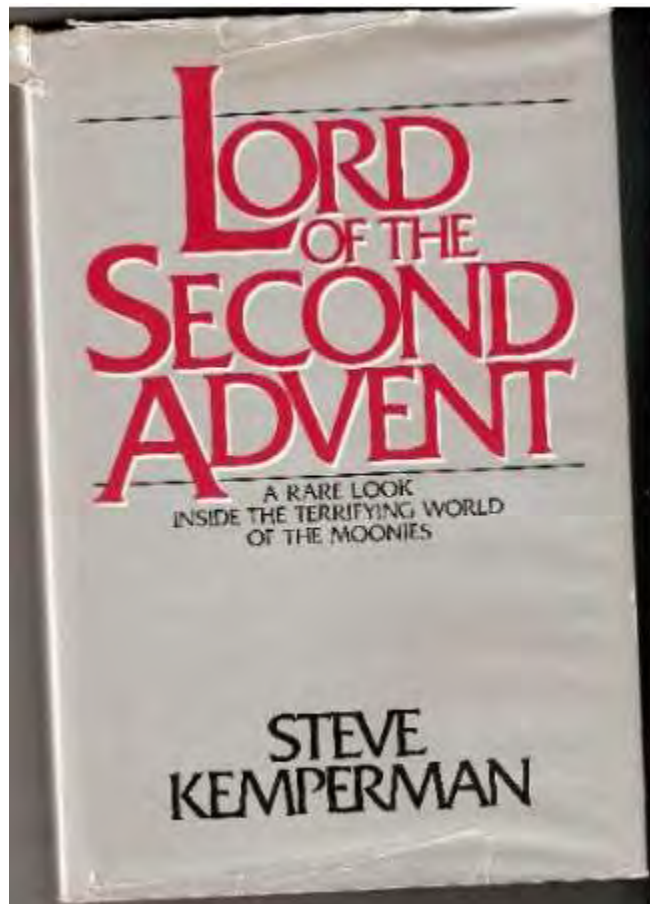


## My old book review of Lord of the Second Advent (1981) by Steve Kemperman

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Steve Kemperman, where are you now?

I read Steve's book, "Lord of the Second Advent" way back when it was first published. It is a good account of what he experienced and thought during his time as a Unification Church member.

Interestingly he admits to being a socially concerned atheist before joining. As such he joins to participate in bettering society, but eventually ends up believing in God and Jesus, probably due to the effective teaching of the Unification Church. How is it that the Unification Church was able to teach a young atheist about God? Hmmmmm.

After being kidnapped twice by his parents, he decides to leave the Unification Church. After the first kidnapping, you see, he escaped and returned as a full time Unification Church missionary.

Well, why am I reviewing this book now? I am wondering what has happened to Steve. Where is he now? But another reason as well has prompted me to speak up. You see, Steve took

the liberty of describing me as a smart engineering student named "Peter Northchrist" who was just so smart that he also of course "left the Unification Church long ago" (paraphrased).

The only slight problem here is that I didn't. Here people have been reading this book for twenty years now, thinking that some smart guy named "Peter Northchrist" left the Unification Church, when in fact he didn't.

Regarding another of Steve's experiences, the one in Washington DC at "Upshire House" in which Steve tried to hand Rev. Moon a box of mints on his way out the door, Steve was left with the feeling that Rev. Moon was quite impolite and cold in not responding to him.

My experience at the the same event was diametrically opposed.

I was sitting on the floor Indian style, a little bit behind and to the right of Rev. Moon, who was standing and giving the sixty or so of us a talk about fundraising. The thought crossed my mind that it was indeed interesting that I was the only person seated a little behind Rev. Moon such that I couldn't really see his face as he spoke.

"Maybe it was because I was not worthy to see his face," I thought. Amazingly, ten seconds or so later, Rev. Moon spun around to his right and looked me square in the face, and held the squatted down position of a runner looking to his right as he ran forward, without saying anything for about five seconds. Then, amazingly, ten seconds later he did exactly the same thing again.

Two weeks later in a dream, just Rev. Moon's large face appeared looking at me, as though to say he disagreed with me, that indeed I was worthy to see his face. Chalk up one more amazing Rev. Moon-as-great-guru experience.

And all that without even trying to stuff an old box of candy in his hands, as Steve had done. Well, well, well. Steve, where are you now?