



Some people in the photos in this publication are no longer followers of the True Parents. We mean no offense, these are historical only.

***"We were there" is a magazine dedicated to record our experiences on the front line and attending True Parents. We encourage all brothers and sisters to write your own special stories, testimonies, or memories to share with the world and to leave these treasures for the future generations.***

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**We Were There opens it's own website!**  
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Testimoonies.com is a repository of testimonies and photos from followers of True Parents. Read heart-felt testimonies and add your own. Let us know what you think of the site.

Click on this box to open our Facebook Group

We also have our Facebook group: We Were There, for Sam Harley's weekly thought to stir our memories and as a place to share about our own amazing time in the movement.



# Spiritual Conditions

by Sam Harley

Oakland family, where I joined, did lots of fasting. We ate a liquid breakfast ("Put it in the blender!" was a common shout when we didn't know what to do with leftovers). I remember having spaghetti sauce for breakfast. We also fasted every Thursday, and on weekends unless we skipped lunch unless we brought a guest to program.

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UNISON PRAYER • COLD SHOWERS • RECEIPTS FOR EVERYTHING • PICTURE MATCHING • LOVE BOMBS  
 PRAYING SO DEEPLY, DEEPLY • CHOO CHOO POW • PLEDGE • EATING ON \$5/DAY • FASTING • SHOE PILES  
 TRANSLATORS • POLYESTER • PBJ • BALONEY SANDWICHES • BROKEN ENGLISH • SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR  
 SLEEP SPIRITS • MANSEI CLOTHING • SEPARATION PERIODS • CAINED OUT • NY PLATES • BREAKFAST IN  
 THE VAN • CAIN/ABEL STRUGGLES • HOLEY SOCKS • FALLING ASLEEP WHILE\_\_\_ • BOOM BOOMS • PRIVACY



# Memphis

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I did my share of cold shower conditions – tough in Tennessee winters, not so hard during Georgia summers. When I was on a fundraising run on a hot day, I'd sometimes ask for two large ice waters (this was before fast food joints started giving you midget cups for water). I'd go to the bathroom, take off my shirt, stand over the sink and douse myself with freezing water.

Memphis was one of the largest cities in a region full of small and mid size towns. It was a big trading city on the Mississippi river, and it fairly reeked of money, but fundraising there in 1980 was an exercise in futility. We went into place after place, with roses, peanut brittle, mints, it didn't matter. Nobody was interested, nobody could care less. There were buildings going up everywhere, people with huge fancy watches and shiny cars, and at the end of the day we'd come home exhausted with \$70 in our pockets.

Fundraising in Memphis felt like throwing yourself repeatedly against a wall made of rubber. If you went in more prayerful, more high spirit, more loving, or more humorous, louder, softer, it didn't matter, you just got bounced back with the same indifference. We'd do well in other parts of Tennessee, then come to Memphis and bomb. It didn't help that it was one of the hottest places in the state, sticky and humid in summer. But it made you crazy, seeing all the well-dressed, well-fed, well-to do people walking around dripping with money, and you couldn't squeeze a dime out of them. They'd be in their custom leather swivel chairs making six figure phone deals, and give us the attention you'd give a housefly.

Our commander, Mr. Nakai, got myself and one or two other struggling brothers and made us a team with himself as captain. We fundraised every day, in trailer parks, shop to shop, nothing special, and in the evening he'd drop us at an all-night market or gas station. He'd pick us up at dawn, and we'd go back, sleep 5 hours, then do it again. It was sheer drudgery after a while; hot and sticky, half asleep, and we'd be out all night and make \$60. Sometimes hours would go by and nobody gave.

We did learn how to fundraise to raccoon hunters, though. (tip: they don't like roses much) But our lack of result didn't seem to bother Mr. Nakai. He just kept putting us out all night.

And Mr. Nakai was quiet, evcn for a Japanese man. He didn't explain anything, just said "Ok, come back 6 o'clock. Morning." The first time he did it, I thought "Wait! It's 9 right now. Don't you mean 11? or 12? No," I told myself as I watched him drive the little Datsun away "He said 6 o'clock. Morning."

There's only so much you can do while fundraising all night at a market or restaurant. Stand outside, talk to people when they come out. At a restaurant at 3 am, this means they had probably been watching you through the window the whole time they were there, and talking about you. Look at the stars, sing songs, pray, watch the bugs buzzing around the light, make bets with yourself how long it will take the next person to show up. Try to give a Principle of Creation lecture to spirit world, or even better, returning resurrection. Dance from foot to foot to stay awake, bounce up and down, put down your box and do stretches. You could go in and get a cup of coffee, but if you sit down, it's all over. It's very hard to get up again.

The first time he set us out all night, I thought it was a one day thing, or maybe a weekend condition. But it went on for weeks. I was too tired to count the days.

Sometime after that, our regular team went into Memphis for the weekend, and something just broke loose. Everyone made \$300 or close to it, which was darn good result in Tennessee in 1980. And nobody – nobody – had made that kind of money in Memphis before. Suddenly the rubber wall was gone, and we could connect with people. From that point on, we always made good money in Memphis.

I like to think of it as the Battle of Memphis – the spiritual one. And like most battles, the biggest part of it was sheer drudgery, just slogging along and trying not to complain and keep going. Then something suddenly happened.



**Herb Mayr (center) with other brothers in a fishing contest**

## Work on the ocean

by Herb Mayr

**To read more of Herb Mayr stories please go to his website: [Book of Following SMM](#)**

This is back-breaking work. You sit on a small box and, with rubber gloves on, you start digging through hundreds of pounds of fish, shrimp, crabs, and debris. (Its unbelievable how many beer cans are on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.) The walls of the decks are about three feet high and have small doors about a foot square which we open; it is through these small doors that the “trash” is thrown back to the ocean. You push the shrimp to one side and the “trash” behind you and out one of these doors. The shrimp are incredibly strong for their size and they wrap their bodies around your finger and pinch the hell out of you.

The crabs are the real problem. They grab your finger with a claw before you can blink. If you try to pull it off with your other hand then they grab a finger on the other hand before you can blink. So there you are with a little mini-monster from the deep pinching the hell out of both your hands as it stares you in the eyes. If you pull your hands apart one of two things happens, either the claw slips off one hand, in which case it immediately grabs and assists the other claw already pinching the hell out of the remaining hand; or, the claw comes off completely, the detached appendage still pinching the

hell out of your remaining hand.

The only way to deal with the crabs when they grab you is to fling them, backhand, as hard as you can toward the wall of the boat. When you do this then one of two things happen; either the claw slips off your finger and the crab is smashed/crushed against the wall of the boat; or, the claw comes off and the crab is smashed/crushed against the wall of the boat but the detached claw is still pinching the hell out of your hand, like some miniature “terminator” appendage.

Anyway, all of this is with respect to the regular crabs. There’s also stone crabs, but these are a totally different story. These guys you stay away from; their claws look steroid-induced and they can break your finger in an eyeblink. And then there’s these tiny (two inches long?) bright red fish that are poisonous. Their spines will immediately prick you, even through the rubber gloves, if you touch one your hand will swell up two or three times its normal size.

Of course after the first few minutes of “culling” the shrimp from the “trash” “our friends” appear.

The sharks.

The small fish and wall-smashed crabs are a trail of food for these guys. They are over six foot long and they will be with us the entire night swimming next to the boat, just below the water surface, shadows of death, barely visible from the lights above the deck.

Daylight mercifully comes. Porpoises and seagulls now surround and play with our boat and eat the trash as the “friends” disappear with the darkness.

Just as we finish the last haul and are cleaning up, a sport-fishing boat comes to our boat’s side and they ask if it can trade some beer for bait. (I find out later that this is a common practice.) The captain does it, but he is obviously bent out of shape. When they leave he is totally possessed.

see *Ocean* on page 10



**Michael Downey with others in Alaska in the 1980s**

## Love is just a Memory

by Michael Downey

To read more of Michael Downey's adventures in Alaska please read his book: [Up North, Stories of Alaska](#)

(This is an excerpt from a larger text Michael submitted to We Were There Facebook page)

In 1983 I was fishing for the giant bluefin tuna with Ocean challenge out of Gloucester Massachusetts. I was crewing for Dr. Tyler Hendricks on a good go boat. Dr. Hendricks was an old comrade and had just graduated as the first UTS grad to go on and get his PHD. Of course Father appointed him to be the head of Ocean Church.

We had a great summer hanging out and we caught nine tuna. Once, Father came out to the grounds to see Dr. Hendricks. Father's boat came alongside and I caught the lines and held the two boats together. Father started talking about various knots and what they are best used for. Then he talked about Ocean Church and his vision for the ocean. He explained clearly why ocean training was important. He told us that living on the ocean is more difficult than life on shore. If you train to do the difficult things at sea, those same things will become much easier on the land. When the difficult things become easy you can lead other people.

His words that day reinforced my desire to go to sea. A couple of weeks later they asked me if I wanted to work in Alaska on the boats. I didn't hesitate. I was informed that they needed two guys and if I wanted to go I had to be interviewed by Father. That day I was taken by boat



out to the North West corner to meet father. The interview took place via the VHF radio. Daikon Onuki translated. Father said that if I went to Alaska I would have to carry a million dollars in one pocket and a pistol in another. I told him I was an ex-marine and I could do that. He said go right away. Me and another guy were on a flight out of Logan that night.

When we arrived in Kodiak, Alaska True Parents and Heung Jin Nim were already there and staying at the Bancroft house. Since we had just arrived, we were invited to have dinner with True Parents. The table sat about eight people and the menu was king crab. I put my head down and focused on eating. Finally Father said "Mack do you like king crab?" Father asked in English. In Alaska, Father always called me Mack for some reason. I replied shakily "Yes it's my first time". Father said "Good, eat a lot". Later Mother asked Mr. Choi in Korean who are these two guys with the bushy beards. Mr. Choi told her we were Ocean Church brothers and we grew beards to hide our baby faces.

That night we all sat with Father in the living room and he demonstrated and taught us how to make an elaborate rig for catching halibut. He was skilled in building tackle, his fingers nimble and hands strong. The next day we all boarded float planes and flew to Shuyak Island to fish for halibut. Our guides were a couple, that were homesteaders on the wilderness Island.

The plane landed in the small bay where the homestead was located and motored up to the shore. Everyone stepped off of the pontoon and waded up to the beach. Since I was wearing waders, thigh high rubber boots, I carried Mother on my back up to the beach. Red and his common law wife Deb invited everyone into their small cabin and served tea and coffee. They talked to us about

their self sufficient lifestyle. Later Father talked about this couple and said they were an ideal couple and reminded him of Adam and Eve living in the Garden of Eden.

We spent the rest of the day fishing for halibut. Heung Jin Nim was with us that day. My impression of him was that he was such a gentle young man. He wore all white clothes and a big floppy hat. He immediately made friends with the cat that lived at the Bancroft house and talked to us about his cats back at East Garden.

My most enduring image of Father is him sitting cross-legged, back straight on the engine cover of a good go boat. No matter what the weather or sea conditions he always sat staring out to sea, unchanging. When I remember him on the ocean I remember his unchanging posture, completely in control of his mind and body in the mists of the constantly changing marine environment. I greatly admired this persona of self control because I myself always struggled to control my mind and body.

One year Father made a condition to travel to and fish at many locations around Alaska. At that time I was running the company's salmon operation at Egigik in the wilds of western Alaska. We had prepared a lot to someday welcome True Parents to our wind swept out post. We built a guest house and stocked it with all the things we would need to attend True Parents. We also bought a late model SUV and had it flown out to drive them around.

When we got the word from Kodiak that they were coming we had a Korean sister and a plane full of Korean food flown out. We then stood-by. When the call came that they were wheels up out of Kodiak we had less than an hour to wait. Problem was the weather. We



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were socked in. The thick fog was right down on the deck. Our air strip was in fact the beach. I was in the SUV on the beach with a hand held VHF radio when I established contact with the pilot. He couldn't see the ground. I turned on the headlights and drove up and down the strip. I could hear the plane's engines as it flew lower and lower. I tried to talk him down for more than twenty minutes. It was a moment of truth for me. Could we welcome True Parents or would the weather steal our blessing. As I look back on it now I realize how foolish I was. Luckily the pilot had no messianic vision and decided to turn back.

Several days later they tried again and this time the weather cooperated. I toured them around the plant and we had lunch together at the guest house. Father told me that I was a lucky man because I was able to live in this

paradise of ocean, rivers and tundra. He said he envied me. Of course the main point of the trip was to fish. This was late August and what was left of the salmon run were up in the river and wouldn't take a hook. I knew this but failed to clearly report the real situation. I had learned early not to give a pessimistic report. Anyway there was a small chance that we could snag something. I drove them down the beach and up along the Egigik River to a spot where I had stashed a skiff. Along the way we had to cross the land of one of the local legends, a hard drinking fishing captain who had opened a hunting lodge on the river. We stopped briefly and I introduced them.

To get down to the river bank we had to drive down a trail that was rough and washed out. The alder bushes scrapped both sides of the truck and no matter how carefully I tried to drive, everyone was bumped and tossed around. The skiff was a 18 foot flat bottomed aluminum boat with a 40 horse Johnson kicker. It was a typical western Alaska work boat. I had tried to clean it up as befitting the guests. We loaded up the guests and the gear and set out. In the boat were Mr. Choi's son, me and True Parents. Needless to say it was not a stellar day of fishing. By the time we started up river the tide had already turned and the sand bars became a problem.

Although the flat bottomed boat was pretty good in shallow waters, we kept running aground on barely submerged sand bars. I tried to keep to the channels but before long I was in the water pushing the boat off the bars. Mother was in fairly good humor and at one point announced "Oh Mack, swimming in Alaska".

The fishing was non-existent. We moved the boat and Mother and Father cast again and again. Over and over Mother gently urged Father "Let's go". Father grimly ignored her. To add to the good time, the mosquitoes swarmed us. Finally Mother made a joke using a play on two similar Korean words, moegi meaning mosquito and mool gogi meaning fish. We can't catch fish, only we catch mosquitoes. Finally Father said let's go back.

Back at the guest house we had tea and snacks and wait-



ed for the plane to come and pick them up. Father told us that I had a special kind of character because I was a former Marine. Then he ordered me to get a bulldozer and fix that trail down to the river. Of course I said “yes sir”. But what could I really do? The land was owned by the state of Alaska and was adjacent to a salmon stream. I could borrow the equipment and do it in the dead of night. The legal exposure would be huge and the PR fallout would damage our ability to work in the area. Furthermore, during the very next spring flood the trail would be washed out all over again. How could I ex-

plain these complexities to Father? But Father had ordered it done. I have a great deal of sympathy for the leaders who were with Father constantly.

One day at North Garden in Kodiak Father stood up to sing and to my delight and surprise he sang “At the Café.” This Choi Jin Hee song was popular in Korea in the 1980s. The final line is “Love is just a memory” which Father sang twice, once in Korean and then in English. These are just my personal memories of True Father. They mean everything to me.



**John Means, Bob Russo and Robert Brown, the first MFT fundraisers sent to Alaska, 1976**

## First MFTers sent to Alaska

by Robert Brown

In 1976 after the Yankee Stadium rally I was a MFT captain and had my team in Utah. One morning as I was about to put the team out our Japanese team mother, Naka-san, said that I had to call Commander Yono before I put the team out for the day. So while the team was in a MacDonald’s I called the Commander. He said, “Uh, I want you to fly to San Francisco this morning and

pick up a van in the parking lot and drive to Alaska.”

“OK, who is going to take my team?” I asked rather stunned.

“Another brother is flying out today.” He responded.

So I did just that. I found the van in the long-term San Francisco airport parking lot with the key hidden on a rear tire. The van was full of granariums and candy. I had to get to Alaska before the next fundraising competition started in three days. Mr. Yono joined me for the drive from Portland to Seattle, but had to leave before entering Canada as he couldn’t enter on his visa. He wasn’t much of a conversationalist but I appreciated his joining me for the few hours.

The Alaska Highway through Canada, as it was known then, included going through two private lumber company roads and I had to be wary of the big trucks on mostly dirt roads. I was driving as fast as safely possible and hit one turn too fast and slid on the dirt mountain curve, I slowed briefly but was soon back up to full speed. I saw a couple of black bear cubs in the woods, but not the mom, as I zipped by. At one point going through a river bottom I blew a tire, right next to this beautiful deeply blue glacier that was slowly cascading into the river bottom. To my surprise, on this mostly

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empty road, a ranger pulled up next to me and changed my tire for me. Sometimes we entertain angels unaware and I was on a mission for God.

I drove through Whitehorse, Yukon Territory where my future wife, Penny, was born. After two days in Canada, as soon as I hit the Alaska border the road was paved again, no more dirt roads. The contrast was amazing, back in the U.S.

I drove to Anchorage and picked up John Means at the airport. The competition began the next morning, so we found a place that sold small safes and had them weld the safe on the van floor.

The first day fundraising turned out to be my best day of the competition with \$843. After an hour or so we put the candy away and just focused on the granariums. Everything in Alaska cost more and we would stare at a menu trying to figure how to only spend \$5 or less on food. Finally I said to not worry about the food cost since our results were so good. We were the first MFTers to go to Alaska and it was golden territory. There was a church center in Anchorage and we stayed there while around Anchorage.

This was the time of the building of the pipeline from Prudhoe Bay at the top of Alaska to Valdez, a southern port, where it would be loaded on oil tanker ships. So in the bars would be all these men with rolls of hundred dollar bills in their pockets. These men came from all over leaving their wives, girlfriends and family for months to make their fortune. It was hard and dangerous work, especially in the colder months and up farther north in the wilderness.

I was extremely sad to see some of the native peoples in the bars though. You would see some who were so wasted on their drink they would fall off their chairs and lie on the floor unaware of anything around them. I had seen similar in the many native American reservations that I sold in, in the lower states, but this was even worse. Another destroyed people.

For that competition I was number one in the country and got my first white pin (Father created an award system, besides the signed photos many of us received, he created pins: green pin, pink pin, white pin and gold pins based on your gross results, not on your place in a competition.) But I knew that after us, sisters would be sent up to Alaska and they would humble our results.

After that competition another brother, Bob Russo joined us. Bob was a high energy guy, who when you were doing a bar together, you would hear several times from around the bar Bob enthusiastically proclaiming, "Relax, it's your lucky day!" as he would pop in front of someone to sell to them. Bob and I went down to the capital, Juneau, and all the towns along that southern strip that stretches down along Canada.

John did all the island towns in southern Alaska, hopping on planes and boats to go to each island, while Bob and I drove the van down the peninsula. We sold in Ketchikan that has the highest rainfall average in the U.S. with over 200 inches a year. It rained all the day we were there. Bob and I did one town in Canada, Prince Rupert in British Columbia where everyone had a British accent, or at least it seemed to me. From there we took the ferry back up to Haines, Alaska.

Back in Anchorage, one Sunday that we had off, the church center asked if I could pick up a sister who was selling something at the state fair. So I drove in the dark up a mountain road to the fair. All these cars were coming the other way leaving the fair with their lights on making it hard to see. Suddenly there was a big silhouette in front of me, then wham, I hit the brakes almost swerving into the oncoming traffic. I had hit a moose. Fortunately it was a female, as a male with his rack would have demolished the van. I got out, as did others who had stopped coming down from the fair. Her neck was broke. A man came up shot her in the head and threw the body in the back of his pickup. Dinner for his family for a month.

We drove up to Fairbanks passing the highest mountain in the United States, then called Mt. McKinley, now called Denali, a beautiful 20,310 foot high mountain that rises up alone from the plain. It is called the weather-maker by



**John Means, Robert Brown, Commander Yono in Alaska on MFT in 1976**

the natives, creating its own weather system.

At one point Commander Yono flew up and visited us. We went and walked on a glacier near Anchorage. Then Mr. Yono had us draw straws to see which towns we would each fly to alone that had no roads to them. John got Barrow, the farthest town North in the United States, Bob got Nome, and I got Kozebue, above the arc-

tic circle. In Kozebue I had lunch with an Eskimo couple where they served duck cooked in seal oil, seal meat and wild berries. For dinner, a white minister invited me to join his family and we had moose liver among other things. At night I sleep on the sand on the beach. Since I was above the arctic circle the sun never set, but just went around the horizon, going a little higher during the day. John later shared how the villagers had killed a whale and were on the beach cutting it up to share with everyone. All the houses had various animals bodies hanging up, drying the meat.

When we left Alaska, as I was driving to the airport, I was stopped at a train crossing when a man, not paying attention, slid and rear-ended me. It punctured my gas tank. He promised to pay for it but I had to drive the rest of the way leaking gas. I put the van in a shop and then we flew to Washington D.C. to join in the Washington Monument rally. The next captain would have to pick up the van from the shop.

After the rally, Mr. Yono sent me to Hawaii with three sisters for a challenge team. We were the second MFT team to work in Hawaii. What a fun life

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## Fatherhood is forever

by Sam Harley

Christmas, 1997. Brandon, a year and a half old, is standing barefoot and diapered staring up at the Christmas tree with an awe struck look on his face. We just finished decorating it, and he is taking in the twinkling lights and the multicolored ornaments, just blown away with it.

I'm looking at him, remembering when I was little, being filled with wonder at the Christmas tree. Now I'm watching him experience the same thing, and it's bringing it all back for me. Then I feel over my shoulder, my dad is smiling, watching me experience my son's awe. And over his shoulder, my grandfather is watching him and smiling. And great-grandfather is watching him, and on and on, like infinite reflections between two mirrors, a chain of fathers watching over their sons and smiling.

Fatherhood is forever. It makes us remember what is important.

## Sold at Police Station

by Robert Brown

I got arrested in a small town in Texas and the policeman put me in the back of his police car with my hands handcuffed behind my back. As we were driving away he reported in by radio that he had caught the guy selling cookies. Then I heard the radio reply, "What kind of cookies does he have?" The policeman ask me what I had so I told him and he replied on the radio. Before we went to the station he stopped by his house and his wife bought a couple boxes. Then at the police station some of the other police and office staff bought more cookies. Then he put me back in the car and drove me out of town and let me go.

## Ocean

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“Goddamn rich bastards in their little prissy sports boats! We work our asses off every night so they can have their prissy little goddamn shrimp cocktails! Goddamn pricks!”

And he has brought out a rifle and proceeds to try to shoot all the seagulls which have swarmed around our boat. And this here missionary guy is wondering what kind of world I have gotten myself into.

Somehow I have survived the night. My recently broken foot is throbbing, my entire body is sore, and my back is numb with pain. I fall into bed like a rock landing in soft mud. I think that I am asleep before my head hits the pillow.

And then, it seems like only minutes later, it is time to go to work again. The sun is already starting to set.

Only this time it's harder. Much harder. The wind has kicked up and the boat is rocking roughly. In my entire life this is only my second day on the ocean and I'm feeling like my guts are being slammed against the sides of my body – I feel sick.

We start our “runs” and after the first run the friends have appeared. It has started to drizzle and the whole night is taking on a slightly eerie feeling. The water is so rough that occasionally the outrigger, stretched out horizontally over the water and pulling the net, digs into a wave and the whole ship shudders. Also, from the constant “grip-ping” required by the feet muscles with the rocking rolling deck, my foot is throbbing with pain; I remember that less than thirty hours ago it was still in a cast....

On the second run we somehow pick up half the bottom of the ocean, one of the nets has dug into the mud and over half the contents is mud and shells and beer cans. It takes forever to sort this stuff because we are having to individually pick the shrimp out of the trash. There's also a million jelly fish and man-of-wars so we're having to be careful about the stingers....

The third haul is the same lousy combination of ocean bottom and the captain is trying to figure out what is wrong, with some of the most creative swearing in the history of the world.

One of the cables is twisted on the outrigger. Yeh. About twenty feet out there one of the cables is twisted around one of the pulleys. This is what's causing the problem, the cable's caught and its probably causing the “doors” of the net to spin out of control, like a Charley Brown kite, into the ocean bottom.

I'm ordered by the captain, in no uncertain terms to crawl out there and fix it.

Yeh. Right!

I mean these outriggers are basically metal arms sticking out over the ocean. Usually, they are barely above the surface of the water, and tonight with the rough sea they are sometimes dipping into the water. I've been feeling seasick all night. The “friends” are not visible at the moment, but they have been following the boat and must be here. Besides, I can't even swim.

I could die trying to do this.

But its very clear I will die if I don't do this. There is a blankness and emptiness in the captain's eyes that is scary. There is the very obvious possibility that if I do not do this, that I could simply disappear over the side of the ship.

So how does this here missionary guy take all this?

As I crawl out on the outrigger, I feel that heaven and God knows my situation. If it is God's will, I will be protected. If I do die, well, it is my offering to God and somehow in His indemnition battle with Satan, it is an offering that He will use for His providence. But I'm thinking of how throughout history people have been forced to work on the ocean, often as prisoners or as conscripts. I think of the stories I have read of the floggings and the mistreatment of sailors, and I feel that this is a precious moment to God – that He has someone who is willing to place himself in the middle of this rough universe of ocean men and make this an offering to Him.



I end up completely upside down, my face facing the sky with my legs and arms wrapped around the outrigger and my back just inches above the water. (oh, God, I hope the “friends” don’t see me..)

...Somehow I manage to get the cable untangled and to

writhe my way back to the deck.

There are no thanks, Nothing. It’s back to the back-breaking work of culling the shrimp. I’m still feeling sick. I then throw up — one of the three times I will do so this night

## Dreamed of an oriental man

by Jose Fragosa

I wasn’t really interested in another church. I joined in 1974, and the first time I met the movement, there was this van in downtown LA, with speakers, speaking about the future of Christianity. At that time, in downtown LA there was lots of movie theaters. One Sunday I remember I was with my girlfriend, and we were looking for a movie. This was three days after Father spoke, at the Baltimore/Biltmore Hotel. So we were downtown, my girlfriend and I, and these three guys show up. There was one German, an American and one Japanese.

The American spoke Spanish, because at that time I didn’t speak English, I only knew a few words. He introduced himself, and when I saw he was a religionist I said “No, I don’t think I’m interested. It’s not for me.”

And he was a little bit, kind of, still trying to get into my life. And then I told him “I am not really interested.” And he said “Can I ask only one question?” By that time my girlfriend said “Let’s get out” and so I said “Please say so. Whatever question you guys have, please ask.”

He asked me “What is the most important thing for your life?” and that kind of question really struck me, and I said to him “Well, I think the most important thing for my life would be to find a girlfriend, a good job, get married, have a family. Besides that, I don’t see any other thing. I can’t help you.”

So, after that, they said thanks, very polite, they didn’t continue. And we walked away. But as I walked away, it



was like one block away, I felt somebody’s eyes staring at me. You know those kind of moments, you don’t want to look back because you don’t want to be the first to say that someone’s looking at you. But my curiosity was so strong that before we reached the end of the block, I looked back.

And the face and spirit of Father came to me, like this. I saw him far away, but his face came to me. In that moment, I was really struck. In that moment, the words came out of my mouth, I told my girlfriend “You know, I decided not to go to the movies.” And she said “You know, I’m fed up with you already, because something is not right with you.” I said “Ok” so I took off and went home.

That night I had this dream, that an oriental man came and said some words to me. So in the morning I got up and took the bus downtown, because I was working, it was Monday. And when I came, the first thing I saw was my spiritual father at the bus stop, he was doing a 40 hour condition. He didn’t tell me that. But he says “Oh, I was waiting for you.” But then I went “No, I cannot.

see *Oriental Man* on page 13



## Kidnapped in Liege

Belgium, December 17 1977

by Caroline Cecile

At that time I was just a young member. I had joined the Unification Church May 1 St of that year. My parents were very worried because they had heard so many bad things about the Unification church and particularly about Reverend Moon, such as brainwashing, messing up young people's mind, sexual activity. Such were some of the false witness done by the established churches, and the media against the UC, and particularly its Korean founder. I lived then with a team of members in an apartment in the city of Liege in Belgium.

That day I was witnessing with another sister, Francoise in downtown Liege. Suddenly walking towards me, I saw an old friend of mine that I grew up with. His name is George. It was mind-boggling that he even found me there. We greeted each other and I introduced him to Francoise. He told me he had heard I had joined the movement. He happened to be in Liege and wanted to get together and hear all about it. He reminded me that we used to discuss about religion and the bible in the past.

I invited him to come to the center where we could talk,

to which he agreed. He said, he had a car and he could drive us all there. As we were walking toward the place where he had parked his car, his twin brother, Charlie, married to a cousin of mine, also walks up toward me to another great surprise to me, yet possible since they are twin brothers. So I invited them both. When we got to the car, there was another guy there, which George introduced as his friend. George was the driver, his friend was sitting in

the passenger seat, Charlie went in first to sit in the back on the left side, me in the middle, and Francoise came in last, sitting next to me on the right side.

Arriving at the center, George stops the car, Francoise opens her door to get out; I had my right leg out the door when Charlie placed his arms around me, and pulled me back forcing me to lie my upper body on his laps. George's friend turns around, brings my leg back in, closed the door, all the while George presses hard on the gas pedal, speeding toward the nearby freeway.

I shouted, why are you doing this?! But got no answer. I knew then what was happening of course; I also knew they had a plan to get me deprogrammed, as I was not the first Moonie to be kidnapped to undergo deprogramming. We were on the freeway driving toward Brussels, where George has an apartment he stays at when on business in the area.

The funny thing was, I felt a wave of calm wash over me; no fear at all, while all three of them were very nervous.

On the way there, Charlie was trying to make me sign a paper that acknowledged that I was in the car of my own volition.

"Are you out of your mind? I will sign nothing!" I told Charlie. "How can you do this? I trusted you! You make



a decision without asking my opinion, trying to understand what my stand is.”

Charlie said after a moment, “I see that you are not zoned out, or brainwashed ...”

About 30 mins before hitting Brussels, George parks the car outside a mansion. And I knew, again because of previous such activity on our members, that this was the house of a judge, who was known to be high in the ADFI organization, responsible for the kidnapping of young people adhering to new religious movements, and particularly our church, which was nicknamed by the media, the Moonies. George went to the house by himself. He took a very long time there inside that house. Finally he came back to the car, said simply,

“We were supposed to meet another person (I knew he meant the actual person doing the deprogramming, oftentimes, a priest), but he was not available until the next day. You can either stay at my house, in Renaix (my hometown) or yours.” I said, “I’ll go to mine.”

I thought in my head, I could easily leave from there, take the train back. George then said, he needed to stop by his apartment in Brussels to grab his luggage. Once there, he parked the car on the adjacent street (they were quite clearly advised of how to proceed in this unlawful activity). George leaves the car to walk to his apartment, but never comes back.

After a 20 mins wait, Charlie steps out of the car, goes to the corner to see if his brother was coming, came back, said the police is there, you,are free to go. I was

stunned, but I left. I knew where I was, knew my way to the church’s headquarters.

Both leader and the members were happily surprised to see me safe and sound. I found out then also what had occurred on their side.

First of all, when the car started to drive away with me, Francoise had run after the car, and was able to read the license plate. She ran to the center, reported my kidnapping, and the Police was called. Irmi, Belgium National leader at that time also called Austrian (her country of origin and where she joined the UC), National leader, Peter Koch. The whole church went on a chain prayer condition. I remember how I felt this wave of calmness wash over me ... I was so amazed, and felt an energy inside me I had not felt before. I felt so strong in my faith, and the incredible love and support from the leaders and members made me feel this is where I belong, where I must be. This is the will of God, and I felt His love through this ordeal. I was back in Liege that same evening. I had been so protected.

I filed a complaint, also implying my parents as being part of this whole criminal activity because they were the ones who had paid for it. However, eventually I let that go. George went to jail, but was released on the next Monday, my father paid his bail.

The most painful thing of this ordeal for me was the absence of trust and even respect of my family. No one in my family ever thought about asking me why I had joined. They trusted strangers like the ADFI over me, their daughter. I was 23 years old.

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## Oriental Man continued from page 11

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Why are you waiting for me?”

And he asked me “Please come, we have a small introduction. ...” and I decided to go with him, we went inside. There was this hallway, on Wilshire Boulevard, and at the end of the hallway was Father’s picture from Madison Square Garden. And when I saw this picture I said “Oh, who is this man? I saw him in my dream.” So

they said, “Oh, it’s our leader.” They didn’t say messiah, just their leader.

And everybody was so kind to me, they offered me a cup of tea, cup of coffee, and I said, ‘What is this, like a coffee or tea party, something like that?’ and that’s when I received the first introduction to the Divine Principle, in Spanish. And I was so happy/inspired that I joined.

# Authenticity in your testimony



by **Sam Harley**

When I was growing up I really liked soul music, people really singing from their heart and from their own experience. When their whole being was in the music, that's the music I wanted to hear. I started collecting old blues music, old jazz music. Because when someone is telling their story there is a vibration in it and you can

tell this is true, this is theirs. When someone singing a story someone else wrote, it's just pretty words and nice sounds and there is no impact, there is nothing in it. In the world today there is so much information, so much talking, so many speeches, so many quotes. The hard thing to find is something that really strikes true.

I remember the first time I heard True Father speak I had been in Oakland two or three months. They showed the film of Father speaking at one of the big rallies. I had been studying the Principle, had heard about Father. But when I heard him I could feel every word that he spoke came deep from his own experience. I could feel it; he had lived it, he had been through it. He was speaking directly from his experience. It's called authenticity.

When Jesus was little and they went to the holy day, they found him at the temple and the priests were listening to him because "he spoke as one who had authority". Not like people who just read the books and studied the ideas. This was his experience. He knew what he was talking about.

When we tell our own stories our voices have that ring of authenticity. And people recognize that. They are gripped by it. We can talk about the big ideas, True Parents and God and love and one world family, etc.. But we really need to hear the authenticity of people speaking their own stories.

I went into the dictionary and looked up two words that I've always had a hard time with: witnessing and testimony. You hear them in church and in court, and they mean the same thing in both places. When you are witnessing you are saying: this is what happened. This is

what I did, this is what they said, this is what I saw.

A testimony is proof that something is true, giving evidence, proof: this is how I know this is true, here's what happened to me. The DP will talk about all these cosmic things, but this is what I saw. I'm standing here telling you, this is not some cute idea. This is what happened to me. That's what it's really about.

Witnessing in court, there is one important rule: don't tell people what to think. Tell them what happened. The same should apply in our witnessing. Too often we are so busy telling people what to think that we don't give them a reason to believe us. That reason is in our stories.

When we go to witness, who do we meet? People like us, who have been through the same situations. And what do they want to know? How did you do it? What happened? What did you do when this happened or that happened? People are really hungry to hear this.

In our movement we know that there is this huge cosmic truth, but it's also a very, very personal one. And it's this personal part that we carry in us, that we give out when we tell our story. You may think, "What's my story? I didn't do so much for the cosmos." But the fact is your story has that ring of authenticity, it has you behind it, and it is your personal experience of God, of these people that we are talking about all the time. And through your story other people can see how they could do the same thing.. They may not understand all the big concepts we talk about, but they will get your story. This is a form of witnessing. And in my opinion, it's one that we badly need. The time has come for us to tell our stories.

## *We Were There*

*Founder: Sam Harley*

*Facebook Site: Caroline Cecile*

*Magazine and Website: Robert Brown*

*New website: [www.testimoonies.com](http://www.testimoonies.com)*

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