

## True Love Comes to the Samurai - Part 1

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*Father (center) has an official picture taken with Rev. Hideo Oyamada (left), 'and Rev. Jung Soo Kim (right) at the 1992 Children's Day celebration in Kodiak, Alaska*

*This testimony was given at the missionary workshop in front of Father and missionary brothers and sisters. At several points during the speech, Father laughed in the background, especially when Rev. Oyamada referred to his early experiences after the blessing.*

My ancestors were Buddhist priests, but four hundred years before that they had been samurai. When I first met Father he said, "Originally you are a Christian, right?"

"Yes, Father," I responded.

Then later Father said to me, "Your ancestors were Buddhists, isn't that right?"

"Yes, Father," I confirmed.

Then finally, ten years later, he said, "Your ancestors were samurai." Going back to their origins, my roots are samurai.

A samurai is someone who is always fighting, always practicing how to kill, not only someone else, but even himself. In the process of indemnity, to be a samurai is very meaningful; but for the realization of the ideal world, it is not good enough. This is my problem; and actually, it is the Japanese people's problem in relation to the True Parents. This samurai spirit is almost impossible to overcome.

I was born on May 10, 1941. Seven months later, World War II started in the Pacific region, when the Japanese Navy attacked Pearl Harbor. Those things took place just after my birth. Before I was five years of age, the war was all around me. My father and three brothers went to the battlefield. Only my grandfather, my mother, my elder sisters, and my elder brother were left behind. Also, some soldiers stayed at my home. My entire family was involved in the war. I recall that many times the siren would sound, and suddenly all the lights would be turned off, and we would rush into shelters. These are my very early childhood impressions. Now I have forgotten most of them; but until junior high and high school, whenever I heard the sound of a siren, I would think I had to go to the shelter. For me, the world was full of anxieties, full of fears. Thus, I wondered what an eternal and safe place would be like, and I was looking for that kind of place. Only after I was baptized as a Christian was I able to solve that

problem.

When I joined the Unification Church, my mother confided in me that after conceiving me she always prayed for me. At that time, because of the war, people felt confused and self-centered. However, my mother was a faithful woman, and she prayed: "Please, Heavenly Father, let this child in my womb have a good spirit, a good mind. Don't let him have a self-centered way of thinking, but let him live for the sake of others, for the sake of the world."

After I joined the Unification Church, my mother went to our ancestors' tomb or a Buddhist altar to pray: "When my youngest son was conceived, I prayed that you would not let him live for the sake of himself, but for the sake of others. Because of that, he joined the Unification Church, and many troubles have come to us. I'm sorry I prayed that way." I told her, "Thank you, Mother. Because of you I could do so many things."

Actually, it is amazing how Father can see our background. I have seven brothers and sisters. Although I hadn't mentioned anything to Father about my family background, he told me: "You are different from the others in your family."



*A young Oyamada (r.) in junior high school in 1955. About this time he said, "I just studied all day long."*

### **Internal struggles**

Because of such a foundation, when I was a child, I was always attacked by evil spirits. I was living back and forth between the invisible world and the visible world. How I fought! Ours was a very big farmhouse. Once we had more than two hundred people sitting around. At that time, we had no electricity except for a small lamp, so we would gather leftover straw and wood from the rice harvest to make a fire. Once while we were sitting around the fire, a voice continually called to me from the fire. I wondered whether such things were happening from the spiritual world or the physical world. I was confused about so many things.

When I was six years old, the villagers attacked my home because they knew my family had come from outside. My family had been there more than four hundred years; still the village people attacked us. My grandfather was like a hot-tempered, righteous samurai. If unrighteous things happened, it was difficult for him to forgive. When the villagers attacked, even the policemen were on their

side. They cursed us and threw stones at our house. My family felt totally isolated from that village. Those people were farmers, and they were fighting over a very small piece of land.

I determined that one day I would take revenge for what these villagers did to my family! In the visible world I wanted revenge, but my invisible self said, "No; that is not the most righteous way. I must know Almighty God and learn His power. Those people will know God's forgiveness and love." This was another instance of the fighting between the invisible man and the visible man.

In college my professor of psychology, a woman, analyzed my fighting spirit: "In your motivation to study so hard, you seek revenge on your enemies, but you also seek to forgive them. There are two kinds of spirits fighting within you. If your determination can be really strong, then you had better become a communist. Otherwise, get rid of all your resentment and fear and become a Christian minister. You can choose one of these two possibilities." I finally became a Christian.

One time Father said, "Oyamada looks so soft and gentle, but the deepest part of him never forgives the enemy." That samurai spirit is still within me. Once a year I blow up. That is because my fighting was not on the outside, always inside. Japanese are sometimes like that.

### **Focus on studying**

In Eastern countries, the people who want to get better jobs in a higher profession must go to better schools. When I was in junior high school, the principal told me, "You should go to such and such famous school, representing my entire school. Go beyond the others. Forget about sleeping or eating." After that I usually slept only three hours a night. The rest of the time I just studied and studied. Some time ago Hyo

Jin Nim asked me, "What did you do when you were a high school student?"

"I just studied all day long," I said.

"That's all? You didn't play any sports?"

"None whatsoever," I replied, "I just concentrated on studying."

In reality, I was a small village boy, but the principal of my junior high school always challenged me to compete with his son, who was from a big city. Therefore, from waking up early in the morning to falling asleep late at night, all I did was study.

At age fourteen I wouldn't sleep at all. Eventually I became neurotic, and some low spirit came. When I took my examination, I wasn't able to finish it. My teacher said, "Rest for a few days."

### **My three quests**

At that time, I would spend almost every night in something like prayer. I would sit in the corner of a small shrine and ask, "Why do people have such difficulties? What is the meaning of life? What is the meaning of the universe? Is there or is there not a God?" Of course, I couldn't solve any of those problems since my knowledge was so limited. Still, I would not give up my quest.

The important thing for me was to discover the meaning of life, the meaning of the universe, and finally, the truth about the existence of God.

Second, I knew that, in order to reach the ultimate, eternal truth, I absolutely needed a true teacher. I longed to meet a true teacher, someone like the traditional Oriental teachers, such as a religious leader, a saint or a great thinker.

Third, I longed to meet my spouse, who would be my dearest friend, because I knew I couldn't go alone on the path to reach the truth.

Therefore, I had three major quests in my life. I knew that if I fulfilled those three quests, my life would be completely victorious. I resolved to focus every effort on solving those problems.

Then suddenly the heavens opened in front of me. The dark night completely changed to light - just like the northern lights. Then I saw two eyes looking at me from above. Even after I was baptized in the Christian church, those two eyes were always watching me and saying, "Don't do that." They were calling my original mind.

Later I decided that until I reached thirty years of age I would continuously study and then change to a mode of action. I made a plan for my entire life and determined the best way to meet the truth, to meet my teacher, and later to meet my spouse.

### **How to carry out the quest**

My plan was, first of all, to read as many books as I could; not just Japanese books but the masterpieces of the world. Throughout elementary school, junior high and even high school I always had a student job at a library. I was like a bookworm, spending hours and hours with nothing but books, because I could not see any other teachers.

I was a village boy and really wanted to study. Because of the voice I had heard when I was fourteen years old I gave up everything else. I would go to some isolated place, and although I didn't know how to pray, I practiced contemplation:

"What is the meaning of life and the universe? Where is my true teacher? How can I reach true understanding?"