

## Sang Ik Choi, the First Unification Church Missionary - Part 5

Bong-chun Choi

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*Osami Kuboki speaking at Kwandong student rally at Tokyo University, May 20, 1967*

My hair, which I had grown for many years, was cut. As I watched in the mirror as my hair was cut off, I started to look like a prisoner. The prisoner in blue who was cutting my hair looked like a stranger in the beginning, but now he and I were the same, and when my head was bald, I really looked like a prisoner; at that time, a loneliness that I couldn't hide overcame me.

It was a large prison. The walls were thick and high. When we had approached, the big iron doors of the prison front gate opened to swallow us. It was an eerie feeling, as if I'd really come to a living hell. We got off the vehicle and went further inside. Senior prisoners walked about. I was made to take off all of my clothes, and felt like crying when I donned the blue uniform for the first time. Bald, in tattered prison clothes with rubber thongs.

I came with heaven's mission as child of God, wanting to save the Japanese people because I love them, and came to build heaven in Japan as well; but you people do this, not knowing who I am; I couldn't bear their ignorance in my heart. A child of God was put into Satan's world of sin in this way, and grief welled up newly for being treated as Satan's child. I didn't want to lose my dignity as a child of God under any circumstance, so I braced my heart even more strongly. The outside children of Satan kowtowed but I did not bow my head, and took the position of a child of God.

I was placed in cell 16 of building 5 with prisoner number 72. This was a cell for first-time offenders. Our group of five, imprisoned for the same illegal entry into Japan went in the same room. And we started working from day one, braiding straw. The meals were fourth-grade meals.

For the first time as a prisoner, I spent the first day working officially in the blue uniform. A thousand emotions filled my mind today.

We rose at 6:30am the first morning, and went to bed at 6:30pm. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner, so it wasn't hard. Rather, it was easy, and I felt sorry towards Father and the Lord. I wanted to do more taxing work, and get a taste of more hardship. Because everything had changed so suddenly, it made me think.

While I was in prison, I did a lot of thinking about escaping. The reason I thought of nothing but escaping was that other prisoners would be set free after completing their sentences, but I would be repatriated to South Korea after my sentence, which would mean the end of everything. That's why my only option was not completing my sentence but rather escaping.

One day in the prison they were playing a samurai movie with full color sword fights. I deeply appreciated the chance to watch the movie by myself, and I will never forget how I was moved to tears by the thought of how wonderful it would be to bring the Master here to watch the movie with me.

Perhaps because I missed the Master so much, he appeared in my dreams.

There was a dream in which he appeared to me after 10 years. Holding the Master's feet and washing them with my tears, I said, "I'm thankful to you for visiting me not after 10 years but after 20 years, 30 years, and even 50 years."

Even inside the prison, my lifestyle of prayer continued. When I got up at 1 or 2 in the morning to pray, the guard would yell at me, thinking I was trying to escape. When I first prayed, I had thought that the prison doors would open as they had for [the Apostle] Paul, enabling me to escape, but no matter how much I prayed, the doors did not open.

I decided that the way I ought to repay heaven while I was in this prison cell was by not doing anything to worry heaven. Externally, there were no hardships so I only had apologetic feelings toward Heavenly Father. My prayer was to ask for more suffering and I wanted to feel deeply the heart of the Father's 6,000 years, the course of the Lord and the way of the righteous and the martyrs.

"Don't worry, Father! Your son here is full of life and is being brave and trustworthy. Father, there's not a single thing for you to trouble yourself over!" I said. At least I was able to say a prayer that could bring some comfort to heaven.

**October 29** – There was an IQ test and some sorting out of inmates. It seemed we were going to be classified according to our skills, and among our group of five, three were to be transferred. We had a physical exam as well, and were going to be sent to Yamaguchi Prison soon. Today, there was a special ration of small caramels. It was like reaching an oasis in a desert. We hadn't had sweets for ages and it melted us. It was because there was a festival in Yoshijima.

**October 30** – Since coming to prison, around this time my physical condition is excellent. It seems I've put on weight. Others told me you're swollen, but I've definitely gained weight. When I remember the Lord's suffering course and see myself heavier, I am ashamed. I'm in a position where I could work harder and lose weight to at least make atonement to heaven, but my heart was pierced that I put on weight. I had an appetite, wanted to eat much, like a glutton.

One day, an entertainment group came to the prison. This was a time to forget everything, and it felt as if we were in a recreation facility outside. When I heard the lively music, I forgot my environment and wished for the Lord to hear it too, and when there was any joy, I thought about the Lord and wanting to share it with him; I was happy that my devotion toward the father of the earth was deepened. It seemed that the heart to think only of the Lord in happiness and in suffering was becoming more consistent.

The Hiroshima Prison was for repeat offenders and we first-timers were to be transferred to Yamaguchi. I'd become used to Hiroshima so I didn't want to go. We were a bit disturbed to hear that at Yamaguchi, the cells were colder, food was less, rules were stricter, but I was going to keep my resolve to step up to the difficulty.

I had the promise from the ship captain to get my 200,000 Japanese yen back. I had an attachment to the money, as although it was nothing to discard it, this was God's public fund which I couldn't give up. As I didn't know when we might part ways, I reconfirmed the promise with him. He replied with confidence, but in fact, was not reliable. When I thought about him, I was enraged, almost out of control. He had more money than I did but still had created a false staff record to take this. Upsetting me like this, destroying heaven's mission plan and his attitude of not thinking to return the funds were intolerable, but I thought I had to coax and humor him to the end to get the money back, and so I endured.

**November 1** – October, which had seemed to pass so slowly was gone, and today, after serving 22 days, we were in November. A new month brings hope. I felt like my release was approaching, and in spite of myself I cried out silently, Father, Lord, congratulations! At night, I thought of my brothers in Korea, quietly in bed. Of course, our heavenly brothers. We talked together, enjoyed together, and thinking of them was like a continued distress for me. Yet, the past was all full of happy memories. Now, my heart has settled down and as I'm rather comfortable, I feel sorry. I've set my mind to live strongly always as a child of God, have fought thus far, and constantly think about choosing hardships over comfort, detesting Satan and willingly going toward hardships.