

## Father's Life in His Own Words - Part 22 - Endurance and Forgiveness

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Republished by International HQ Mission Office September 7, 2021



*The Tokyo that Father left behind; with wartime production it had become an industrial center*

In July 1944, the New York Times reported, "Japanese militarists have named [one] of their strongest men as governor-general of restless Korea." To take up that post, Gen. Abe Nobuyuki resigned as president of the Imperial Rule Assistance Political Society, the parliamentary wing of the totalitarian party then governing Japan. This portion of Father's life story opens with him speaking about his experience beginning three months later (October 1944) when he was incarcerated in a Gyeong-gi provincial jail. Gyeong-gi Province surrounds the city of Seoul and straddles the modern-day division between North and South Korea.

I was routinely in and out of jail even when I was a student. I maintained courage in the face of torture under the Japanese. I am a man with much experience in that area. Their torture methods were very harsh. If young people these days were caught and tortured the way it was being done at that time, they wouldn't be able to control their bowels and would confess to having done things that they had not.

While Korea was under Japan, I spent time in prison. I suffered lashings and water torture from Japanese detectives from the upper division of the special branch. I went through all manner of treatment. I was whipped until my entire body was black and blue and I bled enough to fill several bowls. I was kicked in the belly by soldiers with their boots on; two people held my arms while two other people stamped on my stomach. What happens to the skin of the belly when you are tortured like that? Does it tear? Does it burst? After such an experience, go and sit on the toilet, then try to stand up. It was so painful.

I worked very hard to rid Korea of the Japanese Emperor, and for that I was tortured in prison. Try that and see what it is like. They hit me here with wooden sticks.... At that time, they wore leather shoes in the army. It was with their hobnailed boots that they stamped on me. People who haven't experienced this will never know what it is like.

No matter what was inflicted on me, even when I was given electric shocks, I did not speak. I would fight it, thinking, "Hit me! See which is bigger - your club or my determination." Throughout the day I was beaten with clubs. I thought, "Let's see how I do," and endured the situation.

Even when I was throwing up blood and bleeding from all ten fingers, I was praying, "How glorious it would be if my blood could represent the blood from ten nations and be given as a sacrificial offering in place of the blood of ten peoples."

I went through torture for nearly twelve hours until I was vomiting blood. There was a torture that drove a person insane in fifteen minutes. I can never forget it. Though I was tortured in that way for twelve hours, I miraculously survived. Once I was questioned for fourteen hours, going through torture so harsh that when it was over, I couldn't crawl more than twenty feet. I was resuscitated several times from near death.

Though this process was repeated again and again, I didn't open my mouth.

The sound of my screams from bloody torture in prison was the sound of someone searching for the highest place where God's will could be realized. Unless you have been to the summit of screaming, you cannot complain!

At a place where I could speak with God about fundamental things, I called "Father" and prayed, "God, my blood is different from that of people of the past. I am not the kind of man who vomits blood, collapses and dies while complaining to You with a heart of betrayal. Please don't sympathize with me; rather, sympathize with this nation and with all humanity! Please open a way, with me in the lead, for all people to survive." This was my way of life.

"Go ahead and beat me! Is your love for Japan greater than my love for Korea?..." In this way, I put up a worthy fight. When I was incarcerated under the Japanese, I was grateful to have entered prison rather than being in the position of a traitor who betrays his own nation. I thought that it would be good if my country could be liberated through my own death rather than my being saved. This is our traditional way of thinking in the Unification Church.

I came to understand the Korean people's misery, how badly they were treated, through being imprisoned in Japan. It was all training for me. Through walking with my companions along the course of suffering, torture and shedding tears in prison, I finally understood Korea's miserable situation. While I was incarcerated I felt a sense of duty - "Someone must liberate the people." Prison became a great teacher for me. My time in jail was a time to set a cornerstone in the providence of restoration that no one can destroy.



*The Strait of Shimonoseki, the beginning point of Father's trip back to Korea; while staying in Japan he sometimes crossed the strait in route to Fukuoka.*

### **Preventive measures**

Before being tortured, you should shed blood first - this will help protect you from dying. When someone tortures you, he will trample on some part of you, your belly or that area of your body. In order to bear that, you have to give yourself an enema in advance, getting it all out first.

You must create an outlet to allow the blood to flow. You could bite your lips or the flat of your tongue. If you bleed beforehand, the torture won't destroy you. It won't be as explosive; it won't tear you apart. God is surely the king of wisdom! I saved many people by teaching them this. People like me do not

follow a comfortable path; we do not go the easy way. Even though I have faced death many times, I have always overcome it.

### **Silent at the risk of my life**

I have crossed over the point of death several times. Even so, I risked my life because of my sense of responsibility toward my comrades and my faith in them, so in prison I fought alone. I didn't speak even when prison officials threatened to kill me. Once I decided to say nothing, I said nothing.

When the lives of one hundred people depended on me, how could I speak? I would rather have cut out my tongue. I didn't tell them anything. I decided that I wouldn't speak. "Beat me. Even though you beat me, it's my responsibility to win over you." Even though they went through all four legs of a desk - breaking each one into pieces from the force of the blows they administered, and making my body turn black all over from the bruising - I didn't talk.

I didn't talk even when I was beaten with wooden poles. A man must remain loyal. Once a man has made a promise, he must keep it even though it may destroy him. When a day of torture passes by like this, the day remains as a sorrowful one but at the same time, unforgettable.

I still remember the name of the man who tortured me in Tokyo, even now. No matter how much he tortured me, I did not give him any information. I said, "I will not talk." And that was the end of it. Try it for 365 days if you like. Even if I was unconscious and just woke up a few times, I would say, "What's going on? Let's sleep a little more." I would say such things and make jokes. "I want to sleep a little more; why are you guys waking me up?" In this way, even though they were inflicting torture on me, they became my friends. Whoever tortured me, I said, "Ha! That doesn't hurt. Do it like that; do it that way." That's all I said. They had not one bit of satisfaction. If they could have just gotten one word out of me. "You may make some official statement, but once I am on the stand, I will not keep silent." That's what I said. If I am a real man, I must do as my heart dictates. I am that kind of man.

I would have been an excellent investigator. When Japan ruled Korea, in front of those smart prosecutors and judges, I acted as if I were stupid. And I succeeded in fooling them. When they were recording my case, I acted as if I were very dull. They said, "How can a person like him be the one with all that responsibility? He's like a kindergarten pupil." So everything worked out. They were unable to dig up the most important information. They fabricated a report and made it official.... That was my strategy.

Sometimes one has to do such things.