

Ghost creeps through the headquarters of the Unification Church in New Zealand

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A ghost, late at night, has been seen creeping through the headquarters of the Unification Church in New Zealand.

Nearing midnight and early into the morning, many of us have seen our ghost wandering from room to room as if in search of something. It is the ghost of a middle-aged woman and lives in an old ballroom at the back of our center. The ballroom is now divided into ten small rooms.

One night two of us went to these rooms and caught the ghost red-handed creeping down the passage linking the rooms. Almost instantly she flashed into one of the rooms and was gone.

From the moment we moved into our new headquarters we all felt a chill run down our spines at the thought of going into these rooms alone. It was best to whistle or hum a tune and not look behind you when you did venture into this area of the house. Nobody mentioned the strange and spooky vibrations in these rooms because we all

thought our imaginations were playing cricks on us. However, we soon discovered it wasn't joy that inspired us to suddenly burst into song when nearing those rooms. We decided to do something about it.

The ballroom, where our ghost lived, is about the size of a small house and is partitioned to make ten bedrooms. Above the partitioning there is a large area we use for storage. It was decided to use these rooms to house our mission-team members when they are at headquarters. Hence they became known as the Team's Rooms.

Our first plan of action to rid the house of its ghost was to gaily decorate the Team's Rooms and adjoining hallway. Those rooms were still very dark and bare -- perfect ghost territory.

The ghost opposed our activity. She clearly wanted to lay full claim to the Team's Rooms. This was the beginning of the real battle to rid headquarters of its ghost once and for all.

We began to hold prayer meetings throughout the night in the Team's Rooms. In retaliation our ghost began to appear more frequently. One of the boys had an interesting encounter with her while cleaning the storeroom. He went to sweep one corner of the storeroom and suddenly felt her presence and then in a flash he saw her. It was obvious that she was becoming very angry at our attempts to lock her out.

She moved into other parts of the house to try and find peace and quiet but we persisted with our prayer meetings until she finally left. It was not so much the appearance of our middle-age ghost but the oppressive, evil feeling she had surrounding her. Whenever you neared her you could feel an uneasy, negative aura approaching and eventually surrounding you. We were very happy to see the last of her.

The atmosphere in the Team's Rooms changed virtually overnight. For the first time since we moved into the house several months ago, these rooms felt part of the center. Our ghost faded to a memory.

Often we wondered what part she played in the history of the house at Mount Street -- whether she actually lived there. In 1899 a doctor and his wife bought a piece of land high above Wellington city. In

those days nearly all of Wellington's doctors grouped together in this area. The old doctor was nearing the end of a very successful career in medicine and so, with his retirement in mind, wanted to invest in a substantial and beautiful home. His ideal was expressed in a gleaming white, three-story, Victorian home commanding a panoramic sea and city view. This house was to become our center, but not before it was subjected to the destructive hands of evil men.

The house quickly lost its beauty when the doctor and his wife passed away. An old man who used to collect the rubbish in this area for many years told me with a great fondness in his heart that the doctor and his wife were a very warm couple. "Often they would invite me in for a drink and biscuits," John said. "Once they showed me around the house. A real lovely sight it was too."

John watched the paint bubble and splinter off the sides of the house, the garden grow into a tangled mass of weeds, and the roof rust and hole. The years took heavy toll as neglect inspired increasing ruin.

The house had fallen into the hands of businessmen who quickly converted it into a boardinghouse. This type of board attracted all the criminals, drunks and tramps for miles around. The house fell from palace to pigsty. People were sleeping in the corridors, dining room, and some even in the garage. To walk through the house, providing you could stand the smell, you had to wade through rubbish almost up to your knees. It could have been at this time our ghost arrived -- in her earthly form of course. This was the condition we found it in when we first visited the house at Mount Street.

Soon after arriving in New Zealand, Siegrun Kuhaupt [Pintus] was faced with the job of finding a center in which to lay the foundation for the Unification Church of New Zealand. Sitting on her bed in a cramped Salvation Army room in Wellington, she picked up a Bible and opened it at random to see if an answer lay within its pages. The problem to be solved was whether to pursue her mission from her tiny room for a while or find a flat or house. The following verse answered her question: "In my Father's house are many mansions.

If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." (John 14:21)

Soon Siegrun found a small flat, but in a few months it was already so small that members had to sleep at the next-door neighbor's house. It was then that we heard about 5 Mount Street. Four of us went to inspect this mighty, twenty-one bedroomed house, as the land agent described it.

From the moment we waded through the rubbish at the front entrance there was a magical enchanting feeling about this house.

We belonged to it somehow. However, this enchanting feeling soon changed as the level of rubbish began to meet our knees. We rejected the idea of renting this house when we realized the mass of work to make it habitable.

About four months later, four of us saw the house advertised for rent and so went to visit it once again. The house had begun to smile after its many years of being subjected to the loveless duty of housing Wellington's vagabonds.

Its walls were being painted, floors cleaned, holes patched, and foundations re-laid. There was the feeling of spring inside 5 Mount Street. It was at that moment we realized this was the place prepared for us.

One month later we moved in. Laughter and joy resonates through this noble home once again.

When the ghost left we could feel a deep sigh of relief run through the rooms of our house. It was the sigh of one released after a life spent in captivity. The life story of this house has a message for the human world.

Our house fell and served a purpose far removed from the original idea of creation. We too, were subjected to a fall and have an unwanted ghost within ourselves. To restore our house, we couldn't just clean and paint the exterior, so we had to get down on our knees and scrub clean the interior. We must chase away the ghost in man which binds his heart to slavery. We are thankful that those led to our house can at last begin work on the interior or spirit of a man and so, like the house, be restored.