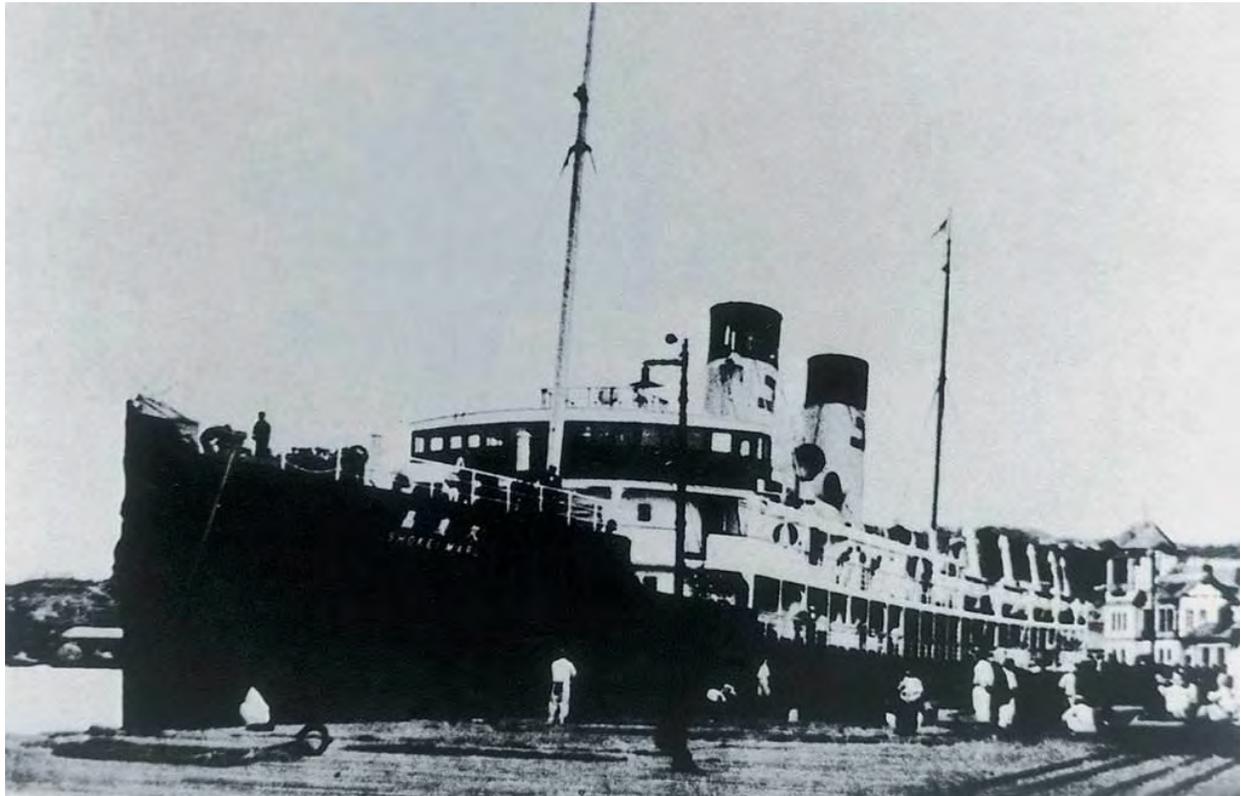


Father's Life in His Own Words - Part 17

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A ferry boat that plied the seas between Korea and Japan in the 1940s

When I graduated from elementary school, I gave a speech in front of an audience that included the police chief, the district chief and other officials. I criticized the Japanese severely, shouting for them to pack up their bags and go home. I was like that from my elementary school years. I took hold of the police chief and criticized him. I said to him, "This and this is not right. How can you do nothing?" Because I did this, I was marked.

In order to go to Japan, I had to get a letter of recommendation from my headmaster. I also needed a passport for foreign travel from the police chief. When he saw me, he said, "We must keep an eye on this person. He is a troublemaker." This got us arguing. We have to be like this. There should be something special about us.

Hikari Ho Train to Busan (March 31, 1941, 2:10 pm)

In 1941 when I left from Seoul Station for Busan Harbor in order to go to study in Japan, I shed many tears looking at the capital city, thinking about who would take responsibility for these unfortunate people. When I left for Japan, I caught the Hikari Ho Train at Seoul Station. As I boarded, I thought, "I will not spend my time as a wretched failure. God will protect the young man who goes forward with a firm, resolute heart to save the nation. When I return, God will be full of hope." This is why Korea was not bombed during World War II.

When I left for Busan from Seoul, I asked myself what I was going to learn in Japan. For this country to be liberated and for the young generation to have hope and get ahead in life, the nation needs to be free and independent. I was determined to prepare the way for the country. I can still remember leaving

Yongsan Station, crossing over the old Han River Bridge, holding on to the train railing with tears flowing down my face.

I was leaving an orphan country. I pulled my overcoat up by the lapels to hide my face and cried all the way from Seoul to Busan. A Japanese lady who rode in the same coach asked me, "Have your mother and father just passed away, young fellow?" That pain and sadness comes to everyone, but my sadness arose out of love for my country.

Shokei Maru Ferry (April 1, 1941)

I'll never forget what I prayed just before I left for Japan. I was standing on the Busan Harbor pier at about 2 am and looking back at Korea. I prayed, "I will love you even more and shed even more tears for you, even though I am leaving now."

It seems like only yesterday that I boarded the ferry from Busan to Japan, shedding tears the whole journey. Japan occupied Korea then. I wondered who would save and free our wretched nation. I stayed awake all night looking at the stars, praying. I told God, "I have prayed and shed so many tears for the liberation of this nation, which I am leaving now. Heavenly Father, please keep this nation safe until I return." The boat left at 2:40 in the morning. I can never forget my heart at that time.



Willingly treading such a tearful course demonstrates patriotism and filial piety. It is the same for loyal patriots and it is the same for saints. A tearful life is the path of a saint. If there is a history or tradition that can move the world, it is one of tears. A tradition of tears is capable of dominating the world.

Waseda Technical High School^[1] (April 1, 1941 - September 30, 1943)

Since I first set foot on what was at that time enemy territory, I was determined to endure anything. I never visited famous places in Japan. A person without a nation would not visit such places. I didn't go to Mt. Fuji and I didn't go to Adami Beach, Hakone National Park or to the gardens in Niko. I would only go to places if God were to say, "I would feel joy to see such a beautiful place. It's a good place. Why don't you go there?" Without this, I absolutely would not go. That's the kind of person I am.

I walked along Takadanobaba Street to Waseda University twice a day. I used to walk a lot. I hope you also have the opportunity to walk

along Takadanobaba Street to the university with the same heart I had. You should know that in any place of significance along that road, at the bends and at the telegraph poles, my tears are hidden.

Majoring in electrical engineering

You have to know what work you want to do. The most important years are those from age eighteen to twenty-four. By the time you are twenty-four, you should have decided upon your purpose and goals in

life. If you cultivate yourself and pray, you will realize what you should do.

I studied electrical engineering. I studied science and I knew the way I should go. Because I studied science, I had already tried my hand in most things connected with electricity. In order to do great things, you need to be good at mathematical calculation. You need to be quick at evaluating things. Controlling things unseen is similar to religion. You can discover electrical phenomena in all phenomena of the physical world. It is present in every action. I studied this kind of thing because I knew that I would not be able to put forward a new religious ideology without first mastering the world of science. Studying electronics helped me a lot.

I have a head for mathematics. When I was a student, I went to a hat factory and ordered a hat, but it was still too small and I had to rip it to make it fit. I have a big head. That's because I have many brain cells! [Laughter] So if I concentrate on something, I can do in three years what others would take ten years to do.

I studied with that kind of mindset. Why do you feel tired when you study? It is because you study for yourself. That is why you feel tired. Try thinking that the life or death of the whole human race depends on one phrase. Thirty million people will be able to live if you remember it and 30 million will be destroyed if you forget it. Try studying with that kind of heart. What do you mean you're not smart? If you go through life centered on yourself, only despair will result. If you go through life for the nation and the world, hope will result.

Persistently asking questions

I always gave the teachers a difficult time by the questions I asked. The teachers were always looking up to see whether I would stand up and ask a question during their lectures. Once I started asking questions, I continued doing so until their faces turned red. In debates about theory, the schoolteachers were did not present any challenge. My friends also were no match for me.

I asked, "What do you think about this?" so many times that every time teachers saw me they would hide in a corner. They would sit in the front of the class if they thought I wasn't going to ask them a question but otherwise they would try not to come too close to me. They used to lecture like that. They tried their best not to look at me. Once I started digging up the roots, I had to finish the job. When we studied physics I asked, "Who devised this theory? How can I believe it if I haven't tried it first?" I used to be like that. You can imagine how much they suffered because of me.

Speaking Japanese quickly

I am not stupid. Even when I was in Japan, I used to compete with native speakers in speaking Japanese quickly. No Japanese person could speak Japanese faster than I could! I used to train myself.

Speed is the most important thing when you speak Japanese. Even when I was arguing, I used to speak three Japanese words to everyone else's one. [Laughter] I practiced this. Becoming a leader is not easy.

I conducted research. I was determined to persuade Japanese young people also to follow me and work for the world. I used to train myself from the perspective that I wouldn't succeed unless I could develop mental powers superior to those of the average Japanese person.

[\[1\]](#) *The school is affiliated with the Waseda University Electrical Engineering Department.*