

## How I met True Father in Pyongyang, North Korea in 1946 - Part 2

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June 22, 1983  
New York, NY



### **My parents try to persuade me**

The minister, the lay leaders and many others came to my house and told me, "Listen, in the last days many antichrists will come, and will try to convert you to end your spiritual and physical life. Therefore, please, don't go there anymore." They would hold special prayer meetings in my home, but God would tell me, "Don't attend the meeting. "So I never would go to those special meetings at my own house.

My parents, being elders of the church, would tell me, "You are really insulting us and shaming our family, because we are elders and you are attending this crazy antichrist group. What are you trying to do? You've gone to our Christian church all your life, and now you're saying that God does not reside here anymore? God only resides in your group?" My parents started persecuting me in this

way.

They told me, "Since you don't listen to us any more, Satan surely has entered your body. So we must expel Satan from you and restore you from that terrible antichrist organization. Since you won't listen to our words, we'll have to use force." Then my father and my mother started beating me, my father not so much but my mother every day.

In spite of their abuse, I kept going to Father's place. So one day they tied two big German shepherds to the front and the back gate, so whenever I tried to leave the house, the dogs would bark, and then my parents would catch me and beat me again.

### **Sneaking out to see father**

There was almost no way I could see Father to learn about the Bible, so I created an excuse, telling my parents I had to go and buy a toothbrush. Then I left, saw Father, and came back. On the next day, I told my parents I needed to buy toothpaste and other things. I don't remember all the items I decided to buy, but I divided up my shopping list and bought one item at a time, using each occasion to meet Father.

One day, my parents found out about my trick and, of course, prevented me from shopping. From then on, I had no way to see Father, so I made up another excuse -to see my in-laws. My husband 's house was behind the place where Father was staying, so to go to my husband's house there was one wall to overcome. I prepared very beautiful presents and food and told my parents I would visit my in-laws and give it to them. Then I escaped to Father's house and learned more about the Bible and Heavenly Father.

In order to go over the wall, which was twice my height, I would get a chair, place it by the wall, and stand on it. Then my sister-in-law would cross her hands and lift me up so I could go over the wall. At that time, I was pregnant with the baby who would later become the wife of Nicholas Buscovich (and whose name would be Hae-young), but still I would climb over the wall to Father's house and listen to him.

In Korea, people usually say that if a woman is carrying a boy, she can lose him very easily if she doesn't take care. But in my case, even though I was pregnant, I kept climbing over the wall and I didn't lose the child. Therefore, I thought it must be a daughter. So it was.

I actually needed tremendous courage to climb over the wall and see Father and I always expected him to especially notice me and to tell me more about the new teachings of the Bible.

At that time, Father was giving sermons based on the Divine Principle, but it was not written down. He was telling about the mission of Jesus, the process of restoration, and so on, one topic after another, and I had to wait and listen to him on all these things.

Right now, you are very lucky because you have everything written in a book. In those days, I had to make my way to Father's home to listen to only a little bit at a time.

### **Father's very long prayers**

Once Father started praying, he wouldn't stop for a long, long time, and I'd be so frustrated and sometimes even angry because I would go through all the trouble to see him and hear his words, and he would start praying and seemingly never end. So I'd go to the next room and I would wait until he stopped. When Father starts praying he really becomes one with God, and the tears come out, and he always perspires a great deal.

After that, Father would come to the room where I was and talk about the meaning of the Bible.

My parents again found out that I was still seeing this young man Moon, so this time they locked me in my room, in my house, and wouldn't even let me cook or do anything. My mother still beat me. But after some time, she gave up. Finally, my parents gave permission to my husband, saying, "Now you have to beat her and make sure she doesn't leave. We clean our hands. It's up to you now to take care of our daughter, your wife." My husband was a very athletic man. He was famous in North Korea. Besides, he was a gymnastics and physical education teacher.

I was completely imprisoned in my own house, and at that time Nicholas' wife was born, a very small baby. It was January and very cold. My room had a glass window, but they replaced it with wood from outside so I couldn't see anything. I couldn't see Father nor the members any more. But there was a crack in the window, and I would peek out in the winter time and was able to see members going by. I could see Kim Won-pil and some others. Just even looking at them going by filled me with so much warmth and joy.