

God's Hope for America Bus Tour - Day 41 – Hills and Valleys

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In Boise, Idaho, we arrived at Julia Davis Park in Boise and gathered beside a river, where lions roared in the background of our green morning scenery. We were not alone, as the film crew of an independent film was beginning to prepare their set. We told them, “Put us in your movie!”

We sang, “Down By the Holy Ground” to the tune of, “Down By the Riverside.” After opening in song, Mrs. Melissa Beresford offered a prayer and told us the meaning of Boise. The word means “woods,” and when you arrive here out of the surrounding desert, it is very wooded in comparison. Indeed filled with trees, this park includes a statue of Abraham Lincoln, a Black History Museum, and a zoo. In 1965, Father Moon dedicated this Holy Ground marked by a great Northern Red Oak tree, which can live up to 500 years. Mr. Beresford shared the motto, “from small acorns, great oaks grow.”

Larry Krishnek, who grew up in Boise, shared his testimony about meeting Father Moon and beginning to live by his teachings and adopt his vision for peace. We then presented a God’s Hope for America Award from the Universal Peace Federation for outstanding work for peace to Katy Painter, who aided refugees in Boise.

After a delicious second breakfast offered by the Boise community, we got back on the road, joined by two motorcyclists who wore the God’s Hope for America t-shirts attached to the back of their seats like flags. We drove through breathtaking mountain scenery on our way to Missoula, Montana, and knew that our pilgrimage would not be complete without living like Father Moon lived on the road. Our lunch today, rather than the generous lunches we’ve had provided by some of the local communities, or a stop at an all-you-can-eat buffet, we experienced the meals that Father Moon would eat when he was on his original tour across the nation to establish the Holy Grounds. He would often only have a slice of bread with bologne. Today, we made our own sandwiches at Ponderosa Park, a beautiful lakeside rest stop, and sensed the devotion with which Father Moon traveled this country, for America’s sake and not his own.

After a few more hours in the mountains, we arrived in Missoula, Montana, where we again gathered next to a clear, bubbling river, called Rattlesnake River. Paul DiLorenzo emceed our program and Astrid

Woods said a prayer, then read her husband's, Clint Woods', testimony of his experience with Father Moon in Montana:

“On many occasions I was responsible to coordinate security and transportation for Father Moon when he was speaking and traveling across the country, especially in Seattle and even Montana once. On the Montana occasion, I could get an intimate sense of his nature and heart while conducting those responsibilities.

While in the car prior to his speech time, Father Moon would ask me endless questions about the area, about my own father and about Montana in general. It seemed that his inquisitiveness was boundless, he was truly interested, and sometimes I simply could not adequately answer all questions. But, I remember that I told him how many cows per person there were in the state, other details and some trivia. That night in his speech he received some good laughter when he recounted these fun details about Montana, much to people's surprise. He remembered everything exactly.

Father Moon never made a person feel small, or spent much time pointing out little mistakes. It brings tears to my eyes to remember his manner, his spirit, his heart, and his kindness in those small ways. How can we not but sorely miss such a person no longer physically amongst us?”

As we retrace Father Moon's final few steps across the nation, making our way to just two more states—Washington and Oregon—we aim to keep the momentum of the renewed conviction in Father Moon's vision, and work to rebuild an America and a world for God.