of Los Angeles, such as Santa Monica, Long Beach, Hollywood, etc. and also in Santa Barbara. In downtown Los Angeles we found a large center and started with Divine Principle lectures in the Spanish language, as we attracted many people from the strong Mexican community there. Sylvia Candelaria was the main teacher for our Latin American members.

Our training center, "Camp Mozumdar" was always filled to capacity. Daily our vans took interested young people to our workshops in the mountains, where they took part in our various activities, outdoors as well as in the intensive Principle lectures. The unusual temple on our grounds was also a point of great interest. In those beautiful surroundings most of our guests accepted our True Parents and joined the movement. Heavenly Father really blessed our efforts and within 5 1/2 months we had 504 new members.

In February 1975 I was invited to Korea and attended the Blessing of 1,800 couples in Seoul on Feb. 8, 1975. Up to that time it was the largest wedding in history, where quite a number of our German members received True Parents' blessing.

From April 1-4, 1975 I attended Father's "Day of Hope" speeches in Pusan, his first public speeches in Korea. It was also my first visit to the Holy Ground in Pusan, where Father had prayed so many times and shed his tears for humanity.

On June 7, 1975 Christel and I were invited to attend the "World Rally for Korean Freedom" on Yoido Island, where I was chosen also to address the participating crowd of 1.2 million people. Representatives from 60 nations took part in the rally, a huge victory for our True Parents.

On July 3, 1975 Father and Mother gave us a farewell dinner at a Chinese restaurant in New York and sent us back to our mission in Germany. We arrived in Frankfurt on July 4, 1975.

In May 1976 we were called to New York to take part in the

"Day of Hope" campaign for Yankee Stadium. Every day we participated in the street cleaning programs, gave out thousands of handbills and attended rallies in New York City prior to Father's speech on June 1, 1976.

In Sept. 1976 we came to Washington, D.C. to work in the "Day of Hope" campaign for Father's speech at the Washington Monument on Sept. 18, 1976. Again we participated in all activities promoting the rally. On Sept. 18 I was in charge of supervising the activities on the Monument grounds where I was mainly concerned with Father's safety and making sure that all operations in connection with the rally went smoothly. By walkie-talkie I kept in constant contact with the other national leaders who I had placed in key positions to be on guard for any disturbances. It was such a wonderful sight to see people flocking to the grounds from all directions. 300,000 people came to see Father and hear him speak. The elaborate fire works lighting up the skies of Washington were a glorious finale for this day of great victory for God and our True Parents in America.

MY MISSION: SHIPBUILDING AND SEAFOOD INDUSTRY

IN ALABAMA

DEC. 11, 1977 - SEPT. 1, 1983

Little did I know what was going to happen when I entered the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco to attend the Science Conference in Nov. 1977. A change of mission didn't even cross my mind.

Early Sunday morning, Nov. 27, 1977 after the 5:00 a.m. Pledge service, Father called all the international leaders into a large room at the Fairmont Hotel for a conference. He immediately began to speak enthusiastically about the oceans, the seafood and shipbuilding industries. He projected his vision in regard to feeding the world, the millions of human beings suffering from starvation, by tapping the resources of the oceans. He talked about big ocean liners run by computers, many fleets of fishing vessels operated by our own members, and shipyards to be established in different places. As he concluded his inspiring talk he asked all of the leaders present from around the world (from Korea, Japan, Europe, U.S.A.) and others, to write on a piece of paper the name of a person, present at this meeting or somewhere in the world, who might be able to build up, direct and control such an industry.

Everyone got busy writing down one name and after awhile all the papers were collected. Then Col. Pak started reading the names out loud and to my greatest surprise my name came up

again and again. Hearing "Paul Werner, Paul Werner...." repeatedly gave me the chills and I just couldn't believe my own ears, that almost everyone named me to work in this new mission. Really, nothing was further from my own mind than even a thought in that direction, and at first it seemed that Father wasn't too anxious to proclaim right away, who would take over the mission. But after a few minutes his decision came in these words: "Paul, you go to Alabama immediately and start up with the shipbuilding industry". This sentence hit me like a hammer. It took me completely by surprise. I had already made plans in my mind for future activities upon my return to Germany, to bring about greater success. But the decision was made and my answer to Father was: "Yes sir, thank you" and from that moment on my mind was completely centred upon coming to America to begin my new mission.

Upon returning home from the Science Conference we had to act fast to take care of all the legal ends of the different businesses and associations I was involved in within the movement in Germany. It also happened that just at that time we had an interview at the American Embassy in Frankfurt concerning our permanent residency, which was granted. On Dec. 3, we very briefly said good bye to the German leadership assembled in our Training Centre in Camberg and I transferred my mission to Reiner Vincenz, who had been appointed by Father as my successor in Germany. Then Christel and I packed our suitcases and left for New York.

Upon our arrival in N.Y. on Dec. 4, 1977 I reported to

Father, ready for my new mission. But Father was very busy at the time and told me: "Paul, you have to learn to relax. Go to the movies, and as soon as I can I'll go down with you to Alabama", and he gave me \$500,--to relax. Well, those seven days of waiting in N.Y. were nerve wracking. I was sitting on pins and needles, and after watching 3 movies I couldn't take any more, even though \$500.00 would have paid for many more movies. Finally Col. Pak called me at the World Mission Centre to meet him at the airport. Since Father still had no time, Col. Pak and I took a plane to Alabama, where he introduced me to a certain shipbuilder who intended to sell his shipyard to us. Then he went back to N.Y.

Now I could understand why Father gave me the order to relax. Here we were, coming from industrialized and civilized Germany, bustling with activities, to this little fishing village of Bayou La Batre at the Gulf of Mexico, with a population of 2,500, surrounded by nothing but jungle in a sub-tropical climate. It felt like starting as a foreign missionary in an African country. The only industry was shipbuilding and seafood.

We were told that sometime ago Father had gone down to Alabama and had driven around in search of some waterfront property for a shipyard. He also drove through Bayou La Batre and decided to buy 700 acres of land with untouched jungle along the waterfront of the Bayou and the Gulf, for new shipyards.

We started our mission in Bayou La Batre on Dec. 11, 1977.

When we arrived we found a sister, Terry Brush Yamane in a small office, and a few brothers who started to cut down trees to build a road through the jungle of our property, leading to the waterfront. They lived in a little cottage, but there was no room for us. We couldn't find a place to rent and had to stay in a motel in Mobile for the first 2 weeks. Finally we found a beach house on Dauphin Island, about 25 km south east of Bayou La Batre. These cottages were summer houses for tourists and the whole area was deserted in wintertime. The cottage "Summer Wind" was located right at the beach built on stilts. The wind blew right through and underneath, and a few times all our water pipes were frozen because being a summer cottage it lacked insulation. Our first Christmas in Alabama was celebrated in this beach house. During the next hurricane in 1979 it was completely demolished and blown away.

At the time of our occupancy we experienced a terrible storm in this little cottage. During the night the ocean kept coming closer to our bedroom and the roaring sound of the pounding waves was really frightening. The roof of the house had a leak and the rain was so strong that the water kept dripping onto our bed. We decided to move to higher ground the next day, but by that time the water was already knee high in the streets. The car got flooded pretty fast and we had to push it for quite a distance. Finally we were towed over the bridge by a pick-up truck. We were so fortunate to get out when we did, because a few hours later the only bridge to the island was flooded and impassable for many days. By that time

we had just bought our first house for the members and were already looking for another house for True Parents. After this experience we intensified our search and in Feb. 1978 we found a modest but suitable place, moved in and prepared everything to receive our True Parents.

Besides being living bait for the myriads of mosquitoes in the jungle, difficulties sprang up everywhere. The Moonies were not wanted in this area, and 1,000 residents of the town staged a demonstration, with Senator Bob Glass as the main speaker. He was a real agitator against Father and the Moonies and wanted to run us out of town. The influential people in town formed a committee, the "Concerned Citizens of the South (CCS)" and succeeded in preventing the issuance of a permit to us for building a shipyard on our 700 acre property. In fact, we finally received this permit 4 1/2 years later.

In the meantime the women of Bayou La Batre became very aggressive and determined to stop our work. The educational standard is very low down there. Many people are illiterate but able to demonstrate. Equipped with walkie-talkies and shot guns, driving in old beat up cars around our property, they tried to block the entrance to our land and to stop our work. The animosity was so strong that the operators of our heavy equipment, e.g. bulldozers, were attacked with rifles. Fortunately no one was hurt, but we had to hire special security guards. Once our permit was denied, we had to stop work and I tried to find an alternative.

As always, when I begin a new mission, I was full of

energy and enthusiasm and wanted to turn the world upside down overnight. But coming to this remote, forsaken little town, it wasn't so easy to keep my composure. I realized immediately that there was no way to build a shipyard on those 700 acres. To fulfill my mission down there I had to buy an existing yard and began negotiations with Elmo Horton, who owned three shipyards on the Bayou. According to my standard, they were real junk yards, filled with piled up garbage and debris from the road to the Bayou, but I could see the potential. Because of all the negativity I couldn't meet him in his office, which was an incredibly filthy place. So our negotiations took place on a remote farm of his, in a horse stable around an old oil burner, concerning his three yards: Master Marine Inc., P. & H. Construction Co. and Master Craft repairs. Master Marine was Yard No. 1 with two slips for boat launching and a few buildings, but in a desolate, broken down condition. P. & H. Construction was Yard No. 2, a piece of land which could be used for the construction of five vessels at the same time. Yard No. 3, Master Craft Repairs, had two dry docks, the only ones in the Bayou, and other facilities and was being used for repairing vessels, e.g. hulls, engines, shafts, propellers, etc.. It took quite a few skillful negotiations to finalize the deal. Then we got lawyers involved to draw up the papers.

In the meantime we had to do something practical and started welding our first hull on a piece of land we rented on the outskirts of town. Later we transported the hull in

sections to Master Marine, where it was completed. This boat, the "Green Hope" was started under the most difficult circumstances.

On Feb. 1, 1978 we took over the three corporations with all assets and liabilities, and then the real mission began. I kept Elmo Horton as manager of the yards for some more months. Fortunately I have a back ground in business and engineering, but I didn't have any experience in shipbuilding. Before joining the family I was involved in steel construction, I learned about the different operations in a steel mill, worked in a metallurgical research laboratory and had experience in energy management, and management in general. Also, as I had mentioned earlier, I had my own construction company in Sacramento, Calif. before joining the Church.

The managerial part of the company was no problem for me. But because of all the negative publicity it was difficult to take over those shipyards without losing all the employees, since skilled workers were scarce in that area anyway. So the whole situation was rather delicate, and at first I couldn't even show my face in the yard. I just dropped by the office and tried to absorb as much as I could. After about two weeks the workers, we had about 75 at that time, got used to the fact, that Master Marine had been sold to the Moonies and gave it a try. By then I finally was able to walk into the yards and got more and more acquainted with the shipbuilding process itself.

Since the media kept the issue alive by spreading all

kinds of negative information in the newspapers and on radio and TV, the animosity towards the Moonies was tremendous. To ease the tension and secure the operation I raised the wages of our employees, which were very, very low even for Alabama standards, by \$1.00 an hour to prevent a walk-out. That, of course was well received, but great suspicion still prevailed.

My next move was bringing in crews of 10-20 Moonies to systematically clean up the yards step by step, starting with Yard No. 1, which was covered with mountains of junk, scrap iron and weeds that we couldn't see ground. The papers showed that Yard No. 1 consisted of 3 1/2 acres, but at that time only 3/4 of an acre was usable. So we went to work with two dump trucks and a crane. The trucks were carrying load after load of junk to a nearby dump from morning to night for about two weeks. We cleaned up systematically, ripped down old buildings, cut up old sunken boats and barges blocking the waterfront and removed them. Once our clean-up job was finished we had a shipyard of 3 1/2 acres and everyone was quite surprised, including Elmo Horton, the former owner.

We then began to bulkhead the waterfront with pilings and boards and built two new slips for boat launching. Now we have four slips and the capacity for building six vessels at the same time, while our predecessor only built one at a time. Also we cleared away all the weeds around the yard and put up a beautiful new fence with green and white panel weave. We then bought the adjoining property of 3/4 acres with a building for our first seafood operation on a smaller scale. We now

operated a good size shipyard. We also had a piece of property across the road from the main yard, just jungle. We cut down the brush and the trees and levelled the ground. This then gave us ample parking facilities for all our employees. We also opened up a canteen for our workers with Coke machines and free coffee for their lunch break. The canteen was air conditioned and furnished with tables and chairs. Before, they sat just anywhere around the yard on the ground during their lunch break. So our workers really appreciated this improvement.

By working day and night in all three yards we succeeded in our clean-up and restoration work, so much so, that the residents of our little town were quite eager to investigate what the Moonies were up to. On weekends they drove around our properties and were very impressed by the clean operations in our yards. Surprisingly enough other people in town got so inspired and started to clean up their own properties as well. Even in that respect our actions were very beneficial for the whole town.

On Dec. 11, 1978, exactly after one year to the day of the beginning of our mission in Bayou La Batre, we received Father, Mother, and Col. Pak on their first visit to the Bayou. Father and Mother inspected all the yards and Father gave some advice for further improvements. At that time Father also told me to give a Christmas bonus to all our employees. So we did, and it was very amusing to watch their reactions when the bonus checks of \$200 to \$300, plus a turkey were handed out before

Christmas. Some literally jumped for joy and some yelled out in surprise. The highest amount ever given out by other shipyards was \$15, or a ham, and these shipyard owners were not delighted at all by our action, but it was highly appreciated by our workers. The people of Bayou La Batre acknowledged that the Moonies share what they have with their employees, another plus point for us.

This mission was so different from all other missions I had before. I just came from Germany, leaving behind 82 centres and about a dozen businesses, but I was mainly involved in spiritual work. Now here we were, at the end of the world in a village in Alabama, confronted with a down to earth physical industry.

The Moonies who were sent down to Alabama were, for the most part, problem children in other missions. Leaders sent spiritually weak people to me with the reasoning, that they might be better off in a physical mission, which is of course the wrong assumption. The work in the Alabama shipyards is very hard, not even considering the climatic conditions, and to be able to survive requires great spiritual strength and absolute conviction and dedication to our True Parents.

So I determined to build up the inner strength of our members down there. We used our first house as our main centre and I gave internal guidance talks every night for many hours. We grew together as a harmonious family, working hard in our mission to create a solid foundation for further industrial development.

In our first year of operation we had already built 11 vessels: shrimp trawlers, scallop and fish boats. At the same time we began to build up our own fishing fleet. Our first boat was a wooden trawler, the "Sea Pearl" and the second one a steel boat, the "Blue Seas". To process our catches we used the small seafood plant on the newly acquired property next to Yard No. 1. In August 1978 we bought an unloading tank and restored and activated two small freezers. That was our first seafood operation.

During that time we bought four more residences at bargain prices for our members, because we had to accommodate more couples.

In March 1979 the largest seafood plant in Bayou La Batre, located on a choice waterfront property, which was in chapter 11 (bankrupt) for quite some time, was auctioned off. This was a rare opportunity for us and we acquired it for a bargain price. Many people in the area were anxious to get this plant and were rather envious of the Moonies. Included in the sale were not only the seafood facilities with unloading tanks and 450 feet of docking space for boats, but also a large ice-plant and a fuel station for ships. We were deeply grateful to Heavenly Father for this gift and started up at once with the clean-up and restoration job. The gigantic ice-makers in the ice-plant had to be repaired and the electrical installations for the four big freezers overhauled. All our members worked with so much joy restoring these facilities and we could see the great potential for further developments in the seafood

industry at this most beautiful location in all of Bayou La Batre. This was the beginning of "I.O.E." (International Oceanic Enterprises Inc. of Alabama). This plant turned out to be a great blessing and a gold mine for our industry down there.

Since our members worked so hard day and night in the incredible heat (workers inside the boats had to be changed almost every hour) we needed a recreation facility for them. People who wanted to sell their property, now called us up first, offering it to us because in the meantime we gained such a good reputation and were well respected and trusted in the community. In the spring of 1979 we were offered a piece of grassland with some pine trees on the outskirts of town, eight acres of beautiful rolling hills with a small house and a house trailer on it. We bought it and installed a large swimming pool with separate dressing rooms for boys and girls and barbeque facilities for picnics. On weekends and even in the evenings after a hard days work members went over for a quick swim before doing home church work. On special holidays we had our outings there, but for longer meetings it was usually too hot outside. One blessed couple lives there permanently and guards and takes care of the property.

On July 6, 1979 our Father, accompanied by Rev. Won Pil Kim, Rev. Byong Ho Kim and Col. Han, visited Bayou La Batre for a second time. We only had a few hours notice and therefore hardly any time for preparations. Of course we wanted to serve them best in every way and had to really rush to be ready.

Immediately after their arrival we had dinner and then Father wanted to see the shipyards and of course I.O.E., our seafood plant. He inspected the boats under construction and suggested little changes here and there to make the boats even more attractive.

Our seafood plant, I.O.E., was in operation for only a few months then, but Father seemed very happy with the progress.

A short time later we had the privilege to receive Hyo Jin Nim, Heung Jin Nim, Rev. Kwak and Mr. Peter Kim at the Mobile airport. They toured I.O.E. and the yards and looked at the boats under construction. We felt it was very interesting for them to see our operations and the development of the shipbuilding as well as the seafood industry down there.

In Sept. 1979 we bought shipyard No. 4 in Moss Point, Mississippi, just across the border from Alabama. It was a peninsula of 26 acres with an office and supply building located on a deep water channel connected with the Gulf of Mexico at Pascagoula. The depth of the water there was 36 feet and suitable for the launching of large vessels, up to 300 feet in length.

The purchase was a real bargain, since the former owner was in financial difficulties. However it was a low lying area and usually flooded in the springtime when the flood gates were opened in the north. After purchasing the yard our dump trucks kept bringing in fill dirt for many days, and we raised the entire peninsula up three feet. Then we bulkheaded the water line and built three launching pads, strong enough for

vessels up to 300 feet in length, driving many pilings deep into the ground.

Next we installed a huge platen for welding and fitting of the boats and built new carpenter, pipe, and electrical shops. We really worked hard to get the facilities ready for the construction of large vessels, e.g. oil supply boats, barges, trawlers, etc.

In the meantime we purchased three other used trawlers as addition to our own fleet: the "Thomas Michael", the "Commanche", and "Miss America I".

We were all working very hard and everything looked promising. The financial situation was sound and profitable and everything was stabilized, including the labor force, and that took quite a bit of diplomacy, and of course a raise in wages. While all the workers were ready to walk out in the beginning when they found out who purchased Master Marine, they were quite content and happy now. At that time we disengaged from the former owner, Elmo Horton and we now managed our shipyards alone. We had many orders for new boats and the yards were humming with activity.

All was well, so it seemed, while the greatest calamity we could ever imagine was developing over the Gulf of Mexico, in the form of hurricane "Frederick". For days we anxiously followed the coordinates of his path, hoping he would diminish or change his direction, but still we prepared everything for the worst. The windows of all our houses were boarded up with plywood, all bathtubs were filled with water and emergency

supplies of food and other necessary items like flashlights, batteries, portable radios, etc. were bought.

As far as the shipyards and the seafood plant was concerned, the preparations were just enormous. More than 100 welding machines were disconnected, loaded up and taken out of town to higher ground. Likewise the heavy machinery, like cherry pickers, bulldozers and cranes were driven out to a safe location. At that time we had four carpenter shops, electrical, machine and paint shops in operation on the yard, filled with machinery and equipment. All the machinery was hoisted to the ceiling or taken out to a safer place.

At that time we had many boats under construction on land, placed in their cradles. To prevent them from tumbling over we had to cut big holes into the hulls of the ships so that the rain water from the tremendous downpours accompanying a hurricane had a chance to drain out.

We used hundreds of yards of rope in tying up the boats to prevent them from being swept away by a tidal wave. Our own fleet, consisting of 10 boats by that time, had to be secured also. It was a race against time.

At I.O.E. everything had to be secured as well. But the biggest task was emptying the freezers. Thousands of pounds of frozen seafood had to be loaded into our freezer trucks to be taken to higher ground or it would have spoiled. The loss would have been enormous.

To be on the safe side we sent our children and their mothers to Atlanta. Later we learned that about 500,000 people

from the Alabama coastal area had been evacuated to safe shelters.

On Sept. 12, 1979 it was clear that the hurricane was headed right towards Bayou La Batre. We found out later that this area is know as "hurricane alley". All our boys found refuge in a farm house near Father's house, and we stayed with all the girls in Father's house to wait out the hurricane. . By then the weather station predicted that the eye of the hurricane was centred upon Bayou La Batre and Mobile, Alabama. Yet we still didn't really know what to expect.

In late afternoon the downpour started and the wind got stronger and stronger. Soon it was pitch dark and the electricity turned on and off. Finally the lights and the . telephone were out for good. The storm had already snapped the power lines. After midnight, on Sept. 13, my birthday, hurricane "Frederick" hit land in the Bayou and in Mobile in full force with 120 miles per hour. Since our house had no basement because of the high ground-water level we all huddled in the hallway when the storm roared outside with all its fury. It sounded like a train speeding through the house for hours on end. The trees outside took a terrible beating as nature unleashed unbelievable forces. After a few hours there was a sudden calmness signifying that the eye of the hurricane was right above us. But within half an hour the roaring started again and the storm was worse than before. For all of us this night was an unforgettable experience. In the morning it was all over, and when we first went outside, the devastation

everywhere was unbelievable. The trees, which withstood the onslaught, were completely gray without any leaves. The carport had crashed down on the cars and a tornado had cut down a dozen big pine and oak trees in our back yard like match sticks. It was an awesome sight realizing that our lives had been spared because that tornado missed our house by just a few yards. Heavenly Father really heard our prayers and gave us protection. At the farm house we found our boys well and healthy, after getting a few trees out of the way to reach the house. We all were so grateful to our Heavenly Father that all of us survived this terrible storm.

To get into the Bayou by car was still impossible at that time. The whole area was declared a disaster area and the national guard was on hand already to prevent looting. What we encountered there was even more devastating. It looked just like a battlefield. Big trees chopped off six feet above ground, or toppled, roofs of houses hanging in the trees, house trailers upside down, debris everywhere, businesses demolished, and the situation looked completely hopeless. As we waded knee deep in mud and water, people passed us like in a daze, shaking their heads in disbelief. Of course we were anxious to see what our shipyards looked like, expecting the worst. Of course, all fences were down and the buildings damaged but still intact. Everything was covered with one foot of black, oily mud. It was a big mess. The supply room looked like a battlefield. Everything was washed off the shelves and was covered with that oily scum. To our relief the offices,

located upstairs, were still in good shape. Only parts of the roof were blown off.

The dry dock area was terribly battered. We had sunk the two dry docks to prevent damage from the tidal wave caused by the hurricane. But the high waters had swept in so much sand that they were sitting lopsided on the ground and in order to use them again we had to dredge the harbor for many days. The dock area itself was covered with mountains of debris and the building was damaged very badly. Looking at the situation there, everything seemed so hopeless. We didn't even know where to begin with our "restoration".

Looking at Yard No. 2 the situation was rather comical. In addition to our own boats under construction we found an extra vessel, a new shrimpboat on our yard. The hurricane had given us a present. Of course we later returned it to its rightful owner, who had some trouble getting it into the water again.

At I.O.E. the high winds had damaged parts of the roof and scattered debris everywhere. But since we had emptied our freezers the seafood was saved. We tried to sell our inventory quickly because there was no electricity to run the plant.

At headquarters the water swept through the house and our meeting hall. All the carpets had to be replaced, and in the kitchen cabinets we found dead fish swept in from the Bayou.

In nearby Coden the floodwaters had lifted a shrimp boat, under construction in a nearby shipyard, out of the water and parked it right on the street. Everybody just stared at it in

disbelief. The power of nature is really awesome.

Even though everything looked so hopeless we immediately began with our clean up operation. To get some electricity we rented two big generators in Louisiana, one for Yard No. 1 and one for I.O.E. Fortunately our artesian well on the yard was still functioning and people from all over the Bayou came to get drinking water.

In Father's house was no electricity and therefore no water, since the pump for the well wasn't running, and no refrigeration and air conditioning for the next two weeks. In the front and back yards the chainsaws were screeching for days, cleaning the property from all the broken trees.

At noontime, on Sept. 13, it was quite hot again and since all the powerlines were down everywhere, the food in the refrigerators began to spoil. The people in the Bayou were desperate for ice and stood in line at I.O.E. To this day these people never forget that the Moonies emptied their ice house and gave away free ice, when everybody was in greatest need, while other seafood plants in the area charged high prices.

After the initial shock caused by the destruction everywhere our family went right to work. Our share of the damage was about \$350,000 and it takes awhile to recover from a loss like that. None of us will ever forget hurricane "Frederick" and we certainly hope never to get hit by another storm like that, but even through this experience nature taught us valuable lessons.

In 1979 Father also gave me the responsibility for our seafood operations in Gloucester, Massachusetts and Norfolk, Virginia. During that time we invested a great deal of our resources in the construction of a new unloading dock and other improvements in Gloucester. At the same time Father initiated the "World Tuna Tournament" and appointed me Chairman . Our first "World Tuna Tournament" took place in August, 1980 in Gloucester, Mass. The first three winners of the contest received cash prizes of \$100,000--in total. Many international leaders from around the world as well as ocean church members took part in the tournament. But most significantly of all, our True Parents pioneered the tuna fishing venture in Gloucester. For many years Father braved the seas and went tuna fishing in that area, always with the best results. Father was always the first out at sea, during the tournament as well. It was such an overwhelming experience for all of us to see the "New Hope" pull out from the dock at 4:00 a.m. while all of us followed Father's boat in a long procession. Sleep was extremely scarce during those two weeks. Father sometimes talked to us until 1:00 a.m. and was out again at 3:30 a.m. It was just incredible for us to witness how he pushed his body with his tremendous willpower. He must have been dead tired. I know, we all were exhausted but happy to be around our True Parents everyday. Needless to say, Father's boat was the most successful and was able to return to port early in the afternoon after he caught his two tunas, the quota for one day. Naturally, being the best fisherman, Father's boat won first

prize in that tournament. The tunas caught were measured and weighed by an outside judge.

The second "World Tuna Tournament" in 1981 took place without Father, as he was travelling in Europe at that time. Morning Garden seemed empty and so was the "New Hope". True Parents were missing everywhere. But our brothers and sisters in the fleet of our "Good Go" boats worked very hard and won the first two prizes and tied with an outside person for the third prize.

On January 3, 1980 we were very happy to greet our Japanese brothers and sisters, Pres. and Mrs. Kuboki, Mr. and Mrs. Oyamada, Mr. and Mrs. Kamiyama, Mr. and Mrs. Furuta and Mr. and Mrs. Sakurai in the Bayou. After touring the yards and I.O.E. we had a few enjoyable hours together at Father's house.

On May 4, 1980 Father and Mother made their third visit to Bayou La Batre, this time with a large entourage: Rev. Kwak, Col. Han, Mrs. Onni Durst, Mrs. Mal Sook Lee and several State Leaders. Immediately upon their arrival Father wanted to see the yards. Father always strives for perfection and explained how to make a boat more attractive and also gave technical advice. Even though he might have been pleased with our operations down there, each time he came, he told us how to do a better job. By now we had four shipyards, one netshop, one seafood plant, an ice plant, a fuel plant and a fleet of fishing vessels. In addition there was our boat repair operation in Nigeria. Quite a development had taken place and I had to take care of all these corporations. Of course I flew

to New York many times to report to Father and tried to fulfill my mission down there to the best of my ability. Many decisions had to be made day by day. To be able to build large vessels we needed heavier equipment, e.g. two 150 ton cranes with a boom extending 220 feet, many cherry pickers, bulldozers and dump trucks. We also had our construction crew, several carpenter shops, electrical, plumbing, machine and paint shops as well as engineering offices. To take care of all the paper work we had three office buildings. All in all we were set up quite well.

The summers down there are always very, very hot, around 90-100 degrees Fahrenheit, with high humidity. That makes working on the boats very hard, since the steel absorbs the heat. In the summertime therefore, our first shift started very early in the morning to utilize the relatively cooler hours of the day. During the winter months we experienced a lot of rain and thunderstorms, at times quite severe, where tornadoes could hit at any moment. Our members really persevere and work hard in their missions down there.

Sometimes we had our small calamities where three of our boats ran aground on different occasions. Unfortunately one of them was totally lost and our members were picked up by helicopters.

Once I myself almost got lost at sea. I took four members with me out into the Gulf on the Mako-boat. The sea was relatively calm, but when we came to a certain point we were hit by 6-8 foot waves. The water came into the boat, seeped

into the battery compartment and cut off the engine. For that reason our emergency engine on board couldn't be activated either. Here we were, drifting in the Gulf of Mexico without power, at the mercy of the elements and soaked wet. The waves came crashing into the boat, filling it with water up to our knees. The only solution we could think of was to use our canvas roof as a sail. Luckily the direction of the wind was in our favor and slowly but surely we were swept to shore at the tip of Dauphin Island. In the meantime, since many hours had past and it got dark, my wife alarmed the coast guard. We could see the coast guard helicopter over head, scanning the sea square by square in search of our boat. In addition, some speed boats with bright spot lights joined in the search, but they didn't spot us. By the time we set foot on the island, we were soaked wet, shaken up and stiff from the elements, but grateful to be alive. The island, devastated a few weeks earlier by the hurricane, was completely deserted. All the summer cottages were destroyed and there was no telephone connection anywhere. After walking for several hours we were found by some rangers and taken to an overnight shelter in one of the damaged houses. Also my wife was informed that we were safe. At 6:00 a.m. the next morning a navy vessel brought us to Bayou La Batre where our odyssey came to a happy end.

After our recovery from the hurricane we had Yard No. 4 all set up for the construction of large oil supply vessels, since they were in great demand in the Gulf region. When Father and Mother, accompanied by Heung Jin Nim, In Jin Nim, Col. Han, Mr.

Jong Yung You and Mr. Steve Kim, visited us again, we had two of these oil supply vessels and a large barge under construction and the yard was bustling with activities. True Parents arrived late in the evening and after dinner Father spoke to us for several hours about new ventures and expansion of our industries. We were so privileged to have our True Parents and the True Children with us so many times and to be able to be so close to them. But each time we regretted that the accommodations we had to offer were too modest. Even though Father retired at about 1:00 a.m. he wanted to have breakfast at 6:00 a.m.. But even before 6:00 he rushed out of the house to inspect the yards. Being December it still was pitch dark outside and by the time we reached Yard No. 4 it began to rain. We turned on all the flood lights in the yard and Father and Mother inspected the boats under construction, giving advice and asking questions. We then proceeded to the other yards and to I.O.E. This being one day before Christmas eve, we were busy unloading all the boats that came home to the Bayou for the holidays. Our True Parents, the True Children and the other guests watched the unloading of a boat with jumbo shrimp with great interest. Also they went through all the freezers and inspected the inventory. Father is not just a religious leader but well versed in technology as well. We were always very happy and honored to receive our True Parents and even though we tried our best and achieved many things, there was always room for improvements. Therefore their coming also meant judgement as well.

Yet the economy is full of surprises. Everything was in full swing, but from experience we know the next crisis is just around the corner. All our yards were busy and at I.O.E. the turnover was just enormous. Only six of our own members worked at I.O.E., while we employed about 100 people from the outside. In all our industries down there combined we had about 500 employees on the payroll. In our offices was just no room for expansion and to accommodate the accounting and engineering departments in particular, we had to construct a new office building across the street from Yard No. 1. We cleared away the jungle and erected a large building with an adjacent parking lot for our employees.

We had great plans for future developments. In 1981 I travelled to Bahrain, Columbia, Suriname, and Brazil to open up new markets for our boats. We had built 30-40 vessels for Suriname and Brazil already. In 1981 we sold one boat to Nigeria, and in January 1982 my wife and I travelled to Nigeria to get new contracts. We then sent a repair crew to Lagos, Nigeria, as the fishing fleet there was in sad condition and in desperate need to be repaired. Our crew operated there for about a year and a half. To get contracts for the construction of new vessels was no problem, but economic and monetary conditions were chaotic due to corruption everywhere, especially in government circles. Even though it was possible to make some money in that country, there was no way to get it out. I went to Nigeria four times and finally recalled our crew and as it turned out, just in time before the next coup.

On my next trip to Suriname I wasn't so fortunate. While I was still in the country, a coup took place and a communist regime came to power. Upon entering the airport lobby I was immediately surrounded by young soldiers who let me know quite clearly, that I wouldn't be going any place. My every move was watched and I just looked for some chance to quietly disappear. It so happened that my luggage never reached Suriname and I therefore only carried my briefcase. At a given moment, while my guards were preoccupied with something else, I slipped away to the washroom and then to the airline counter. I showed my return ticket but was told that there was no way to get out. Suddenly out of nowhere, so it seemed, a man appeared next to me and told the girl behind the counter: "Give that man a ticket"! I was quite shocked, in a positive way of course, and before I could even turn around to thank him, my benefactor had disappeared. I took the next plane out, and via Aruba and Curacao I finally reached Miami and then Mobile. To this day I never found out where this man came from. God truly works in mysterious ways.

The oil industry was booming at that time and there was a great demand for oil supply vessels in the Gulf of Mexico. As we had built two of these large ships already, Yard No. 4 was set up for the construction of these boats and we expected great success in this venture. But overnight the worldwide oil glut came about and plunged the whole oil industry into the greatest crisis. The American oil companies discontinued their drilling operations in the Gulf of Mexico and other areas and

cancelled all contracts. Hundreds of oil supply vessels were idle and all new construction was suspended. The economic loss for the industries around the Gulfcoast was immense, and one shipyard after another was affected by this disaster. Out of 36 shipyards in Bayou La Batre only three yards stayed in business, and we were among the survivors. The following recession raised interest rates sky high. We ourselves had to pay 23% interest for loans. To stay in business under these conditions is more a miracle than anything else. Fishermen couldn't catch enough seafood to pay the mortgage on their boats, plus the high costs for oil. It didn't even pay for them to go out anymore. That brought the demand for new fishing vessels down to zero, and even now by 1985 this picture hasn't changed much. To stay in operation we concentrated on large repair jobs, such as the "Sally P", a 120 foot oil supply vessel, which sank after colliding with an oil tanker, almost cut in half. Three people lost their lives in that mishap. After it was salvaged and put on a barge, we took the job to repair the ship with good profit. By that time we only kept a skeleton crew on the yard. When we were finished the boat looked like new and we became well known for the excellence of our work. A short time later we got a similar job. A 130 foot diving support vessel, "Mr. Offshore" was involved in a collision, sank and was salvaged, and we totally restored this ship also.

As far as our members in the shipbuilding and seafood industries in Alabama and Mississippi are concerned, they

really developed spiritually as well as in their working skills. Our brothers on the boats became good captains, first mates and experienced deck hands, mastering many difficult challenges on the high seas. They are well known and respected by the other fishermen because of their discipline, dependability and capability to catch large amounts of fish and shrimp.

Many outside boats unload regularly at I.O.E. and get their ice and fuel there, because we have the reputation of being fair, honest and dependable. It is a very successful business.

The brothers in the shipyards are well experienced in all aspects of shipbuilding and capable of supervising the yards, while their wives in the different offices are handling the paperwork in a very professional manner.

All in all, today we are well established and respected as part of the community. Three of our members belong to different departments of the city council and many of the townspeople are employed in our businesses and therefore "eat our bread". Through our home church activities we also raised the spiritual standard of the community and many of our home church contacts are praying for us. Without Father's move to start the shipbuilding and seafood industries down there, Bayou La Batre might very well be a ghost town by now.

In a conference in East Garden at the end of August 1983 Father changed my mission and sent me to Canada and Martin Porter from Canada to Alabama to continue my mission down

there. The change of missions took place on Sept. 1, 1983.

Although I had been a businessman for most of my life, my experiences in the shipbuilding and seafood industries in Alabama during those six years were of great impact and importance for my personal education and development. I could really expand my knowledge in the fields of management, administration, technic, and engineering, and I would like to express my gratitude for this opportunity to our Heavenly Father and to our True Parents. We never know what Father has in store for us, where our next mission may lead us and what experience is required to fulfill it.

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MY MISSION IN CANADA: SEPTEMBER 1, 1983 - PRESENT

While attending a Leader's Meeting in August 1983 in Belvedere I got the surprise of my life. After being responsible for our shipbuilding and seafood industry in Alabama for almost six years Father changed my mission and gave me the responsibility for Canada. It was such an enormous change from primarily business oriented work to an almost exclusive spiritual mission as well as in regard to the extremely different climatical conditions. To us it felt like coming from the equator to the north pole and our bodies had to really cope with the change in climate and adjust to it.

Within three days we had wrapped up all the necessary changes regarding the business transactions and transferred everything to my successor, Martin Porter. Up to that time Rev. and Mrs. Porter had been the National Leader of Canada. On Sept. 1, 1983 we arrived in Toronto where the Porters then transferred their mission to us. This was the first time ever that we didn't start as pioneers, but took over an already established family, which is quite a peculiar situation.

On Saturday night, Sept. 3, 1983 a strange thing happened outside the center in Toronto. At about 11:00 pm that night we suddenly heard some shots and as I investigated the situation, we found three people shot on the sidewalk right in front of our door. It was quite shocking, since Martin had assured us that Toronto was very safe, even at night. Within a short time

the police came and immediately cordoned off our Headquarters, closing all entrances to our center. As it turned out, people who came to attend our Sunday morning service were not allowed to get in, nor was anyone of us permitted to leave the house before the police had completed their investigation on Sunday afternoon. They found out that rival groups of Chinese and Vietnamese youth had confronted each other in a gun battle outside the center. It was truly a unique inauguration.

For our first meeting on Sept. 4, 1983 we called all Canadian members, except the MFT, to Toronto, where I talked to the family for seven hours. On Sept. 5, 1983, as part of our training program, we began a 40-day condition of intense street witnessing to win new A-members. During the time of this condition 350 guests visited the center and attended DP lectures. Everyone of them heard the conclusion. After all the guests left in the evenings, I talked to the members for a few hours on internal guidance, answering their questions and solving problems encountered during the day while witnessing to people. Also during that time we developed a very intensive prayer life. Everyone had a deep longing to meet God and we were drawn into our little chapel to talk to Him every morning and evening, sometimes into the morning hours. Many members had profound experiences with our Heavenly Father and True Parents and many tears were shed for the restoration of this nation.

During that time we also visited our members in Montreal and Vancouver, and reorganized the MFT.

On Sept. 26, 1983 Christel and I had the privilege to attend the inauguration of the Washington Times Building by our True Parents, and most of all we could spend the evening with our True Parents, the True Children and other leaders. It was an overwhelming experience to see True Parent's accomplishments recognized by many well-known, public dignitaries.

On Oct. 15, 1983 we began our second 40-day witnessing campaign and had 340 guests during that time attending lectures on the Divine Principle and Father's life story, yet only a few responded by committing their lives to God. Again I spoke to the members for hours every night to inspire and elevate them. It was wonderful to see their hearts opening to God in prayer and to see their dedication and determination to win many souls for the salvation of this nation.

After the completion of our fundraising condition on Dec. 24, 1983, all Canadian members met in Toronto for a 7-day workshop. We had a most blessed time together, focusing on our Heavenly Father, True Parents, and the truth. One day was spent at our deer farm in Clearstone, where everyone enjoyed the beauty of God's winter wonderland, even though it was bitter cold. After the God's Day celebration everyone was eager to return to their mission fields to give to people what they had received from God. Christel and I then went to New York to be with our True Parents on this historical day and participated in Heung Jin Nim's Seung Wha Ceremony. After the official ceremony, where our True Parents and the True Children and all leaders present honored Heung Jin Nim, before he was

taken to Korea, we also took part in an all night prayer vigil. We'll never forget the deeply moving ceremony, conducted by our True Parents with so much dignity, even though their hearts were torn, offering their second son as a sacrifice and elevating him to the highest realm in spirit world.

Meanwhile, on Jan. 2, 1984 our third 40-day witnessing condition began and on Jan. 4, 1984 we sent three members (Tom and Constance Weller, and Peter Hume) to Korea to represent Canada at Heung Jin Nim's Seung Wha Ceremony and to participate in the VOC campaign for seven million members in Korea. The goal was achieved and our members returned in May 1984.

On Jan. 10, 1984 we began a 40-day prayer chain condition in the Toronto Center for 24 hours a day. Also at that time we printed and distributed CARP leaflets at the University of Toronto and Ryerson Campus daily, under the theme: "Never Communism". At lunch time we presented video tapes at the universities about our activities and many students watched them with great interest to the dismay of the communists on campus, who interfered violently several times. During that time we talked to about 600 students.

On Feb. 20, 1984 Christel and I were invited to attend the double wedding of In Jin Nim with Jin Sung Nim and Heung Jin Nim with Hoon Sook Nim, and had the privilege to be among the 12 attending couples. At the wedding banquet for the two couples in the evening I was asked to give the invocation. Deep down in our hearts we felt the significance of this day.

On April 8, 1984 we began a 40-day drive for Associate

members, with a goal of 1,200. Everyone witnessed very intensely, mainly on the streets and also door to door, and signed up 1,600 associate members. We exceeded our goal by 400.

During that time we also distributed 1,200 copies of Divine Principle Books, Level 4, at high schools, universities and in front of city halls in three cities simultaneously: Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver.

On May 11, 1984 Christel and I, along with two members set out by car to visit all major cities in the western part of the nation on our way to Vancouver, and in June we saw the eastern provinces. It is such a vast country, and during those two trips we covered 13,000 km, 1,000 km per day.

Upon returning from New York and a conference with our True Parents after the celebration of the "Day of All Things", May 31, 1984, we began our second 40-day drive for associate members, to reach the 4,000 mark. Our family prayed very much and was determined and extremely active to achieve the goal. It was a wonderful spirit of team-work and the joy was great when we counted the new members each evening. When our condition ended on July 31, 1984 we had a total of 4,300 associate members. Everyone of them receives the "Unification News" each month and a number of them also get "Today's World". We invest much money and energy into providing these associate members with Divine Principle material, but through these activities our public image changed considerably.

When we received the news that the U.S. Supreme Court refused to accept Father's case and that he would have to enter Danbury prison on July 20, 1984, we and our whole family were very indignant at the American judicial system for subjecting our Father to this kind of treatment. On July 19, we went to New York to be with Father, Mother, and the True Children on these last two days before Father's incarceration. Instead of being with his family Father conferred with the leaders until the last moment. For us it was heartbreaking to watch Mother and all the children bow before him and kiss him goodbye, one by one. One last picture was taken and Father rushed outside to talk to the members, who had come from the New York area to see him off with big banners and signs. We wanted so much to comfort our True Parents, but they were the ones who encouraged us. We pledged in our hearts to do our best in our mission, and so did our members. Everyone is deeply committed and anxiously awaiting the time of Father's release. We also participated in the two-hour prayer vigil for Father's safety.

In August 1984 we began recontacting our associate members, inviting them to the center for more studies.

We also established the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom and began to visit ministers, inviting them to our first meeting on Oct. 9, 1984. On Nov. 19, 1984 we had our second Ad Hoc Committee meeting. 40 ministers attended each meeting.

On Sept. 10, 1984 we began another 40-day witnessing

condition which ended on Oct. 21, 1984. Beginning Sept. 12, 1984 we had interdenominational prayer meetings every Wednesday night in Toronto and Montreal. Associate members and also parents of our members as well as members from other churches attended and were very inspired. They usually stayed for refreshments afterwards and we could share about God and the Divine Principle. We also gave 1-day seminars for our guests on Saturdays. In addition we held 7 and 21-day seminars for members and guests.

September 1984 also marked the beginning of our N.C.C.S.A. activities (now I.C.U.S.A.) in Toronto. We solicited companies for surplus food and distributed it to needy churches.

In Oct. 1983 we acquired our second farm and upon Father's request, started breeding chinchillas, in Oct. 1984, after investing some time and money to accommodate them. They are very sensitive animals and require a certain temperature, meaning we had to install a heating system for the wintertime and air-conditioning for the summer. They are also most content listening to classical music.

All through the year we visited the other centers and our teams quite frequently, and our members were always eager to hear news about our Father. When we heard, that Father could come home for God's Day, we were all so happy. Over Christmas all our members met in Toronto for a workshop and God's Day celebration. Christel and I had the privilege to receive Father in East Garden when he came home on furlough from Danbury, on Dec. 31, 1984. Everyone was so happy and excited

to see Father again after such a long time. He looked well and healthy and was enthusiastic and inspiring as always, full of new plans and ideas. When we called home, everyone was eager to hear about our experiences with True Parents.

Unfortunately at the same time two of our members were kidnapped and deprogrammed. We also had a bomb threat, which we took very seriously.

In January 1985 we opened up new centers in Quebec City and Hamilton, and all centers received video machines, some of them portable, to be carried to the ministers to show the tapes.

Upon Father's request we immediately began visiting the clergy in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Hamilton and Vancouver on Jan. 2, 1985, distributing Father's gift of 3 video tapes and a Level 4 book. In the meantime we visited more than 1,000 ministers in these cities and the response was very good. 80% of the ministers were positive and many of them expressed their indignation at the treatment of Rev. Moon by the U.S. government.

In 1984 and 1985 many Divine Principle lectures were given at different universities in Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton drawing good response. Also PWPA conferences were held.

On April 4, 1985 we again had the privilege to receive Father at East Garden on Easter furlough from Danbury. It made us so happy and grateful to see Father, Mother and the True Children happily united again. Father was so busy meeting many groups of leaders and important dignitaries, attending to

his world wide mission until the early morning hours, again spending hardly any time with the True Family.

Now, everyone is looking forward to Father's homecoming in August, and we are all working hard visiting ministers, witnessing in the streets or in our home church areas, on MFT's, and our farms, to bring this nation back to God.

During the last few months I had the opportunity to write three books on internal guidance, approximately 300 pages each, under the following titles:

- 1) Heaven Down to Earth
- 2) In Harmony with the Eternal
- 3) Tapping the Unlimited Reservoir

Looking back on all those years, we have come a long way and are grateful for all the precious experiences with our Heavenly Father, our True Parents, and so many members, now scattered all over the world. We have only one regret, not to have served God and our True Parents better. There is still much to be done in this gigantic task of restoring this fallen world back to God, and we certainly pledge our unconditional support and dedication to our True Parents on earth and in heaven.

RELFECTIONS

When I think about the fact that Father, the most righteous man on the face of the earth, has been sent to prison and is still there, while we are free to go about our mission, my indignation and anger is almost impossible to contain. That this injustice happened not behind the iron curtain but right here in the United States is still unbelievable. There was no wrongdoing in the first place, and to subject Father to a jury trial was clearly an act of persecution. Since I myself was called by the prosecution to testify in the trial, I experienced first hand the dilemma of that event. How was it possible to get a decisive verdict from a jury, consisting of ordinary members of our society, completely ignorant of the complex laws concerning money matters and taxes? I wouldn't want to be in the shoes of Father's accusers when they find out, what they did, like Judas at Jesus' time. For years this case dragged on, hampering Father's mission, and when the news of the Supreme Court decision reached us on our way across Canada to the west coast, we were stunned, that so much injustice was possible in the United States, but we still hoped that Father wouldn't have to go.

When it became clear, that the verdict was upheld, we went to New York to be with Father, Mother, and the True Children in East Garden on the last two days before Father had to enter

Danbury. We will never forget these historical two days and the anguish and agony of the True Family. Father spent almost all his time with the leaders of the movement, encouraging everyone and giving instructions for the mission. It was especially heartbreaking to see Mother and all the children bow down before Father for the last time and kiss him good-bye. Then Father rushed out to greet the members who had assembled from the New York area with big banners and signs to see him off. He spoke to the last minute, and when his car pulled out taking our Father to Danbury, tears rolled down our faces. It was still so incredible and unbelievable that this could really happen, but it was reality. If it only would have been possible, we would have gladly taken Father's place. We were most concerned about Father's safety and determined to uphold his standard in our mission. More than ever before we wanted to do our best in our mission, so that Father wouldn't have to worry about anything.

Back in Canada the family rallied around our True Parents, determined to work hard and bring success in our mission. Every night we had and still have a prayer vigil for Father's safety and protection and every member is strongly engaged in the mission work.

We longed so much to see Father during the following months, but since the number of visitors was limited and the waiting list long, we at least wanted to be near him. So on Foundation Day, Sept. 18, 1984 we spent 18 hours in Danbury, visiting the prison grounds and praying in one of the churches.

It was still so incredible to us, that Father was confined behind those walls while we were free to come and go. It was a feeling I can hardly describe. Our thoughts and prayers also went out to Mother, who, in handling the situation, is a great example to us all. Every day she drives out to Danbury to be with Father and handles public affairs, e.g. addressing the Science Conference, or accepting the doctorates for Father, with so much dignity and charm, that Father must be really proud of her; I know, we are. We all had many dreams of True Parents and pray for the time they can be united again as a family.

How wonderful it was for us to be able to greet Father on his furlough from Danbury on God's Day, True Parent's birthday and on Parent's Day and to be so privileged to spend time with him and Mother, and the True Children in East Garden. Experiencing Father, his determination and energy while focusing on plans for the future, gave everyone a tremendous boost, and we are determined to work even harder in the future. Of course we had great hopes for Father's early release.

We regret very much, that Father had to go this route and repent that we didn't do enough to prevent his incarceration. I can feel with Father in the real sense, what it means to be confined, since I spent four years of my life as a prisoner of war in a forced labour camp. Our family in Canada and I think our family worldwide has grown closer to our True Parents during these trying times, determined to fulfill God's will, no matter what.

Father is paying a tremendous amount of indemnity for the restoration of the world and with determination and hard work great things will happen in the future. We want to be prepared for the time of Father's release when God's work will advance immensely and continue to work hard in the meantime.

May the time come soon, that America wakes up, realizes her injustice toward Father and vindicates him completely. This I pray in our True Parent's name.