



The Early Mission



Rev. Moon creating the Washington, D.C. Holy Ground on March 14, 1965. It is next to a large evergreen in the middle of the lawn, west of the Capitol Building.

THE MASTER SPEAKS

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

These questions and answers have been transcribed from tapes made during our Leader's sessions with members and guests at Centers throughout the United States during his trip in March and April 1965.

Since God is the source of life, power, happiness and joy, you always long to go to Him. If God chose an instrument, an agency on earth to dwell with Him and be with Him to a greater extent than any other person, would your spirit not long to be with that one? In this way, the hearts of the people of the whole world will be turned to one center. When you long to see a man or a woman, any human being, your longing or your love is one-sided. But when you long to see God or His representative, or the being with whom God dwells, then your feeling would be that of joy and love, a harmonious feeling with the world, and a mysterious joy and power within yourself. It is a universal feeling directed to all people and all things, not just toward one man or one woman.

When your longing to be with one with whom God dwells is strong, then your spiritual experiences start. In our group, we do not make any effort to develop our psychic abilities. We develop only our longing. Then everything happens. We just pray and try to love God more. People of the world have no idea of such lives. They have no idea of the spirit world, which is more realistic, more substantial than this physical world. Once you find such a world, which would be more precious to you? I wish I could tell you something of the spirit world, but it is so vast it is hard to know where to start.

How does one get closer to God? What is prayer and what is meditation? How can I increase my activities in putting the Principles to use?

By witnessing or working for this cause, you can find the value of the message. As you understand the message more and more, you will know how to apply it to your daily life. You will realize what a wonderful change has come about in you. A reformation or recreation of life will occur within you. If this message can transform you, it can transform everyone. It can transform the whole world. In that way, you will understand how to apply it to life, to the lives of people in order to re-make them. In that way, you can use the message. As you teach others, you learn more. As you teach and come across questions, you still struggle to learn. Then, through your intuition, the questions will be answered. The spirit world will help you to understand, through dreams, through visions, or through other people.

When a person prays earnestly for understanding, should he not listen and be guided by the answers and revelations he receives?

Yes, he should. As Christians, we prayed in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit. Now we should pray in the name of the True Parents. Jesus came in the position of the True Father, and the Holy Spirit in the position of the True Mother. Now we pray in the name of both. When Christians ask you why you pray in the name of the True Parents, tell them we pray in the name of Jesus and the Holy Spirit. When you have new people, Christians, coming to hear the Principles, and they ask these things, tell them clearly. But they must ask first!

Jesus taught men to call God "Father." Is there something else we should be calling Him in this stage?

So, God was to be the mind of Adam, or the heart of Adam, or the spirit of Adam. Jesus said, "I am in the Father, and the Father is in me." That relationship of spirit and body is like husband and wife. When you have some deep experience, you will hear from God: "You are my wife," or "I am your husband." Spiritually, you will be told by God, "I am your husband," or again, "I am your Father." When he says, "I am your husband," that only means a close relationship of love. However, since He is the Creator and we are the created, the relationship is that of Father and child. The child is born of the Father.

Now that the Holy Ground is established in this area, what can we do to use it in the most valuable way?

Pray there often. Meditate there often. Sometimes the presence of God is sensed as wind, or power, or energy. It is not in visible form.

Some people try to grow spiritually, develop their own spiritual life and reach God through meditation, self-discipline, etc. This is very stupid. The one who goes to God fastest and achieves the closest position is the one who loves others and witnesses to them in order to bring them to God. You can grow much faster and develop much more quickly. Don't just meditate for your own sake and for your own spirit. You may draw some spirits, but not God. No matter how much you pray, it doesn't do much good if you are only centered upon yourself. Always love others.

If you have an important problem to solve, pray most earnestly for three days. Then you will receive the answer. The spirit world is to help you with your problems and help you with the Divine Principles, because I have already subjugated Satan on the spirit side. I have talked with many, many masters, including Jesus, on questions of life and the universe and creation and God's dispensation, and many other things. They have subjected themselves to me in terms of wisdom. After winning the victory, they surrendered. With this foundation of victory, the spirit world is responsible to teach and reply to your questions, and to help you with your problems.



*Rev. Moon in San Francisco
with some of the early Bay
Area members, 1965*

What can you do to get the most help from the spirit world?

Go to the farthermost front line in witnessing, fight with Satan, and gladly be persecuted and laughed at and rejected. Then the spirits are destined to help you. If you just stay quietly where you are, they will not help. If you have only a 30% capacity, but wish to do 100%, the spirit world is required to help you the other 70%. Do things with faith. Sometimes it is good to be blind with faith. The spirit world, then, will add to your power, and you can do much greater work than your own capacity. Often things are impossible in human eyes, but quite possible in God's eyes.

I would like to advise you who are studying the Principle. I have shed so many tears in discovering the Principle, particularly with such historical figures as Adam, Cain, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Jesus and so on. In finding those events and the persons who played roles in the fulfillment of God's dispensations and failed, and in finding the history of the providence of God's restoration, I shed so many tears. I not only understood the Principle, but lived it. When I came to the fall of Adam and Eve, I felt as if it were my own concern. I felt the sorrow of God to see Adam's fall. I felt Adam's sorrow in himself. It was not Adam's story, but mine. I felt the story of Cain and Abel as my own. Through their mistake, God felt so much sorrow, and I felt the same. Likewise with Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses and Jesus. In each event, I put myself in the position of those involved and felt with them, and with God, all through the history. It is not someone else's history, but my own life.

The history of restoration is a chain of sacrificial altars erected by God's servants. You must build an altar of sacrifice, an altar of tears. Many servants of God, patriarchs and prophets sacrificed their lives to fulfill God's will in their own field. They prayed so much and shed so many tears that you could say they built an altar of tears. Thus, the history of God's providence of restoration is,

after all, the chain of such altars. Whenever His servants erected such an altar with their tears, God's tears were shed with theirs. They were His agency, so their sacrifice was the Father's sacrifice, their tears were Father's tears.

If you go to a spiritualist church or to spiritually gifted people, they will testify to you. They will tell you who you are and what message you are studying.

[Miss Kim:] When I went to Chicago to visit two Methodist ministers, I took them to a medium. At first the medium refused to see us, but one of the ministers said, "I have a lady from Korea whose name is Miss Kim." Then the medium said, "May I see her? Please come." Later the medium told us, "My spirit guide jumped in and said, 'Invite her!'" The medium was so happy to have me there, and said, "The message you are carrying is higher than Moses' Ten Commandments." I asked him if he would ask his spirit guide if it were even higher than the New Testament. He said, "Yes, it is!" Then he said, "I don't know this, but my spirit guide told me." You will have situations like this too. Many of us have had them.

[Master:] We are not interested except in one thing: How much one's ancestors worry about you. If you turn away from the Divine Principle, they will not receive any benefit. If you receive the message and follow it the proper way, you don't know how many of your ancestors will receive benefit. If you are a good worker, a greater number of your ancestors can be liberated by you and through you. You on earth don't understand how greatly they would be saddened if you were to turn away, and how anxious they are for you to succeed. Your money, your power, your education—all these things are nothing. Your ancestors don't care about those things. They will say to you, "Give up these things and accept the Principle." We blame Adam and Eve for the state of the world. But if you do not fulfill your responsibility, you will be blamed just as they are.

Do you know that many Oriental spirits come to you these days? Since so many religions began in the East, many Oriental spirits have achieved a very high spiritual goal of religion and philosophy. They know that they have to reach the point where they must participate in world restoration. Therefore, they are coming to you who are engaged in world restoration. They will influence you to make you familiar with Oriental thought—philosophy and religion. Many saints in Christian history will also come to you.

The most important thing is to have wisdom, right judgment and discernment. You must be able to discern the message or phenomena you receive. Therefore, there is no difference whether you are spiritually gifted or not. Ultimately, you have to judge everything by your wisdom. If you just receive what they give and never ask questions to clarify things, they won't tell you. They will not tell you more than you ask. You have to find explanations and resolve these questions on earth rather than on the spirit side. Therefore, you need the Lord to come to you.

The Early Mission

1959-1971

THE BEGINNING OF THE UNIFICATION CHURCH in America dates from the arrival of its first missionaries in 1959 and extended through the decade of the 1960s to the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. Moon in late 1971. During this period, the Unification Church in America was fortunate to have four missionaries of outstanding quality: Young Oon Kim (1914-89), David S.C. Kim (1914-), Bo Hi Pak (1930-), and Sang Ik Choi (1936-). Each of them made and continued to make lasting contributions to the Unification tradition. However, their most important collective legacy was the love and commitment they expressed to the people of the United States and, by extension, to the people of the Western world. That they “loved the people” was finally more important than their translations or adaptations of The Principle, their organizational initiatives or even the record of their suffering during the earliest stage of the church’s development in the West.

It is said that love covers a variety of faults. In the case of the early Unificationist missionaries, their chief failing was a lack of unity. It cannot be denied that there were disagreements, grievances and squabbles over strategy, as well as the tendency to proceed independently from one another. As a consequence, a unified national movement never emerged during the 1960s. The church’s oral tradition holds that their failure to unify led to a lack of result and an inadequate foundation. However, it might be questioned how much really could have been accomplished during the tumultuous 1960s. In fact, given the size of the United States and the equally vast cultural distance which the earliest missionaries needed to bridge, their results were on a par or even ahead of most missionary endeavors in the history of God’s providence.

The 1960s, then, were a time of sowing, and in this regard the early UC missionaries must be given high marks. Each of them produced Principle texts, established important patterns of community life, and developed creative ways of relating to the wider culture. Taken together, they set the basic directions that the Unification tradition would follow in America during succeeding years. Miss Kim’s “Unified Family” laid the legal and spiritual foundations for the Unification Church, having legally incorporated as the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity in 1961 and having set up a national headquarters and centers throughout the country. Mr. David S.C. Kim’s “United Faith, Inc.” lay the initial foundation for the UC’s later ecumenical and

interreligious activity. Col. Bo Hi Pak's leadership of the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation (KCFF), Little Angels, and Radio of Free Asia (ROFA) set the pattern for subsequent public advocacy and cultural initiatives. Finally, Mr. Sang Ik Choi, through his San Francisco Bay Area International Re-Education Foundation and International Ideal City Project, initiated an important communitarian line of development.

At the same time, it is important to remember that activities in the United States were peripheral to the mainstream of the Unification tradition which was centered in Korea and, to a lesser extent, Japan. It would not be until the 1970s that developments in America assumed a central role as a consequence of Rev. Moon's decision to shift the focus of his work to the West. Before then, members were largely dependent on the missionaries for information. However, Rev. Moon undertook two world tours during the 1960s, one in 1965 and another in 1969. These tours, which included lengthy stopovers in the United States, afforded members the opportunity to participate directly in the church's mainstream tradition. They also were important in shaping and invigorating the American mission.

The Unified Family

Of the missionary groupings that were established in America during the 1960s, the Unified Family, led by Young Oon Kim, flowed most naturally into the Unification Church of the 1970s. This was due, in part, to its incorporation as the "Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity" on September 18, 1961, approved in 1963, which became and still is the legal basis for the Unification Church in America. Beyond that, Miss Kim's Unified Family was the most explicitly religious and theological of the missionary groupings. Much of this derived from Miss Kim's background as a professor of New Testament and Comparative Religion at Ewha University in Seoul. As a missionary, she sought out "church people," expended a great deal of effort in publishing successive editions of *The Divine Principles*, and achieved legal recognition as a religious organization. Ironically, many of those who joined the Unified Family were in one way or another alienated from organized religion. Thus, rather than churches, the Unified Family set up a network of "centers" across the country. Also, the name "Unified Family" reflected a determination to preserve a personal, face-to-face orientation rather than that of a large, bureaucratic organization. Nevertheless, by the end of the 1960s, the Unified Family had proliferated a number of small businesses, student groups, and the Freedom Leadership Foundation (FLF).

Miss Kim arrived in America as the first Unification missionary on January 4, 1959 in the midst of a raging snowstorm. She came to the University of Oregon in Eugene as a student, but left school to live in a vacant house in Oakhill, a semi-rural settlement several miles east of Eugene to be near her

1960. Members gathered at "Oak Hill," Galen and Patty Pumphrey's house outside Eugene, Oregon. Front row, left to right: Eileen Lemmers, Patty Pumphrey, Pauline Verheyen, unknown, Doris Orme, Young Oon Kim; back row: unknown, George Norton, Galen Pumphrey, Calvin Carey, unknown.



three best contacts—Doris Walder Anteloch (later Orme), Pauline Phillips Sherman (later Verheyen) and Patty Pumphrey. Later joined by Galen Pumphrey and George Norton, the Oakhill group migrated several hundred miles down the coast to San Francisco in late 1960. There, in the cosmopolitan Bay Area, they had high hopes of reaching a mass audience quickly. However, their efforts were largely ignored or rejected. Recognizing that they lacked an adequate foundation for immediate results, they put energy into improving the Principle text, obtaining legal incorporation, purchasing a three-story building as a training center, and, most importantly, pursuing direct person-to-person witnessing. In July 1962, they opened up mission territory in surrounding Bay Area communities, the most successful centers being in Berkeley and San Jose. To facilitate communication, they re-instituted the *New Age Frontiers* newsletter which they began in Oregon and held their first "training session" for guests in May 1963. By the end of that year, the group had expanded to Los Angeles and Sacramento and grown to more than fifty members.

Rebecca (Boyd) Salonen

I always wanted to “get to the bottom of things”; more to the point, I have always thought it was possible to do so. When I was around five or six, I remember wondering how it felt to be a horse or a cow, so I spent a few minutes one afternoon crawling around on my hands and knees sampling the grass.

During my last year in college I became involved in African studies. This (1961) was the heyday of American interest in Africa, as many countries there were becoming independent of colonial rule. My university in California was initiating an exchange with several African universities, and I was especially interested in attending one of them, Makerere University, in Kampala, Uganda. The opportunity never materialized, and I forgot about it. Later on, I was destined to connect with Uganda again.

Also during this time, I reached a point of desperation about my personal goals. One night as I was writing in my journal, in a moment when my whole mind was concentrated in the question, I asked if I would ever find the answers I was seeking. Abruptly, I spiritually saw the whole globe. Everything was in darkness, except for a few lights scattered here and there around the world. I saw a big beacon meant for me near San Francisco. A voice said, “You must go to San Francisco. There you will begin your work.” I wrote this in my journal and determined to move from my home in Washington state to San Francisco.

I lived across the Bay, in Berkeley, though at first I had a job in San Francisco. I waited expectantly every day for a revelation about my “work,” but nothing came. Searching for the spiritual information I needed, I visited many different religious and other groups. These were days of great turmoil in Berkeley when the student Left was just beginning. People were questioning everything. I became intensely aware of human pain. Sometimes when I walked down the street I felt I could “read” the hearts of the people walking beside me. So many of them were desperately unhappy. I used to beg God to help me find a way to heal all this suffering. In the fall of 1963 President Kennedy was assassinated. For me, this event intensified my feeling of urgency. To me, the assassination was evidence that no matter how civilized we became, human beings could destroy everything in a moment. I resolved again to find what was true and to base my life upon it.

That week I saw an advertisement in the student newspaper saying, “Christ has returned and is now on earth.” I was electrified, but when I showed the ad to my friends, surprisingly they expressed indifference. “Uh huh,” they said. Lectures were being given every night (I couldn’t imagine that Christ was giving lectures), but none of my friends wanted to attend. I went alone and heard a synopsis of the Divine Principle presented by Edwin Ang. Since I had never intended to join a group in search of the truth, I had a lot of difficulty “accepting the Principle,” though I could find nothing wrong with the system of thought. However, in February of 1964 I signed a membership form. I studied a lot and learned to give the lectures. Miss Young Oon Kim, who had established her headquarters in San Francisco, was during that time visiting her home in Korea. She consulted one of the mediumistic “grandmothers,” who said that I should find my own mission field in America, but first I should study for 40 days with Pauline (Phillips) Verheyen, then pioneer in Cleveland.

In 1965, True Father made his first world tour. (Since he was still in the first seven-year course, we called him “Master” or “our Leader.” He was not yet Father or True Parent.) The Unified Family, as we were known, bought a station wagon for his United States tour. The driver was George Norton, and Father was accompanied by Miss Kim, Mrs. Won Pok Choi, Doris (Walder) Orme, and Ernie Stewart (who was traveling with him on his way to establish a center in Miami) and a few others. During this tour, Father traveled to every U.S. state to make holy grounds.

He explained to us that he was connecting the foundation of the chosen country to the world. Since America represented the world of Christianity, by placing “holy soil” in each state, he was connecting Korea with the world. At that time we had perhaps ten study centers around the country with a few members living in each one, and Father’s tour stopped in each place. Members from the local centers would then accompany the group for a few more stops before returning home.

Several hours before Father arrived in Tampa, Col. Bo Hi Pak arrived at our door to help us get ready. Although we had been asked to prepare funds so that the group could stay in a good hotel, Father wanted to stay with the members, in the center, as had been his practice on his itinerary tours in Korea. If we had known, we might have improved our living situation. In those days, we tended to think we should live in the humblest way,



1971—Neil and Rebecca Salonen (center) with, from left: Catherine Erickson, Carl Rapkins, Farley and Betsy Jones, George and Hillie Edwards, Jackie Stock, Jon Schubart and Judith Lejune.

and our Tampa center was a decrepit two-room apartment. To accommodate the ten or twelve of us, for the night, we borrowed mattresses from our landlord (who asked us to move a week later, because of all these unusual activities and the “Red Chinese” we had brought in) and everyone slept on the floor—women in the kitchen and men in the other room. We made a bed for Father in our hide-a-bed couch.

In the evening after dinner, we all sat together like a family, and Father inquired about us and talked with us.

Father created Tampa’s holy ground in Lowry Park. He was very particular about the site, and we drove to several parks before he selected the right location. He strode like a warrior as he marked off the four-position foundation. As he reached each of the four points he shouted out the name of the person who was to stand in that place. Walking around the diamond with salt and then with soil from Korea (“the leaven”), Father then buried a stone from Korea in the center. After making the holy ground, we all drove to Miami, our next stop, where another holy ground was made. (Several states have more than one holy ground because there were church centers in more than one place.) The saga of the establishing of holy grounds on that first world tour is dramatic. As the group moved from Florida up to New England, they sometimes blessed ground while standing knee-deep in snow.

We left Ernie to set up his center in Miami and drove up the east coast of Florida to Fort Pierce, where we spent the night in a motel. The next morning, we said goodbye to Father and his party as they continued to travel up the east coast and we went back to our centers. I remember that we all cried so hard that no one could drive. We had to wait by the turn-off for some time before we could get back on the road to Tampa and to the other centers to the west. For a long time afterwards, we felt a deep loneliness, missing Father. For years, I saw him in dreams sitting on our hide-a-bed couch, watching our activities, waiting for our success or standing in the apartment’s doorway as he had done, waiting for us as we packed our bags for the trip to Miami.

I can never forget my first meeting with Father. I felt that he was indeed the person I had been waiting for—the father, brother, husband, teacher, guide and friend I needed. That was why we cried when we parted; we had lost the one we had been looking for. I had not really “joined a group,” but I was walking the same lonely path that Father was breaking ahead of me. Joining the Unified Family was not the goal, only the beginning of our common struggle. Probably because I was sensitized by my own years of painful searching, I could feel Father’s loneliness and sorrow, though that was never expressed. I remember especially his understanding of each of us and the blazing intensity in his eyes. As we did not want to be separated from him, he felt the same about us. Looking back, I feel that I was too young (22) to really understand the immense task I had signed on to do.

Witnessing

It was very difficult to witness to people in a pioneering situation. I had nothing to show what this “worldwide philosophical movement” was doing. Only certain people would be interested in hearing a “new revelation.” I invited people to my apartment every evening to hear lectures, and one of the few things I bought besides food was a blackboard. After a year or so, I found my first spiritual child in Tampa, Albert Meighan, who eventually came with me to Washington when I was asked to move there to help in the headquarters being set up in 1966-67.

In the first few years in Washington, most of us worked in regular jobs and did our witnessing and other spiritual activities in the evenings and on weekends. We supported our work with the money we earned on our jobs, and everyone who lived in the center was required to either have a job or go to school. Whenever we met

people interested in hearing the Divine Principle, we would invite them to dinner at the center and give them a presentation. It was an embracing atmosphere in which for the most part we members also thrived. At work I met (and in the evenings I taught Divine Principle to) Anne Edwards, Travis Jones and Louise Strait. (A few years later, also at work, I met Sally and Michael Brownlee.) One day, Neil Salonen came to our door in regard to our business projects. I was lecturing the Principle that evening, and I invited him to stay and hear it. Eventually, he also joined the Unified Family. About the same time, I lectured to Linna (Miller) Rapkins and Marie Ang, who were cousins; to Linda (Marchant) Perry and Nanette (Semha) Doroski, who were friends; and to many others, some of whom worked with us for short or long periods of time.

In 1969 Father came again to America, this time with True Mother since it was now the second seven-year course and the True Parents had been established. This time they blessed 13 couples in Washington, a great surprise to everyone, since in those days we thought the blessing was far in the future. In 1970 Miss Kim again visited Korea. As Father was preparing for the 777 Couples blessing that year, she suggested several American couples send their pictures to Father for matching. She wrote back that he had approved Anne and George Edwards, Farley and Betsy Jones, and Neil and me, from among the Washington members. Accordingly, in October of 1970, we were blessed in Korea.

Almost thirty years have passed since that time, and two children have been born and grown up in the Salonen family. We have lived more than a lifetime in a few years, and many stories of course, could be told. I know, however, that we have been traveling until this time the same difficult and sometimes puzzling path that True Parents are walking ahead of us. I have learned a few important personal truths, two of which I would like to pass on.

Some years ago Father emphasized remembering our "first love." At the time I was, of course, at least a few paces behind him on the way, and I did not really understand the value of what he was saying. Since then I have recognized its importance. Our first love—with God, our True Parents, or our spouses—is a precious gift, which we must treasure and respect in our hearts. It is our original connection, our spiritual root. Later on in our relationships, confusion and difficulties always come and threaten to corrupt our original feeling. Sometimes we feel embarrassed and foolish that we ever had such a

pure and naïve "first love" at all, and we bury it away inside and try to move beyond it by becoming more "realistic." But this original feeling is the true one, and it is our most direct connection to those we love.

I have "grown up" a lot over the years since my first experiences with God as a teenager. Though they are the basis of my whole internal being, for many years I thought these memories and all the rest of the past were irrelevant. I tried to think only of the present and future. Struggling along the road of restoration, which has been full of self-doubt, sometimes guilt, anguish and discouragement, I forgot my first knowledge of God's love and continued only to seek a new and confirming experience in the present.

One day a few years ago, as I was driving, a romantic song was playing on the radio. When it came to the words, "When I grow too old to dream, your love will live in my heart," I heard God's voice: "I remember you," He said. I recognized His voice because of the love that came with it. It was the same I had known so many years ago. God was reminding me of our experiences all those years ago, and that He still knew and remembered me—and had done so throughout the years. Those words touched that deep part of my heart where that pure love was planted and still lives, unchanged by all the experiences that followed—because God never changes. I had been looking for a new experience of first love with God, not realizing that I could return to that root any time by remembering my "first love." That is an eternal, unchanging and unique point, to which we can always return. Most of us have had moments of eternal love also with True Parents and our husbands or wives. We should remember and treasure them.

On our first visit to Uganda after we became National Messiahs, as I stood in the heart of Africa and began to greet the members, I thought how extraordinary it was for me to be there. Having just returned from a visit to the Rift Valley, supposed to be the site where human life began, we were conscious of being in a place beyond time, having come full circle back to the beginning. As I opened my mouth, before I could say anything, I felt God say to me, "Here I am. I have been waiting for you. Finally, you've come." In retrospect, it is meaningful that I had intended to come to Kampala forty years ago and had finally arrived. But at the time I only thought, with gratitude: Wherever we go in the world, whatever difficult thing we must do, no matter how alone or afraid we may be, God has come before us and is waiting for us there with love.

At the center on Masonic Avenue in San Francisco. Front: Pauline Verheyen, Young Oon Kim, Doris Orme. Second row: Gordon Ross, unknown, Patty Pumphrey, unknown. Third row: Barbara Vincenz, Edwin Ang. Back row: Peter Koch, Galen Pumphrey, George Norton, Doug Burns.

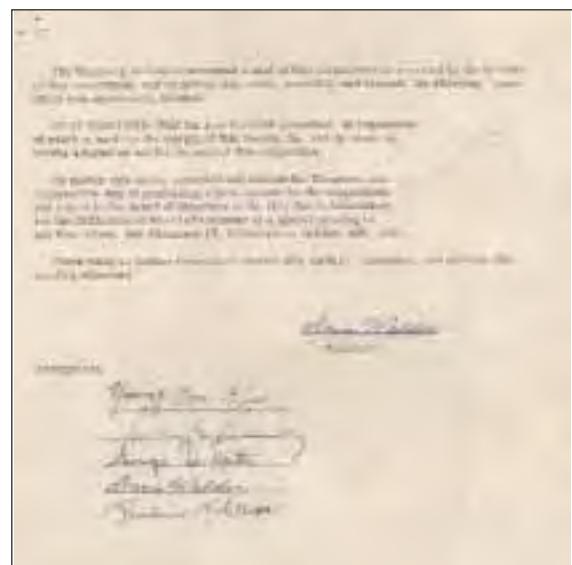
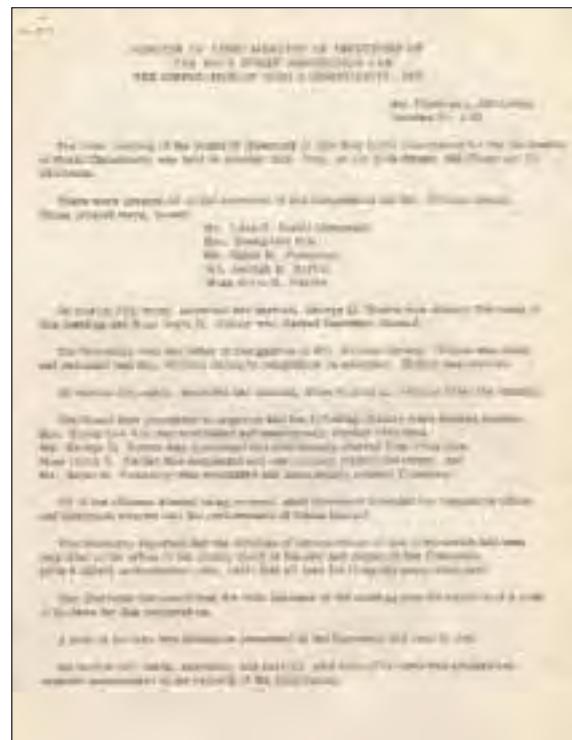


The mid-1960s were years of transition for the Unified Family. By January 1966, none of the original Oakhill members remained in the San Francisco Bay Area. The Pumphreys and George Norton were in Denver, Pauline Phillips was in Cleveland, Doris Walder was in Rome, Italy, and Miss Kim was in Washington, D.C. Newer Bay Area members also departed, including Peter Koch and Ursula Schumann who had departed for Germany, Paul and Christel Werner who also went back to Germany, then Austria, and Teddy Verheyen who pioneered Holland. Miss Kim went to Washington, D.C., corporation papers in hand, to establish what she hoped would be the headquarters for the Unification Church in America. However, this never happened, primarily due to the unwillingness of other missionary groups to be consolidated within the HSA corporate structure. Therefore, for the remainder of the 1960s, Washington, D.C. was not the hub of a national movement but a vigorous and successfully operating local center which served as an example for a fluctuating number of Unified Families in the United States and Western Europe.

During the late 1960s, the Unified Family pattern consisted of spiritual activities, business, education, and the beginning of what one leader called “political involvement.” Spiritual activities included “hours of witnessing, hours of teaching, [and] a lot of fasting” as well as regular center life. Because most members held full-time jobs, this curtailed spiritual work, and various centers attempted to set up Family businesses. The Washington, D.C. center experimented with Kim Home Cleaning and Omega Office Service and the Berkeley center set up Logos Litho-Print. In addition, whereas members previously had been older, often married, and relatively settled, those who joined in the late 1960s were much younger, unmarried, and a significant number were students.

This was consistent with the Unified Family's focus on college campuses where they listed Free University offerings, established organizations such as "Students for New Age Unification," and sponsored regular programs on themes of a religious or philosophical nature. Consistent with the Unification Church's "victory over communism" activities in Japan and Korea, the Unified Family set up the Freedom Leadership Foundation (FLF) in 1969. When FLF gained Federal tax-exempt status which prohibited lobbying and demonstrations, members defended U.S. actions in Vietnam and opposed leftists through coalitions such as "Student Coordinating Committee for Peace with Freedom" and "American Youth for a Just Peace" (AYJP).

In January 1971, the Unified Family took two decisive measures, one symbolic and the other practical, to enhance its impact in the United States. First, the group decided to change its name from the "Unified Family" to the "Unification Church" in order to project a more mainstream image. Second, they altered their pattern of growth from a policy of "unregulated expansionism" to one of "reconsolidation" whereby they moved from twenty-one small groups to "five points of power"—Berkeley, Denver, Los Angeles, New York and Washington. The hope was to foster membership growth, enable centers to implement more activities, facilitate communication, and catch up with the movement in Japan and Korea. Unfortunately, these hopes were not realized. A later Berkeley Center evaluation noted that the influx of large numbers of people brought a different orientation of Principle, criticism of the established center pattern, and confusion over leadership roles. In short, it compounded problems. In Berkeley, serious conflicts emerged, and half of the Kansas City contingent with their director returned less than two months after arriving. In this sense, the final upshot of consolidation was a painful realization that no less than the rival missionary groups, Miss Kim's own group was disunited.



Minutes from the first meeting of the directors of HSA-UWC, San Francisco, October, 1961

Barbara Mikesell

New Age Frontiers, June 1966

Our prayers and thanksgiving go out to our Parents in whose name we daily live and grow. Greetings to all our Family in America and all the world.

The greatest news is the fruit itself: we have two new brothers. This makes for close quarters in the Heavenly Kingdom in NYC; but we manage with special thanks to Mrs. Hurd.

Although we all have jobs, daily mission is the axis of our lives. One good thing about New York is the volume of public activities. What with these and teaching and studying, our evenings are filled. Often it is midnight before we once again gather as a Family.

We have thought of utilizing folk singing to reach youth. Philip Burley, Diane Giffin and I worked up a repertoire by practicing every afternoon for several weeks. Although we developed some ability and confidence, we concluded that this is not yet the time for such an approach. The primary reason is that, in order to accomplish the mission, we must sooner or later confront persons with the Truth. While singing would attract people, that in itself cannot convince them. Also our individual purpose is to grow toward an ever-greater understanding of our Father's heart. Here again, the actual confrontation of another with Truth is the vital key. So we came to feel that time spent each day for rehearsal has far greater worth spent in contacting and teaching the Divine Principle. The singing finds its place in informal times before or after the lectures. And how we enjoy it then, as we share with Family and Family-to-be for the joy of our Father!

Mary Fleming

New Age Frontiers, August, 1966

While there is much going on in the Washington area, this report is to tell you about one recent event here. Unfortunately, it is not pleasant news.

While returning from witnessing at a local coffee-house about 10 p.m. Saturday, Bill Smith (Caucasian) and Martha Vertreace (Negro) were attacked by two young white men who disapproved of integration. Martha

escaped to call the Fellowship House for help, but Bill did not fare so well. He was kicked in the face and the bone holding his right eye was broken. Fortunately, he managed to get rid of his glasses and they were not broken. However, the eye itself slipped because of losing its support, and yesterday he underwent surgery to build up the bone and protect his vision.

He's doing fine and expects to be home by the end of the week. Bill's spirit is strong and undaunted. He feels that this accident will be used by (Heavenly) Father to serve a purpose in the national restoration, and is happy that it happened to him rather than to any of his brothers and sisters. As soon as he is released from the hospital, he will be recuperating at the Fellowship House.

Vivien Barron

New Age Frontiers, June 1968

Becky tells me that the Newsletter is already more like a book than a monthly report, so I will keep the Washington Center report short and, I hope, to the point. It is impossible to write about all that has happened here, so I want to give you some high points of our experiences.

When we think of our lives and consider, what has the Principle done for our lives, we can see a pattern. It has meant cutting yourself off completely from your past life and directing all your energy toward the Divine Principle—toward Father. For many, this has also been a physical move: We have left our homes, our jobs, our families in order to begin a new life with other brothers and sisters with whom we can share this new Word, with whom we can study, witness and teach, and with whom we want to establish a new pattern for life—a pattern centered on God, on the True Parents.

For this we need an example to follow. We need inspiration; we need help from others who have gone before us. For this reason, Miss Kim is constantly urging new members from other Centers to visit the Washington center. Here there is a unique privilege to live with and experience how a large Center works, lives and grows. Here are brothers and sisters who can help new people grow and learn. Most precious of all, you have the privilege of Miss Kim's presence, as our first example and to whom we owe our deepest gratitude and love.

Many of you have had this experience lately. What rejoicing we felt as you arrived! How we felt we had known you all our lives after only a few minutes or hours of sharing! And how we wished more and more would come! Now the names of Martha Vertreace, Ernie Stewart, Peter Koch, Fred Binder, Dee Beckner, and Jon and Sandy Schuhart are no longer just names. And Betsy O'Neill has come to spend the summer with us! How much this give and take strengthened you who came and made us eager to have more come.

We are still under the impact of Jon and Sandy Schuhart's visit. We cannot express enough how deeply united we are with you in heart, mind and purpose, Jon and Sandy, although 3,000 miles separate us geographically. Your songs, coming from the Father's heart, have moved us so much and express in such depth what our life's work is: "Let's Move America!", "Gonna Build a Kingdom," "What Is Your Reason for Being Created?" Let's build together, and work together toward achieving Father's purpose for this world!

Beverly Bayne

New Age Frontiers, June, 1968

Father gives each of us a mission. I seriously doubt if mine is in the writing field, but I am nonetheless anxious and ready for whatever role I may be called to play.

Every time I recall how dubious I was when I was first witnessed to in Dupont Circle, I feel embarrassed. Still I know the Spirit of the Father must have been present, for the desire to come to the first lecture was like a wind at my back. To hear only one chapter and go away is like trying to eat one salted peanut. I found each week more exciting than the one before until I had received the conclusion and the wondrous truth. Now every week is Easter week, and restoration is at hand.

All my life, I have been plagued by shyness, and yet last Sunday I was among the singers in the middle of the circle while many curious onlookers sat about us. Instead of embarrassment I felt a sense of pride at being a member of the Family and having the privilege of sharing Father's heart with others who hunger after the truth as I did for so long. Yours, in Father's name.

Miss Young Oon Kim

New Age Frontiers, April, 1968

To be a leader, you have to have many qualities. You must have 100 percent dedication and an exemplary life in all aspects. Because you cannot raise people higher than what you are, you must strive to be exemplary. If you are not clean, neat, diligent and orderly, you cannot make others clean, neat, diligent and orderly. Being stubborn and disobedient to the Father, you cannot make your followers obedient and responsive to you. Therefore, you must be an example to others in all respects. You must be a good organizer and administrator to direct even a small number. Organization is constantly needed in activities of your group life. If you are a poor organizer, your followers will not trust your ability in your work. You must be constantly self-motivated and a source of inspiration. They may express frustration and depression at times, but you should be firm that in these times you are a source of their stimulation and determination. Therefore, you must endure and persevere far more than your followers. When you don't have all these qualities, you cannot bring a successful result. If you don't bring successful results, you would often feel more frustration and depression. Can you examine yourself to see where you stand?

It is important to have cheerful and comfortable surroundings, even physically. Cold, damp and terribly inconvenient surroundings cause constant depression. Why should one have such unnecessary adversity to overcome constantly, thus wasting energy? Besides, who will come to find spiritual rest and comfort where you don't find them yourself?

Our leader likes clean, neat, cheerful and comfortable surroundings and personalities. He doesn't make any exception on this matter. He always stresses personal cleanliness and good grooming. This is very typical of our Leader. He wants all of us to feel the same way. Because our body is the temple of the Father and we are the children of the Most High, we have to reflect our Father in every aspect of our physical life.

You may think of the life of St. Francis or that of John the Baptist and consider it is saintly to neglect physical care. But this is a mistake. Our time is different from their time. Physical restoration and physical manifestation of God's will is an important aspect at this time.

LIST OF HOLY GROUNDS IN THE UNITED STATES

The following list is reprinted from the May 19, 1965 New Age Frontiers

1. San Francisco, California 2/15/65

Northernmost peak of Twin Peaks (renamed Parents Peaks). Center is rock on top. Southern peak (Mother Peak) is also regarded as Holy Ground, although only Father Peak received blessing ceremony.

2. Los Angeles, California 2/21/65

Griffith Park. Enter from Fern Dell Drive, pass vertical parking area on right and picnic ground #7 to parking area on right. Walk past men's rest room #4 and picnic area. Go up dirt pathway to left of picnic area to where large dirt road turns left and steeper trail goes up to right of picnic area. Take steeper path. Climb past small water faucet with spigot about 72 paces. Holy Ground is on plateau 6 paces from middle of trail.

3. Mt. Whitney, California 2/25/65

At entrance to peak, approx. 9,000 feet, in a grove of pine trees. Center between three pines, one a straight tree at its approach to maturity.

4. Death Valley, California 2/25/65

Badwater to west of pond.

5. Las Vegas, Nevada 2/26/65

Lyon's Park. Central tree 25 feet high, third tree from north fence and second tree from west fence.

6. Phoenix, Arizona 2/27/65

Canto Park

7. Albuquerque, New Mexico 2/28/65

Roosevelt Park. Tree 36 feet high near park bench, 275 degrees west to tree on top of dirt mound, 105 degrees east to left-hand corner of school building.

8. Dallas, Texas 3/1/65

White Rock Lake Park. Take Lawther Drive around lake to Dreyfuss Lodge House. Walk 150 degrees south to southernmost of two small elms about 4 feet apart. There is squat tree with much grass at base about 10 feet southwest.

9. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 3/2/65

Lincoln Park. Holy Ground is picnic area #8, center isolated forked oak tree, first tree east of next to last picnic table.

10. Kansas City, Kansas 3/3/65

City Park. Hill overlooking the city.

11. St. Louis, Missouri 3/4/65

Forest Park. Center is largest of 4 cedars northwest of parking area on Art Hill (81 degrees from parking area to trees).

12. Paducah, Kentucky 3/5/65

Bob Noble Park. Northernmost tree of two near a road and "comfort station."

13. Memphis, Tennessee 3/5/65

Overton Park. Cedar tree between 2 double-trunk trees, south of roadway and east of building.

14. Little Rock, Arkansas 3/6/65

War Memorial Park. Oak tree on hill to west of gate 4 of War Memorial Stadium, east of St. Vincent's Infirmary, which is about 1 mile away.

15. Jackson, Mississippi 3/6/65

Livingston Park. Fourth tree from road (third pine from road). South of tree are three pines very close together. Arbor to west, zoo to southeast. Orange and white check water tank to south in distance, lake to north.

16. New Orleans, Louisiana 3/6/65

City Park. Grove of trees just north of Harrison Ave., east of Magnolia Drive, southwest of two small lakes. Take road that forks to right off Magnoliato point 2/3 of distance to lake (fifth tree from lake on west side of road). Third tree to west is marked with carved triangle on north side. This is center tree.

17. Mobile, Alabama 3/7/65

Municipal Park. Park out Spring Hill Extension, west past Braywood St. Central tree is tall pine, south of small green building with cement walkway, north of small white home with brick foundation, 11 paces east of a garden, southwest of high curving pine about 15 paces.

18. Tampa, Florida 3/8/65

Lowry Park. Tall pine, 100 yds. west of Greek theater-type structure.



*Creating the Jackson, Mississippi
Holy Ground*

19. Miami, Florida 3/8/65

Municipal Park. Tall straight palm tree flanked by 3 other palms bent toward west, in SW corner of park.

20. Savannah, Georgia 3/10/65

Forsythe Park. Oak tree (largest of several) to NW of large white fountain, on northern side of park near Huntington and Whittaker Streets.

21. Columbia, South Carolina 3/11/65

Earlewood Park. Go down road a ways then walk down-hill toward creek. Central tree is tall pine between basketball court and creek. Fourth tree to north along eastern side of sandbox, second to east along southern side of same sandbox.

22. Raleigh, North Carolina 3/11/65

Umstead Park, near Umstead Drive and Boylan Street. Central tree is large oak near foot of hill which rises to east. Second tree from small white pavilion with hexagonal green roof.

23. Richmond, Virginia 3/11/65

Monroe Park. Large tree in center of plot of grass between fountain and twin-steeped church with domed roof on Laurel St. Round house to left as one faces church. Central tree is smaller than other two trees near it.

24. Martinsburg, West Virginia 3/12/65

Berkeley County War Memorial Park, off North Tennessee Ave. Small tree, sixth in a row to south from east-west line of bush trees, in valley running north-south. Valley to west of small house-like building with green roof which is south of tree, west of swings and small building with white roof to north.

25. Washington, D.C. 3/14/65

White House. No central mark. Grassy area in ellipse in front of White House. Facing east, center is south of second column from right, east of space between third and fourth metal poles of baseball screen on left, west of first streetlight on right of baseball screen.

26. Washington, D.C. 3/14/65

Capitol Building. Central tree evergreen in middle of lawn to west of Capitol Building.

27. Baltimore, Maryland 3/18/65

Druid Park. Large tree near top of hill between Administration Building and duck pond.

28. Wilmington, Delaware 3/18/65

Brandywine Park, near Van Buren and Park Streets. Large tree SW of baseball backstop in small glen, new bridge to west. Walk up road reading "no parking beyond this point."

29. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 3/18/65

Fairmount Park. Large tree with spreading branches to SE of main gate on lawn about halfway between main gate and opposite street. Second tree to west of road.

30. Trenton, New Jersey 3/18/65

Cadwalader Park. Tall thin tree near baby evergreen which is near an ancient tree bound with wire. Near bear cage and statue labeled "Gettysburg Appomattox." Enter at Parkside Drive.

31. New York City, New York 3/19/65
 Central Park, near 98th Street. Small cherry tree on large grey rock (about 20 feet wide). Rock covers entire area of blessing. SW of building with green roof, near boathouse parking lot.
32. New Haven, Connecticut 3/19/65
 West Rock Park. Middle part of flat rock in ground next to path which leads NW from summit.
33. Providence, Rhode Island 3/19/65
 Roger Williams Park. Small thin tree in group of trees near lake. Two small evergreens between tree and bridge across lake to south. Across lake to south is building and sign reading "Pony Round."
34. Boston, Massachusetts 3/19/65
 Washington Monument and bridge.
35. Portsmouth, New Hampshire 3/19/65
 City Park. On State St. Large tree NE of monument.
36. Kittery, Maine 3/19/65
 City Park, just over New Hampshire Main Bridge. Small evergreen toward north end of park.
37. Brattleboro, Vermont 3/20/65
 City Park. Large tree, second from last toward east.
38. Cleveland, Ohio 3/21/65
 Wade Park, at University Circle. Exact center of lawn, parallel to fifth hedge from pond.
39. Detroit, Michigan 3/21/65
 Belle Isle Park. Large tree near rocks, next to building, near Inselruhe St.
40. Hammond, Indiana 3/21/65
 Harrison Park. Large tree near lamp, to west of Food Centre (grocery store), east of 3 small trees close together.
41. Chicago, Illinois 3/22/65
 Grant Park South. Fifth tree to west in third row of trees running east-west from walkway. Third row is third to south. Trees run perpendicular to "Harrison Hotel Park Free" sign on top of Harrison Hotel.
42. Madison, Wisconsin 3/22/65
 Hoyt Park, on Regent St. Next to Hoyt School. White oak, standing alone, to north of stone shelter house and wide grassy field.
43. St. Paul, Minnesota 3/23/65
 Como Park. From park building, go up hill directly opposite. Small evergreens to left as you go. Center tree medium sized, second to north of lamppost.
44. Fargo, North Dakota 3/23/65
 Island Park. Central tree double trunk, second to SE of fire hydrant, east of playground, south of statue.
45. Sioux Falls, South Dakota 3/23/65
 Sherman Park. Tree at top of high hill.
46. Sioux City, Iowa 3/23/65
 Grandview Park. Modern lamppost with fluorescent light.
47. Lincoln, Nebraska 3/24/65
 Antelope Park. Second tree to south from SE edge of fence which surrounds sheep and goat pen.
48. Cheyenne, Wyoming 3/24/65
 Lyons Park. Enter across from Wyoming National Guard. Fir tree, second from end tree toward stone monument in SE. Playground and barbecue pit to west; road runs to north and west.
49. Denver, Colorado 3/25/65
 City Park. South side of park at North end of Esplanade St. Large elm tree 140 paces north of edge of large statue with road looping around it. Tree in middle of large open area.
50. Salt Lake City, Utah 3/26/65
 Ensign Park. Rock on peak to north of city.
51. Boise, Idaho 3/26/65
 Julia Davis Park.
52. Missoula, Montana 3/27/65
 Greenough Park. First evergreen to NW (third tree to NW) of small bridge which crosses creek. Tree is next to creek, one small tree to its west.
53. Seattle, Washington 3/28/65
 Seward Park.
54. Portland, Oregon 3/29/65
 Mt. Tabor Park. Central tree trinity (3 trees in one), redwood on top of hill located to SE of Summit.
55. Eugene, Oregon 3/29/65
 Hendrick's Park. Central spot of five trees growing very close together.

Ernie Stewart

New Age Frontiers, June, 1968

I have just finished concluding Principle with a young Catholic from Erie, Pennsylvania, who is going to Vietnam. I will sell him a book in Oakland and we will try to get together in Vietnam. He is responding very well, is very sharp and has a good background and understanding of Christianity. I did not find any difficulties as I went through the lectures and he is very eager to study. Please include him in your prayers.

He had not slept in over twenty hours and was struck as soon as I finished the Third Chapter. But through teaching him what indemnity is, he urged me to continue and we concluded. I don't think I spoke with him more than two minutes before he asked me to tell him about what we have to say. I am sure it must be the prayer and closeness, plus the Washingtonian Family atmosphere which I am still carrying with me. I hope I can continue to keep my head so high.

David S.C. Kim

The Way of the World Magazine, August, 1970

Let me tell all of you what is going on in the other groups—in Washington, D.C. and San Francisco. Miss Young Oon Kim has been staying now in Seoul, Korea for few months after her short trip to Europe. Her early follower, Doris Orme, blessed in sacred marriage in London, England, has a newborn baby girl, Young Oon Orme, named after Miss Kim. The baby was born on Feb. 10, 1970. Doris is worthy of receiving such a blessing after her total dedication to the Principle work since 1959 with Miss Young Oon Kim. Also, John Schuhart and his wife in Los Angeles had a precious boy after the blessing. Some more precious children will be born very soon in the Washington group. The new president of the Washington, D.C. group is Farley Jones, picked up from Berkeley Center for which Edwin Ang is responsible. Berkeley Center recently expanded enormously, having nearly 30 solid and dedicated young college students in the Berkeley area.

The San Francisco group also is tremendously expanding their work, having 150 members at three centers in the city of San Francisco, and recently Mr. S. I. Choi acquired nearly 600 acres of land 80 miles from the



Father and other members saying farewell to Teddy Verheyen, Kimpo airport, Korea, 1965

city to build a new ideal city. Congratulations to the San Francisco Family on this new move and expansion.

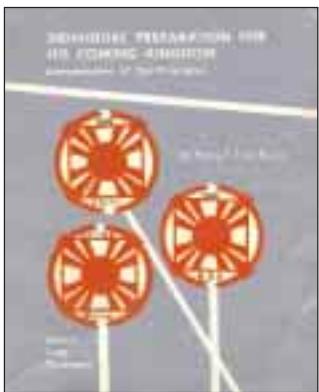
Diane Fernsler

The Way of the World Magazine, June, 1970

The founders of our "City of Brotherly Love" were Quakers, and in line with that tradition, the first Heavenly Soldiers were also Quakers. In 1965, George Fernsler and Diane Giffin (now Fernsler), made contact with the Unified Family in Washington, D.C. Diane moved away soon to another center, returning only after the blessing in 1969. George continued alone—so new to the Principle but unshakable in his determination. After two years, Barbara Mikesell came to Philadelphia to join forces with George. Many hear the Principle through them; many came and went until finally one brother, and then a second, joined the Family. The blessing was followed by a whole new wave of members: Philadelphia was on the move!

Among younger Americans today there is considerable interest in means of dissolving barriers between persons, in group dynamics and communal living. Thus the fact that our center functions as a commune is of prime interest to many. Often we are able to draw people to the lectures on this basis alone. The several existing communes around the University of Pennsylvania are among some 30,000 in the USA. To people who are familiar with communes, we are able to speak convincingly of the importance of the Principle as a basis for group living.

United Faith, Inc.



“Individual Preparation for His Coming Kingdom,” published by the United Chapel of Portland

United Faith, Inc., or the “Northwest Family,” which was led by Mr. David S.C. Kim, laid the initial foundations for the Unification Church’s later ecumenical and interfaith activity. More so than the other missionary groups, the Northwest Family had the consciousness of being a “united faith movement.” As early as 1963, it produced “Articles of United Faith” as a basis of dialogue with Christian churches. This stemmed mainly from the orientation of Mr. David Kim, who prior to joining the Unification Church, “was daydreaming of uniting the established Christian and Buddhist religions.” As he noted, “Many religious persons from Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity, as well as other small devoted religious groups from the mountains...visited me privately all the time.” Though a government official and a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, his idea at that time was “to re-formulate a new religious structure, incorporating the good points of other religions based on Christianity.” United Faith, Inc. was an effort to substantiate that vision.

Mr. David Kim was a founding member of the Unification Church in 1954 and its first overseas missionary, having gone to Swansea University College, Wales as a U.N. scholar during the mid-1950s. He was the second Unification missionary to the United States, arriving in Portland, Oregon on September 18, 1959, some ten months after Miss Kim had arrived in Eugene. Like Miss Kim, he came to the U.S. on a student visa (the only other way out of Korea was via the diplomatic service), and enrolled at Western Conservative Baptist



David Kim sharing a meal with the Portland group

Theological Seminary. Also like Miss Kim, he began witnessing and gathered several students, including Eileen Welch and John Schmidli whose affiliation pre-dated those of Miss Kim's Oakhill group. The first joint meeting between the Oakhill and Mr. Kim's groups occurred in Lebanon, Oregon in July 1960. A second meeting of twenty persons was held there on September 4th. Whether or not the two groups could have worked together is uncertain. However, there were differing ideas over financial responsibilities, witnessing, and even the name of a unified organization.

Following the relocation of Miss Kim and her Oakhill group to the San Francisco Bay area in late 1960, Mr. Kim continued as the sole missionary to the Pacific Northwest. However, he was expelled for "heresy" from Western Conservative Baptist Seminary just weeks before his graduation in 1961. This precipitated a series of crises as Mr. Kim successively enrolled in Portland University, the University of Oregon, and finally Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California in efforts to retain his student status and stay in the country. During this period, a major thrust of the Northwest group were annual forty-day evangelical campaigns of often solitary missionaries traveling as far east as Chicago. In July 1965, the group's newsletter, *United Temple Bulletin*, listed active "chapels" in Chicago, Illinois; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Boise, Idaho; Salt Lake City, Utah; Seattle, Washington; and Portland, St. Helens, and Eugene, Oregon.

During the 1960s, the Northwest Family stood firmly for coordination and cooperation among the missionary groups rather than centralization. Hence its members opposed the efforts of Miss Kim's group to "unify" the American movement. A lengthy *United Temple Bulletin* editorial entitled, "Expressed Opinions on the so-called 'National Headquarters,' Washington, D.C. by the Northwest Families" charged the new headquarters with "definite attempts...to split and destroy the Northwest Family, rather than to unite." In January 1966, the Northwest group inaugurated a "Monthly Training Conference for the Training of Northwest Leaders." They also forged closer ties with Mr. Sang Ik Choi, who had begun mission work in the San Francisco Bay Area. In May 1966, a "United West Coast Fellowship" in Oakland, California gathered over forty people representing ten centers from Anchorage, Alaska to Los Angeles, California. Their efforts to retain their autonomy were successful, as Rev. Moon recognized an East-West missionary division in late 1966 and prohibited further discussion on the problem of uniting with Washington, D.C.

Between 1966-71, Mr. David Kim directed the activities of the Northwest Family from Clearfield, Utah where he served as a counselor for deprived youth at a Job Corps center. This enabled him to pursue his "heavenly mission" while retaining his visa. Still, East-West jurisdictional problems persisted, and in July



A 1963 revival meeting to teach the Principle in Portland. From left: David Kim, John Schmidli, Vernon Pearson and Gerald Johnson.

1969, the *United Temple Bulletin* published a June 15th “Letter to Our Master on the Long Existing Conflicts Between West and East Groups.” That same month the Northwest Family formally established “United Faith, Inc.,” which signalled an assertion of independence from Mr. Choi’s as well as from Miss Kim’s group. As Mr. Kim wrote to his membership: “[M]arch on with your new organization—United faith, Inc. You have an independent organization, different from Mr. Choi’s or Miss Kim’s.” Later, he noted, “In [the] S.F. Bay Area two other groups besides ours are working—Mr. Choi, [and] Miss Kim’s group—in [the] future we will work together as a team, but the time is not ripe yet.” Unfortunately, despite incorporating and setting up a “permanent” structure which included departments of Administrative Affairs, Home and Foreign Missions, International Cultural Exchange, and Enterprise, United Faith, Inc. did not experience substantial growth.

The final stage of the Northwest group activities followed Mr. David Kim’s resignation from the Job Corps and his relocation to Oakland, California in February 1971. There, the dramatic growth of Mr. Choi’s group in San Francisco as well as their innovations provoked alarm and led to a realignment of the American mission. Essentially, Mr. Kim and Miss Kim joined forces to counterbalance the rising influence of Mr. Choi. Mr. David Kim began to join in activities of the Berkeley “Unified Family,” and in June 1971 he traveled to Miss Kim’s Washington, D.C., Headquarters where he “was very much impressed with many enthusiastic faces of college students as well as old members in the center, and I noticed constant progress made in training members, new programs and so on.” Earlier, Mr. Kim met with several senior Bay Area members, including the director of Miss Kim’s Berkeley Center, and “discussed the San Francisco situation in case—Mr. Choi and his wife intend to do their work independently from Hq., Seoul Korea....” This allegation was more serious than all the charges Mr. Kim’s group had leveled at Miss Kim. Rather than his methods, Mr. Choi’s loyalty was being questioned.

HSA-UWC, Arlington, Virginia

Opposite: Rev. Moon bidding farewell to Bo Hi Pak on his departure from Korea to the United States, March 1961

Col. Bo Hi Pak was the third Unification Church missionary to the United States, arriving on March 14, 1961. Unlike Miss Kim and Mr. David S.C. Kim, both of whom had come on student visas, Col. Pak came as a diplomat, serving as assistant military attache at the Korean Embassy in Washington, D.C. However, like them, he also began witnessing and held Bible study sessions in his home. In early 1963, Col. Pak incorporated the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (HSA-UWC) in Arlington, Virginia and was granted a federal tax exemption. The following year he published a translation of the Principle, *Outline of Study: The Divine Principles* (c. 1964). However, during this same period, Col. Pak began to move in a new direction. In 1962, Rev. Moon conceived the idea of forming a Korean children’s dance





During Rev. Moon's first visit to the United States in 1965—from left: Mrs. Bo Hi Pak, Pauline Verheyen, Miss Choi, Jhoon Rhee, Rev. Moon, Mrs. Won Pok Choi and Dr. Bo Hi Pak in Washington, D.C.

troupe “as a means of promoting world peace and sharing the Korean culture throughout the world.” He asked Col. Pak to take responsibility for assembling the group. Col. Pak agreed, and in addition to his diplomatic and missionary responsibilities, he traveled back and forth to Korea in developing a dance troupe, which was named the Little Angels.

In the mid-1960s, Col. Pak moved decisively in this new direction. In March 1964, he was the “moving force” behind the creation of the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation (KCFF) which sponsored the Little Angels’ performances in the United States, beginning in 1965. In late 1964, he resigned from the Korean army and his diplomatic post to engage in this activity full-time. The following year he persuaded Miss Kim to relocate from San Francisco to Washington, D.C., allowing her to take primary responsibility for church activities. Then, in 1966, he played a central role in establishing Radio of Free Asia (ROFA) as a second major project sponsored by KCFF. In effect, Col. Pak became a free-lance ambassador of goodwill, foundation director, and an activist in the struggle against atheistic communism.

During the Korean war, Col. Pak was saved from certain death by U.S.-led forces. He later noted that the motivation for his subsequent actions came from “an inner desire to serve God, humanity, and my two beloved countries of Korea and America.” Many prominent Americans and Koreans supported his projects and through them Col. Pak interacted with top leaders in both countries. Arleigh Burke, former U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, was KCFF’s first president; and Yang You Chan, former ROK Ambassador to the U.S., was its first vice-president. In addition, both Presidents Eisenhower and Truman authorized KCFF to list them as honorary presidents. Although the Little Angels inaugural tour of the U.S. was difficult and in many cases “the performers outnumbered the audience,” Col. Pak enlisted the aide of Lila Acheson Wallace, founder and co-chairman of *Reader’s Digest*, who provided financial support to the dance troupe for many years. The Little Angels’ tours were increasingly successful and by 1971 they had performed on national television, at the Mexico Olympics, and before numerous heads of state including President Nixon and President Park of Korea, as well as in a Royal Command Performance before Queen Elizabeth II who broke with protocol by receiving the performers and greeting each of them, escorted by Col. Pak. ROFA afford-

ed similar opportunities. President Eisenhower gave the organization its slogan, “bridge of truth,” and many U.S. senators, congressmen, government and civic leaders and families voiced their outrage about the plight of U.S. POWs/MIA over ROFA air waves. During this period, an estimated 60,000 Americans contributed funds to KCFF and its causes.

KCFF’s rapid advance, its flamboyant style, its involvement with sensitive matters such as the POW/MIA issue, and its fundraising raised suspicions, especially among U.S. government officials. The FBI conducted an investigation of KCFF between 1964-66 over allegations of KCIA involvement in a plan to raise funds for the Asian Peoples Anti-Communist League Freedom Center (APACL-FC) but closed the case when the fundraising never took place. In 1966, the U.S. State Department and the U.S. Embassy in Seoul raised similar concerns about ROFA and induced its first international chairman to resign. Between 1966-68, several U.S. government agencies were reporting on ROFA’s activities. In late 1969, a ROFA fundraising appeal addressed to a number of prominent Americans and a subsequent letter of thanks which was signed by President Chung Hee Park of Korea and mailed to thousands of Americans raised the ire of J. William Fullbright, a powerful U.S. senator. He pressed the State Department to investigate whether ROFA should be required to register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act (FARA). This led to a full-scale investigation of ROFA and its tax-exempt status by the U.S. Justice Department and the IRS in 1971. Ultimately, both ROFA and the KCFF were vindicated. After reviewing its activities and financial records, the IRS notified Col. Pak that KCFF’s tax-exempt status would continue. Later, Acting Attorney General Richard Kleindienst wrote that on “information made available by the CIA, the Department of State and the FBI...the evidence is insufficient to constitute Radio of Free Asia as an agent of a foreign principal...[or] to establish a violation of the statutes on fraud or the mails or any other federal law which I am chosen to enforce.”

The Little Angels, the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation (KCFF), and Radio of Free Asia (ROFA) were all either initiated or led by Colonel Bo Hi Pak during the 1960s. Together, they helped establish the pattern for the Church’s subsequent inter-cultural and anti-communist work as well as its efforts to promote good will between the United States and Korea. However, as would be the case for the Unification movement during the 1970s and 1980s, Col. Pak’s motivation and methods were viewed with suspicion by public officials. This led to investigations and efforts to destroy his work.

Gary Fleisher

I met the Unification Church through a mimeographed flyer left on my college campus in Los Angeles, California. The flyer said, "Faith is for the blind and ignorant." I first saw it in the hand of a Christian who was trying to convert me to Christianity and the United Church of Christ. When I asked him about the pamphlet, he told me it was some free-love commune, and that he and some other Christians were going to witness to them. I accompanied 12 Christians on their visit to the free love commune which was called the Unified Family. There were seven members of the commune. They gave a night-club-like musical performance in a dimly lit room. Then there was an introduction to the Unified Family. After the introduction most of the Unified Family members went outside to smoke. Everyone was invited to come back, on another night, for more lectures.

Only one Christian came back, and he only came for one other lecture. I was the only person to finish the entire lecture series. Many of the members smoked before joining the Unified Family. They told me that it was bad for spiritual growth to smoke and that they were trying to stop smoking. (All but one succeeded within a year.)

Being Jewish

At the time, Jews were not considered potential members in the Unified Family in Los Angeles. It was believed that Judaism was the Formation Stage religion, Christianity was the Growth Stage religion, and the Unified Family was the Perfection Stage religion. The Unified Family, as the Perfection Stage religion, had no Jewish members because before entering the Perfection Stage, one had to go through the Growth Stage, i.e., become a Christian. Of course no one told me this at the time. However, the result of this belief was that I became the object of lecture practice for the members, since no one expected me to join. Every member presented at least one lecture, with me as the audience.

What's His Name?

As I was hearing the conclusion lecture, all the members were praying for me in another room. When I heard that the Marriage Of The Lamb had taken place in 1960, I immediately believed it. I asked what the Messiah's name was and was told that "we call him

Master or Leader." It was several months after I became a member before I was considered worthy to hear Leader's name, Sun Myung Moon. This was due to something that Father said during his 1965 visit: "It is all right to say Sun Myung Moon has been here, but don't say who he is." ["The Master Speaks on the Lord of the Second Advent," Sun Myung Moon, March and April 1965]

We later learned that Father meant that we shouldn't be going around saying, "Christ is here, he is a Korean named Sun Myung Moon," without giving a foundation of understanding the Divine Principle first. A few months after learning Leader's name, I was honored with being able to see his picture. It was his 1960 wedding photo. After passing a Divine Principle knowledge test, I received my own copy of this photo, which I still treasure today. I don't think that I saw a photo of Mother (his wife) before I met her in 1969. Only one Unified Family member in L. A., the center leader, Jon Schuhart, had ever seen Father, and that was before Jon became a member.

Jon, the oldest member, having been a member for two years, was the center leader. We were led by prayer, the Divine Principle, Rev. Moon's 1965 speeches, and Jon's charisma. (There had been elders leading the Unified Family; however, they left about a year before I joined—upset that they were not blessed [married] during Father's 1965 visit, disagreeing with Father over who should be the national leader, or due to insurmountable sexual problems.) I joined the Unified Family because I received revelations and the love of my spiritual parents, Jon and Sandy Schuhart.

Life in the Unified Family

We witnessed, studied, sang and prayed a lot. Everyone had a job and contributed their income to the center. After work, in the evenings, we would witness. There was no witnessing literature, so we made our own. There were no Unified Family songs, so we wrote our own. (Mostly Jon wrote the songs; among them are: "Let's Move America," "There Is a Giant," "Find Your Dream," "Precious Light," "What Is Your Reason," and "Gonna Build a Kingdom.")

We frequently went to Holy Ground. If someone had a problem that no one could help them with, that person went to Holy Ground and received internal guidance spiritually. At 11:00 p.m. on December 31, 1967, we all went to Holy Ground. We prayed until the new year

came. There was a special feeling that we had never felt before. A few months later we learned that God's Day had been declared that same night.

Discovering and Avoiding Other Followers

In January, 1968 I and Lisa (Martinez) Take were sent to Berkeley to help with witnessing. The center leader was Edwin Ang. I was very impressed with Edwin. He had spent time with Father in 1965, was humble, and spiritual. His assistant was Farley Jones, who had recently been sent from National Headquarters to help the Berkeley center grow. While witnessing in Berkeley, I met two of Father's followers, who were not members of the Unified Family. One was named Tom (I can't recall his last name). He believed in Father, but would not follow Young Oon Kim (Miss Kim), the national leader. He was also witnessing on the Berkeley campus. Tom had gathered a number of followers, some of whom later became Unification Church members.

I also met Young Soo Lim, who is better known as Young Soo "Onni" Durst. She was a member of the International Re-Education Foundation based in San Francisco. She was also a follower of Father's but not a member of the Unified Family.

While I was in Berkeley we usually went to the Holy Ground in Oakland. One day it was announced that we were going to go to the Twin Peaks Holy Ground in San

Francisco, the first Holy Ground that Father blessed outside Korea. We had to leave very early because Edwin and Farley were afraid of meeting "them." The Twin Peaks Holy ground was great. Later, I asked about who "they" were, and why we didn't want to meet them. There was a schism between Father's followers.

Followers of different groups did not speak to each other, each believing that their leader was the only one who was doing what Father wanted. I was told that Miss Kim created the Holy Ground at Lake Merritt in Oakland so that her followers (the Unified Family) would not meet the followers of Sang Ik "Papasan" Choi (International Re-Education Foundation) at the Twin Peaks Holy Ground. (As late as 1970, when members of the International Re-Education Foundation visited us in Los Angeles, they were not allowed in the house.)

Looking back I can see how shameful this is; however, at the time, it was just the way it was. In 1972 Father began breaking down the barriers between his American followers. In 1975 Rev. Moon married me to one of Papasan's most faithful followers. It is working out well. As far as I can see, things are much better now than they were in the 1960s. The heart of these changes are True Parents. They gave us a clearer understanding of the Divine Principle, brought our ideals to the public, and brought us into unity. They did these things, even though we often opposed them. Thanks, Father and Mother.



The International Re-Education Foundation

The San Francisco-based International Re-Education Foundation led by Sang Ik “Papasan” Choi tapped most directly into the communal ethos and utopian idealism of the 1960s. Adapting the Principle message to secular, non-theistic audiences, Mr. Choi consciously adopted a “character-educational” rather than a “church-theological” method. This created misunderstandings within the Unification movement, particularly with Miss Kim’s Unified Family, but was effective in appealing to disaffected young people. Between 1966-71, Mr. Choi fashioned a highly successful communitarian experiment which included active witnessing, multiple centers, student groups, weekend workshops, a “New Age Band” which performed at regular public meetings, the International Ideal City Project on 600 acres of land in Mendocino County, the International Pioneer Academy in San Francisco, and International Friendship Banquets with as many as 500 guests and speeches by dignitaries such as San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto. Although, as with most communitarian experiments, the International Re-Education Foundation was not to enter the promised land of utopian fulfillment, it did provide a way of “actualizing” the Principle that continued to be influential, particularly in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Mr. Choi had several advantages over the previous Unification missionaries. Whereas Miss Young Oon Kim and Mr. David S.C. Kim had come alone to the U.S. and Col. Bo Hi Pak arrived only with his family, Mr. Choi came on the foundation of a victorious mission in Japan. Between 1958-64, he successfully planted the church in Japan after several previous missionaries had failed. Thus, he could draw on tested methods. He also drew on a small but elite corps of Japanese church missionaries, all members for several years, all dedicated, and all successful, who joined him in San Francisco. Still, given the cultural barriers, the work was slow. In this respect, the testimony of the first American to join the group was revealing,

I was in a tee-shirt, part way stretched out on a beach, looking at the sun and wondering how I got there. Koro showed me an address and said, “You come!” I came and immediately found myself in the world of oriental custom and tradition.
I liked the people, and when Koro asked me, I moved in....

Although struggles continued, the original community of eight doubled its membership with new American members by the end of 1967. A pattern of doubling membership each year continued until 1971.

The transition of Mr. Choi’s group, initially known as the “Japanese Family,” into the Re-Education Center and finally the International Re-Education Foundation occurred in several stages. The initial stage followed Mr. Choi’s assessment of the liberal San Francisco Bay Area and decision to reconfigure his group as a “Re-Education Center” rather than as a church. The educational for-



mat afforded new American members the opportunity to help shape and direct organizational activities in a more dynamic way than in the other missionary groups. A second stage followed the publication of Mr. Choi's *Principles of Education* (c. 1969). Unlike the other missionaries' texts, which purported to be pure translations of the Principle as lectured in Korea, Mr. Choi's work was a conscious adaptation. As he expressed it, "Based on the *Divine Principle*, I put my philosophical ideas and a little bit of oriental religion together and I a little bit changed the *Divine Principle*." Basically, the series was a humanistic counterpart to the Principle, positing the attainability of an ideal world through application of the community's overriding concept of "conscientious common sense." Although Mr. Choi devised a system of educational principles that presumably would lead to "divine" principles, what was critical for the community's development was the way in which the *Principles of Education* assumed a life of their own. More than any other factor, the *Principles of Education* led the community into a final utopian stage which followed the founding of the International Ideal City located on 600 acres of land just south of Boonville in Mendocino County,

The International Ideal City Project property in Mendocino County, California. The farm later became known simply as "Boonville."

California. Mr. Choi and his members regarded this project as an experiment which would “prove” their social theories. Plans were made for various sectors to represent the unique architectural styles of the world, and “Articles of Establishment” were drawn up which included sections on politics, economy, education, culture, law, and “qualifications for citizenship.” They fully expected it to be a model for others to study. Or as Mr. Choi put it, “If we can establish the ideal city system, we can win the whole world.”

The Re-Education Center members fell immeasurably short of winning the world. However, they did succeed in transforming themselves. The group no longer thought of itself as local but international. Hence, the founding of the International Ideal City in Mendocino County was answered by the founding of the International Re-Education Foundation (IRF) in San Francisco. The purchase of an imposing new headquarters building at 44 Page Street, San Francisco in June 1971 led the community into two more ambitious projects. The International Pioneer Academy officially opened on September 20, 1971 with an entering class of thirty, twenty of whom were members, eight professors and a full curriculum. With ballroom and balcony, Page Street headquarters also was well suited for a succession of “International Friendship Banquets” which led to a culminating Christmas banquet for 1,200 guests at the Kabuki Theatre on December 18, 1971. As members gathered on the stage of the Kabuki and looked out over the audience of prominent San Franciscans and world delegates, they had little reason to suspect that the following years would see the dismantling of almost everything Mr. Choi had built up.

Rev. Moon's World Tours

It has already been noted that activities in America were peripheral to the mainstream Unification tradition, which was focused in Korea and, to a lesser extent, Japan. However, work there solidified by the mid-1960s to the point that the church was ready to give serious attention to world mission. The most dramatic indications of this new direction were Rev. Moon's two world tours, the first in 1965 and the second in 1969. The main purpose of these tours was to connect the foundations that had been established in Korea to the world. In 1965, Rev. Moon sanctified 120 “holy grounds” worldwide, including 55 in the United States. In 1969, building on the blessing in marriage of 430 couples in Korea, Rev. Moon “blessed” 43 couples worldwide: 13 in the United States, 8 in Germany, and 22 in Japan. In addition to these central purposes, the tours gave Rev. Moon the chance to assess opportunities for worldwide expansion and to provide direction for missions already in place. In America, the two tours afforded members their first opportunity to participate directly in the movement's mainstream tradition.

Rev. Moon departed from Korea for his first world tour in January, 1965. After spending two weeks in Japan, he and Mrs. Won Bok Choi left for



Father being greeted at San Francisco Airport, 1965

America. Miss Kim, who accompanied them to Japan, departed ahead of them “to prepare Americans for his visit.” In an article, “Hail to the Brightness,” the *New Age Frontiers* chronicled Rev. Moon’s San Francisco Bay Area arrival:

The Great Day dawned for us before the sun was up. At 5:30 a.m. on the still, cool morning of Friday, February 12th, our Master set foot upon the continent of North America.

Twenty-seven highly honored, greatly privileged, and totally breathless members of the Unified Family in the United States were on hand to greet him and Mrs. Choi as they stepped off the Japan Airlines flight from Hawaii at the San Francisco International Airport. Among the fortunate few were the three missionaries from Korea whose love and single-minded devotion were responsible for the presence of Americans at the momentous occasion—Miss Young Oon Kim, Col. Bo Hi Pak, and Mr. David Kim.

The “Official Party” stayed in the San Francisco Bay Area for seven days, with the high point of the visit being the selection and sanctification of “sacred ground.” In the next forty-four days, Rev. Moon traveled by car to all forty-eight continental United States, setting up a total of fifty-five Holy Grounds. A key part of each ceremony was the burying of a “holy rock” from Korea. Having completed a three-year course of “national restoration” on the Korean



Rev. Moon talking with members during the 1965 tour.

Opposite: At the United Nations Building, 1969, (left to right): Miss Shim, Father, Mrs. Won Pok Choi, Dianne Fernsler, unknown, Barbara Mikesell and Sang Ik Choi.

peninsula, Rev. Moon transplanted Korean rocks in American soil. At the same time, a pebble was gathered from the grounds of City Hall at each stop in America and put in a sack for later transport back to Korea. Having completed the full circuit, Rev. Moon arrived back in the San Francisco Bay Area on March 30th. At that point, he flew to Washington, D.C. which was his base of operations for three months until July 1, 1965, when he departed for Europe. In Washington, he convened a twenty-one day training session, continued touring, and spoke often. By June, members were ready with the first edition of *The Master Speaks*, seven edited, in-house transcriptions of question and answer sessions with Rev. Moon taped at various centers throughout the country. In addition to activities with members, Rev. Moon initiated contact with several prominent Americans, including the well-known trance medium, Arthur Ford, and former President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

It is impossible to appreciate the full-scale advance of local centers between 1969-71 without reference to Rev. Moon's thirty-nine day visit to the United States as a part of his second world tour in February and March, 1969. Accompanied by Mrs. Moon, Mr. Hyo Won Eu (President of HSA-UWC, Korea), Mrs. Won Bok Choi, and Mr. Osamu Kuboki (President of HSA-UWC, Japan), Rev. Moon arrived at San Francisco International Airport on February 4, 1969 and at Washington headquarters on February 9th.





The first American Blessing Ceremony, February 28, 1969, in Washington, D.C.

It was during this stay that assembled American members heard first-hand of anti-communist and student activities of the Korean and Japanese members. Equally significant were Mr. Eu's *Divine Principle* lectures, which American members heard for the first time. Finally, Rev. Moon's whirlwind tour of machine shops in New York City raised members' consciousness with regard to economic enterprises.

However, the major focus of Rev. Moon's stay in Washington, D.C. was the blessing in marriage of thirteen American couples: six previously married

and seven new couples. This was the first marriage in the church outside of Korea. Those taking part in the February 28th ceremony included George Norton and the Pumphreys from Miss Kim's original Bay Area group, Edwin Ang from Berkeley, American HSA-UWC President Philip Burley, and two couples from Mr. Kim's Northwest group. Following Rev. Moon and his party's departure from Kennedy International Airport on March 15, 1969, another wedding for eight couples was held in Essen, Germany, on March 28, 1969. There, Pauline Phillips and Doris Walder from Miss Kim's original Bay Area community were blessed. Other participants there included Elke Klawiter, Peter Koch, Barbara Koch and the Werners, all of whom had joined under Miss Kim in the Bay Area. A third ceremony for twenty-two couples in Japan was held in late April, 1969.

Despite a renewed sense of national solidarity and urgency as a result of Rev. Moon's visits, attempts to forge a national movement during the 1960s were abortive. As a result of competing ideas about the nature and purposes of their organizations, differing interpretations of the Principle, and conflicting mission styles, a national movement had not emerged by the end of 1971. Instead, what emerged was a complicated set of missionary jurisdictions, shifting alliances, and general grievances. At the same time, there were significant developments during the period. Most important were the moves beyond evangelistic witness into economic, cultural and anti-communist activities. This full-scale advance continued, though in markedly different fashion following Rev. Moon's third world tour. That tour, begun in late November, 1971, not only inaugurated a unified American movement but also radically restructured priorities. As one of Mr. Choi's Re-Education members wrote, "I sensed some heavy changes were coming."

Talent in Father's House

Susan Hughes

The Way of the World, 1970

For so long (Heavenly) Father has waited for us to return to Him so that He could participate with us in all of the activities we do. This includes performing. Think of all the talented singers, dancers, musicians etc., who created so beautifully, yet they were never one with Father's heart. In Berkeley, Father has blessed us with such a variety of talent. The first that comes to mind is singing. Dan Fefferman is trying to start a singing group called The Dispensations. Practice sessions are held every Sunday at 4:30 pm. So far the most successful song is: "God is not dead, He is alive, I can feel Him in my heart, feel Him in my soul, feel Him all over me." These are the only words but we like to sing them over and over, with harmony. Another favorite of the group is "The Father's Dwelling Place."

One Saturday before street preaching, we tried out our singing on the crowd on campus. In spite of the Krishna group that was chanting loudly only twenty feet away, we did get some attention (especially when we sang "God is Not Dead") and another song Dan wrote and composed called "The Kingdom of Heaven's at Hand." This song lifts the atmosphere 100 degrees! We have singers who can perform alone without too much of a shaky voice. Artists are abundant in the two centers. Mark Whitman just finished creating a beautiful card to send to our Parents. The background is the sun, the earth, the moon and the tree of life with golden pears on it.

A dance department should be created. We have two ballet dancers, Leslie Elliott and Susan Hughes, a modern dancer and some folk dancers and one excellent gymnast. One thing that draws people to Father's house is food. We have found that one way to a student's heart is through his stomach. Cooking is a talent. Those most talented in this field, that is, the most talented bakers are Pamela Stockwell and Cathy Geraghty. Pamela treats us to homemade bread and Cathy makes delicious cakes. I could go on. This house is so full of vitality. Every once in a while someone does something or creates something or shows a spark of new talent that surprises everyone—perhaps even Father.

Neil Albert Salonen

The Way of the World, June, 1970

Dear Father. We are looking forward to attending the WACL conferences in Japan this coming September. As the work of the Freedom Leadership Foundation grows, so also does our awareness of how necessary it is that this effort be coordinated on an international scale. I have always been honored that you entrusted to me the responsibility of founding the Freedom Leadership Foundation.

Despite the smallness of our group, we hope that you have been proud of our initial efforts and success. In responding to the spiritual needs of our movement, I am very grateful for your approval to go into the field and experience that direct confrontation with Satan in our work. The Board of Directors of the Freedom Leadership Foundation will remain the same: Philip Burley, Boston; George Edwards, Washington; William Farley Jones, Washington; Young Oon Kim, Washington; Nora Martin, Kansas City; Neil Salonen, Denver; Jon Schuhart, Los Angeles. Farley Jones, HSA President, will serve as Chairman of the Board. To carry out daily activities, they have nominated Allen Wood to function as President. Since Miss Kim has also communicated your approval on this matter, we have now put this into effect.

As a result of our activities, Allen and I recently attended a small conference at the White House to open direct channels for the coordination of future activities. I am confident that FLF will continue to grow, and that Allen will provide the necessary capable leadership. This work has been my great joy, and I look forward to its continuation. My prayer and that of the whole American family will continue for the success of this international work. Love, in His name, Neil Albert Salonen

Ken Weber

The Way of the World, September, 1971

Something really strange happened today. A couple walked up to me on the street and started talking about new life and rebirth and a wedding of over 700 couples in Korea? No, that can't be right. They talked with me awhile, gave me a pamphlet and invited me to a discussion with their Family. Something even

stranger happened today—I visited the Family. I expected that discussion to last only an hour or two, but it turned into an all-afternoon affair. When the discussion began, several people were there, but one by one they left, saying this new philosophy didn't fit into their lives, or they just couldn't agree with it. Strange, this new philosophy means a great deal to me.

Oh God, I heard the rest of the philosophy today, clear through to the conclusion. Oh, my God, what if it's true? God, there is so much love in this family. Dear God, our Father, I attended a workshop this weekend and I learned a great deal about myself and other people, as well as learning more about the Principle. One thing that impressed me in the Principle is how You have been striving throughout history to show Your love for us, and how we, through lack of love and faith, have kept You so far away, not You who have left us. Father, I pray for strength and an attempt to overcome my weakness, so that I will never betray you as did Judas, or deny you as did Peter. I will strive Father, to be a true son to you.

Los Angeles Church

Letter from Los Angeles Family appearing in The Way of the World Magazine

The children from Los Angeles send our deepest love and gratitude for all you have accomplished in our Father's name. We are anxiously looking forward to your visit and pray for your earliest departure. Crowded conditions in the Courtney center have forced us to look for more housing. We have a new center in Alhambra and wish to find one nearby in Los Angeles proper and one at UCLA.

The highlight of the month of August was the visit of Miss Kim. She talked at length about Korea and America's mission. The words she spoke were things we all needed to hear and energized us greatly. Her visit was all too short. Adrienne Dellas and Gary Fleisher from Los Angeles, Rick Hunter from Washington, D.C., and Leslie Elliot from Berkeley stayed with us two days. They were on their way to Washington, D.C. from their trip to Taiwan and Korea. They told us about their activity with World Youth Crusade for Freedom and showed us the film of the WACL conference. It brought tears of pride and love for our Japanese brothers and sisters. Their dedication is an inspiration to all of us.

We are participating in a prayer condition for the

success of your American visit. We hope you can feel a deepening of our love and dedication to you through this condition. May God bless your continued hard work in His behalf. Love in our Father's Name, the Los Angeles Family

Connecticut Church

*The Way of the World, December 1971 (news article excerpts)
"City Religious Group Lives as Unification Family," by John Knoble, New Haven News, New Haven, CT.*

A group of brighter than average young adults, who don't smoke, drink or use drugs, are living together as a "family" at 127 Dwight St. The group is bound together by commitment to the idea that the common principle of the great religions of the world can be the basis of a new unity for mankind. In an old-fashioned dining room, a Korean flag with the Tao symbol on the wall, the table laden with five plates stacked with fresh cookies, Judy Culbertson, 27, explained the Unification Family, which she said is the "youth thrust" of the half-million member World Church of the Unification, founded by South Korean Sun Myung Moon in 1951 when he was 31 years old.

Miss Culbertson said the family living arrangement is geared to the religious interest of the group. "It is not a commune but has the purpose of study and spiritual growth." She said that the Unification teaching that sex should be reserved for marriage is observed, but that the group's attitude is not judgmental towards those that have other lifestyles. "We are not escapist about mankind's problems," Miss Culbertson said. "We are concerned about racial brotherhood, dealing with the problems of drug abuse and ecology—the whole matter of renewing the world." The group finds "growing in understanding" and in ability to articulate Unification principles so engrossing that life in the house moves along without a dull moment.

Dr. Joseph Sheftick

I was guided by the spiritual world to join. I was in New York and I read a book called "The Gift of Prophecy" by Jeanne Dixon. She said a man named Joseph would work with Jesus when he returned. I thought it was me. I hoped to meet her to ask her about it but we never met.

I went to California and went to a psychic lady. In the reading she said it was time I got off my backside and start to work for God. She said my marriage was not blessed in heaven. I had been married in the Catholic church. She said by the time I was 43 I would pay off my karma and would not need to come back to earth again. She said I would be lonely for seven years and would be married to a woman that I would love very much and that my first child would be a son.

She said I should move from Los Angeles to San Francisco. She said I should go to a UFO convention in Berkeley. I arranged to be there. I went to Reno to get a divorce, to dissolve my marriage since it wasn't blessed in heaven. This was in 1967. I went to Berkeley and I ended up just a few blocks from the center there. I was supposed to meet a psychic couple who did psychic surgery in the Philippines. I met them, but there was no rapport with them. Then I went into a meeting and met Dr. Neva Dell Hunter. She asked me what I was going to do for the rest of my life, which was an interesting question. I thought it was odd that she should care what I did since she didn't know me. I said I was interested in psychic surgery, and she said I should do something better with healing. I said, "What is that?" And she said, "You should learn how to do aura balancing."

I said, "What is it?" She said, "I don't have time to talk to you now. Come talk to me later." The previous psychic mentioned my karma. I thought I'd better learn about my karma and I wanted someone to do a reading about my karma. I asked around at the convention as to who was the best person for that and it turned out to be Dr. Neva Dell Hunter. I went to see her and I taped my reading. I supposedly had a past life at the time of Jesus. She said that I met him at a well, and Jesus said something about scars on my throat. I was rude to him and unattentive—I wasn't against him but I didn't approve of him. She said I was present at the cross as well. Of course it wasn't me, but it was probably an ancestor. She

said that I was in a temple praying, and Jesus appeared to me and said, "Why don't you join with me?" So I accepted him, and then I went around praying and healing in his name. I felt bad when I heard that because I felt bad that I hadn't accepted him at first.

This woman told me that she was told by the spirit world in 1946 or 1947, to find 140 men to work with the new messiah. I was ecstatic because she said I was one of the people, and she had found 77 of them or so, so far. I joined with her for a while, but I wasn't too sure. She did karmic reading and I did healing. I wanted to meet some of the people in her group to find out if she was a kook or if she was a good person. We took care of some people there. One morning she invited me to listen to a tape with her. She asked me to sit down. I had been unloading manure in the backyard, so I thought it would be nice to take a rest! We were in Almagoro, N.M. I decided to sit down to rest and listen. There was a discussion about the fall of man on the tape. The discussion was over and then the people asked, "Is Sun Myung Moon the messiah, or not?" The man hemmed and hawed and said, "I can't tell you directly." I wanted to hear the answer, but the lady turned the tape off and wouldn't let me hear it. I said, "Why did you turn it off? They're discussing whether he's the messiah or not," and she said, "It's not that important." She wouldn't let me listen anymore. But I sneaked back in that night and listened to the tape, and got the address for the Unified Family, which was in Washington, D.C.

A couple of weeks later, in June, 1968, we went on a tour to Lansing, Michigan. I went to another minister's house who was an astrologer and medium. I went to speak to her members and have dinner. None of her members could come, and she apologized because she said she could usually get 10 or 15 people to come. She said, "I don't know what to do," so we just decided to have dinner. She said there was nothing to see in Lansing, so we talked. She asked me when my birthday was. When she heard my birthday, she cried. She started doodling, and then she asked her daughter for some books and she said, "You have a sun and moon in a triune relationship or something." I said, "What does that mean?" and she said, "I'm not finished yet." She gave me a pamphlet called "Revelation for a New Age," by Dr. Anthony Brooke. I started thumbing through it and I came across a picture of Father, the same picture in the

Divine Principle book. Then all of a sudden, he appeared and said, "I have a mission for you to do, but you're not ready for it yet. I will prepare you for it." He appeared to the psychic woman. I looked at his eyes in the picture and saw his name, Sun Myung Moon, and I got down on my knees and cried through the whole episode.

That night I prayed to God, "Is Sun Myung Moon the new messiah? Is he your son? What do I have to do with him? What does he have to do with me? When I go to sleep tonight, can you answer me in a dream or give me some sign?" I put his picture under my pillow, like Edgar Cayce put the Bible under his pillow to get messages. But nothing happened. I was dismayed. Nothing happened, no clue was given whether he was the messiah, or if he was God's son. I asked people in the group if they had heard of him. No one knew anything. I thought, how could he be the messiah if no one has heard of him?

Then I had a reading done by an astrologer. I wanted to know if I was going to work with him or not. After she did my chart she said, "I can't do your future. This is the first time I have a blank trying to find someone's future." I kept this experience to myself. So I went back to New Mexico.

Then Dr. Neva Dell Hunter had a dream that I had introduced her to the New Messiah. I said to myself, "Don't you ever forget that." She was in the guru position, and would never accept anything from me as a student. But then I said to her that I was going to leave her group. She said, "If you leave, I won't introduce you to the messiah." So I was really stuck. What should I do?

But I didn't think my meeting the messiah revolved around her. So I went to Los Angeles then to find the Unified Family. After hearing the tape, I had written to the Unified Family Headquarters. I asked, where is Sun Myung Moon? I want to meet him. I waited a whole month for an answer, and received a letter a month before my 33rd birthday. They told me he would be coming in 1969 from Korea. They said if I was interested in Reverend Moon, I should hear his teachings. They directed me to 429 South Virgil St. They said they couldn't see me the day I called. I wondered why they couldn't see me right away. They delayed me. They said to come the next day. They had a dilapidated house, with no furniture. Only a table and chairs. I wondered what kind of a messiah this was with such a run-down place.

There were four or five people sitting around reading "Master Speaks" speeches. I looked over one girl's shoulder. It said something about Sun Myung Moon being the Messiah. I wanted to look at it but she said, "No, this is not for you." Then they said that they had to go out witnessing and that I should read the whole Divine Principle book from cover to cover, from front to back. They told me to read the whole thing, and not to skip anything. Then they left me alone in the house while they went out to witness. I skipped to the back of the book and read the section about the Chosen Nation and the Messiah. I saw that the Second Coming was coming to Korea. And Sun Myung Moon was the messiah, so in my heart I accepted him as the messiah. Two days later I joined the church and moved into the center. It was better that way. If they had been trying to talk to me, I probably would have shrugged them off. I was unapproachable. I was looking for a teacher.

Once I got a massage and the masseuse said, "I am getting a vision of you standing over the earth. You have found the ultimate truth. I see you kneeling down in front of a king and queen sitting on a throne." It dawned on me later that it was a vision of me finding the truth and meeting Father and Mother. My cousin once told me that I had the mark of a chosen one on my forehead. All these things added up that I was supposed to be working with the messiah.

Father was supposed to come in 1969. I got all excited. The center director sent me out to get ice. I didn't want to miss him when they picked him up. I didn't want to go, but they told me I had to so that Father could have a cold drink. I went to the supermarket and I missed when they picked him up at the airport and he came into the house. Won Bok Choi, Young Oon Kim, Mr. Eu, Father and Mother, and some others. When they first came down the stairs, I looked at them and I saw tremendous power. It looked like God. Father shook hands with all the members. I thought when he saw me he would say, "Hi Joseph, I'm glad you made it." He said, "Hello," and I said, "Hello." I thought, what kind of messiah are you? You called me six months ago and now you don't recognize me? He just said hello to me and I said hello to him. Then later, when he was speaking, his eyes met mine and his eyes said, "I love you," and I said, "I love you too." I didn't need any physical confirmation after that.

He stayed a few days and then went to New York for the 13-couple blessing. Anthony Brooke thought Father would be the head of all the UFOs in the world. At one time they thought all the chosen people would be picked up in spaceships and saved so they wouldn't be caught up in the turmoil. Anthony Brooke didn't say Father was the messiah but he knew he had a mission. So on my 33rd birthday I joined.

Six months later I had some doubts about my accepting the Principle. I did a 3-day fast and went to the holy ground at the observatory at night. I determined I wasn't leaving the holy ground until I had an answer. I took the Bible and Divine Principle and a blanket. I cried and prayed, a loud prayer—is Sun Myung Moon the messiah? Is the Divine Principle true? I'm tired of praying to emptiness, I want to see you. Moses prayed and you showed yourself to him, he saw the back of you. If I were you, and you were me, I would come and face you, man to man, and answer my questions. I don't want to see doves flying by or deer running up the slope. I don't want anything except you, to see you face to face. I cried, and prayed and I waited with my blanket.

Then I heard in my mind, "Joseph, have you read the New Testament?" I said, "Some of it." "Do you remember all the miracles Jesus did for the people? Did it help the faith of the people? Did you read the Old Testament? Did those miracles cause the people to believe in Moses? Did they believe because of the miracles? Why do you want a miracle? The only way you will get your answer if the Divine Principle is true is to live the Principle in your life. Make the Principle a living thing that no one can take from you. I really can't meet you man to man, face to face. I made the entire universe. But when you make your heart like mine, then our hearts will become one. Then you will know me as you desire to know me." I cried. I picked up my blanket and DP book and the Bible and went back to the center. I didn't look anymore from that time on for miracles. But I sought to make the Principle a part of my life.

I had been a chiropractor then. I thought God didn't want me to be a chiropractor anymore. The center director told me that God didn't want me to be a chiropractor anymore. I got a job as a cab driver and a security guard. I had to take lesser jobs. I couldn't get a real job. I was 33 years old with no family, and no roots. We gave all our paychecks to the Unified Family then.

Once Young Oon Kim came by and I took care of her. I took care of her neck and shoulders. I wanted to serve her. She said, "I prayed about you last night. I believe that you have the gift of healing. Have you ever thought of coming to D.C.? Would you like to use your gift for God?" I said, "Sure." She said to think about it. The center I was in was made up of people younger than me; they were 19 or 20. "If you come to D.C., you could do healings and make money for the church that way, like an evangelical healer." At the same time, a chiropractor I knew wanted me to take over his practice which earned about \$50,000 a year. The center director was interested in my taking the chiropractic practice. So I did a 40-day prayer and fast. I went to the holy ground and I prayed, what should I do? The \$50,000 a year would help the center. I could have a car, clothes and prestige. If I went to Washington, D.C., I would be a healer. I was worried about making the right decision. The church leader wanted me to take the chiropractic practice.

So during a church holiday the leader said to me, "What have you decided?" I said, "I thought I was leaning towards going to Washington." He said, "They're just using you. Get out." He chased me out of the center. I said, "I haven't finished my fast yet." He said, "I don't care, get out." I had nowhere to go. So I went with one brother to Tempe, Arizona. He said, "You can come with me for two weeks." So I took a box of holy ground sand with me so I could stand in it and pray and finish the condition. I was in Arizona for a couple of weeks. When I got to D.C., Young Oon Kim wasn't there; she was in Korea. Philip Burley asked me why I had come, because I just showed up on the doorstep. I told him that Young Oon Kim asked me to come and do healing and make money for the church. He said, "We only teach the Principle. We don't do healing." I told him that she had invited me to come.

They had a meeting when she came back and she told me, "The Unification Church won't support you in doing this. If this is what you want to do, you need to do it on your own." I didn't want to get involved in healing all kinds of sick people and then carry all the indemnity of people that I healed, so I ended up becoming the janitor for the church. I did cleaning and painting instead.

We did a 3-day fast to protect Taiwan from Red China and keep Red China out of the UN. I was working with a brother named Thomas Cromwell. We want-

ed to improve the membership of the church. We were in the backyard of Upshur House. They had a big yellow school bus pulling up in the yard. Farley Jones was the president then and George someone came in and I said, "We should use the bus for evangelizing." I was thinking of John Wesley going from town to town on horseback. I told my idea to Young Oon Kim. I thought we could go from town to town teaching the Principle. So a couple of weeks later Young Oon Kim said, "You can have the bus." We took out all the seats except for six. We put a speaker's platform on top and painted it white. We had a port-a-potty, and a Coleman stove kind of thing. We put "Divine Principle" on the side. We got volunteers, Thomas Cromwell, and one of the sons of the Pumphreys. There were five people, and church members contributed about \$300. This was December 16, 1971. We were waiting for Father to come. I wanted him to bless the bus team before we left. They wouldn't give him a visa, so he had to go to Canada from South America because they thought he was a communist.

I contacted *Newsweek* magazine to see if they would follow up and cover the story of the bus team. In the bus we had bunks for the sisters. There was a curtain, and the brothers slept in the front. The first place we went was to Richmond, VA. We set up at the YMCA so we could wash up and hold the meeting. *Newsweek* wanted to know what was special about us. And we told them that we believed the Messiah was here and so we were witnessing. We fasted for three days at the state capitol. The police chief came by; there were news cameras. I met the governor then too. I told him I wanted to talk to him about the Divine Principle. The governor invited me to his office in the morning. We brought Miss Kim's book and witnessed to him about Father. We spent an hour. I called Miss Kim in Washington. She said Father wants you to come back. He came on December 18th, 1971. I said we wanted to stay a week to find spiritual children. We witnessed, fundraised and taught the Principle. Father said we could stay to witness, so we ended up bringing a girl back for a weekend workshop. We set the precedent for the IOWC. We got newspaper coverage, met the governor and did fasting to get spiritual children.

We returned to Washington. Father and Mother were in Upshur St. Father wanted to see the bus. He wanted the bus fenders painted another color besides black. He came inside and said, "Too fancy." I thought,

"You're crazy." It was plain and bare metal, really cold. His idea was to send 70 of us together on teams. He was talking about the seven-city tour in America. We were worried about not having enough money, and the fact that he didn't speak English.

Farley Jones said to me one day, "Father wants to see George Washington's home. You can be the driver as long as you know how to get there." Then I realized I didn't know where it was. I said, "Farley, I haven't been there for a long time. Can you tell me how to get there?" So Farley showed me on the map. Father and Mother came out and Father said, "Are you a good driver?" I didn't know if I should say yes or no. I said, "I think I am."

David Kim, Young Whi Kim, True Parents and Miss Kim got in the car. I drove them, but I thought, "How do I do it?" Father was looking at all the cars as we drove along. He'd say, "What kind of car is that? How much is that one?" Then David Kim said, "George Washington's house closes at 4 p.m. It's quarter of four, you better get there." I prayed to God: I will never lie to your son again, meaning that I said I would bring them there when I really didn't know where it was.

At five minutes to four, I pulled up to the gate. I ran up and the guard was about to shut the gate, and I said, "There are some important guests from Korea," so he let us in. Father asked me about the Potomac River. He said, "How deep is the water? What kind of fish are in there?" I said, "I don't know." He looked sad and said. "Can boats come up here?" He saw the wharf, but I didn't see any boats. He said, "How much is the property worth?" I said, "I don't know, Father." He was disgusted. He asked me so many questions and I didn't know anything. I determined the next time I drove him I would get to know the area so I could answer questions. Then I saw a ranger and I ran up to him. The park ranger told me how deep the river was, what kind of fish were in the river, if boats come up the river, and I asked him if he knew what the property was worth. As David Kim translated the answers to Father, he got a big smile on his face.

In the car, David Kim said, "Father and Mother have to go to the bathroom." I wondered, what kind of bathroom should I take him to? Should I take them to a hotel or what? I pulled into a Shell station and before the car stopped they jumped out. I was afraid of judgment if it

was dirty. They came out smiling and I thought, gee, they must have been clean.

So then Farley Jones told me that Father wanted me to drive for them for three days. This was a whole new experience, being with him and taking care of him. When we got to New York, there was a one-family house with one bathroom. David Kim yelled out the window, "Sheftick, where are you? Father wants you!" I wondered what he wanted. Father was at a table and Lady Dr. Kim was sitting there and she had made him a meal. He was getting reports from various leaders. All the seats were taken. Lady Dr. Kim was pacing back and forth, the food was getting cold. He said, "Joseph, did you eat?" If I said yes, there was no place to eat. But if I said no, I wouldn't be telling the truth because I was hungry. I said I would never lie to him again, so I said no. I was amazed.

He was really a father; he was interested if I had eaten. I learned how to eat with chopsticks. I copied whatever True Parents did; if they used chopsticks, then I did. If Father drank water, then I did.

Then Father said, "I am going to do a 7-City Tour, starting with New York. You find me the largest place you can find, you make the preparations." He wanted to speak at Madison Square Garden for three days in a row. I called them to make arrangements for that month. They said, you're crazy you can't have it until next year. We tried Carnegie Hall, and Lincoln Center. They finally had an auditorium for two days, then skip a day, and then we could have the 3rd day. Alice Tully Hall. So Father said yes. It was to be on February 1, 2, and 4.

Father had several newspaper interviews and a TV interview with Al Capp. Father turned to him and said, "Do you mind if I sing a song?" And Al Capp said no, so then Father sang, *Ari Rong*. There were about 20 members in the studio. Around that time he planned the first science conference. It was planned for about 8-12 scientists.

Once I appeared in front of Father in my bathrobe. I had been taking a shower and someone said that Father wanted to see me right away. My hair was wet, my face was half shaven and I was wearing a bathrobe. I said, "I have to go get dressed," but he said, "No, you have no time. Father wants to see you right now, you have to come right now." I knocked on the door and they said come in. Mrs. Choi, David Kim, Mr. Ishi and Young Whi Kim were there. Everyone got upset but Father and



David Kim and Father with American cartoonist, Al Capp. Al asked if Jesus had spoken to Father in Korean. "Yes," replied Father. "But with a slight Hebrew accent!"

Mother. Father said to me, "Sit down." I was dripping wet and naked underneath my robe. He didn't say a word but he liked that I was obedient; he was happy to see that response. He asked for me to come and I came. That made history!

We went to Lincoln Center to sign the agreement. They could see me through a glass door. I gave them the money, and thought nothing of it. We had 77 people staying in a one-family home. We were sleeping in the hall, the bathroom, packed together. The members would invite people and they had to pay \$12 or \$20 to attend. For people to pay that much to hear a complete stranger who didn't speak English was difficult. We went out every day. Father was so concerned. He bought candy for us, and wanted to take the burden off everyone. He woke me up early one morning and wanted to go see the members. He was so concerned. He wondered who would emcee for him for the speech, so I volunteered to do it. I introduced him. About two hundred people came. I sat on the stage with him. Farley Jones was there too. The members were dismayed because it rained and so few showed up.

I prayed to God, why couldn't you make sunshine? New Yorkers won't come out in the rain. It cost about \$40,000, and some complained that we spent all that money to do the speech.

"How much would God spend to have one son come back who was abducted by Satan?" Father said, "You don't put money value on it. You could spend \$1 million to save a son." As we left New York to go to Philadelphia, he looked over his shoulder and said, "Satan, I am coming back."

Then I heard that the sister whom we had witnessed to on the bus team had been raped and murdered. Father said she was an offering and would go to a good place in the spiritual world. Then Father gave me money for a victory party for the members. We had pizza and ice cream in every city. It became a tradition. Finally he said, "Haven't we had enough pizza and ice cream?" So then we got Kentucky Fried Chicken!

We formed two more bus teams and got two used

*True Parents preparing for the next rally
in Kansas City, during the Seven City Tour, 1971*

city buses. We didn't know they weren't cross-country, touring buses. It was all we could afford then. We loaded everyone up. Father flew to D.C. One of the buses broke down by Fredericksburg, and so we got the original bus back.

We went cross country with only one stop in St. Louis. I called the center and said, "We are stopping at your house to take showers." We made a long line with brothers and sisters taking turns. We needed to get something to eat. We drove day and night; it took four days. Then we went through Arizona and the members got to eat at a diner as kind of a treat. Then we were going to Denver but there was a big snow storm. One person there made bag lunches for everyone. But we had to get to LA to meet Father, so we didn't go to the center and they were upset because they were stuck with all the sandwiches. But we finally got to LA. Father saw a brother and sister sitting on a stone wall talking to each other. Father said, "Why are they sitting so close together?"



er? A boy and a girl should not talk so close together." He was worried about them. He was disappointed to see that.

The speech in New York City was the first public speech Father had ever given. This was the first time he had ever spoken to anyone besides church members. Mr. Ishi in San Francisco told me, "Do you know what you did? You assisted in the first public speech. He will never let you go." He also did newspaper and TV interviews at that time.

Another time, Father restricted me for two years. Someone said I wasn't doing well. Someone made a false report about me. One day my wife and I came to lunch with Father, and Father accused me of things. I was the head of the fish company in Norfolk, Virginia, but he wouldn't listen to me. I tried to give my report, but he wouldn't listen to an explanation. I knew the person lied, it wasn't true. I couldn't say anything. Father said, "I don't want an explanation." I knew the leader lied, but I couldn't accuse him because he was a higher leader. The tension was so great. I couldn't say anything. I couldn't lie to him. I said nothing. Then someone broke the silence.

Father said to me, "Get out. You're no longer the president of the fish company. Don't use the title doctor." He said a lot of things.

I thought, we had worked together for so many years, and you won't listen to me? I thought we needed a mediator. We went to Rev. Kwak. He said, "If it's true, accept the indemnity. If it is not true, that person will have to pay for it." I was so disturbed and hurt that Father would not listen to my side of the story. He didn't ask me if it was true.

Rev. Kwak said that God is a God of justice. It will work out. I liked this person who had spoken against me, but I couldn't figure out why he did this. Every time we had a meeting, Father picked me out and chastised me. I wondered why he picked on me all the time. Then he made me Secretary General of FLF. I was reinstated. But I didn't go to see him after that.

I went to a lunch meeting once, and Father gave people advice. He asked me, "Why didn't you come to see me when I appointed you as Secretary General of FLF?" At that point I was so low, I felt like a dead person. I was nobody for two years. Father said, "I came to see you since you didn't come to see me. I have been

testing you for two years. You did not get bitter, you did not complain. All your indemnity has been paid." I looked at the person translating, and he was the one who had accused me. I thanked them in my heart, because that person was the one who allowed me to pay off all that indemnity. I was 43 years old then, so the psychic's prophecy from so long ago came true.

Nora Spurgin

I joined in 1967 but I actually heard the DP in 1966. I was a Mennonite, and a student at NYU. There were two sisters witnessing in New York City: Diane Giffin Fernsler and Barbara Mikesell ten Wolde. Wesley Samuel had just joined too, with his family, and there was an older lady in the center. Barbara and Diane had joined under Col. Pak in Washington, and they had gone to Japan for six months. They were among the earliest members, and were sent to New York. I met them at Columbia University. I was speaking at the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. I saw them both in the audience, and thought they might be Mennonites or former Mennonites. It turned out they both come from a Quaker background. After the meeting I talked to Diane about what she did. She said she was a secretary by profession but she worked with the Unified Family. This piqued my curiosity because I was writing a thesis on how religions impacted on people's value systems. I was looking for groups that I could study and thought I would study this group.

I heard the Divine Principle and thought it was incredible. I took copious notes because I wanted to use it in my Sunday school class. Chapter Two really caught my attention. I had been studying psychology and Freud. I thought there was tremendous truth in this and that psychology had looked at human problems the wrong way. Once the fall of man catches your attention, the rest of the Principle really makes sense.

The mission of Jesus was different from what I believed, but it made sense to me and felt right. It was so clear. Then I knew that they were going to tell me that the Lord of the Second Advent was not Jesus. I was afraid to hear it but I had to hear it. I knew I would have to make a decision about this. I knew I would always be thinking about it, so I heard all the lectures.

It was not something that was easy for me. I knew that there was no one in the world that I could ask. I couldn't ask my pastor. It would need to be worked out between me and God. I went to the library and got books out on the book of Revelation. I knew whatever I looked at would be someone else's opinion. I struggled over this for four months. I had been a charismatic Christian. I was used to God meeting me. I would get intuitions about things and would be led. But in this case, everything was very quiet. I thought God would give me an answer. Then I realized that because it was so drastic, I would have to figure it out myself. If it was true, I would have to take responsibility for it. I knew that God wanted me to find the answer myself. It would not be an easy life; I would have to let go in my life and do whatever God wanted. I did not expect it to be easy; it was not a decision I made lightly. Finally I let go and stopped trying to find a loophole in it. I knew I had to give everything. I felt like I was signing away my life, giving it to God no matter what it cost me.

I had grown up in a large, secure Mennonite family. My parents and the whole church did not believe in higher education. People believed higher education made you lose faith. I believed that our faith could be challenged. I intended to go back and prove to them that you could do it. I went to college and on to graduate school with the attitude that my faith could be challenged.

So, I went to a workshop and joined in New York City. When I came to the center, Myrtle Herd was there. She was the older lady I mentioned. She was fasting and I asked her why. She wouldn't tell me, but it turned out she was fasting for me. When I first walked in the center, she said that she had seen me the night before. It was unheard of to be seen and recognized in New York City. I asked how she had remembered me. She had been witnessing at the Newman Center. She was going to witness to me but then changed her mind because I looked too happy, like I wasn't searching. To be seen two nights in a row in New York City was more than a coincidence!

After I joined I went to Washington, D.C., and worked there for three years. Then later I went to Kansas City. Miss Kim asked for volunteers who could go to various places. There were a few fledgling centers. It was 1970 and I had been there a very short time when we heard there was going to be a blessing. She came to Kansas City and visited us and discussed it with us. I was



matched to Hugh. Then Hugh came to Kansas City and we went to the blessing. Soon afterwards it was decided that the church would grow more if we were consolidated rather than being scattered.

For a short time, Hugh and I moved the whole Kansas City center, 14 people, to Berkeley, CA. We lived there for seven months. Then Father spread everyone out again and we were sent to Philadelphia. In our church life we had been there several times. Our two oldest children were born there. It was near my home in southeastern Pennsylvania.

Father came to Philadelphia on his first speaking tour. I had just had our first baby, and she was only about a week old. I was doing PR, calling people to come to the speech while I was in the hospital.

Hugh got the mission to go to the Midwest with a bus team. I stayed in Philadelphia until our second child, Christopher was born. Hugh went to Minnesota, and we followed soon after.

Hugh was the regional leader and had a bus team, and it was such a rich period in our life. A lot of people joined during that time from the regional center in Minnesota. Hugh traveled with the bus team, and I served as an IW who followed to help the members afterwards. We had our children in the Minnesota center.

Father often picked me out of a crowd and spoke directly to me. Once he was talking about selling tuna fish. He said, "Nora, you should stand on the street cor-

ner selling tuna." Saying that struck him funny. Then he added, "In the winter," and then, "In the snow," and then, "In a bikini!" Everyone laughed. I was so tempted after that to take a picture of myself in a bikini holding a fish in the snow.

There are many things that happened with the children. During the time when I was an IW, it was Christmas time and we had made arrangements to celebrate the holiday. I was in Denver. Hugh was going to bring the children and I would meet them in Indiana to visit Hugh's family. We bought the train tickets, and then I got a call that the IW's should not go home. It was one of the hardest things for me. I couldn't believe it was happening. It was the most painful Christmas I ever spent. I was almost alone in a big center. Most of the members went home. I bought the most beautiful white material to make a coat for my daughter. It was going to have light blue lining, and blue buttons. I made this coat on Christmas day.

While travelling on the Greyhound busses I would read books. I read Alex Haley's book *Roots*. There was a section about a slave family that was separated; they were sold separately. I felt we were just like that. I shed so many tears, letting out the pain I felt being separated from my family. I decided that because I was experiencing this, I would make this an offering. I offered it for all the women in the world who had had to be separated, especially the slave women. It's so important not to be resentful, so I always tried to find a way to offer it.

We lived in the Gatehouse at Barrytown with the Jones's. We had only one bathroom and one kitchen. One family would bathe the children while the other made dinner and ate. We'd then switch. Our kids often played together. Once I left a gallon of paint on the mantle while we were redoing a room. The children rigged the paint with rope, and when I opened the door, the paint spilled on the brand new carpet. Betsy and I were pregnant and we just looked at the carpet. We had to clean it up by pouring water on it! The kids were really good friends and got into a lot of creative fun. They grew up like brothers and sisters. They will always have deep relationships with each other. Recently they told us that one of the main things that we gave them are the lasting friendships that they will have all their lives.

We always wanted our children to be near other blessed children and we tried to do everything we could

to make that possible. Even if we had to make extra effort, it was worth it.

We bought a workshop site in Iowa and moved our family there. I did advance work or follow-up work and Hugh took the bus team. During that time it was really wonderful. We worked together. The region was growing. We had it down to a science—about six new members joined every week. There was a 7-day workshop. We'd give talks at the end, and there was a night of commitment. It was exciting; a lot of good people joined.

After that we helped with the speech at Madison Square Garden in 1974. Then we both attended 120-day training in Barrytown. Later we were both sent out to do pioneering. The married women from 777 couples were sent out as IW's. I went out for about three years. On my first IW trip, I went to the Colorado and Texas regions. When I arrived they had just received word that there had been a terrible car accident on the way to a workshop, and several people had been killed. Two members and two guests had been killed, as well as two people in the other car.

My first duty was to attend all the funerals and deal with the parents. I had to go to New Mexico where it happened. The headline said: "Six people killed on Route 666, six miles east of...." I thought, oh my gosh, Satan really had his hand in this. I had to deal with that. I realized how important it was to have a person a little bit more mature to deal with such things. I was in that region for several years. Father was doing Barrytown training, and sending one person out to several cities, pioneering. The church centers were being broken up, with one member in one city. Father had conferences every 45 days.

Father said the IW's should visit all the pioneers once a month. I had a big region: Kansas and Oklahoma, and Colorado. Travelling by Greyhound bus every night, I would visit in the day time. Once a pioneer picked me up in Kansas. He said, "I don't know where you can stay tonight, but let me show you my house." He had a funny house he built himself in the woods. He had taken Mr. Sudo very literally, and built a cardboard house in the winter! He kept his ginseng tea fundraising product in a hole in the ground. He hung his Sunday suit on a tree branch. I said, "Where do you teach people?" He said, "I wander around." It seemed like he was really enjoying this way of life. It was a good condition, but I didn't

think he should make it his permanent goal.

I often traveled like that, visiting all 60 pioneers. In some cases I stayed at the center a couple of days. It was quite an experience. During that time Father said to send him a report every week. Not all IW's did, but I sent him a report of what I saw. I think that really meant a lot to Father. Col. Han said later, "Nora, I really miss your reports. I used to enjoy reading them to Father. It helped Father stay in touch with what was going on because of such reports." At the time I never got any feedback about the reports, thinking they would end up in some bin somewhere, but they actually turned out to be the foundation of Father's trust in me in the future. It wasn't my motive then, but I was glad that I did it. It was my way to keep connected.

It was during that time that we left the children. They spent a lot of time at the nursery. Hugh was at the seminary, where the nursery was located. We never knew how long these missions would last. Sometimes I wondered how long I could drag my heavy heart around from state to state, I so longed to be with my family. Then we had to work for Yankee Stadium. We thought that might be the end of the IW mission and that Father would say to go home after Washington Monument. By then many of us were pregnant. I think we all felt like it was time for us to go home. Then Father said, "IW's, stand up." We all stood up. He said, "Continue." Our hearts sank, to face the word "continue." We all went back out, but then I came back to Barrytown to have our third child. After 40 days I went back out, but I took her along with me. Hugh provided a car for me, so I drove around the region with her. I'd come to the center with my baby and a bag. I slept on the floor with her in my sleeping bag. After four months, the baby needed more than I was able to give while traveling. I thought that maybe she needed stability rather than to travel with me. So while I was working I used the nursery again.

We had a conference every 45 days in New York. We would see our children then. We would visit them for a day and we'd go back out. But once we had a conference in California and it meant not being able to see our children. I went to the prayer room to pray about it. I realized then that True Parents were doing the same thing. They were traveling to every state without their children. True Parents ended that trip on the seventh anniversary of our blessing. So it became a condition that

I'd made too, not to see my children during the last 40 days of our seven years because True Parents were doing the same thing. When things got really tough, it helped to make a condition about whatever it was, and then it would free me to do the mission. That way, if I offered it to God, I could avoid feeling resentment by putting that sacrifice on the altar.

That period of time was long. Father finally called us and said he was going to move the nursery to Jacob House in Tarrytown. Father said, "I've decided that after mothers have three children you should go home and take care of them." But we didn't have homes anywhere. We asked him where he thought we should go.

Farley and Betsy Jones' family and our family moved to the old nursery in Barrytown, where our two families lived together at the Gate House. Our husbands were at the seminary. I was there for a month, but then I was called to go as an IW for just one month to Southeast Asia. I went to Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Iran, Japan and Australia to visit the missionaries in those countries. They had been out for three years. Their stories were incredible. They had not been able to tell anyone their stories for three years. They had gone out after they were blessed in the 1800-couple blessing in 1975. Some were young high school girls, six-month members who were sent out. All kinds of things had happened to them and some had been in prison. Father decided that he wanted to teach them to be correspondents for the *News World* at that time. But in addition to that, Father sent IW's also to hear their stories and help them. Lady Dr. Kim went to Africa and Mama-san Choi went to South America on this mission. It took me a long time to digest that experience. I listened to the missionaries and tried to help them and love and mother them. Some of them had to pour out so much stuff.

We lived at Barrytown for six years. We lived with 12 different families at various times. It was quite an experience of learning to live with different families. In 1979 there was a matching, and I was asked to come and work on the blessing committee, and for the Blessed Family Department. I visited New York two days a week during that time. A lot of seminary students did babysitting for our children then. Between 1979 and 1987 I worked for the Blessed Family Department. Hugh finished his Ph.D. and began his work with PWPA.

Nanette Doroski

How I was witnessed to in August 1968 and how I came to respond was on the basis of several spiritual experiences. At that time, while studying all the world's religions I found I had some mediumship abilities, specifically automatic handwriting. I would take a pen in my hand, relax and then the pen would start writing answers to asked questions independent of my will. Through this automatic handwriting, various spirit persons who had previously lived on the earth, each with their unique handwriting, would speak through the written word messages such as: Christ was to return soon! The next President of the U.S. will be—! How to find some lost articles. I was chastised for wearing too short shirts by Augusto Montero, a 12th-century spirit who said his wife would never wear anything like that. I did not always get the point and said, "Yeah, right! The 12th century!" Also internal problems of friends were revealed so that I might help them.

Everything these spirit persons told me seemed to prove true and so I developed a basic trust in what they said. However, even though I had studied the world's religions, I was still stuck on my Catholic viewpoint ("upon this rock I build my church"). I was not as open minded as I needed to be to receive the new, complete understanding of truth the Messiah was to bring. So one day a spiritual entity told me a lie and said that I had lived at the time of the Incas and that I persecuted my children and husband for wanting to believe in a one true God. I was so upset by this that I cried and cried and asked my mother why would they tell me such a thing. My mother said, "I don't know why they would tell you such a thing. I don't even know why they even talk to you." However, the spirit person also told me, "Because of this persecution, you, Nanette, must now love people of all religions."

Then, one afternoon while I was visiting a friend's apartment, everyone left to fulfill various tasks. I used this opportunity of being alone to pray, but to my surprise all of a sudden my spirit lifted out of my body and seemingly traveled a million miles an hour. I went through dark realms, a white electric realm, and then to a very white area where there was an oriental man sitting at a desk. He was gesturing with his hands trying to tell me something

but I couldn't hear his words. After about five minutes I came back through white and then dark areas to my body. I then asked the spirit person, Augusto Montero, "Who was that oriental person sitting at the desk and why couldn't I hear him?" Augusto said, "You couldn't hear him because you weren't really listening and therefore you must search further and you must look longer."

In June I said to God, "I can't start another semester of college until I find out the purpose of my life and a purpose for my art." I wanted to create art or writings that would change people's lives or make people think deeply. I asked God to bring me to his highest truth by September 1, 1968. It was June at the time these events were occurring. Then in August 1968, while I was attending service at a church involved in community social help, a unique visiting choir from the "Unified Family" (early name for our movement) changed my life forever. While eating lunch after the service, the spirit world brought my attention to a young man from the choir talking with a militant and very liberal-minded woman. I felt directed to go sit with her, but fought the urge because of what she appeared to stand for. However, a force that felt like an invisible hand picked me up and pushed me in her direction. I said, "Okay, okay, I'm going." I sat across from this young man, who happened to be Neil Salonen. When he said something special happened in 1960, I thought of the Letters of Fatima and how the Pope was suppose to have fainted when he read the Fatima letters. I thought of the visions of Jean Dixon in 1960 when she saw an oriental man, lady and child coming from the East and other prophecies. I became very negative when I heard the young man (Neil) saying he knew what happened in 1960. What gives this young man special knowledge? No one knows what happened in 1960. At that very moment I heard a loud voice in the room that no one else in the room heard. The Voice said, "You must love people of all religions." It was the same words they spoke to me in the automatic handwriting when they said I suppressed my family. I then became more open minded and listened further. Then this young man said the name of the group was the "Unified Family"; I got negative again. I thought, what kind of name is that for a group? Once again a loud voice came in the room, which only I could hear. The Voice said, "You must search further and look longer." Those were the words that came to me when I

saw the vision of the oriental man in the spiritual world. Then I realized that those two spiritual experiences were given to me to open my mind and it was not accidental that those two voices came to me at these exact moments of my negativity. I was being led and I should listen. I thought I had studied all the world religions and so many philosophers; I thought there was nothing else to look at. I had actually closed my mind to anything more, while professing to be openly searching.

As I sat next to this girl, Neil asked this girl three times to come have lunch at the church center and hear a lecture, but she refused each time. Neil and this girl were having coffee and I was eating a big lunch. I said, "I'm not doing anything. I can come and have lunch with you." Neil looked at me, looked at my lunch, looked at my Op Art clothes and shoes (he later admitted he thought I looked like a Christmas tree). I, as an artist, was wearing art earrings, stockings with stripes, and a dress you sort of got dizzy when you looked at it, not to mention my imaginative eye makeup. Later, I heard that the members said to each other as Neil brought me back to lunch, "Neil doesn't know how to pick them." Of course, my outside decoration really didn't reflect my inner preparation and searching for the absolute truth.

I came and heard Chapter 1 twice; I loved Chapter 1! The second time I came, Neil was waiting for me to study Chapter 2. After he found me studying Chapter 1 again, he asked me if I planned on staying in Chapter 1 all my life.

Then Becky, Neil's spiritual mother, had a cousin she had to teach one night, so I stayed and heard the lectures Chapter 2 - Conclusion, until 2 am. When I heard the conclusion Neil asked me, "Would you like to see the picture of the man who brought these teachings?" I looked at the picture and it was the same oriental person who was behind the desk in the spiritual world who tried to speak to me. Neil then said, "Do you know what happened in 1960?" I said, "Of course I know what happened in 1960. Mr. Moon had a baby." I sort of jumped the gun on the four-position foundation. Whenever those spirit persons wanted to contact me, the lights would flicker in the room I was in. At the conclusion, lights started to flicker and everyone wondered what was happening; of course I understood—those who had led me to the movement were present at this great moment. Soon after I did some automatic handwriting and the

spirits apologized for telling me a lie, but they did defend their actions by explaining it was the only way they could get me to be completely open minded. It is amazing how fast God works when we ask His help. I prayed to Heavenly Father in June, "I can't start school again without knowing your highest truth." Two months later, on August 25th I heard the conclusion. I stayed up until 4 am in the church talking. I called and woke my best friend, Linda (Marchant) Perry, at 2 am and told her that the conclusion was so wonderful. She said "What is it?," and I said, "I can't tell you." She said, "You called me up at 2 am to tell me you can't tell me something?" I said, "Yes. You have to hear the lectures first."

I always explained all the religions I was studying to Linda, but when I tried to explain the first lecture, all I could say was, "Linda, I can't explain the lecture—God is like a man and a woman." Linda, who was just enduring all my spiritual searching, said, "Oh Nanette, that's the best one yet." Little did she know that God was preparing her to serve the Messiah and she would soon be dedicating the rest of her life to serving humankind. The first day I came to the church center with Neil, I remember looking at how everyone dressed so plainly and yet they were so beautiful. Every word spoken was so sincere with so much meaning. A very pure love and concern flowed between brothers and sisters, as they called themselves, as if they were truly one family under God. On that first day I remember Linna Rapkins was finishing a 7-day fast in preparation for her mission to Canada. I thought, "I never passed up a dessert." I was truly amazed and determined to acquire that internal discipline. Jesus said that fasting indemnifies the forces of Satan and prayer calls on the power of God. Our movement did a lot of fasting in the beginning days, so I soon acquired my own internal discipline. My longest fast was 12 days, and then there were seven or eight 7-day fasts and many 3-day fasts. It was truly a great feeling for my spirit to be able to control my physical body in this way. It was wonderful how we studied Divine Principle. We read page by page, each taking turns between Neil, other new members and myself.

At the end of every page we took the time to discuss questions to ensure we understood the Principle. Next we had to outline the whole Divine Principle and practice teaching each lecture. I remember Neil sitting at the back of the room and his saying, "Speak up. I can't hear



1969. Left to right: George and Diane Fernsler, Mrs. Won Bok Choi, True Parents, and Gladys and Wesley Samuel

you and I need more eye contact." Miss Kim instructed: don't wear earrings that dangle when you are teaching; it is very distracting. Miss Young Oon Kim, the first Korean missionary to America, would sit at the end of the table with about twelve of us first members surrounding her; it looked like a Last Supper scene every night. She often would read us the reports from the first missionaries she sent to Canada and Europe and the correspondence from Korea. Her life was a great sacrifice to become the mother of America. On Wednesday nights we had prayer meetings and testimonies of how God had brought us to this movement. Miss Kim's testimony was amazing. I wrote every word of it down as precious history. When we prayed we turned off the lights and only had prayer candles lit. We cried and cried and all of us really felt God's heart. We always had a roll of toilet paper in the middle of the floor, which everyone used to wipe their tears.

Stories of Father

The day Father finally came for his second visit to America in 1969, he came into the Upshur House and greeted each one of us personally. Even a girl who had an illegitimate pregnancy and had just heard the Principle, he treated with love. Mother looked so soft, her hands seemed to melt like butter, one hand into another. She seemed to be the essence of femininity in every way. Father brought Pres. Eu with him, who taught us 40 days

of lectures. Pres. Eu used to joke with me, "Nanette, you are an artist and you have the Principle; you have everything." At one point Father interrupted Pres. Eu's lectures and spoke to us for three hours on how Jesus was treated by Mary, Joseph and his brothers and sisters. I thought my heart would break! I cried so hard my whole skirt and blouse was soaking wet. Father asked questions about all the members; he was concerned about their age and their background. He related to all the members with such a fatherly concern. Father told us when we were in the sitting room that the day will come when there will be thousands of members and it will be difficult for us to have a chance to talk with him personally.

One day a world-famous economist came to speak to Father. Father shocked him by his understanding of world economics and explained how the economy of the world should change. Another day a conductor and writer of classical music came to see Father. Father spoke to him on how to conduct and write music. I felt Father intuitively understands all fields of study.

Spiritual Experiences

In 1968 I remember a song heaven inspired on the radio: "Come Mr. Sun, come Mr. Moon, save us." Also, Father was saying that we must shed sweat for earth, tears for man and blood for heaven, and then there was the famous rock band at that time called "Blood, Sweat and Tears."

I remember Becky Salonen telling us about her many spiritual experiences as a child. Many songs in our song-book were received spiritually. Hilly Edwards heard angels sing the song "He has come, his face is like the sun and like the moon." Sandra Singleton and Dan Fefferman, as well as many others, were inspired to write so many songs. Glenda Moody had many, many spiritual experiences where God came to speak to her in a room. God came in the form of a burning ball in the room and directed her to this movement. This reminded me of Moses and the burning bush. In the early days so many spiritual experiences happened. The spirit world really testified to bring the first members. Today the truth of the Principle can stand on its own. And yet, at the first Blessing in 1969, Miss Young Oom Kim cried tears, saying, "Where are the thousands who heard and are not here today?"

How easily they forgot their spiritual experiences as Joseph forgot his revelation given to him by the angels about Mary. Very few could sacrifice their lives and be willing to pay the indemnity necessary to fulfill their missions. The first members could not be blessed for seven years. Married couples waited many years to be blessed, living as brother and sister while waiting for conditions to be met. The blessing being given out so easily today comes on the foundation of True Parents' and older members' blood, sweat and tears.

Philip Burley was the President of the church during the time I first joined. For 40 days Philip was making a prayer condition every night between midnight and 2 am on the cold, cement basement floor. One night George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson appeared and said that Upshur House in Washington, D.C. was more important than the White House because it was the center of God's Providence for America. Philip heard the Principle by reading a DP book that was sent to him while he was a guard in the DMZ zone in Korea. Jesus appeared to him, explained the Principle and Jesus asked him to touch his (Jesus') back so he might know the realness of the experience. At that time in Korea an image of Jesus appeared in the clouds. I have a photograph of that. A spiritual daughter of mine in the Bahamas also saw an image of Jesus in the clouds years later.

Betsy Jones

I grew up in a typical Irish Catholic family outside of Boston. From the time I was in second grade, I wanted to visit God in church because I thought it brought joy to God. I thought stopping my regular activities and going to church to be with God brought joy to God. In high school I was the Prefect of the Sodality, devoted to Mary. We tried to maintain a standard of prayer and devotion to Mary, to bring joy to Jesus and God.

After high school I felt called to join a convent like my elder sister. One nun told me that if I had the call I would never be happy with just a secular life. I thought bringing joy to God would ultimately bring me joy too. I went to Boston College to study nursing. I thought I should try that for a year instead of going into the convent at age 18 like my sister. I knew I had to devote myself to the community while I was at school. In my freshman year I ran for president of my class, and then I ran for president of the student government. After that I thought I should devote a year of service to the Catholic church.

So I went as a missionary for the Catholic church, to the West Indies and Jamaica. I set up clinics for little children. I worked among the poor for a year and I was shocked by the poverty. I had hoped that year would satisfy my desire to do something for God. It kept coming back to me that I had more to do for God. My mother suggested that if I still desired to do something for God, that I should go to graduate school. I talked to the school guidance counselor about the fact that I still had a desire to do something for God. Then I went to a Jewish therapist and talked with him for a year. I can see now that it was some kind of preparation for the future for me to have done this. When I did meet the church, I had the ego strength to look beyond my religion. I wasn't searching then. Because my whole life was so surrounded by the Catholic community, I probably wouldn't have had the courage to join. But because I had been talking to this person about my whole experience, I was in touch with myself at that point and thought that this was the answer to the longing that I'd had.

So later, when I met the Unified Family I joined. I had known Farley Jones when we were a waiter and a

waitress on the Jersey Shore. He had dated one of my friends then. I met him as a graduate student years later. He asked me as a good Catholic what I thought about the fall of man. I was really impressed. I didn't think he was super religious but he was intelligent. His spirit and his belief system had changed because of the Divine Principle. I was impressed that he had such a clear understanding. I agreed with the Fall of Man, but not the part about Jesus. He said he would tell me more about it as he studied it. I went on with my life thinking that I would marry another person who was Catholic. Eventually, I got some letters from Farley Jones that the universe was changing and the cosmic spring was coming and that I should look into this when I returned to New York. I wasn't interested in joining a new religion, but I was happy for him that he had found this spiritual oasis which I felt in his letters.

When I went back to New York, I never went to the center. But he had given my name to them. Diane Fensler called me then and I started to study the teaching. At the time, I was receiving a national traineeship to go to graduate school and I felt kind of proud of that. But then these people who were teaching me made me feel so at home. I felt that I was coming home every time I went there. I was very moved by their little place by Times Square. This teaching was going on in such a humble way.

The Lord of the Second Advent topic gave me a lot of conflict. Especially the part about True Parents being on earth and that they were fulfilling the role of the second advent. I had to pray about whether that was true or not. I was very serious about my relationship to Jesus. I didn't want to misrepresent God and Jesus whom I felt very serious about. For many weeks, I attended a prayer meeting at Wesley Samuel's house out in Brooklyn. Then I heard a voice comforting me, saying, "Don't worry, it's all true." The last thing I wanted to do was join this very humble group. But then I knew I should join. So I signed the membership. I knew I should live with them. Then they lost their apartment in Times Square and moved into my apartment. My roommate moved out and said that she knew she would be standing in God's way if she stayed, so she made way for what we were doing. We nailed up a blackboard in the living room. I lived in the center and continued in graduate school. I felt a lot of support from the members. It was very hard to proclaim this in the same city where I had been living and going to school. I had knots in my stomach the first time someone came to hear my lecture. The more I explained it, the more I understood it, and the more true it seemed to me that Jesus' mission had not been completed. I could see that True Parents were fulfilling this role.



*The Jones family in
early years*

I wanted to live with older members. There were only three of us in New York. I wanted to go to Washington, D.C. where Young Oon Kim was. Then she sent me to work with Dr. Ang and Farley Jones in Berkeley, California, and she sent Marie Ang and Linna Rapkins to Canada. I went from being a spiritual youngster to being a mother figure in Berkeley, with Dr. Ang and Farley Jones. This was 1969. People started to join through our witnessing efforts. It was amazing, taking responsibility for people's lives. It was a profound summer.

Then we heard True Parents were coming. I was so happy to meet them. I had a very deep experience meeting them. I could see how spiritually bright they were, and how sincere they were. Their first question was, "What is your name" and "How many spiritual children do you have?" I was so proud to say that I had three spiritual children. They wanted to have a special relationship with us. So the early missionaries tried to prepare us to meet Father and our witnessing experience helped us to understand them.

Early Blessings

Father was very sacrificial with his time, sometimes speaking all night to us. He was trying to arrange the first blessing. He did it in a very sensitive way. He had interviews and asked each person what they thought. I didn't have an interview, but Miss Kim asked me about three brothers. Father's heart was so sincere to understand each of us, what would be best for each of us. I saw him in the hall once, and he said, "Your time will be next time." I was relieved. I was only a year and half in the church then. He selected 13 couples. Vivian Burley and I served them food on that first visit. They had so few clothes then. Mother tried to give me her best blouse once, but I couldn't receive it because they had so few things. I had the joy that time of taking them shopping to buy clothes for their public work.

They tried so hard to be parental towards each of the 13 couples that were blessed. They asked them all to sing after the blessing, and the rest of us were a choir. It was a wonderful thing to be a part of, but we were offering our life and didn't know where it would end up. I felt very peaceful about that.

I took over the center director's position in New York because Diane was blessed and was moving to

Philadelphia. I was a psychiatric nurse during the day to pay the bills for the center, and then I was the center director. It was good for me to try to be a spiritual leader.

Later we heard from Miss Kim that Farley and I, and Rebecca and Neil and other 777 couples, should go to Japan and Korea. There were seven couples from America. We traveled all over Korea and Japan. Father spoke to us quite a bit while we were in Korea. It helped a lot to see all the international couples, the ones from Korea and Japan and the 15 couples from Europe. He spoke to us each day on different topics. He listened to each of our confessions personally, one by one. We shared our heart and our sin with him, and he really represented God's forgiveness to us.

He called us in the middle of the night to receive the wine ceremony. The wine goes from True Father, to the wife and to the husband, and I had a very deep experience with that. I felt a special feeling of Father in that role. I had that experience twice in Korea. He was the link to God for me, and from me to my husband. After the wine ceremony I went back to my room to go to sleep. I was trying to go to sleep, and I felt that my ancestors were happy. I even sat up in bed and said, "Isn't it great?" I felt like something had changed; it was a new beginning. At the holy ground I felt that all was forgiven. Before we left, Father spoke to us and kept saying, "Love your enemy. Love your enemy." He said your enemy will become your mate. We had had a good relationship up until then, but when we returned we were on a new level for our couple.

Farley was the president of the church. And somehow for us, the "enemy" had set in. There was a lot of pressure on our couple. We were really struggling with each other. Farley had a lot of pressure to think only of the mission and not think of his spouse, to restore things, to keep the standard. I went the other way. I had been very dedicated as a single person, but once we were a couple I was worried about insurance and an apartment.

About a year and a half later when Father came again, he called me in to talk because he had heard about our fights. He said, "Why do you fight with your husband?" At first I wanted to say that it was because of this and because of that, but somehow I realized that I needed to be totally honest. I said, "Well, I guess I want him to be like me." He laughed and said, "Your personality is 50 percent and your husband's personality is 50 percent."

His counseling was very sensitive. My attitude wasn't right then but he was trying to guide me. If a woman continues to get mad at her husband, sometimes the man will turn away and not come back. You have to be careful. Recognize that he has some heart. I have to see what he is doing. I realized that Farley was trying to represent the mission.

Father said, "What kind of life do you want in the spiritual world? Do you want a life where you live in a nice house in the mountains where the sunset comes over the mountains? If you want that, you have to give up certain things in your life on earth. You have to sacrifice something on earth to have that kind of thing later."

I went to where my husband was sleeping that night, and even though he was sleeping I really repented to him, and pledged that I would change. It was a turning point for our couple.

Laura Taylor Hayashi

At 16, I was very serious. We had just moved to Ames, Iowa from Wisconsin, and I missed my friends. I missed snow skiing, so many things. As an only child, it was very important to have the skills to go forward and make new friends. I was searching deeply in a religious sense, trying to find more meaning in life than early adolescent society was defining it.

My family and I went to Toronto, Ontario, Canada for a vacation and I was able to bring my friend. One time we were on a lovely green near the University of Toronto, and playing ball with others there. I missed the ball. Of course, I chased it. And chased it, and chased it. It was like a cartoon! As soon as I would stoop to pick it up, it rolled and hit something and shot off again. It had a life of its own. Finally, it seemed to rest. As my fingers surrounded the orb, someone said hello. From the stooping position, I looked eye to eye with a Japanese dwarf. He started talking about all the things I had wondered about. About the unity of science and religion, the necessity of the unity of religions, of the necessity of pure offering in religion. I was impressed. Yet, I was as Cinderella at the ball. We could not come to the event he spoke about, because we had to go. It was our last day in Toronto. We left that night. I took his address. Leanne and I were confident that

this was very special. I was perhaps more confident than she. When we returned, she forgot about it and was caught up with her new boyfriend. I turned the paper around in my hands, feeling it was so precious. After three letters were not returned, I actually made the long distance call. Disconnected. No further information. I was completely let down. I would continue my search, however.

The next year, my neighbor was babbling to me about a "commune on the edge of town." I thought, "What nonsense. I am interested in God." How grateful I am that she hadn't mentioned that it was the Unification Church, and about the themes I was so interested in which the Japanese brother had spoken about. Otherwise I would have gotten involved with them then. That particular center was not in a healthy situation.

Her group had been founded by an Iowan who went to San Francisco to find his fortune. He found Papa-san Choi's group. He was an ardent follower, if a bit spiritually led.

One day, he felt called to return to Iowa, and start a group there. He didn't have church permission, he just left. He found 40 members, and they had a center or "commune." In 1969, they made the trip to San Francisco to see Father. How shocked they were. "Papa-san" had not explained about Father. Nor about indemnity. True Father was grilling Mr. Choi (Papa-san).

"There is only one Papa-san," Father said. Of course, there was great confusion. Probably half the total members there left. The Iowa center director took his group back to the homeland to reposition. Unfortunately, they concluded that Father and Mr. Choi had failed, and that their center leader was the Messiah. He then matched the group. Much sorrow followed before they split up. How blessed I was to be protected from all that!

When I was exhausted from my search for God, I returned home. I had searched through Hinduism and Yoga meditation—all good, but limited. I loved the faith my mother showed, yet was very upset with the hypocrisy in the organized churches. I tried the Marxist theories, and found such psychologically ill people involved. I tried the university, to find not "love of truth" from which philosophy takes its name, but sophistry, or love of hearing oneself speak. I tried the humble life of factory work, and soon realized why I wanted an education. Thus, I returned to my parents' home to start

again, at least to get a trade where I could make enough money to buy books, and continue to try to stay current and hear if the Truth appeared.

It came in the form of the same neighbor's bratty sister. I had a garage sale. She said, "Oh, my sister would like these things. She's not a hippie anymore. She's a lady." I said to send her over. I was shocked. All her life, the sister had suffered from severe arthritis. You could see blue veins under china-transparent skin. She now glowed with radiant health. This was the same person who had told me about the commune.

I had heard she was so sick (after the tragedy of the "center"), and had even thought maybe she had died. I said, "Christine, whatever it is that you are doing, you have to tell me about it." So she did.

Mike Leone

With Father in the Early Days

Father and Mother, Mrs. Choi, David S. C. Kim, Neil Salonen and myself went downtown shopping at a large department store to buy gifts for some members. As we walked into the department store, Father walked up to a large mannequin. He shook her hand and said, in English, "How are you today?" We all rolled with laughter. It's not easy to convey, but it was one of the funniest things I've ever seen.

Father was examining a building we were considering buying in downtown Los Angeles. We went through this large building, floor by floor, with two well-dressed men representing the owner. Father walked through the building quickly and did not say a word to the two men. Then we arrived in the basement, the boiler room. There was a man who was the only one working in the whole building, because it was vacated. He was covered with grease, as if he'd been there 20 years. Father went up to the man, introduced himself, and proceeded to talk to him for over an hour, asking questions about the building. He never addressed the owner's representatives at all. When I thought about it later, I thought it made a lot of sense.

When Father first started the seven-city speaking tour, I was there the night that he announced he would

do it and we did not believe. After one or two cities were done, he returned to Upshur House and he and Col. Pak met all night, until 4 am. I was doing security and kept serving them cold drinks. Then at last they got up and we went out to Dr. Pak's Volkswagen van, and he drove away and we waved goodbye to him. Father looked up in the sky and said to me, "It's late, let's go to bed." We went in to bed. Later, I realized that Father had been talking to Dr. Pak about giving up his job and serving as Father's interpreter. Dr. Pak had agreed that night.

When True Parents arrived in America, they had very little clothing. True Father had one ill-fitting suit and a beaten up belt. True Mother had two blouses to her name. Mrs. Choi had no western clothes. Betsy Jones had to beg for \$800 to buy them new clothes.

True Parents slept in a small bedroom and used an adjacent room for sitting. Here Father would conduct his business, plan his speaking tour, lead pledge service and have get togethers. He would eat in the basement or in the room near the door. He shared with all of us. I picked up Rev. Kamiyama at the airport when he first came from Japan. The first bus team was started out of this house, led by Miss Young Oon Kim and Dr. Joseph Sheftick. The first fundraising team started here, connected with Upper Marlboro. It was amazing when someone made \$50 in one day.

When he was here, one brother and I set up appointments with senators and congressmen to meet an important evangelist from Korea. We met Hubert Humphrey, Ted Kennedy, Trent Lott, about thirty in all. I drove Father and Mother with Mr. Salonen to the Hill. Father always told them the message about the two thieves on the cross, representing democracy and communism. He told them that communism would surely fall; this was 1972. And he would tell them that he would spearhead the effort to overcome communism. He told them of the other two headaches of God, and that he would spearhead the effort to help the youth overcome drugs, and to unify Christianity. After 20 or 30 minutes, he would take pictures with them and give them ginseng tea and be off. The night before Father met President Nixon, we prayed a long time at the holy ground and then drove around the White House seven times.

God's Work in the Northwest

Vernon Pearson

My life began to change when the message of a radio evangelist brought me to my knees, and I accepted Jesus on April 3, 1954. Prior to this, I had been very depressed. The following day, my birthday, I still didn't feel saved, but held on to that promise. That evening I went outside beyond the fruit orchard and cried and prayed. Finally I really felt cleansed and I knew I had met Jesus.

I went to a Christian college, still searching for a deeper understanding of God. This, too, was a very lonely experience. I couldn't understand why I couldn't have a more victorious life. In the fall of 1959 I prayed that God could begin a new work in my life. He certainly answered my prayers!

I had known Mr. John Schmidli for quite some time, but I began spending more time with him. One evening he told me he had met a Korean man who was like a Korean Billy Graham—he also said that God wanted to restore the Garden of Eden.

Several weeks later, John introduced me to Mr. David Kim who was attending Western Theological Baptist Seminary. Only later did I realize that he was a missionary for this Korean Messiah. Although I was impressed, I also felt threatened because of my own fundamental Christian background.

Periodically Mr. Kim would come from Portland to St. Helens to share the Principle. I was working in a furniture store there, while I continued to study the Principle. It took five or six months of study for me to begin understanding the depth of the Principle message; from time to time I was spiritually attacked.

Although it was difficult, I continued to study and live by the Principle. This was due in part to the fact that, when I prayed with Uncle John, I felt such closeness to God, and my doubts were dissipated. I also continued to make the Principle a part of my life because of the message of the Principle itself. There were no other young people and it was quite difficult for me to take this leap of faith right away. I am so grateful to God for being so patient with me. In 1961 I moved into the

Portland Chapel with David Kim and some early members, where we lived, studied and worked together for three years. Then in 1964 I went to Idaho as a missionary. It was a precious and important time in my life, because although I was alone I really felt such a closeness to God. I attempted to share the Principle with many different people in an effort to find spiritual children.

In 1965 while I was pioneering in Idaho, Father came to bless holy grounds. This was one of the deepest and most moving experiences, to meet Father, Mrs. Choi and the Korean missionaries. When I heard that Father was coming, I spent two or three days trying to make my apartment presentable. I stayed up all night and slept only two or three hours before he came.

I was getting dressed so I would be ready to greet him. Just as I was about to put on my tie, I heard David Kim's voice at the door, saying, "The Master is here!" I felt a great expectation to meet the Messiah and also I was nervous. It was difficult to even carry on a conversation because all I could think was, "The Messiah is come!" As we were sitting there I felt inspired to ask whether I could bow down to Father. It wasn't the traditional Korean bow, as I even touched his shoes! He smiled and touched my shoulders. This experience is a beautiful memory which I can never forget.

After we talked a while, Gordon Ross explained about holy ground. Father and his party had a tight schedule to bless all the holy grounds within a certain time. So in the evening we went to bless the holy ground in Boise. It had been raining. I could feel that this was most significant to the restoration providence. As Father was driving away, headed for Missoula, Montana, he kept waving to me for as long as I could see the car. I wanted to say, "Don't leave so soon. You just got here!"

In retrospect, we have all gone through periods of struggle in the faith, but there are still challenges and difficulties to overcome and many things to accomplish. I want to be faithful and loyal to God, to think positively and to dare to do greater things. Speaking for myself, I believe that there have been times of real failure and falling short of God's expectations, but still I am encouraged by the nature of God which is love, mercy and forgiveness. We can rely on this faithful, loving God.

I always think about my precious brothers and sisters and their struggles. I have so much respect for the early members and missionaries and all other members.



A National Movement Emerges



The Sept. 18, 1974 Madison Square Garden rally.

The New Future of Christianity

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

Excerpts from the Madison Square Garden Speech, September 18, 1974

Ladies and gentlemen, I am very happy to be here tonight. Thank you very much for coming. We are gathered together in this impressive setting of Madison Square Garden tonight in the name of God.

My topic tonight is “The New Future of Christianity.” But before I begin this evening’s message, I would like to make one personal plea. I did not come here to repeat what you already know. I have come to reveal something new. I want to share with you a revelation from God.

There is only one God, one Christ, one Bible. Today, however, in the Christian world alone there are more than 400 different denominations, all looking at the same Bible from very different points of view, with many different interpretations. What we are interested in is not the human interpretation of the Bible, but how God interprets the Bible, and what God’s will really is. Therefore, no person by himself is capable of satisfying us. That information must come from God, in the form of revelation.

And I want to share that revelation with you tonight. Since this message came from God, and since it is from God’s point of view, the content naturally may be different from human understanding. Therefore, it may be very new to you. But what we need is new ideas—God’s ideas—because man has exhausted all of his own ideas already. That is the reason for my coming to talk to you tonight. So I ask each one of you to open your mind and open your heart, so that the spirit of God can speak to you directly.

Kingdom of Heaven on Earth

If Adam and Eve had obeyed God, they would have brought the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. What would that kingdom be like? Adam and Eve were created sinless, with the potential for perfection. And they were to grow into perfection by obeying the law of God. While they were growing into fully perfected man and woman, their relationship was to be that of brother and sister. They were expected to set the true tradition of brotherhood and sisterhood.

What is perfection? Perfection is man’s total union with God. A man is supposed to be the temple of God, in which the spirit of God dwells. Such a man is divine, as God is divine; that man is holy, as God is holy. Jesus was the first such perfect man. This perfection is the state that Jesus was speaking of when he said,

Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me.
(John 14:11)

When you become one with God, His divine power is yours, and you shall be perfect as God is perfect. Therefore, Jesus set as man's goal to be perfect as God is perfect when he said,

You, therefore, must be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect. (Matt. 5:48)

God created one male and one female. Why? After their reaching the state of perfection, God wanted to bring them together into one heavenly couple, through the blessing of heavenly matrimony. God intended to begin His Kingdom with Adam and Eve as the first husband and wife.

If that had become a reality, then God's blessing to be fruitful and multiply would have been fulfilled. By having children, Adam and Eve would have become the God-centered True Father and Mother—the True Parents of mankind. If Adam and Eve had formed this first God-centered family, from them would have come a God-centered tribe, a God-centered nation, and a God-centered world ruled by God alone. Then perfection would have reigned from the beginning to eternity.

Kingdom of Hell—Paradise Lost

Then let us further examine the state of the fallen people and the fallen world. We read in John that Jesus says,

You are of your father the devil. (John 8:44)

By the fall, man was brought under the false fatherhood of Satan. Man changed fathers. We left our true father, God, and united with the false father, Satan. The first man and woman became the children of Satan. Under the false fatherhood of Satan, Adam and Eve united unlawfully as a couple without God's blessing or permission. And when they multiplied children, they all came under the same false father. They were all born as the children of sin, not the children of God. Therefore, the multiplication of sinful children from one generation to another has brought about this fallen, sinful world.

Because God is not at the center, this is a world of sin, a world of mistrust, a world of crime, a world of war. And we, the nations and societies of this world, can destroy each other and feel no pain. This is the kingdom of hell on earth.

The master of this world, indeed, is not God, but Satan. This is why John 12:31 indicates that Satan is the ruler of this world. We know this universe was created by God. We know God created us. But God is no longer the master, because people changed masters. Man betrayed God and united with a false master, Satan. This Satan became the father of mankind.

Salvation Is Restoration

Almighty God is a God of love, a God of mercy. His heart is compassionate and He grieved at the living death of His children. He knows no person is capable of breaking his chains and getting rid of sin by himself. He knows that only one power can bring people into salvation—God Himself. And God, in His mercy, is determined to save this world. What is salvation? Salvation is simply restoration. What does a doctor do to save his patient? He restores the patient to normal health. That is a cure. What would you do to save a drowning person? You would save him by bringing him out of the water and restoring him to dry land. That is a rescue.

By the same token, God's salvation of man is simply to restore man from an abnormal, deviated state to the original state of goodness. So, salvation is equivalent to restoration. God is going to restore the kingdom of hell to the Kingdom of Heaven. God made His determination clear in the Bible: "I have spoken, and I will bring it to pass; I have purposed, and I will do it." (Isaiah 46:11)

God did not say He might do it. He said He will do it, showing His absolute determination to restore man and the world to the original design. How? By the Messiah. To restore mankind, God sent His only son, Jesus Christ, into this world as the Savior, as the Messiah. Two thousand years ago, Jesus Christ came into our world as the author of life. He came to transform all sinful people into Christ-like people. He came to restore the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Therefore, Jesus Christ proclaimed as his first gospel, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. 4:17)

With the coming of Jesus Christ, people were truly at the threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus Did Not Come to Die

There is one historical puzzle that not been solved. For 4,000 years before the coming of Jesus Christ, God had prepared the people for the Messiah, as I explained earlier. Through His prophets, God had forewarned the people to be ready for the Messiah. God was working to build up expectation, and there was indeed great messianic fervor in Israel. And at the appointed hour, God fulfilled His promise. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, came to his own people on time.

Then what happened? History is the witness: We did not know him. We rejected him, rebelled against him, and finally crucified him on the cross. Why? The Christian churches say, "Well, the answer to that question is, simply, God sent Jesus Christ to die on the cross. The crucifixion was the predestined will of God from the beginning."

Then let me ask those Christians, "What will you do when Jesus Christ returns to you today?" All Christians undoubtedly will answer, "We will receive him! Welcome him! Unite with him! Follow him!" Let me further ask, "Will you crucify Christ when he appears?" Your answer must be, "No!" If that is so,

then what about the people of 2,000 years ago? If they had accepted Jesus—as you would today—would they still have had to crucify him? No! It was a mistake! It was in ignorance that we crucified Jesus Christ.

It was God's will that His people accept the Messiah. But we crucified him instead. And then Christians “passed the buck” by saying that was the will of God. Ridiculous! This is not acceptable to our logic. Something must have gone terribly wrong. What was it? The people did not know who Jesus of Nazareth was. They did not know him as the Son of God. If they had clearly known Jesus was the Messiah, the Son of God, they would not have crucified him.

He came to his own home, and his own people received him
not. (John 1:11)

None of the rulers of this age understood this; for if they had,
they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. (I Cor. 2:8)

If they had only known who he was, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. It was a mistake. It was ignorance and blindness that killed Jesus Christ!

Christians of the world have not realized the truth about what actually happened in Jesus' time. If God's only purpose in sending His Son was to have him nailed on the cross, then why would God spend the time to prepare the people in the first place? It would have been much easier for God to send His son among the disbelievers, or even among savages. They would have killed him more quickly, and salvation would have come faster.

Crucifixion Brought Only Spiritual Salvation

So Jesus focused on his secondary mission, spiritual salvation. Due to the sin and blindness of the people, God permitted His son to be a sacrifice. That was the significance of the crucifixion. God allowed Jesus to die on the cross as a ransom paid to Satan. In exchange, upon Jesus' resurrection, God could claim the people's souls, though redemption of the body was not possible.

Therefore, God's victory was not in the cross but in the resurrection. The resurrection brought the salvation Christianity offers.

At Jesus' crucifixion, Christianity was crucified as well. At the hour of the Lord's tribulation, no one remained faithful. Everyone betrayed Jesus. Even Peter denied Christ.

But with the resurrection, Christianity revived as well. Then for 40 days, Jesus rejoined and cemented the shattered fragments of Christianity. That was the beginning of the Christianity of today.

Yes, our salvation does come from Jesus' victorious resurrection. This is the victory of Christ, and Satan's power can never influence it. But the body of Jesus Christ was given up as a sacrifice and a ransom. In giving up his body, Jesus also gave up the body of mankind. Our salvation is limited to spiritual redemption, because the redemption of the body remained unfulfilled 2,000 years ago. And

our world still suffers under Satan's power. Sin rages and dominates this world through our bodies.

Therefore, Paul shouted out in anguish,

Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death? Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord!

So then, I of myself serve the law of God with my mind, but with my flesh I serve the law of sin. (Rom. 7:24-25)

Therefore, our great hope is the Second Coming of the Messiah. This is the hope of America, the hope of the world. America—this unique Christian nation—must awaken now and ready herself for the day of his coming.

The error was made here on earth. Sin was committed here on earth. Thus the error must be remedied and sin eradicated here on earth. Jesus asked us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Earth is the problem. That is why Christ must come back to this earth.

Many Christians believe that at the end of the world, God will destroy everything. The sun will be darkened, the stars will fall, and the earth will be burned up. A mere handful of Christians will be lifted up in the air, to spend the millennium with Christ. If God did that, then He would become a God of failure, His original will forever unfulfilled. He would be relinquishing this earth to Satan. Then Satan would actually become the victor, and God the loser. This will never happen! God is almighty. He will not give up on this earth. It was meant to be, and it shall be, His kingdom. This New York shall be His kingdom, too.

You can be the citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven if you meet the coming Messiah. He is your hope, my hope, and the only hope of America and this world. If we fail to see him, however, then Christianity will have no hope. Christianity will decline. Its spiritual fire will be extinguished. The churches will become the tombs of the old legacy. Our world then will be doomed.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have come here to Madison Square Garden tonight in obedience to God's command. The Bible says,

And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. (Acts 2:17)

We are living in such an extraordinary time, at the birth of a new age! Heaven is quite near. And if you earnestly call upon God, He will answer you. You must urgently ask Him, "How can I know if Reverend Moon is telling the truth?" Do not let me or anyone else answer that question for you. Let God answer you directly.

So go in peace, and please ask God earnestly, sincerely. Confront God in prayer. God will reveal the answer to you. The new hope for mankind is the

Messiah. And that “great and terrible day of the Lord” is at hand. It is up to you whether that day will be great or terrible. If you meet the Messiah, for you that day will be great. But if you fail to meet him, then for you that day will indeed be terrible.

God bless you. Thank you for your attentive listening.

Kamsa hamnida! Thank you, and good evening.



A National Movement Emerges

1972-74

DURING THE YEARS 1972-1974, THE UNIFICATION CHURCH

emerged as a national movement in America. Not only did all the missionary groups merge by the end of this period, but national membership multiplied ten times, evangelistic crusades were held in all fifty states, substantial properties were purchased, international conferences held, and a controversial "Answer to Watergate" statement circulated in full-page advertisements bought in most of the nation's major newspapers. By the end of this period, the church's rapid growth had provoked controversy and confrontation. However, prior to considering that, it is important to understand how the movement achieved rapid growth, stability and prominence in the 1970s. Basically, this development was the result of the Church's organizational initiatives, favorable conditions of American national life, and most importantly, the presence of Rev. Moon.

In terms of organizational initiatives, the three-year period between 1972-74 divides into two eighteen-month phases. The first, beginning January 1972, focused on the attainment of internal solidarity. Consisting of a series of pioneer training programs, this phase culminated in the achievement of a viable national structure in all fifty states by July 1973. A second phase, building on this national network of support, focused on the attainment of public visibility. A series of highly successful "Day of Hope" speaking crusades culminated in a full house at New York's Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974 and a triumphant eight-city tour concluding in San Francisco and Los Angeles in December 1974.

Favorable conditions in American national life, particularly a ready supply of youth disillusioned both with American society and with the countercultural alternatives of the 1960s also contributed to the church's development. In addition, the crisis of the Nixon Presidency afforded the movement an opportunity for national exposure. However, of far more importance for the emer-



gence of the Unification Church as a national movement was the unifying and energizing presence of Rev. Moon. Just as the early missionaries shaped the character of their groups, Rev. Moon gave substance to the national movement. In this sense, it is appropriate to date the birth of the Unification Church of America from his arrival.

Father speaks at Carnegie Hall.

Farley Jones

What was very special about the period of time when I joined was the spiritual life in the center. I joined in Washington, D.C. in 1967. I heard the Divine Principle in New York City and came to the center in Washington during the summer of 1967 so I could investigate it further.

The center was led by Young Oon Kim. She was a source of spiritual light and warmth. She really created a very loving community under her influence. It was very spiritually magnetic.

After I joined and spent some time there in Washington, D.C., Dr. Kim (Young Oon Kim) on one occasion traveled across the country visiting the outlying centers. She wrote me a letter from Berkeley, California. The center had only one person at that time, Edwin Ang. He was a full time Ph.D. student, and he needed help. She asked me if I could join him. It was a few months after I joined. I drove to California in November of 1967.

Later Dr. Ang and I worked as two males, very arduously without much success. We felt we needed a female to join us. We wrote to Miss Kim and said we needed a sister to balance things out. We were doing things like eating rice and sardines as a standard fare. We taught a lot of people. Berkeley then was a very avant garde place, with a lot going on. After I joined, Betsy joined. She was between school years, the summer of '68. She was available. The three of us moved to a larger place. Together we were a very dynamic trio. People started joining and moving in. In two years, we got 21 members. Betsy stayed for the summer of '68. She was replaced by Helen Ireland who is now blessed and living in France. She helped attract sisters and brothers. We grew and we expanded from one physical center. We bought a house and rented a couple of others. It was a great time—my “church honeymoon” you might say.

Then I got another letter from Young Oon Kim and she wanted me to consider taking the position of the church president. I declined, but then it transformed from a request to a command. I was told to pack and come back to Washington, D.C. in December of '69. So if the first two years was my honeymoon, I don't know how to describe the next three except that it was the opposite. I was 26 years old and too young to serve in such a role, with neither enough life experience or spiri-

tual experience, or spiritual growth.

The great benefit of that time from 1969 to 1972 was that Father came during that time. So I had the special opportunity to represent the American church to Father. I traveled with him on his Seven City Speaking Tour. When he came at the end of 1971, I had been president for two years then and I was really in the pits. Father gave me a lot of love and encouragement which was deeply renewing for me. By the time he left I was inspired.

It was very powerful, I was very inspired and uplifted. He would look at me as representing the whole church or the whole nation. It wasn't personal attention to me but to reach larger levels. That was true of how he treated all leaders in the church.

At that point we were unknown and the persecution was minor. A journalist came and stayed with us for a few days who seemed friendly and interested. He wrote an article that was somewhat sensational but it was just the one article.

When Betsy and I were matched, we let the *Washington Post* know about it, and the unusual marriage arrangement. They wrote a very nice article about us and two other couples. We were all going to Korea together, so it was a point of interest.

Once I went to Upshur House to visit Father. I felt very inadequate for the job, so I made an appointment to see him through Mrs. Choi. His room was on the second floor. Father was on the bed, Mother was on the other bed and Mrs. Choi said that Betsy and I should sit on the floor. Then he got up and sat down on the floor with us. I was very touched by that. He was such a great man to do something so humble and extend the human touch. He extended himself and encouraged me. I asked him if I should resign, and he said no, no, don't resign. He gave me some strategies. I had a long history of affection and love with Young Oon Kim, but at that time it was very difficult. That was part of the overall difficulty I was having as church president. He suggested ways to heal the relationship.

I was a fallen-away Catholic before I joined. There was a whole process of preparation for me. My own parents had divorced, and my father had moved out. I had had girlfriends during college, for various lengths of time and various kinds of seriousness, but they never lasted. The fear that I was conscious of was that I didn't want to put my children through what I had experienced as a child with a parent leaving the home...which was very

painful for me. Having gone through several girlfriends and not having any of the pieces fall into place, I was starting to doubt my ability. I fell away from Catholicism. I thought that's what happened to people when they went away to college. I even became a confident atheist in my senior year. I felt I knew something that others did not know, that God did not exist.

I went to law school for a year after college, and then I went on a trip to California. I was on a spiritual quest, and then I had several experiences that challenged my atheistic premises. Then I got a letter from Hilly Edwards. I met her in the summer between my first and second years of law school. She was engaged but her engagement fell through and she was witnessed to by Becky Salonen. She had a conversion experience and wrote me a letter and said this is something I ought to look into. She said if I ever went to New York City there's a branch there. I had dropped out of law school and was going to New York to pick up another field of study. There I met and first studied the Principle with Barbara ten Wolde and Diane Fernsler. What first struck me was the first chapter, the conception of the man-woman relationship and the husband and wife relationship, reflecting the male and female attributes in God's nature. I thought this might be a solution for me, for the definite search I had with reference to establishing a stable family and avoiding the problem of my own parents. I was attracted to the spirit, the very loving family.

It was a scary time when things began getting negative. I was aware of all the kidnappings and deprogrammings. That was at the height. One time there was a major, nationwide NBC news program on the church. That broke open the flood tide of persecution. I helped rescue some of the people who'd been kidnapped and deprogrammed. The members would call having been kidnapped and needed help escaping. We would get secret phone calls. Mike Runyon and I went to New Jersey one night. We were outside a house, and we were waiting for someone to break out of a bathroom window. That person did escape but not where we were waiting. Even though there were no indications from my own family that they would do such a thing, I was apprehensive that I could be grabbed somewhere.

In 1972 Father inaugurated two bus teams. He sent out 40 missionaries to 40 states which did not have centers. To support those centers, David Kim and Young Oon Kim led bus teams traveling around the country. They would spend time at each of these centers witness-



Betsy and Farley Jones, 1975

ing and teaching to bring membership to the centers.

Then he held the first Science Conference at the Waldorf Astoria in 1972. He decided to change the number of teams from two bus teams to 10 traveling in vans. He sent me out as the leader of one of these vans. After the presidency, I was in no condition to lead a group of people. We were in Richmond then, and I took a leave of absence. I resolved certain things, kind of stepping back for a while and then I returned to the church center working under Neil Salonen. During the Washington Monument campaign, our part was being conducted in New York City—I was involved in the publications part of it, media outreach, and generating newspaper and TV advertising. I decided to go to the seminary. Even though I entered the seminary in 1976, right after the Washington Monument campaign, and had left the presidency in 1972, there were questions and confusion that I was still carrying with me. Some brothers and sisters go to the seminary full of faith and leave with questions, but I had the opposite experience: I came with questions and left with faith.

The Third World Tour

In late 1971, Rev. Moon returned to the United States as part of his third world tour. Accompanied by Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Won Bok Choi, Mr. Young Whi Kim (President, HSA-UWC, Korea since Mr. Eu's death in 1970), and Mr. Ishii (Director, HSA-UWC Business Enterprises, Japan), the party arrived in Los Angeles, December 11, 1971. Denied United States visas, ironically because of alleged communist affiliations, the group flew to Toronto, Canada, the following day. As a result of efforts of the three missionary groups and their contacts, the situation was clarified, and Rev. Moon was granted visa clearance extending until March 14, 1972. On December 18, 1971, he arrived in Washington, D.C.

Speaking almost every night from December 21st through the 30th, Rev. Moon assembled members for a four-day training program from Friday, December 31 until Monday, January 3. Conducted by Mr. Young Whi Kim, who "taught the Principle as it is taught in Korea," it was out of that weekend that what later became known as "the plan" emerged. As reported in Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers*, the plan was "to hold revival meetings in seven major cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Berkeley." While Rev. Moon indicated his desire to hold public meetings on his arrival in Los Angeles, it was not until the four-day training program that the plan was activated, and on January 4, 1972, a joint meeting was held with East and West Coast leaders to launch the movement's first national campaign. Since Rev. Moon had never spoken publicly either in Korea or Japan, the birth of the American movement coincided with the beginning of a new phase in his ministry.

*En route to the U.S.,
December, 1971*



The plan required not only individual commitment but also cooperation among missionaries, existing centers, bus teams, newly appointed state representatives, and itinerary workers. As David Kim put it, "This time, all groups will work together to expand our Principle Movement centering in existing chapels, centers, churches, and their members." Leaving little to chance, Rev. Moon announced that personnel from all three groups would be transferred to other places and a rotation system enforced. In any case, the seven-city tour was the first project ever carried out by the national movement. Although the plan was clear enough, it awaited implementation. Not only did pioneers have to be selected and trained, but a revival meeting itinerary had to be arranged, halls rented, a program set up, posters made, tickets printed and buses purchased. Later, state representatives had to be selected and assigned, bus teams formed and itinerary workers appointed.

The first step of preparation for the tour was the selection of pioneers for the two-week training session scheduled to begin in New York City on January 14, 1972. On January 9, Rev. Moon flew to the San Francisco Bay Area for consultation with Mr. Choi who, in David Kim's words, "still had many things to readjust to the new development of our Principle Movement in the U.S." While in the Bay Area, Rev. Moon also visited the Berkeley Center. Although Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation contributed fifteen pioneers and the Berkeley Center thirteen, of more significance was the coming together of the two groups on January 11, 1972. As reported in Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers*, "That night, history was made as the San Francisco and Berkeley Families came together at the Re-Education Center to share a meal and to hear our leader speak."

Previously, Rev. Moon journeyed to New York City where he rented the Lincoln Center for three nights (February 3-5, 1972) and charged the local center with making plans for the first of seven revival meetings. By January 8th, the New York center chose its theme, "The Day of Hope: The Day of the True Family," designed what would be the tour's official poster, and set about finding a church to rent for the pioneer training program. On January 14, 1972, the pioneers arrived. Housed in the three-story, stone and stucco Bronx center, seventy-two pioneers and staff traveled daily to St. Steven's Methodist Episcopal Church, where they were accommodated more comfortably for meals and lectures in the basement social hall. The training session focused on building solidarity, a difficult task, given the factions which had developed in the American church. One pioneer wrote:

There are about eighty of us. We come from different centers throughout the United States. We didn't know each other when we first started. Each of us had different songs, different ways of praying, and different ways of applying the Principle. It was hard to unify at first. But we knew it was necessary.

Unity became increasingly necessary as the opening revival date drew nearer. With less than three weeks to go, training moved from St. Steven's Church to the streets of New York City. It became increasingly clear that Rev. Moon's training program and style of unification were decidedly experiential. Under his direction, the attainment of solidarity within the ranks would come as a result of shared experience. In January, 1972, that meant hitting the streets of New York City in mid-winter to sell revival tickets at \$6.00 each (\$18.00 for three nights) to hear an unknown evangelist. That training was emphasized as much as visible results was evident both in that pioneers were not allowed to sell in pairs and in the rule that tickets be sold only for all three nights. One pioneer well expressed the existential burden borne by the ticket sellers:

New York City! Your streets are filled with emptiness. How much of our blood is going to be claimed by Satan? Were we really equal to the task? Then we began to try. And it didn't work. And we would pray for strength and courage.... Then we would be faced with ourselves again. Sell a ticket....we had to sell a ticket....we had to go out on the streets by ourselves....we couldn't go in pairs. People were in a hurry or would stop and tell us it was great, but they never come in the city at night. Or that we were good salesmen but they had another commitment. And nothing worked. Weren't we giving everything? Something deep inside reminded us that there was something we were holding back, something that we were yet embarrassed about or afraid to do. Then we did this thing—honestly, totally—it still didn't work. We couldn't even pray then. It was as if we were entirely deserted.... We were struggling our absolute best and losing before we had even started. It was agony... hell. We weren't "we" any longer, but lost and rejected individuals, each person in his private desperation.

While pioneers hit the streets, local center members in each of the seven cities set up speaking dates, rented halls, did mailings, printed programs, bought ads, put up posters and sold tickets wherever possible. In this sense, the tour required movement-wide coordination as well as increased individual commitment. Each revival stop featured opening remarks by local directors, music by the Unification Chorale, introductions by W. Farley Jones, President, Unification Church, U.S.A., and three nights of talks by Rev. Moon. Translated

from the Korean first by Young Whi Kim and later in the tour by Bo Hi Pak, Rev. Moon's topics were: "One God, One World Religion," "Ideal World for God and Man," and "The New Messiah, and the Formula of God in History."

Despite the efforts of pioneers and existing centers, the tour was a constant battle against anonymity and, in the Eastern cities, against the elements. In New York City bitter weather limited attendance to between 350-450 people for the three nights even though many more tickets had been sold. In Washington, a blizzard not only hindered the turnout but stranded pioneers in Frederick, Maryland, when the bus carrying them to California broke down in heavy snow. On the West Coast, the weather was not a problem. Still, it was not until Berkeley that the tour had its first full house. There were a number of reasons for the Berkeley success. Perhaps most important, it was the last stop on the tour, and the center there had the longest amount of time to prepare. Following Rev. Moon's visit to the Bay Area in early January, 1972, the Berkeley Center rented a large room (capacity: 700) at the Claremont Hotel and mobilized five committees—Tickets, Literature, Publicity, Physical Arrangements, and Follow-up—to prepare for the March 9-11, 1972, revival. Berkeley traditionally was fertile ground for new movements of various types, and prior to the tour's arrival, neutral to positive articles appeared in both the *Berkeley Gazette*

*Day of Hope Tour,
Washington, D.C.*





Family members prevent a heckler from disrupting Father's talk in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"Those people who criticize me don't know even this much of my life. They don't know of what I have been through, or the experiences I have had with God."

priority of the movement continued to be the attainment of internal solidarity. This was especially clear at a meeting of Bay Area members and pioneers in San Francisco following the Berkeley revival. In response to a question on how the San Francisco group and the Berkeley group would relate in the future, one pioneer recounted Rev. Moon's "hurricane-like fury at Satan and the division of the American family": "They are one!" he thundered. "There is no Miss Kim's group and Mr. Kim's group and Mr. Choi's group. There are no groups. They are all Mr. Moon's group. Missionaries will be recalled to Korea. Members will be interchanged, and all members will go through my training, even your president, Farley Jones."

What Rev. Moon's training called for was a three-year period (1972-74) of total mobilization. The first step in this training involved the selection and assignment of "state representatives" (SRs), "itinerary workers" (IWs), and evangelical bus team members. To coordinate these groups, an entirely new organization was born.

and *Oakland Tribune*. In addition, the tour had become more polished, and ticket prices were reduced to \$6.00 for the three nights. Finally, Rev. Moon, who had suffered with the flu during the first six cities, was in good health for Berkeley. For these reasons, the pioneers finished the seven-city tour with a "feeling of having triumphed."

Although the Berkeley stop-over was gratifying, that particular success was less an end than a beginning of the movement's active evangelizing. Far more ambitious crusades were to follow. At the same time, the first

Pioneering America in the early 70s

Laura Taylor Hayashi

In the early times in the USA movement, Father wanted to visit the members, and there was no money and no internal education about attendance. He would often just have to stay in cramped quarters together with our members. The OWC had just been changed to IOWC, and what a mess it was with different languages and cultures, all traveling around together. And of course, not much money. In one such place, there was only two bedrooms, one for brothers and one for sisters. And one toilet, which was between the two rooms.

Well, Father had gone into the bathroom, and might have fallen asleep, because when he came out, he was sort of disoriented. He went into the wrong room—the sisters room! It was morning, and everyone was half awake, in various stages of dress or undress. The tendency in this world is that a lady would scream, in such a situation, but this was our True Father! It is the joy of an original child to see their parent anytime. Thank God for one sister, who in her bra and pants marched up to Father, and said, “Good morning, Father!” He was happy. But of course, he left.

Another time, much later, we were a small group in Washington, D. C., after the Washington Monument Rally. True Parents came almost every week. It was intoxicating. They were filled with a kind of joy, which they wanted us to inherit. One time, Father was saying he had to go. I am sure he did have to go, but it also seems now that he wanted to stay more and share more with us. One sister stood up and said, “Father, please don’t go.” He beamed. His heart had been received, and returned to him. Later, he spoke many times in many places about this event. How important it was that that sister had felt that way about him, and expressed it.

Another occasion during this same period, Father was trying to make the point of self sacrifice. How when you love God, it is a joy to sacrifice and we want to take the bad things so others may have the good ones. He had been speaking like this for some time. Then he wanted a foil, and chose a sister in the front row to make the point. Now this sister had escaped from a communist country, and many of her family were suffering great hardships. They suffered both because she left, and

because of shortages in her country.

She had gotten a letter one day about a friend whose baby had died because there was no way to heat their apartment—nothing available at all. But this sister was intoxicated with True Parents, and steadfast in her understanding of why she was with us, and how she would remain for their sake. Her English seemed good, but it must have been an interesting combination between her understanding and Father’s expressions. She was enraptured when Father asked her, “So, now what kind of food do you want?” She replied ecstatically, “Good food, Father!” He drew his whole body back. She was supposed to say, bad food.

He reassessed this situation. Again, directly with some force, very close to her face, he asked the same question. She replied exactly the same, and in the same manner. Father tried one more time, but he dissolved in laughter when she replied the same. He tousled her hair and grabbed her head. We were all laughing so much. He gave up. His speech took a whole new direction, one centering on joy. It was beautiful to behold.

North Carolina

We arrived at Chapel Hill, N.C. to a small center, all of us with big hopes. Maybe there were seven of us. Soon, it was only five of us, as there were MFT teams that requested members from the states. One of the campaign requests was to help buy Belvedere.

We sold peanuts, and later, candles in the little brandy snifter glasses. Sometimes we sold ginseng. I met some wild ginseng hunters with lots of amazing stories. What a wonderful way to get to know the countryside of North Carolina. Father had told us to do strange things to get attention. I remember in Minneapolis they drilled a hole in the ice and jumped in (I think in January) just for the press. In Omaha, members did a march, not unlike the trail of tears. We couldn’t think of a lot that would work for us; we were fundraising almost the whole time. We would get together on holidays with other states. When our entire region of five states gathered, we would have a total of only about 25 people.

Witnessing on campus, we encountered much Marxist thought. *The Rising Tide* newspaper was helpful. One guest we brought was interested, but kept talking about his ideas of Marxist thought. He was a constant companion, and a bit of a pain. He made us a round table, with legs which had a hinge, so it could be used for sitting on the floor as well as with chairs. It was built as a

labor of love. He dropped out soon after, however. And I will never forget the time we were so poor, and it was so cold, we burned the legs of that table in the fireplace!

Witnessing in 1972

Then July 1, 1972, Father reorganized the whole movement. My friend Bonnie and I were to go to North Carolina. I was frantic to meet some more of my old friends in Iowa. When I first joined, Christine had taken me to visit the old group. How shocking it was for me to visit people I knew in this new context, talking about ancient controversies. Yet I felt confident that others were prepared.

The day before we left, a good friend of my previous boyfriend was outside a bar during the band's break, getting cool in the summer's evening. I told him to come visit, that the center and the Divine Principle was everything we had previously spoken about in our searches for God and integrity. The next day, we were driving along and saw him on his motorcycle. We pulled up beside him, and I yelled that we were leaving that night for North Carolina, it was his only chance, didn't he remember our talk the last night? I think he was embarrassed that he didn't remember, so that night before we left, he came to evening program. By the time we arrived three days later in North Carolina, driving my friend's little Volkswagen bug, he had joined. He went on to a foreign mission and had many great adventures of his own. And we did as well!

IOWC, early 70s

In the early 70s, we didn't know even about fundraising. It was front page news when someone broke \$50 fundraising! Our center hadn't tried it yet, and the rent was due. Christine didn't want to get a job and be tied to their schedule, and I was still mostly living at home, not fully living in the center. What to do? Christine said, "God will provide." The day that the landlord would pick up the rent, a stranger came to our door, and said, "This is for you." He gave us a paper bag. It was filled with exactly enough cash for the rent.

Christine knew I had to get more involved. The nearest center was more than 500 miles away, either in Kansas City or Omaha, NE. We decided to go to Omaha. As I was hearing the Divine Principle, my close friend was having visions of the prayer room in Omaha. When I returned, we were up together all night sharing simultaneous spiritual experiences. She never left. Three

days later, her husband came to see what was going on. We told him the conclusion of the Divine Principle and he moved in. The first Day of Hope tour was starting, and we heard the news that True Parents would stop in Iowa City, which was a four-hour drive away.

We made urgent preparations. At that time Rev. and Mrs. Moon were not called our "True Parents." We called Father "Master." I remember seeing a formal picture of them, and thinking it was too intimate for me to look at! He was touching Mother's shoulder.

Members from as far as Tennessee came. Their state leader came wearing a turban (he is not Indian) and playing a sitar! It would be our only chance during the tour to see True Parents and most of us had never seen them. They wanted to stop and visit because Klaus Werner was with us in Iowa, and they had known him since he was about 12 years old. We felt very fortunate. We invited all kinds of crazy guests, whom we had just met.

We were all so young, and had a zeal for witnessing. Including the new IOWC teams which had arrived in the United States, there were no more than 800 members in the whole country. Yet at that moment we felt so large. There couldn't have been 40 people in that humble house. I remember I was shocked that Mother wore pants. I caught myself right away; I wondered what I had expected her to wear? The thought must have come from some spiritual influence. David Kim was in fine form, dancing all around with great excitement to translate for Father. Father had to trounce him, with a smack of his hand a few times, especially when he jumped up on a chair, higher than Father, to explain a point. David Kim didn't seem to mind at all, it was funny and warm.

Father asked for questions, and we were so embarrassed with some of the strange questions that were asked by these guests. One asked why it wasn't okay to smoke. Another asked about people from other planets. I groaned inside, grateful that they weren't my guests.

But Father replied with so much love, and so wisely. He said, "When we have solved all the problems of this planet, then we will worry about life on other planets." How grateful I felt to be with our "Master." Then he initiated some games which we played into the night. Yute was one of them. We laughed and were all squashed in together. I can't imagine where we all slept, but in fact, we didn't sleep at all. We kind of sat in a corner of the hallway, with bunches of others. No one minded at all.

Pioneering the State of Louisiana

Nancy Hanna

Father gave \$500 seed money to each state leader to pioneer the church. I headed south in a van with half a dozen other pioneers. They dropped me off at a grocery store in New Orleans. I headed straight for the YWCA. I began a three-day fast and a seven-day condition to walk around the city all day picking up garbage. In my trek, I witnessed to a nun who invited me to board at the Dominican College, a women's college. Here, my roommate was going out on a date with a fellow named George Glass. It wasn't a serious relationship and as she talked about him—he had studied to be a priest—I felt that I should witness to him.

I found a tiny apartment and bought a small table and two chairs at the Salvation Army. Next came a blackboard and I was all set to teach. To support myself financially, I also got a part-time job as a cleaning lady at the LSU dental school.

I had been studying my notes from Pres. Young Whi Kim's lectures intensively. With great anticipation, I invited George, who came for a series of eight lectures—the first I had ever taught. Not amazingly, everything made a great deal of sense to him. He even took the

Conclusion in stride and simply asked, "Okay. What should I do now?"

That was lucky since the bus team headed by missionary David Kim was arriving in a few weeks and we needed to find a larger center for them to stay. By that time, I had also taught Peggy Kercz, a nurse from Boston doing social work at a clinic for the Catholic Diocese in New Orleans. Peggy and I met very early one Sunday morning on a bus on my way home from praying at the New Orleans holy ground.

We rented a New Orleans "shotgun" house (long and narrow) in the historic section on—wouldn't you know it—Harmony and 9th! Still with no furniture, Peggy and I made a large, beautiful felt banner with our movement's motto: "Let us go forth in the shoes of a servant, shedding sweat for earth, tears for man and blood for heaven."

I had already been to the city's major paper, *The Times Picayune*, which had written an article about my mission to found a church in Louisiana. Now I told the press that a very important bus team was coming—and this time the TV cameramen showed up—albeit a little disappointed at the size and humbleness of our bus team!

David Kim was incredible—energetic, supportive and fatherly. As a truly veteran pioneer, he taught his bus team and we New Orleans members to street preach and witness up a storm.

With the bus team gone, I continued witnessing,

IOWC team #5, with Father and Team Leader Martin Porter; Kevin McCarthy, Jack Hart, Robert Williamson, Gary Fleischer and Beverly Lee.



mostly on the nearby campuses of Tulane and Loyola Universities. Students would come for a two-day seminar at our house on Harmony. After each spiritual child heard the conclusion, I did a 3-day fast for them to accept DP and dedicate themselves to the cause.

George had a full-time job so I had been able to quit my lady janitor job. (This was during pre-fundraising days.) George came with a fire-engine red Pontiac Firebird and a little later Mitch Dixon joined with a fluorescent blue late-model car as well. I think we had the fanciest wheels of any pioneer center. The working members kept their jobs and by pooling our resources, we did fine financially.

From Tulane University, six students joined and dedicated themselves—five of them are still dedicated members: Mitch Dixon, Chris Ching, Peter Spoto, Mark Turegano and Donna Jean McMillan Brewer. Everyone of them left Tulane University, considered an ivy league school of the south, very shortly after hearing the Principle. (Mark had a prestigious governor's scholarship.) They were that kind of people. They understood immediately the depth and importance of the Divine Principle and the need to dedicate themselves totally to help Father.

Their parents all came to visit them. They listened to Divine Principle themselves and trusted the decision of their children, God bless them. This was before the days of the media hysteria about brainwashing. When I think of the fine families all these members have today, I know those parents are still glad they trusted their children, although it could not have been easy.

Other members who joined in New Orleans pioneering days were John Robbins, Peggy Parker Nakamura, Steve and Judy Rondino and Scott McAffey. Almost all the members who joined in New Orleans are dedicated members to this day. My faith and focus had been to fulfill 1-1-1 and with some help from the bus team, it was fulfilled our first year!

We received some special visits to our pioneering center that first year. Neil Salonen came by on a swing through the South doing anti-Communist work; George was relieved to speak to a brother. Father assigned IW's to each region and so Hilly Edwards arrived by bus one day. She stayed about a week and was a warm, wise and wonderful IW. She went out fundraising with us, witnessing with us and offered lots of love and encouragement to all of us. John Doroski visited with some members and we did a workshop together.

One day I came home to the Harmony St. house to find a small package on my doorstep. It contained a black enamel vase with a hand-painted inscription: "Let us be flowers for the Heavenly Will"—a gift from True Parents in Korea.

Fundraising was born in the form of multicolored and multi-smelling candles in glass brandy snifters. The whole movement began its first fundraising campaign to raise \$120,000 to purchase Belvedere so True Parents could have a residence in the United States. I received the candles in boxes by mail. There was no one to tell me how to fundraise. I had never done any sales work of any kind but I just walked out the door and started selling them door to door. Peggy and George joined me and this became a regular evening activity for Belvedere.

We had outgrown our little "shotgun" house. A number of our members had savings accounts, and with donations from Chris Ching, Mitch Dixon and others we were able to put together a \$5,500 down payment to buy 4411 Canal Street, a house I chose because of its central location. The wife of our Harmony St. landlord was our realtor.

In 1973 HSA-UWC was legally established in the state of Louisiana. After we pioneered about a year, Father began to spend more time in America and he began to summon us "state leaders" and HSA-UWC officers to meetings every 40 days at Belvedere. We would give reports and Father would guide us, often personally pouring out his heart. Through these conferences, he began to raise up the leadership of the American movement.

At one of these conferences there was a church holiday and Pres. Young Whi Kim asked me to organize the state leaders into a skit as part of the entertainment. We decided to do a comedy review of our experiences with Father on the speaking tour. In one of our scenes, one beefy member by the name of Gil and the diminutive Helen Chin Alexander did a hilarious imitation of Mrs. Choi translating for Father. They spoofed how Father would say strong things in a strong way and then Mrs. Choi would translate it all in a soft, feminine way. The skit was a hit, indeed hilarious, and Father and Mother were rolling in the aisles. Later, Pres. Kim told me in the nicest way that one does not do spoofs of the Messiah. Of course, I was mortified. Just like True Parents to absorb our ignorance with a big heart.

One World Crusade

One World Crusade, Inc. (OWC) was the engine of the Unification Church's evangelistic activities from 1972 through 1974. Through this structure, pioneer state representatives, bus team members and leaders, itinerary workers and existing church centers coordinated activities. The organization itself was formed during the Day of Hope revival in Los Angeles, the fifth city of the seven-city tour. Although the OWC structure included state representatives, itinerary workers and existing centers, it was especially identified with "mobile unit" bus teams. Newly appointed OWC "commanders" Young Oon Kim and David Kim, along with approximately twenty-five members each, set out in March 1972 from the Bay Area on separate northern and southern bus team routes to meet in Washington, D.C. the following August. At that time, a third bus team was formed and in December, 1972, seven more teams were organized, making a total of ten evangelical bus teams, each assigned to a specific region of the country. By July 1, 1973, forty more OWC mobile units were organized so that there was a unit for every state. On that foundation, the movement launched more ambitious speaking tours in late 1973 and 1974.

The genius of the OWC was the way in which it integrated a variety of different tasks. First and foremost, the OWC fostered evangelistic outreach. At each of their stops, evangelizing bus teams reinforced activities of newly sent out and often solitary state representatives. Witnessing actively, especially on college campuses, bus team members brought guests to evening programs, conducted workshops and left long lists of contacts for local state representatives to follow up. Seven-day crusades in each state frequently resulted in the recruitment of permanent members. Equally important, the OWC enhanced the movement's internal solidarity. The mobile units combined membership from various parts of the movement and continued the process of unification begun at the original pioneer training session. At the same time, the establishment of state representatives and itinerary workers, as well as such publications as *Pioneer's Progress* (which supplanted Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers* from July to October, 1972), opened channels of movement-wide communication. The OWC effectively linked up disparate centers throughout the country.

In addition to evangelistic outreach and organizational integration, the OWC helped lay the groundwork for the movement's future speaking tours. Members cultivated important contacts and gained public relations experience. Actively contacting news media, local churches and civic officials, public relations teams stressed theistic principles and ethical values. These themes were reflected in "Rallies for God" on college campuses and at state capitol buildings. From March 16, 1972, when the two evangelical bus teams left San Francisco, until August 1, 1972, when they arrived in Washington, D.C., Mobile Unit #1 (the northern bus) campaigned in twenty-two cities and twenty-two states, traveling a total of 8,400 miles. Mobile Unit #2 (the southern bus) campaigned in

twenty-one cities and twenty states, traveling a total of 7,780 miles. Mr. David Kim emerged as the OWC's leading "field general." In over forty separate reports under such titles as "Marching Across This Great Land to Make It Free," "One World Crusade Is Marching On," and "Mobile Unit II Moves West Coast States," he chronicled bus team activities in 1972. In December of that year, he was named "Executive Director" of the One World Crusade. With numerous bus teams in operation, the movement was under considerable pressure to fuel the crusade. To do so, another organization was born.

Mobile Fundraising Teams (MFT)

If the One World Crusade was the foundation of the movement's evangelistic activities from 1972-74, door-to-door and street-corner solicitation or "fundraising," initially with candles, were its means of economic support. Because of the urgent need for existing centers to help support OWC mobile units and pioneer centers in the field, as well as their own activities, aggressive fundraising campaigns came to be favored over either businesses or outside employment.

Existing centers, pioneers and OWC evangelical bus units all undertook fundraising campaigns, but they became especially identified with a new institution, the mobile fundraising team or MFT. Consisting of eight or nine full-time sellers, MFTs first formed in late August, 1972. The original two teams on each coast merged into one permanent team of fourteen members in October, 1972, and expanded to three teams and thirty-six sellers by the following September. In October, 1973, a fourth team was added and by the following May, there were eight teams and eighty members. Their selling efforts not only supported evangelistic activities of the OWC but also helped the movement to purchase properties and conduct its later speaking tours.

There were several important parallels between the OWC and MFT. Both were aggressive and mobile. Both consolidated otherwise scattered local efforts. And both originally were born of necessity in response to the demands of a specific campaign. For the OWC, this was the seven-city tour. For the MFT, it was the "Belvedere Project," a movement-wide, late summer and early autumn 1972 campaign to raise the funds necessary to purchase Belvedere, a Tarrytown, New York estate, as the movement's international training center. Economic support had been a continuous and frequently divisive problem for the movement prior to the Belvedere Project. Outside employment hindered full-time evangelism, and businesses were no less time consuming and often distracting. With centers dabbling in a variety of economic ventures, members were forced to admit during 1971 they had yet "to come up with something that all the centers can do."

Following Rev. Moon's arrival and seven-city tour, the need for funds became acute. Ironically, one breakthrough came as a result of the breakdown of the seven-city tour's missionary bus in Frederick, Maryland, when members

found that they could garner donations. This realization, combined with the increased financial demands of national mobilization, led to more sustained fundraising efforts. In April, 1972, the Washington, D.C., center surpassed a goal of \$4,000 profit through door-to-door sales of candles produced in the basement of the College Park, Maryland center. Also supplied with College Park candles, the New York Center netted \$1,600 in nine days toward a three-month goal of \$21,000. In Philadelphia, the center set aside one night a week for regular candle selling.

Candle selling proliferated rapidly among the existing centers. They had, finally, "come up with something that all the centers could do." Still, there was a lack of coordination. In his OWC reports, David Kim spoke of financial burdens and the lack of funds from headquarters. As a consequence, OWC mobile units and pioneer centers began fundraising for expenses. Thus, although fundraising became the movement's predominant economic means, there was no center or focus.

Rev. Moon solved the problem of coordinating fundraising activity in 1972, when he directed the American movement "to find a large property in New York suitable for use as...(an) international training center." The assignment was given to New York center director Philip Burley, who found Belvedere three days after it had been put on the market. Situated on the Hudson River thirty miles north of New York City in Tarrytown, the twenty-two acre, \$850,000 estate was described in a brochure sent to Rev. Moon in Korea, and he said to buy it. At that point, Miss Kim left her bus team to negotiate for the property. Succeeding both in committing the seller to her and in extending the stipulated thirty days payment allowance to ninety days, she faced the major problem of raising a \$294,000 down payment.

From mid-July through mid-August, 1972, Miss Kim traveled throughout the country securing personal loans. By late August, her efforts needed to be supplemented by efforts of the American movement. Because the Maryland center had success selling its own manufactured candles, it was decided to try that as a national effort to raise money for the large down payment. With forty-seven days to go until the payment was due, the Belvedere Project was launched in earnest. Miss Kim noted, "For seven weeks nearly every member in our Family, in every state, abandoned all other activities to sell candles." There was a total mobilization. State representatives, pioneer centers, OWC teams and existing centers all pledged themselves to specific goals in order to meet the overall goal of \$36,000 profit per week. *Pioneer's Progress*, initially instituted as an evangelistic bulletin, became instead a report of the latest developments on Belvedere.

The feeling was exhilaration. One project coordinator exclaimed, "Never has there been a project like this in the whole American movement!" HSA-UWC President Farley Jones enthused, "This is the greatest thing we've ever done because it is our first national project for a unitary goal." Similar senti-

ments were voiced by a candle-seller who asserted, "When it's over, we'll know that every American has paid for Belvedere. . .and we'll know that we've paid for it with everything we've got."

The Belvedere Project prompted several innovations. One of these was the development of candle "factories." With Anchor Hocking six-ounce Brandy Snifters and Amoco paraffin "piled floor to ceiling," the College Park, Maryland factory relocated to the six-room basement of a recently purchased farm in Upper Marlboro. By the second week of the project, production had gone "from eight hundred to twelve hundred dozen a week," and was expected to reach "peak production of 1,700 dozen a week, or about 250 dozen (3,000 candles) a day." A similar factory with a rotating crew was set up in the Denver center garage, and a third factory was operated by the Berkeley Center out of a warehouse in Concord, twenty miles away. "Still-warm" candles were delivered by another Belvedere innovation, "express candle vans." In the East, vans were dispatched to Chicago, New York and Atlanta, among other cities. However, the most important innovation of the Belvedere Project was the formation, for the first time, of mobile fundraising teams. As reported in *Pioneers' Progress*,

Since the end of August, 29 members from across the nation have been traveling on two mobile teams—one on each coast—and selling candles full time.

The sixteen-member West Coast team included two members from Los Angeles, three from Denver, two from Kansas City, and nine from the Berkeley Center.

As a result of total mobilization and these innovations, the Belvedere Project ended in victory. Miss Kim wrote, "By the deadline, through loans I had secured, through efforts of our international family, but primarily through candle sales in America, we made the down payment." At 1:00 p.m., October 10, 1972, the caretaker of Belvedere received a call from the seller saying that, from that moment, "Belvedere is in new hands." Later that day, members arrived to explore the house and grounds. The feeling was best summarized in Miss Kim's questions to the "new owners": "How can you describe a miracle?... Now you have seen pictures of Belvedere. Is it better than your dreams?"

After Belvedere, the movement took steps to institute fundraising on a permanent basis. Belvedere Project Assistant Keith Cooperrider noted, "We found that people, cut off from normal center activities and given the sole responsibility of selling, could do phenomenally well." Thus, on October 19, 1972, after a week of "rest and recuperation," fourteen members of the newly formed permanent MFT arrived in Philadelphia to begin four months of candle selling. This team, composed largely of members of the former Belvedere Project mobile teams (including five from the Berkeley Center), was to sell candles for eight hours a day, five days a week, to achieve its goal of earning \$18,500 each month.

Although monetary goals were important, the MFT "spirit" also took hold.



As one member noted, “Every conversation was laced with candle-selling stories, for everyone had a special experience.” It was this dynamic between material needs and the spiritual dimension, not the movement’s material needs alone, that led to the MFTs expansion. Farley Jones summarized the development well in his “send-off” speech to the new MFT members:

At this moment, we are building a new structure in the dispensation. . . . I know it will evolve and become a greater part of our movement. In a new way you are pioneering.

Miss Kim said of the newly acquired Belvedere property: “How can you describe a miracle?... Now you have seen pictures of Belvedere. Is it better than your dreams?”

“Forgive, Love, Unite!”

C. Thomas Phillips

Upon listening to introductory seminars on Divine Principle, I had a Wesleyan experience of the warming of the heart and a personal spiritual experience with Jesus. This powerful transforming experience left me with little doubt concerning the authenticity of this “new truth” as genuinely Christian and directly approved by Jesus. Excitedly I wrote about my experience with the Divine Principle to my mother and grandparents who had always encouraged my spiritual pursuits. My letter crossed a letter from my mother in the mail. Enclosed in her letter was a clipping of a paid advertisement in the local newspaper called “Forgive, Love, Unite!” Deeply touched that a foreigner would come to America and demonstrate the Christian response to the moral failings of our president, she was convinced this was a message from God for the America people. Upon receiving my letter she marveled to discover that I had met the movement inspired by the same person who had brought this Christian message of forgiveness, love and unity to the American people. For our family this was a testimony of God’s wondrous and mysterious work both within our lives and within the world.

My grandparents went on their knees thanking God for the effect of Rev. Moon’s work on the religious life of their grandson after they received my letter sharing my encounter with Jesus. This had been an answer to their prayers for my conversion from the secular lifestyle of the 70s to a life dedicated to God’s calling. Personal experience with Jesus was an important tenet of faith in the Bible Missionary Baptist Church where my grandparents served as pastors. However, even after years of attending revivals and summer church camps at our family’s church, I still lacked any genuine experience with Jesus and eventually dismissed organized religion when I became a university student.

A soul-transforming experience awaited after listening to the Divine Principle lecture on the “Mission of the Messiah.” My heart, burdened with the knowledge that Jesus’ original purpose was not to die on the cross, cried out in earnest prayer asking Jesus to confirm or deny its truth. This simple outpouring of my heart opened the way for an overwhelming spiritual experience. Jesus came to me in a powerful vision, saying, “I could come to you because you understood my heart.



Now anytime we share the same heart, I will be with you.”

My grandfather shared my joy and saw the movement as an opportunity for a revival of the Christian spirit in America. Later he would be reprimanded by the superintendent of his church district for openly supporting the controversial Reverend Moon before his congregation. His superintendent, who had been my church pastor, said, “I don’t believe Tom would go too far in the wrong direction, but you simply don’t know the whole story of Rev. Moon.” My grandfather countered, “The reason you don’t like Rev. Moonie is because he is doing what you and the other Christian leaders have not been able to do—bring revival to the youth of this country which is rapidly abandoning the Christian spirit!”

While studying world religions at the Unification Theological Seminary, it struck me that some of my early experiences in the Unification Church with some Japanese leaders were similar to training from a Zen master. Initiation into communal church life brought both rich experiences of the possibilities of harmony and unity and the occasional dissonance created by the different cultural and religious backgrounds of our “family members.”

Careful study of the Divine Principle and confirmation through spiritual experiences with the Holy Spirit had left little question in my mind that the movement to which I was aligning myself was authentically Christian

and that Jesus was working directly within this movement. However, many of my Japanese brothers and sisters considered the movement a new religion, and therefore could not readily consider themselves Christian. Yet, the closer I came to my Japanese brothers and sisters the more I perceived in their character a quality that was "genuinely Christian." Why that was so was profoundly revealed much later in my church life as I researched comparative studies between Christianity and Buddhism at the seminary. Especially, the Christian/Buddhist dialogue on kenosis and sunyata revealed deep insights into the experience of self denial to find spiritual enlightenment through purity of heart common to both traditions.

Studying the Divine Principle fostered in me a radical change of character, opening my heart to experience God's heart through spiritual experience with the Holy Spirit. This experience of God's love and truth instilled moral power to deny my tendency to self-centeredness and selfishness. I was then liberated to experience the restoration of my genuine self which aspired to live a lifestyle charged with high moral ideals. This experience can be compared to emptiness or *sunyata*, wherein the individual through radical self denial is able to stand outside of his own self interests and affirm his authentic self through acknowledgment of a higher reality at work in the cosmos even within one's own personal life.

MFT

A critical experience for me along my spiritual path occurred on the national mobile fundraising teams (MFT). It led me to an experience which is similar to emptiness or sunyata. My leaders on MFT often used methods not unlike the Zen master used to instruct his pupils. Buddhism is sometimes anti-intellectual; they especially detest pragmatism and rationalization. Like a Zen master, my leaders would sometimes refuse to answer simple questions, or ignore requests for rational explanations. I understood the motivation for such non-rational behavior by my leaders was similar to the Zen Master who shocked or awakened the student to bring him to a new level of consciousness. This strict vertical manner of relationship could be experienced as austere, even hurtful, yet I mostly felt the warm heart of leaders and consequently recognized their actions as motivated by true love.

One particular experience that led to my experience of emptiness or sunyata began with a miscommunication between my leader, called the "commander," and myself.

Despite the authoritarian title, he was a paternal figure whom I respected for his warm heart and selfless concern for others. Under his leadership I was responsible for a team of eight other members in Atlanta, Georgia. Through a conversation over the telephone in broken English, I understood from him that our team's next move should be to Denver, Colorado. However, when I telephoned after arriving in Denver, it was obvious that he was very upset. Nevertheless, he expressed very little other than his surprise. However, the next day's telephone communication ended with a request to transfer one of my team members to another team. Each day thereafter, with each telephone report I was directed to send yet another member to different teams until only myself and the van remained of our team. Then the next cryptic instruction was to drive the van to Nashville, Tennessee. After a three-day journey I arrived in Nashville to await further direction.

The commander had informed the MFT leader in Nashville that I should join his team. After arriving at midnight, I soon joined together with my new team traveling overnight across Tennessee. We continued driving for hours with a few intermittent stops as members were dropped off to "pioneer" raising funds in small towns. At around six in the morning the van stopped and the team leader gave me the signal that this would be my town. "Are you ready?" he asked. Groggy, unshaven and still in dirty clothes from the trip from Colorado, I tried to get my bearings as I stood beside a box of flowers and a bucket crammed with bunches of carnations. The team leader sped off in a hurry promising to return around twelve. I offered flowers in the shops and offices for donations and then came back to the appointed spot at noon. After waiting for several hours, I decided that he must have meant midnight—after all he had left a whole box of flowers, certainly enough for the whole day! I continued fundraising throughout the day and was anticipating being reunited with the team after a long day. Now midnight, I stood at the meeting point offering the last few flowers to any remaining passerby. After one in the morning, bewildered and exhausted, I finally decided to retire to the flower box—now empty—to rest.

The next day, wanting to continue my task, I purchased some candy at the grocery store to offer for contributions. Now distressed and anxious about what would follow, I returned to the meeting place at noon, now my second day in this small town where everyone seemed to have already been approached for contributions at least

once during my visit.

When the team leader finally arrived after two in the afternoon, he apologized for not having been able to return as promised after his van had broken down a hundred miles away in a remote area with no service stations. However, this was only the beginning of a series of events over a period of more than forty days which seemed designed by heaven for my personal spiritual training.

In the isolation from brothers and sisters in the remote areas where we found ourselves, there were often moments when only my relationship with God consoled the agony in my heart. These were treasured moments of rich spiritual rejuvenation that usually followed after “dark nights of the soul” which tested my limitations. Obstacles along my path seemed so insurmountable at times that the only way to endure was in complete denial—as though I didn’t even exist! During this period, it was so clear that whenever I would become self-centered and complain about my situation, then some disaster would follow, such as being arrested for soliciting without a permit or having my fundraising product stolen.

However, after denying my self-centered desires, I achieved a new level of consciousness and perceived God’s spirit acting directly through me. As I would approach people for donations, I foreknew who would donate and how much. There were times when everyone I approached would generously give. A spiritual force which could move people’s hearts enjoined my spirit. It was a time of certain spiritual clarity with no awareness or concern for “self.” I felt in harmony with the pulse of the universe and protected from any harm.

One evening towards the end of this forty-day period, the commander drove into the parking lot where I had been selling peanut brittle under the hot August sun. He expressed gratitude for my dedication to my mission and invited me into his car to report about my experiences during this period. I related my experiences of learning to deny my self-centeredness, and how I had reached a new level of consciousness in the realm of shimjung or heart. Pleased with my response, he explained his prayer had been for me to deeply understand the

importance of “purity of heart.”

I had fought with all sorts of desires: desire to be the best team leader, desire to be the best fund-raiser, desire to be recognized or appreciated, along with intense physical desire for food and sleep and with sexual temptations. After detaching myself from personal desires and transcending the anxiousness over my own situation, I was no longer overly concerned about what others thought about me or how I might appear to others. The negation of inappropriate desires and expectation had left a vacuum which begged to be filled. Now I became filled with a profound realization of the principles working order and harmony throughout the universe and meaningfulness and purpose in my life.

After having walked a course that seemed to require my annihilation, God’s grace working in my life had prepared me for bigger responsibilities. I was later called to go to New York to receive a new responsibility to guide young members in their life of faith on the MFT.

Fifteen years later, the seminary allowed the opportunity to revisit my course to transcend my fallen nature through self denial in the traditions of Christians and Buddhists seeking union with the ultimate reality. My course of fundraising had shaken me from habitual routines and provided the environment to find my genuine self through self denial. Even now from time to time as I loose the center and focal point of my spiritual life, I recall these early battles to cast aside my petty concerns and embrace the public purpose and find my renewal.

Thomas Phillips (center) in MFT days.





First ICUS Conference

If the MFT was a pioneer effort in finances, the first International Conference on Unified Science (later renamed the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, or ICUS), was a parallel undertaking in education and the sciences. It was held November 23-26, 1972, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City and brought together twenty scientists from seven nations to discuss "Moral Orientation of the Sciences."

The previous January, Rev. Moon, in the midst of preparations for the seven-city tour, suggested the idea of the conference to Edward Haskell, a lecturer at Southern Connecticut State College and chairman of the Council for Unified Research and Education (CURE). Haskell, who had been met by the New Haven center members in the fall of 1970, was enthusiastic about the proposal and helped draw up plans for the coming autumn.

The Unified Science Conference fulfilled several objectives at once. First, it was intended to be a contribution to society. In his closing address, "The Role of Unified Science in the Moral Orientation of the World," Rev. Moon emphasized human happiness, cultural advancement, the "reformation of spiritual life . . . by establishing a new standard of value," the unity of science and religion, and the establishment on earth of the ideal unified world. In pursuit of these ends, conference organizers gathered scientists from private industry, Yale,

At the first International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, 1972

Harvard, Columbia and Oxford. The conference also enhanced the church's internal solidarity by integrating diverse educational and cultural activities, be they Koinonia projects, student groups, or the events of Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation. It also showcased the movement's versatility. As noted in *New Age Frontiers*, "The whole conference staff—administrators, typists, hostesses, messengers, security guards, PR men, and photographers—were family members." No less than OWC or MFT, ICUS further developed movement sophistication.

The conference included an opening banquet and three working days of lectures, responses, panels and open discussions on a number of themes, such as: "Tools for Solution of Scientific Problems: Metatheory," chaired by Dr. Nicholas Kurti of Oxford University and Fellow of the Royal Society; "Application of Unisci Tools: Solutions of Key Problems," chaired by Dr. William V. Quine of Harvard University; and "Concrete Applications of Unified Science Solutions," chaired by Dr. Ervin Laszo of the Genesco College of the State University of New York. The meeting was successful both in the quality of presentations and as a building block for future conferences. ICUS published the proceedings in a volume entitled *Moral Orientation of the Sciences* and held the Second International Conference on Unified Science the following November, 1974 in Tokyo. Expanded guest lists and formats characterized the annual ICUS gatherings through the 1970s.

Paulette Wiesinger

The first time I met True Father was in 1975, at Barrytown, NY. I was a new member and working in the kitchen. At the end of one speech to the 120-day workshop participants, the staff hurriedly ran down the hall to greet him as he passed by. In honest humility, I stood with my head bowed and as he passed, I felt a waterfall of spirit flow from my head to my toes. I knew that I had been changed somehow.

In the mid 70s, the New Hope Singers, of which I

was a member, would perform at the various conferences hosted by True Parents. One such conference, the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, was held in San Francisco. Outside the hotel there were many loud and nasty protesters. They were clearly upsetting the flow of the conference. In our international costumes we waited on stage for our performance. There, as we listened to the program beyond the curtain, the subject of the negativity outside was presented to our True Father. In a quiet voice, he responded, saying, "I love my members." We knew how true it was and many of us wept at his long-suffering love.

Meeting American Leadership

Meeting elected officials and U.S. leaders was equally important. The movement was, in Rev. Moon's words, "preparing on two fronts." As he described them, "one was to work to unify Christianity, i.e., the evangelical movement, the *Divine Principle* movement. The other was "to prepare for the fight against Communism, i.e., the Anti-Communist movement." In America, the Freedom Leadership Foundation (FLF) had spearheaded the movement's Victory Over Communism (VOC) effort since 1969. It was through this organization that Rev. Moon met numerous United States senators and congressmen in the early months of 1973.

These meetings provided an opportunity to clearly outline the movement's opposition to Marxism. As one member present during these meetings noted, "Rev. Moon discussed national and international problems, stressing the danger of communism. He often mentioned that the United States was still the communists' main target. The meetings also enhanced the movement's internal solidarity and versatility. In meeting with Congressional leaders, Rev. Moon legitimated FLF's anti-communist activity which was still a sore point for some members. Further, as members were responsible for public relations arrangements, coverage and follow-up, the meetings once again enhanced the movement's versatility and sophistication.

Having made numerous contacts through public demonstrations, forums and, most importantly, through bi-weekly publication of *The Rising Tide*, billed as "America's Fastest Growing Freedom Newspaper," FLF arranged for Rev. Moon in February, 1973, to meet Senators Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts; Jesse Helms (R), North Carolina; Hubert Humphrey (D), Minnesota; Strom Thurmond (R), South Carolina; William Brock (R), Tennessee; and James Buckley (Conservative), New York; and representatives Richard Ichord (D), Missouri; William Mailliard (R), California; Earl Landgrebe (R), Indiana; Guy Vander Jagt (R), California; Floyd Spencer (R), South Carolina; Philip Crane (R), Illinois; and Trent Lott (R), Mississippi. On April 5, 1973, Rev. Moon met with the visiting President of South Vietnam, Nguyen Van Thieu. According to FLF Special Assistant, Mike Leone, "The meetings were very, very successful.... All ran over their allotted half hour, many lasted for an hour."

A National Movement Emerges

By July 1, 1973, midway through its three-year period (1972-74) of "total mobilization," the Unification Church was emerging as a national movement. It had attained organizational solidarity through the One World Crusade which as of July, 1973, had mobile units in all fifty states, and its versatility had been demonstrated through initiatives in evangelization, finances, the sciences, and



Proclamation

WHEREAS, Metropolitan Nashville and Davidson County, was founded on FAITH in GOD, and dedicated to preserving the Freedom that God bestows; and

WHEREAS, regardless of our religious affiliation or faith, we must all agree that the world is in great need of hope and unity among all men of all nations; and

WHEREAS, we have entered an era when cultural differences cease to be an asset in creation of a sense of variety, but rather, differences have caused division; and

WHEREAS, in these times of increasing conflict, it is fitting that all Nashvillians join me in saluting the effort of all who speak on behalf of unity as the only hope for our troubled world.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Beverly Briley, Mayor of Metropolitan Nashville and Davidson County, Tennessee do hereby designate Monday, March 11, 1974 as

"A DAY OF HOPE AND UNIFICATION"

and call upon the citizens of this community to join together in one bond of Peace and Understanding.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this the 11th day of March, 1974.

Beverly Briley
MAYOR



interaction with public officials. Still, the Unification Church was largely invisible to the public. The seven-city tour attracted only marginal notice in the press. Mobile Fundraising Teams, although growing, attracted virtually no notice. The Science Conference was reviewed only in isolated scientific journals, and Rev. Moon's meetings with Congressmen were private.

However, during the second eighteen months of this revival period, the Unification Church attracted national coverage and began to have a national impact. Several internal developments contributed to this. The first was the reshuffling of local leadership. Although center members had been called to pioneer missions, the leadership of existing centers had remained intact. However, in December, 1972, center directors were assigned as new bus team leaders. This included Farley Jones, President of HSA-UWC who was succeeded by Neil Salonen. The arrival of European and Japanese missionaries during 1973 was especially important. This "new pilgrim movement," as Rev. Moon termed it, transformed the One World Crusade into the International One World Crusade (IOWC). The arrival of Europeans and Japanese greatly enhanced witnessing and further solidified the American movement as a sense of national identity emerged. Rather than as part of Miss Kim's, Mr. Choi's or Mr. Kim's groups, members saw themselves as part of the American movement.

On March 1, 1973, the movement convened its first 100-day International Training Session at Belvedere. The schedule included forty days of intensive study of the *Divine Principle*, thirty days of the movement's Victory Over Communism (VOC) ideology and thirty days of *Unification Thought*, a recently published application of the Principle to philosophy. The six hours of daily lectures were interspersed with talks from Rev. Moon, fellowship, discussion, examinations, lecture practice and participation in the ongoing New York City witnessing campaign. Belvedere Training further solidified the American movement. As one of the original forty-eight trainees wrote,

Europeans are not the only ones wearing smiles of eagerness
and anticipation. Some American brothers were intoxicated
in those early days, because we were so many fine people
together and Belvedere is the most holy place in America.

In addition to the training session, Belvedere was the site for national conferences. The first of these was held on March 5, 1973. Headquarters staff, mobile-unit commanders, itinerary workers, state representatives and center directors all gave reports and discussed approaches found to be successful. A second national conference was held on April 1, 1973, at which time it was announced that future national conferences would be held every forty-five days at Belvedere. As a result of these initiatives, the movement not only attained cohesiveness but also began to obtain results. A July, 1973, Director's Newsletter reported: "the number of new members who joined to date this year is four times that for the same period last year." Financially, the movement had

Opposite: Hundreds of proclamations and keys to cities were presented to Rev. Moon during the Day of Hope era.

“greatly expanded the limits of what was once thought possible.” Another boon to the movement’s solidarity and cohesiveness was the July, 1973, distribution of the new English *Divine Principle*.

The movement reached a turning point by the time of the July 1, 1973 Director’s Conference. With the formation of forty more OWC mobile units at that conference (making fifty total), there was a nation-wide network of support. David Kim summarized Rev. Moon’s role in the overall development,

By July 1, 1973, only 18 months after his arrival in the U.S., he had brought phenomenal results. He had completed already one seven-city public speaking tour in major cities on both coasts of the U.S. He had raised the infant Unification Church to nationwide cooperation through the One World Crusade. He had strengthened and enlarged each group to serve all 50 states. Further, he had set up an International Leadership Training Program at the Belvedere Estate. During this same period of time, he initiated and spoke at the First International Conference on Unified Science to begin his efforts to develop a God-centered science and technology which can truly satisfy every man’s desire for material happiness.

Symbolic of the “turning point” the movement had reached half-way through its three-year revival period was the proclamation of July 1, 1973, as the “Day of Resolution for Victory.” In effect, the task of attaining internal solidarity was completed. What followed during the second eighteen-month period of evangelism was an all-out campaign by the movement to attain public visibility and to make a national impact.

Day of Hope and Celebration of Life Tours

The Church conducted four separate public speaking tours in 1973-74: a twenty-one city Day of Hope tour, a thirty-two city Day of Hope tour, a ten-city “Celebration of Life” tour and a culminating eight-city Day of Hope tour. These tours were much larger than the original seven-city tour of 1972 and far more sophisticated. In addition, the focus of the tours was less on the building of internal solidarity than it was on the attainment of public visibility. Following completion of the twenty-one city and thirty-two city tours, Rev. Moon had spoken publicly in all fifty states. Well before the Celebration of Life tour and the culminating eight-city tour, the Unification Church had attained national exposure.

Twenty-One City tour. The twenty-one city tour, which began on October 1, 1973, took as its theme, “Christianity in Crisis: New Hope.” Each three-night stop featured speeches by Rev. Moon on “God’s Hope for Man,” “God’s Hope for America,” and “The Future of Christianity.” In mid-July, as a



result of a further influx of missionaries from Japan and Europe, two forty-member IOWC teams were formed to travel the twenty-one city itinerary, preparing the way for Rev. Moon's lecture series the following fall and winter. By the end of August, more than four hundred members gathered to prepare for the Day of Hope talks scheduled to begin at Carnegie Hall on October 1st. A five-member Day of Hope planning staff consisting of a campaign coordinator, PR director, media director, technical director, and logistics coordinator helped generate public visibility. Newspaper and magazine ads, bus and commuter train posters, and mass leafletting introduced the series to the people of each city. The staff also sent professionally made tapes to 540 radio stations for public service announcements. According to campaign coordinator Mike Leone, the purpose of the staff's work was two-fold: first, "to bring to the public eye Rev. Moon of South Korea, a dynamic and inspiring spiritual leader of thousands of people," and second, "to fill every hall, every night."

Civic proclamations also enhanced the Church's public visibility. The previous February 14, 1973, as a result of the intercessory efforts of Benjamin Swig, a prominent San Francisco hotel owner and friend of Mr. Choi, Rev. Moon was awarded the key to the city of San Francisco. During the twenty-one city tour, campaign workers secured a multitude of proclamations of honorary citizenship, and days, or weeks, of "Hope and Unification." Many of these proclamations were read at Day of Hope banquets. Held prior to opening night talks during the tour, the banquets featured entertainment, introductions and greetings from

Neil Salonen, Rev. Moon, Mrs. Moon, unknown and Marc Lee discuss advertising for the Washington, D.C. speech.



*Rev. Moon speaking at
Constitution Hall,
Washington, D.C.*

Cardinal Sheehan sent his blessing to the banquet. In Washington, D.C., where the movement also concentrated its efforts, almost four hundred citizens turned out for the banquet, and more than three thousand people for the three nights of talks at Lisner Auditorium. In Atlanta, Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter proclaimed November 7, 1973, a "Day of Hope and Unification." The January 17, 1974, San Francisco Day of Hope banquet attracted more than 500 guests to Benjamin Swig's Fairmont Hotel. In Berkeley, where Rev. Moon spoke at Zellerbach Auditorium on the University of California campus, *The Daily Californian* reported, "Rev. Moon's followers have waged one of the neatest and best-run publicity campaigns seen here in years." In San Jose, January 17-24, 1974, was proclaimed "Hope and Unification Week," while in Oakland, Mayor John H. Reading proclaimed the period from January 21-24, 1974, as "Day of Hope Days." Single days of "Hope and Unification" were proclaimed in Berkeley and Hayward, and on January 21, 1974, Rev. Moon was awarded the key to the city of Berkeley by Mayor Warren Widener.

Rev. Moon to civic and religious leaders, educators and businessmen.

The results of the twenty-one city tour were remarkable. In New York, where four hundred members worked a month prior to the Carnegie Hall opening, the movement attracted widespread media coverage. The September 22, 1973, *New York Daily News* carried a large photo and article on a Day of Hope rally on the steps of Federal Hall on Wall Street. *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Christianity Today* all carried stories on the campaign, and Associated Press religion writer George W. Cornell's generally positive feature story appeared in seventy-nine newspapers throughout the U.S. Two hundred and fifty prominent New Yorkers attended the inaugural Day of Hope banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Telegrams of congratulations were read from New York mayor, John V. Lindsay and columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., as well as from several U.S. congressmen. In Baltimore,

Cristen Quinn

It was March 1974 and Father was on the 32-city speaking tour. I was in the Nebraska family. (It was a family in those days.) The Nebraska family had experienced True Parents the previous November when Father had come to Omaha for the 21-city tour.

Just before Father came in November, I was kidnapped by Ted Patrick. I was the first church member to be kidnapped. Father sent Nora Spurgin to help and several weeks later I was free. Father talked to me about it and told me, "Your are a good daughter."

We wanted to help bring people to the Iowa speech and we wanted to offer something special, so we brainstormed and came up with a plan to walk to Des Moines, Iowa from Omaha to advertise his speaking tour. We got crates and crates of bananas, rubber-banded fliers to them about the walk to see Father and passed them out at lunch rush hour in downtown Lincoln. We got five people to come with us on our walk.

For five days we walked the 150 miles from Omaha to Des Moines. Each night we camped in Christian church basements in different little Iowa towns. Each evening after our meal, the Divine Principle lectures would start. The night before Father was to speak, we gave Conclusion to the guests. In tears all five accepted our True Parents and signed to join with us to build God's Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Our prayers were fervent! Our hearts were joyous! We would soon see our True Parents, and we were bringing them new children.

Father was in a small rented house located in one of the Des Moines suburbs. We were slowed down that day because the press stopped us and the weather turned cold. It started sleetting and snowing. Just two hours before Father's speech, we finally made it to within blocks of his house. I was in front of the line with Anna Swearson. We saw Father in the distance and screamed, "Father is in the yard!" Anna and I broke into the fastest run we could muster. As I got closer I saw he was beaming and clapping for us. Can you imagine how we felt to



Cristen Quinn led the march from Omaha to Des Moines. Father greeted the team on their arrival.



have him clapping for us? When we got to Father we literally dived at his feet. We would have stayed there forever but he touched our backs as if to say "It's okay. You can get up." In the pictures of this you can see the total joy in Father's face.

We followed him into the house and all crowded into the small living room. Father was visibly moved by what we had done. Ye Jin was about 14. She cooked warm milk for us and was passing it out in little paper cups. Her demeanor and heart was so humble, sweet, loving and serving.

Father talked to us and asked questions of the new members and state leader about what we'd done. And then he pointed to me and said, "Cristen, how are your parents?" I was amazed he remembered my name. I said, "Father, they are very negative." He said, "You must love them." I have to admit that was kind of a new thought for me at the time.

He had us all sing songs to him. And I think he had Mother sing to us. Then he got serious and spoke to us

till right before his speech. He talked for a long time to this dirty, ragged little bunch about the early days in Korea when they were so poor that the only diversion he could give to the members was to take them for walks. He told us that what we had done reminded him of how they would walk miles into the countryside.

He saw us off outside and waved. Then he threw a few baskets with Hyo Jin in the basketball hoop in the driveway.

Within a half an hour he was speaking publicly.
What a Dad!

Hisako Watanabe

When I came to the United States, Father spoke to Mr. Kamiyama and he organized a team to go out and sell tickets for the Carnegie Hall speech—the tickets were about \$2. We were a group of international brothers and sisters. A European sister was raped then. Sometimes it was dangerous. Sometimes people said, "Come to my apartment." I knew it was dangerous to go with them, so I didn't. We had a holy ground in Central Park. Mr. Kamiyama gathered us there, and we reported every day. We sang and gave testimonies. We sold a lot of tickets and we had a lot of hope. But very few people came. Like the Bible, the guests were invited to the wedding but they didn't come. Mr. Kamiyama said to us, "Go outside and get people to come in. Get anyone and tell them it's free. Don't sell any more tickets." Anyone who was walking by we brought in. So then all the members came inside and took seats. We were so sorry to Father that we couldn't bring people. This was our first opportunity to bring people, but it didn't work. We had a good feeling, but the reality was so miserable. One old lady stood up and spoke up negatively. It was so intense. Father didn't get upset. He was calm. I realized that Father is really the Messiah.

Then fundamental Christians had a rally against the church. Many young people were working, giving away negative pamphlets. I grabbed three or four inches of pamphlets from someone's hand and ran to 71st St. I ran by myself—so many blocks. I didn't want Father to have negativity. I couldn't speak back to anyone, so it was all I could do. So many people were against Father. I had never seen people organized against us before.

Back then people thought Father was Mao and that we were Chinese. Not so many people knew about Father, but the Christians could feel something and were against us. We thought the fact that so many people bought tickets meant that the people would come. We thought they paid money and they would come. We were so surprised that so few came. Mr. Kamiyama prepared a Japanese sword. He wanted to protect Father, no matter what. Whenever I am tired, I have a dream about Mr. Kamiyama coming out with a sword. Whenever I have this dream I think of Carnegie Hall. Now we have more security people.

Nancy Hanna

The 1972 purchase of the 4411 Canal St. house was most fortunate because Father, Mother and their entourage stayed there during the 1973 Day of Hope Tour, leaving Louisiana forever with a priceless landmark. I can never forget how at speech time we all squeezed into that house: Father and Mother in the prayer room, Col. Pak in a bedroom, Mrs. Won Bok Choi in the breakfast niche we had enclosed, Pres. and Mrs. Salonen and other assorted members of the entourage were in bedrooms in the basement.

As an outpost, we had received periodic visits from International One World Crusade bus teams criss-crossing the country led by John Schuhart, Perry Cordill, Joseph Sheftick and Reiner Vincenz. Mr. Vincenz's and Dr. Sheftick's teams came to help with the Day of Hope tour. Martin Porter inspired us with a visit as IW and advance man to help us prepare for the speech.

Father had remarked that New Orleans, located where the Mississippi empties into the sea, is a spiritually low place, like the excretory part of the nation. Still, the bus teams worked very hard and Father's speech and the banquet went very well.

There were a couple of firsts. At the banquet Father was presented with the keys to the City of New Orleans from the mayor's representative. This was the first time Father received this honor. Soon it became the standard. I also wrote and published *New Hope News*, the first tabloid newspaper about our movement. We printed 20,000 of them and distributed them all over the city as we visited house to house inviting people to the lecture. Father liked it so much he ordered that it be done by

National HQ on a regular basis: *New Hope News* later evolved into *Unification News*.

With a publicity budget for which New Orleans members had fundraised, I had huge billboards of Father and his message "Christianity in Crisis" put up all over the city. It was an exciting experience when Father and Mother drove in from the airport to see their faces as they spotted a huge picture of Father on a billboard along the highway. Of course, they stopped and took photos!

After the speech, True Parents celebrated Children's Day in the New Orleans Center, the bus teams and everybody gathering in the basement. Lady Dr. Kim and a few sisters worked all night setting up the offering table and cooking special dishes.

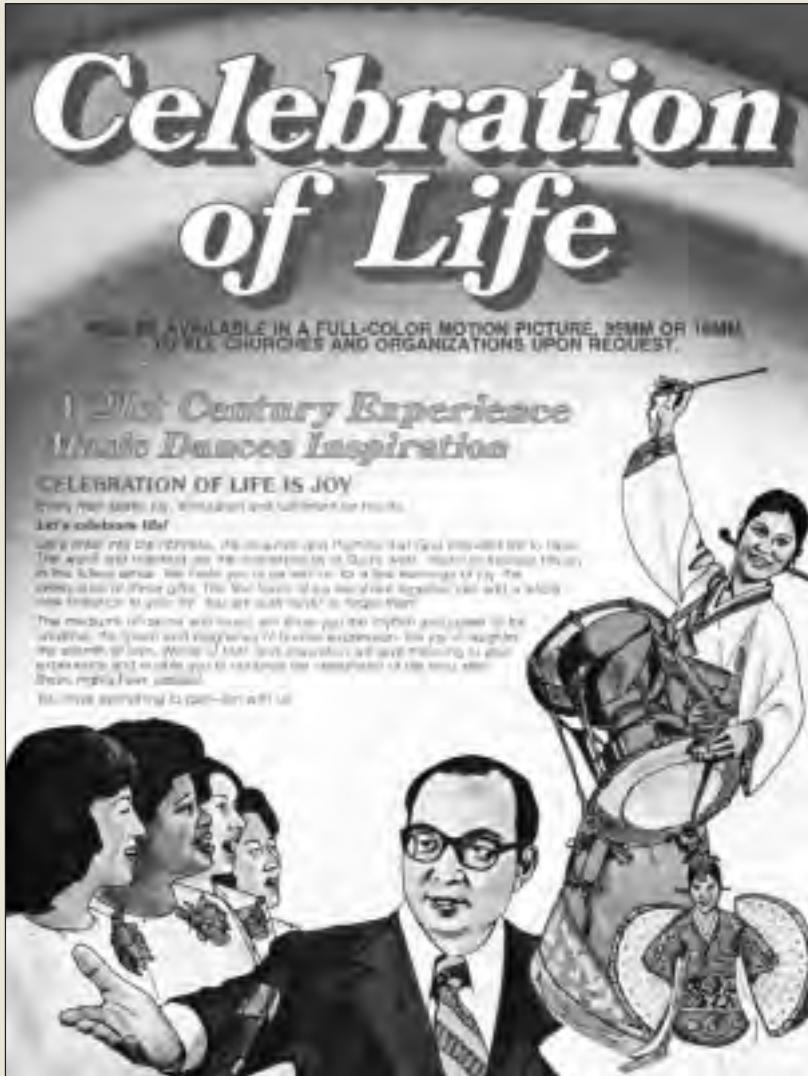
At this time, I learned from Col. Bo Hi Pak that I was the second member of my family to be an active participant in our movement's activities. I mentioned to Col. Pak that my paternal great uncle was General John Coulter, a principle figure in the Korean War and in charge of Korea in the reconstruction period after the Korean War. He had lived with Syngman Rhee. He was an enthusiastic Koreaphile and his Washington, D.C. apartment was filled with Korean treasures given to him as gifts by the Korean people. There is a statue of him in Seoul.

Col. Pak told me had visited that apartment on a number of occasions and that General Coulter was on the board of Col. Pak's Radio of Free Asia, an organization Col. Pak formed to build support for South Korea in the United States during the Cold War.

In 1974 two noteworthy events took place. One was the Celebration of Life speaking tour led by Dr. (Colonel) Bo Hi Pak and his eldest daughter. Only Dr. Pak can create excitement anywhere close to the excitement of one of Father's speaking tours. The program not only included an inspired speech by Dr. Pak introduced by his daughter, but the performance of the Korean Folk Ballet. We learned a lot from the professionalism, dedication and enthusiasm of Dr. Pak.

Several members joined as a result of the Celebration of Life, including Steve and Judy Rondino and Scott McAffey.

The other noteworthy event was a visit to our center of the twelve disciples and Father's first son, Sung Jin Nim whom Father sent on a sightseeing tour of the United States. They ranged in age from the 40's to the 70's, yet they all humbly slept on the floor of the New



Orleans house basement. I remember the snoring was very loud. I enjoyed their characteristic enthusiasm and child-like joy. Once when our van broke down, nearly half of them jumped in to try and fix it.

George Glass and John Robbins left as participants in Father's first leadership training in America at Belvedere with Pres. Young Whi Kim as lecturer. A little later a call went out to send our best fundraisers for a special 3-week fundraising contest. I sent Mark Turegano, Peggy Parker Nakamura and Peter Spoto. They never returned, but formed part of the first fundraising teams under Mr. Kamiyama.

Nanette Doroski

During the 21-city tour my mission was to travel with the three trucks from city to city. These trucks would bring sound equipment, Korean food, and other needs of the tour. When we arrived in the cities, I was to prepare the rooms for True Parents and food for the reception after the speeches. I had the privilege of attaching the microphone around Father's neck before his presentation.

I could see God's protection for us on this trip. As we drove all night, part of my mission was to keep the drivers awake. I guess I was the ideal person chosen for the job. Most of the drivers said they never knew anyone who could talk so much. One day we were driving down the coast of Washington State during a big storm. We had to change our route during the night because many roads were washed out and trees had fallen, blocking other roads. We were traveling on one smaller road when all of a sudden I started screaming, "Stop the truck, stop the truck right now." The driver stopped and in the rain we discovered by using a flashlight that if we had driven just four more feet, we would have driven into a large river. The bridge had collapsed. We surely would have been killed. I knew Heavenly Father's protection was with us, that it was heavenly inspiration given to me to yell, "Stop the truck."

Then my mission changed for the 32-city tour. I was to fly in the airplane for the rest of the cities, just the nine of us: Father, Mother, Hyo Jin, David Kim, Neil Salonen, Col. Pak, Lady Dr. Kim, Mrs. Choi, Ye Jin, and myself. My new mission was to cook with Lady Dr. Kim for True Parents, sometimes helping with Hyo Jin Nim and Ye Jin Nim in the few cities they were with us. I could only sleep three hours a night. I had to keep Father's schedule. Father would stay up and talk to guests and leaders until 2 am, every night. And at 6 am he was sitting at the table for breakfast. We had to prepare every meal for at least 20 people. Father always had ministers, professors and different VIP people for breakfast every day. Father always held up really well. He has such dynamic physical and spiritual power. But I was

fighting being sick all the time. Frankly, I don't know how he has kept this pace his whole life.

Whenever there was a holiday, Father always gave scarves to the sisters and neckties to the brothers. Father also would hold up each necktie or scarf against each brother or sister to match them to the personality. One church holiday in California, Father called me up first to receive a scarf. I was quite surprised he would think of me first. Later the sister that was asked to shop for the scarves came to me and said, "Wow! Are you lucky." Father asked me to put the top and most expensive scarf to be given out first." I guess he knew I was so worn out but still trying and he wanted to encourage me. This is how Father expressed his appreciation. Father is really that kind of a caring Father.

Mary Cloutier Yasuda

Day of Hope

There were intense spiritual phenomena during that time. Our center was doing chain fasts, prayer conditions, cold shower conditions, fundraising and witnessing and lecture practicing conditions.

There was even speaking in tongues during evening prayer, and prophesying. It didn't happen to me but I saw it happen. It was like the Pentecost in the Bible. We didn't eat or sleep for three days. We took cold showers to stay awake. The spiritual world told us that Father was coming to New Hampshire. It was a severely cold winter. Headquarters later reported to Father what we were doing, and he said to stop fasting and not sleeping. He said we shouldn't be controlled by the spirit world or we would be physically killed. As it turned out, Father really was coming. The spirit world's time didn't match the physical realm.

Father was on a speaking tour, and at that time was coming to Boston. The IOWC teams and state centers mobilized. We sold tickets, we witnessed and taught the Principle. It was really tough. The Day of Hope Tour came to Boston in October of '73. We worked hard but results were poor. Most of us cried every night because we couldn't sell even one ticket. After Father came to Boston was when the spiritual world came down in New Hampshire and we didn't eat or sleep for three days.

During the speaking tours, Father hardly slept. The travel schedule was incredible. Mother was right there

beside Father the whole time, leaving their children behind in the care of others, in order to take care of us. Father gave public speeches, but also spent hours giving us love and guidance. He met with the VIPs first and then would gather us together and ask us questions. He answered our questions too, and took us out to eat at Burger King or McDonald's. True Parents bought us food or ate with us while their children were in New York. They must have been so lonely.

During that time (Day of Hope tours) one member received many names from the spiritual world. We didn't know any of these people. There was a long list. For each person's name, three members had to do a 7-minute cold shower. It got so crazy that I remember going into a cold shower for 28 minutes, 7 minutes each for 4 people. There was no time to get out of the shower! We went to the apartment of a new member and borrowed her shower and towels. Then we borrowed the showers of two other new members. It was crazy, but we didn't care what people thought. We loved Father and would do anything for him. Several very special people joined during this. Peter Grogan was one of them.

True to the prophesies we had received, Father really did come to New Hampshire several months later. We were young and innocent and struggled a lot. I was 19. We invested all we could because Father was coming. We fundraised door to door and in parking lots in the bitter cold. We went witnessing and ticket selling.

I was sent out to pioneer a center for a brief period when I was young in the church. I became spiritually open and True Parents came to me. Father shared his deep love and encouragement with me and his hope and vision for that city.

I experienced the attack of the evil spiritual world and the help of the good spiritual world. During those times of hard work and sacrifice, Father gave us signed pictures or pins. Sometimes he made sashimi for us with fish he had caught himself. Father and Mother took us shopping sometimes. On many occasions Father bought ties or suits for brothers or scarves or dresses for sisters.

I was in training at Barrytown before the seminary started. Father came there every other day or every day to teach us himself. He spent hours there. I couldn't always catch his words because of spiritual interference. Every Sunday and every Holy Day the True Family gathered at the New Yorker or Belvedere. Father personally holy salted every one of those places. Even with all of our inability to put into practice what Father has asked

us to do, and even though it is often our own fallen nature that is stopping us, Father has continued to pour out his love and encouragement. He has faith in us and doesn't quit investing, sacrificing and fighting the spiritual garbage.

It's my sincere prayer that every person who reads this testimony can gain something of value. It's my sincere hope that all those whom I have hurt along the way can forgive me and can deeply experience God's and True Parents' heart of love for us.

We were called to attend Father's speech at Madison Square Garden. When our team arrived, we couldn't go inside. After a while some people got up and left, so we were finally able to go in. The victory of True Father

was not the fact that the hall was packed. It was something different. When I saw my beloved Father, the Messiah, I was shocked. He was investing everything and people were sleeping. People walked out in the middle of his speaking. I saw someone carrying on a conversation with the spiritual world. I was shocked by the audience. Some people were listening besides our members. The atmosphere was so terrible, though, people couldn't hear or receive his words. His victory, in my opinion, was that he invested everything, gave everything and persevered no matter what people did.

Rev. Moon speaks at Madison Square Garden.



Thirty-Two City Tour. Following the completion of the twenty-one city tour in Los Angeles on January 29, 1974, the movement immediately launched another Day of Hope tour with the theme “The New Future of Christianity.” This tour, which carried the Day of Hope to thirty-two American cities in sixty-four days, included an opening night banquet and a second night speech by Rev. Moon at each stop.

With the completion of the thirty-two city tour, Rev. Moon had proclaimed his message publicly in all fifty states. To conduct campaigns in this drive from Maine to Hawaii, three IOWC advance teams from the twenty-one city tour were increased to seven teams of seventy members. Each of these teams were given itineraries for four or five two-week campaigns in preparation for the Day of Hope programs. According to Rev. Moon, the tour had “created in two weeks a foundation in every state which would have taken two or three years otherwise.”

Celebration of Life. The movement hoped to reap a harvest of new members as a result of the Day of Hope tours. To facilitate these goals, the Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade (SMCC) sponsored a ten-city “Celebration of Life” tour that evangelized a selected city in each of the ten regions of the country. Beginning in the Bay Area, the itinerary included stops in Seattle; St. Paul, Minnesota; Austin, Texas; New Orleans; Miami, Florida; Columbus, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Boston; and Rochester, New York.

Billed as “A 21st Century Experience,” programs included an hour and fifteen minutes of entertainment: songs, solos, skits, dances and testimonials, followed by forty-five minutes of inspiration from “God’s Colonel,” Bo Hi Pak, on key points of the Unification Principle. Week-long stops in each city featured Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday performances and a weekend Celebration of Life workshop. The concern was to find a successful formula of mass evangelization. As a result of tour innovations, advance preparation and media coverage, the Celebration of Life drew substantial crowds. SMCC’s “World Premiere” May 15-17, 1974, at the Paramount Theater in Oakland drew 2,600 guests and 34 participants for a weekend workshop in the Santa Cruz Mountains. By Boston, the three-day total was up to 7,562. Equally important was the emergence of New Hope Singers International and the Korean Folk Ballet. Both would make signal contributions to the Day of Hope’s culminating eight-city tour, scheduled to begin in September, 1974 at Madison Square Garden.

President Richard Nixon talks with President Neil Salonen.



The Watergate Crisis

Although its Day of Hope tours were gaining momentum, the Church's involvement in the Watergate crisis, more than any other single factor, catapulted it into the national spotlight. Previously, the movement had separated its evangelistic activities from its activity in the public arena through the separate incorporation of the Freedom Leadership Foundation. This separation broke down during the Watergate crisis. In asserting that "the crisis for America is a crisis for God," the movement's large-scale demonstrations and stance in support of President Richard Nixon, attracted national attention but also alienated it from important sectors of the American establishment.

The movement launched a forty-day National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis (NPFWC) on December 1, 1973. This action took place following a two-week break in the twenty-one city "Day of Hope" tour, during which time Rev. Moon traveled to Japan and Korea. There, following a period of prayer and meditation, he concluded that America was in crisis and decided to speak out. The decision to launch the campaign was finalized in Omaha, Nebraska, and conducted simultaneously with the remainder of the twenty-one city tour.

Asserting, "God's command at this crossroads in American History is to Forgive, Love, and Unite," Rev. Moon's "Answer to Watergate" statement appeared in full-page advertisements purchased in newspapers in each of the twenty-one cities of the Day of Hope itinerary, including the *New York Times*

Will You Pray With Us?



December 19, 1973

**Observance Day for the
Washington Christian Community
of the**

**NATIONAL PRAYER AND FAST
FOR THE WATERGATE CRISIS**

1365 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 296-7148

God's command at this crossroads
in American history is **FORGIVE, LOVE, UNITE!**

and the *Washington Post*, beginning November 30, 1973. Over the next two months, it was published in one newspaper in every state except Hawaii. In addition, The National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis Committee (NPFWC) organized vigils, rallies, letter-writing and leafletting in all fifty states to publicize its theme and to obtain signatures of people promising to pray and fast for the Watergate crisis. At least eight senators and fifty-three congressmen either signed the statement or responded with messages of support. Congressman Guy Vander Jagt (R-Michigan) read Rev. Moon's Watergate statement into the Congressional Record of December 21, 1973.

Two annual events on the Washington, D.C., calendar were also occasions for calling national attention to the Unification Church. The first was the December 14, 1973, Christmas Tree Lighting, where the movement mobilized 1,200 pennant-waving, banner-carrying members. Not only was this rally aired on nationwide television, but later in the evening, President Nixon emerged from the White House to thank NPFWC President Neil Salonen and still-assembled members for their support. The other annual event of note was the January 31, 1974, Presidential Prayer Breakfast to which Rev. Moon was invited. Although plans to ring the Washington Hilton Hotel, site of the prayer breakfast, were canceled, a post-breakfast rally at Lafayette Park brought out Edward and Tricia Nixon Cox, who greeted well-wishers. On February 1, 1974, Rev. Moon had a twenty-minute audience with President Nixon, reportedly telling him, "Don't knuckle under to pressure. Stand up for your convictions."

A second phase of the Church's Watergate involvement came at the height of the crisis in 1974. With court-ruled limitations on executive privilege, articles of impeachment, and exposure of damaging transcripts of presidential conversations all imminent, the NPFWC mobilized 610 members for a three-day fast and vigil on the steps of the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C., July 22-24, 1974. Participants wore placards with a quotation from Rev. Moon's Watergate statement on the back and a picture of the elected or appointed official for whom they were praying on the front. With public attention riveted on Watergate, the three-day vigil received national exposure. Seventy-six congressmen and five senators came out to meet the person praying for them. Newspapers across the nation carried pictures and interviews in over 350 stories. Local television stations and all three broadcasting networks showed film of the event and described it in their newscasts. Among the news magazines sending their own reporters to cover the vigil were *Time*, *Newsweek*, *New Republic*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *New Yorker* and the *Washingtonian*. Rabbi Baruch Korff, organizer of the Citizens' Committee for Fairness to the President, came to the vigil and declared "personal solidarity with these young people." Nationally syndicated columnist Art Buchwald later wrote a column featuring an imaginary conversation between one "Senator Throggsbottom" and the young man fasting for him.

Sydelle V. Enyeart

During the Seven-Day Fast on the U.N. steps, my Congressman, Fuqua from Florida, who covered the University of Florida and Florida State, came to the steps. The minute he left after we met and took pictures, I got a fever so high Mr. Salonen had to take me to the hotel where the PR team was staying. I got to watch Susan Hughes Oliver talk with Barbara Walters on TV. Barbara couldn't believe Susan hadn't eaten in three days. I did not break the fast. I just had to stay in the hotel room until we ended the fast. What a memory.

Larry R. Moffitt

Yes, the fast on the Capitol steps. I was a two-or three-week-old member at the time. I had quite an experience as I suddenly realized: here I am sitting on the U.S. Capitol steps, with short hair, an American flag in one hand and a sign that says, "God bless President Nixon" in the other.

That, plus this being my first ever fast of any length, made this a three-day out-of-body experience. Pat Pierkowski, who was an IW in those days, said she looked at the crop of new members who had just joined in Texas and chose me as the one least likely to stay. She said I still had marijuana smoke coming out of my ears.

I remember Neil Salonen. I remember Dan Fefferman singing. And brushing our teeth at Union Station. It rained hard one night; the rest is a blur. But I did survive. What a long, strange trip it's been.



Telegram

PMS NATIONAL PRAYER AND FAST COMMITTEE
219 PARK LANE BUILDING NW
WASHINGTON DC 20006

AS YOU COMPLETE THIS THREE DAY FAST ON THE CAPITOL STEPS, I WANT EACH OF YOU TO KNOW HOW TRULY GRATEFUL I AM FOR THIS GREAT SACRIFICE YOU HAVE MADE. I REALIZE THAT MANY OF YOUR SIGNS CARRY THE WORDS, "GOD LOVES NIXON," BUT I KNOW WE ALL SHARE THE SAME BELIEF THAT THE MESSAGE OF GOD IS TRULY A MESSAGE OF LOVE FOR ALL MANKIND. THE WORLD HAS ALWAYS KNOWN THE SHRILL VOICES OF ANGER AND FRUSTRATION, BUT WHAT HAS SAVED MANKIND EVEN IN THE DARKEST HOURS OF OUR CIVILIZATION HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICES THAT ARE RAISED IN PRAYER AND A SPIRIT OF LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER. WHATEVER LIES AHEAD, I KNOW WE CAN COUNT ON YOU, THE MEMBERS OF YOUR GROUP, AND MILLIONS ACROSS THE NATION, TO MAINTAIN THIS SPIRIT, OF LOVE, SO THAT IN OUR PRAYERS AND IN OUR WORK WE WILL HELP ONE ANOTHER TO REALIZE THAT INDEED THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY HAVE THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL IDEALISM TO CONTINUE TO MERIT GOD'S BLESSING ON OUR LIVES AND ON ALL OUR ENDEAVORS.

WITH MY HEARTFELT APPRECIATION
RICHARD NIXON



Congressman Earl Landgrebe of Indiana, with Mike Smith and Laurie Carlson on the steps of the Capital



Madison Square Garden

The culmination of the movement's evangelistic activities during this period was its concluding eight-city Day of Hope tour which opened at New York's Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974. Building on all that had gone before, the tour was, in certain respects, a triumphant march through many of the same cities in the movement's original, anonymous, seven-city tour of 1972. Taking as its theme, "The New Future of Christianity," the itinerary included New York City, Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. However, the key to its success was Madison Square Garden.

Filling Madison Square Garden was the Church's most ambitious undertaking to date, but it had several months to prepare. In addition, there had been "a tremendous influx of members." In New York City, members had been assigned, since July, one hundred and twenty houses each for door-to-door contact. Ten thousand pocket-sized editions of *Divine Principle* and an equal number of Rev. Moon's "Christianity in Crisis" talks were made ready for distribution. The arrival of seven hundred IOWC members in mid-August greatly augmented campaign preparations in New York City. Lodged at the Paris Hotel on Manhattan's West Side, ten seventy-member IOWC teams followed rigorous street canvassing schedules in assigned sections of Manhattan and Queens. Representatives from each of the forty nations where the Unification Church maintained missions and the remaining American church members—in all, about 2,000—converged on New York City for a final week-long blitz prior to September 18th.

Tickets for the event were free, and five hundred buses were chartered to transport outlying residents to the Garden. There were numerous TV and radio "shorts," full-page ads in the *New York Times*, and a massive poster campaign. Advertising that "September 18 Could Be Your Re-Birthday," eighty thousand two-by-three-foot posters with a portrait of Rev. Moon as well as insets of the New Hope Singers International and the Korean Folk Ballet "wall-papered" Manhattan. Maintaining 150-200 locations, a twenty-one member posterizing team put up two thousand posters in forays from midnight until 10:00 a.m., beginning forty days before the rally. As reported in the *New York Times*, "His face is everywhere, it seems."

As the Church was able to bring only 350-450 people to Alice Tully Hall in the Lincoln Center for its initial Day of Hope tour just thirty-two months earlier, the turnout at Madison Square Garden was astounding. The movement feted 1,600 prominent New Yorkers at a kick-off banquet in the Waldorf Astoria on September 17, 1974. The following night, an estimated ten to thirty-five thousand ticket holders were turned away from an already filled-to-capacity Madison Square Garden. With nearly two hundred press people in attendance, widespread publicity helped insure success in other cities. The pattern of overflow crowds and continued publicity was repeated throughout the

Opposite: Rev. Moon speaking at Belvedere, with Mr. David S.C. Kim translating.



The 21-member poster team transformed New York City into what team leader David Byer called "a blue kingdom of heaven."

tour. In San Francisco, a December 7th kick-off banquet, held at the Fairmont Hotel, brought out 1,160 San Franciscans. A letter of welcome from California Governor Ronald Reagan was read, and proclamations were announced from San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland, San Leandro, Concord, Burlingame, San Mateo, Stockton, Menlo Park and Hayward. The city of Oakland proclaimed December 9th as Sun Myung Moon Day and presented him with a tie tack and cuff links in the shape of an oak tree. The December 9, 1974, talk brought 5,000 people to the 3,200-seat San Francisco Opera House, with the overflow directed to the Municipal Auditorium a block away.

"The Time Bomb Is Ticking"

The Unification Church attained a great deal of public visibility by the end of 1974. Overflow crowds which attended its concluding eight-city Day of Hope tour were not only the result of campaign preparations but also the result of interest generated through widespread media coverage. At the same time, now that the movement had emerged, it was a visible target. As Rev. Moon put it during an otherwise exuberant celebration at Belvedere following his Madison Square Garden speech, "The time bomb is ticking. We must do our job before the time bomb explodes."

Opposition toward the movement was evident on all fronts, but especially apparent in controversies over evangelization. The Bay Area was an early locale of controversy. There, during Rev. Moon's twenty-one city Day of Hope tour stop in Berkeley, the Christian Student Coalition of the University of

California formally disavowed "any spiritual kinship with the Unification Church and its founder, Sun Myung Moon," purchased a full-page advertisement in the *Daily Californian* to that effect, and distributed leaflets outside Zellerbach Auditorium. Although there had been sporadic protests and picketing previously, this was the first joint effort. As a result of increased visibility following his meeting with Richard Nixon, Rev. Moon faced mounting opposition during his thirty-two city Day of Hope tour. "Nix-on Moon" placards denounced Rev. Moon as a fascist backed by KCIA money. More common were disruptions during speeches by fundamentalist Christians exhorting audiences and calling Rev. Moon a false prophet. A widely reprinted February 15, 1974, Laurence Stern and William R. MacKaye article in the *Washington Post* quoted the General Secretary of the Korean National Council of Churches, who labeled the movement "a cult...a new sect which has been undermining the established church." Equally significant was a widely circulated document originating in Louisville, Kentucky, entitled, "The Satanic Beliefs of Rev. Moon." Purporting to be from a group of inter-denominational ministers and laymen known as the "Concerned Christians," the return address was the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. However, the public relations director for the seminary stated publicly that the Concerned Christians' post office box had been obtained "under false pretenses."

Opposition, often more militant, continued during the eight-city tour. At the New York "Day of Hope" banquet in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, five members of the International Workers Party (two of whom leaped onto chairs) attempted to disrupt the affair. The following night, at Madison Square Garden, Rev. Moon invited those who opposed him to stand up and speak. Outside, more than a dozen groups ranging from Trotskyite and Marxist militants to "God's Umbrella" of Baptist, Methodist and Nazarene groups demonstrated and passed out leaflets to the thousands who couldn't get in. Opposition tactics were rougher in Philadelphia. Phone lines were cut and the telephone company cut off service for the phone number listed on campaign posters after receiving an order to cancel it; gas service to the Philadelphia center was cut off after the gas company received a phone call alerting them to a bogus gas leak in the building; and an unordered termite exterminator arrived at the center all equipped to fumigate. In Washington, D.C., bricks were tossed through plate glass windows at campaign headquarters and van tires were slashed.

In San Francisco, the church's contract for use of the San Francisco Opera House was canceled in October by the Board of Trustees who were fearful of crowd turmoil. Threatened with a civil suit, the board relented but set down a stringent set of conditions. Among them were a \$1 million insurance policy against personal injury or property damage; an agreement by the movement to reserve the Civic Auditorium for the same night and to provide a closed circuit TV hookup so the overflow crowd, if any, could hear the lecture; the provision of a security force; and the designation of a staff of 350 persons for ushering and

San Francisco Chronicle

The San Francisco Chronicle • San Francisco, California

Wednesday, November 8, 1978

Opera House vs. An Evangelist

Opera evangelist Rev. Hyung Nam Kim has been kicked out of the Opera House with the suggestion that he jet off his proposed radical, clear and involving program at the Civic Auditorium.

The Holy Spirit Association for Unification of World Christianity, which is sponsoring the program here, had set up a U.S. District Court injunction to stop the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial from canceling their program.

This injunction charged that the city and the War Memorial Board of Trustees signed a contract, on May 1, calling for or use of the Opera House from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m., on December 9. The fee is \$10,000 plus \$500 and a \$750 deposit payment was collected and accepted.

Kim, who is identified in the suit as a Korean refugee, and who has been organizing large crowds outside

operating engagements all over the country, will be put on a program entitled "The Future of Christianity."

On October 11, Claude Johnson Jr., the War Memorial managing director, sent a letter to David J. DeMasi, executive director of the Unification Church, canceling the concert.

The letter reads:

"At the insistence of the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial I am writing to inform you that at the regular meeting of the Trustees held yesterday, October 10, a decision was made to cancel your December 9 date in the Opera House.

"In the opinion of the Trustees that this is a matter of public interest since based on your organization's recent actions, i.e. New York's Madison Square Garden, the 2000 members of the Unification Church are an obnoxious

for your purposes.

"I have checked other facilities in the city and have found that both the Civic Auditorium and the Civic Hall are now available for that date."

What the trustees didn't say was that the trustees are apparently afraid that there might be a riot at the Opera House.

The suit filed by attorney Thomas B. Deasy and Joel Stelle points out what is probably the real problem.

It adds, in part: "Mr. New York spokesman in September of this year, at one of the two (Moore) meetings, stated definitely that if opened when an overflow crowd showed up at the meeting and some people would not be members of our church rapidly leave."

"It is important to note,

however, that there was no harm done to either persons or property. It is also noteworthy that other programs were presented in the following weeks all around the country without similar incidents."

Deasy said yesterday that, in apparent response to the suit, the Board of Trustees is going to hold a special meeting this Friday to consider the situation.

U.S. District Judge James A. Wollberg has granted a hearing for 3 p.m. Monday to consider a request for a temporary restraining order to stop cancellation of the concert.

Unions said last week they expected the concert yesterday. A staff member reported a reporter to Deputy City Attorney Steve Phillips as having the concert if it was not discontinued.

crowd control. Although a full contingent of protestors including "street Christians," Amnesty International (which produced a flyer urging readers to ask South Korea's President Park about jailed religious leaders), the Christian World Liberation Front, and the International Workers' Party gathered outside the Opera House, they were either drowned out by the movement's marching band or at odds among themselves. According to one report, "The Christians were arguing against each other, calling each other Satan."

More serious than specific incidents were mounting forms of institutional resistance. Problems with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service surfaced during the thirty-two city tour. Initially having obtained six-month tourist visas for missionaries, the church's petition to have these visas modified was denied. In Salt Lake City, forty German IOWC members were apprehended by agents of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, charged with over-extension of their visas and given thirty days to leave the United States. By late 1974, 583 foreign members of the Unification Church were subject to deportation proceedings.

A second source of institutional resistance was the secular media. Here a combination of Rev. Moon's inaccessibility (no personal interviews were granted during tours) and the media's tendency to highlight the movement's financial expenditures raised suspicions. The press reported substantial budget allotments for the twenty-one city tour (\$400,000), thirty-two city tour (\$200,000) and the coming eight-city tour (\$1,000,000). It also reported on the amounts spent on real estate acquisitions. In addition to Belvedere, the nearby Exquisite Acres (renamed East Garden) was purchased on October 10, 1973, for \$625,000. The former St. Joseph's Seminary, located on 250 acres some sixty miles to the north in Barrytown, New York, was purchased on January 21, 1974, at a cost of \$1.5 million. Also, by 1974, the movement had purchased nearly 300 acres of greenbelt land in Tarrytown, New York. American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen estimated 1974 church income in the United States to be \$8 million, up from \$100,000 in 1971.

Contributions, according to Mr. Salonen, came almost entirely from street sales of peanuts, candles, flowers, and dry-flower arrangements. Additional monies came in from overseas, particularly Japan, where since 1972 the Japanese Church had fielded 120 seven-day-a-week flower-selling teams. However, this was not generally known. The church's business holdings in Korea were better known. Rev. Moon's calling card listed him as chairman of the board of five companies: Tongil Industrial Company, Ltd., a manufacturer of machine parts; Il Hwa Pharmaceutical Company, which produced ginseng tea; the Ilshin Handicraft Company which produced stone vases (marketed in Japan); and two titanium companies, producers of paints and coating materials. This led to depictions of him as a Korean industrialist in the secular press.

The most potentially serious source of resistance to the movement were families of converts. In Omaha, Nebraska, a sixteen-year-old member was subject to "deprogramming" and committed (without official record) by her mother to a local hospital for three weeks in late 1973. In Des Moines, Iowa, a college student, after attending a weekend workshop, was committed by his parents to the psychiatric ward of a local hospital in early 1974.

The church responded to opposition in several ways. It sponsored public Fourth of July fireworks at Belvedere in both 1973 and 1974, attracting as many as 10,000 people. It utilized movement spokesmen, PR teams, advertisements and letters to counter opposition. By May, 1974, these initiatives coalesced into a church public relations department. However, for the most part, the movement was not overly concerned with criticism. Not only was there a lack of coordination among its critics, but there was a lack of any underlying consensus that could unify a broad base of opposition. Left alone, fundamentalist Christians or Marxist protesters outside rallies generally ended up arguing against each other or among themselves.



Despite rising opposition, late 1974 was a harvest of sorts for the newly-emergent national movement. Summarizing advances made during the previous three-year period, American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen, in a December, 1974 speech to members, noted,

Three years ago, when...[Rev. Moon] called us together into a Director's Conference, we had only a handful of members—less than 300! Since that time, we have seen what mighty things can be accomplished. Our movement has multiplied ten times, reaching almost three thousand by the end of this month. We have been catapulted from relative obscurity to national prominence, putting on projects worthy of groups many times our size. Now at last we can think in realistic terms of expanding to an international level.

Based on the tour's success in America, Rev. Moon, on Thanksgiving Day, announced plans for an international Day of Hope tour to begin in Japan, January 11, 1975. Earlier he announced his intention of sending missionaries to 120 nations in the spring of 1975. Plans were made for expanded training programs and a future university. Consistent with the international thrust was the formation of a thirty-member United Nations PR team. These initiatives, as well as membership goals and projected rallies at Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument, were discussed at a director's conference in Los Angeles on December 21, 1974. Most of these objectives were achieved. However, they were achieved in an environment of increasing adversity and increased cost after 1974.

Mary Cloutier Yasuda

When I was asked if I would contribute something to be included in a book about our True Father's 40-year course, my initial reaction was mixed. Although I will share many things, the point really isn't about me. It's about the tremendous foundation we were blessed to be born with. It's about the results of the blood, sweat and tears that were invested to make preparation for the appearance of God's holy family on the earth. It's about the mobilization of the spiritual world to testify to God and that very precious gift that He has given out of His deep, deep heart of love for each and every one of us. It's a testimony, at least in part, to the heartistic investment of our beloved True Parents, especially Father.

My testimony begins before True Parents came to America, before I could know about them. I want to share a little bit about my parents because it shows that long before our awareness, behind the scenes God has been moving, investing and preparing so much. My parents are Roman Catholic. My father especially is very devout. But also, my mother has some foundation of faith too. My father was born into the faith. My mother converted at the age of twelve. Had the original course in Father's providence been successful, I'm certain that they, rather than I, would be in the position of the first generation.

One day, when my mother was twelve, her mother said to her that she and her younger brother should attend some kind of a church. Any kind of church. She felt moved that they should have a spiritual life. She told them to take a walk and whatever church they came upon, to begin attending there. My mom, in that way, met the Catholic church and later converted. She attended Catholic school and received education and a lot of help there until she was sixteen. In that way, the spiritual world and God worked to lead and prepare her.

In the meantime, my father was growing up in a Catholic family and was very close to his sisters and brothers. He joined the U.S. Navy after he finished high school. My dad was a deeply religious person and didn't have girlfriends. However, during his last year of school, he dated one girl. When he left for the navy, she was supposed to wait for him so they could later marry. After a while she had a change of heart and ended the relation-

ship. My father was heartbroken and he prayed very hard to Jesus' mother, Mary, to guide him to the person he was supposed to marry.

Men in military uniforms are notorious for their drinking and fallen behavior when they are on leave. My dad wasn't into drinking or any of that stuff. He played guitar, went roller skating or went to the movies on his time off. At a movie theatre he made friends with the ticket lady. She introduced him to her daughter who later became my mother. My mom was 16 and my dad was 21. They dated for a short period and then married. That was in 1953-54. Had the Christian churches received True Father, I'm sure they would have followed the direction of the Pope and attended True Parents. But that didn't happen, so their way was blocked.

When my parents had been married a month, I was conceived. I was the firstborn in a family of nine children, of whom eight survived. My mother had four miscarriages. My parents' lives have been extremely difficult. I'm grateful today because it helped make us deeply religious. We had to go to God or we wouldn't survive. I grew up in the Catholic church, and thanks to that, my heart and mind were guided toward a life of faith. We prayed because my father always said, "The family that prays together, stays together."

As much as circumstances allowed, we went to Catholic school. When we couldn't attend Catholic school we attended catechism classes. We went to mass every Sunday and I vividly remember as a young child, my mother pointing to the box that held the hosts and chalices. She said to me that that was where baby Jesus was. I tried hard to see Jesus, though I couldn't. My heart longed so much to be with him. I heard from my parents about angels, and my dad told me how angels had protected him from a couple of car accidents. I used to leave space on my chair for my guardian angel.

God and the good spirit world were with me before I was aware of them. In high school I started to have recurring dreams. One was about my family being attacked in the middle of the night while they slept. I had to wake everyone and take them to safety by a secret passageway. I realized later that it meant that I was responsible for the salvation of my family.

The other dream was similar. I had to gather my family and we had to burn all of our belongings. We had to shower and put on new clothes, and rebuy and rebuild

everything we owned. We had to begin anew, create a brand new start. This dream influenced me very much.

I studied hard in school because I wanted to graduate from a university and get a good job so I could help my family accomplish the new start I had dreamed about so many times. When I heard the Divine Principle, I understood that I had been guided to connect my family to the Messiah. They couldn't listen to me and join at that time, unfortunately.

During high school I dated a couple of boys but kept my purity. Two relationships became serious but broke off. One was with a Baptist boy and the other was a Mormon. Through them I knew that God was working in various faiths. At one time in my life I thought that I would like to be a nun. I deeply admired the Catholic saints. When I got older I wanted to marry and have a family, so I was torn between those two desires.

Somehow I knew this was the last days, and I read the Bible and other spiritual texts. I considered converting to Mormonism but wasn't sure if Joseph Smith was right or wrong. I considered becoming Jewish too, because Jesus had been born a Jew. I'd been taught that Jesus had founded the Catholic church. I decided to remain Catholic even though I had many questions.

I got a job with a government program for high school students from poverty-level families. For two years I participated in the program and during the summer I lived on the campus of the University of New Hampshire. On July 8th, 1973 I was on the campus of UNH preparing to enroll in the fall. I saw a young man walk past the house where I was staying. I felt pushed by the spiritual world and found myself running up to him saying, "I don't know why but I have to talk to you." He was as surprised as me. As it turned out, he was the newly assigned state leader for the Unification Church of New Hampshire, fresh from Belvedere training. He told me he was with the "Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity—or The Unified Family." He never used the word "church." I had continued to search for truth, but closed my mind to other churches. "The Catholic church is the One True Church" was engraved in my mind.

A three-month member playing guitar under a tree, Dr. Tyler Hendricks, was somehow familiar to me. Gerry, my spiritual father (Gerard Willis), introduced me to the other members. He invited me to a fellowship

meeting in the evening. I didn't know what that was but agreed to come. I felt that I belonged there. I came that night with a friend. They played some songs on the guitar and then Gerry gave the introductory lecture. I was hungry to hear everything. I didn't understand everything but I was spiritually awakened. After the lecture I walked around the house and stared at everyone. The IOWC commander, Mike Smith, expressed concern to Gerard because I stared at the brothers especially!

I got up early the next morning, pushed by the spiritual world. I pounded on the door at 8 am and asked with all my heart to hear more. Tom Fields spent the entire day with me, and taught me the Divine Principle on a yellow legal pad. We did this for several days. I had never heard these things before but I knew it was the truth. They gave me a booklet to read about Sun Myung Moon. Nobody said the word "messiah" but I knew he was the Second Coming of the Lord. At first I thought, what if he was a false prophet? But I knew that a false prophet couldn't bring such truth.

Nothing could deny the heart I experienced hearing about Jesus' painful course, God's heart of hope about Jesus and His painful heart at the crucifixion. I experienced God's feelings. I knew I was called to attend the Messiah in the same way Peter and the disciples were called to attend Jesus. From that moment on July 11, 1973, I joined my heart to our True Father.

Clark Eberly

I was going to the University of Arkansas in 1972. I was in my second year, and I met the church. There was one main missionary in Little Rock named Merlinda. I heard the principle, but it went in one ear and out the other. I didn't have a dramatic change of heart, but I liked her as a friend. I thought she was such a good person. When she invited me to functions I would come. This went on for six months or so. It must have been frustrating for her. She asked me to do a 21-day prayer condition and I felt like, well, I have to do this. At or near the end of the condition, one of the last days, maybe as late as 10 pm, she called. I was with my parents. Finals were coming. The phone rang. Merlinda said, "There's a van going to California with our members. Would you like to go with them?"

The funniest thing was when she gave me that invitation, I felt intuitively "I have to do this." I said to my parents, "Merlinda is inviting me to go to California tomorrow. I have to find out if Rev. Moon is the Messiah." My parents helped me pack and I went with their blessing. I am forever grateful for that.

I went through an anxious and troubling time. Listening to the lectures was difficult. I was trying to understand if I should make a dramatic commitment in my life. I was very serious. I had no desire to save the world or leave my comfortable habits. But I was very serious, and knew it was absolutely important to determine if the DP was true. The format each day included Young Whi Kim speaking, and Father spoke too. It was in Berkeley, California.

Towards the 6th or 7th day, I came back after a long, hard day. I went to the room assigned to me, which was just big enough for one person. I turned off the light. I was standing and put my sleeping bag on the floor. Then God or some good angel or good spirit person was there—the clear and powerful presence was with me, speaking to me, in the back of my mind. It was very clearly asking me, with what you know now, what is your decision?

I answered, "I don't really want to join, but I don't have any choice." I then saw in the blackness of the room, an amphitheater, with terraced seats. There were a number of people there. I didn't recognize any of them, but I knew they were my family. There were 15 - 25 people. They were indicating their approval or profound relief that I decided to commit myself. The fact that there was somebody back there wanting me to be there was comforting. I feel close to them but haven't seen them since. That experience has been the most treasured experience that I have. I can go back to that "rock"; it left me no question about Father and Mother.

The workshop ended with a banquet. There was a crowd of people, and I was standing by choice at the back. David Kim was translating for Father, who was at the podium. I had just a day or so prior been given this wonderful gift (described above) but I started to worry again. So I started to pray again to God: please give me one more sign to confirm the message I got the other day. I was praying at the back of the crowd of people. For some reason, it occurred to me to pretend to drink a glass of water. I thought, this is crazy. I'll look silly. But I

did it. I went through the pantomime, and I drank the invisible glass of water. Father had two glasses of water on the podium. Then as I was doing this crazy pantomime, I noticed that David Kim and Father were just lowering their glasses as I was. I was kind of joining in a toast to the Kingdom of Heaven.

William H. Shields III

I was born in America in the year 1955, which was a time when America was still a hopeful and optimistic place. I grew up in a small town of less than 5,000 in Pennsylvania where I learned the value of a family. I had loving parents and grandparents who worked hard and were good people. My paternal grandparents owned a small restaurant, a "diner" where they fed many for over 40 years. My grandparents were active in their community and church and seemed to know everyone in that small town. My Father worked at the Chrysler auto assembly plant and my mother did accounting for the Navy. Some of my fondest memories are of my summers in my grandparents' swimming pool or boating and fishing with my Father, younger sister and brother.

My ideal childhood abruptly ended when my parents divorced in 1966 when I was eleven years old. At age thirteen I was still among the top students in the state of Maryland. In my middle school I was selected to lead the morning Pledge of Allegiance over the school intercom. I still held on to my faith in my country and family. At age fifteen I started having doubts and questions about everything. Like many at that time I started experimenting with drugs. At age seventeen I dropped out of high school and went to work. I was desperately looking for something. Around this time I became interested in eastern philosophy and religion. I started practicing yoga and meditation and stopped doing any drugs. I found peace in yoga and meditation and was still searching for truth.

In June 1973, after three days of prayer, meditation and fasting I received the inspiration to visit the closest yoga center and there I would find my teacher. The yoga center was 30 miles away from my home and I had no car. I packed a few things and started off on my bicycle. After 15 miles I stopped at a friend's house and spent the night. The next morning I tried to convince my friend to come with me, but he wouldn't come. I left my bike and

hitchhiked the next 15 miles to Wilmington, Delaware.

When I arrived at the yoga center I was surprised to find it was closed and nobody was there. After knocking on the door I sat on the porch and wondered what I would do now. At that moment a friendly fellow walked by and asked me what I was doing. I explained and he invited me upstairs to the second floor of the yoga center. Inside of the second floor apartment I was introduced to a few more friendly people who asked me if I would like to hear a lecture. This was a lecture like I had never heard before. As this lecturer continued, many questions I had been struggling with for months and even years were being answered. I was so inspired I couldn't wait to hear more. After the first lecture my only question was, "Where did this information come from?" I stayed at that apartment and later found out it was called the Unification Center. The very next weekend I went to New York to attend a workshop at a large center on 71st Street where I listened to lectures with many others. The atmosphere and spirit at that workshop was like nothing I had ever experienced in my life. I remember I was so inspired by the experience I couldn't sleep. The last day of the three-day workshop I will never forget. It was July 1st, 1973. We all hopped in a van and went to a place called Belvedere where I would meet the teacher I was looking for and his name was Sun Myung Moon. I couldn't believe what I was hearing from this man. Although he didn't speak much English, I understood him like no one I had ever heard. This man spoke to my heart and moved it like no other. He talked about God, our Heavenly Father, and how He was suffering. He talked about the suffering of Jesus and our responsibility. He talked about working to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. He talked about why America was great and blessed.

I decided back then in July of 1973 that I would do whatever I could to help Rev. Moon and share his teachings with others. I worked in several campaigns and programs to share Rev Moon's revelation from God. Almost 26 years later I'm still inspired by Rev. Moon's teachings and striving to live up to the ideal they represent.

*I said, "Who's that guy?"
Someone answered, "Oh, he's the gardener."*

Alice (Cheney) Boutte

I met the church in New York City in May 1973. I was teaching English as a second language at two schools on 42nd St., one of them a Japanese school. One day a Japanese brother gave me a pamphlet on the way to the subway. I was interracially married at the time to a black brother who grew up in Bedford Stuyvesant. We had had our struggles, and I was still searching. I went to Union Theological Seminary for one year. I never found my vocation, so I got my ESL degree. I was in another searching phase, going to Brooklyn College.

I found out by chance that my husband was having an affair at the time. One night I came home and the door was locked, while the woman exited through another



door. I then realized that my marriage was over. I decided not to go home one night after work and I took out the leaflet the Japanese brother had given me. I was at a real crossroads in my life. I was at Central Park and intended to go towards 71st St. Before I went I sat in the park and I cried for my lost love and lost life and lost purpose. I cried for a couple of hours and then went to the center. My heart was very open and clear, very receptive. I was ready for God to show me something.

Wayne Miller and Jaap Van Rossum were the directors at Belvedere at the time. I went to a 3-day workshop, and it was easy for me to stay. We were having discussions in groups on the grass.

Suddenly there was a man on a riding lawn mower. Everyone was twittering and conversation wandered off as we became interested in the man. I said, "Who's that guy?" Someone answered, "Oh, he's the gardener." There was an obvious interest in the lawn mower man who drove in our direction. All of a sudden he headed right for us and our plates and papers went everywhere, as we had to jump out of the way. That was my first experience with Father!

I joined the church quickly; I made a decision quickly, because my ties were cut. I went back and told my husband that I was moving out. It was very sudden. Lewis Burgess helped me to move out. There was kind of a showdown in the apartment, sort of a final fight. He locked me in the bathroom, trying to talk me out of what I was doing, yelling at me. Lewis and my husband's friend called the police and when they came (six of them), my husband convinced them that I was the crazy one.

We had to check into a hospital for mental health evaluation because we accused each other of being crazy. They determined that I was of sound mind and let me go. Mr. Kamiyama was interested in me then; he sort of took me under his wing as a spiritual parent. When I cleared my stuff out of the apartment, Mr. Kamiyama helped me load all my stuff into his car. I had china animals, a sewing machine and religious textbooks. Then the car got a flat tire and Mr. Kamiyama didn't know how to change it!

Later I asked him if he could be my spiritual parent, and he said no twice. Finally, he asked Father about it and then Father said he could be my temporary spiritual parent. But True Parents became my real spiritual parents.

Olivia Vossa, IOWC 1973

When I met the church in January 1973, I was 19 years old and a devout Roman Catholic. I was still going to many different kinds of prayer groups trying to find a deeper relationship with God. I initially met the church through Dr. Sheftick's IOWC. Dr. Sheftick made me feel so comfortable. I felt that I had known him all my life. Unfortunately, I did not feel that way initially with the other members. I felt uneasy about the Unified Family. They showed me a picture of their leader whom everyone called "Teacher." I thought to myself, "They think of him as the Christ. Is he the Anti-Christ? I must be careful of these people."

After the IOWC left, I continued to listen to the lectures once a week. A chapter would take over an hour to give and we would discuss it long into the evening. I could not explain my uneasiness to my lecturer. She was 21, nice, but very stubborn. Every time I tried to question her on a point, she would dismiss it as not being so important. I needed to come again and listen.

Eventually I signed membership. I could accept the teachings, but I couldn't accept Rev. Moon. Was he the Christ or the anti-Christ?

As I said before, I come from a deep Catholic background. Both my father and his mother were very devout Catholics. My grandmother went to church every day and my father was president of the Holy Cross Rosary. My father read extensively and had many books. At the age of ten, I found out that my father was dying of cancer. He had a year to live. On Sundays I would see him reading a passage from the King James version of the Bible, and compare it to the Catholic version. I asked my father why he read so many religious books other than Catholic books.

He told me that there was one truth that could unite all truths together. He was looking for that truth, but feared that he would die before finding it. I was 11 then and promised my father that I would continue looking for it for him. My father said that this kind of promise was too serious to say lightly. If I really meant it, I must promise God, not my father. Did I know how to do that? I got so emotional when he asked me that. I wanted my father to live, not die, and yet I felt that if I could maintain the promise, my father would live. "Yes," I told him.

“Tonight I will pray to God and tell him of my promise. I will become a nun.”

After I made that promise, I would pray in church, trying to imitate the attitude that saints were said to have had in service. I would pray and stare at the crucifix wondering how anyone could have betrayed Jesus.

Even the Roman soldiers, how could they have failed to recognize Jesus? I told God that I would never betray Jesus. If he came again, I would follow him. I would never betray him. I even prayed for my ancestors. Maybe long ago they were there; maybe they betrayed Jesus. Maybe one of my ancestors had accused Jesus and helped put him to death. I must make sure that such a sin would never happen again.

Now I was a member of the Unified Family, believing and not believing. I prayed for an answer. Nothing really happened. I began to get dreams at night. For almost 30 days straight I had the same re-occurring dream, that Jesus was in New York City. He was walking the street crying. Jesus couldn't believe the human and physical filth. “What has happened to my children?” he cried. No one listened to him. No one looked at him.

In my dream I could only see his back. I could never see his face clearly. I tried to fight through the maze of people. I kept thinking, is this him? Is this the Christ or the Anti-Christ? If only I could see his face. If I could at least touch his robe, I would know if it is Him or not. Whenever I came within inches of the robe, I would wake up. I felt nervous and desperate. I could not get an answer. Even if I could grab the robe, I could never see the face. I could not find the answer.

Because I was so stubborn, and afraid of the answer, I couldn't get my question answered. Finally I made a promise to God. I would stay with the Church for one year. If this is where I really should be, then he would give me the strength and the faith to continue. If the teachings were false and Rev. Moon was the Anti-Christ, I would be shown. The most important thing was for me to try my best and be sincere.

From that moment on, everything became easier. Instead of timidly witnessing, I became bolder. Fundraising and everything became easier. Of course I have had a lot of difficulties along the way. I have not been the best member that I envisioned I would be when I first joined; however, I have never doubted why I joined the Church and never questioned if this was the true

movement or not. For that I am grateful.

In addition, I would like to say that one of the real miracles of the church is how much we are a family to each other. Once we become full-time members, we come to an inner understanding of each other. When I first went on National MFT, I had never been on an airplane before. No one knew who was picking me up. They did not know what I looked like. I felt perfectly at peace with my ignorance because I knew I was in God's hands and that God was preparing everything for me. I trusted God in this great adventure.

My experiences on MFT were mind opening. Over one third of the members were from Europe. I had never met any of them before. Most of them were white with little religious background. Many of them had been wild before the church. Here I was, this prudish, Catholic Hispanic who had never done anything adventurous before in her life, feeling perfectly at home and truly connected. I've had that feeling wherever I go in the church. That truly is a miracle from God.

Going to Misery

Rob Sayre

I met and joined the Unified Family in the summer of 1974 in Missoula, Montana. I was working as a diesel mechanic at a truck stop, contemplating college and the future of mankind. The night I moved into the Center and began living there, I had just returned from an antelope hunting trip in East Central Montana, near a town called Two Dot, with a few colleagues from work. After driving all night and skinning the five antelope we had shot, I drove to the Center and collapsed on their couch in the living room. When the European sisters and others came down for Morning Prayer, there I was, blood on my clothes and my gun on the floor! I'm surprised they let me stay.

The Deli-On-The-Tracks

I have no idea how I ended up on “the list” of people who would be selected to be State Leaders. We had just ended the Yankee Stadium campaign in New York. I was expecting to return to Wyoming and resume managing our church-owned restaurant, The Deli-on-the-Tracks. Instead, I found myself with a large group of members



Rob Sayre's "Deli on the Tracks"

outside East Garden, with Father "eyeing" us. Soon, he began to assign us to various states as the new "state leaders." He told me in his gruff English, "You go to Missouri," but he pronounced it misery. After finding "my members," we left New York, headed for St. Louis.

Upon arriving, our car died and we were evicted from our center the next day. This was the high point of my six months there. I spent the next six months moving stuff from one center to the next; fundraising, trying to figure out what it was I was supposed to do; and returning to monthly meetings in New York, which were always depressing, not because of the content, but because I felt so completely clueless about what to do. Surprisingly, several good people joined during this time, which is a testament to their preparation, but mostly to God's never-ending quest to re-unite with mankind, one person at a time and intimately. I was there and witnessed it, but can honestly say I contributed almost nothing. Luckily, Betsy Jones and Neil Salonen came to the rescue (did I ever say thank you enough!). They asked if I would like another mission and I quickly said yes.

Not everyone spent their time selling flowers and candy on street corners. A few were in the mainstream of commerce. I was one of the lucky few. The Deli, as it was known, was a New York-style delicatessen in downtown Laramie, as western a town as you will find. It was a profitable business, supported the center, and was a wonderful place for new members to work and develop a spiritual life and a great witness in the community.

Door-to-Door Christmas

I have no idea why, but I have ended up involved in a variety of VERY oddball enterprises, not the least of which was Christmas trees. In the fall of 1974, in preparation for going to Seattle to work on Father's 21-City Tour, the Mobile Unit Commander (remember that title!) and the State Leader came up with the idea of selling Christmas trees to help raise our financial contribution to the tour. At the time, I was a new member, still working at my job and living in the Center. They assigned me to figure this out and proceed.

I found the trees, negotiated a price, and planned on

how to transport them to Nebraska, where I thought would be an ideal place to sell, and presented this to my leaders. They agreed and we put our plan into motion. A few days prior to loading up and departing, we were told that everyone should come to Seattle immediately, trees and all! If you've been to the Northwest, you know that there is no shortage of evergreen trees.

We drove all night and upon arriving, we were sent out immediately to find locations to sell. This was tough, not knowing the city and with no one to help out. We did find a few places and set up our trees and began. I was dropped off at a motel, near a strip mall, with no money, my trees, some cardboard and a marker to make some signs. I was there for three days before anyone returned. The couple who ran the motel felt sorry for me and let me stay in the furnace room of the motel for free. I soon had some cash, so I could eat and spend my days singing Christmas carols and selling what trees I could.

Several weeks passed and it was obvious we were not selling enough. Regis Hanna, the State Leader of Washington, went on TV and explained our plight to a local TV station, which did help publicize the speech, but not the trees. Finally, we loaded up trees in vans and trucks and every night ran door to door with a sample in hand and pleaded with people to come to our truck and look at our trees. We did this up until Christmas Eve.

Coming from Japan

Hisako Watanabe

I was a traditional Japanese person. I believed that if I was good, then people would respond with goodness. Now I know I have to express myself, not just to members. I know that I must express what I feel. This is very different. In Japan, talking too much is very bad. We don't need to speak so much; we thought it is better to do than to speak. But in America, the old traditional training doesn't work. I was a quiet, traditional person, but now I speak so much. People in this country don't believe that I was quiet. People don't understand me unless I explain. I am a strange Japanese, not traditional anymore.

When I first came to the USA, in 1973, I was full of hope, but I was scared. Another Japanese sister, Sanae Tully and I were chosen. Not because we could speak

English; we couldn't then. First the 12 Japanese were chosen to come here, then another 40 were chosen from Happy World, who were used to fundraising. Then another group came. The first groups didn't have a good testimony because they couldn't speak English well. After that they tried to choose those who spoke English well, or went to university, except for me and Sanae Tully. We were under Mr. Furuta then. I did not like English. I did not know how to speak English then. There were 50 Japanese from the 777 couples there. I am from the 777-couple blessing too. Father invited us in the autumn of 1973.

When I arrived at Belvedere, the first person I met was Phyllis Kim. She smiled at me and said, "Welcome to America." I was stuck and could not speak. She was smiling. I was depressed. I could not talk for four months. Father divided us into six groups in the New York area. I was in Hempstead, Long Island, with Dale Garrett. We started witnessing with a three-day prayer and witnessing condition. I was inspired by spiritual world, and I witnessed to Peter Schepmoes. He worked at UTS later. He had a long beard and long hair; he looked like a guru from India. I saw a light around him, even though I could only see his eyes. I said to him, "Do you believe in God?" He responded very well and gave me his address and telephone number. I visited him later and he had given me the right phone number and address. I brought him the green DP text book. He was moved to tears. I wanted to invite him to the church. I had an appointment with him at 71st St. one night to hear a lecture, but the central figure said I had to go fundraising and I couldn't keep my appointment with him. Someone else gave him the lecture. I couldn't meet him. After that he left. He was training himself to become like a guru. He wanted to go to India. Then I couldn't meet him for six months, but I tried to contact his mother. Then he sent me a gift. I made friends with his mother and I would talk to her on the phone. So his mother and I had a good foundation before we met again.

Then we went fundraising for one month in Buffalo and upstate New York. Sometimes 6 or 10 sisters fundraised, staying in a motel room. We were fundraising for the New York activities. I thought I left fundraising behind me in Japan, but now it was happening again here.



Then I made food, PBJ's, for everyone. I was a kind of team mother. Sometimes I was making sandwiches late at night. Once we had a 3-day witnessing campaign before MSG for all of New York. They wanted three people from each center. I volunteered for the witnessing competition. The first day I saw my spiritual son, Peter, again. He just happened to come to Manhattan that day. He lived in White Plains. He had been to Belvedere once looking for me. I hadn't seen him for six months.

I said, "What are you doing?" He said he was planning to go to India, but it was the rainy season, and the travel company said it was not a good time. He was going to buy a ticket but decided not to. Then I asked him to go to a workshop and so he agreed. He might not have understood the Principle so well, but he was moved because I was fasting for him. He went to Barrytown and someone told him that I was fasting for him. He was so moved and he cried for me. I thought he was moved to see True Parents, but he said no, he was crying for me. He had fasted for himself many, many days in the mountain for training, but never had done it for others. Later he did a 40-day fast at Barrytown. I met him the end of October, 1973, then again on May 22 in New York. He went to a 21-day workshop.

He finally joined on June 18, 1974. I was witnessing in Manhattan. It was hard for him to witness to other people. I had to go with him to witness. I was frustrated because he never spoke to anyone. We went to the park behind the library. We met Chad Hoover. I said, "Do you believe in God?" He said, "Yes, I am a Christian." I

spoke very strongly, "I don't think you know about Christianity." I was witnessing not only for Chad but also to Peter. One day before the workshop I asked him, "Are you sure you are going to the workshop?" Many times people gave me the wrong number and address. But he was very pure and he gave me right number. He attended the workshop. He felt something but he didn't understand.

On July 4th, 1974, Father had a big celebration with fireworks. Even neighbors came. Workshop members from Barrytown came that day and Chad was there. His ancestor was President Hoover. He said that July 4th, 1974 was his spiritual birthday.

So then I had two boys, Peter and Chad. Individually they worked but they didn't get along very well. This was before MSG. I was very busy as the team captain. I realized I needed a girl spiritual child. It was easy for me to speak to men, because they liked to talk about righteous things. I determined to get a girl, a spiritual daughter. I determined to speak only to girls for three days. Then on the third day, I met Kathy Ahern Ferrabolli. She is from Ireland and has 16 brothers and sisters; she was number 13. She was sitting there at St. Patrick's cathedral. I couldn't tell at first if she was a boy or a girl because I was so tired. I brought her to the 42nd St. witnessing office. She heard a small introduction about the workshop and she promised to go to the workshop. After she came back, usually people are so tired, so I said, "Kathy, are you tired?" She said, "No, I want to go witnessing." We went together.

Then her brother and relatives came to bring her back. She had three or four brothers and sisters in the U.S. One day before she was going to California to become a nurse, she met me. Her family was very worried and upset about her. They came to the Hempstead church to get her. We escaped by bicycle and then went to a friend's house. Then we went to New York and Joe Tully helped us.

Each of these spiritual children mean so much to me. We all worked for Madison Square Garden at Hempstead, and I was the captain. The three of them were at the UN demonstration in 1974. North Korea held some Japanese ladies. Mrs. Arikawa led this campaign. All of us stayed outside for seven days, fasting. All four of us were there, day and night. It was very cold. Peter and Chad were driving in a car and they were

strong, but I was worried about Kathy. They were all blessed at 2075 in MSG. Within 40 days they all joined, June 18, July 4, July 30. With a high spirit I could get result. I knew then that we had to unite with True Father's spirit in order to witness.

My husband's mission was working in New York at the *News World* with Mr. Kobayashi and Mr. Orme. We also were involved at the beginning of the *Washington Times*.

When I was an IW I hadn't had too many experiences with True Parents before coming to the United States. When he met our group of Japanese IW's, he looked at us and said we are very strong, like men! He asked each of us what we did. Father said to me, "What is your husband's name?" Father said he knew my husband. He said, "I know him very well." We felt very close and very happy. After that when we were eating, suddenly Father said, "Watanabe!" I said, "Yes, Father?" He said, "You and your husband look like brother and sister." I realized that while we were eating at the table, he was thinking about who my husband was. I was impressed. I felt so close. Mother took us shopping and she chose an overcoat, some pants and shirts that I still have.

It is hard for Father to do things individually for us like he used to. That was around 1976 to 1979. I had a good experience visiting each state, even though I didn't speak very good English. I had a very good experience with Kevin McCarthy in Raleigh, NC. I was impressed with Kevin's faith towards True Parents. It was very deep. He is a very good lecturer, and he understood the heart of the guests. I always told Rev. Kwak that his lecture and his faith were very deep but that he had a weak point—he couldn't clean his room! One day he said the stove was broken and the water doesn't work. I said, "This is a symbol of your heart." I spoke very strongly. He was crying downstairs and he said, "I am so sorry." I was pregnant with my second child. I always cleaned his room for him. He would say, "Look! It's clean." But then his closet had Father's picture and his socks together. I took care of him; I felt he had very good points. After that he became a 40-day workshop lecturer. He had a very deep and good heart. I always reported that.

I was pregnant and I liked watermelon. One day, he had cut so much watermelon, and he opened the refrigerator and said, "Tada! This is for you. Maybe your baby will be born with a watermelon seed in his hand." I said,

"Wow! You're kidding."

There are so many kinds of leaders, Japanese, Korean and American. Many people are complaining now. But we have to make up for all these things. I wanted to help America. We were supposed to bring many spiritual children. I am not proud of anything. I can't accuse anything. Everything that is hard now is because of things I didn't do. Don't you think it's true?

I am not really Japanese now. I can see the weak points and the good points of my country. I went to Peru and there are 120 Japanese sisters in Peru. When I talked with them, they realized I am not Japanese anymore. I am more open. Instead of being quiet, I can speak out. I can negotiate. I can speak my opinion. I can fight if I need to. German, English, Korean, Japanese...some countries cannot communicate but we could speak English. I can understand everyone better now. Some countries have trouble because they cannot communicate.

I don't have absolute faith, love and obedience yet. But somehow I know what Father is talking about. I am not one viewpoint. I can see God's providence behind the situations. He is really the messiah. I think of all the suffering he went through, even in his family. He is really the messiah to save everyone. Not by words, but everything. He is showing us that he is really the messiah because he is saving everybody.

Early MFT days

John Hessell

The New York church in 1972 was able to provide members with a comfortable center and a healthy menu, but our meager salaries as secretaries, clerks and delivery men could not fund a growing movement, even when we pooled our incomes. Weekend fundraising was a constant in our schedule. We made candles in the garage on a coleman stove and then sold them door to door. We did well enough that Philip Burley, our chruch leader, asked several of us to quit our jobs and begin a full-time fundraising "Team." This was a gamble, because we had to make at least as much money as our regular jobs had been producing for the center to survive. In fact, Philip said: "If this works, you'll get the credit, but if it doesn't, I'll get the blame."

There were 6 or 7 of us, with myself as the team leader and Paula Gray as the team mother. We knew how to go door-to-door on the weekends, but what would we do on the weekdays? New York City was less than an hour from our center in the Bronx, and there were plenty of people on the streets, so that is where we went. I remember the first time we huddled together for prayer on the corner of 34th and Broadway. With our heads bowed in a tight circle on the sidewalk, I could feel people leaning on us to look over our shoulder into the center of our little circle to see what we were doing. I learned about parking in New York the hard way: as I came around the corner of 33rd St., I saw our van with the front wheels off the ground being towed down the street. I ran down the street and jumped onto the running board of the tow truck. I begged the driver to let the van go—he was “taking money from the church offering basket.” Giving it some thought while he waited at the light with me hanging on his window, this kind old black man with a southern accent said, “Boy, the Lord was with you today!” and gave me the van, avoiding a big towing fee.

National headquarters decided to form a team to support national projects, and most of us were drafted for the campaign. That is when the term “MFT” began, because we were to be mobile as opposed to working from the center. Our first stop was the Philadelphia center, where the Spurgins were directors. Soon we purchased trailers that were pulled behind the two vans—one for six brothers and the other for six sisters. We were then truly mobile, and not limited to the cities where there were centers to house us. It was so inspiring to wake up in a campground surrounded by trees and rivers, sometimes seeing raccoons or deer. During the winter we were often the only trailer in the campground. We had a more relaxed schedule back then. We would spend the evenings studying Divine Principle together, and we sometimes attended a local Christian church on Sunday morning. I will always remember the congregation’s enthusiasm when we sang “Bye and Bye” from the pulpit to the Rock (as in Rock of Christ) Church of Norfolk, Virginia.

Acts of Faith

Martin Porter

In January 1973, 120 members from Europe chartered a flight from London to the U.S. to support Father’s speaking tour. We arrived in the U.S. on about January 15, and spent some 15 days with Father, living at Belvedere, while he taught us in a most personal way. Every meal, three times a day, we would be there together with him. This was such a great time to learn and understand his vision. I went back and forth between Europe and the U.S. five times that year to confer with Father. He did everything to please and entertain us, buying us suits, ties, shoes like any parent might for their child. We could ask him freely about all sorts of things. Of those 120 European members, 20 came from Italy.

Membership in Italy flourished, and I returned in September with an additional 30 new members. This time Father asked me to stay and support his speaking tour, which started with Carnegie Hall in New York on September 18.

Father had organized the One World Crusade in February 1972, at the outset of his seven-city speaking tour. This first tour included primarily members from the U.S. Following this victory he wanted to bring a message of God’s hope to America, and further to embrace the whole world. He then invited representatives of the whole world to come to this country to help restore man back to the position of God’s children through further speaking tours—21 cities, 32 cities and a final eight-city tour by 1974.

During the 21-city tour, there were only three IOWC teams, led by Paul Werner, Reiner Vincenz and Perry Cordill. My role was to be the liaison between Father and the teams. This meant that almost on a daily basis I would fly off to the next city, examine the whole situation, check on the hall where Father would speak, the banquet facilities, numbers of confirmed guests to both, Father’s accommodation, problem areas, media, etc., and return to Father with a report. I knew that many leaders would give only positive reports, but I thought that this was a disservice to Father, and so I gave him a report of everything I thought he should know. I watched each time I spoke how he reacted to the reports.



Martin and Marion Porter at their Blessing

It became clear to me that Father is very different from other people. He was expecting to find difficulties and knew that there was a solution, and so he was challenged to find the way that God would work in each situation. He never took the position that Satan was out there trying to create problems. This was such an important lesson for me, even though I had not been able to live up to this level.

In October and November that year I took more than 44 flights! If you were wondering how I did it, I think it is better to wonder how True Parents did it; how serene, supporting and uplifting they were every day.

While in New York I lived in the garage apartment at East Garden, and prepared to make a 35mm movie for the Korean Government at the UN General Assembly Little Angels performance on December 27, 1973.

After the speech in Tulsa, Oklahoma, we took a

flight back to New York. I remember it so clearly; True Parents were up front and there were about 20 of us scattered throughout the plane. The doors were late in closing and it was clear that we were waiting for someone. Then I saw out of the window an elderly Oriental woman trying to hurry across the tarmac to the plane, burdened by plastic bags in each hand and an overnight bag. Soon she was on the plane and we were all happy to leave. But were we? This lady (Lady Dr. Kim) obviously had a broken kimchi bottle in one of her bags, and now that she was on board and the doors were closed, the full effect was wafting through the air conditioning system!

After working for a year as a liaison between Father and the IOWC teams, I was in Washington, D.C. on January 31, to welcome him back at the end of the 21-city tour at Dulles Airport, and then later at the Convention Center at the Sheraton-Lanham Motor Hotel in Silver Springs, MD. There Father would form the new IOWC teams, bringing the number to seven. The teams were to spearhead the way for the upcoming 32-city tour. Father personally selected these teams and gave inspiration and guidance.

My team was the 5th team and was originally comprised of 20 Japanese, 10 Italians, 22 French, 15 Americans and one German; it was quite a challenge to establish unity, convey directions and accomplish the strategy of the campaign. I usually spoke in English and then in Italian, while the two other interpreters translated into French and Japanese! This was a great testimony to True Parents, as no other motive than to fulfill their vision and God's Will could have brought us all to work together. This was confirmed again and again as our international team shared their deep spiritual experiences at the end of each day's activities.

Though I was greatly challenged, I knew we had to be successful. There was no question of can we get people to the banquet and speech, or how can we get the appropriate facilities; we just had to. There was no margin for doubt! For the 32-city tour, the U.S. was divided up and each state was assigned an IOWC team. Our team was responsible for New Haven, Connecticut, February 23 and 24th; Birmingham, Alabama, March 9 and 10; Jackson, Mississippi, March 23 and 24; and Fargo, North Dakota, April 6 and 7.

These cities were very far apart and we were in the middle of the gas crisis. At that time, one could only pur-

chase \$2 worth of gas at one visit to the pump! Can you imagine moving with 9 vehicles, travelling such distances and only being allowed to get \$2 worth of gas? During the first campaign, we lived in New Haven, and only commuted one hour's drive, or about 60 miles one way to Hartford. Thus, in the early morning our vehicles were lined up at the gas station before they opened, and we were lined up again before we reached our destination. In any case, Hartford was the first campaign stop. I introduced Father at the banquet, and 500 people came to the speech.

We left New Haven on February 25, arriving in Birmingham late that evening. Then we had to regroup and have a banquet prepared and people to the speech 12 days later. Over 400 people came to the speech and we paid off all the debts of the campaign. Both Governor George Wallace and George G. Seibels, the Mayor of the city, made a proclamation, declaring the "Year of Hope and Unification."

The Jackson, Mississippi campaign was unique. I think the city had never seen so many foreigners and certainly no Orientals! One day my secretary answered the phone, only to hear that some members had been arrested. She was Japanese and would always pretend she had misunderstood what people said so that she could say whatever she wanted them to hear; how we loved God and humanity, etc., but this time the policeman was very upset, so I took the call, and said I would come down to the station right away. When I arrived I heard singing coming from the building. On entering, I met the police chief, who said, "Get them out of here!" I went in to the main room, only to find that Kimiko Tsukamoto, who had a voice like a bird, had all the policemen in a line, singing songs. The arresting officer would not hear of me taking them away, but insisted that he return them, along with their boxes of product, to the same street corners where he had arrested them!

The city officials had put on a reception for us on the top floor of the Heidelberg Hotel, where we were staying. I went up to the reception and found ladies in ante-bellum dresses and the men in period costumes too—I thought I must have been in the wrong place and went back down to



True Parents with Mrs. Choi at the United Nations, NY, December 27, 1973

the reception desk to inquire where the reception was. But this was, indeed, a southern-style reception. It was great! More than 200 people attended the banquet in Father's honor. Father was made an honorary colonel by Governor Bill Waller's representative, and was given a gold key to the city by the representative of the mayor's office.

The most scenic drive was that from Jackson, which we left in spring weather, to Fargo, North Dakota, which was still in the grip of winter ice and snow. We drove non-stop overnight, arriving in only 24 hours on the morning of March 25. Father would arrive on April 6. We lived in Moorhead in four town-house apartments, and worked in the twin city of Fargo, both cities named after kings of the railroad. The people were responsive and we created great controversy, so much so that I kept a TV running in my car so as to hear the talk shows and news programs so I could get equal time if I

thought it was desirable.

The fundraisers had quite a hard time due to the lack of area, so I obtained permits for them to go to Winnipeg, Manitoba. For them it went very well until it was time to come home. At the U.S. border many, being foreigners, had problems entering and by the time I was called I suggested trying again 100 miles up the border, which they did, only to find the same immigration man there waiting for them. We then had to make a special plea to President Nixon through contacts in Washington and they returned to Fargo in time for Father's speech.

True Parents stayed at the small center where James Gavin lived on 1317 8th Ave. North, Fargo. I gave the introduction to Father at the Great Hall of the Fargo Holiday Inn. The hall was packed, with 50 or so people standing. The atmosphere was charged due to all the media hype. I had such a hard time giving an introduction; in fact, I had to hold onto the podium to keep my balance. I could see the evil forces coming at me like arrows. I was so spiritually attacked that I could not see clearly anymore. Many people were antagonistic because of the wrong information they had heard. Then True Father gave an extraordinary speech which touched their hearts and many were in tears—no one left. Such good people: when they heard the truth they were convinced and changed. Then after the campaign we went to Chicago to help there and finally to fundraise in Detroit before taking up residence in the South-East Region.

In spite of the frustration of the gas crisis, we possessed a powerful determination. And through all difficulties we felt charged with motivation, which, we were aware, was not being generated from ourselves alone. For many of us, it was the first experience of cooperation with those in spirit world. Only this could explain the miracles that transpired to help us accomplish our mission. One constant example was that in spite of the gas shortage, gas attendants at crucial times were moved to fill up our tanks anyway. Doors opened to meet city officials and leaders who were normally inaccessible.

Our faith was constantly put to the test, and then deeply rewarded through the unforeseen events that helped us achieve our goals. Once when we were traveling, the truck carrying all our luggage, among other things, opened up in the back and a substantial part of our luggage fell out on the road. When this was discovered, it was too late to turn back, and, being in the mid-

dle of nowhere, we would not have had enough gas to turn around anyway. I turned back alone, retracing our steps for over 10 miles, with the members in my van scanning the other lane, but we found nothing, so we continued. To our surprise, when we arrived at our next campaign city, Birmingham, Alabama, we received a phone call from a member in Washington, D.C. who had been travelling the same road. He had found a whole lot of suitcases on the road and when he investigated, he recognized many of the names on the luggage as church members. He called our campaign center to see if they belonged to our team. He had picked them all up!

After the 32-city tour, we continued to participate in the Celebration of Life campaign. We had a extraordinary time in Miami. By this time, almost half the team, 35 people, were in our brass band, led by Michael Keily. They paraded in the streets in their green uniforms. A music professor had joined us in South Carolina and taught them to play decently in a short time. We lived in the newly decorated YMCA building downtown, and we rented the Gusman Philharmonic Hall for Dr. Pak's speeches on June 19-21. The hall is famous for its Venetian Courtyard decoration: the ceiling is painted dark blue with stars shining down, and a cloud machine makes clouds pass overhead. In the three nights we had some 7,000 people attend, followed by 200 people at the workshops that continued afterwards. This was followed by a seven-day workshop. I will never forget Marion standing up there under the spotlight on the left side of the stage, giving the "Dr. Pak" version of her life testimony. It sounded so wonderful; it wasn't untrue, but it did leave out some of the more difficult and trying experiences! This program, developed by Dr. Pak, was a winning formula, and my only regret was that it did not continue to all 50 states.

Then came the 8-city tour, beginning with Madison Square Garden, on September 18, 1974. On entering New York City, I fell in love with it. The atmosphere was so different from the last time when I had been there for the Carnegie Hall campaign. I just knew we were going to succeed. One must remember that until that time we had never brought more than 1,400 people to any of Father's speeches, and to fill the 25,000-seat Madison Square Garden was a sheer act of faith.

John Williams

When I first met Rev. Moon, I had been acquainted with the group for a few months. It was in Oakland, California, in 1973. I was 19, living with the members, working with them and studying the Principle. At one point, I understood the founder was coming to speak on the campus of UC Berkeley on the Day of Hope tour. Though I understood by then that he was held to be the Second Coming of the Messiah, my interest in him was more from the respect that my new friends showed him and less from theology. My days had been taken up with the practical day to day concerns of living with God and serving others. I knew that the sense of hope that made our community and enterprise possible was due to this Master Moon, but I didn't think that much about him at that time.

On the day of attending Rev. Moon's speech, we had had a regular day of flower selling, getting up early with my team, buying flowers at dawn and heading out to sell them business to business in a nearby neighborhood. We must have come home early to our Regent Street house and changed clothes, before heading out to the campus.

The event was held in a campus auditorium of no small size. The place was becoming packed. I had performed some service that left me coming in just as it was about to begin. The only seat was in the very front row, directly below the lectern.

I don't recall what preceded the speech, but I remember the mysterious Asian Master sitting off to the side. When he was introduced and stood up to speak, I naturally joined the faithful in vigorous applause.

Rev. Moon began to speak passionately in Korean, his face, voice and gestures uninhibited, expressive, emotional and intense. I had never seen anyone express himself so explosively and urgently. His elastic face ran the gamut of child-like joy to heartbreaking anguish. His compact body was forcefully animated as he spoke of God's purpose, His providence and the present age.

It was as if the man's physical form was being thrown about by his powerful spirit, or that of Another. I was struck by this sense that an ancient torrent of feeling, power and authority was pouring through him, like a mighty river through a narrow crevass. What was coming through was much bigger than his body could con-

tain or convey and the man was bursting with the intensity. It was almost too much to bear. I sat as tears rolled down my face.

Looking back I am reminded why he elicits so much loyalty in his followers. One wanted to help him, he seemed so burdened by the urgency of what the Almighty had put upon him to say and do.

And Restless Are Our Hearts

Mose Durst

The story of my conversion may be unremarkable, although it moved me deeply and still does. I reluctantly record how the Spirit dealt with me, only because my experience demonstrates conclusively the deep spirituality of the Unification movement. There is no place for the misunderstanding and prejudice of "brainwashing" charges, of declarations that "Moonies" hold people against their will or exploit them, when we see the process by which individuals identify with the movement.

I came to Oakland, a disappointed but by no means broken man. My work with poor youth was demanding but satisfied my deep desire to serve others. I helped establish, among other projects, the interdisciplinary program at Laney College. I began reading spiritual classics of East and West, analyzing, on this American frontier closest to the Orient, the contributions of the East to human spiritual development.

Someone familiar with my interdisciplinary studies course told me of a Korean woman who lived on Dana Street, in Oakland, who might have some interesting ideas to share. Fresh from an improvisational dance class—I was involved in many consciousness-raising activities—I went to 6502 Dana Street and rang the bell. A lovely Korean woman invited me in.

The apartment was small but immaculately clean. Bright California sunlight streamed through the orange and white curtains onto the blue felt sofa where she invited me to sit. I was later to find, to my amusement and surprise, that to save money, several dresses and ties worn by members of the church were made of exactly the same material as the curtains. Onni sat on the couch and wore a long, modest woolen dress. I do not believe I ever saw her legs until about a year later, when she



Dr. and Mrs. Durst at their Blessing

arrived by the San Francisco airport wearing a dress Mrs. Moon had given her.

What immediately struck me about her was her smile. She seemed so normal and happy, quite at ease with herself, yet open and responsive to the stranger who sat down in her living room. She had dark brown hair, brown eyes, and was a soft presence in a warm room. We spoke briefly, but she was quick to ask me what I did and how I liked my work. Her directness was disarming, especially in contrast to her warmth. She did not speak much during our first meeting, but I was aware that she was very much the “center” of this small spiritual community.

When I first met Onni, I was already prepared for a spiritual change, through my practice of meditation, my wide reading in spiritual subjects, and my interdisciplinary course. Nevertheless, my conversion was not to come suddenly. I was familiar with the theories of psychologists such as Abraham Maslow and Erik Erikson, and their concepts of gradual, evolving change until there is a growth of the personality and spirit. Now that spiritual evolution was to take place in me.

The self-sacrifice, humility and basic goodness of Onni deeply impressed me. I valued modesty and selflessness, but had been disappointed repeatedly by people I admired such as professors and teaching colleagues, who behind their façade of knowledge and service, had hidden agendas for seeking power or sex. I prized personal purity. There were of course many opportunities for promiscuous sex in California, and everywhere, in the 1960s and '70s, but I did not take advantage of them. I was repelled by such casual approaches to something as meaningful, and to me sacred, as human sexuality. The purity of Onni and the genuine absence of lust and self-seeking in the few people drawn to this new teaching made the greatest impression on me. Here were people who were real, who meant what they said. They were, precisely, not deceptive, not out for profit or the satisfaction of their own desires. I was moved. Onni once said to me, when I marveled at her poise and giving: “We must be value-makers and happy-makers.” The Unification people I met were exactly that: searchers for absolute values who tried to live those values. I found that I wanted to become like them, to give value and happiness, to make service the core of my life.

My growing attachment to the religious community was not just emotional. I knew, and had felt, religious emotion before, for the prayers at synagogue had stirred mixed emotions in me. I knew that emotion alone was not enough. My reason had to be challenged, too. Onni, with her lectures and charts, discussed with me the problem of evil. We talked at length about arrogance, pride and selfishness. We analyzed the fundamental problem of the misdirection of love in the world and in our lives. People adored things they ought not to worship and did not love what they should. We looked at how this problem had existed since the beginning of history as we surveyed the historical concept of “idolatry,” or “false love,” in Judaism and Christianity.

Onni frequently visited the small community we established in my home. Sometimes she visited my college classes. Each morning I got up early, prayed, helped clean the house, then took my briefcase and went out to teach literature. I was moving closer to God, but He had not yet captured me. Then, in His own time, He did.

My conversion was not startling; no outward miracle took place. Just as God finally reached Augustine while he was reading the Epistles of Paul, He reached me while I was praying with my new brothers and sisters. In my own home, in the midst of a simple prayer service similar to many others in which I had engaged, I was powerfully shaken to the foundations of my being.

Onni always stressed the basic nature of sincere prayer. She tried to teach me to pray from the heart, to follow Paul's teaching that we should pray without ceasing. I was praying often and benefiting from it, but on this day there was a change from quantity to spiritual quality. Even now my whole body lights up and tingles as I think of that unforgettable, life-changing moment.

I was praying as powerfully as I could, surrounded by my friends, when I felt a sloughing off of the past, an unburdening of guilt and sadness. That prayer cleaned me out; it was catharsis in the most primal way. It was as if thousands of years of accumulated spiritual deadweight was falling away from me. I felt clean, whole, purified, down to the center of my being. I remember thinking, this is what life is meant to be; this is how I want to spend the rest of my life; no, the rest of eternity! I knew, consciously, what my unconscious was feeling: that I had discovered the deepest part of myself and had discovered, and been claimed by God.

I could not keep this to myself. I shared it with my brothers and sisters, who rejoiced with me. I shared with Onni, and from that moment on I knew that I would be part of this movement for the rest of my life, forever. I shared my joy even more. I telephoned my mother in New York, declaring, "Mom, I have discovered God. Now I know the meaning of my existence." It was wonderful to give her such hope, for I knew that she had been searching for God her entire life.

You Will Meet Omma Under a Full Moon By the Bay

Poppy Richie

In 1972, a rigorous search evolved on my part, to 1) find out what is the truth about spirituality and consequently, what is my purpose in life; 2) find those with whom I could develop true friendship; and 3) work together with others to build an ideal society. At the time, even though I was a college graduate and came from a fairly affluent background, I was profoundly lonely and disappointed because of the realization that my life was unfulfilled and meaningless, and I lacked role models to guide me in a new direction. Relationships with others were unsatisfactory and painful.

I worshipped nature, for nature was always so beautiful and complete, compared to the wretchedness of humanity. Yet, a relationship with nature was not enough. Age-old questions, such as, why is there suffering?, where can one find true love?, what is the purpose of history?, where did I come from?, is there life after death?, haunted me day and night and sent me on a pilgrimage to find answers.

In my travels, I had a profound spiritual experience. I was in Mexico and I had ingested some poisonous food which left me unconscious on a rural hillside near a little village in the mountains of eastern Mexico. When I regained consciousness I could see nothing around me. I thought I had died and gone to the spirit world. I realized that there were no people around me because I had lived such a selfish life. I was doomed to an eternity of living alone in my afterlife. In a few minutes, I heard voices and began to see shadowy figures walking past me. The blanket of thick fog which had obscured my view was beginning to dissipate and I was shocked to realize that I had not died after all! With painful gratitude, I hiked down to the beach and fell on my knees and wept with repentance for the self-centered life I had led. Shortly after, in a conversation with a local spiritualist who had mediumistic powers, I was told that my deceased mother had a message for me. She said, "You will meet Omma under a full moon by the bay." Furthermore, when I consulted the *I-Ching*, I learned that I should go north where I would meet my true



Mrs. Onni Durst with a group of early members, mid-70s, San Francisco

friends. A month later, in Berkeley (by the San Francisco Bay), I met my Korean spiritual mother, my Omma, Mrs. Durst, who introduced me to Rev. Moon, Our True Parents!

I met Mrs. Durst on the University of Berkeley campus on Sept. 13, 1972. She was radiant! She and her husband became the most important people in my life because through them I came to meet, follow and understand the heart of God and True Parents. The Divine Principle answered the religious and philosophical questions that had initiated my search, and the brothers and sisters who lived on Dana St. in our little church center, showed me the true friendship that had been missing in my life. I was finally on the path to God, and I was sorely needed by Our Heavenly Father, to witness. I sat at a table on Berkeley campus from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. every single day, Mon.-Fri., rain or shine, through warm and cold seasons, for three years. My mission as a witnesser continued in various places, mainly in California. Mrs. Durst led our members to work long and hard, and to do many conditions of fasting and praying...Joyfully! She was always joyful and she also taught us how to work effectively as a team. Many church members know me by my reputation as an effective witnesser, having brought many spiritual children (at one time I had 100 spiritual children as full-time members). This victory was due to the teamwork of the evening program staff and workshop staff, and the fasting and praying of all our loyal, faithful brothers and sisters.

Early Memories

Lisa Hill

Before there was Oakland, there was the phenomenal group in the early 70s in Marlboro, Maryland. This was an interesting, thriving center where they made the candles that national MFT sold to buy Belvedere. It seems to me Belvedere was bought with unpaid-for product, and eventually the whole center, 20-40 people, quit en masse (circa 1973-74).

Alan Tate Wood was a leader in the Marlboro Center. He married Gio Matthis, a shockingly beautiful woman with long hair that she showed True Parents. For some reason in those days this was really quite scandalous. Girls wore astonishingly short skirts but would never, never, never do anything so satanic as to wear pants until one fine day Mrs. Moon, bless her heart, turned up in a pantsuit. Whew.

When I joined in 1970 there must have been two hundred people, more or less, in the national movement, which was few enough that you could have a kind of idea who many people were without actually meeting or knowing them. By '73 the numbers must've grown, but still, when the Marlboro Center quit like that, it felt as though 20 percent of "the family" had "died." The one I missed most was Gio Matthis with her scandalous, long hair, though I had never seen her face and she probably never even knew I existed.



Tyler O. Hendricks

In 1974, my fundraising team leader, Mr. Makoto Tsujumura, dropped me off in a parking lot, out of which I was kicked within a few minutes. It was in the countryside and I completed a small housing development door-to-door in about half an hour, and went back and sat on a hill above the parking lot to wait for Mr. Tsujumura's return. Well, I dozed off and the afternoon wore on without my seeing him. I was struggling mightily in my heart—should I return to the parking lot and begin fundraising again?

One side of me said, "Have courage and boldness—return to the lot!" The other side said, "Be a good boy; the management does not want you there." Oh, the inner turmoil as I sat and the precious hours of my one

Dr. Tyler Hendricks with Peter Gogan and a parent

and only life on earth dragged by, second by second, blow by blow, heartbeat by heartbeat. As I sat, rooted into the dirt, I heard this voice—"you lazy coward, you're happy that you have an excuse not to fundraise, aren't you?"

Finally, Mr. Tsujumura arrived. It was around 7 pm and I told him my sad story, expecting him to whisk me off to another location. Far from it! "You stay and fundraise here and Igarashi-san can join you!" Knock me down with a feather! I watched the van pull away, turned around, and saw Mr. Tadashi Igarashi fundraising RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOOR! He was acting as if he were from the local Elks Club. And of course he was; he was from something far more "local" than that. He had no concepts. He displayed courage and boldness.

Numb by the day's inner struggle and what my captain had just done, I froze in my tracks as I watched Mr. Igarashi. A moment later, I realized that I had been tearing a piece of paper into tiny pieces and letting them fall to the ground. Not wanting to leave a mess, I stooped down to pick up these tiny pieces of paper, one by one, one by one, each little piece. As I did, the words "God's Heart" came to me and I started to cry. I couldn't stop crying. I just cried and cried and cried and it was uncontrollably loud.

I made my way over to the dark side of the building and sobbed against the wall. Mr. Igarashi came over and I said, between sobs, that I was all right, it's okay. And he went back to his fundraising.

And the police came. Not to stop him from fundraising, but to check out the reports they'd received about this guy crying. Mr. Igarashi came over and told them that I was having a religious experience. Good old American cops—they thanked Mr. Igarashi for his service and left me to my religious experience. I wonder what they put in their evening report. My result that day was about \$12.00 and an ocean of tears.

Musical Chairs

Kathryn Coman & Dan Fefferman

KATHRYN COMAN

I was on Regis Hanna's OWC team in the Northwest region in Jan.-Nov. 1973. When we got to Seattle, Washington, Helen Chin (I think) was state leader. Susan Miller was her assistant.

I went to Belvedere for training in Nov. 1973. Within a week of my arrival, Father sent us to Washington to visit Congressmen. It was the first work done by the National Prayer and Fast Committee (at least I think it was a committee). I was asked to do the office work for the committee. Our office was in FLF's office. I remember working side by side with Sydelle Enyeart. I have fond memories of typing these metal things for use by the Addressograph machine, for future mailings. After I'd been there about a week, Gary Jarmin (then head of FLF) went to Chicago for a leaders' conference. He returned from the conference, breezed through the office, and then disappeared.

By the time I left Seattle in November 1973, Dan Holdgreiwe was our State Rep. I don't remember exactly how long Susan stayed in Seattle after the team arrived.

DAN FEFFERMAN

Let's see then... Gary goes to a conference in Chicago, where I had just been sent to fill in for Jack Korthius, who had left without notice for Vegas. Sue Miller goes to Seattle, where Dan Holmgrewe is. Kathryn leaves FLF for Seattle. I take Gary's place at FLF. Dan leaves Seattle for FLF...

What is this, musical chairs?

KATHRYN COMAN

It sure felt like it. From 1972 until 1977, I had 15 mission changes. Everywhere I went, these musical people kept turning up.

Gil Roshuni and Terry McGuire (that name bring back any memories?) were in Seattle when I was. I remember Denise Schneps during my brief trip to DC prior to Seattle. Of course, in Belvedere, music was the thing constantly. Then there was my stint in Barrytown. My workroom adjoined Sunburst and thus I became acquainted with Larry Moffit and Frank Grow, among others. Of course, every time there was any type of rally, Dan Fefferman would pop up with guitar in hand. I even gave it a shot myself. Anyone remember a sister with long blond hair playing the guitar and singing at the celebration at the end of our 7-day fast for the Japanese wives in front of the UN? That was me! I have no idea how or where I got the guts for that. Must of been the fast. Well, I could go on and on, but musical chairs certainly describes my life then.

DAN FEFFERMAN

No, no. no. no. no!!! One thing is wrong.

Dan Holdgreiwe came from Seattle to FLF in early '74, after you went to Seattle from FLF. If Susan (Miller) came to FLF from Seattle, she didn't stay there long because she and Gary were both gone when I got to FLF in late '73.

Actually, I had been at FLF in early '73. Then went to HSA Publications to edit the first edition of Divine Principle. Then to Belvedere training. (Hey, Dan Holdgreiwe was there too...what's going on here?) Then

to Idaho as State leader and future Senator. Then to Chicago. Then (I think?) back to Belvedere to edit the 2nd edition of Divine Principle and prepare to lead the 12-person mission to Israel that never happened. And then back to FLF, to become the director of the Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis.

(I get tired just thinking about it.)

On the Road

Joseph Kinney

I was the bus driver for Perry Cordill's team during the Day of Hope 21-city and 32-city tours, 1973–74. I did all sorts of mechanical things for the team like repair the vans as well as the big green bus that I drove. Believe it or not, later I was also the band leader, but that's another story. The worst city I remember was Des Moines, Iowa. There were the most negative media and demonstrators. I believe a grand total of six people showed up for Father's speech.

I was assigned to pick up a rental Lincoln for Father—the only suitable car available in town. On the way back from the rent-a-car place, the master cylinder went out. Father's plane was due in two hours. Bought a master cylinder, put it in and bled the brakes in time to have the car ready. Typical of the crazy rushes during the tours. As far as I know, the very first kidnapping or deprogramming happened in Des Moines, Iowa around the time of Father's speech.

Since only a few people on the team of about 70 members spoke English, sometimes I taught Divine Principle. I taught from Chapter One to Conclusion

to a young man named Steven Foster. I remember his name because it is the same as the song writer who wrote "Old Susanna." Steven and his girl friend heard the lectures together. Steven was quite enthusiastic, but his girlfriend was lukewarm or negative. She contacted Steven's parents and they became extremely worried.

Her parents arrived at the location where the team was staying and invited me to their home. Once they had me inside they barred the door, took my car keys and started waving hammers around my head. The point was that if I didn't produce their son, bad things would happen to me.

I didn't think I had a right to keep parents away from their own son, so I brought them to him. Steve's parents proceeded to bring him to a hospital and called a psychiatrist uncle in California who had him committed by a phone call. His parents told me they planned to confine him to a mental hospital until he recanted his belief in True Parents. Steve was drugged up and confined to a hospital bed the last time I saw him. As far as I know this was the first kidnapping/deprogramming in the U.S.

The Day of Hope Tour bus, 1973





Launching the World Mission



*The conclusion of the
Washington Monument Rally,
September 18, 1976*

AMERICA AND GOD'S WILL

Reverend Sun Myung Moon

Excerpts from the United States Bicentennial Speech, Washington, D.C., September 18, 1976

Honorable Citizens of the United States and world delegates: I would like to express my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all of you for "Meeting us at the Monument." Tonight we are celebrating America's Bicentennial in the Name of God. For you and me, this is an historical moment.

Tonight I would like to speak on the subject "America and God's Will."

God is eternal, unchanging, unique and absolute. If those are the qualities of God, His purpose of creation must also be eternal, unchanging and absolute. In the beginning, God's ideal was to create one world of unity and harmony.

Today, however, our world has no unity or harmony. Instead there is much division, disharmony, confusion and chaos. Individually, our minds are separated from our bodies, and our families, races, nations and our world are torn apart. This reality is in total contradiction to God's original intention. Clearly something is fundamentally wrong.

Victory over Evil

Religion has an explanation. It says that this worldwide division is the result of our first ancestors' rebellion against God, the Fall of Man.

In order to save fallen man, God sent the Messiah. His purpose was to restore man to his original state before the Fall. Therefore, Salvation is the same as Restoration.

The Fall of Man brought about this fallen world. Disobeying God's Word, man rebelled against Him. This put him in the position to be overpowered by Satan's lies. And so, finally man united with Satan, receiving Satan's personality and love instead of God's personality and love.

To be restored as an original man, we must reverse the process of the Fall. This time we must separate ourselves from Satan, reach out to God whom we have lost, and obey His Word. In this way we can receive God's personality and His love.

Selfishness Is Unhappiness

God is supremely selfless and supremely public minded, whereas Satan is absolutely self-centered and only out for himself.

God's formula to restore man is for us to become God-like. This means that we must become completely selfless and public minded. Each of us must become a person who is able to sacrifice himself for the sake of others.

Such a selfless and public-minded person will prosper because he is the

image of God. The selfish, self-centered person will decline because he is the opposite of God. This is God's rule.

Human history has been a history of struggle, a history of war. It has been almost like a tug-of-war between God and Satan with man as the prize. Good and Evil have been struggling to win man to their respective sides.

Because human history started with the Fall, Evil got a head start. Therefore, in history the evil side has always taken the aggressive and offensive position. Good has been passive and defensive; yet, God is on the side of Good. In the end, the good side always wins the victory. The good side is always the underdog; yet, it comes out victorious and expands.

For example, during World War I and World War II, the evil sides attacked first, yet they were the ones to be defeated. Today, there is much talk about World War III. This time Evil, represented by the Communist nations, is challenging the free world, provoking conflicts and war everywhere. But again, based on God's formula, the ultimate victory will surely be on the side of God.

America: God's New Nation

Today, America and Christianity together must take up the sacred task of world restoration. America must unite the cultures of the West and the East, as well as the Middle East, and create one great unified culture, ultimately fulfilling the mission of establishing the Kingdom of God on Earth.

Judaism was God's first central religion, and Christianity was the second. The Unification Church is the third, coming with the new revelation that will fulfill the final chapter of God's Providence. These central religions must unite in America and reach out to unite religions of the world.

Judaism, centered upon the Old Testament, was the first work of God and is in an elder brother's position. Christianity, centered upon the New Testament, is in the position of the second brother. The Unification Church, through which God has given a new revelation, the Completed Testament, is in the position of the youngest brother.

These three religions are indeed three brothers in the Providence of God. Then Israel, the United States and Korea, the nations where these three religions are based, must also be brothers. Because these three nations have a common destiny representing God's side, the Communist bloc as Satan's representative is trying to isolate and destroy them at the U.N.

Therefore, these three brother nations must join hands in a unified effort to restore the United Nations to its original purpose and function. They must contribute internally to the unification of world religions and externally to the unification of the world itself.



Have You Heard about "Godism"?

"One World Under God" is the unchanging, eternal and absolute desire of God. This goal will be realized; yet, in order to accomplish this goal, the unity of religions is the first and essential task. When all men worship one God as Father, accept one Messiah and uphold one Godism, an absolutely God-centered way of life, then the dwelling of God will be with men. It will be only a matter of time to see the Kingdom of God here on earth.

The United States of America, transcending race and nationality, is already a model of the unified world. She must realize that the abundant blessings which God has been pouring upon this land are not just for America, but are for the children of God throughout the world. Upon the foundation of world Christianity, America must exercise her responsibility as a world leader and the chosen nation of God.

Israel did not meet the expectation of God, nor did Rome, nor did Great Britain. Now what about America?

To inspire America to avoid the same mistakes, to inspire America to sacrifice herself for the sake of the world, to inspire America to work towards "One World Under God," God summoned Reverend Moon to this country to proclaim God's new revelation. And in particular, God called me to lead the young people of America, the leaders of tomorrow, back to God.

Today, America is plagued with problems: racism, juvenile delinquency and immorality. Christianity is declining. Communism is rising. The menace of Communism is everywhere. Of all these problems, atheistic Communism is the worst. It is not just America's problem; it is the problem of religious people, it is the problem of God Himself.

"I love America"

Ladies and gentlemen, at this crossroads of human history, we must listen to the calling of God. God prepared America for 200 years. This is the time for awakening. America must accept her global responsibility. Armed with Godism, she must free the Communist world, and at last, build the Kingdom of God here on earth. God has chosen America as the flag bearer. America must rise up. Today. Tomorrow may be too late.

I not only respect America but truly love this nation. I respect and love her as a great nation, as a godly nation, and as the central nation in God's Providence. She is now at the threshold of her third century. She must not disappoint God. Today let us pledge to God Almighty that we shall do His will. We shall never let Him down. Never!

Today in this holy place, let us together lay the cornerstone of the Kingdom of God on earth. Let us all join together as the co-workers of God. Let us be the pioneers of His Kingdom.

My dear brethren who long for unity, this is the place of commitment, the moment of decision. If you are willing to give your sweat, your blood and your very lives to the call of God, then in this sacred moment before heaven and earth and before all mankind, let us shout it out. We know we can build the Kingdom of God here on earth, in His power, and with our own hands.

May God bless you and your families, and forever more, God bless America.
Thank you very much.

Launching the World Mission

1975-76

BEFORE COMING TO AMERICA, REV. MOON made strong efforts to solidify the church's national foundations in Korea and Japan. In the same way, having solidified the American movement, he launched the church's world mission during 1975-76. This involved some sacrifices for the American movement. Several hundred members joined the first Global IOWC team in early 1975, and later that spring the American church sent out dozens of its most experienced and best leaders as pioneer missionaries throughout the world. It also involved two major challenges. The first challenge was familiar. That is, just as in America, the church throughout the world needed to escape from obscurity and become known. Rev. Moon hoped to accomplish this through huge rallies at New York's Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument which would gain the world's attention. The second challenge was new. Whereas the movement was able to conduct its whirlwind Day of Hope tours within a climate of receptivity, the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies unfolded within a climate of increasing negativity and even persecution. Ironically, the controversies that erupted over the Unification Church during 1975-76 helped the movement attain international visibility.

Launching the Worldwide Movement Abroad and in America

Rev. Moon long considered the United States to be the gateway to the world. In early 1975, the Church launched activities worldwide based upon its successes in America. The initial step was the creation of a global Day of Hope team. On January 14, the first global team, which included some 340 American and European members, boarded a chartered jumbo jet in Los Angeles for Tokyo. There, they joined forces with an even larger contingent of Japanese members to evangelize and hold Day of Hope rallies in Tokyo, Sendai, Osaka, Nagoya, Kyoto, Hiroshima and Fukuoka. After spending nearly 80 days in Japan, a 500 member-plus global team traveled by ferry to Pusan, South Korea on March 27th. There, from April 1st until May 17th they supported massive-

ly-attended Day of Hope festivals in Pusan, Taegu, Seoul, Inchon, Jeonju, Kwangju, Taejon, Cheongju and Chuncheon. Prior to this, Rev. Moon was the guest of honor at a Day of Hope banquet in Seoul at the Chousen Hotel on January 16, 1975. With more than 600 prominent guests, including the Speaker of the Lower House of Korea, this was something of a coming-out party at which Rev. Moon could offer testimony to the work in America.

A second step in the launch of its worldwide mission was the international marriage blessing of 1801 couples in Seoul's Changchung Gymnasium on February 8, 1975. Billed as the "largest wedding in human history," the ceremony brought together couples from twenty nations, including seventy-six from the United States. Over 10,000 guests witnessed the event, after which couples boarded ninety-four sightseeing busses for a parade through the streets of Seoul. Apart from generating substantial coverage worldwide, the 1800 Couple Blessing provided much of the personnel for a third major step in its worldwide outreach, the establishment of missions to most nations of the world. Prior to 1975, the movement had established a presence in Korea, Japan, the United States, the European nations, Canada, Taiwan, Australia, New Zealand, India and several Middle East and South American nations. However, this development was haphazard and lacked overall coordination. In the spring of 1975, the movement more than doubled its overseas mission by sending out teams consisting of one Japanese, one German and one American member to 130 nations. Rev. Moon explained that Japan, Germany and America had been the three most materially blessed nations since the end of World War II and requested that each of them make the sacrifices necessary to support the foreign mission.

*Rev. Moon with the some
of the missionaries at
Barrytown before their
departure for their
respective countries*



The movement's final step in launching its worldwide mission during the first half of 1975 was the "World Rally for Korean Freedom" sponsored at Yoido Island Plaza in Seoul on June 7th. The immediate context for this rally was the fall of Cambodia and Vietnam to communist forces in late April. This heightened insecurities in Korea about the American commitment on their peninsula and raised the specter that they could become a second Vietnam. The Korean government sponsored a May 22nd rally for national unity. However, the Park regime was under attack in U.S. newspapers. In fact, while criticizing human rights violations in the South, the *New York Times* printed full-page statements by North Korea's "Respected and Beloved Leader," Kim Il Sung. Convinced that Kim Il Sung was trying to invade the south by taking advantage of the Indochina situation, Rev. Moon determined to stage a massive rally that would be different from the government's previous effort. First, it would blame Kim Il Sung "not only in the name of the people and mankind, but also in the name of God." In other words, there would be a crusading edge to the rally. Second, the rally was to be a "worldwide convention" with not only Korean people gathered but also 1,000 representatives from 60 countries ready to offer their resolve for "the protection of Korea and the whole world."

The world representatives were members of the Unification Church's global IOWC team which had swelled to that number during the spring Day of Hope campaigns in Korea. Their final push was the Yido Island rally. For that purpose, four-person groups consisting of Korean, Japanese, American and European IOWC members distributed some 5 million leaflets and as many as 1,700 chartered busses were used for transport from local cities and provinces. The rally itself was a staggering spectacle. Estimates of attendance in Seoul press accounts ranged from 600,000 to 1.2 million. Three hundred persons, including the representatives of sixty nations, occupied the huge platform stage and the thousand-member IOWC team sat at the front with banners. A million Korean flags were distributed, and 2,400 police were mobilized for crowd control. In his principal rally address which was entitled, "Korea in the World," Rev. Moon proclaimed that "enthusiastic youths from 60 different countries" would "defend this country to the last, at the cost of their lives." Noting that "world members" of the Unification Church regard Korea as "their religious fatherland and holy land," he warned that if "North Korea provokes a war against the South Korean people," his followers would organize a "Unification Crusade Army" and "take part in the war as a supporting force to defend both Korea and the free world." American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen echoed these sentiments in his rally statement, affirming that the representatives of sixty nations would "rise up, barehanded if necessary" to oppose renewed aggression. A "Resolution of World Representatives of the Unification Church International from 60 Nations" similarly stated that "if the North Korean Communists should ever invade the Republic of Korea, we shall immediately organize a voluntary army of crusaders to preserve and defend our holy land."

Kathryn Coman

I had a personal experience with Father while I was in Barrytown in 1975, which taught me a great deal about Father's relationships with others. I'll relate it here. I was in the first 120-day training under Rev. Sudo.

Father had come and spoken with us. He didn't leave Barrytown right away. All the trainees continued with our normal afternoon activities. We were in the process of creating Father and Mother's path. Shortly after we got started, the word was passed on that Father was further down on the path. A number of us dropped what we were doing and immediately went to see him.

I was one of the first few individuals who arrived. Father was seated on the ground at the base of a tree, overlooking the lagoon. At this point the path did almost a U-turn and the tree was located at what would be the bottom of the U. Father was sitting facing the woods, and thus those who began to gather around him. I plowed my way through the brush until I was about five feet directly in front of him, and positioned myself leaning against a tree. One by one, the trainees began to gather. Some were sitting, some standing. All just being with Father.

As inevitably happens, someone offered to sing a song. Someone else recited a poem. As I stood there listening and watching (I am always fascinated by Father and how he reacts to events and people around him), I began to ask myself, "Should I offer a song or something?" As I did so, I heard Father's voice inside me speak to get my attention. Father's heart reached out to mine, enveloped it, and drew it back inside him.

Father then began to show me how he loved each and every person there. As each person would offer their contribution, he would explain to me, "If I look at this person, they'll freak out; so I'll just sit here, and take my shoes off and pick my toes." Some people he would look at directly. For some he would stare off into the woods. The expression on his face would change. Each time he would explain to me why his external reaction was that way, and give his heart and love to them. Because my heart was enveloped in his, a piece of me was given also.

We spent a very long time gathered together there on the path. I never offered a song, but then I had already offered my heart. After Father left the path, he departed for East Garden. My team gathered together to pray. I then asked God never to let me forget what

Father taught, though certainly the lesson was one that can take a lifetime to completely learn.

Susan Felsenthal

I was a cook at Barrytown in 1975. Hyo Jin was running around all over the place there. He ran into the kitchen with something in his hand. He handed it to a few other sisters who got grossed out by whatever it was he had. Then he went out and got some more and came back to me. He handed it to me with a very mischievous and sneaky look on his face. I said, "What's this?" He said, "Squid." I took it still warm from his hand and said, "Thank you." He suddenly looked so disappointed and continued on looking for his next victim to gross out.

I think this happened around 1975. It was the time before Barrytown was a Seminary. The time was just before the missionaries went to the foreign countries, and Rev. Sudo was giving 120-day training.

Ed (Ralph) Branch

I was in Barrytown for the 120-day training in 1975. This was the first time I actually saw True Father in person. I was about 50 yards away on the outer fringes of a crowd of about 250 brothers and sisters who were crowded around the doorway where True Father emerged to get into his car and depart Barrytown.

I had a spiritual experience that I can only describe as this: My impression of True Father was that I somehow understood that this man was the only really natural person I had ever laid eyes upon, i.e., True Father is the only person who really fits into this world completely without question. He is as natural here as any tree you walk up to in the deep natural woods. You would never walk up to a tree in the woods and ask out loud, "OK, who put this here? Don't you know it should be standing over there, three yards from where it now stands?!" That is a completely ridiculous thought, of course, but that's exactly how natural I perceived True Father to be. He belongs here on this planet as naturally as I accept a tree I see standing in the woods. Both are without question, natural, normal and perfect existences.



Barrytown International Training Center, later to become the Unification Theological Seminary

ment. In essence, the effort was to develop not just core membership, but hardcore membership. As Mr. Sudo put it, the movement's purpose over the next seven years was "to swallow the world." There were at least four ways in which the Barrytown experience departed from the previous pattern. First, there was a much sharper distinction drawn between the Church and the "outside world." Under the early missionaries and during the Day of Hope tours, the effort had been to establish a common base and points of contact with the wider society. There was a strong emphasis on achieving public acceptance, and even symbolic forms of good will such as civic proclamation or keys to cities were valued and sought. Barrytown Training imparted more a sense of competition. Or, as Mr. Sudo put it, "We must exceed the world. In order for Cain to obey Abel, Abel must exceed Cain."

A second departure was the stress placed on loyalty to one's immediate central figure and the necessity to recognize one's fallen nature. These points also were part of the Church's past tradition in America. However, there also was a history of divisiveness, particularly during the early mission period. In addition,

At the same time that he was launching the worldwide mission, Rev. Moon was working to transform the movement in America. In particular, he challenged the American membership to quicken their pace of numerical growth by more closely emulating the standard of faith and witnessing methods utilized in the East, especially Japan. To that end, he instituted a 120-day training program at Barrytown, New York under the leadership of Mr. Ken Sudo, "recognized as a great teacher in the Japanese movement." According to Rev. Moon, the minimum number of members necessary to influence the United States in a positive direction was 30,000, a goal that he hoped to attain by 1978. He also needed substantially more members to successfully undertake ambitious evangelistic campaigns at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument. Barrytown Training was to be the starting point for a new pattern of education, and Rev. Moon wanted "to re-train the entire American movement."

Barrytown Training under Mr. Sudo was a significant departure from the former orientation of the American move-

during the Day of Hope era, at least according to Mr. Sudo, more emphasis was placed on external accomplishments than on developing an internal life of faith. Mr. Sudo noted that it was relatively easy for the membership to have faith in God and in Rev. Moon but difficult to have faith in one's direct superior. However, this was the secret of success in the Japanese movement. Also, rather than have members focus on external accomplishments, Mr. Sudo "sent them out into the snow to pray for a few hours to really humble themselves before God and to repent."

A third departure was the emphasis on individual "pioneer" witnessing. Again, this also was part of the American church's past tradition from the arrival of its first missionaries to the setting up of state and local centers. However, once the "center" tradition was established, members were raised and functioned within a supportive, family-style environment. During the Day of Hope era, strong emphasis was placed on the "team" concept, particularly within the International One World Crusade. Rev. Moon became convinced that the movement could not reach its goals at the current rate of growth and, therefore, "outlined plans for restructuring the American movement, gradually replacing the regional system with independent pioneer missions in the field." This method had been successful in expanding the Church's outreach to villages in Korea. It also was regularly employed in Japan. Rev. Moon believed that "the new system of independent missionaries" was "the quickest way to increase membership." Barrytown was the training ground for these missionaries.

Finally, there was a stronger sense of urgency, desperation and heaviness, or what Rev. Moon termed "overburdened responsibility" in one of his sermons. Previously, members had felt a sense of urgency and worked hard to meet goals. However, the primary motivating factor for their efforts was the vision of an ideal society and world. This was the underlying dynamic and what empowered members during the Day of Hope tours. Ironically, having attained a certain level of accomplishment, the movement felt more rather than less pressure to succeed and a greater fear of failure. The utter collapse of U.S. policy in Indochina and the fall of Vietnam to communist forces reinforced these feelings and stimulated the vivid articulation of apocalyptic scenarios. According to Mr. Sudo,

Unless we can fulfill our mission...many people will be killed by Communism. Hundreds, thousands, millions of people will be killed by communists. The first victim will be the Unification Church.... If it happens, how terrible it will be. Can you imagine the bloody tragedy of brothers and sisters who are being tortured and raped? Tortured and killed by Communists—screaming, shouting and finally killed. Can you imagine? If you truly love your brothers and sisters, you will not be able to bear such a tragedy. This is the providential situation....



Barrytown Training became the major focus of the American movement during 1975. In January, thirty-eight state leaders were participating in an expanded 100-day program. At a February 24th Director's Conference, "older" members and those with college degrees were directed to go to Barrytown immediately. In March, those preparing for overseas mission joined others from the field at Barrytown, and Rev. Moon called on the movement's ten regional leaders to attend. In May, the wives of older members and IOWC members from the field were added. In June, Mr. Sudo counted 500 core witnesses at Barrytown. Beginning in June and during the second half of 1975, "Barrytown pioneers" went to the field, first in the Northeast region and later throughout the nation.

To a large extent, Barrytown Training was a Japanese import. That is, the movement attempted to cultivate the attitudes and methods in witnessing that had been successful in Japan. The same was true for the movement's financial operation. If Mr. Sudo became the *de facto* director of education of the American Church, Mr. Takeru Kamiyama became its fundraising director. This was only appropriate as funds from Japan were fueling the movement's evangelistic campaigns in the U.S. and Korea as well as its major property purchases. To some extent, the Japanese outlook and modes of operation became even more pervasive in the church's mobile fundraising teams, or MFTs. There was an even clearer distinction between the church and the world as, unlike witnesses, mobile fundraisers had occasion for only very temporary and superficial interaction with outsiders. Loyalty to one's immediate central figure, or, in MFT terminology, to one's "captain" or "commander" was far more strongly



*Pioneers at Barrytown,
shortly before leaving for
their missions*

stressed, and members were expected to grow in faith, offering sincere devotion to "mobilize the spiritual world" and thereby, increase result. Although there was a strong team system, fundraisers had to "pioneer" products and area and rarely worked with others but were entirely on their own virtually all day, every day. MFT members were desperate and urgent, just as witnessing members were to meet goals, and because of success, many nurtured hopes of being future business and corporation leaders. At the same time, apocalyptic scenarios of the sort outlined by Mr. Sudo were also a source of motivation.

The MFT existed in a kind of parallel universe to the church and grew proportionately to the witnessing providence. The original MFT teams worked 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. five days a week. However, during 1973-74 there was pressure to step up funding for the rental of Madison Square Garden and other Day of Hope stops, and fundraisers increased their pace, working as many as twelve hours a day, six or seven days a week. Results also increased from \$70-100 daily averages to \$200-300 averages, with top fundraisers generating highs of \$900-1,000 on a single day. As of May 1975, there were six two-van National Headquarters teams consisting of about ninety members who covered West Virginia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Maryland, and parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The rest of the country was covered by "Father's Task Force MFT" with 350 members. In November, two hundred additional members joined the MFT and it was consolidated under Mr. Kamiyama.

Brothers Must Be Leaders

Laura Taylor Hayashi

After the Washington Monument Rally, and after some of the headlines from the victory had worn off, something still remained. The bills. Guess who got to pay for various “incidentals”? The local church. All 12 of us. It was truly impossible. But of course, we did it with God’s grace.

One story from that era is of my fundraising team. It didn’t start out as my team. Our captain would always give morning service with the theme, “Brothers Must Be Leaders.” I didn’t mind, but as the only sister on the team I wondered what this would have to do with me. It was a nice time. I enjoyed fundraising, could see the importance of it at that time, and somehow did okay in result. Not all the other members could manifest the same fortune, so I wanted to try hard to bring some inspiration as well as result. When our captain had to leave, who became captain? The only sister, of course! So much for brothers being leaders, I thought!

I really didn’t want another masculine-type responsibility, but as I looked around, I could see that as wonderful as these brothers were, they could use a little development before taking on the whole responsibility. So I tried to develop a “feminine” leadership style in a traditionally masculine role. I thought of Barbara Stanwick in all those cowboy movies. And I thought of a ranch where the Mom was widowed and her and the boys had to somehow make it together.

I gave each of the members a specific responsibility. Sometimes, it seemed much more work than actually doing the task myself, but my vision was helpful to sustain the effort. I could see them growing in grace daily. We grew quite close, and we had so many laughs, tears, and now warm memories.

Once, I had no area and no product left and no time. I still had to drop one member, go back to the center, and make the next pick up. Very tight. He had one case of candy left, so I thought. I said, “Do you have faith?” He said, “Yes!”

I said, “OK, here is your area.” We were silent. There was nothing at all except a maximum security prison. I explained I had little choice at the moment, but since that was the case, God must provide. So amazingly cheerful, he jumped out. I drove off in sorrow and amazement. Thank God for young men like these, I

thought. I hoped it wouldn’t be too bad. When I returned, he had sold out! Believe it or not, they had a wedding inside the prison that day. And incredibly, they let him in! He had faith. I always said, go to find God! Don’t come back with a lame story about spiritual result; we need the money! But the first priority is to find God, and then result will come.

How happy I was to see that one day when I was looking for this huge lumberjack of a member. He reminded me of Paul Bunyon, especially when he went off through an aquaduct carrying a literal wooden barrel of candy on his shoulder. Another time, I dropped a member who was physically very young off in a parking lot. I hoped and prayed he would do well.

He was kind of “spiritually open,” and would sometimes do incredibly well and other times tell me about how many birds he had seen while he was out. We really needed the money, so I hoped we would have bills, not birds, on this occasion. When I returned, there was a whole crowd, and police had cordoned off the area. I asked what was going on. I was told there was a crazy guy shooting on the roof. What repentance I had. I thought, I sent this young man to his death. How spiritually insensitive of me. How evil.

Then, someone tapped me on the shoulder. He was spiritually led to go to a different area, and returned for the pick up. Thank God for those who are “spiritually led.”

We liked to have fun, and when working in Manassas, Virginia, I told them about the 1st and 2nd battles of Manassas. About how Manassas and Ephriam were Cain and Abel pairs. About how memories from this battle were one of the seeds for the formation of the KKK. So we were to engage in the 3rd battle of Manassas, to regain this area for God. We laid siege on the IBM building. You can imagine their security. They even had someone with a golf cart going around. We had so many good stories when we returned, and a lot of fun. The best was the fund-raiser who encountered a camera and a mechanical voice which wanted his ID number. He read the number from the candy box. The door opened, and he sold out.

I thought one fund-raiser was going to have a heart attack on his birthday! We had planned a surprise birthday party, and everyone was waiting at a table, hiding behind their menus. He was last, and I dropped him off to “blitz” the restaurant. Not only did they drop their menus and yell “Happy Birthday,” but the management

brought out a bass drum and they were all singing and they gave him some cake or something as well. We had a ball. All of us grew so much from our experiences. And yes, all the brothers did become leaders.

Paul Rosenbaum

It was well known in the region I fundraised in, during 1976-1978, that Father wanted us to be proud of the church, and for the most part we all wore our badges. Now I was always losing mine, which isn't unusual, because I've always had a hard time with certain material things. (Happily, by now I've overcome the habit of losing badges, wallets, watches and driver's licenses.)

Anyway, one day I was fundraising, selling candles in downtown Houston. I remember it was a cool, sunny, early winter morning, and something told me to go across the street and fundraise in the old charming Rice Hotel. I walked into the lobby, and even though I didn't have my glasses on (I lost them, I think), I could just feel that somebody important was sitting on one of the lounge chairs in the lobby. Maybe a politician; there were lots of bodyguards around.

I noticed that it was Muhammed Ali, don't ask me how, my vision was very blurry, but spirit world must have told me or something like that—I knew it was him. I wanted to get his attention and I wanted to get him to buy a candle. Maybe I thought it would be one heck of a testimony when I got back in the van.

Anyway, I just kind of sidled up to him, in my invisible sort of way and doing my very best Howard Cosell voice, I said, "Mr. Ali, you are the greatest, sir, yes, you are the greatest! How about buying a candle for our local Christian youth counseling center?"

He just turned, ever so slightly, and looked me right in the eye, and said, "Who you selling these for?" I was stopped right in my tracks. I thought he'd laugh at my Howard Cosell voice, but instead he was challenging me to stand up for what I believed. I said I was fundraising for a local Christian Youth center, but didn't say Unification Church or Rev. Moon. But I knew that's what he was asking me, and funny thing is, I knew he knew as well. He smelled the candles and picked two, a blue one and a green one, I think, and asked one of his goons to pay me. Which they did, but it took some time, cause all they carried were twenties and hundreds. And

two candles was just five bucks.

What happened that morning in Texas stayed with me, all these long years later. Muhammed Ali asked me, "Really? Is that who you're fundraising for?" and I, who was well practiced in defending my line, as I thought it was the absolute truth, and should have been good enough for anyone to make a "good condition" of buying, said, "Yes, that's really who I'm doing this for." But in my heart, at the time, I said, "No, I'm doing this for Rev. Moon and the Unification Church!!!" That's what my heart said, but that's not what came out of my mouth.

I found out later, from a sister I knew well, that Muhammed Ali really respected True Father and our movement, and often challenged our fundraisers to speak up and be proud of who we were. Muhammed Ali himself, when told that he was the greatest, before the sports media was known to have said, "No, I am not the greatest. Reverend Moon, now, he is the greatest!!!"

Just think, if I'd been as honest with my mouth that day in the Rice Hotel lobby, maybe Muhammed Ali would have said that to me. Instead he only took a whiff of my candles and paid five dollars. But it sobered me up, and I have to say that from that time onward, I sought to wear my ID badge, and I really respected the brothers and sisters who flaunted that. After all, this was the Bible Belt, so standing up for what you believed was not always the most popular thing to do.

Sometimes you wound up with a fundamental Christian youth group praying for you, standing around you in a circle, like a Jesus Coven, speaking in tongues and praying for Satan to be driven from you, in the mighty name of Jeesuhhssss!! It used to make me realize how miserable Jesus must have felt when they did that.

Anyway, the brother whom I loved the most in our region was Howie Comis. This brother would wear a baseball cap that had S.M.MOON written on it in big gold or white letters. He also wore a big T-shirt that said "I'M WITH MOON" emblazoned on it. And what was amazing, he said, was that he received almost no persecution. When he just wore the thing and went up to people, it was like taking all the negativity away from them. Because he advertised his presence, people almost always, after some time, just said nothing negative, and almost always bought whatever he was fundraising with. He taught me a big lesson, big time. Whenever I want a smile, I can always remember Howie Comis. He was one amazing saint.

Pamela Valente Kulmann

I remember fundraising all night in front of a White Castle. I was stirring my coffee and I fell into it, asleep. Then I went outside. There was nobody outside, and it was freezing, the dead of winter in Chicago. I went into the street to fundraise the cars, and it was the middle of the night. I fell asleep standing up in the middle of the road. I woke up and said, "This is really dangerous!"

I always worked with a sister named Maria. I was the oldest, she was the youngest. She fell asleep every night counting her money. After we counted the money we could eat and go to sleep. The money was all over the floor. We'd hand it back to her and it would happen again. Then someone else would count the money and give her the hamburger. Then she'd fall asleep again and the hamburger fell on the floor. Once she went into a bathroom and never came out; she slept for the whole fundraising period. We were always exhausted.

Mary Ann Schaffer-Wigton

Fundraising, witnessing, communal living, unison prayer, mobilizing for festivals and events at a moment's notice, intimate meetings with the messiah and his bride sitting on the floor of their living room in Pasadena shoulder to shoulder with other members...fighting to stay awake to listen to every word He has to say, fasting, going on faith alone because if the messiah said we could do these great and wonderful things...we could...we did.... People couldn't believe what we could accomplish in such a short time.... It proved to many of us that God really is alive.

I was approached by a businessman in a grocery store parking lot who had been watching me sell candy. He said that he wanted to hire me and commented that the "Moonies" are the hardest working and happiest people he had ever seen and that there must be something good about this man we followed.

These experiences gave a richness to my life and helped me to become a better person, and a deeper person. There is no amount of money that can buy this kind of richness. It was Father's gift to me. My birth parents couldn't provide me with this for fear they would lose my love.... They didn't know the truth.

Father came to me in spirit once after I had worked long hard hours and felt like no one knew. We were driving home to California (straight through...not stopping except to get gas and use the toilet...sleeping in the sardine-packed van as we rumbled along) from New York after accomplishing Yankee Stadium in 1976. I had had a not-so-special mission to help clean up the New Yorker Hotel which had just been purchased. I knew how hard I had worked but I didn't think anyone else but God noticed. Father came to me in spirit and kissed my cheek and said "thank you." He made me cry in gratitude for His visit. I can still feel the soft kiss on my cheek when I think about Father.

I ran out of product once (candy) and I sold the empty carrying box for \$5 to a delightful, and very happy woman, then started asking for donations with no product. That was in '76 when \$5 was \$5. I was high on God that night.

Oh, treasured memories. I would like to thank those who have stuck it through for so many years and made it possible for Father to succeed. Even with my treasured memories I left the fold...for reasons that I can't blame anyone but myself. Following the messiah is a life full of richness, but it is not at all easy.

Three full bows to those who have stuck with it through thick and thin for so many years. Nothing has shaken your faith. Job well done.

David Balise

When I think back, I realize how much I learned about God, myself and relationships, through the years I spent on MFT. There are so many amazing memories!

For example, on God's Day 1975 all the teams met together to celebrate. Mr. Kamiyama wrote a personal message to each member. Most of them were full of praise and gratitude. I remember my shock and disappointment on reading mine: "You must overcome yourself before you can overcome others. Get victory by fighting against your own fallen nature."

This message prompted me to do some deep soul-searching. I realized that I had been very self-centered. I was preoccupied with my own standing on our team. Whenever I was having a really bad day, I found myself hoping that others were also not doing well, so that I wouldn't look bad!

I determined from that point on that no matter how well I did, I would hope and pray that everyone else would do better than me. What a liberating moment! I really began to love working with the other people on my team. I could enjoy their successes. My fundraising results also improved dramatically, which was an unexpected

benefit. The idea of "living for the sake of others" began to become real to me. Another example: in autumn 1975 I was a struggling new team captain. I had no confidence to do the job well. Then I was transferred to Mr. Sawamukai's region.

Every time I would call Mr. Sawamukai at his office, the receptionist would say, "Telephone for you, Mr. Sawamukai." In the background I could hear Mr. Sawamukai answer, "I'm busy right now," or something to that effect. Then the receptionist would say, "It's David," and then I would hear Mr. Sawamukai say, "Oh, David! Let me talk with him!"

Then he would tell me how well I was doing, how glad he was that I was in his region, etc. I felt that I was his favorite team captain. My self-confidence soared! Within a few weeks I was a new person. I began to see myself the way he saw me.

About a month later I spent a day at Mr. Sawamukai's office. I was surprised to see that he did the same thing when each team captain called, no matter who it was! Then I began to understand what real leadership is. He made each of us feel special.

God's Day, 1975. David (right) with MFT Team 13 members: John Hessell, Bob Kleiman, John Cullen, Dan Stana and Tony Aparo; (front) Kathy Heany, Angie Giorgio and Shirly Gricar.



Problems at Home

The inability of the Barrytown Pioneer Program to bring substantial results and the extreme hostility that arose against the movement in the United States during 1975 were two serious problems that had negative effects throughout the following decade. The difficulties of the Barrytown pioneers and the inability of the church, with the exception of its West Coast branch, to come up with a witnessing strategy that worked made it impossible for the movement to meet its membership goals. Vehement opposition and a negative public image also hindered numerical growth. Ironically, many of the very measures the movement utilized to launch its worldwide mission were the same measures that triggered the most intensely negative reactions. In light of these debilitating problems, what advances the church could make were all the more remarkable.

Much was expected of church evangelists and witnesses. Rev. Moon's direction was that each month every witnessing member should bring one full-time convert. This was the origin of the movement's "1-1-1" motto. Moreover, members should accomplish this for seven years, bringing a total of eighty-four "spiritual children," a number understood "to restore the failure of the 12 apostles and 72 disciples of Jesus." This was a challenging condition under the best of circumstances. For a movement that had not yet attained institutional stability, which demanded uncompromising, full-time dedication of new members and about which there was increasing public skepticism, the expectation was even more of a challenge. In fact, although the movement grew substantially between 1972-74, this level of result was not achieved. However, Rev. Moon continued to stress fulfillment of the "1-1-1" as a precondition of success in America. "Our first priority," he said, "should be to bring people, before taking time to eat, sleep, study, or do anything else." This was why Rev. Moon set up Barrytown Training and why, early in the program, he increased the witnessing condition to "1-1-3" with the expectation that each of the 120-day program graduates would bring three new people each month.

The Barrytown pioneers were not up to this task. A first group of fourteen participants who entered the witnessing phase of the program on May 18th managed to bring three guests to a seven-day workshop during their initial ten days in the field, and the Church's ten regional directors who completed an abbreviated version of Barrytown Training brought an average of four new members each over forty days. However, these were exceptional members and each of the regional leaders went out with three assistants. The vast majority of Barrytown pioneers were relatively new members with limited or no leadership experience. With immense pressure on them to produce, having been isolated from the field during the sixty-day lecture cycle at Barrytown, and faced with increasing public negativity, many pioneers became dysfunctional and even left the Church. The Barrytown Training staff recognized the problem and set up a system of pioneer trinities, coaches and itinerant workers for support. They also designed ques-

tionnaires and approach books to be used in witnessing and equipped pioneers with battery-powered P.A. systems for street preaching, white boards, tapes and lecture outlines and printed copies of Mr. Sudo's speeches. Nevertheless, by late summer, reports in Church publications were emphasizing spiritual breakthroughs of pioneers more than their concrete results.

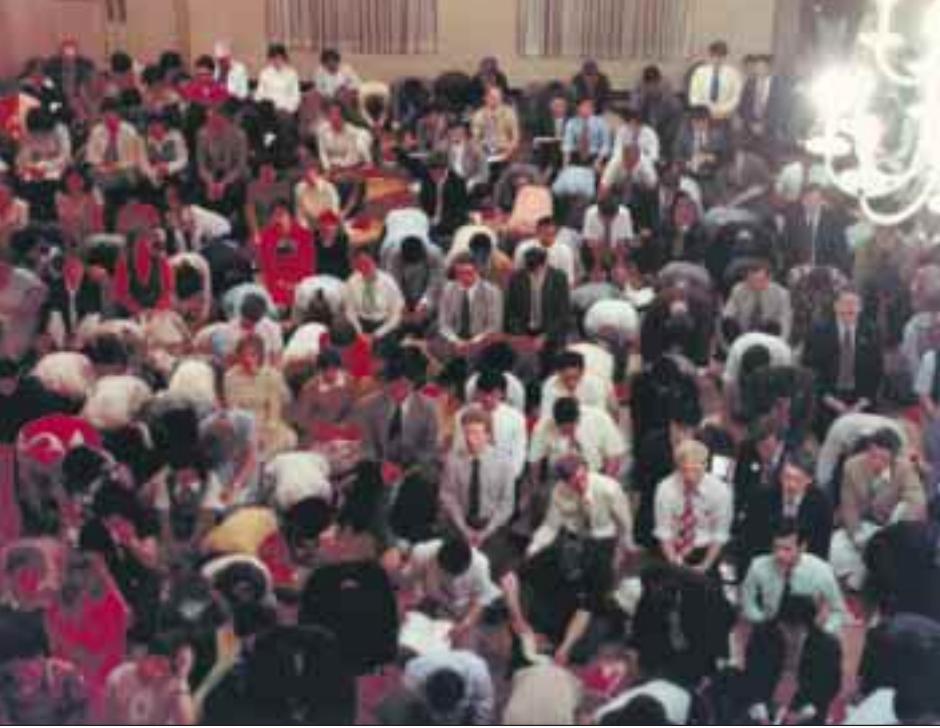
The total of Barrytown pioneers plus "helpers" assisting in various states rose to 153 by October, or three for each state.

However, when Mr. Sudo conducted a tour of eight Northeast states, he discovered that only four out of twenty-one pioneers were actually pioneering. They were not praying enough, were uncentered and depressed. This led to an all-night prayer vigil at Bear Mountain State Park, across the Hudson River from Tarrytown, New York, an emergency meeting at Barrytown, and a two-pronged strategy "to free the pioneers to pioneer." The first step was practical. Pioneers were asked to remove themselves from state centers where they had run into heavy financial burdens of previous Day of Hope campaigns, ambitious property purchases or debts caused by general inexperience. Forty-six did so immediately. The second step was spiritual. Mr. Sudo identified the accomplishment of "1-1-3" with the "New Age of Pentecost" and on November 1, 1975 initiated a 5:30 a.m. "Prayer Offensive to Save America." Two days later, while running in a relay race after lunch during a church holiday, Mr. Sudo fell and dislocated his right shoulder. Although he continued gamely from his hospital bed, signing 150 letters to state pioneers with his left hand, his immobilized and painful situation symbolized the state of the pioneer program. In November, a final group of 67 went to the field, bringing the total number of state pioneers to 300. They were expected to remain in their missions through the movement's Yankee Stadium campaign scheduled for the following June. Although Rev. Moon spoke of a two-month training session after Yankee Stadium for 3,000 pioneers who then would be responsible to increase ten-fold, it became apparent that he was not placing all of his eggs in the Barrytown basket.

Few, if any, Americans were aware of these internal problems. For most, the Church had burst into public consciousness with great force and suddenness and presented a frightening prospect. There were reports in the press of seemingly happy and well-adjusted young people dropping out of college or univer-



*Barrytown trainees
entertaining*



Members praying during a Sunday Service at the newly purchased Columbia University Club building, later to become HSA-UWC National Headquarters, New York

sity to sell candy and flowers on the streets for up to eighteen hours a day. For families that had "lost" a son or daughter, news of the church's "mass-marriages" or that Rev. Moon was regarded by his followers as the "second Christ" was not comforting. More ominous was a May 1975 NBC documentary which, utilizing a heavily Orientalized voice-over, reported on a suicide and trauma cases at Barrytown, and provided film footage of members from the movement's Northern California branch denying any affiliation with the church. Equally ominous were reports that the church's worldwide

membership was committed to defend South Korea's 38th Parallel at the cost of their lives. Spectacular real estate purchases including a significant portion of greenbelt land in Tarrytown, New York and the former Columbia University Club in mid-town Manhattan continued to fuel suspicions, and in November, the *New York Daily News*, in a five-part series, stated that Rev. Moon was "fanatically interested" in obtaining power in the United States. These reports and others helped to create a climate of extreme hostility toward the church and to stimulate the beginnings of organized opposition.

The most immediate threat faced by the church were vigilante-style "deprogrammings." There were a number of incidents in which members were abducted, confined and pressured to leave the church by paid "deprogrammers" and their assistants, usually previously "deprogrammed" ex-members. Ted Patrick, a San Diego-based California state social worker nicknamed "Black Lightning," was the most well-known "deprogrammer." By June 1975, he or his associates had kidnapped twelve church members. Their premise was that members were "brainwashed," subjected to "mind control," and, in effect, "programmed" by the church. Hence, they needed to be "deprogrammed." Patrick contended that Unification Church recruiters practiced "on-the-spot hypnosis" and the same brainwashing techniques as the North Koreans. Members were "robots" or "zombies" who needed to be taken out "bodily." Once taken, teams of deprogrammers, ex-members and sometimes parents and relatives took turns pressuring confined members in marathon sessions lasting hours or even days. It was not a pleasant experience. In July 1975, when Andrew Wilson, the leader of the Brooklyn Church, returned after having been held for one month by Patrick, the *New York Times*, *New York Post*, *Newsweek*, Associated Press, and four local television stations all sent representatives to a press conference.

Abduction

Dr. Andrew Wilson (written in 1977)

As director of the Brooklyn center, I drove my members to our witnessing office on Remsen St. and parked the van in a lot behind the A&S department store. At 12:00 I had an appointment to meet my mother for lunch. I had arranged to meet her at her hairdressers, La Coupe, on Madison Ave. and 62nd St., Manhattan. I took the subway to Manhattan, not at all suspicious of anything, since twice previously we had lunch together by the same arrangements.

At La Coupe, I met my mother, my brother Steven, and my aunt, Judy Pestronk. We walked towards my mother's car (a 1975 Cadillac deVille, red) when I was grabbed from behind by two men: Joe Alexander, Jr., and another man who identified himself as "Goose." Both were in their twenties. They grabbed me and shoved me into the back seat of the car. My mother, brother and aunt sat in the front; Goose and Joe Alexander sat on either side of me in the back, and my mother drove, following Joe Alexander's instructions, out of the city to Connecticut. In the car I found it useless to struggle, and I decided not to grab the wheel and cause an accident for fear of endangering my mother's life.

We drove to a house owned by Mr. Gervissanni in a small Connecticut town, probably Wilton, north of Norwalk, Ct. I identified the house later to Farley Jones and we scouted it and took pictures. I was put in the basement from which the only exit was a spiral staircase, guarded by Goose. Goose is a big man—about 6'2", 220 lbs. All the doors and windows were locked and nailed shut. Indeed, this house was well prepared for deprogramming and served as a regular location.

I stayed in that house for five days. I tried to get out once, the first night, but Goose stopped me with a head lock and forced me back downstairs. It was forced imprisonment. When I slept, someone was always watching me. Awake, I was kept in the basement except for a few times when I was allowed upstairs in the company of my parents.

June 12-17 Deprogramming

In the house I met my deprogrammers, namely, Ted Patrick, Sondra, his secretary, Dr. George Swope and Joe Alexander, Jr. (son of the Joe Alexander in Arizona), who

as I mentioned, directed my abduction. The first deprogrammers to work on me were Joe Alexander, Jr., and Dr. Swope. First they talked to me, played tapes such as the NBC documentary, tried to reason from the Bible, and showed me newspaper clippings. They said that they just wanted me to "think." When I was unwilling to think their way, they accused me of hating my parents, and that I was brainwashed and had no control over my own mind. Joe Alexander, Jr. said that I would never leave that basement until I had left the church. Dr. Swope brought my parents downstairs, and tried to get me to say that I would kill my parents if Rev. Moon told me to, but I refused to take such bait and said "no." Later that evening, Ted Patrick arrived, together with Sondra and Tom Dulack, his ghostwriter.

Ted Patrick used a combination of techniques to break me down: 1) Rational argument, to get me to admit things he could later twist and use against me; 2) 3rd-degree sessions of Mr. Patrick cursing and accusing Rev. Moon of being Satan incarnate, a pimp, a snake, ripping up his picture, and much more, accusing me of being insane, a zombie, a prostitute, and everything under the sun. These often ran four or five hours at a time, and one night they kept me up 24 hours straight, throwing water on my face if I started to sleep, and getting me so disoriented that I didn't know what I was saying. 3) Emotional appeals from my parents—these were the toughest to resist: I could stand hours of Ted Patrick's ranting and raving without getting emotionally involved, but I had to respond to my parents' emotional outbursts. They would ask questions like, "If your mother died and Rev. Moon told you that you could not go to her funeral, what would you do?" "Would you kill your mother for Rev. Moon?"

My parents, who love me, sitting there watching this display would become so upset, and I became so angry inside, not at my family, but at the deprogrammers and the way they were manipulating my parents and myself. I couldn't help but respond to all the abuse, and I began to bend to their way of thinking. Then as soon as I showed signs of coming around to his viewpoint, Ted Patrick changed to his fourth tactic, 4) and became a kind of father figure, kind and concerned, offering to help me start a new life. He would tell me about himself, cloaked in the self-righteousness of a moral crusader, and tried to make me his confidant. 5) Behind all of this was the ever-present fact of my imprisonment, with the threat that I would never go free until I left the church. I wanted nothing more than

to get away from that oppressive atmosphere.

By this time, I knew that they were expecting me to become deprogrammed and that my best hope for a quick escape lay in playing along. I began to relax, to talk more and more, and to play their game, while internally, my faith was still strong. Though I could battle with them on many aspects of our church and Rev. Moon, I found that they could not argue logically about the teachings of the Divine Principle. Their arguments were stupid and uninformed, taken mostly from critical newspaper articles, and I knew where they coming from—ignorance. When I asked them any questions about the deeper aspects of the Principles, they could only argue that it is not the Bible, or that the Principle was written by somebody else, or some other irrelevant answer, and could not touch its contents. Since I could not deny what I knew to be true and since they had no logical arguments to prove it false, I could keep that deep within myself as a rock-solid foundation on which I could keep my sanity and strong faith in God, in the Unification Church and Rev. Moon. Following the biblical injunction not to “throw pearls before swine,” I never argued about the teachings again, but I kept them secret within my heart.

I was cooperating, so Dr. Swope left, knowing that I was in good hands with Ted Patrick. I had several good intellectual conversations with Tom Dulack. He seemed the only person there who was willing to talk openly with me and with some respect for me as a person, though he disagreed with the church. Everyone else there was acting in a way calculated to alter my beliefs, as if I were a puppet to be manipulated. The more I cooperated, the better my chances to escape, so I became more comfortable with my parents and began eating with them upstairs, waiting to see when they would send me home. Instead they offered a month in Canada for “rehabilitation.” After five days in Connecticut, I agreed to go to Canada, where my imprisonment would be more lax and I could more easily get away.

June 17-July 15 Nova Scotia Rehabilitation

My mother, my brother and a guard drove me from Connecticut to Boston where my brother and I took a plane to Halifax, Nova Scotia. There we met Dr. John North and his family who live in Kentville, Nova Scotia. Dr. North has two sons, Steve and Alan (both 19-25 yrs.) and several younger daughters. Their mother died some years earlier. Dr. North is a veterinarian and a well-

respected citizen in town. Alan had been a member of Hare Krishna before being deprogrammed and Steve, who had assisted in his brother's deprogramming, became something of a disciple of Ted Patrick: he had spent about a month with him the previous summer. He became my principal counselor and guard.

The Norths have a house in town and cottage on a lake ten miles from town. Everywhere I went, I was guarded by one or more people. In the house they had chimes set up to warn if I should make a break for it. At the cottage, I slept on a bunk eight feet off the floor, and Dr. North hired guards from among Steve's friends to watch me. While my brother was there, he would set his cot across the door of my bedroom to keep me in.

In this context they encouraged me to lead a normal life: drink, take pot, go out with girls, express anger and hatred towards the church, and take initiatives to restart my old life. The most important sign was to declare that Rev. Moon exploited me under mind control, and that I'd sign a notarized statement renouncing my affiliation with the church. As a test, I should willingly participate in the deprogramming of others and support my renunciation publicly. During this period I could “enjoy” myself with swimming, boating, fishing, hiking, reading and resting, but for me it was agonizing, playing their game and keeping my faith secret. Every few days we'd have a session, and I'd have to admit more and more lies to show them I was being rehabilitated.

After one week I made an escape attempt at 6 a.m. I ran out of the house and called New York from a phone booth. I spoke to Atsuko, a Japanese sister who encouraged me to humbly play along and suggested that I go to the police. That proved to be a mistake. The police were cooperating with the Norths and called them to the station. Then the police all disappeared while Dr. North and his sons dragged me from the station with a jacket over my head and my arm twisted so I wouldn't scream.

After that incident, I was sequestered to the cottage, and they called in ex-member Shelly Turner, who spent a week with me. I didn't like her at all. I made more efforts to cooperate after a week in the cottage and gradually broadened my circle of friends among Steve's acquaintances.

A short while later I was able to try another escape after I was back at the house in town, but this one didn't get past the front door before I was caught—so I made excuses that I'd momentarily “slipped back.” So then I continued to make positive efforts to play along—drinking beer, calling my parents to tell them I missed them and

that I was "cured," and even forming a mild relationship with a girl (which fortunately didn't go too far). I even showed an interest in resuming my scientific studies, which used to be my main interest until two years before I joined the church. Gradually my captors began to trust me more and more, although they still watched me or made sure that they could trust the person I was with.

The chance finally came for me to make another phone call to the church in New York without being observed. I went with Steve to visit a friend at his college who had a chemistry lab. The boy was late to the lab and Steve had to go to class—so I was alone. I ran out to a phone booth, called the New York church and spoke to Clark Thompson, who arranged to meet me seven days later at 4 in the morning in front of the house.

During that week between the phone call and my liberation, they trusted me so much that we took excursions to Halifax and Cape Breton Island. In Halifax I had a chance to escape from the apartment where we slept, and in Cape Breton I could have run off into the forest, but I didn't go because I knew that a more sure escape would come in a few days. That week was dangerous for me for another reason—I was developing an intimate relationship with a girl, and if the affair had gone too far it could have been a disaster for my spiritual life. I am sure that my deprogrammers would have liked nothing better than to see me fall in a love relationship, and they encouraged me to spend time with her in these kinds of outings. Being with Pam could help me avoid the pain of sessions with the Norths about the church, and also she seemed a humble and idealistic person. Yet even this relationship was twisted, for I dared not tell her my true feelings about God and religion. I could make her happy and give her my attentions, but she could not know my secret desire to escape and return to the church; I could never trust her with that. I cannot say that I was set up with the girl, rather my situation made me vulnerable to the temptation when it arose. I am grateful that I was not overcome before my rescue.

The day before the scheduled escape, Mike Runyon and Clark came to Nova Scotia, and with the cooperation of the Royal Canadian Mounted police, I was liberated.

Altogether I was imprisoned for 33 days, five in Connecticut and 28 in Canada. All along I had the intention to escape, but I tried to wait until the best moment before attempting to escape, because if I failed, my life would become more difficult. The whole 33 days I was held against my will.



Andrew Wilson at a press conference following his return from his deprogramming experience

Since that ordeal, I have mended the breach between my parents and myself, and although they still do not like the Unification Church, they respect me and my convictions. I have visited them several times and all of us are happy that we can see each other and be frank in our opinions. I have always loved my family and they never ceased to love me; even the deprogramming was done, I am convinced, out of love. The incitement of the news media against the church was so alarming to my parents that they understandably worried about my involvement over and above the fact that I was apostatizing from Judaism and abandoning my career as a doctor or professor. They told me that they attended several meetings of Rabbi Davis's parents group, which further convinced them that they should seek such a desperate way to get me out of the church. At one such meeting they met Ted Patrick, and several months later they contacted him and made plans for my deprogramming. The distortions and lies spread by Rabbi Davis at his meetings and to the press led my parents to believe that I was brainwashed. This is the justification for deprogramming, and my parents desperately seized on that rationale with the false hope that I could be "cured." In fact, they no longer believe that I am brainwashed, and we can argue about our beliefs as rational people with opposing viewpoints do.



Wendy Helander at her press conference

However, Andrew Wilson's case paled in relation to furor over Wendy Helander, an eighteen-year-old Connecticut native who dropped out of school at the University of New Hampshire to join the church in late 1974. About a month later, she was taken from Barrytown and subjected to deprogramming by Ted Patrick. Convinced that she could only win her freedom by agreeing with her captors, she agreed to sign an affidavit stating that she had been brainwashed by the church and in the event the church psychologically or physically "kidnapped" her back, she requested immediate action by the authorities to come and remove her from the "cult." Shortly afterwards, she escaped and returned to the church. A few days later, HSA Headquarters in Washington, D.C.

received a writ of *habeas corpus* ordering the church to bring her to the Superior Court. The church contested the order, and the opposing side maintained that there was reason to believe that she was held against her will. Wendy hired her own lawyer who informed the court that she did not want to appear, fearing another kidnapping attempt.

The dispute went to trial on August 19, 1975. The Helander's lawyers claimed that they would prove that the church had a hold over Wendy as certain "as a gun to her head" and proceeded to produce a succession of deprogrammed ex-members, all of whom had been affiliated for a short time and had been active in Ted Patrick's movement. However, the star witness was Dr. John Clarke, a psychiatrist whose statements that Unification church members had absolutely no free will and had been reduced to "a state not unlike hypnosis" received prominent coverage in the *Washington Post*. The defense more than held its own, producing several church members who had escaped from Patrick. One testified that he tied her up and threatened to kill her. Another testified that he had been forced to sign a similar affidavit and was given Wendy's as a guide. Still another recently escaped member testified that while being held at the Helander's house, he had overheard Mrs. Helander say that she would not hesitate to have Wendy kidnapped and committed to a mental hospital. The defense's star witness also was a psychologist who over objections played a tape recording of an interview with Wendy the night before. He pointed out signs of healthy interaction, and concluded that "she had a capability of exercising free will more than most people, including those in the courtroom." On September 23rd, the judge dismissed the case, stating in a fifteen-page comment that the petitioners had failed to establish that the respondents used "impermissible means...[or] techniques substantially different from those used

by other religious organizations for purposes of converting or proselytizing."

The church had little time to savor this victory as on September 27th, a short-term member from California, recently deprogrammed, took to the media, announcing that she had been "thoroughly brainwashed." The next day, New Jersey State Insurance Commissioner James Sheeran, the father of three daughters in the church, held a press conference to charge that he had been assaulted by at least ten church members and knocked unconscious when he went to Barrytown to get his daughters. In response, the three Sheeran sisters and Barrytown director Joe Tully held a press conference on October 1st. Amid a circus-like atmosphere and with as many as a hundred newspeople with cameras and sound equipment jammed into the church's 71st Street center, Joe Tully maintained that Mr. Sheeran arrived at the training center at 4:40 a.m., having already been informed that his daughters were not there, entered the premises illegally, was "disruptive, violent and utterly unreasonable," persisted with "force and vulgarities," and "struck me repeatedly and bit me on the arm." The charges and counter-charges were inconclusive but provided great theatre for New York tabloids, and Mr. Sheeran's call for a congressional investigation of the church struck a responsive chord for some.

Public hostility and opposition to the movement began to affect some of its projects. The most prominent example in 1975 was the Fourth International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences. The inaugural conference had been held at New York's Waldorf Astoria in 1972. It moved to Tokyo in 1973, London in 1974, and back to New York on November 27-30, 1975. The meeting increased dramatically in size compared with previous conferences, having four section chairmen, 12 committee chairmen, boards of International and American advisors, and some 360 participants from 53 countries, including a number of Nobel laureates. The previous deliberations and proceedings were highly regarded. Nevertheless, questions about the conference's sponsorship surfaced during the summer and led to the withdrawal of two of four section chairmen as well as several committee chairs and advisors, all of whom were replaced. Some who withdrew did not want to lend "credibility to Rev. Moon and his organization." Some were "critical of the methods" understood to be "used by Moon's Unification Church to proselytize and retain members." Others opted out because of the movement's alleged ties to the authoritarian regime in South Korea. Still others objected "to the financing of the conference with funds" said to derive "mainly from street selling by young members."

The Church responded to these threats in a variety of ways. In January, it created a "Committee to Combat Kidnapping." Its Public Affairs Department sent out letters and information packets, held press conferences, ran paid advertisements, sponsored service projects and public events, and retained legal counsel. There was some optimism that the church could go on the offensive. Still, after the extremely negative May 17th NBC documentary on the movement, Neil Salonen acknowledged that Rev. Moon's "name has been hurt in

America." After viewing the same NBC documentary, Rev. Moon admitted, "There may be some people in our movement making mistakes" but noted that all the blame was shifted onto him. In a later speech, he suggested that controversy would help the church "become famous faster." As he put it, "If the [village] dogs don't bark, no one will come out to meet me." Nevertheless, in a speech entitled, "God's Sorrow and Human Ignorance," he stated that he "may have to be jailed in America."

True Parents bless the New Yorker Hotel on May 21, 1976. Here they ask God's blessings on the city.



The Providential Year of 1976

The year 1976 was a year of extremes. On the one hand, it was remembered as the year in which opposition to the movement reached its peak. The kidnapping and deprogramming of members continued, there was a bombing of a church center in France, negative parent groups in the U.S. coalesced and were able to gain a public hearing before a powerful senator and numerous federal officials, and by the end of the year mainstream Jewish, Protestant and Catholic bodies turned on the Church. On the other hand, in spite of these obstacles, the movement carried out rallies on a huge scale at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument; it continued to acquire major properties including the 40-story, 2,000 room New Yorker Hotel which overlooked Madison Square Garden in midtown Manhattan; and on December 31st, the movement began publication of a daily New York newspaper, *The News World*. According to Rev. Moon, his secret and the secret of the Unification Church “is that by being attacked and attacked we emerge victorious and prosperous.” Although there were additional, unexpected peaks of persecution to come, this principle clearly was operative in 1976.

The two major events of the year were the great rallies at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument. Together, they closed out the proclamation phase of Rev. Moon’s ministry in America and provided the foundation for building a substantial movement worldwide. Rev. Moon understood that a failure to achieve success in these rallies would be a serious, even fatal blow to his ministry in America and the world. He also understood that the openness and expressions of goodwill with which the American public had greeted his earlier Day of Hope tours was quickly eroding. Hence, there was a sense of desperation in relation to the two campaigns. In one speech, Rev. Moon stated that the two rallies represented the “greatest battle” he had fought in his life. Convinced that success in America would have a dramatic impact on Europe and Asia, he instructed that “everything” be directed toward the goal of filling Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument grounds.

The movement had eighteen months to prepare for Yankee Stadium. During that time, Rev. Moon inaugurated Barrytown Training in order to expand the church’s membership base as noted. However, he also utilized other means. In July 1975, he set up a 150-member American IOWC team in New York which differed from the Barrytown approach. Whereas the premise of Barrytown Training was that the movement could multiply its membership best through the efforts of solitary pioneers, the IOWC worked according to the previous team model. Secondly, whereas the Barrytown program emphasized obedience and the heavy consequences of failure, the IOWC position was that Rev. Moon had not demanded something from them but “inspired something within them.” It also focused less heavily on negative outcomes. As the principal IOWC speaker, Neil Salonen, put it, “If we just push people down about



*A pre-Yankee Stadium rally
on Wall Street, New York,
May 26, 1976*

how serious this time is, they are not going to be inspired to come." Thus, the IOWC was freer to adapt lighter measures. Its three constituent teams, for example, took the names Yan, Kee, and Stadium. Moreover, a highlight of its mini Day of Hope campaign at the New York Biltmore Hotel included leafletting done by members in skunk, kangaroo, teddy bear, rabbit (pink), squirrel and chipmunk costumes at Grand Central Station, Times Square and Rockefeller Center. One would be hard-pressed to imagine Barrytown pioneers in that garb.

The American IOWC brought 2,000 guests to three nights of talks at the Biltmore Hotel. This inspired Rev. Moon who suggested that they undertake campaigns in New Jersey and Connecticut. In November 1975, still six months before the June 1st, 1976 rally, Rev. Moon revealed his plan to connect the

Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies to the American bicentennial. The movement's "Bicentennial God Bless America Committee" was accepted as a member of the National Bicentennial Service Alliance on the basis that it planned at least one project of national scope and value. However, there also were several ominous developments. In January 1976, the Church felt compelled to publish "The Truth About Rev. Sun Myung Moon" ads in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* to answer criticism. The kidnapping of members continued, and church leaders faced off against critics in the media. But by far the most ominous development was the coalescing of anti-Church associations, such as Citizens Engaged in Re-Uniting Families (CERF) and Citizens Engaged in Freeing Minds (CEFM). On February 18, 1976, these organizations sponsored "A Day of Affirmation and Protest" which included a two-hour presentation of grievances against the Church to U.S. Senator Robert Dole (R-Kansas) and representatives of seven U.S. government agencies.

The meeting before Robert Dole and various federal officials was said to be prompted by a petition signed by 14,000 Kansas residents. Senator Dole emphasized that it was "not a Congressional hearing" nor was it "any kind of investigation...a public speech-making forum...[or] a debate between opposing points of view." He noted that "no one is under oath" and nothing said or done was to be interpreted as "a prejudgment or stamp of approval by the legislative branch on anything." Representatives from the IRS, INS, Justice Department, HEW, Labor Department, U.S. Postal Service, and Federal Trade Commission were likewise noncommittal, noting that "questions could only be answered after a formal list of allegations in writing had been submitted, reviewed, and investigated." Still, the "Dole hearing" provided its critics with a well-publicized, credible forum to air their grievances before important national-level figures. More troubling from the Church's point of view was the fact that its spokespersons were excluded from the proceedings. Senator Dole refused to meet with HSA President Neil Salonen before the meeting, though he did consent to meet with two members from Kansas who had escaped from deprogrammers. During the session, church members and their supporters could only maintain a vigil of protest at the back of the meeting room.

The "Dole hearing" precipitated a crisis for the movement. It was one thing to square off against media critics or against deprogrammers operating outside the law. It was quite another to witness one's accusers receive a sympathetic hearing before a panel of government officials, and to be showcased with no opportunity for defense. The Church regarded this as persecution. Its immediate response was to gather parents to show support for the Church. The goal was to have 200 parents sign a telegram to Senator Dole protesting the way the Church was being treated and "to have thirty parents come to Washington to stand in support of their children." The Church was pleasantly surprised that over 800 parents sent telegrams and over 60 rallied to its support by traveling to Washington. Over the next several months, the Church sponsored nine local

Members joined teams that fanned out across the city in a massive clean-up campaign



or regional Parents' Conferences which led to the first National Parents' Conference at the time of the Yankee Stadium Rally. Beyond this, ministers were contacted, "not in direct support of the Unification Church" but in support of the church's rights, "because if they were threatened, the rights of all religions in this country could also be threatened." The Church hoped to have 40 ministers sign a telegram but discovered that more than 200 ministers responded.

Internally, the Church was driven first to a fuller recognition that its battle was not only with flesh and blood but with principalities and powers. Rev. Moon, in particular, took this approach in his response to the crisis during the first three months of 1976. While visiting Korea for fifty days between January 26th and March 18th, he "set the condition for the unity of the spirit world" and returned only after the "barriers in the spirit world" had been broken and the Church could be confident of "marching forward" again. To solidify this resolve, Rev. Moon appointed Takeru Kamiyama as Yankee Stadium Campaign Director. In more welcoming times, he may have relied more on American or Western members for leadership. However, in this time of crisis, Rev. Moon turned to Mr. Kamiyama to lead the campaign much as he had turned to Mr. Sudo to direct the Church's educational program. Mr. Kamiyama, who sold his blood to support church activities during the early days in Japan, led New York

City witnessing efforts as well as Church fundraising nationwide. He could be counted on to spare no effort in meeting Rev. Moon's directive that the Church triple its membership in New York over the next forty days. From this point, he played a central role in preparations for Yankee Stadium.

Rev. Moon was essentially correct that the Church had gone over the "hill of persecution" during the first three months of 1976. After April, there were only minor flare-ups. In fact, the Church won supporters through its "America the Beautiful" project which began on May 3rd when "over 1,000 members took up...brooms and dustpans to clean Manhattan and the Bronx." Dressed in white jumpsuits with the God Bless America Festival logo silk-screened in red and blue on their back, members cleaned in their witnessing areas every day from 7-8:00 a.m. Mindful of "brainwashing" and "glassy-eyed" criticisms, Rev. Moon advised campaign workers not to "smile like a foolish person." The Church's folk-rock band "Sunburst" provided free lunch-hour concerts, and even during the final push which brought in hundreds of more witnesses, massive ticket distribution, street rallies, and saturation promotion provoked minimal negative reaction. Church leaders were cautiously optimistic that the festival would attract a large overflow crowd.

This all changed the day of June 1st. There were two main problems. One was the weather. As reported in *New Hope News*, the Church's official newspaper, "Huge gusts of wind, a precursor of the coming rains, foiled the inflation of a seventy-foot hot air balloon which was to have sailed above the stadium." The ripcord of the balloon next "gave way...causing it...[l]ike a deflating rubber balloon" to travel "erratically across the field...destroying many decorations." In particular, "Forty-foot Styrofoam letters spelling 'God Bless America Festival' were uprooted from the ground and blown across the field...in pieces." A "driving thunderstorm then ripped across the Stadium at 5 o'clock, pounding the remainder of the decorations and soaking the stage." With all their music "lost under several inches of mud," the Go-World Brass Band performed from memory while the Church's Technical Missionary Corps "used the music stands like snow shovels to sweep the water from the stage's carpet." Clumps of other members rose in their seats or danced on top of the Yankee Stadium dugouts, singing "You Are My Sunshine" until the storm subsided. Although the rain stopped prior to the start of the program, weather conditions undoubtedly kept many ticket-holders from attending or bottled them in jammed subway stations. The Stadium turnstile count was 40,000 with

Mopping the stage after the skies opened in a massive storm over Yankee Stadium



another 5,000 having come in before the count began, so that about 45,000 people came to the Festival.

Opposition protests outside and crowd-control inside were also problems. The New Yorker Hotel, newly designated as the church's World Mission Center, and the Yankee Stadium rally functioned like magnets in attracting enemies of the church, rival religionists, and rowdies looking to create disturbances. The *New York Times* reported that there were 400 demonstrators and the *Washington Post* stated that "the festival attracted one of the largest assortment of protest groups since the end of the Vietnam War." The "religious smorgasbord" described by the *Post* included yellow-robed Hare Krishnas chanting and dancing, "hundreds of fundamentalist Christians" passing out tracts and preaching, Black Muslims hawking the *Bilalian News*, and a yarmulke-wearing groups searching for "Jewish kids caught up in...[the] movement." Ted Patrick and CERF members were prominent, as was the Communist Cadre division of Youth Against War and Fascism. Inside, according to one account, "groups of young, male toughs...roamed the stadium, fighting, robbing, setting off smoke bombs...and generally making a sour scene." The *New York Daily News* reported seven arrests, and the *Poughkeepsie Journal* noted that while Rev. Moon was warning that America would become a "living hell" if the will of God were forsaken, "bands of kids roamed the upper decks and corridors, destroying decorations, setting off smoke bombs and firecrackers, and starting fist fights." The *Washington Post* reported that "large numbers" walked out shortly after Rev. Moon began speaking, but the *New York Times* reported that "Most of the spectators...cheered, applauded, and waved little American flags." It all added up to an atmosphere that the *Daily News* described as "odd, disjointed, almost surrealistic."

At a celebration for all members at Belvedere on June 2nd, Rev. Moon posed the rhetorical question, "Did we win victory at Yankee Stadium?" He answered,

I'm sure that yesterday God shed invisible tears—not because of the rain but because of your commitment, your loyalty, and your enthusiasm. You moved God's heart yesterday....

For the last several months, we put out every ounce of energy for Yankee Stadium. At the last moment God gave us a big test.... But you sang, "You are my Sunshine," and God's heart was melted.... Instead of being discouraged, you were in high spirits, protesting to God and trying to push away the rain...



Yesterday everyone tasted the bottom of Hell. Yesterday, as the wind blew and the rain poured down, the rain and your tears mingled on your faces. You tasted something miserable. At that moment, you would have done anything to make the rain stop. At that moment there was complete oneness and unification inside Yankee Stadium. That is the very thing God wanted to see....

Rev. Moon takes the stage at Yankee Stadium.

I thanked God for His almighty wisdom. No one else could teach so many young people such a precious lesson in twenty minutes. That is the place where God's heart was moving. There was no other way to teach the heart of God to the young people of America. For the sake of God you were praying and singing for the rain to stop. In that moment you tasted the heart of God in His anxiety to bring His Kingdom here. This is a great gift.... We must thank God for this precious gift for the sake of our education.... Today is indeed a victory celebration and day of thanksgiving for the blessing of God.

You Are My Sunshine

Betty Lancaster

My life in the Unification movement began in the spring of 1963, in the days when we had no name except the legal name "Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity." Needless to say, every year, indeed every day, was and still is a drama.

I will probably someday write a book, but for the moment I will recount two special days from early times, one so precious as to be treasured for years to come. I think it was the year 1969. Father and Mother were visiting America. I went to Upshur House in Washington, D.C. to visit and have lunch with them. Father then decided that they would visit Mount Vernon, Virginia, the home of President George Washington. I was invited to come also, so I followed in my car. The long ride through heavy traffic was dreadfully stressful for me but I was somehow able to arrive in the Mount Vernon parking lot successfully. What a beautiful late afternoon it was, strolling about the landscaped grounds with Father and Mother.

We went into the house, of course, following the usual visitors' walkway. When we reached the small, unpretentious upstairs bedroom of President Washington and Father peered into the room, the others of us doing likewise from behind, it was then that I felt the presence of Mr. Washington. He surely must have been there and elsewhere on the premises, to receive True Parents. Father has often spoken of the faithful prayers of President Washington.

We walked out on the veranda overlooking the Potomac River. It was so beautiful and peaceful and I remember saying, "Father, I wish we could stay here. This is like the Kingdom of Heaven." Father just looked at me with a smile. But he did ask us to check on possible property nearby. There was none with any adequate buildings. And some of us still remember Father asking about what kind of fish were in the river.

I felt it was no accident that I was there with True Parents. My physical parents had taken me there when I was a young school girl. We had always been made aware in my family that my great-great-grandmother had married into the family of George Washington's nephew, so there was some ancestral magnetism that I was always conscious of even as a child. Fate seemed to have kept

my father dwelling on historical Washington property, no matter where he was in Virginia. All of this added to my awareness of the intertwining of our families.

Before we departed Mount Vernon that day in 1969, True Father had us all line up in front of the Washington home—I was standing next to Father—and he had Mr. Isshi from Japan take a moving picture of us "for memorial purposes," True Father said. I hope Mr. Isshi can some day find that film. I would like to see it.

But personal history aside for the moment, I have to say that the most public drama I experienced in this movement was the day at the Yankee Stadium event on June 1, 1976. I drove from Virginia and boarded a bus in Washington, D.C. early on the morning of the event with my three guests—my second daughter who was 13 years old, her school friend, and a young married neighbor.

None of us had dressed warmly enough for the occasion. We had not realized that six hours north of our home in Virginia was considerably cooler, and besides it was drizzling rain in New York when we arrived. The atmosphere at the stadium was strange from the beginning. Smoke bombs were visible and there was an air of hostility prevailing. After we got seated in our reserved area, the rain began to pour at one point. Everyone from our section fled to shelter in the roofed area above, except me. Because of the heavy atmosphere I doggedly stayed in my seat, refusing to be daunted by even a rain storm. It was a spiritual matter, as we say.

One section began singing "You Are My Sunshine" and we all triumphantly joined in. Soon thereafter the rain stopped and the program began. Father came forward to the speakers platform to give his usual life-giving, life-saving message, accompanied by my spiritual parent, Col. Bo Hi Pak, who was translating. Protestors shouted from various places, the smoke bombs continued to go off and generally people were being noisy, as they tend to be at a stadium. In fact, I will always remember my young daughter standing up and shouting loudly, "I have waited a long time to hear this man speak. Now please be quiet, everyone." That part was so funny as I look back on it.

When the program ended and we all headed for the exit, we had no idea the drama that awaited us between that exit and our bus which was quite a distance away in the parking lot. Satan was furious that day and was striking out in every direction. As we began our trek toward the parking lot, we watched in horror as a gang of young

hoodlums attacked one of our members dressed in his usher's suit. He doubled over as one of the hoodlums hit him hard in his gut. We could see that others were coming to the rescue so we rushed on our way.

We neared an overpass and had to suddenly stop because another group of hoodlums were smashing bottles to the pavement from above and glass was flying everywhere. I shouted for everyone to stop and keep their heads down. We were quite a few in number. My very verbal daughter shouted up at the hoodlums something like, "God loves you anyway, you freaks!" A man who had hassled me back at the stadium was on the scene again, this time violently grabbing my daughter's arm and literally screaming at her, "Shut up, girl, you're going to get us killed!" Whereupon my daughter's nerves broke and she began to cry rather hysterically. Now my young married neighbor began to wail as well.

I had the sense to know that we would have to out-wait the hoodlums above us, so again I told everybody to stand still, not to move. The hoodlums realized what we were doing and decided to move on. Then we made a mad dash on the final stretch to the bus. Needless to say, we were a relieved bunch as we climbed aboard the bus to safety. But the wailing on the part of some adults continued even on the bus and that made me mad. So I gave them a sermon about the times we were living in and that the Savior was again on the Earth, so we had to be brave and overcome even the dangerous times. And I told them what an opportunity it was to be able to experience firsthand just how the disciples of Jesus felt as they hid out in catacombs and went through so much persecution. But I'm afraid my audience didn't much appreciate my presentation, especially right then.

The final blow of that adventurous 24 hours came from the bus driver. He obviously did not like our group from the beginning and expressed his hostilities by constantly turning on the air conditioner throughout the night ride to make us quite uncomfortable. Some were sneezing and coughing.

Well, this is one of the early stories. Times are different now. And we can even laugh a bit as we remember some of these times when we were laying our foundation of faith and substance. Our brothers and sisters who were kidnapped in earlier times had far more drama than the incident I have just described. But we wouldn't trade one moment of our life for any other. To live during the lifetime of the Messiah, the King of Kings, True Parents, is worth every good and challenging moment.

Clowns and Yankee Stadium

Laura Taylor Hayashi

Father chose me to be a "State Pioneer" of Texas in the beginning of 1975. It was part of the re-education, or mostly just first-time education, of our movement under Mr. Sudo. We were all preparing for the upcoming Yankee Stadium rally, and the bicentennial. In Texas, I was able to bring two new members to help us when we went to New York. One was a professional comedian. One claim to fame that he had was to be perhaps the first Ronald McDonald. You can imagine our workshops! He led his 21-day workshop in a protest and boycott over the white bread, and succeeded in gaining whole-wheat bread instead. He was challenging, but I really appreciated him. The campaign wasn't easy for anyone. It wasn't easy for him, either. I kept praying and thinking how God could use his delightful, unique talents. As St. Francis said, "When you make people laugh, you make God happy." When the security team needed some special brainstorming, he was interested. We knew that there were very real and specific security dangers for True Parents at this rally. The preparations for security were of special concern. Many were skeptical of such a young member, but I was able to maneuver our attendance. My spiritual son explained about the concept of Rodeo Clowns. When the cowboy is thrown off the bull during the bull-riding event, the clown both pleases the crowd and distracts the bull. This often can save the life of the cowboy.

We had the problem of organized gangs trying to attend the rally. Their plan was to try to appear okay, and then do all sorts of mayhem. Security guards in uniform could sway the crowd to the side of the young hoodlums! In light of this, the Rodeo Clown idea seemed great! How could anyone oppose a clown! The clowns would come in to a soon-to-be violent situation, and diffuse the incident as well as separate the offender from others they were with. Several members went to "clown training." It was one small help, but such a wonderful way God can use the talents anybody has, not matter how unusual they may seem to us.

Rev. Moon's message at Yankee Stadium, "God's Hope for America," broke new ground. Rather than alluding to theology as had his speech on "The New Future of Christianity" at Madison Square Garden, Rev. Moon dealt primarily with civic themes. Rather than as a prophet for Christianity, he cast himself as a "doctor" or a "fire fighter" from the outside who has come to help America meet its third great "test" as a nation, that of "God-denying" communism. He also proclaimed that the Unification Church Movement and its "absolutely God-centered ideology" had the "power to awaken America, and...raise up the model of the ideal nation upon this land." For many, these claims suggested that Rev. Moon and his movement had not only religious but political ambitions. So long as the church confined itself to the religious sphere, it might be vigorously opposed by rival religionists and families of converts, but there would be little chance of overt governmental repression. However, once its rhetoric, perceived aims and activities intruded upon the public square, the possibility of governmental agencies opening official investigations was greatly increased.

The first serious investigations of the church were still more than a year away and did not interfere with preparations for the Washington Monument campaign which began immediately. The movement had much less time to prepare, only about 100 days as opposed to the 18 months it spent getting ready for Yankee Stadium. However, everything went much more smoothly. There were several reasons for this. First, the movement already was in a state of readiness, and there was little chance of a let down due to the less-than-ideal result at Yankee Stadium. If anything, members were more determined. Conversely, the movement's opposition slacked off. Ted Patrick lost an appeal on an earlier conviction and went to jail in July. The opposition of negative parents also dissipated and was not a significant factor in the campaign. The hot summer months in Washington undoubtedly played a role. However, while its opponents may have gone on vacation, the movement maintained its focus.

A change of orientation and approach also had a significant effect. The atmosphere surrounding the Yankee Stadium campaign was strained and the Church was rather isolated. The movement adopted a less embattled posture in Washington. This was partly due to the more relaxed quality of the city and the momentary fading of opposition. However, it also was a conscious decision on the part of the church. Rather than press for converts, several hundred members, including students on summer break from Unification Theological Seminary, offered various service projects, sponsored block parties, and participated in a variety of programs during the first month of the campaign. Rev. Moon also elected to use the church's "most outstanding leaders" in strategic locations rather than rely on untested pioneers as had been the case for much of the campaign at Yankee Stadium. Finally, whereas Yankee Stadium had the character of a rally, Washington Monument had an intentionally festive quality.



In addition to changing its orientation, the movement took a more professional approach in marketing the festival. There was a certain do-it-yourself quality to the Yankee Stadium campaign and most arrangements were made in-house. In Washington, the church enlisted professional help. Col. Bo Hi Pak, who had been in the U.S. for a longer time than Mr. Kamiyama and who had extensive contacts with advertising firms as a result of his work with The Little Angels, was made "Campaign Controller and Coordinator." This led to a professional and compelling full-page ad campaign which ran in the *Washington Post* and *Washington Star* for thirteen days from September 5th until September 18th, the day of the festival. The effort was to accentuate the human qualities of Rev. Moon, allow the members to speak for themselves, and encourage Washingtonians to make up their own minds. Apart from this, the movement contracted with California Fireworks, creators of displays for Disneyland and Disney World, to put together "The World's Greatest International Fireworks" for the festival's finale.

Col. Pak was confident that the fireworks display alone could attract up to a million viewers. However, he expressed concern that "there would be the mobilization of at least 100,000 people" who would be "seriously interested" in Rev. Moon's message. This was the basis of the church's "busing strategy." Chartered buses transported participants from other cities to Yankee Stadium,

Pre-show Washington Monument emcees, Wesley Samuel and David Hose with James Anderson (playing guitar) of the Voices of Freedom



Rev. Moon and Col. Bo Hi Pak on the stage at Washington Monument

but in an uncoordinated and limited way. In Washington, the basic strategy was to bring people by bus. The Church chartered over 1,500 buses to transport guests within a 300-mile radius of Washington, D.C. As round-trip transportation was free and food was available for a nominal fee, members working in surrounding states had little trouble confirming guests. Meanwhile, God Bless America Festival planners spent hours meticulously organizing bus routes and parking. On the day of the festival, some 850 buses from Virginia, Maryland, Philadelphia, Delaware and New York brought approximately 40,000 guests. Six hundred circulating buses in Washington, D.C. brought an additional 30,000. The total amount coming on their own from the Washington area, according to church estimates, was between 160,000–260,000. The number of those in attendance was in dispute as the U.S. Park Police estimated between 50,000–100,000. Church spokespersons initially estimated 200,000 and later 300,000. Regardless of the estimates, photographs in published accounts testified to a mass of humanity on the mall grounds.

Unlike Yankee Stadium, there were very few incidents. A Park Service spokeswoman said, "It was an incredibly orderly crowd...family-type groups." The movement also received praise from a National Capital Parks spokesman who said, "It was the first time any group of demonstrators had followed through on a promise to clean up its own trash."

Washington Monument

Levy Daugherty

Mr. Watanabe, who had a prosthetic arm, was our leader. We called him "One-Arm Watanabe." He was a martial artist. Sometimes he would spar with his wife. She was really pretty and taller than he was. He came from a line of Samurai.

He would take the arm off and beat people over the head with it if they were falling asleep when he was speaking! Bruce Brown was his assistant. Norfolk had a separate identity from Richmond in those days.

We had all these buses ready to go to the Monument. All the buses were loaded and there was still about 65 people who didn't have any transportation. They were upset. This one lady, an enormous fat lady, said, "I am going to the Monument." She laid down on the ground in front of the bus and wouldn't let it go. She said, "If I'm not going, nobody's going." It was on the tails of the 1960s, civil rights. If you wanted something, you lay down.

There were a bunch of cars parked there as everyone was going to ride in the bus. We were embarrassed to drive our car—it was old and dirty. But she didn't care. She said, "Let's drive that." We had an old, raggedy station wagon. She had a chicken, and a cooler, and she said, "Let's take that car." She was determined that she was going. We were exhausted. We had about 17 buses going from Norfolk.

So we had this big fat lady and her entourage. She called Burt Leavitt, Mr. God Bless America. "Mr. God Bless America, let's take your car!"

So we left. About halfway there, Burt was falling asleep at the wheel and she said, "Mr. God Bless America, you gonna get us there or you gonna get us killed. Pull over!" And she made him move and she drove us, talking all the way. She was going to get there come hell or high water. She kept saying, "Let's Go!" We had to lug her cooler for about a mile. It was red with a white top, I can still see it. Then we had to go back for a second load of her stuff. It seemed like there was a million people around.

When we drove back we were so exhausted, she drove the car all the way back! She talked the whole way and sang "God Bless America" all the way back. She fed us chicken and she tried to wake Burt up by feeding him. But the more he ate, the sleepier he got. What a day!

Susan Janer

I was working in Baltimore, Maryland. The central figure at that time was Mr. Cha. I haven't seen him since that time, though I do have a picture of him with Mohammed Ali. Rev. Sudo was also working there with us. He was so heartistic and wonderful. My job at that time was mostly fundraising. As the day for Washington Monument came closer and closer, I was told that I would be a bus captain. I had never had that kind of responsibility in all my life. Though I was 25 years old at the time, I still felt like I was just a kid. The day came and there I was on the bus and I was the bus captain. I felt so responsible. Most of the passengers were black people from Baltimore who were invited by other members to go to Washington Monument for the day to hear a great religious leader, Rev. Moon, speak. I was so excited and happy. We sang Christian songs all the way there. When we got there, I had to make sure that my group stayed together and that every single person on my bus returned home on the bus.

When we arrived, the whole area in front of the Washington Monument was covered with people. I led my group, like a Moses, through the crowd to very good seats close to the front. To me, everything was wonderful. I had already been a member for three years. When I saw Father I cried with joy, and when I saw the fireworks I cried again. How can we know what these things really mean to the heart of God? There was so much hard work and sincere prayer that went into that event, and especially behind everything was the love and prayers of True Parents to save this country and this world. Those people who attended that event will all have different memories of what happened that day and what they heard and saw. I hope they will remember. It was truly a profound statement of God's Love and God's hope for America and the World.

Wesley Samuel

This campaign was more rewarding than all the others. We really did bring victory in just 40 days, but the odds were against us. With the spirit of God and True Parents, we marched and held rallies throughout the metropolitan area. We visited every home, inviting people to the monument. As we campaigned, parents were kidnapping their children. One

brother was taken right at dinnertime. It was such a commotion, we thought people were fighting, but it was this brother's parents kidnapping him! He managed to escape within a few days, and rejoined the campaign. Finally the big day came. We organized buses to pick everyone up. When the buses arrived at the Monument, however, they were far from full. God worked though. By 10:30 a.m., people began to arrive on foot. By 5:00 p.m. all you could see were people in every direction. Then Father approached the stage with a big smile, and we knew it was a victory. 300,000 people had gathered to hear this momentous speech.

Dan Fefferman

The day of the Washington Monument, I attended a meeting of the United States Youth Council.

This was a State Department-sponsored group, which consisted of representatives of major U.S. youth groups, such as YMCA, YWCA, Young Democrats, Young Republicans, NAACP Youth, Catholic Youth Organization, Freedom Leadership Foundation (representing the UC youth before CARP) and many others.

We had been active on the USYC for several years, attending meetings, sending delegates on fact-finding tours, etc. I went to Israel with the USYC in 1974. Dan Holdgrewe went to Portugal and Germany, I think. I remember getting a good laugh about how the delegation visited the Ministry of Gezundheit.

Anyway, the deal was that the anti-cult movement had been lobbying the USYC to kick us off, and that was one of the things on the agenda. So I had to attend. The USYC leadership was social-democratic, but anti-Communist, and we were allies against the left-liberalists on the council. To make a long story short, the president of the council, David Dorn, gave us a strong vote of confidence and the idea to kick us off was unanimously defeated. I left the meeting feeling pretty good, but worried about how the mobilization for the Monument would turn out.

The USYC meeting was just a few blocks from the Monument. I arrived around 4:00 p.m., I think. As I rounded the corner, I couldn't believe my eyes. People were everywhere. And buses were lined up for blocks and blocks unloading passengers. People were running to find the best seats. It was a gorgeous, late summer day. I thought to myself:

"And all of the children come running, Lord, what a wonderful sight!!!"

Louise Strait

I was working on producing printed matter for both campaigns. For Washington Monument, Neil Salonen commissioned me to do a tabloid promotional piece that would have a tremendous production run of several hundred thousand.

Much of the piece were human interest stories of members working in the campaign and the people whom they had met in the process. I did a lot of travelling and interviewing. In the middle of everything I had to move out of where I was staying, and I had no car to drive around to do my interviews.

So, being from the area, I crashed at my parents' house. My aunt was staying in my old room, so I slept on the living room sofa. They let me use one of their old cars, which happened to be, like all their cars, a Mercedes Benz! So I cruised all around the Beltway, and into many scary areas of town, in style.

The most important piece of the tabloid, however, was to be a map of the area with all the bus pickup points marked. Since I was one of the few natives around, I was a natural for this. Unfortunately, like so many things, the pickup points weren't finally decided until the day before the piece had to be printed. So I got a large map of Washington and large boxes of adhesive dots, called signal dots, from an office supply store, and waited. As the points were decided, I put dots on the map. There were several hundred. I was sticking on dots all night into the next day, until the last second.

I anxiously awaited my magnum opus. When I opened out the first one, what a shock! The Beltway was clear enough. It outlined the city like a big round face. But the face looked like it had the chicken-pox, measles and smallpox combined. I would have been better off trying to duplicate a Jackson Pollock painting than a useful map. I have the impression that the people who came by bus were from out of town, not Washington itself, and it's no wonder.

This very much reinforced the lesson that what you think you are going to get and what finally turns out, both in art and life, are two different animals.

However, there were two ominous developments. One was the apprehension of a member, Carl Trent Trimble, by U.S. Park Police, who placed Trimble under the custody of his father. They were executing a court order signed earlier in the day by D.C. Superior Court Judge Nicholas S. Nunzio. The elder Trimble was given the power to have his son "counseled, examined, and treated by persons including, but not limited to physicians, psychiatrists, social workers, and lay persons (and) to keep (young Trimble) in...custody, even in the event (young Trimble) wishes to leave said custody." This was one of the early court-ordered "blind" conservatorships which were to become a preferred method of abduction for distraught parents and "deprogrammers." Michael Runyan, the church's director of public affairs, termed it "frightening...that this kind of thing could have happened in America.... It's more like something that would happen in Communist Russia."

The other ominous development was word that a U.S. House subcommittee investigating activities of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency in the United States was interested in Rev. Moon's "close ties" with the Korean government. According to the *New York Times*, "as he was making final plans for

*Witnessing for the
Washington Monument Rally*



...[the] rally, Neil A. Salonen, president of the Unification Church, was being sought by...[t]he subcommittee's staff consultant...[who] tried to present Mr. Salonen with a subpoena to appear before the panel." Again, according to the *Times*, "Mr. Salonen evaded service of the subpoena, but agreed to make a voluntary appearance before the committee in his capacity as president of the Freedom Leadership Foundation, but not as president of the church." As with the conservatorships, this was the beginning of what was to become an explosive investigation during 1977-78.

The morning after the festival, at Great Falls Park, just outside of Washington, D.C., Col. Pak conveyed Rev. Moon's message to several thousand members that he judged the Washington Monument rally to be an "unconditional success" and that he was "proud of them." Some two weeks later, on October 4th, the anniversary of Rev. Moon's release from a North Korean communist prison camp, he again proclaimed the Washington Monument rally to be an "unqualified victory" and confessed,

I feel light as a feather. I feel like I can fly. I have borne a tremendous burden of responsibility, but with the victory at Washington Monument, I feel like I have been liberated from the weight. I can now walk as a free man. I can hold my head up before heaven and earth.

Rev. Moon proclaimed October 4th to be the "Day of the Victory of Heaven." Repeating a theme that he had introduced previously, he stated that barriers in the spirit world were broken down and that "[t]his will be reflected in the physical world." So long as members worked "at least as hard" as they had during the Washington Monument Campaign, they would see "a dramatic difference in our prayers and the results." A jubilant Rev. Moon expected the movement would "take off in leaps and bounds from now" and discussed prospects in evangelism, business and educational activities.

The afterglow from the Washington Monument lasted through 1976 and into the new year. On January 1st, Rev. Moon stated that the church had laid an "invincible foundation" for "horizontal expansion throughout the world." At his birthday celebration on February 23rd, he pointed out that according to the lunar calendar, 1976 ended on February 20th. As he put it, "The year of victory is gone, now the year of joy has started." He conducted a blessing in marriage of 74 couples on February 21st "so everyone could be happy" and drew his birthday remarks to a dramatic conclusion by saying,

[A]s of today all the dispensational history of restoration has ended and all the conditions of indemnity have been met and paid in full. From this moment on, the more opposition we get, the more victories. Anything the outside will give to us in the form of persecution, suffering, and pressure, an equal amount of blessing will be restored to us.... The winning of



territory inch by inch will continue to the year 2000. Every day's work will accumulate to the Kingdom of God from this time on. Even though the Satanic world is attacking, they are no longer advancing. We are the force who is advancing.

The main stage at the Washington Monument Rally

Even more astonishing for members was Rev. Moon's statement following the cake-cutting and reception of gifts that "This is the new beginning of the history of God. Therefore, this is the original first year of the Kingdom of God. This is the Year One."

Rev. Moon developed themes of civic responsibility in his Washington Monument address, entitled "America and God's Will," which were similar to those at Yankee Stadium. However, he extended this vision to interreligious cooperation, arguing that Judaism, Christianity and the Unification Church were "three brothers in the Providence of God." Judaism, he maintained, "was the first work of God" and was "in an elder brother position." Christianity was "in the position of the second brother," and the Unification Church, "through which God had given a new revelation," was "in the position of the youngest brother." By extension, Rev. Moon argued that "Israel, the United States, and



Korea, the nations where these three religions are based, must also be brothers.” He stated that the three nations had a “common destiny” and that the communist bloc was “trying to isolate and destroy them.” He called upon the “three brother nations” to “join hands in a unified effort,” contributing “internally to the unification of world religions and externally to the unification of the world itself.”

Rev. Moon’s call did not produce immediate results. In fact, by year’s end the “three brothers” were quarreling. More accurately, the two elder brothers had begun to gang up on the youngest. In December, the American Jewish Committee charged in an official report, “Jews and Judaism in Reverend Moon’s Divine Principle,” that the church’s main theological text revealed “an orientation of almost unrelieved hostility toward the Jewish people.” Citing specific references, the report asserted that whether the text was discussing “the Israelites of the Hebrew Bible or the ‘Jews’ of the New Testament period, Rev. Moon portrays their behavior as reprobate, their intentions as evil (often diabolical), and their religious mission as eclipsed.” This report elicited an official “Statement on Jews and Israel,” signed by Rev. Moon and published in full-page advertisements, which repudiated anti-Semitism and pledged support for the state of Israel. At the same time that the American Jewish Committee was making its attack, the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minnesota) continued its probe into Korean-American Relations. The church charged the subcommittee of “bad faith” and “McCarthyite tactics” in harassing members for information. Later, it accused Rep. Fraser of attempting to drive a wedge between the United States and Korea.

Washington Monument was a watershed event in the history of the Unification Church in America. It closed out the initial proclamation phase of Rev. Moon’s ministry and opened the way for new initiatives in the fields of evangelism, education, interfaith relations, business, media and public life. The movement became increasingly diversified in the years ahead. This slowed the pace of the movement’s advance. However, its accumulated investments in the face of rejection eventually had an effect. In the succeeding period, the movement began to develop an infrastructure which greatly expanded its ability to exert influence in the U.S. and elsewhere. This was in keeping with Rev. Moon’s original strategy. It simply took longer than anticipated.

On the campaign trail

Bill Selig

October 1975. At the conclusion of a seven-day workshop at Rush River Lodge near Luray, VA, and with a push from my spiritual mother, Debra Wiseman, I approached the center director, John Robbins, to ask if I could join the Church and move into the Center. I was a little scared because I wasn't sure if there was enough room, and perhaps he would think me too bold. When I asked his permission, a sort of blank look descended on his face. At that point, John had been a member for about three years, but later he told me that no one had ever asked to move into a center. He was cool about it and said he had to speak with the IW (Mrs. Fumiko Seino). I figured maybe he had to check the registration book and make sure there were enough beds.

Center life was interesting. We had a house near American University. Later I found out that the owner thought the tenants were Mr. and Mrs. Marc Lee. Every so often, the owner would call and say he was coming by, and we immediately went into high gear to rebuild the house and convert it from a witnessing center to a home. No one explained the background to me. I just thought it was some kind of special training condition. The hardest part was the nursery, since at that time there were no children. I was never around when the owner came by; in fact, no one was there except Fumiko Seino. She would always apologize that her husband was out of town. Meanwhile, they would tell me to go witnessing and find spiritual children.

I shared a room with six other brothers. Each day we would walk out the door and be given a brown bag lunch and fifty cents for a drink. We went witnessing at the campus and fundraised on the weekends.

When I joined, I felt like I had answered a U.S. Army recruiting poster: "See the world. Be challenged. Make the world safer for (fill in the blank)." But what I found were a lot of idealistic young people. The brothers all seemed to wear mismatched socks, and the sisters seemed to be strictly interested in things non-physical. I remember at the workshop we stood in a circle and were told to hold hands, but the sister next to me wouldn't let me hold her hand. I had a beard and was scruffy so I figured I wasn't too attractive.

I had been in the Peace Corps and knew the value

and meaning of idealism and volunteerism. I thought that if I did a tour of service with this "religious peace corps," then I would've done my share for humankind and could get on with life.

About two months later, on a Saturday, I was attending a one-day workshop taught by Jim Fleming. A sister, Louise Kohan, who knew I was young in the movement, asked how I was. I told her that things were OK but that I was thinking of getting an apartment and perhaps just visiting the Center a few times a week. I explained to her that being a member was very important, but that in my case, I could do far more for humanity on my own than being part of an organized movement.

It was a very mild day, the sun was shining, and everyone enjoyed Jim's presentation. I went back innocently to the Center about 5 p.m.

I didn't realize how Heavenly Father was working behind the scenes, because by 7 p.m. I was on a train to New York for a 21-day workshop! Louise had called Fumiko Seino and told her what I'd said. Fumiko-san went into emergency mode and set everything in motion. However, she had no details about the workshop. She just gave me some money and said, "Bill-san, very important, go to 4 West 43rd street in New York and ask for Keiko." (Anybody know how many Japanese sisters there are named Keiko?)

At about 10 p.m. that same day, I rang the doorbell at headquarters in New York and said I wanted to attend the 21-day workshop. They looked at me like I was crazy. No one believed my story. They all thought I was a nut case or, perhaps worse, a journalist. I called Fumiko-san and explained my predicament. She made some more calls and found out the workshop was not in New York but in Connecticut.

They wouldn't let me stay at headquarters, so I spent the night trying to sleep behind a trash bin in an alley and wandering around midtown Manhattan. The next morning I took a bus to New Haven. Again the same reaction. No one just happens to come to a workshop. It was unheard of and suspicious. Finally they checked out my story and let me attend.

The first person I met was the lecturer, Jim Baughman. Jim is extremely sharp and well-spoken, but for some reason, he had borrowed someone else's suit. There is nothing more ridiculous than a grown man wearing an obviously too-large suit. This only added

more credence to my theory—mismatched socks, too-large suits, no hand holding—that I had joined a group of Peter Pans, well-meaning young adults from middle-class families who would never grow up and look or act like adults.

However, I have many wonderful memories of those next 21 days—teaching, street preaching, fundraising, witnessing—but my best memory was one Sunday evening when Jim returned from Belvedere. While we gathered around, he surprised us all by turning on a tape recorder. It was True Mother singing. Until that point, I had not seen or heard the True Parents speak. That night, hearing her sing on a little one-inch speaker, I felt like I did when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. I had goose bumps. I had to cry. I couldn't believe how beautiful her voice sounded.

Afterwards, I returned to Washington and took up the ginseng mission for the next three years. But I'll never forget those sisters, especially Fumiko-san. They saved me. I would have left the movement on a mere whim. I would have lost out on everything, eternal life, my wife, Donna, our daughter, Hannah. I would be dead. God bless them for caring enough for me and taking action.

To the Kingdom on a Cookie

Mardi Esselstyn

Clear back in 1975 we decided to leave the lumber business, to sell our home and venture to Phoenix, AZ because of a new prognosis on my husband's physical condition. But upon arriving, we found much much, more. We had a '66 Oldsmobile with a sense of humor. It had an "ooga" horn. It startled drivers making strange moves in their cars ahead of us.

One month of medical treatment in Phoenix, AZ, gave my husband a favorable prognosis and left us wondering what was our next move? We visited the shopping mall nearby and soon learned of our next move. A young man came up to us with a box of cookies in his hand. They did not look very good. Heavily frosted, gingerbread, maybe. He asked us if we would care to support a religious youth camp in the mountains, whether we bought a cookie or not. My husband was gracious and

said, "Who is the founder of the youth camp?" The young man had sad blue eyes and we thought he would cry if we didn't listen.

Soon a security guard came up to us and asked this fellow if he might be selling something in the mall, and if so, where was his permit to do so? He said it was at the center. The guard told him to get off these premises and to not sell in the parking lot either. My husband told the guard that our car was parked at the curbing outside of the parking lot so we agreed to walk with this red-faced young man.

My husband had read a full page ad when he had been in the hospital on the man, Sun Myung Moon, the name on the card that our new friend handed us.

I was internally bored with yet another approach for money, but my husband was more gracious and listened. The young man asked us to come to an international dinner and we were delighted to go and see what the ideas presented were all about.

Our first impression was that they were simply anti-Communists. And we were agreeable to the talk given after a fine, multi-ethnic meal. We were in our early 50's, while the girls and boys were the ages of our own children. We just assumed that they had been misled.

The second night we met Dr. William Bergman and he asked me what I thought brought us there. I replied, "I think we have some sort of mission. But I do not know what it is yet."

His eyes twinkled but he was quite serious. Then he asked us to come back Saturday and Sunday from early morning and have breakfast with them all. He would be giving a workshop and hoped we would come by.

We went from swimming every day and getting bored, to rising at 6:00 am and arriving back at our apartment around midnight, then up again at 6 am to hear the second three lectures of Divine Principle. We were enchanted by Dr. Bergman.

When it came to hearing the "Fall of Man," we snapped our fingers and said to each other, "No wonder the world is in such a mess."

Even our sexuality was changing within our own minds and bodies and we were surprised about that. My husband wanted to be more secretive than I did. I was ready to share everything with Dr. Bergman, but my husband was shocked at that so he kept quiet. We spent about three weeks learning and working in and out of the

center and then we decided to go back to Portland to rearrange our original plans about furniture and storage, etc. Then Dr. Bergman came back through Portland on his way down to his new assignment, Los Angeles, and asked us to join him there.

We were so green, so new to all the fast changes taking place in our lives. Is it any wonder that we slowed down to a snail's pace while going at a breakneck speed?

It was the beginning of "The Richard and Mardi Parents' Association." We traveled nearly a 1,000 miles a month going south, east, west and north to visit parents of the young people who had come to this startling new movement. Some were friendly, some were dubious and some were downright hostile.

From 1975 to 1999 many stories have unfolded. I need to write them all down in a book or maybe a pamphlet telling us all about going to the kingdom on a cookie. Right? Right!

Michael Henrich

I met the Unification Church on September 1st, 1975, after a year or so of intense Christian search through the Bible and in prayer. I had motorcycled around the Western U.S. after college, in search of my future professional home and was mystically and strongly drawn to move to Minneapolis. I temporarily settled into a hotel caretaker position in downtown Minneapolis where I continued my spiritual quest. I had just completed a several-year-long effort to construct a near-perfect stereo system and, when I finally achieved the perfection of sound that I had long sought, I felt totally betrayed and let down by the fact that I realized the monster speakers in each corner of my living room had replaced people in my life. I determined to get rid of them, after spending years obsessed with how to perfect them. I decided that since I had made them as icons to replace people, even though unconsciously, that they would likely take on the same distorted meaning in someone else's life if I sold them. So, I carried them out to the hotel incinerator and burned them. At the same time, I looked at myself in the mirror and felt my bushy Afro hairstyle and mustache were just not an expression of the real me. I also had just

finished my first complete reading of the Bible and my prayer life was intense. Also, my efforts to find a position as an industrial designer seemed to be blocked at every turn. I was a gifted and talented designer and inventor, but no one would consider me for a job. I prayed to God as all these things converged that He show me what He wanted me to do, and I promised Him that whatever it was He wanted me to do, I would be happy as long as He was happy.

A short time later, I met my spiritual parents on a bench downtown while I waited for a jewelry store to open so I could sell a gold ring I had found in a drain pipe. They walked up to me and said, "Do you believe in God?" That was John Foss and someone name David, who shortly thereafter left the Church. I thank my ancestors because the Principle was so logical and clear to me. After hearing Chapter 2, I was amazed and knew I was where God wanted me to be. It was interesting, because after my first weekend workshop in Greenville, Iowa (we had an old schoolhouse there for workshops), I was sitting in the group discussion after the conclusion lecture and the group leader left the group in disgust since no one had offered to join.

I had to run after him to ask if there was any room for another new member. I heard later that most people thought I would never join. They thought I was far too "Christian." But, I was a self-thinker and critical of any idea, so I was not one to stumble on doctrine. The Principle was obvious truth to me. This later proved to be a stumbling block to my own witnessing, I found, because I expected to easily find people like myself, which was not the case at all. I didn't realize how well-prepared I was and how few people seemed to be like me. I gave my car and money to the church center and moved in. My parents did not know what to think since I had cut my hair, burned my cherished stereo, abandoned my college career which my parents paid for, and moved in with this little-known group, the "Moonies." Persecution was heating up at that time. They were very concerned and asked lots of people. The worst thing was that they were visited by deprogrammer types and fed all kinds of garbage which really damaged my father. But, I give them a lot of credit for deciding to let me do what I felt I must do.

When my parents came to my seminary graduation, my father would not even go into the building because



True Father was there. It was an intense time. They did not come to our Blessing at Madison Square Garden, either. But my grandparents did come. We later Blessed my grandparents, as well as Grandpa's brother, Louis, and his wife Josie, who are Father Patrick's parents. I could sense Patrick's spirit at their house when we went there to bless his parents. He was so excited. The first time I saw Father was at a gathering in Minneapolis, I think. I remember I was wondering if I would see anything mystical. I didn't. But, that was okay.

The first time Father saw me was at Belvedere. There was a big holiday and a lot of sports activities on

the lawn. Father and Mother were sitting and watching us play sports, and I remember clearly that one time when I turned my back to Father on the sports field, he looked at me from behind and peered deeply into my spirit. I felt like all of my ancestors tore loose from me, turned around and bowed to Father. It was an unforgettable experience. I felt like my spirit world and I were momentarily ripped apart. I felt like he inspected my whole spirit world and knew everything about me. I believe he did.

Kate Tucker Moore

It is amazing how Heavenly Father can lead us. For several months I was feeling a change coming strongly. I experienced God's love so deeply in the beautiful creation. I would walk through the forests and on the beach and cry and cry. I really wanted to meet this magnificent artist (The Creator). I kept telling my friends that there was a big change coming on a worldwide level. I could feel it in every part of me. I remember my "friends" making fun of me, laughing at me and mocking me. Every day all summer of 1975 I would separate from them more and more, and feel so alienated from everything and everyone I knew.

Then I took a trip to Vancouver, British Columbia. The city was very intimidating to me. I only went there about a once a year from Vancouver Island.

I talked to God through nature and I could feel Him all around me. Being a craftsperson, I went to a craft show and had a deep experience seeing some incredible scrimshaw, which is the art of carving scenes on whalebone. I was so moved by the amazing ability and creative energy that can flow from God to man. I went to find solitude in the restroom and cried very deeply. I was asking God what He wanted me to do with my life, where I fit into the big cosmic picture. I wondered if I could ever be such a good artist and be able to move other people to be inspired to think about God, the true source of all creativity.

After I composed myself, I went out on what I thought would be my journey back to Vancouver Island. Ah, but Heavenly Father is so great. He had it all set up for me. I began hitchhiking to get to the ferry boat, and immediately, this wonderful brother, Ted West, who was the captain of a fundraising team, stopped to give me a ride. He began the most perfect conversation about spirit world, spiritual beings and what is our purpose on earth.

It was exactly word for word what I was longing to hear and talk about. God inspired him and talked to me through him. It was so exciting to me to talk about spiritual things and not be thought a fool. We got near the ferry and I asked him to pull over in the parking lot so we could talk some more. I didn't want that conversation to end. He said he had to go pick up some other people and why didn't I just come along. So I did. David Rogers

got in next and he was also so spiritual and loving and kind in the purest sense. Then a few sisters got in and everyone was so bubbly and nice. They were all focusing their attention on me and I just kept wondering, "Who are these people?" They're adults but so pure and child-like. I was so curious.

They all convinced me to go to a lecture—eww, that word was scary for me. I didn't care much for formal settings. But their love won me over.

After I heard the Principle of Creation, I very arrogantly looked at Ted and said, "That was great, but I already know all that." HA! He just kept telling me to be patient and stay for some more. It was leading up to something really incredible. Well, I did, and when I heard Chapter Two, it hit me like a ton of bricks. Things in my head started clicking like crazy. So that's it, I thought. It all made perfect sense to me. Our dear brother, Jack Ashworth, was giving the lectures and he is always such a fantastic channel for Heavenly Father to speak through.

I heard a third lecture and by then there was no turning back. I could hardly wait for the weekend to hear "the whole story." The workshop was so powerful. I was so happy to hear that Jesus didn't come to die. I always knew it. Finally someone else did too and could explain it to me.

The parallels of history were incredible. Nobody could make that up. I was wondering who could figure all that out. It was explained so well. I was constantly getting goose bumps and tingles to say the least! The more I heard, the more I began to realize that I would have to completely change my lifestyle. I was so nervous, but so excited. In the last lecture he said very strongly, "The Messiah was born in 1920."

Wow! I can't begin to tell you how I felt. I just knew it was true. I looked all around the room and wondered why everyone else wasn't jumping up and down screaming with joy.

The Messiah is already here. It makes such perfect sense, doesn't it? Doesn't everyone see it? Everything in my head kept saying, "So that's why this and that happened." In my personal life and in world events everything fit together so perfectly. It was such a tremendous relief to finally know what life was all about. Now I can't imagine living life not knowing the Divine Principle. The one full complete truth. The whole story. The com-

pleted testament. So powerful. Are we lucky or what, eh??!

That "Day of Hope" tour certainly was my day of hope. Thanks to Mike Leone and Patrick Duffy for coordinating it between the Seattle family and Vancouver family. I went to the seven-day workshop next and on the third day is when I truly fully joined the movement with all my heart. That was October 28, 1975.

After the third day of lectures my head and heart were bursting with emotions and questions. I went to the sisters' room and covered myself under a blanket. I pictured myself as an Indian in the middle of a teepee surrounded by nature and talking to God. I asked Him, "God, what do you want me to do now? This truth is so powerful." I was, however, having difficulty accepting that the Messiah would be such a straightforward, serious, older Korean man. I knew the Principle had to be right, but how could he be the one?

I asked God to tell me if it was really him. "Is this Korean man really your true son, the savior of all mankind?" I wish I could fully describe to you the whole encompassing feeling I received. I felt God's arms around me and I swear I actually heard His voice—LOUD AND CLEAR—"Yes, this is my BELOVED SON. HE IS THE ONE!"

My ears were ringing, my whole body was shaking. It was as if I had been totally deaf before and then when I heard those words, sound suddenly exploded—loud and clear.

It is almost 24 years later and I have had many, many spiritual experiences. But I have never heard God's voice so absolutely as that day. That was truly my spiritual BIRTH day. I told Him I could not follow this movement if I had even one iota of doubt. I cried and cried out to Him. Not even one little iota. I can't change my life completely if I'm not 100 percent absolutely sure. Heavenly Father embraced me, surrounded me and completely filled me up.

He completely wiped away every little trace of doubt and hesitation—GONE—pouf!

I have never even for one second had a doubt. That's how powerful God is. Yes, I have struggled but never had any doubt. All because of Heavenly Father's infinite love for everyone.

Ray Sabo

In March 1975, I had just come back from a trip from NJ to CA. I was searching to find out what life was about and my purpose in it. I had to return a car I drove from California to New York City.

On my way home from the car place, I was walking to the bus station by way of Times Square. I was approached by a Christian group and they asked me if I was saved. I replied that I felt saved. Then they started accusing me and I was turned off. I started to walk away and I said, "God, if you are really there and if Jesus did exist, can you please show me the way?" Right after that a Japanese sister (Michiko Shimizu Turegano) came up to me and gave me a pamphlet. She asked me if I was looking for true love. I answered yes and then she proceeded to invite me around the corner of a library to hear an introduction to the teachings.

I was very cautious in the city because it was a crazy place. At that moment some guy came between us and started roaring like a lion. I almost dashed away but someone else came and took him away. I saw the look on Michiko's face that she was also startled, but she continued to ask me to come to hear an introduction. Part of me really wanted to go home and the other to stay and hear the introduction.

So I proceeded to go with them to a 2nd floor office where they were having these lectures. I was greeted with so many good feelings and warmth that I was amazed at the atmosphere. I sat down and was waiting to hear the next lecture. Michiko came to me and showed me a pamphlet about Barrytown. I saw the picture with the mountains and river on it. I loved going into nature. She began to explain about it. Then, I asked her, "Can I go there?" She looked at me with amazement and said she'd find out. She came back and said a van was going in about an hour and that I could go. I called my Mom and said that I met some really good people and I would be away for the weekend.

I arrived at Barrytown about 11 pm at night. The next day, I began to hear the Divine Principle for three days. To my amazement, it was answering many questions I had about life. At the end of the three days, after hearing the parallels of history, I realized the time was at hand. They invited us to go to a 7-day workshop. I was

collecting unemployment at the time and I didn't want to miss my check. So I promised them that I would come back in a few days. I went home and started telling my friends what happened to me and who I met and I was getting mixed reactions. One friend said, "That sounds very interesting and I would like to go back with you to Barrytown," which he did. That was the stepping stone to go back.

I attended the 7-day Divine Principle workshop. I was in a 2nd-floor lecture hall when it was proclaimed at the conclusion lecture about the Second Coming. A choir was practicing below us with beautiful singing. I was raised Catholic and always wondering where heaven and hell were. Prior to Barrytown, I was receiving revelations that Heaven and Hell are right here. All of a sudden it stuck me what had happened in my life and I saw myself standing at the gates of Heaven with this incredible singing. I looked through but couldn't go in. It was an overwhelming feeling. Then God told me, "Sorry, you can't enter at this time because there is so much that needs to be done on earth and so much for you to restore." After that I began to weep like a baby, uncontrollably, with joy and gratitude that I was shown the way and that the kingdom of Heaven did exist and that I had a chance to clean myself up and the chance to serve the Lord of the Second Advent while on earth. So my journey began.

I attended 7, 21, 40 and 120-day workshops, with a lot of different activities in between them. We did a 40-hour lecturing condition at Rockefeller Center and on 42nd Street a 21-hour lecture condition for VOC (Victory Over Communism). We did fundraising and witnessing all over the city.

I was attending Mr. Sudo's 120-day workshop when True Father began three phases of the Pioneering witnessing to fifty states. Father came to each of us with 50 states written on pieces of paper in a hat and gave us the opportunity to pick our state where we would go. It was my first really close encounter with True Father. I chose Minnesota.

Deprogramming was very strong at that time, especially in Minnesota. I began to have experiences there with witnessing. One experience I will never forget concerned one particular sister. There was a certain fundamental Christian group that was strongly trying to take away this sister from the Unification Church. In my daily

witnessing I would always see these Christians in two's and I would get butterflies in my stomach, like a fearful feeling. They were very cunning and were always talking to this sister and giving her gifts and a lot of affection and always telling her bad things about the church. At that time there was a lot of persecution.

One day the sister didn't come back and we were worried about her. So I went to the Christians' headquarters which was in a downtown Minneapolis high rise. I greeted them and asked them about the sister and they said she didn't want to come back to the Unification Church anymore. They invited me to one of their meeting rooms. In the beginning, there were two people. Then, within 10 minutes there were about a dozen of these Christians around me. They were asking what I believed about Rev. Moon so I began to be straightforward with them. They then began to tell me that Rev. Moon is the anti-christ and that I have to denounce him and this would be a great time to do so. They said, let us pray together to do this. I heard the door lock and I really couldn't go anywhere. They began to pray very strongly and began to put their hands on me. Well, I had no choice if I wanted to survive this spiritual attack, so I began to pray louder than everyone. They were taken aback when I began to pray louder and they began to pray louder, too. I felt overpowered and all of a sudden True Father's face appeared in front of me. It was so bright and he was smiling from ear to ear. I felt an incredible surge of spiritual energy. I stood up and was praying more powerfully than all these Christians and they finally stopped.

I declared, "I will not denounce Rev. Moon and I pray that God can help you see the truth." Then, I left with so much energy that as I exited the building, I stood on a ledge and began to street preach like I did every day.

I felt a great sense of rebirth from this experience. This experience has always carried me through the valleys of restoration in my past years and even in the present days.



*Leading song practice before a lecture in the "Chicken Palace,"
Boonville, California*

Bruce Dubuque

So you can imagine my excitement when I heard about True Father, and especially the Principle. The Principle made so much sense to my autistic (innocent) mind that the whole center was thrilled at my immediate acceptance of True Father, and the Principle.

However, I still was a misfit even though I accepted the Principle. It got to the that point nobody knew what to do for me; they didn't know how to teach a child how to be an adult. None of them were parents, how could they know. So I showed up as one failure after the next. I was digging my own grave of indemnity debt, deeper and deeper.

They didn't know what to do, I didn't know what to do. Finally, True Father came to visit Richmond, Virginia to okay the purchase of the church on Park Avenue. It was a great day of expectations for everyone in the center; everyone was merry and bright. My spiritual mother did her best to cheer me up, although I knew a decision had to be made in my life, somehow, and somewhere. I managed to crawl my way out of my solemn mood that day, when Father's limo pulled up. We all went to eat at a restaurant. Much to my surprise, I was only three seats away from Father. Everyone was introduced individually. When it came my turn to be introduced, I raised my head to look into his eyes as humbly as I could. All the time, with my problem on the front of my mind, as I beheld his eyes just for a moment it was as if he looked right through me, and I knew exactly what he meant. He didn't have to say a word, and he didn't. I just felt the message in my heart. In brief, he said, if you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen. It is better to leave the movement than incur further indemnity debt by being a burden to the organization.

He assured me with one glance that it was okay, and that I could return at an appointed time. I told my central figure in our next meeting of my experience, and he understood. I promised him I would return one day, and in truth, except for a brief moment of misery, I never really left. I have always been true to TP, valuing the Principle above all other truths, using it as my cornerstone for wisdom and understanding.

Upon leaving the church, I had to go through many trials and tribulations, the least of which is how to build a lasting relationship. My autism hasn't made things over

the years any easier. I was still a misfit in social terms; finding the Principle didn't change that. After all, your rising sign is the way the world perceives you, not the way you perceive it, and being autistic only compounded my problems. After many years of trials and tribulations I soon found that there were others in the same boat I was. I was ever watchful of any sign, always reading various scriptures for further enlightenment, until finally I hit the "Mother Lode" of wisdom and understanding. While in my darkest hours of despair, as the rain poured down around and upon my head there in the pitch darkness of the night, a light shown into my life, as if in answer to my prayers. She comforted me, and welcomed me, and showed me many things. She gave me hope, and to this day She dwells inside of me daily, showing me the error of my ways, and guiding my hands and words in all that I do. I hope one day that She will fill my whole, entire life. She is beauty beyond compare, She is truth, She is the Holy Spirit, She is the Mother of Mankind and the Bride of Jesus, and I love her as dearly as True Parents and the Principle. She held me through the night, when there was no one else around, and She has never, ever let me down.

UC Reflections

Donald J. Sardella

Iwill attempt to summarize what I believe to be the core essence and benefit of my experiences within the Unification Church over the last 23 years. At the time I met the church in 1976, I was on a leave of absence from my employment as a Civil Engineer and actively traveling throughout the United States. My purpose was to research other possible alternatives to what was deemed to be the inherited and traditional paths of life. I did this by visiting various communities, historical sites and museums, as well as reading all sorts of books on religion, philosophy and psychology.

I was looking for timeless, universal-minded principles and, in light of that, people who were sincerely studying and making effort to create a life and a world consistent with what they were learning.

In the Divine Principle and the Unification Church, I found what has proven to be a clear-cut, long-term strategic vision and context for my life. I also developed a tremendously stronger determination to go beyond my

personal history and a desire to live purposely towards making a much larger level, service-oriented public contribution. All of this has impacted, and continues to impact me, spiritually, mentally, emotionally, family-wise and public service wise.

Spiritually speaking, I discovered a real-life sense of the presence of a living God, as well as a much more heart-felt appreciation and understanding of the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ, along with many other major religious figures in history.

Additionally, I became inspired about the possibility of eventually having a family. Up until then, I avoided that whole (and wholesome) idea, given what I personally felt and what I had observed. The whole proposition looked far too risky for me to seriously consider and, for many years, I was not willing to even entertain the idea.

As a result of my participation in the Unification Church, I have made that commitment and now seek to be both a model and a resource for others to do the same. Easy? No. And through the spiritual and character development process that I have accessed, I've been able to develop a level of internal resolve to go beyond many seemingly incessant, impossible challenges that I am sure could've easily derailed me many, many times over.

Without going in further detail in this brief testimony, our family is also privileged to have four beautiful children (I am biased, I am sure, though we do get a lot of unsolicited compliments in this regard, which we appreciate more than I can say). The Presence of Heaven manifested through the children, in terms of spiritual attitude and sensitivity, are a continuous source of awe and a gift for which I cannot say enough grace over.

On the level of community, I had the distinct privilege and pleasure to meet, be with and work with some of the finest people I could ever imagine meeting in my life. And I honestly feel like we're all just getting started. My wife, Iris, believes that, similar to the "Chicken Soup for the Soul" series, we should develop our own version(s) titled "Heroes of the Heart." The focus would be to highlight the incredible and untold inspirational stories of love, sacrifice and service that we have encountered, both with our spiritual colleagues and the people with whom we have associated through our variety pack of Providentially related activities and projects.

As a final note, inspired by the heart of our elder leadership, we feel motivated and challenged to be fully

responsible for our lives. That is, response-able for what we feel, what we think, what we inherited and what we're going to do from here on, regardless of the circumstances and events we face, as well as what other people say, think or do. And utilizing the leading communications technologies and methodologies that we have access to, be the best possible, ever-evolving source of True Love that we can be.

It is my prayer and intention that you, the reader, be moved to see for yourself, beyond any public hearsay or media-skewed influences, the truth of God, be it through the Unification Church or elsewhere. May you know God in your heart of hearts and help as many others as you can do the same. Sincerely wishing you God's Blessings.

The Delaware Experience

Jorg Heller

In 1976 almost all Canadian members went to Wilmington, Delaware to participate in the Washington Monument campaign. We were divided into teams and I was made a team leader and assigned a specific area to work in with my team. When all my team members had chosen their areas, it just so happened that the only area left for me to do was a black housing project. No one had wanted this area, but I was happy to take the challenge. By that time I understood enough of the Divine Principle and the history of black and white relationships to want to help right some of the wrongs that had been committed by my race against the black race.

The residents' initial reaction when I first stepped onto the Project Grounds was anything but friendly. Little kids even threw rocks at my van as I drove onto "their" property. However, I managed to "survive" this and make contact with some of the many very nice people there. The next morning I came better prepared. When the rocks started to fly again, I threw bubble gum back at those little rascals. This seemed to be a weapon too powerful to resist and, very soon, we were able to negotiate a truce. As I offered my sincere friendship to them and continued to bring in that bubble gum every day, my relationship with the children quickly improved. I became known as "Mr. Baahcinntinniel" with the children, and whenever I drove onto the project grounds, my



new friends would very quickly surround my van.

Through the children I eventually got to know the parents and through them I was welcomed into many homes and made many more friends. When September 18 came around, the day of the Washington Monument event, many people were ready to board the buses, but the buses would not come. I was really worried; my people became a bit impatient. Especially one young man who had taken it upon himself to become the spokesman for the whole group. Whenever I went to call to inquire about the buses, he came with me. He wanted to make sure that I did not run out on him.

Finally, one bus came and it filled up quickly and was on the way. Later two more buses came with some people already in them. However, everyone at my pick-up point, about 100 people, was on their way to Washington D.C. On my bus I befriended a little girl. Actually she befriended me and she wanted to go wherever I went. She was such a beautiful child, about 8 years old. We became very close, but today, almost 23 years later I cannot even remember her name. When we got to the Washington Monument grounds, the program was already in full swing. There were so many people and we were quite a distance from the stage. My little friend asked me if she could sit on my shoulders to be able to catch the action better.

About 10 minutes after I put her on my shoulders True Father was introduced. I was not in the best of shape and my little friend became quite heavy after a while. When True Father began to speak I made a condition to carry the little girl on my shoulders as a representative of the entire black race. I wanted to make this condition to support and uplift the black race before God for the rest of my life. To fulfill this condition I determined to carry my little friend on my shoulders until True Father finished speaking, or until she would ask me to let her down.

I was struggling, but I encouraged her to stay on my shoulders as long as she wanted to. A photographer came by and took a picture of us. At one point I was wondering if I could continue. Her weight became almost unbearable. True Father was still speaking and it did not seem that he would stop soon. Finally, the little girl herself became tired of sitting on my shoulders and she requested to come down. I gladly set her down. My back was aching and I was certainly relieved to have that

weight off my shoulders. However, I felt victorious in fulfilling my condition. True Father finished speaking a few minutes later.

I would have loved to get the picture the photographer took of me with the girl on my shoulders and her holding the sign with our bus number "33 Delaware." But I did not know him and thus had no way of ever seeing it, so I thought. However, it proved to be a wrong assumption on my part. In 1998, 22 years later, while I was working at the Continental HQs New York's 43rd Street, one of my friends leafed through the historic "Day of Hope in Review" book. He called me over, pointing to one page, and asked, "Is that you?"

The Blessing

Nanette Doroski

At the time of the 777 Blessing I was asked if I wanted to go to that Blessing, but somehow I felt it wasn't my time yet, that the person prepared for me wasn't there.

Just before the 1800-couple blessing I was in Marlboro, Maryland. I was taking care of children whose parents were on MFT for a few months. The center I was in was making candles for fundraising. So after a meeting in Washington, D.C., some state leaders stopped to buy candles. I was in a large room all alone looking out a large window at the cars loading up with candles. Then for one moment I see a person that someone says is John Doroski. He turns his head away, so I didn't get to see what he looked like. At that moment I heard a loud voice in the room say, "That is someone for you to marry." There was no one in the room with me. I put the experience out of my mind, only to recall it three days after John Doroski and I were blessed. A year later, I actually worked with John in the Belvedere training center, studying, fundraising and actually raising him spiritually—at least that is what he says. We worked together on a special fundraising team assigned to raise funds for Barrytown and to pay for the airline tickets to go to Korea for the Blessing. One day John brought me dinner after fundraising all day and as he stood nearby he felt an overwhelming feeling of infinite peace and as if he had been married to me for 30 years.

I had a fear of being matched, a lack of faith on my

part. I had prayed about this and I received a dream. In the dream it was the time of the Blessing and I was in the Upshur House in Washington, D.C. and I was very busy cleaning. Then I looked around and I saw all these lovey-dovey couples all over. Someone then came up to me and asked, "Where were you yesterday? Yesterday was the Blessing, the Blessing you were to be matched in." I said, "Oh! I missed my Blessing!" That person said, "It is okay. True Father matched you by proxy." I said, "By proxy. Pray tell who did he bless me to?" They told me his name was John. I thought of a John I couldn't stand in high school and I thought it must have been him. Then I said, "Where is he?" That person told me everyone went to the zoo. They said he was walking behind the big birdcage. I was very sarcastic in this dream and said, "It's a good place for him." But, then when I saw him in this dream, the name didn't match the face and I knew I really loved him. The person seemed to have a very Fatherly nature and his face was the face of an actor on TV. Then I woke up with a jolt saying, what is the name of the TV show that the actor plays the Father in? Oh yes, it's "Father Knows Best." I wondered if Heavenly Father sits up all night thinking up the punch lines to these dreams. So from that day forward I didn't worry about the Blessing anymore.

Because Father Knows Best

From John's personal perception he would have liked a wife who was into outdoors activities like himself. I was not athletic and I did my Belvedere exercises sort of funny. However, John was determined to check out with True Father if this feeling he had of being married to me for 30 years and the many other inspirations he felt God had sent, had meaning. At the matching all the sisters were on one side of the room and the brothers were on the other side. As True Father proceeded with the matching, John raised his hand slightly and David Kim noticed. David Kim spoke to Father in Korean and True Father then questioned John. John reported about Heaven's indications about Nanette. True Father looked back and forth at both of us three times, looked at me and said, "Very busy," and then, that it was a correct match. So that is how I was matched and it was three days later that I remembered about the voice in Marlboro center saying, "There is someone for you to marry" (John Doroski). It is clear to me that God is

matching many of us years before the actual matching event with True Father.

There were a few other members who asked to be matched to someone, but Father responded saying, "You two have too soft natures and you couldn't help each other grow and your children would be weak." And in another case, "You both have such strong natures, you will probably kill each other if you were matched. I can't approve because of my great love for you both."

The story of one couple that True Father matched at this time is very interesting. The wife was a medical doctor and the Austrian missionary to Belgium (Anita) and husband was an American member (Russ Walters) who had served in Chile in the Peace Corps. I learned that Anita wrote a letter to Father asking to become a medical missionary to Chile and around the same time Russ wrote a letter to Father asking to return to Chile as a missionary, unknown to each other. Father didn't really know them personally. After they were matched, Russ started telling Anita about his life and they both learned of many parallels that their lives shared (doing the same thing at the same age). Russ told Anita about a knife that his father had carved for him and how he lost this knife in an American forest when he was 11 years old. Then Anita opened her purse and handed Russ the knife he had lost as a child, saying when she was 13 years old in Austria she found this knife while walking in a woods there. She felt she had to carry it wherever she went. The knife turned out to be the same knife and this suggests that Heavenly Father is planning our matches and marriages years before. Russ and Anita looked very much like brother and sister. Husbands and wives looking similar seemed to be a pattern with True Father's matching.

I remember how Father, when matching Perry Cordill, had Perry stand up and had a sister stand up. The sister was very short and Perry was extremely tall. Within one second Father looked over 800 sisters and told another sister to stand up. This sister turned out to be tall, but more interesting was the fact that her face looked so similar to the short sister that one would swear they were twins. Father then matched Perry to the tall sister.

First Love

Joy Pople

Dramatic changes began on January 17, 1975, when I received a letter informing me that I am a candidate for the Blessing on February 8 in Korea. Father has been talking for several months about a Blessing. Rumors of a Blessing appear periodically. My trinity of co-workers at HSA Publications in Washington, D.C. began a 21-day prayer condition. Mr. Han Joo Cha came to translate Father's God's Day speech. A predecessor of mine as "Way of the World" editor and a 777 blessed couple, he works at the vacant desk in my office. Before sleeping I see a vision of Mother. I see her smile, and all the negative elements of the creation respond in delight. She smiles and the hummingbirds dance and the stars waltz and the moon radiates. I have never before dreamed of Mother, and I have not understood her spiritual position in the cosmos. But to me she is the source of one polarity of radiance, beauty, harmony, rhythm and color. How wonderful she is! What a wonderful vision of how we as women can complement our mate and reflect aspects of God.

After awakening the next morning I see two more visions. The first is about engrafting. When we accept True Parents we are like a limb yanked off a satanic tree. The break is ragged, and in time scars form over the wounds. To prepare for the Blessing, I or Father must cut apart the old scars and whittle the broken edges down to a perfect wedge to fit into the notch of the Tree of Life. I will receive the living sap and return the true joy of fruit. In the second vision I see our True Parents as a huge rock and our family as building on the rock. In the beginning only a small part of the rock could be seen above the dirt, and first 3 couples, then 36, then 72, 124, 430, and 777 couples or families could be built on it. Now we have been clearing away more dirt, with Father's aid, and there is space for 1,800 couples. But again, we must plane our surfaces to fit the surface of the rock and join the other families. This leveling is crucial to the preparation. I pray to recognize my sin, repent, and work to root it out.

I call my parents, after deliberation. Perhaps my mother has been receiving revelations. Last December



she asked, "Aren't you going to Korea soon?" Today she says she was expecting a call from me. They talk about how they expected that their children would someday get married. The catch is that I don't yet know who the husband will be. My father says he would be happy if I brought someone home, said I loved him and wanted to marry him. But since I don't know who it will be, they worry. I ask my father to lend me travel money.

Eventually my father agrees to lend me money, with interest. I can feel that my mother doesn't want me to have the same difficulties she has had in her marriage. She had met my father before he left for Paraguay in 1941, on assignment from the Mennonite Central Committee to help resettle refugees. She accepted his marriage proposal and traveled by boat to meet him and become his wife.

Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Honolulu, Tokyo and finally Kimpo Airport, near Seoul Korea. It is about 9:00 p.m. on February 3. After clearing customs, about 100 American Unification Church members walk out of the airport to face floodlights and Koreans singing "Tong-II." By bus we ride through Seoul toward the village of Sutaek-Ri. There are no street lights, but street

vendors cook over open fires. We wave, and some people wave back. Soldiers with machine guns guard major intersections.

Buses careen down the narrow streets of Sutaek-Ri toward our church's training center next to the Il Hwa ginseng factory. High above, Orion watches over us here as well as at home. We enter a hall, pray and receive dormitory assignments. I pray outside, and a man taps me on the shoulder and says, "It's too cold; you must go in." At 6:45 a.m. Sara Rinehardt Pierron and I set out on a walk. We bow in passing to a Korean girl, barely visible in the grayness, who smiles in return. Sara folds her hands in a gesture of prayer and gives a questioning look. The girl's eyes light up and she takes our arms, leading us down the roadway, across paddies, through a hamlet, and up a rocky path to a grove of trees where Koreans are praying. Sara and I join them. The rugged shape of the mountains gradually rises out of the fused land and sky. Dawn has wakened. Back at the training center, David Kim warms up the crowd of Americans and Europeans in anticipation of Father's arrival. He counsels a humble attitude, advising us to be "like a baby who depends on mother's milk." He urges us to accept

Father's first choice, but if we cannot, to humbly decline and ask for another chance. On the one hand, Mr. Kim reports that Korean astrologers who study Father's matches declare that they are perfect, while on the other hand he jokes, "If I were you, I would not be here." Then he has various brothers stand up and introduce themselves, while he discusses their unique aspects and speculates about good matches for them.

At 10:45 Father appears and welcomes us to Korea, where, he says, the sun shines purely. "More than anyone else, Heavenly Father has been very worried about you," he grins. "Why? Because every one of you wants the best mate, and the best is just one! Heavenly Father's idea is to make everything even—the best matched with the worst." As is typical in his talks, he reviews the Principle of Creation, Fall, Restoration, and the Mission of the Messiah, leading up to building projects in Korea. Our destination after marriage is the battlefield, he says, with the initial task of shifting from being a slave of Satan to a slave of God and then progressing to the positions of servant and then younger son in relation to Father's immediate children, who are the elder sons.

"What is the Blessing?" Father asks. "It is to possess God's love, God's son or daughter, and then all the universe." He says that he matches people for harmoniousness, and he promises that we will uncover that harmony in at least three years. "Stretch your arms out wide so you can accept any kind of person." At 1:30 p.m. Father announces, "At 3:00 the matches will begin." People pick at the plates of rice, hamburger and vegetables in the dining hall, but no one seems very hungry.

For the matching, Father has candidates line up facing the center aisle, sisters on the right and brothers on the left. People seem to avoid staring across the aisle. The oldest candidates are matched first and shown to a small consultation room. Ernie Stewart and Therese Klein, and Zack Piorkowski and Pat Hannan set the examples by returning quickly and bowing their acceptance. Zack, a priest for 20 years, and Pat, a nun for the same amount of time, had heard about each other but had never met; they sparkle like little children. David Kim greets each new couple with a handshake, then they kneel before Mother, greet their national leader, sign the register, and shake hands with Dr. Sang Hun Lee. Afterwards, they go outside to become acquainted.

Still in a journalist mode, I try to take pictures. I

don't want to miss a move. I know both partners in many of the American couples, and later I am amazed to learn that many had never met each other; they were meant to be introduced by Father.

Father studies each pair before motioning them to the consultation room. Some of the European members had been matched by their leader before arriving in Korea and Father makes his own matches; two national leaders plead with Father to keep their match to a partner who can complement their mission well, and Father approves. After about three hours, Father paces up and down, humming to himself. Candidates laugh nervously. When Father announces a dinner break, I reflect on why I came to Korea. I put aside preconceived ideas and focus on Father. Fewer people re-enter the matching room. Father looks right at me several times and then motions to me and points to the consultation room. I look across the aisle and see a tall, young man. Inside the room we look at each other and discover that we are total strangers. We say our names. After some silence, I ask, "Can you think of any reason why we should refuse Father's suggestion?" He shakes his head. We come out, wait for Father to finish selecting another couple, bow, shake hands with leaders, and sign the register.

We part to get our things. Then I cannot find him. I look all over, wondering whether I remember how he looks. Finally we find each other. "Have you been to Holy Ground?" I ask. On the way we talk about small things. There we kneel and pray. Returning to the training center John asks, "What kind of person are you?" Father decided to hold the engagement and holy wine ceremonies that night. He had expected the matching of Western couples to take three days, but it took only about six hours to match 107 couples. Father explains the meaning of the engagement ceremony. Our hands are joined one on top of the other, symbolizing uniting heaven and earth, spirit world and physical world, four seasons, and four directions with God. Then Father prays.

The holy wine ceremony follows. Father prays again, and a great spiritual warmth fills me, like a garment which dissolves and penetrates my skin and becomes part of my blood. We receive the wine from President Young Whi Kim. I receive the cup, drink the contents and replace it in the container. Then I pick up another cup and hand it with both hands to John, who takes it with both hands, drinks and passes it back to me

for returning to the tray. Father and Mother sit on the platform, watching. The ceremonies had to take place very quickly since Father has to return to Chungpa Dong before curfew.

After True Parents depart, the sisters try on their white chima choggogi gowns. On World Day last year Father said that the first tears were shed by Adam and Eve when they fell through illicit love, but actually their first tears should have been on the day of their holy marriage. Those would have been tears of joy. I felt I was crying the tears of joy on my wedding day. The engagement is the formation stage Blessing, the holy wine ceremony the growth stage. So the day I met my husband was also my wedding day. From the Monday of our matching to the Saturday of the public Blessing ceremony, the days are quiet and cold. John and I talk about our relationship with God, our life of faith, our church missions. He joined in California and has been working at a printing company with other church members; I joined in Washington, D.C., and have been working for the publications department there. We search out the printing operation near the ginseng factory and watch the pressmen hand-feed sheets of paper to the presses; type is set, one line at a time, from boxes of metal letters. "The Way of the World Magazine" which I edit used to be produced at this shop, and I bring some recent issues as gifts. Japanese and Western couples gather around a bonfire and sing. Groups rehearse for the wedding reception. Rings are fitted, engagement photos taken. We take snapshots, listen to other couples' stories. At times we retire to our bunk beds to hem the wedding dresses and slips, and to write letters, or just close our eyes for a while.

On Friday we go to the gymnasium which will be our wedding hall for rehearsal. Village children line the fences, and we entertain them with renditions of "O Maya" and "Toraji." Visits to the local bathhouse offer the chance for long soaks in hot water and hand laundry. I am grateful that Father chose a husband whom I can



John and Joy with Nanette Doroski (left)

respect, like and feel comfortable with. Each night before retiring we pray together. On Friday night John formally asks me to marry him and I say yes. John offers a beautiful and deep prayer and asks, "Are you happy?" "I have never been happier," I reply, and then ask if he is happy. He says he is. After a night of tossing and turning I rise at 4:30 to the music of the Little Angels chanting, "I'm Getting Married in the Morning." We wash and dress. After breakfast of a half cup of milk, we put on our gowns and veils. Korean ladies help us arrange the veil. With two sets of long underwear, top and bottom, I feel like a stuffed doll. The sisters parade out between rows of clapping brothers. I find John and we climb onto a bus. The cold sunrise is soft and pink over a quiet countryside.

On the bus we discuss the veils. At first I declare they are for purity, but after trying to turn my head from side to side, I decide they are for singleness of mind. Outside the Chang Chung Gymnasium colorful boards announce the Blessing, and flags fly for each of the 20 nations represented.

The couples line up outside the gymnasium. We are

the front couple in row #29—couple #1653 out of 1800. The temperature is -8 degrees centigrade. I eventually lose feeling in my hands and feet. The Japanese couples around us sing “Shiawasate” and the “Little Angels Song.” Every now and then a Korean comes by and smiles in sympathy.

The ceremony begins at 10:00 with representatives of each participating nationality carrying flags of their nations. Finally, it's our turn to enter the hall, marching two couples abreast through the 24 elders dressed in white robes. Slowly we approach the steps to the platform where True Parents are sprinkling the holy water. I grab my skirt to climb the steps to the platform, but the fabric slips out of my numb hands. Tripping, I begin to go down. John pulls me along at the relentless pace of the procession, and the purse under my arm that contains John's wedding ring falls down.

Finally, we make it past True Parents and down to line 29. Pain claws at my thawing feet. I cry, both out of pain and out of frustration at losing the ring. I wonder if John will forgive me. Cameramen are watching us. I apologize to John and try to explain in pantomime to a Korean about the lost purse.

Father reads the four Blessing vows in Korean, and we answer “Yea.” We were told that the first vow involves our personal commitment to God, the second our commitment as a couple, the third our commitment as parents, and the fourth our commitment to humankind. Then Father prays. It is a very moving prayer, and I cry some more. Rings are exchanged and greetings offered.

The Korean newspaper reports 891 Korean couples, 797 Japanese couples, 76 U.S. couples, 35 European couples, and 2 Taiwanese couples.

The couples pile into our buses for our symbolic honeymoon tour through Seoul. On each seat is a large boxed sponge cake. On our seat is my purse, containing the lost ring. During the pantomime to the Korean usher I gave him a slip of paper with our couple number. Apparently when they found the purse they left it on the seat for us. Neither John nor I eat much; I am too thirsty for cake. We stop at a mountain lookout, and John buys me a Pepsi.

We are told to smile and wave, “to multiply our Blessing to the people of Korea.” I get a little dizzy waving my hand side to side and watching the surroundings

fly by. We have had no access to a bathroom since we left at dawn.

Finally we are deposited at the training center to change into our reception clothes and eat our only meal of the day. I have a cold, upset stomach, diarrhea, and cramps. It seems like all hell is breaking loose on my physical body, and my spirit is dissociating from it. I offer John his ring on the bus, and he refuses. I offer it again during lunch at the training center, and he still refuses. Finally, on the bus to the reception I beg him to let me give him the ring, and he consents. “We finally decided to make it official,” he tells the couple in the seat behind us. I keep fighting back tears.

The Chang Chung Gymnasium is also the site of the reception. Professional Korean musicians perform. The Little Angels dance. Various Western groups sing. Americans offer a skit portraying a very tall American visiting Korea. We sing “Come and Go With Me to That Land” and conclude with a canon combining “Arirang” and “Tong-Il.” Cheers and clapping rise from the stands as we begin each new round.

The remainder of the evening passes in a blur. The buses return us to Sutaek-Ri and we walk two miles or so to the training center in the dark. I bump into a concrete block on the edge of the road and hurt my shin. “This whole day seems like a nightmare,” I tell John. I hope he doesn't take it literally.

We now live in John's hometown and have two lovely children.

The First Blow

Marilyn Mueller Okoda

I joined Unification Church in Seattle, WA in January 1976 when I was 25 years old. I lived and worked with the Church family there for about two and a half years. We did a lot of witnessing and fundraising and our center was one of the most successful in America at that time.

Before the church, I was a professional nurse and had worked in nursing for three years. I had lived on my own for that amount of time so I was experienced in the practicalities of daily living in the outside world. For this rea-

son, I was chosen to go around to the different townships and cities and establish permits for our fundraising teams. I would get dressed up in a suit and high heels and visit county or city clerks to file the necessary documents. Sometimes I would even visit the mayors of the smaller towns.

One day I set up an appointment with a small town mayor—so small that his office was in his own home. This particular town was very difficult to get the permission necessary for fundraising. I was received by the secretary and told to wait for “His Honor.”

I waited about 10 minutes and then walked a type of Paul Buayan. A big, middle-aged man, with a plaid wool shirt and a big jovial smile. He came right over to me, as I stood to meet him and with a big strong hand, he reached to shake my tiny hand in greeting. “Good afternoon, your honor,” I said with an equally big and warm smile. “I am Marilyn Mueller and I am with the Unification Church.” Before I could even finish the word church, his face had changed to red, make that maroon, make that purple, all in an instant. His smile was on the way down to a grimace. He then picked me up with his big bulky hands. He grabbed the back of my suit collar, like a mother cat carrying her kitten with her mouth, and lifted me up and threw me out of his office.

With high heels on, I could barely maintain my balance. I missed all the steps of his porch and landed on the sidewalk on one foot and my knee hit the pavement. It all happened so fast that I just stood up and straightened my clothes and walked away from his house. I heard him shout, “And don’t come back!”

After about 2-3 minutes as I was collecting my thoughts, I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I said a short prayer that God could forgive him for he really did not know what he was doing. And then I went home—to the center and reported to my central figure, Tom McDevitt. Tom called the town clerk and reported what the mayor had done to me. Realizing the seriousness of the mayor’s actions, the clerk invited us to the next town meeting.

The result of all this was that because of the improper actions of the mayor, and in order to avoid a lawsuit, the town gave our fundraising teams unlimited permission to fundraise. I hold no resentment towards the mayor but I think that it should be recorded for history what the early followers of Father went through. Also, God’s followers take the first blow but are victorious in the end.

Sunburst

Jim Clark

Sunburst toured across the country. Eventually we found ourselves in Colorado, where we were directed to split into three parts and join the IOWC teams. After coming together a final time to perform at Notre Dame University, we were asked to regroup, and form two bands. I was chosen to lead the new Sunburst.

The young people of America need new direction. They love music. We are almost a music-centered culture in terms of our youth. They love rock music and idolize rock musicians. That’s why I began to think we need to have a stronger image visually and musically. I decided that we would move toward rock rather than playing a variety of types of music. I know some people will like us less for that, but I also know it will take us in the direction of the young people of America. We need a strong image to take to the American public. If we are too wishy-washy as performers or people, we won’t be taken seriously.

Father is teaching us to become people of true character, so we have to have strong character and to manifest that on stage. Our whole family life carries over on stage and is a reflection of our unity or lack of it. We need to be very serious about leading the best lives possible, and also about having the broadest experience possible, and not just in music. We don’t just do music. We are involved in so many other things: home church, fundraising, restoration. These kinds of experiences make you a rounder person. When we write music, it can be deeper.

I have much hope for Sunburst’s ability to appeal to young people. We’re becoming more dynamic, and I feel each person in Sunburst is not just a person, but represents a certain kind of person.

My life is much different now than I ever thought it would be, and I’m so grateful. When I joined the church, I thought I would never play music again, but God gave it back to me and actually asked me to develop musically and culturally. If I invest myself completely in this mission, both God and I can fulfill our dreams, because our deepest desires are the same.

WE SHALL OVERCOME
PROTECT RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES AND MINORITIES



Prolongation of the American Providence

The Foley Square Rally

FAREWELL SPEECH

Reverend Sun Myung Moon

This speech was delivered on July 20, 1984 at East Garden, hours before Reverend Moon departed for Danbury Correctional Facility.

My faith will not change, wherever I go! To say that your faith will never change means that your mind will never change. By the same token, the world that I am pursuing will not change, either. Wherever I go, whether it is a high place or a low one, my life will be the same life.

To Bring Unity

Since we do not have much time today, I would like to give you a very short and simple lecture. The work of God is to make unity. If there had been no fall, each man and woman would have experienced the unity of mind and body. Then with the unity of man and woman in marriage, the ideal would have been achieved. What is the path I am walking? My ultimate mission as the son of God is to bring about the unity of the entire world. If there had been no fall, God would never have had any problem in visiting this world. All people would have become perfected and would have automatically welcomed God into this world. It would not have mattered how many billions of people were born; they would all have been incorporated into the unified world. God has worked so hard to bring unity on the levels of family, clan, tribe, nation and the world. But if Adam and Eve had not fallen, they would have automatically created that unified family, clan, tribe, nation and world. If that was the reality, then God would be free to travel everywhere to be with His people.

There have been many saints throughout history and they were always unifiers. In the face of adversity, they never allowed themselves to become divided. Among the saints, the greatest of all was Jesus Christ. Jesus was the son of God and he came to unite the world, with the greatest power of unity that anyone had ever seen. He brought unity among all different races and cultures. Even his enemies, the forces of Satan who tried to destroy him, could be brought into unity by him. I want you to understand that Jesus prayed on the cross for his enemies because his deepest purpose and mission was to bring unity to everyone.

However, when Jesus was bearing the cross, he was a single, solitary person. Judaism was not supporting Jesus; the chosen nation was not supporting him and the Roman Empire was not supporting him. He was absolutely alone. But today, what is Reverend Moon doing? Reverend Moon came to this modern age to bring unity. He is a unifier—he is casting fire to bring about unity. Thus, no matter what we face, we will succeed. The forces of Satan are trying to divide the Moonies and they are trying to divide Christianity, but they cannot do it.



The World Is Watching

The entire world is watching the Unification Church and Reverend and Mrs. Moon. Many people are curious about Mrs. Moon and how she is taking the recent turn of events. Also they are wondering if the Unification Church is now shattered into pieces and destroyed. But on the contrary, under these difficult circumstances the Unification Church has found itself most powerful. If Mother sheds tears, they are not the tears of tragedy or defeat; they are the tears of unity, tears for bringing hope to the future.

God's method has always been that of being hit and then restoring, over and over again throughout history. Thus we can sometimes weep knowing that our tears will bring us greater determination and hope to allow us to march forward to the greatest victory. But if we become defeatists, we will never become the people who can receive the ultimate blessings from God. Those ultimate blessings can come only to those who endure being hit and never falter, those who continue to move forward.

Even though Reverend Moon is opposed by the entire United States, I will never be defeated. I am ready to receive the blessing that goes far beyond any blessing of this country. We are growing every day—today we are greater than yesterday and tomorrow we will be greater than today. If God provides a way for me to bring about the unity of the 4.5 billion people of this world, I will not hesitate an instant to take that path.

When the Supreme Court rejected our review on May 14, I never wavered in asking God, “What way do You want to lead us now?” Since then, in the past two months great numbers of Christians have become united. Today I am going the road of incarceration and I am asking God, “What is Your next chapter for me? Let Your will be done and bring the unity of all mankind, centering upon the True Parents.” I know that no matter where I go, I will find people who will follow; strangers will follow me, even beyond the Unification Church.

The Road of the Cross

When I walk over the hill, the unified world will be waiting there to welcome me. The billions of people will become united into one. There is a way for God to come and dwell with mankind. For the first time, the unity between God and man will be achieved.

Therefore, I walk the road of the cross with hope and a totally victorious mind. We are here together, people from all different cultures and the five different colors of skin. You must be united as you follow me. You blessed couples must follow me with your entire family united. All the members throughout the world must follow in unity; that is the only way you can follow me. Because of this momentous day, there is great hope for unity starting from Mother and myself, the East Garden family, and the entire membership of the Unification Church, as well as for the rest of humanity. Because of this day, unification shall become a reality. It will continue to grow, greater and greater.

When Jesus was crucified, he went into hell first and opened the doors there. Today I am bearing my cross, but I will not die; I will open the doors of hell as a living person. From that point on, resurrection and Pentecost will come. That is the way I understand the meaning of this day.

The living God never dies. Therefore, my cross will only bring unification and victory. The doors to 120 nations shall be opened from today forward, depending upon how much you act. Today I am going as a champion, to bring the unification of all of humanity, as well as the unification of Heaven and earth.

The road of suffering and the cross shall have no power over me. I confront all difficulties and shatter them with my determination. I am opening the highway to the horizon of hope and beyond, all the way to the victory. Even if the time comes to give up my life, it will be given up for the unification of mankind. Then God will erect a monument to me as the champion of unity. Certainly

anyone who died under such circumstances would be launched like a rocket directly into God's heart.

March Forward Victoriously

You and I have the same mission of world unification—that is the job we must do. I am going to open the doors of hell, so while I am doing that, you must take care of this world. Unification is your sublime duty and your goal.

Those who are going to march according to my instructions, please stand up and shout Amen!

I want you to understand that I am going to prison on the worldwide level at this time. I have already gone to prison on the individual level, the family and the national level. This is my destiny. Now the only job remaining to you is to go out and fight the Heavenly battle. Bring the unification—that is your task.

At the leaders' conference the other day, I instructed them to rally 30,000 ministers. If each of those ministers can reach out to ten churches, then 300,000 churches will be united. We organized everything for a crusade. 30,000 video tapes of the Divine Principle will eventually be distributed. How many ministers are you going to contact and bring together? Even those ministers who are not members of our church are going to bring together ten churches, so you have to do at least ten times more.

Now show me your determination by standing and giving three cheers of Mansei!

Prolongation of the American Providence

1977-1985

BASED ON THE SUCCESS OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT,

Rev. Moon expected that the American movement would increase its membership to 30,000 by the end of 1978 and become self-sufficient. This would have enabled him to pursue objectives elsewhere. In particular, he wanted a strong and diversified U.S. movement to spearhead a “march on Moscow” by 1981. In reality, these goals proved to be exceedingly elusive and the “Moscow Rally” did not materialize, at least according to schedule. Rev. Moon found that it still was necessary to focus his attention and expend movement resources on projects in America. This was a source of frustration, especially when his efforts and expenditures were unappreciated or viewed with suspicion. The church’s enemies also did not relax their efforts for long. Kidnappings and “deprogrammings” continued, sometimes sanctioned by court order, and opponents attempted to block most of the movement’s initiatives.

After 1977, the church found itself increasingly on the defensive, caught up in government investigations and legal battles. In 1984, Rev. Moon’s sentiment that he “may have to be jailed in America” was realized as he spent thirteen months at a Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Connecticut on charges of “tax evasion.” At the same time, the prosecution of Rev. Moon, more than any other single factor, gained the church a significant amount of grass-roots support.

The prolongation of the providence in America, continued opposition and even the incarceration of Rev. Moon should not obscure the movement’s accomplishments during this period. Between 1977-85, it developed new methods of outreach, created a powerful student movement on American campuses, sponsored conferences for literally thousands of academics and religious leaders, launched far-flung economic ventures, established a major daily newspaper in the nation’s capital, won a succession of legal victories that vindicated the church’s rights as a *bona fide* religion, put an end to the “deprogramming” movement, and developed a significant network of prominent supporters. With a far more solid infrastructure in place, the movement was better situated to take on challenges after 1985 than it had been earlier.

Witnessing Efforts

The American movement's primary mandate between 1977-85 was to increase its membership. As already noted, Rev. Moon believed that the church needed to have 30,000 members by the end of 1978 in order to have a significant impact in the United States. In 1983, on the eve of a "total mobilization" of members for evangelism, Rev. Moon upped that figure to 60,000. Neither of these goals were close to being achieved in terms of gaining core membership. There were a number of reasons for this. Obviously, a major factor was the general climate of negativity toward the church. A 1977 Gallup poll, for example, reported that Sun Myung Moon "elicited one of the most overwhelmingly negative responses ever reported by a major poll" and that "in the more than twenty years the Gallup poll has been asking Americans to rate various people, only Nikita Khruschev and Fidel Castro have received more negative ratings."

Negativity toward the Unification Church was part of a more generalized negativity toward new religious movements which was greatly stimulated by the murder/mass-suicides of People's Temple devotees at Jonestown, Guyana in late 1978. In addition, young people were less idealistic in the early 1980s than they had been a decade earlier. Rather than religious seekership, middle-class youth looked to pursue career paths and high-paying jobs. Apart from these external factors, the church lacked a stable and consistently followed witnessing method. The goals were consistent—30,000 members overall and each member bringing one new member every month (1-1-1). However, specific strategies for achieving these goals continually changed. There was constant rotation of leadership and changes in direction. Emergency "mobilizations" disrupted local efforts and in many instances, the church went in all directions at once.

For example, immediately following the Washington Monument rally, Rev. Moon announced plans for a "gigantic training program" in June 1978. State members relocated during the previous campaign were instructed to return, and new state leaders were appointed with the direction to hold monthly "festival-like" programs, to have a "roving evangelist," to create a brass band, to start at least one CARP chapter, and to continue community cleaning modelled after the "America the Beautiful" project. At the same time, he discussed a videotape production of the *Divine Principle* and the idea of printing *Divine Principle* extracts as newspaper advertisements, and re-assigned state Itinerary Workers (IWs). He also directed the revival of the International One World Crusade (IOWC) in America, said they should sponsor programs featuring outstanding church speakers, reinstated Barrytown Training, instructed the states to carry out 3 and 7-day workshops, and asked Mr. Sudo to set up Barrytown evangelical teams.

40-DAY PIONEER WITNESSING EXPERIENCE

John B. Parker

Of all my experiences in the Unification Church, my 40-day pioneer witnessing experience was one of the most precious. I was doing Home Church in Brooklyn, New York, during the summer of 1980. I was shocked when I heard the announcement that we would now be doing 40-day pioneer witnessing twice a year in the United States, as had been the tradition in Korea and Japan. (I believe the exact dates of my pioneering were July 20th through August 31st, 1980.) The city of Middletown, Rhode Island, was chosen for me. Before long, I found myself on a train headed for a strange place I had never been before, with only a few belongings, a little money, and a little faith. When I arrived in my city, it was already dark. I was scared, but there was no turning back. I took a bus from the train station, and decided to get off near the beach. When I got off the bus, I noticed that the street signs showed that I was at the corner of "Kane Street" and "Purgatory Road." I climbed up some rocks overlooking Rhode Island Sound, found a sandy spot, huddled under my thin jacket, and tried to keep warm. Needless to say, I didn't have any trouble staying awake during prayer that night. The cold wind made me shiver, and I had a hard time sleeping.

The next day I wandered around the city and prayed for the people there. I asked Heavenly Father what I should do to fulfill the goal of bringing one full time member to the Church. I just started talking to people, and one young Christian invited me to stay with him at his house. It felt so good to have something to eat and a warm place to stay, but the next day he just abruptly kicked me out. I think he had asked his pastor about our movement, and got very negative. So there I was, back out in the elements, without a clue how to survive, much less how to witness to anybody. What little confidence I had was quickly turning into desperation. The next night I slept on the porch of a church, and had a vivid dream. In the dream, one of my first Divine Principle lecturers, Sandra (Lang) Lowen, was stuffing fresh raspberries into my mouth, more than I could eat. She was laughing at me, saying, "John, you don't have enough faith—don't you know that Heavenly Father has already provided for

you?" The very next day, as I was walking and praying, I noticed that there were bushes full of ripe raspberries scattered throughout the city! They were so delicious, and filling. I felt so much love from Heavenly Father, and his miraculous provision renewed my hope of at least surviving. Those raspberries turned out to be like my "quail and manna" during my 40-day pioneering.

I found an abandoned house that had been a former Church of God in Christ, and adopted it as my base of operations. I rented a small storage locker at the nearby bowling alley, where I stored what little I had brought with me. Although wild raspberries were my staple food, I also discovered that the grocery stores often threw away expired baked goods, fresh fruit, etc. I checked the dumpsters daily, but there wasn't always food there. So I used \$1 as seed money for fundraising, purchased a box of peanut brittle, sold it, and eventually bought more and more in order to fundraise for food money. I also met a few good contacts during my weekly fundraising efforts.

Many days I just prayed, studied Father's words, or just walked around the town. I felt little confidence in approaching people at first, so I just gave Divine Principle lectures to the spirit world, instead. Every day was a battle just to survive spiritually.

In order to make friends and find a way to win people's hearts, I handed out the best of the expired baked goods which had I found behind the grocery stores. On one occasion, I had just handed my contact at the gas station a package of pastries when a policeman drove up in his patrol car, looked at my Unification Church name tag, and promptly arrested me. He drove me to the police station, fingerprinted me, but never told me why he was doing this. He was negative against the Unification Church, and asked me if I had ever sought out psychiatric help. I told him, "No, but I did study psychology in college." I was locked up in a jail cell for several hours, and then a detective came in and asked me some questions. I explained why I was in Middletown—doing my 40-day pioneer witnessing—and wondered why I had been arrested. He said that on that day there were fundraisers from the Unification Church who had been kicked out, and they assumed that I was one of them coming back into town to fundraise without permission. When I explained to the man that all I had done was give a gift of pastries to my contact at the gas station, he looked surprised, and abruptly left my jail cell. A little while later, the original policeman came to my cell, unlocked it, and told me that I was free to go. He looked

very embarrassed about the entire incident. After all, he had arrested me without any due cause, and it looked like he had been reprimanded by his superiors for his mistake.

I visited various churches in the area, including Roman Catholic, Church of Christ, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The people were friendly, and we had some interesting discussions about our respective faiths. One time, I visited a Baptist church and attended the service and Bible study. However, the minister was very negative about Reverend Moon, and kept raising his voice as he asked me to get out of his church. The choir director tried to reason with him about letting me at least attend their Bible study, but the minister refused to listen to him, and angrily demanded that I get out and never come back again.

One day on the beach I met a young man about my age, named Greg Walsh. We talked about God and about life, and he didn't have a problem with the fact that I was from Reverend Moon's church. I remembered True Father's words in the *Way of Tradition* about how we can learn from the birds, who lovingly go out and find food for their young. So I went behind the grocery store and found a dumpster full of fresh strawberries, which I brought back to my abandoned house. When Greg woke up, his jaw dropped as he gazed upon the strawberries, which I had prepared for him. He excitedly explained about how he had just been dreaming about eating strawberries! Wow! He was now convinced that God was showing him that he should come back with me to the workshop. I was very inspired, but I only had one train ticket, and not enough money to purchase another. Greg didn't have enough money with him either, so we just hitchhiked our way back to New York. The person who picked us up was negative against the Unification Church, but he let us ride with him in his truck anyway. When Greg and I arrived in New York City, we went together to the workshop at Camp New Hope in Accord, New York. After the 7-day workshop, he decided to join the Church!

I am grateful to Heavenly Father and True Parents for making this precious 40-day pioneer witnessing experience possible. Despite my lack of faith, God could work through me to fulfill my goal of bringing one new member to the Church.

Michael Henrich

I became a state leader in various states. Father first sent me to North Dakota for three years. We had state leaders meetings every month. I took the bus, usually. It was the cheapest way to travel to New York from North Dakota. I fundraised with silver and turquoise jewelry there. I drove a little red Ford Pinto. President Durst came to visit me one day. I showed him my little apartment with my patented custom furniture inside and he scolded me for not pursuing the invention as a business.

I did home church in North Dakota. I really enjoyed that kind of witnessing and believe in it very much. I was living near the University campus there and I set up a book table outside of the library, even in the snowy winter months. I had a flip chart and displayed books and a special 1-hour Divine Principle tape which I was strongly inspired to create. That tape was one of the best things I ever did. That tape was passed around quickly and kids would listen to it in their dorm rooms with their friends. It quickly made its way to one of the most prominent spiritual leaders in the non-Christian community. I felt that we needed a brief expression that was more sensitive to controversial Christian doctrinal issues. This version was very good. It was definitely inspired.

One time, when I was fundraising out of necessity, we were told to do a witnessing condition. I could not stop, so I decided to combine my fundraising with a 7-day fast. I asked God to help me find someone to witness to. One day, at the end of the fast, I felt strongly steered by spirit world to a particular apartment building that I was not intending to go to. When I knocked on one of the doors, a girl answered the door and asked, "Are you with MFT or are you a local member?" I was shocked. She was Susan Schroeder. She said she had left the Church years ago but that she was hoping she would meet someone who could help her to come back. So many things like this happened.



Rev. Won Pil Kim (center) with UTS graduates from the class of 1978. They served as Home Church pioneers in England.

Opposite: Rev. Ken Sudo at work in his Home Church area, Park Slope, Brooklyn, New York

Six months later, the church switched gears and concentrated its efforts on a “total-participation” door-to-door witnessing program in Manhattan with each member searching for 360 households to cultivate. This led to the development of “Home Church” which became the focus of the movement’s witnessing activity between 1978-83. The concept was simple. Rather than have one’s contacts attend successive workshops with the goal of moving them

into a center, the approach was to establish “Home Churches” in one’s witnessing area. Home Church held forth the promise of reducing negativity toward the church and at the same time significantly increasing numerical growth. Thus, it was emphatically embraced. Rev. Moon stated that Home Church should have been set up in the Garden of Eden and that it was the movement’s final frontier and destiny. “In the future,” he predicted, “presidents and prime ministers will do home church.” It was the place where the races would be united and all human problems liquidated. Paraphrasing John 14:6, he said that “no one comes to the Father except by home church,” and he explained that the number 144,000 of the Book of Revelation was “the number of home churches we will lift up.”

Under such mottos as “Home Church Is My Kingdom of Heaven,” members worked assiduously to set up home churches. Rev. Moon prepared a letter, subtitled “A Gift from 8,000 Miles Away,” which was mailed to one million New York households. Members formed home church associations, held home church banquets and even conventions, undertook service projects, and distributed educational materials. However, even at its height, home church was not the only witnessing method pursued by the church. The movement still required full-time personnel, and members were subject to periodic mobilizations. In 1979, fifty senior “blessed wives” were called to the field for two years for work on college campuses. In 1981, 120-day training was re-instituted. Finally, between 1983-85, the movement abandoned local work entirely during an emergency period of “total mobilization.” All church wives and many members were asked to join mobile IOWC teams for three years. Eventually, fifty of these teams campaigned throughout the country—witnessing, holding workshops on weekends, preaching, fundraising, doing public relations work, etc. The pattern was to campaign twenty-one days in a given city, then move to the next one. In mid-1984, the pattern changed. Each of the fifty IOWC teams were assigned to a different state and given the assignment of establishing four pioneer centers.



The Oakland Family

In addition to widespread negativity and the lack of a stable and consistently-followed witnessing method, East-West tensions were a third reason why the church did not reach its membership goals. There were two separate issues here. The first was a tension between the mainstream church and its Northern California wing; the second was a gap between Oriental and Western culture. The tension within the American movement was a continuation of the 1960s' conflict between Miss Kim's Unified Family and Mr. Choi's San Francisco-based Re-Education Foundation. Originally a mission outpost of Mr. Choi's group, the Oakland Family's membership totals skyrocketed from a handful of members to several hundred during the early 1970s. While existing San Francisco Bay Area centers were depleted by the demands of the Day of Hope era, the Oakland Family thrived, inheriting what remained of Miss Kim's Berkeley Center and Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation by the end of 1974. During the late 1970s, the Oakland Family emerged alongside the national movement as a minority tradition with a distinct ideology and lifestyle. Ideologically, the Oakland Family took Mr. Choi's less theological, character-educational approach a step further by utilizing concepts from humanistic psychology. Organizationally, the Oakland Family departed from the mainstream by incorporating such entities as New Education Development Systems, Inc. (NEDs) and the Creative Community Project (CCP) with a less-than-clear articulation of their connection to the national movement. This provoked controversy both within and outside the movement.

The church would have moved sooner to incorporate the Oakland Family within its national structure were it not for the group's exceptional witnessing results. In late 1976, Mr. Sudo recruited Matthew Morrison, a longtime Oakland member, to be coordinator of Barrytown Training workshops, "incorporating some of the spirit and ideas which had helped the Bay Area bring scores of members." In September 1977, Bo Hi Pak reported Oakland recruiting results to assembled state leaders, stating that "90 percent of the work of our movement is done by one center." The following month, Rev. Moon asked Oakland Center Director, Dr. Mose Durst, to give a report on their activities and suggested that a key to their success was the unity between Dr. Durst and his wife, Soo Lim "Onni" Durst. "People," he said, "are attracted by their parental love and warmth. Furthermore, everybody does his share to make guests and new members comfortable, to feel at home and to be intoxicated in heavenly love."

There clearly were other reasons for Oakland's success. Obviously, the San Francisco Bay Area was a magnet for youth, and the Oakland Family recruited actively at train and bus stations, especially targeting anyone wearing a backpack. However, equally important was the stability of its witnessing program. The Oakland Family never varied its schedule of nightly evening programs, two-day weekend workshops every weekend for as many as 300 members and



Members in the Bay Area, 1977

guests, seven-day workshops for those who wanted to learn more, and “actionizer” programs for those who decided to move in. Moreover, while Oakland might send any number of new recruits to the church, it always kept its staff intact. Therefore, there was not the constant rotation of leadership that characterized the movement as a whole. Oakland also departed from the “on-your-own” pioneer philosophy that typified the Barrytown Training Program. All members participated in a “trinity system” which functioned as a family within the Family to provide internal support. Finally, Oakland emphasized only the positive and refused to have give-and-take with negativity. Unlike the Barrytown Training program, it refused to be drawn into speculation about failure. Enthusiasm and joy were in. Doom and gloom were out.

1977–1985

From One Strange World to Another

Jonathan Gallery

We lived to witness. We slept to witness. We dreamed witnessing. Witnessing was the purpose of life. Would that there could have been more than 24 hours in the day to witness. In especially zealous periods we would in fact witness 24 hours. I remember those conditions, when we would witness throughout the night in two-hour stints. Our trinity would park a car behind the San Francisco Greyhound Station, and pairs would go out, while the next team would sleep. The least-favored time slot was 3–5 am, because then you would get to arrive home just in time for pledge, house cleaning, morning chanting, and then . . . out witnessing. At least if you got two hours of sleep you felt grateful! I remember (or was it a dream) witnessing with Tim Henry at the San Francisco airport in the middle of the night, and being so exhausted that I collapsed into a vacant wheelchair. He pushed me around, still witnessing! An often-repeated favorite Oakland story was of one pair out late at night. One brother found a good prospect and began talking to him, and turned around to find his partner semi-asleep, drooling on the floor. Those were the days.

When we invited guests to the evening program, we would have to warn them about the unfriendly people outside our house. This was at the height of legalized conservatorships, kidnappings, and the court case involving the “Faithful Five.” “Oh, they just don’t like our community and our lifestyle, and they don’t want anyone coming over,” we would say to guests. The scene outside 1169 Washington Street was like a wild circus. Picketers with big signs would be circling like vultures on the sidewalk, waiting for us to try to get people inside safely. They would most often succeed in at least getting a flyer in the hands of guests, who would be a bit confused and alarmed by this screaming mob. We also had a band of “regulars” who would appear at crucial witnessing moments. They could be counted on to come up with the most inflammatory things to say! We always witnessed in pairs those days, so with a little luck (and lots of spiritual intervention) one of us would be able to draw the “nego” off, although they were pretty good at figuring out who was being witnessed to! Despite all this, people came in



Talking to guests before the nightly evening program at Washington Street, San Francisco.

droves, people were sincerely moved, and so many, many people joined. I remember occasions when over 100 guests would attend weekend workshop at Boonville.

Our Spiritual Diet

We wanted to make really good conditions, and understand people in the world who did not have enough, so it was understood that we would always have “liquid breakfast.” Orange juice and coffee were not a good combination, even in large quantities. Runny oatmeal passed as liquid, if a little gruelly. Some enterprising cooks, however, had a reputation for defying the laws of physics, and making practically anything liquid. Hearst Street in Berkeley was the place to be! A lot of people who worked in business missions lived there, and needed a little more substantial breakfast. Yesterday’s peanut butter sandwiches, last night’s pizza, all kinds of things would be tossed in

the blender, and violá! Liquid breakfast!

One time we initiated an eat-breakfast campaign. Bring a guest for breakfast and you can have some too! This was a big hit, and there was some mighty hard witnessing on the streets of San Francisco in the early mornings. One sister who joined during this period was known as Suzy Pancake for many years.

Our diet, over the period of a year, was probably quite balanced, but we tended to eat one particular thing for a long time. There was the english muffin period. This one lasted a very long time, and it is only relatively recently that I can even face an english muffin again. Muffins became lunch-muffin pbj's, dinner-muffin pizza, snack, etc. One time we received continual donations of little pizzas. It was remarkable the number of ways to serve and eat these things. Pizza lasagna, pizza soup, etc. The mention of pizza, english muffins, brocolli, and stinky cheese to those who lived in Oakland in those years, will bring smiles and groans.

The Heart of Oakland

In December of 1977, Rick Joswick was convinced that we should begin a musical group—which became the Heart of Oakland Band. In those days, doing anything other than witnessing was more or less to defy the purpose for which we were created, so it took a great deal of talk and persuasion before we were finally given permission to practice. Rick, Joshua Cotter, Mark Ungar, myself and later Joe Taylor created a partnership which lasted several years. The band could rehearse whenever we wanted, so long as all our public responsibilities were fulfilled. In other words, we were to witness full-time, attend all weekend workshops (every weekend), attend all evening prayers and morning pledge (every morning), and after that we could use our free time to practice! We made a rehearsal room at Hearst Street , and every night, after 11pm prayer at Washington Street in San Francisco (where we lived), we would drive out over the Bay Bridge through Berkeley and practice till around 2 or 3am. Then we'd drive back into the city, catch a few hours sleep till the Red Red Robin came around singing at about 4:45, and then begin our day again. Consequently, it took us a long time to learn new songs.

This period was really a God-send to me. I had played the piano from childhood, and was a professional musician before joining, but I had realized how shallow the whole musical industry was. I had decided that unless I found out what and who God really was, I did not want

to play anymore. It was at that point that I came to America, and found the church. I had no desire to play piano; I just wanted to find the truth.

We “debuted” at a rally on Berkeley Campus, well-attended by our ever-present negative faction. It was great! We played at most evening programs, and at weekend workshops. We wrote songs that became church standards, and we loved what we did. But the memory of those rehearsal periods understandably remains a little hazy.

Schedule

The red, red robin came around to wake us up for 5 am pledge every morning. This was followed by a period of house-cleaning, and then back to the main rooms for 30 minutes of chanting. This took the form of “Glory to Heaven, peace on earth, bring 120,000 right now,” for about five minutes, and then on to a succession of other things to be accomplished. There we were in a large circle, dressed in our odd “prayer” clothes, swaying back and forth chanting loudly at about six in the morning. Guests would often be sleeping in one of our houses, either people returning from camp before going their way, guests graduating from camp and coming to the city for the first time, etc. No matter how quiet we tried to be, upwards of 60 or 70 people trying to be sincere about chanting could only be so quiet. From time to time a guest would wander



The Heart of Oakland Band at Hearst Street, Berkeley, 1978

in, looking completely confused!

Then on to our somewhat not-solid breakfast. Trinity leaders would then have to make teams for the day. In retrospect we could have used some good planning and scheduling software, because it was always a complicated process, with someone being lost in the fray once in a while. A general panic of “get out of the house, you are spacing out” now prevailed, as witnessing was IT. Off we went, to Powell and Market, Fishermen’s Wharf, Golden Gate Park, fanning out across the city to cast the net.

Lunch-time programs were tried, but sometimes resulted in members becoming stuck in the house again, so we often improvised, bringing guests for lunch wherever we were. If we had what seemed to be a great guest, we would take them to the house right away. I remember one time telling my trinity head that I had had a particularly wonderful guest for evening program. “Did they stay?” I was asked. “Well then, they were not great at all,” was the somewhat caustic response to my reply.

Then back for the evening program, the event we lived for. It was well-organized, well-run and generally really quite good. Members entertained, singing, telling jokes, doing magic tricks, and opening people’s hearts. Then Dr. Durst gave the famous Elephant Lecture.

I would like to give you a very brief introduction to the Principles that guide our foundation, Principles that allow us as individuals to realize our full value and to enter into the full value of relationship. . . .

This was followed by a slide show and then invitations to “go up to the land.” The van would eventually leave, taking that night’s guests off to Boonville, and later to Camp K, along with their spiritual parent for the week.

The house would then quiet down a little, with some late witnessing teams coming in. There would be a little free time, till evening prayer at 11. Time to crash out for most people, though there was always someone fasting, and other trinity members would stay up to prepare a fast-break for midnight. We would make something very simple for the one-day fasters (sometimes just left-overs), while three- and seven-day fasters would get something a little more lovingly prepared and special.

Finally, all was quiet—the last people had gone to bed, ready to start all over again at five. It was a hectic schedule and an intense life, but we loved it, and we loved each other. We were at the center of the cosmic struggle for spiritual life.

Joining in Oakland

Patti Callaghan Couweleers

I met my spiritual father while I was traveling. He was an Oakland member fundraising. I was in an airport in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I met this American guy, and we were both going to Northern BC. There was a change of planes in Edmonton. Another brother was with him. They talked to me—I was reading the life of St. Teresa of Avilla. They were really friendly; they said they were from a Christian community—I was looking out for things like that.

They said, maybe you could visit—for a week. I was on my way to go to visit my friend. It was outlandish...they talked again and convinced me it was a special opportunity.

I phoned my friend to see if she was nonchalant about my going, so I could check this out for a week. She didn’t mind; she said it would give her a chance to clean up her house. I couldn’t back down, because I said that I would go if it was okay with my friend. This was so unlike her. I prayed, God, if anything happens to me... But the brother and I flew to San Francisco. I got off the plane in 70-degree weather and I had a big fur coat on. So bizarre.

The Heart of the Missionary

Sheri Reuter and Rebecca Sommer

This past summer (1999) we had a special opportunity to spend time together with our families.

This led us to think about how to convey to our children our deepest experiences in the church. We both thought back to our days and nights on the streets witnessing in Oakland in the seventies.

Onni Durst was the consummate missionary. Our earliest memories in the church were of her telling us of the tremendous hope she had to save American young people. She moved us with her genuine love and commitment for a country that was not really her own. From her we learned that the heart of our True Parents was essentially a heart of salvation. Their never-ending sacrifice through blood, sweat and tears paid for our own personal salvation and would be the source of salvation for



Sheri Reuter, Ruth Finamore and Rebecca Sommer witnessing at Powell and Market, San Francisco, 1978.

all the people of the world. Mrs. Durst's love for God and True Parents was so tangible that she was able to make it a reality in the lives of a bunch of motley hippies who had come from communes across the country and been led to her door. We felt this in her love for us and her belief that we could grow to do God's will.

We caught that heart from her as she led us in a lifestyle in which every moment centered on witnessing. In the early years, we all worked at jobs outside the church to pay the bills, yet we witnessed every spare moment, whether on the bus, at lunchtime or in a parking lot. The main focus was always to witness, to talk to everyone to find the one who would respond. In those days we came home from work and didn't even sit down at dinner, just ate quick and went out to meet the people. We also learned God's heart of loving whoever responds. Some of our early guests were a bit strange perhaps, but we learned how to treat them as kings and queens. This foundation enabled the Oakland family to provide a way to bring thousands of children to True Parents.

After days on the street we clearly came to realize and feel God's love for His children. I felt God working through me, encouraging me to turn right at a specific corner in order to meet the person who had been praying for guidance in their life. Sometimes it was so clear as spirit world would guide me to exactly the right spot

to meet someone. The conditions we set, the fasting, the praying, the chanting, and the hours on the street, enabled God to work through us to save His children. Our days on the streets were long and the nights at the bus station and airport seemed even longer. The power we had to be out there came from a simple, fundamental faith that in order for God to give His love to His children, we needed to open

our mouths. Through a simple, "Hi, where are you from?" whole lives could change. We knew it wasn't us. Our clothes were rather strange and we always looked tired, and yet God needed us to be their link. If we were not there at the bus station to meet the 3 o'clock bus from Chicago, how could God have spoken to that person looking for a new direction in their life?

Although the two of us each witnessed quite a bit, we usually led different teams and didn't spend much time with each other. One of us might be at Fisherman's Wharf and the other pounding the pavement at Powell & Market. One day we had the opportunity to go together to buy a present for True Father in downtown San Francisco. After we made the purchase, we thought of stopping for a cup of coffee and a sisterly chat. On our way down the street we passed Powell & Market where a street performer had gathered a small crowd. As we glanced at the crowd, two backpacks beckoned to us and we had to stop. The coffee stop was forgotten as we struck up a conversation with the two guys. We invited them to the center for dinner, although one of them was definitely more interested in a place to shower. They agreed to come and we left them with hope in our hearts that they would be there that night. We had already picked the one we thought would be the more righteous of the two and respond to the lecture. They both came

to dinner and boarded the bus for the workshop that night. However, our idea of who was prepared was not God's plan. The quieter friend responded. He was blessed with a wonderful wife and three lovely children, and they are currently living in New Hampshire.

We felt that through our spiritual children we developed the heart to prepare for our physical children. To be there from the first hello on the street to the full conversion experience in their life takes quite an investment of heart and effort from the spiritual parent. The trials and tribulations of our spiritual children deepened and strengthened our ability to love with a parent's heart. We had many experiences of an urgent middle-of-the-night drive to the workshop at Camp K in order to prevent a spiritual child from hopping on the bus. As we prayed in tears for that special person for hours in the prayer room or fasted seven days for them, we began to feel just how desperate Heavenly Father was to love His children. We talked and pleaded for them to stay "just one more day," encouraged them to put aside their own plans to be part of building the ideal world, and in some cases even lay down on the road to prevent them from driving away. That intensity seems almost unreal now.

Rebecca

On one occasion I remember flying to Arizona to stake out a house where the deprogrammers were holding a sister against her will. We spent more than a week in the desert just waiting for an opportunity to speak to her. At one point we felt we had a chance and Mrs. Durst hopped on the plane from Oakland. When she arrived she walked right up to the door of the house and began calling and calling for our sister. She was so desperate to reach her. I said, "Don't do that, we'll get arrested!" Sure enough, the cops pulled up and we spent the night in the Tucson jail. I'll never forget Onni witnessing to the various hookers in the cell as we waited to be bailed out.

Sheri

Finally, Dr. Durst moved to New York to become the church president and some of us went with him. He brought some of us to help set up a witnessing effort there. I became the lecturer, along with Josh Cotter, Jonathan Gallery and Marjorie Buessing. We ran Camp New Hope. We worked together for a while, but at a certain point the members who had come from Oakland

eventually were sent back to California. It was sort of a political move that went awry. Rev. Kwak wanted me in the education department. People were complaining about us to Father, so I think he said, if you don't want them, send them back. I always felt that uniting the east and the west in our movement was really important, and I felt really bad about it. So I talked to Dr. Durst and told him I wanted to go back to the east coast. Around then, Aiden Barry left and Dr. Durst called and asked if I would like to go there. So I went to Boston in 1980 or 1981 as State Leader and then later went to Chicago; now I live with my family in Los Angeles.

I did mountain climbing before the church and the pinnacle was the hardest part to climb. The worst part is the last part. It seems like a few yards but it's straight up. This is where people are falling off the cliff. I know that I have a lot of strength spiritually. I was given a lot of blessing initially. My spiritual childhood was very rich.

I realized the reason we're doing Hoon Dok Hae is a survival strategy. If I don't do it, I get lost. I think we thought this would be the easy part, but it's the most difficult time. A lot of the work has been condition-making, not kingdom-building, which is what we really all wanted to do. I would look out over the city on Sunday morning when we'd pray at the holy ground, and I would believe we would restore it. I could totally envision it. We kept getting bigger and bigger. I really believed we would do it.

John R. Williams

One of the happiest memories was being with Sheri Rueter and Joshua Cotter as workshop staff at "Camp Happy Lake" in Accord, New York in 1980-82. In those days we had several hundred guests and members each weekend. On Saturday night of the weekend introductory program, all the groups of staff and guests would hold an entertainment evening consisting of skits and songs they had written, usually with themes related to the Divine Principle. As the lecturer, with the long day of lectures behind me, a late-night staff meeting ahead of me, this was a window to relax and enjoy the fun.

Everyone would gather after dinner in the big barn. One Saturday, as usual, the preliminary singing had gotten us all warmed up and several skits had already gone up. Sheri's group was next. Among the staff this was a highly

anticipated event; she was notorious for her outrageous skits. The group was called to assemble and sing their song.

We waited for a few moments, wondering what wild costume or entrance or other gimmick they would use this time (I can still remember the time Sheri entered on a surfboard carried by her group as they sang some silly Disney song). It soon became clear the gimmick was that they were going to do it on roller skates they had found in a box in the barn.

The problem was that these were not skilled skaters; once they successfully got on their feet in their skates, they could not control where they were rolling. They drifted helplessly all over the platform facing different directions, trying in vain to maneuver themselves to get together in a line. The audience was all in stitches. Sheri stood in the middle laughing so hysterically she could not even announce what they were trying to do. I was laughing so hard myself I could barely breathe and I recall wetting my pants. Even to this day, the memory makes me crack up.

An unforgettable moment with God for me was a Saturday morning at our New York workshop site in the country. I was the workshop lecturer, having finished a quiet 5-day program the night before and now facing an influx of hundreds of guests for a new 2-day workshop. The pressure was on to be fresh and deliver inspiration, enthusiasm and wisdom yet again, and I was expected at 9 am. I was tired, irritable and depressed. I slipped away from the crowds and walked alone in the woods trying to cope with my feelings and find God.

It was a vivid, moist, autumn day. I walked the leaf-strewn path, talking out loud to God, praying for my task ahead and venting my heart, crying and emptying myself. I reached a numb, blank, desperate state of heightened receptivity.

Rainfall from the night before had left all the tree bark and ground a dark, dramatic foil to the vibrantly colored leaves. I gazed at an exquisite yellow leaf, thinking about the simple truths that I would be teaching about soon: "God is heart, focused entirely on matters of love. We are Father and

children. God made this out of love for our joy and pleasure. God made this for me."

Suddenly what I was saying hit me with profound poignancy. The realization of boundless love washed over me. I went down on my knees, was pushed down onto my back, groaning, tears pouring from my eyes with the overwhelming sensation of being accepted, cared about, important to the most important One. My entire being tingled in a kind of rapture. I felt His presence within and around me, in a deeply satisfying communion.

After many moments, I was aware of words: "Someday we will be like this always. We have an appointed rendezvous in the future. Until then, farewell...." He was telling me this was a taste of perfection. He knows this is my destiny and He is patient, willing to wait until I mature enough. He is always aware of me in a personal way, always has been and always will be. My future is being guided by Someone who loves me.

My heart was full. I returned to the camp empowered and inspired, ready to share the Principle and the God that I knew wanted to connect with everyone there.

Workshop at the camp in New York. John is on the left.



Oakland members traveled by bus to New York, arriving in early May, 1980, to join Dr. Durst, the new president of HSA-UWC. They immediately began witnessing and running evening programs and workshops.



The Oakland Family was the major supplier of the American movement's personnel during the late 1970s. Each month, it sent a quota of members, rarely less than twenty and sometimes as many as fifty, to missions throughout the church. This earned it "hands-off" treatment and exempted it from mobilizations affecting other centers. However, all was not idyllic. During the 1960s, when the movement was almost entirely unknown, Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation introduced prospects gradually to the church. During the late 1970s, when the movement became highly visible and hugely controversial, this was no longer possible. The Oakland Family's persistence in identifying itself as the Creative Community Project created an explosive situation. Charges of deceptive recruitment practices, front groups, and lying were generalized to the movement as a whole, creating "a folklore of deception as a common tactic in all Unificationist mission work." High-pressure techniques described in innumerable "lurid exposés" also were generalized indiscriminately to the wider movement. In fact, two sociologists studying this phenomenon pointed out that a "Careful examination of the articles that attempt to describe in detail the brainwashing process allegedly used by the Moonies will reveal that nine times out of ten references are made almost exclusively to the Oakland Family." A final source of strain between the Oakland Family and the larger movement were conflicts between aggressive Oakland fundraising teams, nicknamed the "Oakland Raiders," and the church's National MFT.

The movement finally dealt with these matters by elevating Dr. Durst to the Presidency of the Unification Church in America in May 1980. On the face of it, this appeared to be a brilliant solution. Placing Dr. Durst in a position of national prominence directly associated with the church would end confusion

about his role and defuse charges of deception. At the same time, there was the possibility of infusing the wider movement with the Oakland spirit and results. However, this was not to be. After the Dursts and their key staff moved East, a succession of senior leaders from the Korean movement took charge of the Bay Area church and attempted to dismantle the entire Oakland apparatus. Thus, rather than permeating the movement as a whole, the Oakland Family was cut off at its root. In addition, Dr. and Mrs. Durst had nowhere near the authority or the autonomy in New York that they enjoyed in California. They, too, were subjected to the demands and ethos of the larger movement.

Dr. Durst had a rich and varied background, was a polished and engaging speaker, possessed an amiable personality, and with his wife had fashioned and led a center that had better witnessing results than the rest of the U.S. movement combined. Yet, over time, Dr. Durst was reduced to being a church spokesman and apologist. He did this well, and several of his nationwide public relations tours were well received. Still, his inability to become the leader of the Unification Church in America highlighted a second East-West tension.

The Unification movement placed a great deal of public emphasis on the international, intercultural and interracial dimensions of its work. At Yankee Stadium, Rev. Moon stated, “God seeks to build one family of man. Therefore, the family, church, and nation God desires transcend all barriers of race and nationality. The people who are a unified blending of all colors of skin and who transcend race and nationality are most beautiful in the sight of God and most pleasing to him.” At Washington Monument, he stated, “The United States of America, transcending race and nationality, is already a model of the unified world.” America may have strayed from its Godly heritage, especially since the 1960s, and Rev. Moon clearly saw himself in the role of a physician or fire-fighter from the outside called to put America’s house back in order. Nevertheless, during the Day of Hope, Yankee Stadium, and Washington Monument campaigns, he was always careful to acknowledge America’s strong spiritual foundation and potential.

This changed after 1977. In the face of continuing rejection, the failure of the American church to bring substantial witnessing results, and especially after his indictment and conviction on “tax evasion” charges, Rev. Moon adopted a more critical posture toward the United States and American culture. Though rarely articulated in public, Rev. Moon’s frustration became increasingly apparent in his speeches to members and in his choice of leaders. As early as 1978, he decided that “westerners couldn’t cope on their own.” This led to a number of increasingly unflattering comparisons between Western and Oriental members. In 1979, Rev. Moon stated,

My policy is that members of the Unification movement cannot afford to do only one thing at a time. Sometimes I give so many instructions at one time that the members are immobilized and don’t know where to move. But the

Oriental members will run like ants, jumping from mission to mission, and bring the result.

He concluded that American members lacked sufficient dedication or were too “business-like” in their approach to achieve spiritual breakthroughs. Thus, by January 1983, senior Korean leaders held the positions of highest authority in the American church. Rev. Moon explained that he wanted “western leaders to be trained under the fullest, vertical tradition of the Korean church.” He cautioned, “I do not mean that Korean culture should become American culture...just that Koreans are closer to the heavenly tradition.” In a memorable turn of phrase, he stated, “English is spoken only in the colonies of the kingdom of heaven.” At times, his critique was more trenchant. In March 1983, he questioned how Americans became so egoistic and individualistic. Two months later, in a “Heart-To-Heart” talk with American sisters, he observed that they were “contaminated by the American way of life.”

This tension was not resolved between 1977-85 nor afterwards. Some members took Rev. Moon’s words as a challenge and redoubled their efforts. One brother who had been fundraising for five years wrote in a March 1983 issue of the church’s world mission magazine, *Today’s World*, “I have made a pledge to God that I will shed tears for Him every day of this year. If I fail one day, then the next day I will fast. If I cannot shed tears for one week, I will fast for a week. If I cannot shed tears for a month, then I will fast for month. If I cannot shed tears at all, I will die.” Other members complained about the “Koreanization” of the church and recalled that Rev. Moon had announced previously that “the leader-centered movement is over, and the member-centered movement is going to begin.” In fact, the Korean leaders were no more successful in stimulating increased membership than their Japanese and American predecessors had been. If anything, there was an increased exodus out of the church centers.

Madison Square Garden—2,075 Couples

Opposite: The Blessing of 2,075 couples at Madison Square Garden, New York on July 1, 1982

A large percentage of the American movement, 2075 couples or 4150 persons in all, participated in a record-setting wedding sponsored by the church at New York’s Madison Square Garden on July 1, 1982. This number eclipsed the previous record of 1800 couples married by Rev. Moon in 1975, which was recorded in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the largest mass wedding in history. Engagement ceremonies of 705 couples in May 1979, 843 couples in December 1980 and 653 couples in June 1982, led up to the ceremony. With this event, the church went from being a movement of primarily single people to one of married people, virtually overnight.



The Madison Square Garden Blessing introduced new complexities into members' lives which had not been there before. These included the matter of spousal relationships, the presence of children, and issues of financial support. The church attempted to minimize disruptions and integrate newly-formed couples into its witnessing effort through lengthy engagement periods prior to the ceremony or separation periods afterwards, by setting standards of bringing a certain number of "spiritual children" before consummating marriages, and by mobilizing wives for IOWC teams. During its three-year period of "total mobilization" between 1983-85, the movement set up twenty-four hour day-care facilities at locations throughout the country so that members would be free to focus on witnessing.

Despite these measures, married life and children were a distraction for many. Unificationist couples understood that they were engrafted into the new humanity through participation in marriage "blessings" presided over by Rev. and Mrs. Moon. They also understood that children born of marriages arranged and blessed by Rev. Moon were free from the taint of original sin. The vast majority of members accepted their partners, most gratefully. However, since 63 percent of the couples were either inter-racially or cross-culturally mixed, spousal relationships required attention and work that otherwise might have been dedicated to outreach. Other couples, while affirming their blessing, redefined their church commitments. Some took conventional jobs and seemed to take on conventional lives. At this stage, the movement viewed family and mission as being in competition with one another. It did not yet comprehend how Unification families would provide new avenues of entrance into American life, mitigate the church's more threatening aspects, and lead to substantial numerical growth through high fertility rates.

The channeling of witnessing energies into other areas of interest or need was a final reason why the church did not meet its membership goals. Rev. Moon's desire for the movement to become more substantial and to diversify into many areas of endeavor required increased membership and was the reason that he emphasized evangelism so heavily during these years. Financial support for movement projects continually exerted a pull, and hundreds of new members were pressed into service on mobile fundraising teams (MFT). This service was understood to be part of a seven-year "formula course," three and a half years of which were dedicated to restoring the things of creation. Still, this diverted members from witnessing and created a situation whereby many fundraisers stayed in the field five, seven or even ten years. Other fundraisers had difficulty in adjusting to witnessing and took "business missions" rather than fulfill the second three and a half years of the formula course, which was dedicated to restoring people.

The movement undertook other initiatives which also pulled witnessing members from the field. Mention already has been made of the missionaries and global IOWC teams which went out in 1975. Although these members were dedicated to front-line activity, it was outside of the United States and had an adverse effect on American witnessing efforts as noted. That same year, Rev. Moon founded Unification Theological Seminary at Barrytown, New York, which pulled an additional fifty members from the field, all college graduates, for a two-year course of study in religious education. The long-term vision was to prepare religious leaders. Still, this necessitated a commitment of up to fifty top members a year between 1977-85. In late 1976, Rev. Moon established a New York daily newspaper, *The News World*, which was the first of the movement's media initiatives in the United States. This also drained off talent from the field, as members staffed most positions.

CARP

All of these activities were deemed to be providential necessities, necessary for the movement to go forward. However, the diversion of energies into related areas of concern also affected organizations set up primarily for witnessing purposes. The most important of these was the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP). CARP was one of the movement's major recruitment vehicles on Japanese college campuses, where its activists also challenged communist student organizations during the 1960s and 1970s. It had the same dual purposes in America but was largely inactive, except for activities on a few East coast campuses, until the movement committed personnel and resources toward its development in late 1978. Under Rev. Chong Goo "Tiger" Park, CARP grew from less than 100 members in January 1979 to nearly 1,000 in June 1980, a year and a half later. However, the bulk of this growth was due to the reassignment of members rather than direct recruitment. In February 1979, fifty elder blessed wives were mobilized for a two-year commitment. The Oakland Family also contributed large numbers of new members who in previous years would have gone to the MFT. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Seminary graduates were assigned CARP missions, as were members of the movement's Performing Arts groups.

CARP witnessed actively but never became the student-based movement it was in Japan. On most campuses where CARP maintained centers, active students were in the minority, and leadership was vested in older church members, most of whom had already finished school. Recruitment was undertaken in a focused way mainly during the summer and even then, not on campuses but through street-witnessing in geographical areas frequented by young people. As a consequence, CARP never developed a regularized campus witnessing program and did not become a major source of new members as in Japan. What

CARP did do extremely well was confront leftist groups on campuses. These efforts began as the result of an unplanned confrontation in March 1979 at California State University at Los Angeles (CSLA) when the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB) assaulted CARP members distributing a pamphlet, "Communism and Fascism—Totalitarian Twins." As campus police moved in, the RCYB assaulted two officers, resulting in the arrest of eight RCYB members and the loss of its official recognition at CSLA.

This episode was the beginning of innumerable confrontations between CARP and leftist campus groups over the next several years. Many of the most memorable encounters occurred in traditionally liberal or radical campus settings, such as the University of California at Berkeley, the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and various campuses in New York City and Boston. The University of Wisconsin at Madison was especially difficult as members were "spat upon, kicked, even ambushed on the streets at night," and taunted with jeers of "Moonie slime" or "Moonie wimps." Signs were torn up and speakers, including Eldridge Cleaver who spoke at the invitation of CARP, were shouted down and forced from the stage. However, CARP did not back off and following the Soviet downing of Korean Airline Flight 007 in 1983, the tide turned. CARP had developed a revolutionary, activist élan of its own replete with practiced chants, burnings of Soviet leaders in effigy, hard-driving rock bands with names such as "Blue Tuna" and "Prime Force," and touring martial arts groups (these were especially helpful in protecting podiums from assaults). Earlier, Rev. Park led a counter-demonstration of 130 CARP members against a massive 250,000-strong anti-nuclear armament rally in Bonn, Germany, barely escaping after having been pursued by stick, pipe and chain-wielding attackers. Incidents of this nature, rather than more pedestrian recruitment testimonies, became part of the lore and allure of CARP.

Under Dr. Joon Ho Seuk, who became National Director in 1983, CARP blossomed into a genuinely national organization while maintaining a distinct identity and a high profile on college campuses. In 1984, Rev. Moon's eldest son, Hyo Jin Nim, became World CARP President. He convened the first World CARP Convention and led CARP activists in a march to the Berlin Wall. During the mid-1980s, CARP became a major source of new members. However, witnessing efforts were only one facet of its multi-pronged agenda and CARP's recruitment totals did not match those of the Oakland Family during the late 1970s.

CARP

Howard Self

In my over 11 years of full time CARP activities I remember most vividly Tiger Park. He was the most outrageous person I have ever known. His main mission was to show us the fighting spirit! CARP had many famous battles during the Tiger era ('78-'83). Tiger Park didn't just take responsibility for confrontations, he relished them; he loved them; he was never happier than when in the middle of the fray.

I first met Tiger Park in the middle of a demonstration on the CCNY campus in April, 1979. After graduation from UTS and leading a Home Church team in England for nine months, Father had assigned me to CARP, which was just starting to create a lot of waves both inside the movement and out.

At CCNY, we were in the process of shutting down a "student newspaper" which was receiving funding from student fees. The editor of this leftist rag had pictured herself in its pages, dressed as a nun, masturbating with a crucifix. The Marxists and their cronies had become used to doing whatever they wanted on certain campuses by the mid-seventies; there was no organized opposition to them. Their agenda called for breaking down existing morals or principles. This would lead to societal chaos and that would lead to the final struggle from which the inevitable revolution would emerge. Thus, religion was their favorite target. And CARP was their worst nightmare.

CARP circulated a petition for the students to cut off funding and held rallies on the issue. A lot of media, police and Marxist counter-demonstrators came to this particular event. Hundreds of extremely angry leftists were determined to shut down our rally. As our protest got underway, they surged forward en masse toward our rather small group as we held our signs and banners and denounced the vile rag with one voice through chants and slogans.

Indeed, like a tiger springing on its prey, Tiger Park leapt into the middle of the Marxists. Now the power of Tiger Park's voice is well recorded. No one who ever heard that voice in full power can ever forget it. All CARP members from that era will tell of how that voice changed their lives. He once told me that his name "Chong Goo" was given to him by his grandfather and meant "loud noise across the sky." Using his voice as his



Rev. Moon signing the newly-printed "Green Level 4" books at East Garden, May, 1980, for CARP leaders. Tiger Park is standing next to Father.

weapon, Tiger drew the Marxist leaders and TV cameras to himself, where within one inch of their noses, he yelled the truth of the situation. And that truth set CCNY free. We got the issue into the next ballot and when the votes were counted, that "student newspaper" was no more.

The rest of us neophyte CARP members just followed his example...in that rally and in many more which followed. We learned to throw ourselves into the fray, knowing that God was with us. Later we would face tens of thousands in the streets of Washington, D.C. Some went on together with Tiger Park to take on hundreds of thousands in Europe.

Eric Bobrycki

It was the May Day celebration of 1980 and I was in Washington leading a CARP fundraising team. Our team had been invited to be a part of the counter-demonstration of the 30,000 Marxist sympathizers camped out near the Capitol. I was not prepared for the day's events.

I might have guessed or been forewarned by the tone of the morning service the day before. Tiger Park gave the service to about 20 of us who had gathered at the Upshur house. He did his best to wipe the sleep from his face—even his strong hands could not do it. He was exhausted. He spoke of his struggles—that he had been struggling with the same things for a long time and there was so much work to do. It was sobering.

The next day, about 500 church and CARP members gathered. The Washington mounted police had no intention of letting us confront the Communists. Tiger Park had other ideas.

I had to park our van. I ended up about 15 blocks away. I could take a short cut through the Communists or go around. No epiphany here—just abject fear. It must have been the day. I had two placards with me: one said “Castro Out of El Salvador!” and the other had a Soviet hammer and sickle with a diagonal line through it (no to Soviet Communism). I decided to walk through the enemy camp. No reaction at first. I had the signs facing down. I walked and walked and for some reason my arms started raising those placards higher and higher. It must have been angels. The response was not angelic. Several men yelled that they would kill me. I had surprised them—they only threatened me.

I finally joined our main group. Tiger Park wanted to start the confrontation right away—we and the Washington police had been unwilling. We finally regrouped and chose our site. We basically started a shouting and chanting match with the Communists. We had better chants and were more organized. I shouted with all my might and wind. My head pounded with each shout—it felt like we were at it for hours—but it may only have been an hour. I remember something Tiger Park had said about Jericho. Their heads must have ached too. Our goal had been to get equal press.

We finished. What had seemed like real violence ended quite civilly—it reminded me of a House of Commons debate. My head ached and I wondered what

had been accomplished—it seemed senseless and quite out of my sphere of creating the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Then Tiger Park grabbed my hand and he was smiling from ear to ear. He said, “Wasn’t that great!” My immediate reaction was no, but I just smiled back at him. Tiger Park was chatting and carrying on like we just came from a movie or a sporting event. He and I sat down on bench and just smiled and talked on. We then got up and met with the others and he announced what a great victory we had and how proud he was of our courage. I was overcome with pride. Pride in him and proud of being with him.

We did get equal press. The walls did come down.

Mark E. Lincoln

I was a CARP member in Texas in the early 80s when Communist rebels were trying to take over El Salvador. CISPES (Committee In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) was holding a rally and march at the state capitol in Austin. Texas CARP, under the leadership of Denny Jamison, decided to hold a counter-rally and march right behind them. We assembled our 25 or so members, and when they figured out who we were they were livid! I never got to participate in the march because one of their security forces (known as the Brown Berets) cracked me over the head with a pole, knocking me unconscious. Before the march even started, I was off to the hospital in Denny’s little red Datsun, with David Toner driving, to get stitched up. I heard later that we did a good job getting our point of view across.

Reflections on the Tiger

Henry Schauffler

No one who worked with Chong Goo “Tiger” Park in America will forget his passion for God’s Will and his deep love for America and Americans. He had a powerful vision for how to create a youth movement that was deeply rooted in the orthodoxy of True Parents’ vision, but relevant to American Youth. During the 3+ years he worked with us, he transformed our lives and the CARP movement forever.



I first met him at UTS in January of 1979, when he came to do a 7-day workshop with all of the CARP members. When I shook his hand, it was not particularly strong, and he seemed humble. He had two large duffel bags with him, one quite overstuffed. Mike Smith told him that we had a room for him up in the Professors wing. He said, "Please show me the lecture room." We took him there; he prayed and said, "I'll sleep here for the first three nights to prepare the atmosphere for the lecturer, then I'll go to that room...." Seeing as I was to be the lecturer, I was quite moved.

That night, he gave us a talk about Father's heart, and his course pioneering in Korea, and how he learned about the deep passion Father has for saving mankind. He was very animated and powerful; most of us cried. As we left the room, he asked who the lecturer was. I introduced myself and he shook my hand quietly. He asked which lectures I would give the next day. As I began to leave the room, he was rolling out his sleeping bag. My last sight of him was in prayer, no doubt for me and my lectures.

I was the first to arrive for 7:00 am prayer. Rev. Park

CARP members hold a rally on a campus

was in prayer when I arrived, his sleeping bag rolled neatly in the corner. That's how our workshop started. That seven days were among the most memorable moments of education for all of us. He connected us deeply to True Parents' heart and conviction to save America with youth. When we finished the workshop, we had a new vision for CARP and ourselves as children of True Parents.

Many times over the time I worked with him, he traveled with sleeping bag in hand. Most times when he came to workshop sites for new members, even though we would prepare the customary nice room, he would go with his sleeping bag to the dorm where the guests were and stay with them.

Once at Camp Mazumdar, I went to the dorm at around midnight to see if the lights were out and everything was quiet. There he was in the men's dorm, with all the young men gathered around in rapt attention as he told stories of the early days with True Parents. He was a 36 couple, but in his heart, he was just a brother who had a wealth

of experience to share. He was totally unpretentious and unaware of position. At least he knew that Americans needed this atmosphere to connect with someone.

While many remember his fighting spirit and literal willingness to die fighting Communism, I remember most his passionate heart and love for God and brothers and sisters. For me, living with him was a peek at what it must have been like to live with True Father in the early days. He laughed, cried and loved through more than three powerful years with us. I count it a true blessing and honor to have been able to work with him.

Utmost Sincerity Moves Heaven

Gareth Davies

Could this seemingly fragile, mild-mannered, doctor really be the person chosen by Father to lead CARP? Could a former administrator at the Seminary really fill the shoes of the legendary Tiger Park? Those who never had the opportunity to get to know Dr. Joon Ho Seuk may still be underestimating him, as I did in 1983. But those who have had the opportunity to work closely with him could begin to understand the trials and the challenges that had forged deep within him a powerful determination to overcome adversity and to bring victory for Heaven.

When Dr. Seuk became the national director in January 1983, CARP was in need of direction. The dynamic and charismatic Tiger Park had passed away in April 1982 and Reverend Yong Suk Choi had not had time to make his presence felt as CARP National Director before he was reassigned in December. Dr. Seuk was therefore the third director in nine months.

In what we later learned was a typical approach, he immediately leapt into action. Dr. Seuk was assigned to his new position on January 2 and on February 1, he began a national campaign. The Unificationism and Martial Arts tour started in Boston despite the fervent efforts of CARP leaders to point out that it would make much more sense to start in California and move East as the weather improved. This was when I first began developing my theory that Dr. Seuk actually relishes difficulty. Over the years, I came to believe that few things make him happier than when somebody tells him that

what he is about to do is impossible and crazy. That way, once the success is achieved, it makes a great story! Of course it snowed in Boston in February 1983 and of course it made things very difficult, but the event was a significant success and that became one of Dr. Seuk's favorite stories. And he always mentions that there were those who told him that it was a bad idea. I was not surprised when I later learned that as a young man, he had volunteered to fight in the Vietnam War.

One thing that every CARP member has is great stories that usually came out of difficult, challenging situations. Dr. Seuk often speaks about *gosaeng*, a Korean word meaning a willingness to go through any kind of difficulty and hardships for the sake of God and humanity. He is a big believer in the need to confront hardships in order to grow and develop and he was very direct in telling CARP members what to expect. At the end of his first year as leader, he gave this warning, "The CARP life is not an easy one. Beginning next year I will push you even harder. This year has been nothing compared to next year. In 1984 there may be a lot of wild directions coming at you. If you are not ready, you had better leave now!"

It was hard to believe that 1984 would be busier than 1983. The Unificationism and Martial Arts Tour continued on campuses across the country all through the summer and CARP's campus activities in general were increasing. Then, on August 31, Korean Air Lines flight 007 was shot down by Soviet aircraft. Within the next 26 days, beginning on September 1, CARP initiated and participated in 49 rallies all across the nation. The rallies made national headlines. *Young Spartacus*, the newspaper of the Spartacus Youth League, one of the more rabid communist campus groups, wrote the following assessment in October, "The Moonies – those flower-peddling zombies belonging to the purportedly religious cult of Sun Myung Moon, have become well-organized and aggressive shock troops for America's anti-Soviet war-drive. Seizing on the downing of KAL 007, the Moonies' Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP) organized instant, anti-communist, war mongering demonstrations on campuses throughout the country from Columbus to Madison to Berkeley." Of course, everyone in CARP read this as a ringing endorsement.

Being in CARP in the 80s proved to be just as challenging as promised. CARP MFT became very disciplined under Mr. Itetsu Aoki because Dr. Seuk had determined that CARP would be self-sufficient. Father had advised him to send 70 members to national MFT

but he decided that instead, CARP MFT would be improved and that CARP would be self-sufficient. CARP's witnessing campaigns also became very focused and very successful and CARP was able to provide manpower for other missions.

Father clearly viewed CARP as an important training ground for church leaders, and UTS graduates were frequently sent to CARP to be trained. One of them, David Tebo, testified that, "CARP after three years in the Seminary is like ice water after a sauna." CARP was very, very busy and we naturally learned a lot through the variety and sheer number of activities that we undertook. Also, with so many young members in CARP, older members were forced to be parental and to care for others.

But much of the training also came through personal interaction with Dr. Seuk. He spoke frequently of the qualities that he admired in True Parents and I was moved by the fact that he tried so hard to embody those qualities himself. He spoke of filial piety, total submission to God; humility and meekness; iron-willed determination; true love; and utmost sincerity of heart. In Dr. Seuk's home, there is a large calligraphy written by Father which reads, "Utmost sincerity moves Heaven." I believe Dr. Seuk has made that his life's motto as he often refers to it. As CARP director, he always tried to be an example of the qualities that he hoped we would recognize in True Parents.

In June 1984, Hyo Jin Moon became President of World CARP. His first event was the rally at the Berlin Wall in 1987. The Berlin CARP Convention was very dangerous. CARP faced a lot of opposition by communists; there were bomb threats and many negative newspaper articles. Despite the opposition Hyo Jin Nim not only wanted to attend the rally, he wanted to lead the march to the Wall.

Heavily armed German police and twenty vans escorted the CARP marchers and protected them on both sides, but still it was a very perilous situation. East German territory is six or seven meters from the Berlin Wall and West German police can do nothing in that area. So the communists tried to disrupt the rally with a counter-rally there. The CARP members had to confront them and push them away from blocking the wall. The next day, the newspapers said that the Unification Church pushed the leftists into East German territory. "At the end," said Dr. Seuk, "Hyo Jin Nim went to the Wall and prayed so fervently that his face became thoroughly wet with tears. I did not pray; not because I did



Dr. Jeun Ho Seuk

not want to but because I wanted to keep watch. Therefore, I could see his face as he prayed and I could really feel his deep commitment. Father and Mother were so happy to hear of the victory at the wall. It was a major victory because for the first time, international students gathered together to demand the destruction of the Berlin Wall. It made a world impact. Father and Mother called us to go directly to Alaska from Germany. When we got to Alaska, Father came back early to hear our report."

Having lived a life of *gosaeng*, Dr. Seuk urged CARP members to do the same, making CARP a place to learn to overcome all difficulties. By the end of the 1980s, there were many hundreds of members who had experienced that training and who trusted in Dr. Seuk's leadership. That was an important foundation for the success that would come when the Wall came down and a unique opportunity presented itself in the Soviet Union. What needed to be done was impossible and everybody knew it. CARP did it anyway.

“Reverend Beatrice Clyburn”

The last thing in the world I was expecting to be called was “Reverend Clyburn,” or “Reverend Beatrice” as Dr. Seuk calls me. I was raised Catholic (no “reverends” there!) and even at the Seminary, my focus was more on counseling.

In early 1986, Dr. Seuk said that seminary graduates should become Campus Ministers. He was so serious to unite with Father’s direction that I had to unite too. At the beginning of 1986, when I was doing my research into campus ministry, he would call me, asking about my findings. He would ask me to make reports all the time. I am grateful that he pushed me. That made me serious.

In September, I was accepted as an official Unification Campus Minister at Howard University. Actually, about the time I was going to apply, the Dean of the Chapel, Reverend Evans E. Crawford, came to our book table and asked why we didn’t have a campus minister! I later had a few interviews with Dean Crawford. I should say we had heart-to-heart talks. He asked me millions of questions about my mission, Father, how I joined the church, why I wanted to be at Howard. I will not forget—he will not either—the day I was in his office, telling him in tears how God had given me the life mission to heal the heart of black people. That’s why he was sending me, a white person, to serve the Howard black community. Then he shared about his experience with Dr. Martin Luther King. That time, our hearts touched. It felt like we were father and daughter. I love him so much. I always bring him flowers to decorate his office and to bring to his wife. His secretaries are like my sisters. Last Tuesday, I brought them flowers. Margaret, one of them, grabbed me and gave me a big kiss!

One thing has moved me to shed many tears during the past year at Howard. I have gone to many celebrations, meetings and services at the chapel of the School of Divinity. I love hanging out there. It is so peaceful. During one service, a young student sang “His eyes are on the sparrow.” She totally gave herself in her singing. I was overwhelmed with God’s love for all these people. Most of them were ministers from other churches. I was overwhelmed by the fact that they too, just like me, had given their lives to God. They had struggled for

many more years than I had under the heavy responsibility of bringing God’s children back to him. I felt their sincerity, their commitment, their sense of responsibility, their pained hearts and their love for God and Jesus Christ.

In November, I went to a conference at the School of Divinity. One professor, Dr. Felder, was speaking in front of a chapel packed with ministers. When I entered, I asked God where I should sit and I found myself next to two ladies. Afterward, the older one started to show me pictures of her children and grandchildren, talking as if she had known me for years. Then Dr. Felder came over and it turned out that this lady was his mother. Then I knew God had a plan, but when Dr. Felder realized I was a Moonie, he expressed his negative feelings. Two years before, he had been invited to a conference in the Bahamas but had refused to go as he was convinced that Reverend Moon was enticing black ministers and brainwashing them.

The next Monday, I was in his office for two hours. He bombarded me with a hundred questions about Father, my commitment to the church and my mission at Howard. Then he changed completely. He invited me to come to his apartment with his secretaries and one of his classes for a Christmas party. He even drove me home that day. I was very moved by the change. This man has a national-level mission with his church and is also editor of the well-known *Journal of Religious Studies*.

The warmest event of the whole semester was the Christmas party that Dean Crawford put on for his whole department. Dean Crawford introduced me warmly, explaining how I was accepted into this position. He was so beautiful and embracing. It all felt like family. I was able to meet several other campus ministers there and the number one topic with everyone was Reverend Moon. Since I am accepted at Howard by the three deans, then people feel free to ask. They don’t feel reluctant because I am one of them. I am grateful God could tell Dr. Seuk that this was my mission, against my own interpretation. I saw the incredible result right away. God wanted me there.

* This testimony originally appeared in *Frontline* Vol.5, No.1 (Spring 1988).



Academic and Interreligious Outreach

Between 1977-85, the Unification movement made remarkable progress in reaching intellectual and cultural elites in American society. It also set up business and media networks that gained widespread exposure. In addition, the movement began to make inroads into the American conservative movement and New Right through its support of traditional Judeo-Christian values and opposition to communism. These advances came at a steep price. The movement expended millions of dollars, drawing on its worldwide resources, particularly from Japan. It also had to contend with continuing opposition. Nevertheless, by 1985 the movement was in a decidedly better position than at the start of 1977. The major difference was that at the end of the period it had a broad array of supporters. These included mainstream, even stellar academics, theologians and religionists, journalists, and civic leaders. In this sense, the Washington Monument campaign was a watershed event as Rev. Moon suggested. Prior to that time, the movement had few, if any allies. Afterwards, it had an increasing number of defenders, some of whom came to its defense entirely on their own. This did not mean that the time of tribulation was over. It simply meant that after 1977 Rev. Moon and the church did not have to face it alone.

The movement did cultivate some friends before, particularly through its sponsorship of the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences (ICUS). As noted, the ICUS conferences which met each November at rotating sites grew dramatically from 20 participants from 8 nations in 1972, to 60

*The 4th ICUS in
New York*

participants from 17 nations in 1973, to 128 participants from 28 nations in 1974, to 340 participants from 57 nations in 1975, to 360 participants from 53 nations in 1976. During these years, critics of the movement utilized a variety of tactics to dissuade participants from attending. These ranged from letter-writing and telephone-calling to publicly “naming names” of those who attended. Most of those who had participated previously or accepted invitations stood their ground. Some addressed the sponsorship issue by stating that the meetings were valuable, that they were allowed “complete freedom of expression, agenda and organization,” and that “science accepts money from many sources which may be in some way tainted.” Although this line of argument may have been a viable defense against conference’s detractors, it was a less than ringing endorsement of the movement.

The situation changed after 1977 in at least two ways. One of these changes was that a number of participants made a serious effort to investigate the charges against the church and its founder. Dr. Fredrick Sontag, a philosopher from Pomona College, undertook the most serious and systematic investigation. He interviewed members and movement leaders, including Rev. Moon, on three continents, stayed in church centers, attended a weekend training session as a participant, attended the Washington Monument rally as a spectator, and “contacted as many ex-members and anti-Moon organizations as possible to gather their literature.” The results of his investigation were published as *Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church* (Abingdon, 1977). Sontag’s book was replete with typical academic disclaimers that “the Moon phenomenon does not admit of easy solutions” and that for every simple issue resolved, “more important and difficult questions emerged.” Nevertheless, he did reach “two firm conclusions.” These were: “(1) The origins of the movement are genuinely humble, religious, and spiritual (which many doubt); and (2) the adaptability and solidarity of the movement are such that we are dealing with a movement here to stay.” As he put it, “We have witnessed in our own lifetime the birth, growing pains—and will see the maturity—of a new religious movement.” Although the debate over “science, sin and sponsorship” continued, it no longer threatened the existence of ICUS, which continued to expand through 1981 when 808 participants from 100 nations gathered for the tenth conference in Seoul, Korea.

A second change was the emergence of a new synergy. The power of academic networking was such that participants not only brought colleagues but also fresh ideas. The Professors World Peace Academy (PWPA), which was founded by Rev. Moon in 1973 but which operated almost exclusively in Asia, increasingly drew on ICUS-related scholars in setting up chapters and sponsoring conferences worldwide after 1981. The movement organized Paragon House Publishers (PHP) in 1982 largely as an outlet for ICUS and PWPA-related scholars, and in 1983 it incorporated the Washington Institute for Values in Public Policy as “an independent, nonprofit research and educational organization” providing “nonpartisan analysis exploring the ethical values

underlying public policy issues.” Building on this interest, the movement sponsored 40 “Introductory Seminars on the Unification Movement” (ISUMs) which reached more than 2,100 university scholars, professionals and government officials responsible for higher education from over 70 countries.

The movement followed a similar process in its ecumenical and interfaith relations. If ICUS was the base upon which the movement connected its value perspective to the sciences, Unification Theological Seminary (UTS) was the engine that powered its ecumenical outreach between 1977-85. Established in 1975 with the purpose of promoting “interfaith, interracial and international unity,” the Seminary installed an original faculty consisting of a Dutch Reformed professor of Biblical Studies, a Harvard and University of Tuebingen-educated Church of Christ professor of Church History, a Jesuit professor of Philosophy, a Roman Catholic professor of Psychology and Religious Education, and a Unification professor of Systematic Theology and World Religions. The Seminary added an orthodox Jewish rabbi as professor of Biblical Literature and Judaic Studies, a Greek Orthodox professor of Church History, and a Confucianist professor of Oriental Philosophy the following year, making it undoubtedly the most religiously diverse seminary in America, at least in terms of its faculty.

As with its outreach to the scientific community, the movement faced opposition in its ecumenical work. The most serious and ongoing problem was the New York State Board of Regents’ refusal to approve the Seminary’s charter application. Despite receiving charter recommendations from two teams of consultants, State Board of Education staff members, and the State Commissioner of Education, the New York State Board of Regents delayed action on the UTS provisional charter application for thirty-four months, tabling a decision six times. On one of those occasions, a Regents’ “committee on UTS” raised “no questions about the adequacy of the program” but repeated allegations about “brainwashing, alleged deceptive practices of the Church, [and] alleged liaisons with the Korean government or K.C.I.A.” When these were not substantiated, the Regents denied the application in February 1978 on the basis of an unannounced site visit that turned up “inconsistencies in admission standards” and misrepresentations in the catalog and a brochure. The Seminary pointed out that three previous review teams had examined and approved the admissions system and that SED staff had previously seen both the catalog and brochure without charging any misrepresentation. Nevertheless, UTS was denied its charter and forced to function without state authorization to offer courses for credit, to grant degrees, or to issue student visas.

Life at Barrytown

Dan Fefferman

UTS was a Mecca for me, a place where God allowed me to absorb the knowledge of the Christian centuries in preparation to return to the mission field strengthened and enriched. I recall the day that President David Kim spoke to our incoming class during orientation in 1983. During his presentation, I had the clear sensation of hearing a heavenly voice saying, "Drink deeply of the Foundation of My Knowledge." Just then, President Kim called my name and said, "Dan, Father sent you here, even though you are already a proven leader in the field. My advice to you is not to worry about being a class officer or student leader; just focus hard on your studies." In this way, it was confirmed to me by both Heaven and Earth that God would use UTS to give me a precious gift. I took the opportunity seriously, and those years at UTS were among my happiest.

President Kim and Dr. Edwin Ang had created a staff and curriculum that immersed students in a wealth of educational experiences. The core teaching staff represented a panoply of traditions: Josef Hausner (a Hasidic rabbi), Old Testament; Thomas Boslooper (a Dutch Reform minister), New Testament; Constantine Tsirpanlis (a Greek Orthodox scholar and former monk), Church History; Henry Thompson (a Methodist minister), Ministry; Stefan Matzak (a Jesuit scholar), Philosophy; Joe McMahon (a secular Catholic), Psychology.

President Kim was a constant inspiration to us, whether through his inspirational talks during morning service, his weekly walks with students after Sunday Pledge service, or his friendly banter as he battled students on the tennis court. One day he challenged me to try my hand at writing a school song. Later that week, taking my turn doing guard duty in the information booth at 3 a.m. on a snowy night, I came up with something that fairly well captures the spirit of that time for me:

As the Hudson returns to the sea
Here we pledge our complete loyalty
Faithful we will remain
Faithful we will remain
Study the truth of the ages
Our knowledge will free the world
Marching through history's pages
Love's beauteous banner unfurled
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow
Still our motto resounds
Ever strong, as the years roll
Faith is our life at Barrytown
She endures through our fond memories
Center of God's great new history
Alma mater restored
Alma mater restored
Netting carp by the river
He showed us with his own hands
Memories and victories linger
Throughout all ages and lands
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow...
Our True Parents forever remain
Through the sunshine, the wind, and the rain
Here at dear Barrytown
Here at dear Barrytown
Father's path still reminds us
That he was the true pioneer
Wherever providence finds us
Our hearts will always be here
And though the seasons pass and the tears flow
Still our motto resounds
Ever strong, as the years roll
Faith is our life at Barrytown
Faith is our life at Barrytown
Faith is our life at Barrytown



Fishing at UTS

Eric Bobrycki

Craig Dahl and I had the distinct privilege and joy of taking care of Father when he came to fish at the Seminary. We were known around school as Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. The Hudson River is wondrous and magical and we spent every moment we could on it or near it. Father provided a great excuse—I say he was a co-conspirator at having us get on the river.

We would fish for striped bass. A great fighting fish that Father, Craig and I love to eat. Father would usually get the fish and then give them as gifts to people who visited Tarrytown.

Father had been fishing the week before. We never

knew he was coming until about an hour beforehand. So when Dr. Seuk would tell us, we dropped everything (usually our classes) and went for fresh bait and the boat. We were determined to have everything go smoothly for his next visit. He had scolded us for not having any new fishing spots. We took this scolding as a mission—more reasons to stay on the river.

We were in our favorite bait store and I found two new lures—they were Shad Raps and quite expensive—\$10 each. My first thought had been that Father would like these lures. I spent my own money on them and carefully put them in Father's tackle box.

He came the next day and we were ready. Craig had found this little creek with this nice waterfall. We definitely shocked the fisherman on that creek—coming down it with a 28 ft .Good Go. I saw Father's eyes light

up as we maneuvered around the big boulders—I was literally hanging off the bow preventing our meeting with the rocks—Craig was masterful at motoring the boat.

Father was excited. We moored the boat away from the shore fisherman and handed a baited pole to Father. I then remembered the Shad Raps. I showed them to Father and he told me to put one on. First cast—striped bass. Second cast—striped bass. Third cast, Father had got it snagged. He started pulling hard and I said, “No, don’t pull,” and snap—we lost the lure. He turned to me and said, “Another”—I was so glad I had another. First cast—striped bass. Second cast—snag—I yelled “No”—and snap. Lost the lure. Father turned to me and said, “Another”—I said there weren’t any more.

Father was quite emphatic about those lures. He said that I should have President David Kim purchase 1,000 lures. I did the math and got the message: get \$10,000 from David Kim for fishing lures. It was only seconds later that I burst out in laughter. I believe that it may have been what Sara felt when she got the news.

Father had immediately turned around so that I could not see his face. I could sense his reaction from Colonel Han’s face who was sitting on the side of the boat and facing me—he was all smiles.

I laughed at the Messiah and did not die. My intimacy with Father changed that day. The Hudson continues to be a magical river.

Seminary Life

Bruce Sutchar—Divinity Class of 1985

I entered the 40-day pre-seminary workshop immediately after the 1982 blessing. One special story concerns the first time that Father visited the seminary during my tenure there. It was in the fall of 1982. He came and spoke to us in the Faculty Dining Room. He talked about how we had to be able to do five things at the same time. These included the ability to do church work, do political work, work with the media, teach Divine Principle and do financial work. I will never forget Father’s words from this speech.

Afterwards Father took some of the Korean leaders fishing on the Hudson River. It was a cold, rainy, wind-swept day and Father was fishing under the Kingston Bridge nearly all day. We went down to Father’s house at the river to wait for him, but of course he did not come

back for many, many hours. Gradually, nearly all of the students returned to the seminary. Eventually only a handful of students remained along with Dr. Young Oon Kim. The hours that we waited were among the most valuable of my three years at UTS. Dr. Kim shared with us during these several hours, telling us so many stories about her years with True Parents.

Eventually, as nightfall approached, we could hear the motor from Father’s boat. We ran down to the shore and I had the blessing of being right there when Father’s boat approached the dock. The boat was filled with beautiful striped bass, which would soon become Father’s dinner. I was able to thrust out my hand and help Father out of the boat and help pull him up on the shore.

A second benefit I derived from this experience was that this day was the beginning of a very special relationship which I developed with Dr. Young Oon Kim over the next three years that I was to be at UTS. I consider my relationship with her, both as my teacher, my elder sister, my advisor and my friend, to be among the most valuable experiences which I was to have at UTS.

Pamela Valente Kuhlmann

When I was in the seminary around 1980, Father would come and speak by surprise. He would come and sit with us in groups outside. We never knew when he would come. Everyone would leave their class when he came.

He would talk to us. Once he talked for a long time and then he told everyone to go back to class when he was finished. I was completely caught off guard. I had no intention of going back. Everyone was going down a path to the river. He was going to the river with the Korean leaders. He told everyone to go back to class.

I and one other person couldn’t leave. We kept following him down the path. By the time we got there it was evening. He sat on a rock. They started fires on the beach. I sat by his feet. I thought he was going to be mad. He looked at me and I looked at him. I looked into his face and he just smiled this incredible smile. I just stayed there. I realized he was our father and even though I disobeyed him, he didn’t mind.

Representative bodies within American Protestantism, and Judaism also, opposed the movement's ecumenical outreach. Reference has already been made to the American Jewish Committee's charge that the movement's main theological text was anti-semitic. On June 21, 1977, the Commission on Faith and Order of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. followed suit by releasing to the press and other interested persons "A Critique of the Theology of the Unification Church as Set Forth in *Divine Principle*." The eleven-page "official study document," drafted by Sister Agnes Cunningham of Mundelein Seminary (Roman Catholic), was issued "to clarify the claim to Christian identity made by the Unification Church." The Commission acknowledged receiving Unification Church "statements of self-clarification" but disregarded them. It also admitted to "diversity in Christian belief and theology and, thus, internal disagreement." Nonetheless, the Commission determined that the Unification Church "is not a Christian Church" and that its "claim...to Christian identity cannot be recognized." The church's efforts to engage both the American Jewish Committee and the National Council of Churches in dialogue were fruitless. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States took no official stance. However, Japanese bishops issued a statement saying that the movement "has nothing to do with Catholicism, not even with Christianity, and is not an object of ecumenism."

Ironically, these actions did not have their intended effect. Rather than shutting its doors, the Seminary effectively parleyed interest stimulated by controversy about the movement into a broad-based ecumenical and interreligious conference program. This began in February 1977 when Professor Herbert Richardson of St. Michael's College at the University of Toronto "brought together 8-10 of his old students—now professors teaching in various parts of North America—to dialogue with UTS students about Unification theology and what this 'Moonie' stuff was all about." This led to a follow-up conference in April and several more weekend "theologian conferences," organized by UTS students before the end of the year. In 1978, the Seminary hosted two "Evangelical-Unification" dialogues convened by evangelical author Richard Quebedeaux, which brought its students into conversation with "born-again" Christians. These conferences and others fed into a week-long Virgin Islands Seminar on Unification Theology for fifty theologians, scholars of religion, philosophers, ministers, social scientists and others from July 22-29, 1979. Ferment from that conference carried over into the first "Advanced Seminar on Unification Theology" held the following February in the Bahamas.

By this time, the conference program had caught the interest of Rev. Moon, who committed significantly more resources to its development. This led to the founding of the New Ecumenical Research Association (New ERA) and the creation of a twenty-one member board of consultants who met twice yearly "to plan conferences, publications and other events to bring people together ecumenically worldwide." Under the New ERA board of consultants the confer-

Rev. Moon meets with founding members of New ERA at East Garden, New York in 1979. Clockwise from Rev. Moon: Col. Bo Hi Pak, Drs. Richard Quebedeaux, Frederick Sontag, J. Stillman Judah, Herbert Richardson, unknown, and Darrol Bryant.



ence schedule was regularized so that there were annual summer introductory conferences, advanced winter seminars, New ERA regional conferences, special theme conferences, and UTS conferences. Hundreds of scholars participated at the movement's expense in the summer introductory seminars which were held in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Madiera, the Canary Islands and Athens, Greece between 1980-84. The advanced winter seminars consisted of three or four concurrent sessions on specific topics and were held at various sites in the Caribbean. Regional, special theme and UTS conferences covered a wide range of topics. The most substantial of these was an ongoing series of sociology conferences which included many of that field's most prominent academics.

No less than was the case with ICUS, the movement's distinctive form of "academic ecumenism" generated a good deal of synergy. In 1981, in response to a proposal by a New ERA board member, the movement convened the first of four annual conferences on "God: The Contemporary Discussion." These large international gatherings were conceptualized as a kind of "internal ICUS" with various conference sections and participants expected to produce papers. The Youth Seminar on World Religions (YSWR) emerged out of the first "God Conference" at which some participants asked whether the event could "extend beyond the scholarly level" and allow students to have a similar "broadening experience with the world's religions." Rev. Moon endorsed the idea, and

between 1982-84, some 150 students and professors gathered annually during the summer for a 1-week orientation and 7-week around-the-world pilgrimage to sites associated with the religious traditions of Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism and Unificationism. These events further expanded the movement's ecumenical and interreligious network and involved religious scholars of the highest rank, including Huston Smith, author of *The World's Religions* and one of the country's foremost authorities on world faiths, who with his wife co-chaired the first two Youth Seminars and served as chairperson of the fourth God Conference.

The New ERA model had additional benefits for the movement. During the early 1980s, some thirty-six UTS graduates pursued doctorates in religion at major U.S. seminaries and universities. These students served as lecturers, panelists and conference coordinators for many of these meetings and thereby gained invaluable experience. In addition, the church applied the New ERA model to its ministerial outreach, establishing Interdenominational Conferences for Clergy (ICC) in 1982. These focused on three broad themes: Christian Perspectives on the Family, The Church and Social Action, and Unification Theology: With Implications for Ecumenism and Social Action. More than 800 ministers attended ICC gatherings by 1984. The International Religious Foundation (IRF) was incorporated in 1983 "to bring under one umbrella the various interfaith and ecumenical activities sponsored by the Unification Church." In addition to its vigorous conference and publishing program which eventually included several imprint series with Paragon House Publishers, IRF provided seed money and development grants to the National Council for the Church and Social Action (NCCSA), a coalition of community-based and community-governed organizations which "grew out of ideas proposed by black clergy of different denominations in dialogue with members of the Unification [Church] Interfaith Affairs department." By 1983, there were forty-nine chapters in thirty-four states.

Business Ventures

All of these initiatives raised questions about funding. In actuality, movement support of its non-profit organizations, though amounting to as much as \$10-15 million dollars a year, paled in relation to expenditures on its for-profit business and media ventures. In 1983, according to the *Maeil Economic Daily*, the movement's Korean business enterprises had total assets worth \$198,000,000. These included two titanium industrial companies, a pharmaceutical company, a stoneware company, and Tong-il industries which was a Republic of Korea defense contractor but also produced lathes, milling machines and boilers. These holdings appeared to be extensive or even ominous to movement detractors who often described Rev. Moon as a Korean industrialist. However, as sociologist David Bromley argued in a study of "The

Economic Structure of the Unificationist Movement" (see J. Richardson, *Money and Power in the New Religions*, 1988), "A simple aggregate dollar comparison of UM economic resources with those of mainline churches leads quickly to the conclusion that the former are dwarfed by the latter." Bromley cited sources that put the value of mainline, church-owned, tax-exempt property in the United States in excess of \$1 trillion and annual church income in excess of \$20 billion in 1976. Even "similarly aggressive single denominations," such as Mormonism, far outstripped the UM with an estimated income of nearly \$2 billion and estimated total assets approaching \$10 billion in 1985. And if one used the movement's "controversial public solicitation of funds" as a basis of comparison, again according to Bromley, "Other religious organizations generate much larger revenues." He noted research that showed "the top four programs on television took in over a quarter of a billion dollars in 1980."

The movement's Korean enterprises provided only marginal funding for U.S. operations during this period and were themselves, particularly Il Shim Stoneworks, the beneficiaries of cash flow from Japan. In reality, Japan was the economic juggernaut which powered the worldwide movement. In 1984, two former church officials in Japan reported that the movement there had sent more than \$800 million into the United States over the past nine years through a variety of businesses that benefited greatly from Japan's overheated economy. Most of these funds supported start-up and operating costs for large-scale fishing-related enterprises, daily newspapers in New York and Washington, and a commercial feature film release.

American mobile fundraising teams supplemented this funding from Japan for the church in America. Bromley estimated, "At the height of this effort there may have been 1,500 to 2,000 fundraisers and...revenues of \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000" but acknowledged that "UM officials insist that receipts actually peaked at \$20,000,000." However the figures are calculated, the period clearly was one of significant economic expansion and diversification.

Ralph Schell

I was out fundraising in the Mid-West one summer day of 1981 and, as sometimes happens in the Bible belt, was constantly harassed with the question "What church is this for???" Oftentimes I dodged the question (the standard HSA line), but it did me no good. At one house no one came to answer the doorbell. After a while I decided to move on. Just then a bucket appeared out of the window and I received a free shower. Fortunately the water was clean and the weather hot, so it quickly dried. Sometime later I came to a door and a man answered, naturally asking the same question as above. A rough guess on my part made him out to be (most likely) a fundamentalist Christian. I decided I would be rid of all the questions and answer this man straight to his face. I replied "It's for the Unification Church. You know, Reverend Moon."

"Yes, I know Rev. Moon," he replied, and proceeded to name a number of negative reports he had gleaned from friends, news media and otherwise, and concluded with the remark "You'll go to Hell with Rev. Moon!!!" All the while, hearing his response, I thought to myself, "What a self-righteous...." When he was done, my reply to him was terse, "Well, I'd rather go to Hell with Rev. Moon than go to Heaven with you ANY day!!!" His jaw dropped, completely aghast, his eyes almost popped out of his head. He just could not believe what he had just heard. I politely bid him farewell, saying "Well, I'm sorry but I cannot talk with you anymore; I must go on. You have a nice day, sir...." and left him standing there and proceeded on my way. He looked at me all the way down the street in pretty much the same pose until I turned the corner. Around the corner I myself proceeded to laugh until my belly ached with laughter. From then on my day took off and only got better. I can really say he *made* my day.

Gus (Larry) Alden

It was 1978 in Buffalo, NY, and I was the fundraising captain of 12 Oakies just recently shipped over to the National MFT. One of them was a young Jewish fellow, short and stocky, and even more spaced out than the rest. For example, one day, I found him trying to assemble pieces of peanut crunch. I asked him what he was doing, and his reply was that he was recreating the tablets. His explanation was that it was a condition to liberate Moses.

Anyway, one Friday night, I had just dropped him off for a few hours of blitzing when some of his team members reported to me that they had smelled alcohol on his breath. Please understand, I wasn't exactly myself in those days—you see, I was going by the name of Larry then (note the double letters)—and I was mad as hell to hear it. I proceeded to drop everyone off as fast as I could and went searching for him.

I walked into every bar on his stretch, asking the bartenders if they had seen a short, stout fellow fundraising. Most of them had, but he had already come and gone. I must have gone to 10-15 bars looking for him. Finally, one bartender pointed to the back of the bar, and told me he was in the back room. I still remember it. It had my adrenaline going. I ran to the back of the bar and through a curtain into a dusky, smoky, little back room where there were about 20 old Polish men sitting at a long table, all nursing huge mugs of beer. And there he was, perched there at the table and sitting with them, nursing his own humungous mug of beer. I must say, he looked happy like I'd never seen him before.

He looked up at me, grinned, got up from the table and followed me out to the van. He put his bucket of flowers into the back, climbed in and went for the back seat, laid himself down and immediately went to sleep with not a word said.

I don't remember if I chewed him out later on, but I probably did, for one day a few days later, as he was climbing out of the van for drop off, and just a split second before slamming the door shut, he looked me straight in the eye and said, "Thanks a lot, Satan." Ah, the things one remembers!

A few days later still, we were in the van together, just the two of us. It was dark, and he was scribbling into a notebook. He would turn his head and peer at me for a few moments and then return to his writing. This hap-

pened a few times, so it began to stir my curiosity. I asked him, "What is it that you're writing into your notebook?" He paused for a moment, and staring at me with a completely straight face said, "I'm.. writing.. down.. every.. word.. you.. speak.. and.. every.. damn.. move.. you.. make."

You might not be too terribly surprised to hear that he didn't stay with the movement for very long. Neither did the other 11 for that matter, but I'm sitting here now some 22 years later, chuckling uncontrollably to remember these things, and thinking that had I only kept the cooler in the van nicely stocked with ice cold beer, he might have stayed longer than he did.

On that note, I think I'll get a frothy one out of the fridge and offer a toast to Mr. Kamiyama.



Larry Moffitt and Scott Avery

One bleak night in Denver we ran out of carnations with an hour to go before Frank Grow was to pick us up. We were in Sunburst (the band) and, as usual, we were fundraising.

One of us said, "Hey, I know, let's sell snow. We have plenty of that."

It had snowed about four feet and the drifts were chest-high everywhere. So we filled up our buckets and went door-to-door selling "the white stuff." Definitely no danger of running out of product.

I'll never forget the sight of Scott dredging up a big gob of snow for a woman who agreed to buy a dollar's worth. He studied the pile carefully, considered the size and weight, the cost-per-unit, overhead—and then he scraped about a third of it back into the bucket!!

I thought I was going to die from laughter. Then, Scott handed it to the woman and she said, "Oh...just put it in the yard." We ended up selling quite a bit of snow. I only remember one person who was irritated by it.

Will Couweleers

It was 12 or 1 in the morning at the holy ground in Phoenix. After our group prayer I told everyone to go off and have individual prayer and that I would sing "Tong Il" in about five minutes. There was a pond with some ducks there. Everyone went off to find a place to pray. Then all of a sudden, there was a big splash. One sister fell asleep praying and fell in the pond!

Later while we were fundraising with her she ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time. There was a bank robbery and she was kidnapped as a hostage. She was a riot, a British sister with a kind of Liverpoolian accent. She was talking so much to the robbers that she was driving them crazy and they finally dropped her off in the middle of nowhere.

Fundraisers overcome by the 193° heat!

David Payer

I was a fundraising leader in Western New York, outside of Buffalo. We had 13 guys in a van when we went out and it was quite a family experience. One of the most memorable was when we visited towns that were not too friendly to our being there.

This was 1977. I had a new high-tech device to help me—a voice pager. Team members could call in, leave a message and it would be broadcast to me. They would tell me where they were and I could find them in the evenings better that way.

One night we had a bit of a problem. Several of our team were stopped by the police for fundraising. I had to go into the police station and take responsibility for them. As I was discussing the situation with the sergeant, his assistant and our three members, I got a beep on my pager. It was Tom Iversen shouting: “The police have been looking all over for me but I ditched them! I’ll see you at 9:00!!”

I turned several shades of red, acted like it never happened and walked out with my teammates.

(That’s my story and I’m stickin’ to it!)

Heather Lykes Partis

Probably the most dramatic experience I ever had on MFT was around the year 1982. I was working in Houston, Texas under Commander Tsujimura. During my first year I had pushed my body very hard, even though I had rheumatoid arthritis. I ended up working in a wheelchair for the next year. At some point, I just physically couldn’t keep up with the tough schedule even though I had been off and on, on challenge teams. My body felt like it just broke down. I worked half days, or only the nights on the week-ends. I repented deeply every day that I couldn’t work harder. I wanted SO MUCH to pay indemnity for America. That desire burned inside of me. I was so sorry to God that I wasn’t more useful for Him. Anyway, one Friday night I went first to sit outside of a very classy restaurant, and I did surprisingly well. After that I went to my usual week-end nightclub restaurant, a place that I liked and where I was known to the owners and security guard. I believe the place was called “Harlowe’s.” Early on, a cowboy came up and started talking intensely to me; I don’t think he was really making sense. Then all of a sudden he pulled

out his wallet and (one at a time) handed me four hundred-dollar bills. I offered him my bucket of flowers, but all he wanted was one rose. Imagine that. The power of God’s presence was electrifying.

Later on that weekend I counted the days from my initial collapse to that night. Guess what? It was exactly forty. My health improved after that. Plus my experiences with God during that time had been many and deep. I value those years with all of my heart. I often bless my brothers and sisters whom I worked with during those times. We sacrificed and prayed and worked so hard for God, America and the World.

Laura Hornbeck

Here’s one thing that happened when I was on MFT, fundraising on the streets and byways of Michigan. It was the summer of 1977 and I was in some town, maybe Lansing (I can’t remember for sure). I was carrying peanut brittle and walking down a lovely, tree-lined street. A young man of about 25 had just parked his car and was getting out of it as I came along. I said to him, “Greetings! Can you help our church and get some peanut brittle?” I was wearing my Unification Church identification badge, by the way. I liked to be up front about my purpose for fundraising.

He looked at my badge and said, “I don’t like organized religion.”

Without missing a beat, and without feeling a bit disloyal, I said, “Oh, don’t worry. We are a very DISorganized religion!”

He laughed and gave me \$5 for some peanut brittle.

Susan Felsenthal Janer

I was in Charleston, South Carolina. There’s a lot of sailors there. One Friday night I was doing especially well. They all got paid and I sold out all my flowers. I was on a roll without any product, only a bucket, and about two hours left until pickup time. I started walking towards the pickup spot. As I walked I passed a graveyard that had so many flowers growing in there, mostly BIG chrysanthemums of all colors, so I looked around to make sure no one was watching me and went into the graveyard. I started hearing voices saying, “Take mine, no, take the ones from my place.”

Those spirits were so friendly and eager to share the

flowers growing around their graves. So yes, I did pick a whole bucket of flowers from that graveyard. And yes, I did sell them in the next few bars. The sailors were buying them like crazy and never ever thought that these could be graveyard flowers. The funny part is that after that, even years later, occasionally people would joke with me about regular flowers from the flower market, asking if they came from the graveyard. I would always remember that night and chuckle because once I really did get the flowers from the graveyard.

I was on MFT fundraising in the late 70s. I was going door to door and had just left a house where they did not buy. The teenage son and his friends came home as I was walking back down the driveway on the way to the next house. So of course I asked them if they wanted to buy. They asked me, "What Church?" and I said, "The Unification Church."

"Oh a moonie!!!" he said, and then he hawked one up from deep in his throat and spit it on me and then walked into the house laughing. I felt so terrible...nothing like that ever happened to me in my entire life. I went into another world at that moment, almost like I left my body, but at the same time, I also felt angels gathering around me to pick me up spiritually. I felt how much God loved me for being the one to receive that insult from Satan and share in His Heart.

Paul Rosenbaum

I had experiences where people would dream of me coming, days before I fundraised to them. One woman in Sante Fe, New Mexico told me that because I was fundraising with roses, she knew that her patron saint, a martyr whose name I can't remember now, Teresa, maybe? was with me—had in fact sent me to her. She gave all she had—three dollars, but shared with tears in her eyes that now she was sure God would remove the sudden and devastating shocking spinal pains which would come when she didn't expect them. Now she felt sure she could even die and it would be alright. Those kinds of experiences taught me about the reality of the Spirit World. How are our children going to learn those lessons? I wonder about that.

An Angel from Heaven

Robert Beebe

It was the last day of the month, and the last day of the third month of my attempt to make a \$120 average in order to qualify for a "green pin." I was on a fundraising team somewhere in either Indiana or Kentucky circa 1980 (the background setting for this story has become a little hazy over the years—sometimes it seems to me it all happened in the spirit world, such is my feeling about it now).

I fundraised all the bars. No result. Not one sale. Then, I came to the last bar with ten minutes to go to pick-up time. I stood outside and looked in through the window. It was a dark and dingy place, the kind of place frequented by factory workers and the like. There didn't appear to be so many people inside. Trying to keep faith, I drew a deep breath and opened the door.

Inside were just the bartender and several people at the bar—one man who looked to be about sixty with white hair and dressed in a three-piece suit, and three ladies all dressed in evening gowns and expensive jewelry. Strange. As soon as I stepped inside, the man looked over at me and called me over: "Come on over here. Let me see what you've got."

I walked over and rather sheepishly opened my box of cheap jewelry, waiting to be laughed out of the tavern. Instead, the three ladies were suddenly all "oohing" and "aahing" over my box and wanting to try on necklaces, earrings, bracelets, rings, everything. "Okay, girls," the man said, "Pick out whatever you like and I'll buy it for you." When they finally settled on what they wanted and the bill was totaled, it came out to be exactly what I needed to make my goal. Somewhat stunned, I thanked them profusely and closed up my box. I was on my way out when I suddenly stopped and came back. There was a question I just had to ask this peculiar man.

"Uh, excuse me," I said curiously, looking over his three-piece suit. "You don't look like the kind of person who usually comes to this kind of place. If you don't mind my asking, where are you from anyway?"

The man looked around at me and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Maybe I'm an angel from heaven."

To this day I am convinced that God's help came to me that day in the form of an angel so that I could gain that green pin. It was the only pin I would ever be awarded in my three and a half years on MFT.



Mark Anderson

One time on MFT our team had come up five dollars short of our goal for a 40-day condition. As the captain, I decided to go out and make the last five dollars to achieve the goal. It was 4 a.m. and no businesses were open, but I got out of the van confident I could sell two more boxes of candy. I found an open manhole and heard some clinking sounds under the street beneath a hospital. A man was working on the pipes. I surprised him with my line about fundraising for my church and he bought two boxes. As I climbed up out of the manhole and headed back to the van where everyone was already sleeping, I could feel the presence of heaven.

A few months after I joined the church, I was selling peanuts at a stop light in Chicago. After running back and forth all day at the light, I came home to the center and stayed up reading the Book of Revelation after all the "old members" had gone to bed. Suddenly, I felt the presence of a spirit which made me feel very euphoric, and as I continued to read, I was able to understand all the symbols in the Book of Revelation and what they related to in modern times. I was amazed at how these symbolic prophecies of the Second Coming were happening in my lifetime. The next thing that happened was that a painting on the wall of a vase of flowers came out of the wall and the flowers started moving as if the wind was blowing on them. After that finished, I went to bed.

Linda Feher

It was Christmas Eve, 1980. As a center member in Baltimore, I was preparing to go fundraising with the rest of the team but there was no holiday joy in my heart. The thought of fundraising on such a major holiday seemed cruel and pointless. I remember that the drive to our fundraising area that day was unusually quiet and gloomy. To make matters worse the sky was very dark gray and it was definitely going to rain!

The team leader (Tony Snodgrass) and I were the last ones to get out of the van. I knew he was struggling also. I could see him across the street, methodically going from door to door. He looked as lonely and small as I felt. I couldn't understand why we were doing this. No one was buying anything. Every time I looked over to where he was I got angrier. Why did we have to do

this on Christmas Eve? Seeing the warm yellow glow inside each house made me homesick. When someone answered their door and I could see inside where the families were all enjoying the holiday together, my heart felt as though it would break from loneliness.

We weren't out very long before it started to rain. I wasn't wearing a raincoat. I didn't have an umbrella, so it didn't take long for me to get completely wet, even through my coat and down to my underwear. I looked over at Tony. I was sure the rain would call a halt to this craziness, but he just kept going. The rain turned to freezing rain and ice began to cover everything. The trees, grass and sidewalks were soon covered with sheets of ice. So we had to walk on the grass to keep from falling down. My hair was frozen and my eyebrows were covered with ice. I had goosebumps on top of goose bumps! I could hardly move my mouth to speak. I was soooooo negative that I cried in between each house. My face was raw from the freezing rain so the tears burned on their way down only to freeze on my chin. What a mess! When the mothers answered their doors, all I could get out of my mouth was "h, I fnra fr m chch." They would look at me in horror and slam the door without saying a word. (Maybe it was the blue lips!) I remember thinking to myself, "It's Christmas Eve and you don't even know who I am or why I'm here. Can't you see that I'm suffering! Don't you care?" I couldn't bear the rejection; it hurt more than being cold.

With each passing minute I got angrier and more frustrated. Why are we out here on this holiday? The people don't want us here! They think we're out of our minds, and we are! I thought for sure Tony would be coming across the street to tell me it was time to go home, but when I glanced across the street I could no longer see him. This was too much. My teeth were chattering uncontrollably, I was freezing to my bones and hurting real bad. All that was more bearable to me than the negative feelings in my heart.

As I stood there on someone's frozen grass, I shook my fist at the sky and screamed at God, "Why am I here, God? What purpose does all this have? You tell me what value this has in the scheme of eternity!" Suddenly I went into a trance-like state and had a vision. I was looking at Father when he was a young man in a North Korean prison. He was standing outside with the other prisoners; they were lined up and the guards were shouting at them. It was very cold; you could see their breath freezing as it came out of their mouths. The sound of the



prisoners' chattering teeth sounded like thunder.

As I observed this scene I became acutely aware of Father's suffering and I began to cry. Suddenly my own suffering paled and at the same time became infinitely precious because it connected me to Father in a very deep way. As that realization took root in my mind and heart, I felt a touch on the top of my head. It was warm and soothing. It started at the top of my head and made me warm all the way down to my toes. My clothes were still cold and wet but I was comfortably warm. I felt wrapped up in God's embrace. It felt like my heart was touching Father's heart. It was intoxicating!

The Day My Feet Left The Ground

Ronnie Fuhrmann

I was never a good fundraiser. Many times I had days where I only made 2 or 3 dollars. This particular day started out like one of those.

We were fundraising with peanut brittle, house to house somewhere in New Jersey. The team captain would often put me together with one Austrian brother, perhaps because we were so opposite in character. He

was very straight and serious. Normally, we got along fine, but I was having one of those \$2 days, so I was getting on his nerves. He would be all the way around the block before I had even finished four or five houses, and he would ask what was taking me so long.

By the evening run, I had had enough. After being dropped off, I leaned against the picket fence of a pretty little house for a long time. I just couldn't go on anymore. I hadn't made any money, and a lot of people had been negative. I had stopped to pray, but nothing changed. I didn't have the energy to go one more step. So I leaned against the picket fence and prayed one more time. I decided to fundraise at the pretty little house, but was going to quit right after.

A father and son answered the door at that house. They were so cheerful and friendly and they bought 2 for \$5, thus doubling what I had made so far that day. I felt sufficiently uplifted to go on to the next house.

From then on, I felt like I was floating from house to house. Nearly everyone was home and nearly everyone bought. My steps became so light, and movement was so effortless. I was enjoying the sensation, but never assumed it was more than that. I was still fundraising with the same brother. It wasn't until he kept asking me how it was that I was getting around the blocks so fast that I realized what an incredible spiritual experience I was having.

The Night Heaven Sang

A sister with whom I was sharing a sleeping room had become severely ill, spiritually. Others from her country had seen her through these episodes, which had happened before. Nights were especially bad for her. I would wake up and she would be thrashing around. In the dark it seemed as though she had sprouted extra arms and legs, and I got the impression of a very large spider.

After a time, she began to improve. Sleep was still difficult for her, so she would sometimes sit up and sing Holy songs softly during the night. She had a nice voice, but not an exceptional one.

One night, she was singing and I woke up and was listening to her. She sang two or three songs, then began to sing "The Song of the Garden." The singing was so unbelievably beautiful that it lulled me right off to sleep, even though I was quite restless. In the morning I told her that her singing of this song had been so beautiful. She looked at me, puzzled. "But I never sang that one," she said.

Bob Gauper

Betty, call the shopkeepers and the townspeople. Warn them that there's a Moonie in town." Such was the response when I asked the hardware store owner, in a small northern Wisconsin town, if he would like to make a donation for a butterfly pin to help our church work.

He then asked me to come into his office so he could show me something. One wall of his office was covered with negative articles about the Unification Church. Looking at the articles I had a feeling that today was going to be an interesting day.

I left the hardware store and then proceeded to go shop to shop. Which of course was futile since every shopkeeper had been "warned" about me. Having finished the shops in record time (having someone yell "no" at you when you open the door doesn't take very long), I started to go house to house. Although many of the residents had been warned about me, I was still able to gain some success. However, it was soon to become more difficult.

One gentleman, perhaps a relative of the hardware store owner, believed it was his personal responsibility to make sure that no one in this town was going to give me

any money. So he went with me to every house to let the residents know why they shouldn't give to me.

I was often able to outrun my persecutor, an overweight middle-aged man, and was able to knock on a few doors without his presence. However, he would drive around in his car, and would soon spot me. I then decided to try another part of town. Walking near downtown I passed a small gas station where I had been earlier. An elderly lady asked me to come inside the station. She asked me what all the commotion was about. (Meanwhile, I noticed that my house-to-house antagonist was driving around trying to find me, but couldn't see me inside the gas station.) I briefly explained what I was doing. She stated, "People in this town are mean. You seem like a nice young man. I'll buy some of your butterflies." She gave me ten dollars. I then left the station, ran to the other side of town, and started to go house to house unmolested. Until! Until, I reached a newer subdivision.

They'd been waiting for me! "Red Alert! Red Alert! Moonie on the block!" about six kids on their bicycles shouted as I started going house to house. Surprisingly people still bought. (Perhaps they felt sorry for me.)

Around about 7:00 p.m. a police officer pulled up and said the townspeople had a special meeting to decide what they should do about me. The officer stated that he knew I had every right to fundraise for my church, but for my own safety, he suggested that I stop fundraising. Since I was almost done with the town, I agreed. "You know," I stated, "I get an idea how Jesus must have felt when he got kicked out of towns."

"Yeah, and I know what it must have been like for Pontius Pilate," remarked the officer.

I walked over to the post office where I was to be picked up in about an hour, sat down, and started to reflect about the day. I thought about the elderly lady who had asked me into her gas station; I thought about the policeman; I thought about the various people who gave me a donation while someone was screaming at them not to. In particular, I thought about an elderly couple living in a small shack down a small dirt road, a couple who were both reading their Bibles when I knocked on their door. They offered me some lemonade, said that they were glad I came by, and gave me \$5.00.

Around 8:00 the fundraising van picked me up. I counted up. I had made exactly 100 dollars. Someone asked me about my day. "Well, when I walked in to this hardware store"

All of the movement's major economic ventures had a strong idealistic component. In other words, the movement's primary motivation for undertaking projects was not profit-making but rather implementation of its religious vision. This was true for the movement's nonprofits as well as for its businesses. Religion and science, according to its theological teaching, must come together "under one unified theme." This was the "internal" purpose of the Science Conference. Similarly, contradictions within Christianity and the various world faiths should be explained, clarified and solved. This was the inner motivation behind the movement's ecumenical and interreligious network. However, it was one thing to base nonprofits on religious idealism. The question was how well these qualities transferred to businesses. In general, the results were mixed. Given members' underlying religious motivation and zeal, the movement's business enterprises had access to inexpensive, even voluntary labor. Also, since profit-making was not the primary motivation, they could absorb huge operating losses which in normal business circumstances would have been fatal. This enabled the movement to persevere in its efforts and draw public attention to its economic program. On the other hand, these businesses' access to cheap labor and their relative inattention to profits meant that many of the movement's particular investments were less than well planned or managed. This had the potential to undermine idealism and foster cynicism or even disillusionment.

Rev. Moon based his economic program on two compelling ideals. The first was the necessity for the "equalization of technology" and for "technology transfers" from advanced to developing nations. These ideas stemmed from his religious vision of a just economic system as well as from the experience of the Korean people who had suffered exploitation under Japanese colonialists. They also underlay the movement's effort to develop heavy industry, notably the Tong-il group, in Korea. During the early 1980s the movement expanded aggressively in West Germany, buying several large machine tool plants. It subsequently set up Saeilo Machinery as a worldwide machine distribution network to market the Tong-il line of machine tools and its West German lines. Saeilo Machinery (USA), Inc. exhibited sophisticated, computerized metal-cutting machinery from Korea and Germany at the National Machine Tool Builders' Association biennial international machine tool show (IMTS '82), the biggest and most prestigious trade show in the North American metalworking industry. Although the movement's industrial investments were highly publicized and controversial in Germany, they received little, if any, media coverage in the United States and were generally unknown.

The Ocean Providence

The same could not be said of the movement's involvement in U.S. fishing industry-related enterprises, which was intensely publicized and explosive, particularly in local communities. Rev. Moon considered the ocean to be a potential solution to world hunger and a key to future human survival. As he put it,

[P]opulation will increase ten-fold.... The land itself will be crowded. There will be less space to farm and more people to feed.... For a while mankind may try and escape to space and live up there, but the expenses will be too much and...[they] will come right back down to earth.
Then...[mankind] will have to turn to the ocean. It is only a matter of time. The future of the ocean is inevitable.

Although the movement began fishing operations globally, America became the main focus for several reasons. First, there were multiple excellent fishing grounds on both coasts. Second, the American fishing industry was regarded to be depressed and the overall fish market underdeveloped. Third, and most important, Rev. Moon was working in the U.S. An avid fisherman, he began fishing in the Hudson River near Tarrytown, New York in 1973. Later that year he fished off the Connecticut coast and out of Freeport, Long Island. After he became very successful catching small tuna off the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, locals suggested he go to Gloucester, Massachusetts to challenge the giant bluefin tuna which can swim sixty miles per hour and grow to three-quarters of a ton. Unable to catch one in 1974, Rev. Moon returned in 1975 and landed his first after three weeks of effort. He caught seven more that season. Continuing to refine his technique and taking to the sea as early as three or even two o'clock in the morning, his party caught sixty-four giant tuna during the seventy-day season two years later. It was during this period that Rev. Moon announced, "We are going to be a sea-going movement."

The movement pursued two tracks in its sea-going ventures. The first was the business track. From 1976 through the mid-1980s, the movement invested in a plethora of fishing-related businesses along the Korean *chae-bol* or conglomerate model. In other words, it acquired or built shipbuilding yards, commercial and charter fishing fleets, fish processing plants, and a distribution network consisting of wholesale and retail fish companies, restaurants, markets and groceries. The idea was to create a comprehensive, interlocking system of enterprises. The movement's major investments between 1976-81 were for shipbuilding yards and food processing plants in Norfolk, Virginia; Bayou La Batre, Alabama; Gloucester, Massachusetts; and Kodiak, Alaska. During and after this period, approximately \$30,000,000 was spent to purchase or construct several hundred ocean-going vessels ranging from multi-ton trawlers to sport-fishing boats. The movement also capitalized on widespread interest in Japan



and its raw fish or “sushi” tradition during the 1980s by creating a network of several dozen Japanese restaurants across the country. Other movement companies sold to American retailers or exported fish, especially tuna and lobster, to Japan at significantly higher prices. Research into various fish powders, imitation crab meat, which later evolved into a successful business, and the possibilities of fish farms and aquaculture also commenced.

The second track that the movement pursued was in relation to the “ocean” providence. This involved the stimulation of interest among Americans, particularly young people, in the ocean, the revitalization of American seaports, and the creation of “ocean” churches. Rev. Moon frequently spoke about the virtues of fish over the American meat diet, the depressed state of the American fishing industry, and the need of youth, especially inner-city youth, to be exposed to the challenges and excitement of sea-going life. An early effort to stimulate interest and excitement was the “World Tuna Tournament” which the movement sponsored in Gloucester, Massachusetts between August 24-30, 1980.

*Tuna fishing
in Gloucester, MA*

Total prize money was \$100,000: \$70,000 for first, \$20,000 for second, and \$10,000 for third. This was the biggest cash prize ever awarded in a tuna-fishing tournament and far eclipsed the amounts awarded in other local, established tuna tournaments, which ranged from \$200-\$1,000. Not surprisingly, in combination with the movement's purchase of a prominent restaurant and marina, its setting up of a fifteen-vessel commercial tuna-fishing fleet, and, as a *coup de grace*, its purchase of the former Cardinal Cushing Villa on the outskirts of town created an explosive controversy. The angry Gloucester mayor attempted to enlist the help of the Pope in blocking the villa's sale, the business community feared an "economic takeover" and complained of the church's "free labor force," parents feared that their children would be stolen and brainwashed, locals broke windows in the Unification-owned restaurant, repair shops refused to service "Moonie" engines, most Gloucester fishermen boycotted the event, and "[s]ome of their relatives and friends picketed the dock area to discourage other competitors" or blasted "a continual barrage of threats and insults" over the radio channel designated for the tournament. As a result, only 88 boats entered, approximately 15 of which were movement-owned. One commentator described this as "a relatively small number, considering both the walloping first prize and the fact that there are 8,000 commercially licensed tuna fishing boats in the United States—a majority of which operate from New England seaports, or within traveling distance." Rev. Moon's *New Hope* won first prize which was donated to a scholarship fund for Gloucester fishermen's children, but the city refused to accept it.

While the movement may have precipitated some of this conflict, much of it was unfair and most of the townspeople's fears were unfounded, as more dispassionate observers noted. Scott Cramer, writing for the November 1980 issue of *Yankee* magazine, noted that the movement held to "a policy of no recruiting in Gloucester," that the impact of its businesses was "insignificant," and that its operations were "only moderately successful." However, Cramer noted, "the Moonies' tuna-fishing fleet has enjoyed success that awes and angers the local tuna fishermen." Prior to the tournament, he noted that the "church fleet" caught 115 tuna, a total he described as "phenomenal." He further wrote that "although the church fleet may be outnumbered ten to one on any given fishing day, the ratio of Moonie to non-Moonie tuna caught is two to one." One tuna fisherman he interviewed "repeated the general disbelief of their success" but wished every boat was "Moon-owned" as "they were the most courteous boats out there. They seldom cut anchor lines and...would be the first ones to move if you were fighting a fish." Cramer acknowledged that puzzlement by "the consistent effectiveness of the Moonie fishing fleet" was not surprising as "the majority of their captains have been fishing for less than two seasons." Nevertheless, he observed "noticeable differences between the Moonie and non-Moonie fleets. The Moonie boats are spotless—every night they are methodically scrubbed. And they are the first boats to leave in the morning and

the last ones to come home." Still, one local fisherman groused, "If you don't have a wife or anything to come home to at night, and if all your expenses are taken care of for you, you stay out there fishing." Unification captains, on the other hand, attributed their success to attitude, Rev. Moon's tuna seminar, "spiritual vitality" which made "the bait more appetizing," and teamwork.

On October 1, 1980, Rev. Moon inaugurated Ocean Church. Initially he chose twenty-four seminary graduates and sixty members in supporting roles to pioneer twenty-four port cities on the East, West and Gulf coasts. He directed them to build a foundation of sixty members, at which point they were to order ten, twenty-eight foot "Good Go" fiberglass boats from the movement's fleet and one large stern trawler. He advised the Ocean Church pioneers to "visit the Coast Guard chief, police chief and mayor," telling them that "your sole concern is to revive the fishing industry in America." He further said,

These boats will be your churches, and in the future when people visit your port, they will ask where the boat church is.

The members will have a regular spiritual life, their mission will be on the ocean. The crews will rise before the sun and pray, then head out to the sea at sunrise. They will fish all day and return as the sun sets. They will catch more fish than anyone else in the area, even more than people who have been fishing for many years.

Clearly, Rev. Moon's plan was for the pioneers to follow his path. Beginning in July 1981, he initiated an "Ocean Challenge" program which brought Ocean Church pioneers and large numbers of members to Gloucester for the seventy-day tuna-fishing season.

Ocean Church, not unlike the church's inland witnessing efforts, did not meet Rev. Moon's expectations. By September 1982, he was "deeply disappointed" and in a February 1984 speech entitled, "Let Us Begin Again," he stated, "I had expected a great deal from Ocean Church, but those expectations have been somewhat betrayed." He noted that boats intended for ocean cities were "still sitting in storage," unwanted, and questioned where this "disillusionment" came from. Basically, the same problems that undermined the movement's witnessing efforts generally—the overall climate of negativity, the lack of a consistently-followed program, east-west tensions, conflicting demands of family and mission, and the channeling of energies into other areas of concern—also affected Ocean Church. These issues were compounded by Rev. Moon's court case, which increasingly became a distraction. More so than other American projects, Ocean Church was Rev. Moon's creation and demanded his direct guidance and participation. Although Rev. Moon later proclaimed another new start for the oceanic providence, it was becoming clear that the business rather than the church track was dominant.

Catching a Giant Tuna

Kieran O'Neill

On our first day's fishing we caught a small shark. What was unusual was that the fish was not caught on a hook, but on one of our sinkers, a circular weight. I felt that this was a sign from heaven that we would succeed. The next day, we caught our giant tuna. It was a miracle that, with our simple equipment, we should catch it and beat others with very sophisticated fishing tackle. We couldn't even have fished another day, because we had no money to buy gas. However, after catching the giant tuna, someone gave us money for gas, and we continued to fish in an effort to win the prize for catching the most fish.

I learned that when everything is going wrong is the time nearest the goal, that God is not distant; He is a living reality, close to us, and we meet Him when we are in extremity. I shed many tears during those days—and experienced rebirth. I realized that our attitude is the most important thing; faith and the determination to win at any cost, to give it whatever it takes, count much more than tackle. And when I think that a finger-sized hook can hold a ten-foot tuna, I know that we can do great things if we have the heart to do so.

You couldn't imagine the confusion as we played that fish. The sea was rough, the surrounding waters were laced with boats, and it raced around in a desperate effort to escape, crossing lines and tangling them. It took all our effort to play it as it lunged frantically about. Finally we hauled it aboard. It was a tuna, ten feet long and weighing more than one thousand pounds. It was the heaviest and the longest fish caught in the tournament and won us a prize of \$23,000.

After the tournament, Father talked with me. He told me to go now and fish for men.

Opposite: The first fish caught by Rev. Moon after his release from Danbury. Rev. Moon and Alan Hokanson are in the background on board the New Hope. On the Golden Sea; Gerhardt Peemoeller; Marilyn Morris, Steve Taylor; Karen Smith, Takeru Kamiyama and Hiroshi Matsuzaki.

Karen Judd Smith

The ocean, for me a "classroom and cathedral," gave me the groundedness (ironically enough), intertwined with the intangibles, that provide fertile ground for growth through dramatic daily life experiences. For me, perhaps the word that best describes Ocean Church and the Ocean Challenge experience is "irony." If I were a Zen enthusiast, I might describe it as "the sound of one hand clapping." That is, the ocean in its kindness and severity, its beauty and its harsh, brute strength, its mystery, its giving of life and taking away of life, gives plenty of opportunity for our "well-ordered," compartmentalizing human habits to be evaporated into intense momentary reality for which there is no "box." The ocean is a place where I learned and where I met God again and again . . . and where I met Father's heart, a simple yet profound desire of a father to feed his children—all six billion of us—physically and spiritually.

As deep as the ocean is, its beauty, strength, endless giving, powerful demands and humor are no less. How could I share my ten years from 1983 to 1993? I started as a new seminary graduate—everyone's favorite! Female—enough said there. I lived and breathed fish, boats, saltwater, engines, seafood, chum, fish farming, ocean potentials and disasters, Alaska, the Keys, Gloucester. I was my older western brothers' "lovely little sister" in the national office "telling them what to do." My older Japanese brothers loved having their un-Japanese sister persistently around with something to say! I always had a quiet chuckle when they were faced with the reality that I could haul the anchor in less time than it took two of them and handle seas that turned their stomachs. No great shakes. It just leveled the field. Without a word.

I could tell you one of the first impressions my new husband got of his delicate wife, as she pulled the small shark out of the water, and with a knife 18" long, cut off the spines, slit the belly, emptied the entrails into the water, removed the head, and put the still "swimming" body of the dogfish, washed, into the cooler for later use.

I could tell Father-stories, commercial fishermen-stories, stories of nights at sea being rocked by the waves as we told newly spun sea-stories to the sound of a flute and the lapping of waves on the side of the boat. I could tell stories of lives and deaths, of hot sun that scorches



the scalps and minds of those who dared sit there all day, and of cold that chills to the bone marrow as wind lashed, of cables catching trawlers to unmoving bottom structures. The tension in the cable is in every human fiber of heart and soul as each visits again the realization that our connection with life itself is a very thin thread.

But most of all, I can tell stories of love that grew out of pain so deep in the souls of my brothers and sisters because we were given a harbor to protect us from the storm. My life was given a chance for greater potential, meaning and hope—a gift of relating to God anew through one man that I still barely know, and who occasionally I feel I can call “my father.”

But these stories will have to come later.

Gerhard Peemoeller

When I was asked to do security at East Garden and then became Father's bodyguard, it was my mission to escort Father, and go with him many times to the water. It was my mission as security to go with him on the boat.

So ever since 1974 I have been going to sea with Father. 1974, 1975, 1976 and 1977. When I left East Garden in 1978 he told me to go tuna fishing but he didn't come. He was not there then; he went to England. We did tuna fishing without Father, and in 1979 we did it again. It became my tradition. When Father was tuna fishing, Gerhard had to be there. So I spent three months in Gloucester every summer. Then in 1980, I went tuna fishing again at Father's request. I was working security in the World Mission Center at that time. In February of that year, Daikan came. He always went fishing with Father. He was Father's fishing guide. When he wanted to go fishing, he took Daikan. Daikan is now in spirit world.

We were busy all spring and then in summer we went tuna fishing. Father was talking about the founding of Ocean Church. He called it the Mako mission. The brand name of the boat Father bought was Mako. When I came to America in 1973, Father liked to go fishing. He went with a rod and reel on the Hudson river, in Barrytown. He liked to go casting from the land. Not fly fishing but casting. He liked to fish in Korea at Chung Pyong Lake. Many times he got a small boat and an outboard motor and fished on Chung Pyong Lake. They

built a boat once in Korea under Father's direction. A Mr. Eu (not President Eu) became the captain. Father was on a condition to only eat what the boat would produce. Sometimes the catch was miserable. There was nothing to eat. Mother was pregnant with Ye Jin Nim then. One day there were just two fish, only two small fish for Father. The cook only had a little rice and kim chi, and the cook said, “I'm sorry Father, but Mother needs the calcium to help the baby.” Father growled but he gave half the fish to Mother.

Father only ate what the boat would produce. It was very difficult. Those stories are not discussed much any more, but it was a very difficult time. The boat was a 50 foot, wooden fishing boat. Father came to America December 18, 1971. He left everything behind in Korea.

In 1974 Father bought the *New Hope*, a 48 foot Pace Maker for deep sea fishing. Then he bought *The Flying Phoenix* for river fishing, which is a 24 foot Well Craft speed boat. It can go as fast as a car can go. He went on the Hudson River with it.

The problems of the world and America, and the problems of the Messiah were solved at sea. He went out for 18 hours or more at a time, then went home to sleep for a couple of hours and then, he'd say, lets go back out again. That's how he got spiritual victory. He would go out and pray. That's why the *New Hope* is such a precious boat. He really saved America on that boat. He solved the problems on the water.

Father goes to sea because it is the purest place in creation. There's nothing fallen around him. Just the driver, and a crewman or two. It's a pure atmosphere.

Jesus went to the desert to pray where no one else was. When Father is at sea he doesn't talk much. He can come closest to God there. He meditates and does some fishing. He sits on top of the boat and meditates.

So Father had the boats. Father wanted to have 3000 members then. Father had a Japanese team centered on Mr. Kamiyama in New York. Mr. Werner and the German team were sent to Los Angeles. It was very difficult. Father wanted 3,000 to join in New York, and 3000 in LA. We did not deliver the number. The goal was never reached.

Twice the 3,000-member goal was not met. Later on Father was asking the church membership to get 30,000 members. If we had gotten 30,000 members, I feel quite sure that the trial and the inquiry into Father would not have happened. We were such a small group.

Then Donald Frasier investigated Father and Col. Bo



Boat builders pose with Rev. Moon during the construction of Sea Hope 1.

Hi Pak was called and they wanted to subpoena Father. Hours before that, Father left to do the home church providence in England. They delivered the subpoena, but Father wasn't there, so Bo Hi Pak dealt with it.

Father never gave up on the 30,000-member idea. He wondered how we could reach it. He thought maybe we could use some sort of method to attract more people. He wanted to design a beautiful boat that could attract people. He hoped for a flood gate, and he thought it might be Ocean Church.

The idea was that since the land church couldn't bring the 30,000, maybe Ocean Church could. He wanted to build 300 boats to bring people. He built many boats. We had written down the points of Father's speeches. We actually accomplished all the points except one point: One boat, five people. If you get more people, you get more boats. So the most important point was to get five people per boat.

If you have 10 Good Go boats, then you get an ocean trawler.

What were we supposed to do with the boats then? Maybe that answer wasn't clear. But the idea was that one boat would bring five people. Father said the boats

would witness to the people. But people didn't really want to run after the boat and want to be on it. It wasn't like that. It wasn't easy to bring five people just because we had the boats. We did everything else that he asked us to do out of 36 points. Except bringing the five people per boat.

Later he said that we failed. We said, "We thought we did everything." He said, "You didn't bring the people." We didn't understand that that was the priority. Father wanted to fulfill the goal, and attract the people. We had 200 people in 1981 and 1982. We had some big programs, maybe 100 boats for Ocean Challenge. And 300 people participated. Then I trained about 300 people to become captains, and 1,000 people to become fishermen. All these people knew nothing about boating, but we never had even one major accident during that time.

That was the idea behind it. So twenty years later, that's how I see it. We couldn't really attract the people that the land church couldn't bring. Father scolded us and said we betrayed his hope. We sat there so sadly; what did we do wrong? We couldn't do what he hoped.

We brought some members but sometimes when things were changed around, the spirit was lost.

Then Daikan was supposed to spearhead Ocean Church. He was so good attending Father while fishing. I was there too, but we had a language barrier. He had to translate everything in his head to talk to me. He could relate to Daikan so easily because the Japanese just flows out of him. It was so easy for him to relate to the Japanese. He was so comfortable and close to Daikan. I was very close to Father like no one else, but there was no way to converse. I lived in his sphere and had been with him day and night, but that close and comfortable feeling like Father had with Daikan was rare. It was like a natural attraction, the Adam and Eve nations. You could feel how close they were, naturally closer. Even if you tried your absolute best, as a member of the archangel nation you couldn't be as close to him. Adam and Eve are naturally closer.

Father said that I should be the head of Ocean Church. I had been security on *New Hope*, and for Morning Garden and Gloucester. Then someone called me on the walkie-talkie and said, you have been assigned to Norfolk for Ocean Church. I couldn't say anything I had been with Father for so many years. They said, "Did you hear me? You have been assigned to Norfolk, to Ocean Church!"

Then October 1st, he picked seminarians, and then he assigned teams of three people, with captains. Seminarians became the Ocean Church leaders. Some people didn't get boats, some people got no people. Some places got just a seminarian to pioneer. We were faced with so many ideas that Father gave us.

That is how I got chosen for Ocean Church. When I was Father's bodyguard during 1975, 1976, 1977—that was the peak of persecution. It was unreal. Whenever they found out who we were, they said, "Moonie!" Such an evil force behind their voices, "MOONIE." All your hair stood up. There was so much negativity then.

During Yankee Stadium persecution was at its height. There were 1,000 threats on Father's life. Now if people call up and say, "I'm going to blow up this school," the police go crazy. But there were 1,000 threats on Father's life at Yankee Stadium. Can you believe it? More than anyone could imagine. We kept a record in the World Mission Center. I read the book they kept, and I read the first 100 threats. Afterward there was so many more. There were phone calls, letters, someone would try to come in the building screaming, "I'm gonna kill Rev. Moon." Some were written like ransom notes, with words cut out from the newspaper glued on paper.

Anonymous letters. It makes you think. There were so many people who were negative. Some supported Father, but at Yankee Stadium it seemed like no one was supporting him.

In the spring of 1980, we bought Cardinal Cushing's villa in Gloucester, Massachusetts. It became Morning Garden. It has over twenty rooms. It's a big mansion, the pride of Gloucester. Aiden Barry had a friend who bought it, and then he sold it to us. That made Gloucester mad. All the young people went to this bar and restaurant by the water; maybe 1,000 people came every night in the summer. It was called Bob's Clam Shack. It was a magnet where all the young people went, and Father bought it, and bought a marina that had about 30 boats in it. Then those people got nasty.

Every single day there were people demonstrating in front of the restaurant. In the beginning without fail, there were hundreds every day. Six months later it was about 20 people, but they kept it up. They were so negative. It looked like Father was buying up Gloucester. They had signs, "Honk if You Blah Blah Blah...."

Some people doing security at night got shot at—stones were thrown at us. Gloucester became the center of anti-moonie madness in America, the soul of the anti-moonie sentiment. Then we started tuna fishing. They knew our cars, they knew our boats. They knew everything. There were some bars on the main street, and they had lookouts. If they saw a moonie car, they would yell, "Moonie car!!!" They had rocks prepared and they would come running out and throw rocks and would yell and scream at us. They threw stuff at the boats, yelling and screaming. It seemed to be the entire town of Gloucester. The overall feeling was outrage. What we had to go through!

The people who went to sea in Gloucester were the most vulgar you can imagine. The big thing to do was to "moon" us. They would drive and pull their pants down and show us their butts.

They would yell, "Moonie sucks!" They would yell that all season long: "Moonie sucks!" They would yell that again and again. Father was sick of it. We were all sick of it. Father said to us, "You're dead moons. They just call you all kinds of names and you don't respond. You don't yell back!" There was one brother who was kind of a bad dude before the church. He was from the Bronx. He knew how to answer. He said, "When they say, Moonie sucks, you say, 'Your mother sucks!' or 'Your sister sucks!'"

So those people kept saying, "Moonie sucks!" We had been taking it for months, all this building up inside. So we yelled back, "Your mother sucks!!!" And they would yell back, "my mother?????" and it would escalate. We'd keep screaming, "Your mother sucks! Your sister sucks! Your wife sucks!" They got so mad.

Every day, the entire fleet was so negative. We were so outnumbered. We caught tuna and the rest of them caught nothing. We hooked up and caught tuna every day. God's blessing came to us no matter what they did to us. We caught tuna and they didn't. That made them madder.

Once Father was anchored and a negative guy came along and said, "Move! Move!" and Father said right back, with the same intensity, "Don't move!!" to the brother driving. Our brother was quiet, but Father said, "Don't move!"

Then of course we had fights on the ocean. One time I caught the biggest fish I ever caught. Then the nasty guys picked a fight with me. At that moment I hooked a fish. Then we took off and they picked a fight with someone else. Then they picked a fight with little Joseph. They were throwing chum at each other. He decided to crash into their boat. He turned around and crashed into them.

In 1981, it intensified. They were ready to kill us. There were anchor lines cut, and an anchor was lost. The fleet was so negative. I was the head of our fleet that summer. Father wasn't there. It was like the old west, with Custer surrounded by Indians. The *New Hope* cranked up. Daikan was on it and said, "Gerhard, you're in charge." I sat and watched to see what was developing.

One of the seminarians called on the radio, "Maybe we should call the Coast Guard." And that stopped them. The Coast Guard is the police of the ocean. If people tried to lynch the moonies, and someone called the Coast Guard, they would interfere with it, and might press charges. They backed down, but made an appointment to meet us at a restaurant at night. The Seagull Restaurant. All the fishermen gathered there, to talk it out. The problem of the moons. A couple hundred Gloucester people. And us. The media came, and the next day it was in the paper. All the yelling and screaming. We did talk with some of them, but some crazy ones really screamed. They said, "You do this and this and this...." We just took it and swallowed it.

Once that meeting was finished, we went home. We stopped the car and someone said, "Look at all the fluid

under the car." It turned out they had cut the brake lines. They tried to kill us that way. That is how Gloucester treated us.

Things died down little by little. I hated it there and never wanted to go back. In 1982 I went back and I was so sick of it. During that season we could only catch one fish a week. Daikan went to Father and said, "Gerhard doesn't want to come this summer." And Father said, "It's not necessary this summer because we're only catching one fish a week."

But I had to go back in 1983. Our program got bigger and bigger and bigger. All the fishermen knew us from Maine to Long Island. Everyone knew us along the whole coast. In 1984 and 1985 we still fished during the tuna season. We had a great season in 1985. Father went to prison in 1984. Towards the end of the season in 1985 he was able to come and fish with us and he caught one tuna.

I was on the *New Hope* then, the head of the fleet. I taught them fishing in Father's tradition. Mr. Sugiyama came and asked me to teach all of Father's tradition, like a 200-year-old tradition. So I prayed all night long about what to teach them. I made lectures, many kinds of lectures. I taught the content of Father's content. When Father came from Danbury to go fishing, he said to Mr. Sugiyama that it looked like Ocean Church was inheriting Father's tradition. So that was the best season. We caught more tuna than any other season, even when Father was spearheading everything himself.

Afterwards the program became bigger with more people and more boats, but the year of 1985 we caught the most fish. There were about 20 seminarians who came regularly to help us. We had some people who joined the church during that time. Mary Lou and Frank Zochol worked with me, and Mary Lou witnessed and brought some people. I liked her. It was so sad she passed away.

There were seminarians helping. Tom Carter had an idea to do something like Outward Bound, only on the ocean. So we made Ocean Challenge. Through endurance they could have a great experience. Not just enduring the elements but also catching a tuna fish. By going out and fishing all day they could have a great experience winning over the odds. At first we had just our church members come to participate, very few outside people. Sometimes another group came, but the money involved was too much. Most people were not so eager to do it. It wasn't such an attraction to outside people. Outward Bound has less of an experience than



Ocean Challenge in my opinion. Fight the waves and the elements, from morning to night, and into the night.

A typical day of Ocean Challenge, we left the dock at 4 am which was Father's tradition. The first day everyone is really hot. Everyone wants to go out at 4 o'clock. But after two or three days with no end in sight, people are not so hot to go out again. The first day everyone is hot and all the boats leave on time. Ocean Challenge became our members—Karen, Frank, and Sugiyama. And members usually thought they needed morning service, and then breakfast, and then leave at 4 o'clock. It was maybe a 1 or 1 1/2 hour-ride to the spot. Then you find the anchor spot, bait the hook, set the lines and start the work of fishing with a prayer. Then chumming, cut the fish and throw the fish in and fight the sharks. Then you cut up the fish and they make the line dull. Then if you get lucky someone gets a strike. On a normal day nothing happens. Sometimes at 6 p.m. we head back. We go out and come back in a V formation. It looks really incredible, 100 boats in formation. I have that on video; it looks great.

Sometimes if you're not used to the elements, motion sickness comes, and then you see your breakfast and you're fighting with yourself. After someone throws up they want to go to sleep. You can see the outline of the boats and people completely flattened out. Father doesn't like that; he doesn't like people giving in to seasickness. He wants people to fight against it. It's hard to be seasick and have no rest. Then the sun is so bright, and the reflection is so intense. Even with sunscreen the sunburn is really bad. Sometimes you get scrapes or cuts

and get fish juice in it and bacteria gets in it and you get fish poison where your hand swells up and you can't move it. It's numb. The fish poison, intense sun with no shade in sight—the boat itself, there's so much spray, so unless you have rubber clothes and rubber boots you get soaking wet. If you're not prepared, you get completely wet, and fighting the dog fish, and then rain, and you get completely soaked. Your skin becomes like prunes.

Wrinkles. You have to deal with all that. Then the tide is changing so you constantly have to adjust the lines and check if the bait is there, and fight the seagulls and chase the sharks away. You get rid of sharks by cutting one up and throwing it among them and hope it scares them away. But sometimes they're so thick they just eat their own guts. They eat anything, their own meat, anything. You just keep working. If there's nothing on the hook, you won't catch a tuna fish. If another boat comes close to you, you have to deal with that.

You have to deal with the insanities and difficulties of the other fishermen. You can hear so easily. They can hear you sneeze. Sometimes there are two or three people on a boat. One year Father asked me to go out alone. I had to do everything myself. He didn't give me a mate. Then he gave me a broken-down boat. It took me four weeks to fix it. But he said, Gerhard will catch the most fish.

And of course, on the boat, the bathroom is a bucket. And that is another experience. For brothers it's not as difficult, when it's just brothers. It is not as easy with sisters on the boat too. In the beginning it was only brothers on the boats. Then when the first sister came, I didn't want it at first because it wasn't easy. I didn't want to

relieve myself in front of a sister. So I talked to Joseph about it. He said he would ask the sister to go to the bow of the boat and look out that way. And he would go to the back of the boat and use a bucket, and when he was finished he would say, "now you can turn around." That became the standard. And the same way with the sisters. You had number 1, number 2 or diarrhea. One time there was this wonderful sister named Brenda Svenson. She is married to a Japanese brother. One time I had terrible diarrhea. I had to say, "Brenda, look over there." And it was awful. I had to dump everything overboard. In the beginning it was hard to use the bucket. I resisted using it. Even with brothers. But with diarrhea I couldn't stop it. I asked one brother to please drive in circles outside Gloucester harbor. I couldn't wait any more. We had at that time a visiting baby whale that followed the boat. He followed the boat, and swam around the boat constantly. Then I had to dump the bucket into the water, and the whale saw it and aimed for it and began to jump through it—his head was halfway through—then the whale smelled it and he stopped and backed up the way he came. He didn't continue, he went backwards!

One day Father was faced with the same thing on the *Flying Phoenix*. No toilet on the boat. He needed to urinate. He had to stand and make sure the wind wasn't blowing back. He tried it one time and knew it wasn't quite right. So he got a bucket after that. It's awful going number 2 on the water. Many people have a hard time doing that. We told Father that people have a hard time going to the toilet in a bucket on the boat. He said that there are so many people in the spirit world who would love to come back to earth,—they would give a fortune—even if the only thing that they were allowed to do was go to the toilet in a bucket on Father's boat. So it's like a holy act to go to the toilet on Father's boat. Father encouraged members not to complain. I took some sisters on the *Flying Phoenix* and it had a little cabin. You were in there, but your head stuck out of the top. But the Good Go boats don't have a cabin. You're just out in the open.

After working all day, your fingers are prunes, you're soaking wet or sunburned, you can't live and can't die...for some people they thought it was a miracle to have solid ground under their feet again. Then you need to get chum, bait, ice, fuel and food for the next day. You need to fix your fishing equipment, and wash the boat down. Then you can have dinner, and then it is about 8:00 or 8:30 pm. Sometimes we would have an inspirational talk or I would speak, or there would be testimonies.

There was room for 200 people in the room but there would be 300 people there. All the windows were open and sometimes people outside would be listening. One time I got angry at people. People took it so easily. It was the best year fishing, and no one knew how hard the foundation had come, what people had gone through until then. I was so angry and I scolded them. They were so scared, the wrath of Gerhard came upon them.

The place we used for meetings, holy meetings, pledge and everything was Bob's Clam Shack where the disco had been. The sleeping space was difficult. Some slept on the boat. Sometimes we had Japanese guests and they got the best sleeping rooms and nicest sleeping bags. They were given the best accommodations. People slept everywhere, Chong Pyung style. I slept on the boat all the time. Ocean Challenge lasted 70 days. People got so tired after a while. It was hard to challenge them and inspire them to do better. It was one group at a time and it lasted 70 days. Some people tried to escape the pressure and avoided going out. Once one sister got tired of going out; it was boring, enduring the work and the difficulty. So one day, she didn't go out. And that day her captain caught a tuna. So she missed the one day of getting the tuna. Some people liked to escape the pressure and that bothered me. I had to push myself all the time too. I never get up easily. I think the times I woke up my wife for pledge service I can count on one hand. I am not the one that can wake up easily. My wife always wakes me up. Even threatening! Ha ha. But during that tuna season, to get up every morning to leave the dock at 4 am was really hard.

In the evening people liked to enjoy each other. They would get excited late at night, but no one was excited in the morning. There was activity there until midnight sometimes. On my boat I didn't let anyone sleep and I didn't sleep myself, but sometimes people slept on the boats. They weren't supposed to, though. Sometimes I got cramps in my legs. That can be a sign of overwork. I had that every morning, fighting with the cramps.

When there was really bad weather, it was so welcome because it meant we weren't going out. Everyone went back to sleep until 10:00 o'clock. People had breakfast, wrote letters, went to town, just enjoyed themselves. It was a wonderful relief not to go out. We were so grateful for a rough day. Sometimes we went to other ports too, not only Gloucester. We would go to a restaurant and mingle with the townspeople. Ocean Church was an experience that everyone will remember who did it.

Creating an Alternative Media Network

Unlike the unity of religion and science, the unity of religions, or even the equalization of technology and the ocean providence, the creation of a media network was not originally part of Rev. Moon's thinking or planning. Having for the most part been generously welcomed during his initial Day of Hope tours, he planned to complete the proclamation phase of his ministry with major rallies at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument while at the same time increasing the movement's membership to 30,000 by the end of 1978. To his way of thinking, this would have been sufficient to move public opinion and push the country in the correct direction. However, it was apparent quite early that this strategy would need to be re-visited. Beginning in 1975, the print and electronic media increasingly vilified Rev. Moon. This created a climate of extreme hostility and frustrated the movement's witnessing efforts. Rev. Moon, in turn, recognized the "awesome power" of the media "to create or to destroy."

The movement's media initiatives were the direct result of its victimization at the hands of the dominant media culture. From the beginning, the movement aimed its journalistic endeavors less at self-vindication than at challenging "the supremacy of...established media that were skewing Americans' perception of the world toward the sensational, the shallow, the amoral and the political left." In this respect, the attempt was, first, to provide an alternative model of journalistic endeavor. Second, since it was unable to gain substantial enough membership to generate significant grassroots support, the movement utilized media instruments rather than large numbers of members to achieve its goals. Between 1977-85, these efforts were only partially successful. None of its newspapers sold widely, and no Unification-related media enterprise made money. In fact, they accumulated losses which eventually totaled hundreds of millions of dollars. Some of its efforts were subject to derision, and advertisers routinely withheld dollars partly due to public hostility and partly due to skepticism about subscription totals which were not audited. On the other hand, due to a happy convergence between its investments and the rise to power of a conservative Republican administration during the early 1980s, the movement's media efforts afforded it access and influence at the highest levels. *The Washington Times*, established by the movement in 1982 after *The Washington Star* folded, became the darling of the New Right and newspaper of choice in the Reagan White House.

Rev. Moon initiated the movement's first major journalistic venture on October 10, 1976, shortly after the Washington Monument rally, when he assembled a dozen or so members with journalism degrees and "set the deadline" for producing the first issue of a new daily newspaper in New York City "at December 31, 1976, the last day of the Bicentennial year." Doubtless, the symbolism of ushering in America's third century "with a new era of modern journalism" was compelling. Nevertheless, according to a later account, "It



President Ronald Reagan
and Dr. Bo Hi Pak

seemed impossible to start a daily newspaper literally from scratch, using inexperienced people, in dilapidated offices, in less than three months.” Still, “second-hand desks and typewriters were purchased,” and in November “the few who had journalism degrees...gave the first staff of about sixty a crash course in journalism.” On December 31st, “the presses rolled early in the morning...and the first issue of *The News World* hit the streets of New York.”

Replete with a color photograph featured each morning on the front page and a motto that described it as “New York’s oldest daily color newspaper,” *The News World* was a twenty-four page general-interest daily with a staff of 200, the bulk of whom were church members. Eventually housed in the Fifth Avenue and 37th Street Tiffany Building, which the movement purchased, *The News World* had several “moments of glory.” During the New York City blackout of 1977, “it was the only newspaper to publish, with reporters working by candle-light to write and edit stories before sending them to an upstate printing plant.” Later, during a three-month newspaper strike which shut down the city’s other major dailies, *The News World* continued to publish, “with its circulation soaring to nearly 400,000 daily.” Undoubtedly, the paper’s boldest move was to predict a “Reagan Landslide” in a bold headline on November 4, 1980, the day of the election. The next day, having been vindicated in its prediction that Reagan would “win by more than 350 electoral votes and carry New York as well,” the paper published another banner headline which read “Thank God! We Were Right!” and featured a UPI photo of President-elect Reagan holding the previous day’s *News World*. In 1983, *The News World* changed its name to the *New*

York City Tribune, “revamped its design, cut out nonessential features, comics, and sports, and concentrated on hard news, analysis and commentary.” It broke several major stories during the 1980s, including the shady real estate dealings of John Zaccaro, husband of 1984 Democratic vice presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro. New York Mayor Ed Koch called its Commentary section the “best in the nation” and wrote a weekly column for five years.

Previously, *The News World* spawned a sister Spanish-language New York daily, *Noticias Del Mundo* on October 22, 1980. The movement also published a Korean-language daily, a Harlem weekly, and a small press service, Free Press International (FPI), out of New York. Overseas newspapers included *Sekai Nippo*, a daily in Japan; *Ultimas Noticias*, a daily in Uruguay; and the *Middle East Times*, a weekly published in Cyprus. Apart from print media, a movement film company, One-Way Productions, Inc., produced a feature-length motion picture, *Inchon*, which dramatized events surrounding the amphibious landing of U.N. troops led by General Douglas MacArthur during the Korean War. The production featured two international stars, Laurence Olivier as Douglas MacArthur, and Toshiro Mifune, as well as an all-star cast of Jacqueline Bisset, Ben Gazzara, Richard Roundtree and David Jansen. It also included such extras as 20-ton tanks, a fleet of transport convoys, an armada of Navy destroyers, jeeps, tugboats, F-86 aircraft, 1,500 soldiers and a Scottish bagpipe marching band. Logistics were a nightmare, particularly since no major film had been shot in Korea before. At a cost of nearly \$50 million, *Inchon* was remembered as one of Hollywood’s all-time busts. Rev. Moon explained that his reasons for supporting the film did not involve “making money” but were, first, “to document the historical fact that it was the North which invaded the South,” a situation that he said had been subject to persistent distortions over the past thirty years. Second, he “wanted to pay tribute to General Douglas MacArthur” whose “masterpiece of military strategy” helped preserve Korea. He also admitted to “a very personal side” behind his support in that the Inchon landing precipitated his own liberation by U.N. forces from a North Korean prison camp “just hours before I was to be taken out and executed.”

For all this, the movement’s media enterprises would have received scant attention or would have been accounted an oddity had it not been for Rev. Moon’ decision in 1982 to launch *The Washington Times* in the nation’s capital. There, the movement had a much stronger potential niche than in the more crowded and commercialized New York market. *The Washington Star*, the capital’s only major competitor of the powerful but liberal-leaning *Washington Post*, folded in 1981, and numerous, especially conservative voices railed against the prospect of Washington, D.C. being a “one-newspaper town.” On January 1, 1982, Rev. Moon selected 200 newspaper trainees from among a full ballroom of member volunteers and directed that the Washington paper be published within two months. On the face of it, this was reminiscent of *The News World’s* beginnings. However, there were significant differences. First, the movement



had accumulated a great deal of experience and expertise in the intervening years. Second, and more importantly, the movement turned over the paper's editorial reins to nonmember professionals. James R. Whelan, a former editor of *The Sacramento Union*, was hired as the *Times'* editor and publisher, and he wasted little time assembling a first-rate staff, including a number of well-known journalists...along with a sizable contingent from the defunct *Washington Star*. Third, the movement spared few expenses in what one commentator termed "its bid to make it in the big leagues." Start-up costs were estimated to be in the \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 range, and in 1983, the *Times* completed an \$18,000,000 renovation of its headquarters, including a 10,000 square-foot newsroom overlooking the National Arboretum, which was regarded as "among the handsomest in the country." By 1984, the movement had invested \$150,000,000 in the five-day-a-week paper.

Although the *Times* was welcomed by Washington, D.C. Mayor Marion Barry and sectors of the public, it faced hazing from many quarters and was controversial from the beginning. Attention focused primarily on the matter of overt or behind-the-scenes church control. This was accentuated when James Whelan was fired. He announced at a July 17, 1984 press conference that the *Times* was firmly in the hands of top officials of the Reverend Sun Myung

Rev. Moon signs copies of the first edition of The Washington Times.

Moon's Unification movement. Whelan's charges were countered by non-member *Times* officials who charged that Whelan's contentions were a cover for "managerial shortcomings" and a "loss of support among his subordinates." To some extent, these disputes overshadowed the very real influence exerted by the *Times* on any number of issues between 1982-85. In 1982, for example, when Reagan felt support ebbing for his tax proposals, even among Republicans, he "felt compelled" to give an exclusive interview to the *Times* White House correspondent as "the way to reach his political constituency." The *Times*, likewise, maintained a strong advocacy for Reagan's SDI initiative and was forceful in its support for the Nicaraguan resistance, launching a Nicaraguan Freedom Fund which became national news. Along with the *Time's* subsequent reporting of Soviet assistance to Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega, its public relations offensive was instrumental in the U.S. Congress reversing its position on humanitarian aid to the Contras. The *Times* "highlighted Soviet human rights violations, did expansive features on the public relations and lobbying activities of left-leaning organizations...and frequently reported on the Soviets' nuclear build-up and their sizeable military and logistic aid to national liberation movements in Asia, Latin America and Africa. Alex Jones of *The New York Times* called *The Washington Times* the "third most-quoted newspaper in America" after only *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* and reported that "AP cited the *Times* in more than 80 major dispatches from D.C." during the first five months of 1985.

World Media Conferences, which the movement sponsored annually from 1978, and "fact-finding tours" which it ran were additional components of the movement's media network. The World Media Conferences were similar to ICUS and other movement-sponsored conferences in format. However, they evolved from gatherings of media scholars to meetings of working journalists. The first several were held in New York and dealt with threats to media freedom. Between 1982-84, they were convened in Seoul, Korea; Cartagena, Colombia; and Tokyo, Japan with themes related to media responsibility. The conferences were marked by increasing numbers of participants: 240 from 70 nations in Korea, 500 from 92 nations in Colombia, and 700 from 88 nations in Japan. The World Media Association, which sponsored these conferences, also ran fact-finding tours for groups of journalists to Central America, Europe, the USSR and Asia. By the end of 1984, close to 2,500 journalists had participated in the conferences and tours.

Edwin Pierson

My sister and I were two of the youngest “cubs” called to work at *The News World*. I was in Norfolk, undecided about my future, when I received a letter saying I had been selected based on interests and experiences (high school yearbook and newspaper editor) that I had put on my UC membership application (or whatever it was called then). We were both pleasantly surprised to see the other at the quickee orientation in New York. It was the beginning of an extraordinary adventure as we got ready to put out a daily newspaper in New York by the end of the year. I still remember that first night when the paper was “done” up there on the eleventh floor of the New Yorker Hotel. To have made it that far was the miracle of a lot of sweat, prayer, teamwork, and just plain insanity...as I look back now.

And for me personally, it was the fulfillment of a dream that I had shortly before or after my sister had followed me into the movement: My sister and I were in Rome together...tall columns on either side of us...and at that moment in time True Parents were welcomed...and we were there side-by-side to welcome them and witness the spectacle. It was a great beginning and to a certain degree I keep this idealism alive in my heart.

Maureen Spagnolo

The *Times* ... now, how was it started? Ahh, yes! We were in the same ballroom where we had been matched. It was around God’s Day. Father asked who wanted to write for the new Washington newspaper. Many people raised their hands. Father picked me, amongst others.

Shortly after, we began our “training.” There were hundreds of us crowded together in a room at the *News World* building, New York. George Archibald and several seasoned newsmen spoke to us about journalism and related topics. Then, we went out on “assignment.” We could write on any relevant topic we choose. I decided to do an op-ed piece on recidivism. I spent days and nights in the library. There was a wealth of information on the topic, and, of course, I gathered too much to be whittled down easily into an op-ed article. But I did it, somehow. Still too long. From there, a smaller group were selected as “reporters.” We were all taken to the Washington, D.C. church. The basement had been equipped with

bunk beds, lined up about 18 inches apart. Space was a premium. Hot shower water even more so. How we ever went out on the job looking “professional” is one of life’s mysteries. A team was selected to find housing for us. It took a while, but, eventually, we all ended up in group homes, mostly in Maryland, but some on The Hill.

It was decided that I should cover the society beat. I will never forget one of my first assignments. I had to cover a big event at the American Organization of Latin America building. It was lavish: the entranceway was filled with gigantic displays of flowers. Formally dressed musicians played Chopin, and the buffet table was replete with eye-popping delights: lobster, salmon, sushi, piles of fresh strawberries and raspberries (in the middle of winter) and such.

Writing up our stories was another challenge. We typed them on typewriters (yes, indeed) and “cut and pasted” till the paper was as thick as cardboard. And while we worked, so did the workmen! They were literally dismantling and rebuilding the building around us! The noise was often deafening, and there was dust and debris all over the place. Ahhh, those were the days.

Nick Bikkal

I think the biggest testimony we could give is the gratitude to God and True Parents for the experiences we did have; both the easy and the difficult. I spent a few years in the New York newspapers, the *News World* and *Noticias del Mundo*. On several occasions the New York newspapers went on strike during those early days. The *News World* was the only “major” daily around. However at the height of the strike, lasting several weeks, we were selling over a million copies a day. We had the paper printed in New Jersey, upper Westchester, etc. We often took our trucks to the presses and slept in them waiting to be awoken for pick up and delivery—some of us as far south as Brooklyn. We even had a van run down to Washington. During one of those strikes one of our brothers died during the run down into New York. A hefty price.

The accident happened on the freeway (I95) as a truck was entering NYC, in the Bronx. It seems a truck side-swept one of ours, causing it to go out of control, turn over and it then caught fire. All that paper burning probably caught the brother who might have been unconscious.

Ideological Armament

Apart from being typed as a Korean evangelist and industrialist, Rev. Moon was often described as a fervent anti-Communist in the popular press. While there were several important differences between his approach and that of reactionary “right-wing” activists, the label was not entirely unwarranted. A forcefully expressed opposition to atheistic communism figured prominently in Rev. Moon’s speeches and activities. This also had been the case from the beginnings of the movement in America. It ran through Col. Bo Hi Pak’s early efforts to set up Radio of Free Asia, Rev. Moon’s meetings with former President Eisenhower and various U.S. elected officials, the establishment of the Freedom Leadership Foundation, the movement’s National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis, Rev. Moon’s Bicentennial speeches at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument, CARP’s campus activities, and the pages of *The Washington Times*. Certainly, communists of various hues viewed the movement as a threat and opposed Rev. Moon. There were efforts by members of the International Workers Party, Trotskyite and Marxist militants, and Yippies to disrupt his speeches in the U.S. In 1978, the Japanese Communist Party called upon its members to “isolate and annihilate” the movement and characterized its efforts to “stamp-out” the church’s anti-Communist work as a “Historical War for Justice.” And by the early 1980s, Rev. Moon had attracted the attention of media, commentators, and leadership within the Soviet bloc.

In addition to typing him as an anti-Communist, there were persistent efforts to depict Rev. Moon as a tool of the KCIA, a stooge of American capitalists, and a fascist warmonger. These depictions were flawed and unfair, but perhaps to be expected. Nevertheless, they hindered the movement’s work and lay behind a U.S. congressional investigation of charges that the movement was an agent of influence for the Republic of Korea. Although exonerated, the movement was not discriminating in its choice of anti-communist “fellow-travelers” and had to disassociate itself from unsavory allies on several occasions. For example, Rev. Moon was a supporter of the World Anti-Communist League (WACL)’s 1970 meeting in Tokyo, Japan and provided substantial financial backing. However, by 1974 at WACL’s Mexico City gathering, it became obvious that the organization was anti-Semitic, and the movement withdrew its contingent. The movement had a similar experience during the 1980s with the French National Front Party leader La Pen with whom it also disassociated. Likewise, some of the movement’s contacts with Latin American leaders during the early 1980s read like a dictators’ hall of fame: Augusto Pinochet of Chile; Rios Montt of Guatemala; Alfredo Stroessner of Paraguay, and various Argentine junta leaders. Some of these associations were counterproductive, causing the movement to backtrack and costing it later support, even among mainstream conservatives and certainly among moderates and lib-



Dr. Bo Hi Pak speaks with ministers at a CAUSA Ministerial Alliance in 1984.

erals. Still, given communist inroads during the late 1970s, particularly in the Americas, it may have strategically necessary to cast a wide anti-communist net.

In any event, Rev. Moon had little chance of being regarded as “politically correct” regardless of his associations. In fact, cold war polemics were such that simply supporting a conservative, anti-communist American President such as Ronald Reagan was sufficient to certify one’s fascist credentials in the eyes of the era’s self-styled progressives. Given these realities, the movement evidenced a remarkable ability to reach and “ideologically arm” a wide variety of audiences during the early 1980s, including a large number of Black clergy who were by no means traditional anti-communists. In order to understand how this was possible, it is necessary to consider the movement’s message, its mode of presentation, and the particular context of the time.

As already suggested, there were several important differences between the movement’s message and that of reactionary, right-wing anti-communists. One difference was that the movement actually had a message. In the case of many reactionary anti-communists, there might be slogans but little more in the way of specific content. South Korea, for example, which as a consequence of its unresolved 1950-53 conflict was probably the most virulently anti-communist society in the world, prohibited the publication of Marxist texts into the 1970s for fear that it might influence its citizenry. Though the Unification

movement originated there, it maintained that communist doctrines needed to be understood and positively refuted. In other words, it understood the fundamental conflict was “a conflict of ideas—a conflict of ideology.” Unification texts went into great detail, probing Marx’s labor theory of value, theory of surplus value, laws of economic movement, dialectical materialism, the materialist view of history, and so on, offering positive refutations.

A second difference between the movement’s message and that of reactionary anti-communists was that it did “not seek to preserve the status quo.” Rev. Moon decried selfishness as an “equally vicious evil” and proclaimed that he was bringing a philosophy that “like a two-edged sword...can cut through the falseness of communism, and...through spiritual and social corruption.” In this respect, movement presentations offered a critique of “confusion in the Western system of values” in addition to its critique of Marxist-Leninist ideology. Its internationalism and racial inclusiveness also were more akin to the Left than to the Right. A third difference between the movement’s message and more reactionary forms of anti-communism was its evangelical and conversionist thrust. In other words, the movement did not preach solely to the already-converted. It expected to convince even the most hardened Marxists. This was the rationale behind its planned “March on Moscow” as well as its outreach to Black clergy and others who were less than traditional anti-communists.

The movement invested heavily in its effort to ideologically arm the West, and its presentations were increasingly sophisticated. Initially, it recruited and trained a group of Unification Theological Seminary graduates and seminarians to develop educational programs. However, as was the case in the movement’s outreach to scientists, theologians and journalists, their efforts were soon supplemented by specialists who helped organize conferences, edit journals, and develop new plans. The movement also prepared a headquarters in the Manhattan Tiffany Building which, in addition to a main hall with seating for 200, had 22 offices. Included among these were libraries for research, an institute, and multi-media rooms for the preparation of lecture slides and diagrams. The same conference-networking techniques were utilized that had been successful in other fields of endeavor, with the addition of high-tech visual and technical equipment. The high-tech effect may have been to offset and energize heavily philosophical elaborations of the Marxist dialectic and economic theories. In presentations, the movement utilized theatre-sized screens and as many as eighteen computer-controlled slide projectors to dramatic effect.

In addition to its message and mode of presentation, social and political circumstances enhanced the movement’s ability to reach and ideologically arm a wide variety of audiences after 1980. The threat of further communist inroads into the Americas following the fall of Nicaragua to the Sandanistas in 1979 was one of the most important of these circumstances. Rev. Moon took this situation seriously enough to cancel his sixtieth-birthday celebration, an auspicious occasion in the Orient. He instead sent Col. Bo Hi Pak, who was to serve as

master of ceremonies for the celebration, to Latin America with instructions to establish contacts and offer movement resources in educating young people, the military, and civic leaders so as to avoid a fate similar to Nicaragua. After establishing a number of high-level contacts, Rev. Moon set up CAUSA International, from the Latin word for "cause," which became the movement's major ideological affiliate during the 1980s. Bolivia was the first country to express interest, and in December 1980, CAUSA U.S.-based lecturers traveled to a tiny hamlet in the mountains of Bolivia to lecture to forty-five students who previously had been indoctrinated in Marxist theory. The overwhelming success of that program led to seminars in Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Argentina and Brazil. In December 1980, CAUSA was approached by the government of Bolivia to conduct seminars for 10,000 college freshmen. In 1982, CAUSA held its first seminar in Peru; a regional seminar in Acapulco, Mexico for representatives of Mexico, Honduras, Venezuela, Guatemala and Columbia; and its first Pan-American convention in Montvideo, Uruguay where the movement began to invest heavily, purchasing a bank, hotel and daily newspaper. In 1983, CAUSA educated several thousand Honduran union leaders, teachers and government officials. The movement also undertook social service projects under CAUSA World Services. In 1984, CAUSA supported the founding of the Association for Unity of Latin America (AULA) which sought to revive the ideals of Simon Bolivar.

Two circumstances facilitated CAUSA's advance in the United States. Ronald Reagan's ascendancy was the first of these. While Reagan's characterization of the Soviet Union as the "evil empire" and judgment that Marxism will end up on the "ash heap of history" did not exactly make anti-communism fashionable, his philosophy had affinities to the CAUSA position and stimulated interest in its programs. The U.S. government's prosecution and eventual jailing of Rev. Moon on tax-evasion charges in 1984, ironically, was a second circumstance that advanced CAUSA USA's work. His case, more than any other movement initiative, provoked a sympathetic reaction among American clergy who objected to his treatment. A number of rallies for religious freedom were held and more than 7,000 ministers signed a statement of solidarity with him. According to one account, "When numerous ministers inquired how best to support him during his imprisonment, Rev. Moon responded that they should attend a CAUSA seminar." This, he explained, was because "the most serious threat to religious freedom on the world-wide level was hard-line Marxism-Leninism." As a consequence, during Rev. Moon's thirteen-month imprisonment, "more than 7,000 ministers attended CAUSA seminars." In 1984 alone, CAUSA sponsored 34 major conferences and 290 local programs. CAUSA USA also supported the founding of the International Security Council (ISC) which in two conferences brought together more than 200 former senior military officers, diplomats, government officials and scholars that year.

CAUSA International

Bill Lay

Every generation is called to take its part in the fight against the forces of darkness that repeatedly assault God's foundation of goodness until the end. The generation before ours has been called "The Greatest Generation" by one commentator, for their self-sacrifice and sense of duty in fighting against the Axis powers of World War II, and returning home to build the free world. We were then called to participate in the "long twilight struggle" against the next wave of darkness—communism—as it was fought on battlefields, real and metaphorical, throughout the world. CAUSA was part of that fight. Although most of us involved in CAUSA were not military combatants, we were nonetheless soldiers who heard the call, understood the importance of the time, responded, and did our best.

CAUSA International was launched in 1980, when Rev. Moon asked Bo Hi Pak to visit political leaders of countries in South America and offer a unique form of assistance in the defense against communism and in bringing about a renaissance of morality and virtue. Dr. Pak and Antonio Betancourt visited a number of countries, particularly the home countries of journalists who had participated in the formation of *Noticias del Mundo*, the Spanish-language newspaper of the Unification Movement in New York. At nearly the same time, Rev. Moon selected a group of graduates of the Unification Theological Seminary—including Thomas Ward, William Selig, Beatriz Gonzalez, Juan Sanchis, Jean Jonet and Paul Perry—to study intensively with Sang Hun Lee in preparation for offering programs patterned after Dr. Lee's Victory over Communism presentations.

Dr. Pak and Mr. Betancourt were very well received, in large part because of their faith and enthusiasm, and also because of the unique circumstances of the countries they visited. In many of those countries, leaders were extremely anxious because, on the one hand, they faced ruthless Marxist-Leninist groups that had been newly invigorated by the collapse of the Somoza government in Nicaragua, and on the other hand, they faced the criticism of the United States for their own human rights abuses. CAUSA promised to help on both fronts: the message we offered dissected communist ideology and showed it to be false, and at the same time, it critiqued the selfish brand of anti-communism that had brought

many of these countries into international disrepute. Most importantly, CAUSA offered an experience that was to be found nowhere else. A CAUSA seminar was an encounter with hope, enthusiasm, sincerity, goodness and an exciting new world view. People who came went away uplifted and changed.

I was invited to be a part of CAUSA late in 1980. When Antonio Betancourt came to talk to me one evening at the Unification Church headquarters, I had no idea what a unique and wonderful opportunity lay ahead. Though I joined as the all-purpose utility person, I quickly found a spot as a lecturer in the Spanish language programs, and later in the programs we presented throughout the United States and the world. I also directed the CAUSA Institute in New York. It was my privilege to travel and teach the material myself in 21 different countries, including, for example, a Catholic high school in the "outback" of Paraguay, and a theater in the small Greek city of Ioannina, near the Albanian border (while communists demonstrated outside), as well as scores of large groups throughout North and South America, Europe and Asia. If not for Rev. Moon, Dr. Pak and CAUSA, I would have done none of this. I would have missed my chance to fight in the great crusade for God and freedom at the close of the 20th century.

CAUSA began giving seminars in South America; the first was given to young people in a remote village in the Andes Mountains of Bolivia. From that seminar a tradition of prayer and spiritual conditions was established, which was reinforced by Rev. Moon's instructions on several occasions. From that first seminar, we developed a program in which people would stay at a conference site for several days and participate together in a series of lectures and other presentations. The results were extraordinary. Most participants had never experienced anything remotely like it. They encountered a group of people who were dedicated, sincere and concerned about the world. They heard a message that was challenging, even alarming, yet hopeful and uplifting. And, most importantly, they felt the spirit of God.

The CAUSA program was innovative and significant in its efforts to combine the new revelation of divine principle, an in-depth discussion of communism, and the best elements of the God-centered American democratic tradition. These were the themes of the program, from Dr. Pak's introductory remarks to the CAUSA Worldview lectures. The culmination of each seminar was the presentation of the film *Truth Is My Sword*,

*CAUSA lecturer,
Bill Lay*



which introduced Rev. Sun Myung Moon and depicted Dr. Pak's defense of his faith before an errant investigative committee of the U.S. Congress in 1976. Dr. Pak was often there to share personally with the participants, but when he was not, Dr. Ward would ably fill in. Their remarks, central to the conference, conveyed to the participants a sense of how the sanctified atmosphere of the conference and the profound set of lectures they were hearing had come about.

After achieving remarkable results in Latin America, the CAUSA Seminar and teaching were taken to every part of the world, but CAUSA was most active in the United States, where the program took a variety of forms. The lectures were given in every state on the grassroots level, while we continued to hold major seminars for many groups, including clergy, politicians and retired military. Lecturing to retired military officers was particularly meaningful to me, since my father was a career army officer and I grew up in the military environment. (He is a decorated combat veteran of both WWII and the Korean War. He attended a CAUSA conference in Denver.) The World War II veterans are a precious resource which can never be replaced. Through the CAUSA International Military Alliance, we convened the retired military, respectfully served them, and shared with them the worldview that proved the significance of

their efforts and sacrifices.

Each CAUSA conference depended on the tireless efforts of a staff of people dedicated to what we called the "D.P." (the Dr. Pak standard). That meant that the audio-visual presentation had to be perfect, as did coordination of transportation and hotel, and everything else. Why? Because every aspect of the program was an expression of love for the people who were participating. For Dr. Pak, every participant was his comrade-in-arms, his brother or sister, his son or daughter. He wanted them to hear everything, to see everything, and to be just as enthusiastic as he was.

Of course, nothing mattered more to Dr. Pak than the lectures themselves. His practice was to sit in the front row and be the tuning fork for every presentation. He believed that if he was inspired, then other participants would be inspired as well. I have never seen Dr. Pak do anything by just going through the motions. Rather, he listened to each lecture as if he were listening to that lecture for the first time in his life. He was often moved to tears, and his response was many times the catalyst for the entire group to reach a new and higher level of understanding.

The decade of CAUSA work involved countless public events, and for those of us who were blessed with the chance to work closely with Dr. Pak, involved a multi-

tude of memorable private moments with him. He led us in prayer. He led us in work. He taught me to love my country, to love my brothers and sisters, to love my wife, to love my children, and to love others. (Later, when I discussed with Dr. Pak the idea of going to law school, he encouraged me to go, to treat it as a sacred mission, and to never forget that I was first of all a lecturer, never just a lawyer.) On many occasions, Mrs. Pak would be with us as well. She is a warm-hearted and generous person. She always brought a special dignity to our proceedings, and her constancy, faith and heart of gold added immeasurably to our efforts.

After every conference, I would assemble the written and oral comments and testimonies of the participants to make a report for Dr. Pak to be able to convey to Rev. Moon the remarkable spirit of that conference. Moments after the last gathering of a seminar, I would often be compiling my notes for that report while around me the audio-visual crew was striking the equipment and loading it up for the next trip. Rev. Moon was particularly gratified to hear that the participants were experiencing a renewal of hope, commitment and faith in God.

With the fall of the Berlin Wall, the rally for True Parents in Moscow, and the breakup of the Soviet

Union, the function of CAUSA drew to a close. One of the last CAUSA conferences was a World Leadership Conference that focused on the divine principle for newly elected legislators from each of the former Soviet republics. It was fitting that the journey we had embarked upon in CAUSA would conclude by joining with those democratically elected officials from the fallen stronghold of communism in studying about God.

In his opening remarks at each CAUSA conference, Dr. Pak would quote an apt observation: "As absurd as communist ideology may appear, it provides a consistent view of history to adherents and makes even the simplest citizen feel as though his life has meaning. Communism cannot be defeated militarily, nor can its adherents be bribed into giving it up. It can only be defeated in one way—by being confronted with an idea that is better." As I write these words, the former soviet states are in a desperate struggle to overcome the bitter legacy of decades of crushing exploitation by the communists. The free world—drunk with its own wine of material prosperity—is groping to understand the meaning of its blessings, and to save its very soul. Until the new truth of God fills the vacuum of today's thought, we cannot say our work is finished. But a great chapter is closed. Those who steadfastly opposed communism were good soldiers who heard the call, understood the importance of the time, responded, and did their best. From the faith and sacrifices of many, God fashioned a victory.

Praying at a rally at the Berlin Wall



Legal Gains

Rev. Moon regarded the inability of the American movement to increase its membership to 30,000 following the victory of Washington Monument, to become self-sufficient, and to become strong and diversified as internal reasons for continued opposition and the prolongation of the American providence. Externally, ongoing opposition hampered his ability to pursue objectives elsewhere and provide the solution to what he described as God's "three major headaches"—communism, the decline of Christianity, and the immorality of contemporary youth. As he later put it, "because of the court battles and other opposition, the dispensational moment was delayed." The movement spent millions of dollars defending itself between 1977-85. Apart from monetary outlays, government investigations, "anti-cult" legislation and legal battles demanded investments of time and energy which could have gone elsewhere. Contending with opposition and, in some cases, defending themselves was a major preoccupation of the movement's top leadership during this period. Rev. Moon himself was subject to government subpoena and prosecution, eventually spending the final thirteen months of the period in federal prison.

Rev. Moon's conviction and imprisonment on tax evasion charges dominated press coverage of the movement at the time and has continued to be a major point of reference in accounts of the Unification Church during the 1980s. However, this should not overshadow the movement's very real gains. In 1977, the Unification Church had a very tenuous existence in the United States. Newspapers and all manner of enemies attacked the movement with impunity. Members were subject to forceable removal and "deprogramming" through court-sanctioned conservatorship rulings. Hundreds of local municipalities refused to grant solicitation permits to church fundraisers or re-wrote regulations to keep the movement out. The church was denied tax-exempt status in New York City, and its foreign members were denied the right to enter the country as missionaries on the same basis as members of other churches. Each of these situations were reversed between 1977-85. Although embroiled in near-constant litigation, the church gained gradual recognition as a *bona-fide* religion with tax-exemption privileges, public solicitation rights, and access to missionary visas. It also was able to extend constitutional protections to its members and successfully press for action against deprogrammers. By 1985, the church had vindicated its position and existed on solid legal footing in the United States.

The most immediate problem faced by the church in 1977 was the protection of its members. The courts had clamped down on illegal kidnappings and "deprogrammings," but a new and more insidious form of "legal deprogramming" followed whereby sympathetic judges granted temporary conservatorships or guardianships, usually for thirty days, during which time parents could forceably remove their adult children from the church and turn them over to

paid deprogrammers or “deprogramming centers.” Conservators, according to common practice, were persons appointed by a court to protect other persons who were unable to take care of themselves or their property—typically, the senile and elderly. However, this device was seized upon by parents and professional deprogrammers in 1976-77 as a legal means to extricate their offspring from membership in the Unification Church as well as from other religious groups. First, parents testified about abrupt personality changes in their children. Then psychiatrists and psychologists, most of whom were leading lights in the “anti-cult” movement, were called upon to testify about the young people’s erratic condition, citing “dilated pupils from lack of sleep, memory impairment, frozen emotions, and robot-like responses.” Finally, former members described alleged brainwashing that they had undergone while in the church. Ordinarily, these proceedings were conducted *ex parte*, with no one in the courtroom or judge’s chambers to represent the other side. Afterwards, conservatorship papers were served by police on unsuspecting members. By April 1977, parents of about ninety members in more than twenty states had used the tactic successfully.

The conservatorship issue exploded in San Francisco where twenty-four conservatorships were granted during the last half of 1976. California conservatorships law was especially vulnerable to broader application as the relevant statute included provisions for those “likely to be deceived by artful and designing persons.” The great bulk of these conservatorships were directed against the Oakland Family. In early 1977, representatives of the Tucson, Arizona-based Freedom of Thought Foundation, which had emerged as the leading Western U.S. deprogramming center, escalated their efforts, preparing standardized forms and seeking multiple conservatorships at a single hearing. This precipitated a confrontation in March 1977 between five sets of parents and five Oakland Family members who anticipated being served and who with church support retained legal counsel to fight their would-be conservators. Dubbed the “faithful five,” their conservatorship hearing generated nationwide publicity and lasted for several weeks. Psychiatrists testified for both sides, and members attempted to show their “emotional effect” had not become blunted by playing original music compositions and reading poetry. In the end, Superior Court Judge Lee Vavuris decided for the parents, explaining,

We’re talking about the essence of life here, mother, father and children.... One of the reasons I made the decision...[is] I could see the love here of a parent for his child, and I don’t... have to go beyond that.... It is never-ending.... A child is a child even though the parent may be 90 and the child is 60.

Vavuris’ decision touched off a firestorm of editorial protest. More importantly, the California State Court of Appeals stayed Judge Vavuris’ conservatorship order two weeks after it was rendered and six months later reversed it, pro-



Victory: Stage One!

The fight against legalized kidnapping of Unification Church and other minority religion adherents scored a major victory on Monday, March 27 when San Francisco's appellate court agreed to hear an appeal on the conservatorships of five Church members, aged 21-36. In addition to granting an appeal, the court forbid "deprogramming" procedures against the five conservators: Leslie Brown, John Howard, Janice Kaplan, Jacqueline Katz, and Barbara Underwood all Oakland residents.

However, despite the injunction, Howard, Kaplan and Katz are still at this writing (March 30) held at an undisclosed location by the "deprogrammers." It is reported that Underwood and Brown, after a weekend with the "deprogrammers," "changed" their minds and have left the Church. A hearing is planned before the appellate court asking for a suspension of the conservatorships on the grounds that the parents have acted in contempt of court by subjecting the members to the "deprogrammers."

The case on appeal involves a ruling by lower court judge Lee Marenco giving custody of the five to their parents after a hearing lasting several weeks and drawing nationwide publicity.

The parents of the five had followed a now familiar process of obtaining 30-day



Church members involved in California conservatorship dispute: Barbara Underwood, Janice Kaplan, John Howard, Leslie Brown and Jacqueline Katz.

pounding "stringent criteria for the granting of such petitions in the future." As one commentator noted, "Judges all over the country became more circumspect in granting temporary conservatorships in ex parte hearings...and without a definite indication of overwhelming incapacity on the part of the devotee." This was too late for the "faithful five," four of whom left the church and who, thereafter, were re-dubbed in some press accounts as the "faithless four." Nevertheless, the California decision significantly reduced the risk of members being subjected to legalized "deprogrammings."

Other decisions vindicated the church's positions and put deprogrammers increasingly on the defensive. In *Ward v. Conner* (1982), the U.S. Supreme Court upheld on appeal a lower court decision allowing a church member to bring suit against thirty-one people, including his family members and others hired to break his faith. The court established an important precedent in holding that Unification Church members were entitled to the same civil rights protections that the law grants to racial minorities. In *Molko and Leal v. The Holy Spirit Association* (1983), the California Court of Appeals dismissed a case

New Hope News,
April 1, 1977 proclaims
the California victory.

brought by two “deprogrammed” former members who claimed that they were falsely imprisoned and defrauded by the church through “mind control” and “systematic manipulation.” The lower court determined that neither person had been physically restrained or mentally impaired at the time they joined and that the law would not permit either “to avoid the consequences of their decision.” The appeals court criticized “expert opinions” on brainwashing, held that to impose liability on the church would mean that “any disaffected adherent” could bring suit, thereby leading to court entanglement with religion, and noted that “the techniques used to recruit and indoctrinate [the] plaintiffs...[were] not materially different from those employed by other organizations.”

Finally, in *Columbrito v. Kelly* (1985), the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second District awarded attorney’s fees and costs to a church member who discontinued a lawsuit against a deprogrammer, assuring access to the court by those asserting religious liberty claims without the threat of attorney’s fees being awarded. The court, in this instance, also criticized the “odious” practice of deprogramming.

Having been denied in the courts, anti-church activists turned to state legislatures. In both 1980 and 1981, the New York State Legislature passed the Lasher Bill which allowed for temporary guardianships of up to 60 days, only to have it twice vetoed by then-Governor Hugh Carey on constitutional grounds. In 1982, a Kansas bill that allowed judges to decide whether a subject of any age required deprogramming due to an “abrupt and drastic change of lifestyle” passed the State House but died in the Senate. Several other states considered anti-conversion legislation or proposals for investigations of the church and other groups. None passed. This reflected a broad-based change in public opinion. By the mid-1980s, deprogrammers rather than the groups they preyed upon were struggling to survive.

Heather Thalheimer

Deprogramming

The thing that characterizes my story of deprogramming was fear. I was afraid to lose my faith. I didn't think my faith was that strong at the time. It happened in 1980 or 1981. I joined in '79. I was new. I was sent out to CARP from Oakland. I didn't know very much then.

I was pioneering with another sister, and we had an apartment. The deprogrammers told me later we were the laziest moonies they'd ever met. They followed us for a while. We were hanging around in coffee shops. The deprogrammers pretended to be witnessed to by the other sister whom I lived with. They came home with her and grabbed me at the door and shoved me in a car. They called the regional leader and some members came back with the police later. They said to the landlady, "Didn't you see anything unusual? Didn't you hear her screaming?" The landlady said, "I thought it was one of your people changing her mission."

They took me to a house and kept me in a room. I thought, how can I protect my faith? How can I keep from losing my faith? How do people get deprogrammed? The key to losing your faith is resentment. They would play on that. I knew I needed to get in touch with resentments before they did, and protect myself from that. They were fishing for things. I needed to look inside myself, for my own weak points. They tried to find things out about me.

They wanted me to give a testimony. I thought if I gave my real story, they might find out my weakness or resentment, so I gave an alternative testimony to protect myself. They told it to my parents, and my parents didn't recognize that it wasn't me. I was so sad that they didn't understand that it wasn't me. I was deeply hurt. It was about my life before; I made up a story about what I was like.

They would play taped negative testimonies from ex-members. They talked about all their hardships. I tried to hear the deep part of it. All the stories were about the MFT. I was in CARP and knew nothing about Mr. Kamiyama. The deprogrammers couldn't tell me about Tiger Park. In my mind he was the ultimate leader. He was one of the best people. You couldn't accuse Tiger Park. I kept saying I didn't know this Mr. Kamiyama. The deprogrammer yelled at me, "You're not a Moonie.

You're a CARPIE!!!"

I knew I had to get out of there. I didn't think I was going to last. I knew that God liberated Father from Heung Nam Prison. Father set conditions, so I set conditions. Heung Nam looked impossible to get out of, but Father did. So I fasted and prayed.

My parents freaked out because I was fasting. They saw that I wasn't eating and they got very upset. I knew real loneliness through that. My parents didn't understand me. I tried to cooperate. I decided to be reasonable and listen to what they said, if they would listen to me and let me share what I believe. They said no, you're brainwashed and you don't know what you're saying. I had no voice. I had no power. I knew what it was like to be imprisoned. They blocked out the doors and windows.

I could see through a crack, and I saw a blade of grass outside. I longed to touch life, to be out there. I felt I could understand a little bit of Father's life in prison through that. How lonely it is to be misunderstood, and to have everything you say to be considered meaningless.

The deprogrammers have all the power, and you don't know what they'll do to you, or if they'll harm you. I prayed for strength for God to liberate me. What happened in the end was, I asked, what weapon do I have?

I realized that I could frustrate them. They would deprogram me in rounds. They took turns, a couple of hours at a time. But I never got a break. I would wait until they would be at a fever pitch about something. They would say, "You can have whatever you want here. But with the moonies you can't." So I would wait until they were ranting at me, and I would say, "Can I have some chocolate ice cream?" It would make them so mad. They had to get it because they were supposed to be nice and the moonies were supposed to be mean.

They told my parents, she's too brainwashed. They knew they had to give me whatever I asked for since they were saying that the moonies wouldn't give me what I wanted. So I would make a ridiculous request to make them keep their word.

I was on day three or four of a fast; I had difficulty doing a seven-day fast. But then everything went crazy. Total turmoil. The deprogramming took place in Texas. It all ended when a tarantula crawled out from under the bed and bit a deprogrammer and he had to be hospitalized. They said I was the most selfish, brainwashed brat they had ever dealt with. The worst, etc., moonie they

had ever met. They were going to have me deported back to England. My father got possessed then, he was so mad. He finally said, "You're not in charge here, I am. Get out of here. I paid you, get out of here."

So I was left alone with my parents. They said, "We want to spend three days with you before you go back to the moonies." I told them, that I wanted to go to church. They took me to a little church. They sang, "Let There Be Peace on Earth." I started weeping; it was incredible to be in a spiritual environment being nourished again. I was so depleted, and I cried. If they knew how vulnerable I was at that moment, they could have done lots of things to deprogram me. But they didn't know. I was bathed in God's love in the church.

My parents were so insensitive. They said, "We can go on vacation together." I had just been through the wringer and they wanted to go on vacation. I said, "Okay." I knew I had gotten a spiritual victory on some level.

My mother took me to a department store to buy some clothes. I heard a voice, "Here is my daughter in whom I am well pleased." I heard it, like trumpets and fanfare. In the department store there was this fanfare. I realized I owned everything. I had a spiritual victory. I felt like I owned everything. I was Lord of Creation.

I was so spiritually open. I would eat food and feel it was alive. For three days I felt like there was a spiritual announcement that I was there.

My parents brought me back to the Austin, Texas center, and they left. The CARP leader wanted to get me out of the state. He thought they might change their minds and try to kidnap me again.

CARP wanted to send me to Oklahoma. I had heard all this crap about MFT. I was afraid if I didn't get to see everything, it would bother me until I saw it for myself. I prayed to God, and I asked them please show me about MFT.

My leader dropped me off at the MFT center. I felt, at the entrance to the bedroom: I am unworthy to enter here. I went to sleep and I thought the people in this room are so holy. I thought, we don't know the value of people on MFT. I felt like God was saying, this is what MFT means to me, forget everything that was said to you.

The next morning there were two sisters who were left behind in the center. They had been on MFT about 10 years and they were left behind for a rest and recreation day. They were so Abel, so grateful, and holy and

Godly. God seemed to say to me, "This is what MFT means to me."

Then they sent me out to pioneer a CARP center in Oklahoma. I had not recovered from the deprogramming ordeal, and yet, I had to witness by myself, doing 21 surveys. An MFT team stayed with me at my center. The Commander asked me to stay in the mornings for a week while they had their meetings. He invited me to their morning services which were really inspirational. He asked if I would help serve breakfast, and attend his meeting with the captains. They said things like, "What can we do for so and so? She's getting older, how can we take care of her?" They had real, heartistic concern for their members which was the exact opposite of what the deprogrammers had said.

They'd come back at 11 pm from fundraising and mat pictures until 2 am. They were so bright and happy. I would stay up and help them. God was trying to show me, this is MFT.

About a year later, I saw a brother who'd been on the team. "You don't know what that time meant to me. I went through a deprogramming, and you were always so heavenly."

He laughed and said, "I was so NEGATIVE then." But I wasn't privy to the more down-to-earth experiences then. It encouraged me that God speaks to us and provides answers through situations like that. This brother had his own situation but God used them to encourage me.

I learned that when we hear unsettling things, we need to pray so God can reveal His perspective.

God spoke to me through situations like that to help me answer questions. Now when I hear things, I remember this lesson, so... I don't jump to conclusions about things.

I was spiritually weak, and through ignorance no one took care of me. I needed a workshop, but God took care of me. People weren't aware. A couple of years later I was in a center in Washington, D.C....and I realized I could look at a picture of True Parents forever and not worry about them. I could look and not be afraid of what I might find out. After the deprogramming I was cautious. I needed to restore the innocence. When people have been damaged, they need to be nourished. It is really deeply evil, destroying innocence in people's hearts.

It takes time to restore that innocence again. When something like that happens to people, we need to take care of them, and heal them again.

Richard L. Lewis

I was the seven-day lecturer at "Camp K" near the Napa Valley in California. It was a Thursday in the summer of 1979 and we had about 400 people in the 7-day program. I was lecturing on the Old Testament and had just gotten to the part of the lecture where "by faith, Joseph went from the lowest dungeon to heights of the Pharaoh's palace." Suddenly, the back door to the lecture hall burst open and three burly men led by a tiny woman carrying a huge cross made of 2 x 4s rushed into the hall. The three men were stopped by staff members, but the tiny woman dodged them and came running up to the front of the hall.

Brandishing the cross in my face as I stood frozen on the podium, she shrieked hysterically, "Mike, Mike, get away from them." A burly Canadian from the front row hesitantly stood and moved towards her saying, "Mom...?" as her voice went supersonic as she collapsed on the floor.

Pulling myself together, I calmly said into the microphone, "Mike, your mother seems a little upset. Why don't you take her into the kitchen for a cup of tea!" He effortlessly picked up her crumpled frame and lumbered off with her in his arms.

The whole scene had taken only a few moments and, while the audience was getting over their shock, I finished up the lecture in about 15 seconds and announced we would be having a picnic lunch way up in the hills.

It turned out that the men were Mike's brothers and that they had just met with "anti-cultists" who had freaked them out with tales of brainwashing and had assured them that the cross would "break the spell" and that Mike would be free to leave. It took a lot to calm them all down (days actually), but eventually they were reconciled and left Mike to pursue his studies.

I was the assistant director of the Camp K seven-day workshop site in the Napa Valley. It was the late seventies when we were having a lot of trouble with parents who had heard all sorts of nasty stories about us. That morning, we were expecting a visit from "Kathy's" parents early that day.

A worried-looking sister burst into the staff room and said, "Kathy's parents are here but we can't wake Kathy up!" I told her to put the parents in the best room and serve them coffee—I would go and get Kathy.

There Kathy was in the sister's cabin, fast asleep with

a few worried friends trying to wake her. I confidently took charge and started trying to wake her. We tried everything: cold water, yelling, slapping, singing Holy Songs, praying. To no avail. Reports kept arriving that the parents were getting frantic and suspecting that we were spiriting their daughter away while they were being "entertained."

I was at my wits end. What else to try. We had been trying to rouse her for almost an hour and I was exhausted, so asked one of my helpers to get me a cup of coffee, to help me think better.

I was sitting next to Kathy's body, thinking desperately what else to try, when the coffee arrived. Kathy's body twitched and suddenly she was there, back in her body.

She explained that she had been out of her body, stuck up on the ceiling of the cabin, watching what we were doing but not knowing how to get down.

It was the smell of the coffee that had done the trick—she had smelt it and was immediately back in her body.

I thankfully hurried her off down the hill to have breakfast with her worried parents.



Richard Lewis, Beth Morrison and Joshua Cotter lead the singing before lecture at Camp K, California.

Another problem faced by the church was the banning of fundraising by innumerable local municipalities and cities throughout the nation. In some cases, local governments re-wrote solicitation and licensing statutes to bar church members. Other times, local police jailed and fined church fundraisers. The church took a two-fold approach to this problem. First, it issued strict “Fundraising Guidelines” to its mobile fundraising teams (MFTs), emphasizing adherence to local solicitation laws and municipal regulations, truth-telling about the work done by the church, and time-limits for solicitation in residential areas. Overaggressiveness, rudeness or the use of high-pressure tactics were strictly forbidden, members were instructed to display official church identification cards, and lists of activities their efforts went to support were circulated. Second, the MFT made efforts to restore its solicitation rights. It began in the upper Mississippi Valley where Omaha, Nebraska was the only city that permitted fundraising. Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Sioux City all had denied requests for solicitation permits. Members began telephoning the ninety municipalities surrounding St. Louis for fundraising permission and out of the forty municipalities requiring advance letters, one responded affirmatively and the rest were denials, including many that warned if members “so much as set one foot within their city...[they] would be arrested.” However, MFT members gained the breakthrough they had been seeking when the city of St. Louis gave them a permit which read,

...as a religious organization you are, of course, aware that
your activities are protected under the First Amendment
from any restriction against proselytizing or fundraising
activities designed to further your religious expansion.

Previously, according to one church account, “administrative clerks and secretaries who knew little of First Amendment freedoms had refused permission requests.” Now, armed with the St. Louis notice, Ron Troyer, who served as the MFT Field Co-ordinator for Legal Affairs, went directly to the city attorneys and began traveling to other problem cities.

The next stop was Des Moines where, after four city council meetings and “many letters detailing our rights,” Troyer noted, “the City Council of Des Moines reluctantly gave up its ban and allowed fundraising to begin.” Minneapolis followed, where the city attorney admitted, “our eight-month-old ban on your organization has probably been illegal.” Soon Troyer became an itinerary worker, visiting all regions and helping public relations members apply the methods he had developed in the Midwest. By late summer 1977, “every city that was willing to rescind their bans without a court battle had done so.” Still, as millions of people were “still inaccessible to the church due to municipal censorships,” the church served notice that its “policy of tolerance has terminated.” Troyer wrote that “to capriciously deny...[the] right to solicit is equivalent to denying...[us] the right to exist.” The first case was filed against

the City of Phoenix on September 5, 1977. Forty-five minutes before the trial, the city capitulated, indicating that it could not withstand the challenge, and settled out of court. Having witnessed the power of action taken in federal court, Troyer concluded,

[T]his municipal opposition against our church was not founded on the law, but rather founded on bigotry, prejudice, and an unwarranted abuse of power. These cities know the law, but it took something as drastic as court intervention before they would relinquish their prohibition.

According to a November 10, 1978 report, the church filed sixty-two lawsuits in Federal courts across the country from September 1977 through October 1978. Of these, fifty-two were resolved in the church's favor and ten were still pending.

The church went on to win hundreds of solicitation cases in succeeding years. One of these cases transcended the local level and established important legal protections against unequal government treatment of controversial religious groups. As discussed in a primer on church-state law, Minnesota amended its charitable solicitation law in 1978. Prior to that time, the 1961 law required organizations soliciting funds in the state to submit forms, showing that not more than thirty percent of their income was spent on administrative costs. However, religious groups were exempted from this requirement. The 1978 amendment "stated that a religious group that raised more than fifty percent of its revenue from its membership would continue to be exempt from the solicitation law." But if more than fifty percent came from nonmembers, "the organization would have to file with the state, file financial disclosure forms, and be subject to state scrutiny." Shortly after the change, state officials notified the Unification Church that it was required to register according to the new provision. The notice also threatened legal action against the church should it fail to comply. The church countered with a lawsuit, and in *Larson v. Valenti* (1982), the U.S. Supreme Court found in the church's favor, stating that the "fifty percent rule" created "precisely the sort of official denominational preference forbidden by the First Amendment of the United States Constitution."

As one commentator noted,

the law targeted for stricter state scrutiny those religious groups which solicited funds in airports, parks, or shopping centers, as opposed to those which received most of their funds from Sunday morning collection plates....The larger lesson...[was] that governments may not pass laws that enable them to inflict greater surveillance and regulation on controversial religious groups.

Apart from extending constitutional protections to its members, the church won a five-year legal battle against the New York City Tax Commission which

had denied its request for a tax exemption in 1977 on the grounds that the church's theology was "threaded with political motives." On May 6, 1982, the New York State Court of Appeals handed down a unanimous decision that the Unification Church was a legitimate religious organization entitled to tax exemption privileges granted to all religious groups. It also described the Tax Commission's determination as "arbitrary and capricious and affected by error of law." Unlike the Minnesota solicitation ruling, this case generated interest in mainstream religious circles as their leaders recognized that the Tax Commission denied the tax exemption on grounds that could be applied to them. Therefore, among the organizations filing friend of the court briefs in support of the Unification Church were the American Jewish Congress, The Catholic League for Religion and Civil Rights, The National Association of Evangelicals, and the National Council of Churches. The court recognized this in stating, "traditional theology has always mandated religious action in social, political and economic matters. Virtually all of the recognized religions and denominations in America today address political and economic issues within their basic theology."

Finally, after several years of what it regarded as "unfair treatment" by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, the church was vindicated by Unification Church, *Nikkuni, et al. v. INS* (1982) in which the United States District Court for the District of Columbia recognized the rights of the church's foreign members to enter the country as missionaries on the same basis as members of other churches. The court also recognized the church's authenticity in holding that "The Unification Church, by any historical analogy, philosophical analysis, or judicial criteria...must be regarded as a *bona fide* religion." Since only a few years earlier, members were subject to state-sanctioned siezures and jailings, these words were especially sweet. Clearly, the church had vindicated most of its claims in the eyes of the law.

The Danbury Course

Despite its legal gains, the church lost the one case that was the most highly publicized, most costly and that mattered to it the most. The indictment, prosecution, conviction and imprisonment of Rev. Moon on tax evasion charges had an air of inevitability about it. Tax convictions have been a time-honored way of rooting out undesirables and although the review process makes it more difficult within the American system, there still has been a tendency "to go after unpopular, but not necessarily criminal figures who can only be tripped up on tax evasion charges." The odd thing about Rev. Moon's case was that it continued to move forward in the face of so many obstacles. First, the audit of Rev. Moon's tax returns for the years 1973-75 showed a total liability of \$7,300, less than the \$2,500 per year required by IRS guidelines for criminal prosecution. Second, three career attorneys from the Criminal section of the U.S.

Department of Justice's Tax Division questioned whether there was any liability at all and unanimously concluded in a written memorandum that prosecution was not advisable. In fact, according to one account, the Department's chief of criminal tax prosecution warned that because Rev. Moon's tax returns did not claim a large charitable contribution, "the government might find itself in the embarrassing position of owing him a tax refund." Third, the prosecuting attorney had to convene three grand juries before getting the necessary indictments. Fourth, a mostly unlettered jury had to sift through hundreds of prosecution tax exhibits and technical argumentation that, in the opinion of the trial judge, were glazing over the eyes of even trained legal observers. Fifth, the U.S. Solicitor General and the Supreme Court had to ignore briefs from most of the country's mainstream religious groups that maintained in holding funds for the church in his name, Rev. Moon had no tax liability and exercised an accepted and widely practiced trustee role known as corporation sole.

However, for the church, especially in retrospect, Rev. Moon's tax case was not about legal niceties. Rev. Moon's previous trials and imprisonments, both in North and South Korea, were part of the church's lore and hymnody. To be sure, there were vast differences in time, place and circumstance between what already had been memorialized and what in America was being experienced first-hand. In particular, followers had far more resources with which to mount a defense than they possessed in the late 1940s or mid-1950s. Nevertheless, the outcome was the same. This stimulated a variety of theological constructions. Members utilized terms such as "sacrifice" and "crucifixion" to describe the course of events. Some interpreted the situation in ways that resembled ransom theories of atonement. Though "completely innocent," Rev. Moon made "an offering of himself for America and the world, for Christianity and all religions" was how one major church leader described the scenario. Others understood that he offered himself in a substitutionary way for the Unification Church which had failed repeatedly to win an adequate following or exert substantial influence in America.

Although these interpretations were mostly in-house and would not have won ready assent from the public, they did accord in general terms with the flow of events. Despite the fact that there was no extradition agreement between the United States and the Republic of Korea, Rev. Moon did elect to return voluntarily to face his accusers. Doing so involved a good deal of public humiliation and suffering. He attended court sessions every day during the six-week trial and during the appeal process, his seventeen-year-old son, Heung Jin, who was highly regarded within the church, died in an automobile accident. During his thirteen-month imprisonment, Rev. Moon performed a variety of menial tasks at Danbury, Connecticut Correctional Institution. At the same time, while under indictment, in trial, during the appeal process and in prison, he initiated a number of important projects directly relevant to the movement's ministry, including two massive marriage blessings, the Youth Seminar on

World Religions, *The Washington Times*, CAUSA-USA, and several ministerial outreach programs which included a donation of 250 large trucks to the National Council for the Church and Social Action. Finally, as has been noted, Rev. Moon's prosecution and jailing gained the church a significant amount of grassroots support. Taken together, the investigations leading to his indictment, the trial and appeal process, and his imprisonment constitute what can be termed "the Danbury course." More than any other sequence of events, it was the fulcrum around which the history of the Unification Church in America turned.

Two important congressional investigations helped instigate Rev. Moon's indictment on tax evasion charges. One was that of the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minnesota). Its probe into Korean-American Relations and, in particular, into the activities of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA) in the United States was described earlier as an ominous development in 1976. The Subcommittee and the church had an adversarial relationship from the beginning of the investigation, and several members declined to answer questions or cooperate due to what they regarded as the Subcommittee's intrusions into church matters and breaches of confidentiality. In early 1977, the Subcommittee gained additional funding and intensified its investigation in the wake of Korean influence-buying on Capitol Hill, which in the idiom of the time was known as Koreagate. In its determined effort to establish links between the KCIA and the church, the Subcommittee leaked several confidential, unevaluated intelligence documents which led to press reports that the church "was founded by the Director of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency...as a political tool in 1961" or, alternatively, that it had emerged "from its origins as a small-time Korean sex cult to a worldwide organization operated by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency." Both of these allegations were patently false, as the Subcommittee's final report indicated.

The Subcommittee subpoenaed Col. Bo Hi Pak for testimony on several occasions but may have not been entirely prepared for his responses. In his initial appearance, Col. Pak complained bitterly that the Subcommittee was "ostensibly pursuing a probe of the KCIA" but had "given the impression to the world through the press that the United States Congress is investigating the Unification Church of Reverend Sun Myung Moon." In his second appearance, Col. Pak escalated his rhetoric, stating his belief that the Chairman was "being used as an instrument of the devil." He continued,

I know it is easy and popular in the short run to persecute new religious groups. So it was for Nero. So it was for Julian the Apostate. But does history remember them for their social reforms or foreign policy or human rights? No! It remembers them as the great persecutors in history. And so history might remember Donald Fraser, if it remembers him



at all. You may get my scalp, Mr. Chairman, but never my heart and soul. My heart and soul belong to God.

In his third appearance, Col. Pak charged that the Subcommittee had “secretly determined to destroy one man...Reverend Sun Myung Moon, and his movement.” He also detailed the Chairman’s “operational ties” to communist organizations and cited the testimony under oath by a former Polish intelligence official that Congressman Fraser was “an agent of influence on the Hill for the Soviet Union.”

All of this was great theatre, and, in fact, the movement circulated a documentary version of Col. Pak’s testimony, entitled *Truth Is My Sword*. However, it did not materially affect the subcommittee’s final recommendation that “The Department of Justice, the SEC, the IRS, and other executive branch agencies currently investigating allegations relating to Sun Myung Moon, Pak Bo Hi, the UC...and other individuals and organizations comprising the Moon Organization...should coordinate their efforts and create an interagency task force.” The movement’s response noted that having spent \$685,000 in an eighteen month investigation with thirteen full-time staff employees only to conclude that the “Moon Organization was not an agent of influence for the ROK Government,” the Subcommittee “now called on the federal government to

Dr. Bo Hi Pak testifies before the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations.

form an ‘interagency task force’ and find some charge, any charge, on which the Church or its members can be found guilty.” No interagency task force was created, and Congressman Fraser lost in his bid to gain a seat in the U.S. Senate. Nevertheless, his Subcommittee helped perpetuate a climate of suspicion and hostility in relation to Rev. Moon and the Unification Church.

The other congressional investigation consisted of two unofficial meetings convened by Senator Robert Dole (R-Kansas). The first, a February 18, 1976 “Day of Affirmation and Protest,” was previously discussed. It afforded anti-church activists the opportunity to present their grievances to representatives of seven U.S. government agencies. The second, which followed on the heels of the Jonestown tragedy in Guyana, was a one-afternoon information session for members of Congress on “The Cult Phenomenon in America” sponsored by Senator Dole on February 5, 1979. The first of these “unofficial” inquiries was the most consequential in launching the IRS investigation which eventually led to the indictment of Rev. Moon. This was because on January 6, 1976, prior to the Day of Affirmation and Protest, Senator Dole wrote a letter to the IRS commissioner stating that an audit of the Unification Church “may be warranted” and requested his response. While it was not unusual for members of Congress to write letters to officials in the executive branch, Dole’s letter carried extra weight as he was a ranking member of the Senate Finance Committee which had direct control over the IRS budget. Three days after sending the letter, Senator Dole and his staff added more pressure by issuing a press release highlighting the note’s content. The Day of Affirmation and Protest provided further notice that “he was serious about what he said to the IRS.”

Within days, the IRS began what Carleton Sherwood, in *Inquisition, The Persecution and Prosecution of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon* (Regnery Gateway, 1991) termed “the most intensive and expensive criminal tax investigation of any religious figure in U.S. history.” According to Sherwood, “Within five months of the Dole non-hearings, a squad of IRS agents had taken up permanent offices in the Unification Church’s downtown New York headquarters, while a team of field agents began round-the-clock surveillance of selected church members and their telephones.” In 1978, after two years of investigations, the IRS was unable to find anything that compromised the church’s tax-exempt status but turned over to the New York District Attorney’s Office “certain anomalies” in Rev. Moon’s tax returns for the years 1973-75. At issue were two sets of assets openly held in Rev. Moon’s name: 1) accounts totalling \$1.6 million at the Chase Manhattan Bank; and 2) \$50,000 worth of stock in Tong Il Enterprises, Inc. The government contended that Rev. Moon owned these assets beneficially and therefore owed taxes on the bank interest and stock value. The church held that Rev. Moon held these assets as a trustee for the followers of the Unification faith and therefore owed no such taxes.

The Office of the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York pursued the matter aggressively but, despite convening three grand juries, was hav-

ing trouble getting an indictment. Also, as already noted, career attorneys from the Criminal Section of the U.S. Department of Justice's Tax Division did not deem Rev. Moon's alleged tax liability sufficient to warrant prosecution and signed off on a triple negative recommendation. However, in August 1981, the New York District Attorney's Office presented new charges of perjury, conspiracy and obstruction of justice which reopened the case and led to Rev. Moon's indictment. These charges stemmed from two sources: a "Japanese Family Fund Ledger" and promissory notes submitted by the defense to account for the sources of funds in the Chase Manhattan account; and the grand jury testimony of Takeru Kamiyama, who was understood to be Rev. Moon's financial advisor. The government claimed that the Japanese Family Fund Ledger, which listed dates and amounts of contributions from Japanese Church members between June 1972 and March 1976, as well as loan agreements reflecting transfers of funds from foreign church members to be deposited into the Chase accounts were prepared after the IRS had begun to investigate Rev. Moon's tax returns and were "phoney." It claimed that Mr. Kamiyama had lied to the grand jury.

This alleged "cover-up" was the "bridge" that led to the trial and conviction of Rev. Moon. However, Rev. Moon's defense team and a number of later observers questioned the sturdiness of that bridge. First, as the brief for Rev. Moon to the Court of Appeals noted, "The record is barren of any evidence whatsoever that Reverend Moon was involved in or consulted about the preparation of any of these...documents." Second, the church and its defense lawyers acknowledged from the beginning, both in conferences and sworn testimony, that the Family Fund Ledger and promissory notes were good faith efforts to reconstruct "actual prior transactions." Third, and most important, the perjury specifications against Mr. Kamiyama were seriously flawed. The most egregious problems were the errors in translation by the grand jury interpreter. An analysis of the transcript "found over 600 translation errors, more than 75 of which materially affected...perjury charges" brought against Mr. Kamiyama. There was even a serious question as to whether Mr. Kamiyama ever testified under a valid oath, as the translator "was entirely ignorant of the basic word perjury, and never properly warned the witness about the sanctions against lying under oath." He also hopelessly botched the oath's translation. The errors were so grievous that after reviewing the case three years later, the U.S. Senate, under bipartisan sponsorship, passed the "Court Interpreters Improvement Act of 1985" which extended standards established previously for courtrooms to grand jury proceedings. What was worse in Mr. Kamiyama's case, according to Carleton Sherwood, was that the prosecuting attorney had obtained evidence of the faulty translations but suppressed it.

Notwithstanding legal safeguards, the government's determination to convict Rev. Moon raised the issue of his getting a fair trial. The major problem was obtaining an unbiased jury. A pre-trial survey conducted by a noted public



*Harvard Law scholar
Lawrence Tribe speaking on
Rev. Moon's court proceedings
at the Federal Court House
in New York*

opinion researcher which covered all demographic segments in Southern New York showed that Rev. Moon was “the subject of profound public hostility.” In the sampling of 1,000 persons,

The overwhelming majority...knew of and were negatively predisposed toward Reverend Moon (76.4% responding unfavorably to the name “Reverend Moon,” 70.4% unfavorably to the name “Sun Myung Moon,” 67.3% unfavorably to the term “Moonies”...and almost all using such pejorative terms as “crook,” “hoax,” “racketeer,” who “brain-washes” and “exploits the young” to describe Reverend Moon. Indeed, as many as 42.9% acknowledge that “[i]f [they] had the chance, [they’d] throw Reverend Sun Myung Moon in jail.

On March 10, 1982, Rev. Moon’s counsel “moved for a bench trial on the ground that pervasive public hostility precluded selection of a fair and impartial jury. However, the government refused to consent, giving as its reason Rev. Moon’s post-arrainment speech at the Foley Square courthouse, published in the *New York Times*, which criticized the government’s motives for prosecuting him. In his remarks, Rev. Moon suggested that the prosecution was motivated by racial and religious prejudice. As he put it in a memorable turn of phrase, “If my skin were white and my religion Presbyterian, I would not be here today.”

The government asserted that a jury trial was necessary lest Rev. Moon “blame any adverse result...on religious and racial bigotry.” However, defense attorneys argued in their Appellant Brief that “the government in substance and effect punished him for exercising his rights to freedom of expression.”

Despite his stated belief that a non-jury trial would have been “fairer,” the trial judge sided with the government and refused Rev. Moon’s motion for a bench trial. In attempting to get an “untainted” jury, the judge frankly recognized that “the leaning has been heavily towards people who don’t read much, don’t talk much and don’t know much because they are obviously the persons who start off with the least bias...the less educated and less intelligent people.” The downside of this was the jury had trouble comprehending the case, a situation that the government exploited by introducing a great deal of evidentiary complexity and over 2,000 documentary exhibits. The defense contended that the selection process had not produced a jury cleansed of prejudicial attitudes but, quite the contrary, one that “was saturated with negative information.” Moreover, “the selection of an unusually uneducated and uninformed jury,” according to Rev. Moon’s lawyers, “increased the risk that the jury would substitute prejudice for reasoned judgment, denying a fair trial.”

There were additional procedural problems. The major one was the assumption on the part of the trial judge that “religious issues would not enter into the case.” This was compatible with the government’s intention to treat Rev. Moon no differently than any other corporate executive. However, it skewed the whole proceeding. Rev. Moon’s counsel “contended both pre- and post-trial that his prosecution had been motivated by hostility to his religion.” Specifically, they showed that shortly before the IRS began to investigate him, Senator Dole had written to the commissioner of the Internal Revenue urging that a tax investigation be targeted at the Unification Church because the Senator suspected “mind control and indoctrination” rather than the pursuit of “religious faith,” viewed the church’s faith as involving “political purposes,” and regarded the Church’s founder as leading a “far more affluent life” than he thought appropriate for a “clergyman.” Nevertheless, the trial judge denied motions for discovery of selective prosecution. Rev. Moon’s counsel also showed that officials and ministers of other churches engaged in comparable conduct without being prosecuted. Again, the judge “flatly denied even the most minimal discovery on this claim.” In addition to these problems, Rev. Moon was refused the interpreter of his choice. On more technical grounds, the defense lawyers contended that the trial court’s instructions to the jury were “fatally defective.” Finally, the trial judge cut off inquiry into improper influences on the jury and issued a “sweepingly broad gag order” restraining the defense, “on pain of contempt, from communicating with or contacting in any manner whatsoever any...juror involved in the case without the prior consent of the court.”



On the march for religious freedom: (from left) Dr. Bo Hi Pak, Dr. Mose Durst, Dr. Joseph Lowery, In Jin and Jin Sung Moon, unknown.

The trial began on April 1, 1981 and lasted approximately six weeks. On May 18, 1981, the jury returned its verdict against Rev. Moon on all charges: one count of conspiracy to file false income tax returns and obstruction of justice and three counts of filing false tax returns for 1973, 1974 and 1975. On July 16, 1981, the court sentenced Rev. Moon to 18 months in prison and a \$25,000 fine plus costs. Rev. Moon's legal team exhausted virtually every appeal motion available. However, in the end, their post-trial motions were all denied. The trial judge denied motions for acquittal, a new trial, and an evidentiary hearing on selective prosecution. The Second Circuit Court of Appeals, in a split decision, sustained the conviction in September 1983 and refused an *en banc* review by the entire Second Circuit. The U.S. Solicitor General recommended against Supreme Court review and on May 14, 1984, the Supreme Court justices denied Rev. Moon's petition for *certiorari*. The defense's plea for community service instead of time in jail due to fears for Rev. Moon's security also was refused. The only positive outcome was the trial judge's "binding recommendation" to the U.S. Attorney General against deportation. Because the court had sentenced him to more than a year in prison, Rev. Moon was eligible for

deportation. The government's lawyers, according to Carleton Sherwood, were "eager to rid the country of Moon" and pressed the judge not to issue an opinion on the matter, "leaving the Immigration and Naturalization Service a free hand to carry out its will." However, in this instance, Judge Gerard Goettel did not see things the government's way. Some had expressed the view that deportation was the government's goal all along and that Rev. Moon's indictment originally was handed down while he was out of the country with the expectation that he would not return and face the charges. Judge Goettel's position was that deportation, in addition to the eighteen-month jail sentence that he himself had imposed represented "excessive punishment." His decision, though technically a recommendation, was binding on the Justice Department and could not be appealed.

The final phase of Rev. Moon's "Danbury course" was his incarceration, first, from July 20, 1984 until July 4, 1985 at Danbury Federal Correctional Institution, Connecticut, and then from July 4, 1985 until August 20, 1985 at Phoenix House Foundation, Inc., a halfway house in Brooklyn, New York. Rev. Moon served thirteen months of his eighteen-month sentence, getting five months off for good behavior. Danbury was a minimum-security facility for approximately 200 men convicted of "white-collar" crimes. Rev. Moon shared a cubicle with Mr. Kamiyama for four months until the latter's release in November 1984. The facility had visiting hours on alternate days between 8:30

a.m.-3:30 p.m., and a regular stream of family members, church leaders and official guests visited Rev. Moon. All inmates were required to have jobs, and Rev. Moon performed a variety of menial tasks in the dining room, setting up for breakfast every day, mopping, wiping tables, etc. There were no reported incidents during Rev. Moon's incarceration. He had exhorted church members to "act responsibly and honorably," specifically requesting that they not come to Danbury without permission. Reportedly, in the beginning many inmates avoided Rev. Moon, "afraid that if they were seen with him or attended religious activities together with him that the other inmates would think that they had become Moonies." Some referred to Rev. Moon as "Full-Moon" and Mr. Kamiyama as "Half-Moon." Others sought out Rev. Moon for counsel. Several fellow prisoners testified to his friendliness and exemplary behavior. Rev. Moon



*This cartoon appeared in the
New York Post on Friday,
July 5, 1985. © The New York
Post*

Hyo Jin Moon visits his father at Danbury Correctional Facility.



had a parole hearing in October 1984 but was denied by the U.S. Parole Commission on February 20, 1985.

For his part, Rev. Moon regarded the day of his departure for Danbury as “a glorious and victorious, historical day.” In a “Farewell Address” to members, he stated that he was walking “the road of the cross with hope and a totally victorious mind.” He exhorted them not to send him off with tears, but that if there were “tears automatically streaming down...they must not be tears of tragedy...but tears of determination, telling me, ‘Trust us. We are going to bring a hundred times greater victory in the days to come.’” He was convinced that “resurrection and Pentecost will come” and that “the Unification sunrise” was “now coming to the world.” At Danbury, Rev. Moon spent time praying, reviewing many of his previous speeches, studying English and Spanish, receiving reports and providing direction to church leaders, working with inmates, and reaching out to Christian leaders. Upon his release, Rev. Moon stated at a welcoming “God and Freedom Banquet” in Washington, D.C. that while in prison he “did not brood with hatred or resentment for those who persecuted me, nor did I spend my time...pleading my innocence. Rather, I dedicated the time in prison to prayer and mediation, for understanding what America must do to follow God’s will for the world.” Dr. Bo Hi Pak, recently awarded an honorary doctorate from the Catholic University of La Plata, Argentina, found it “providential” that Rev. Moon stayed in a half-way house named “Phoenix House” as there were “two phoenix birds on the Korean president’s flag” and in the West, “the phoenix is a bird that never dies or gives up, but always rises from the ashes, comes back, fights, and wins.”

Mr. Kamiyama's Diary

From Mr. Kamiyama's diary in Danbury Prison

August 20, Monday, 5:30 a.m.: Father and I went into the kitchen; outside it was still dark. After we finished all the preparations for breakfast, we waited outside the building until all the inmates had finished their meal.

The time for breakfast is 6 to 7 a.m. After that we would do the cleanup. During the time that we waited outside the prison building, Father and I would have conversations about many different topics, especially about the world of God and the world of love.

On this particular morning when Father spoke about the world of God, I felt God's love with my whole body. Then I saw the morning sun. It looked so beautiful, truly beautiful; then the autumn wind began to blow and I felt chilly. As he looked at the far distant sky, Father said this winter would become very cold. Then, shifting his eyes towards the East he said, "Now they must be harvesting halibut in Alaska."

Then Father started speaking very deeply about his thoughts and feelings about prison: "The person who is in the highest position has to go down to the lowest position and then serve all the way through. That is the true way."

"Similarly, a diamond is the result of coal transformed under great pressure. The diamond is the highest and most valuable of all stones, and yet it corresponds to coal, which is the lowest and most crude. So in a sense diamonds and coal are actually close relatives."

September 14th, Friday: Father sat with his legs crossed, and quietly rotated his body about while deeply communicating with nature. At such times he is looking at the past, present and future. His posture is so mystical, so mysterious. I cannot translate it into words because it's beyond description.

I felt that between Father and nature there a special relationship or special communication that we do not comprehend—something very profound.

Reflections

- Father practices love based on forgiveness in the midst of insults and contempt. Because the inmates don't know anything about Father's value, they say, "Hey, Moon!" or utter other kinds of insults that shouldn't

even be forgiven. But Father puts himself in the position of servant of servants and forgives all this with love. I have witnessed this.

- I saw that Father digests and dominates the circumstances and his environment with patience, in order to bring victory in his position. Knowing his position as the center of indemnity, he still acts as a servant of love and controls that dirty prison environment in order to bring victory on the worldwide and universal levels.

- I saw that Father denies himself completely each day for the sake of the future. He said, "Self-denial cannot be self-denial all the way." Self-denial means that you lose yourself; but actually the purpose of self-denial is to bring victory. Father is such a self-denying person.

- I saw that Father turns everything into appreciation and gratitude, thinking that this particular period is an indemnity period. Therefore, even though Father is in an environment where he could complain constantly, he doesn't say even one word of complaint.

For example, Father's prison bed is really junk. If



you move it even one inch, it squeaks. Also, there is no wood inside to give support; it's all just wires. I wondered if Father would say something like, "It's very bad for your back," but he didn't say a word. Instead he fixed the problem by putting newspapers in to level himself.

- I saw that Father finds the most dirty work that no one wants to do, and carries it out. That is our Father. Many times I tried to take a job away from Father and do it myself, but he pushed me away and said, "No, I must do it! This is my job!" For example, after people scrubbed and mopped the floor, they would push all the dirt into one corner and leave it there. Then Father would take care of it. Also, whenever people did any cleaning in the kitchen, they would just put the mop or the dirty towels in a bucket and let them pile up. Father would pick up these smelly towels, clean them, and put them into a nice, straight pile. People would use them to clean up again, and just throw them back into the bucket. Then Father would repeat the same process all over again.

- Father meditates all the time, and quietly, as I described before.

- Father makes his own goals, and sets up the environment to fulfill them. I can see him preparing for the future. He's studying Spanish very hard, for South America and all the Spanish-speaking people. According to Mormon prediction and prophesy, the Messiah must come to both North and South America.

- Father serves Cain all the way; he's an expert in that principle. Sometimes I had to rush to work and just

left my bed a complete mess. When I came back later on, Father himself had already straightened up everything. I was so surprised! Father did that many times. And again, whenever I tried to fix Father's bed, he wouldn't let me, saying, "No, no!"

- I came out of jail on December 4th. On that day, when I was about to leave prison, Father himself started to tie my shoes. I said, "Oh, I will do it myself." But Father said, "No! This is the way to do it," and he himself sat down and tied my shoes. I was so shocked.

- I witnessed a man of love and deep compassion. He is personally interested in people's lives. He would ask the inmates: "How are your wife and your children? How is your family life?" etc. He also asked each of them, "Why did you come to this prison? How are you doing?" Father spoke in English and he wanted to know all the details.

When Father discovered people's circumstances, he felt sorry and sympathetic towards them. Once Father even suggested to me, "Maybe we should help this man hire a lawyer again, and get him another trial and another chance for justice."

- I have known Father personally for twelve years, but for the first time I discovered that Father's love for Mother is very deep. Father has many tender feelings for Mother.

When he would wait for the moment that he could talk with Mother on the phone, he was sometimes very shy, like a boy who is longing and deeply in love. So he would say over the phone, "Omima, Mammi, Mammi, good morning!" Sometimes he seemed to be freshly in love. Their relationship is so beautiful.

By the way, one of the instructions I got from Father before I came out jail was to teach members to express the love between husband and wife more openly. As a Japanese I would never kiss my wife in front of people. So when my wife visited me in prison, Father pushed me: "Go ahead, kiss your wife!" I had no other choice but to do it. When Father would meet Mother in the visiting room, he would also kiss her. They have such a natural, beautiful relationship.

- In order to attend pledge service, Father always purifies his body, takes a shower and puts on clean underwear and socks. Even if it were Sunday and the next day was the first of the month, he would again purify his body and present himself to God in pledge.

- No matter what, under any circumstances, Father would still witness and teach people around him.



Shinji and Helen Kashiwa

Once while True Father was in Danbury, I was fundraising in Tempe, Ariz. for CARP and I entered a dentist's office. I gave my speil and then he looked at me and said, "This wouldn't have anything to do with (leaning toward me) Rev. Moon, would it?" I gulped a little and said, "Yes, he's the founder of CARP." He said "Good, because I think it's unfair how they're treating him. I'll take one of those prints. But instead of \$7.00 I'll give you \$10, and you just send the extra straight in to the Rev." Well, I didn't actually do that, but I think God received his heart and offering.

Allan J. Ballinger

When I became state leader in Connecticut at the beginning of February in 1985, I found that the members had been driving to Danbury each Sunday morning after 5 a.m. Pledge Service to pray on a hill that overlooked Danbury Federal Prison where Father was incarcerated. Every Sunday we would make the hour drive from New Haven to Danbury to pray in tears for the healing of America and the world.

As state leader, one morning I promised to bring everyone to McDonald's after our prayer vigil for breakfast. Once at the restaurant, Mother and several of the Moon children came in to the restaurant and sat down near us. Recognizing us as members, she asked for the team leader to come over and speak with her. After asking where we were from, she looked at my muddy sneakers and then reached for her purse. Pulling out three \$100 bills, she said, "Here, please buy shoes for all your members. I'm sorry that it's not more." Sitting right across the table from her, I felt that she was so beautiful, and had such a pure spirit. We left soon after, and I used that \$300 to buy a new pair of shoes for every member in the state.

Reflections on Danbury

Thomas J. Ward

Father and Mother have understood that God and Satan especially watch the heart with which they or any central figure respond to difficult circumstances, including the faithlessness of us, their followers. True Parents have served as a model of how to digest adversity. Some of us recall the morning of July 20, 1984, the day of Father's incarceration in Danbury. There inside his residence in East Garden, Father comforted a handful of us and told us not to worry because something very good was going to come out of his incarceration.

A few months later, I had the opportunity to visit True Parents in Danbury Federal Prison together with Dr. Bo Hi Pak, Ambassador Maurice Robert of France and Ambassador Jose Maria Chaves. There in the prison Father spoke to the two ambassadors about some of his remarkable future plans for Africa and South America, which included the creation of a university. He spoke of how Europe had a special responsibility to assist Africa in its development and of how the United States had a similar responsibility towards Latin America. In the midst of the two-hour exchange Father never said a word about his imprisonment. He focused on inspiring and igniting us with a plausible vision of the future. Mother warmly served all of us refreshments from the vending machines in the humble visiting room. It was as if we were in East Garden rather than in the dour circumstances of Danbury Federal Prison. After bidding our farewells to Father and Mother, I accompanied Ambassadors Robert and Chaves down the hill from the prison complex to the parking lot. Deeply impressed by the encounter, Ambassador Chaves turned to me and said, "Reverend Moon may be in prison, but he is a free man."

I remember coming to East Garden one morning a month or so prior to Father's imprisonment with Dr. Pak and a politician who had ties with our Church. Father was ecstatic with the gentleman, explaining to him all the wonderful things that he could do in his role as an elected official. Suddenly I reflected, "Here is Father inspiring this man about how wonderful his future is and yet Father himself will face such a miserable circumstance when he is imprisoned in just a few weeks." Suddenly I broke into an uncontrollable flow of tears and Father turned to comfort me, softly saying, "Heh, heh, heh...."

Grassroots Support

It would have been an exaggeration to assert that a “Unification sunrise” was dawning upon the world in 1985. However, the climate had assuredly changed and the movement picked up a substantial amount of grassroots support. This was an accelerating process as an increasing and diverse number of Americans protested what they regarded as Reverend Moon’s victimization by the U.S. government. To be sure, some of them carefully distanced support for Rev. Moon’s religious or civil liberties from support of his theology or program. Others, particularly from the minority and Black communities, viewed Rev. Moon as a fellow victim of racial prejudice and were less concerned about doctrinal distinctions. For them, Rev. Moon was a martyr and scapegoat. The movement deftly channeled this support into a variety of alliances, coalitions, committees and fellowships. However, the spontaneous support that emerged was more effective and consequential. By 1985, it was apparent even to the mainstream media that opposition to the government’s handling of Rev. Moon’s case was broad-based. In fact, many leading newspapers and columnists penned editorials on his behalf.

Prior to Rev. Moon’s tax case, a number of religious leaders, civil libertarians and academics came to the movement’s defense. Some of this was documented in previous sections, particularly in relation to the church’s legal gains. However, much of this support transcended legalities, and many of those who came to the movement’s defense became more-or-less permanent allies, at least in the battle for fair treatment. As early as 1977, Dean Kelley, Director for Civil and Religious Liberty of the National Council of Churches, characterized “deprogramming” in *The Civil Liberties Review* as “protracted spiritual gang-rape” and “the most serious violation of our religious liberty in this generation.” That same year in an article published in *The Nation* entitled, “Even a Moonie Has Civil Rights,” sociologist Thomas Robbins suggested that once “persecution of deviant religion on obscurantist grounds of ‘mind control’” was established, “its application to political dissidents may be inevitable.” Dozens of other libertarians and academics, some of whom the movement had cultivated, others with whom it had no relationship, concurred.

The church gained broad-based support for extending constitutional protections to its members in stages, only after abuses were apparent and a matter of public knowledge. The same pattern repeated itself in Rev. Moon’s tax case. Initially, there was very little publicity. The IRS investigation was conducted with little fanfare, as were the grand jury hearings. It was only with Rev. Moon’s indictment and arraignment on October 22, 1981 that the issue became public. Even then, it would not have evoked comment had not the church sponsored a large public rally for followers and supporters on the steps of Foley Square Courthouse in Manhattan. Replete with a massive “We Shall Overcome” banner which exhorted those present to “Protect Religious Liberties and Minority

Rights," the movement did not seek common cause with cultural elites, at least not at first, but rather with the downtrodden and disenfranchised. As Rev. Moon stated in his rally address, "I came back to America not just for my own vindication. I came back to America as a representative of all those who suffer governmental injustice, racial prejudice or religious bigotry.... Today I declare war against these enemies."

The movement subsequently announced that it had established an initial endowment of \$2,000,000 for the creation of a Minorities Alliance International (MAI). It also published the text of Rev. Moon's Foley Square address in *The New York Times*. While this provided grounds for the government's veto of Rev. Moon's request for a bench trial, it also publicized his situation. The movement essentially pursued two tracks in its efforts to influence public opinion. First, it continued to build support from the ground up through activities funded by the MAI, especially among Black clergy. Second, it enlisted high-powered legal assistance. The movement achieved a major breakthrough when Laurence Tribe, "one of the law's most brilliant scholars" and a "fearsome presence in the courtroom," agreed to work on Rev. Moon's appeal. Tribe, a Harvard professor of constitutional law with "impeccable" liberal credentials, joined the defense team after Rev. Moon's conviction but brought instant credibility and visibility to the case. More importantly, he raised a number of constitutional concerns that resonated with mainstream religious bodies. Mainly, he pointed out that Rev. Moon was unfairly prosecuted and convicted for financial practices that were common among larger, established churches.

The specter of unwarranted government intrusion into church affairs was something that observers had not previously noted or taken seriously about the case. As a consequence of this concern but also, doubtless, as a result of Tribe's reputation and extensive contacts, major religious organizations began to join in support of the defense's position. The National Council of Churches, the American Baptist Churches U.S.A., the United Presbyterian Church U.S.A., the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Christian Legal Society, the Unitarian Universalist Association, and the National Black Catholic Clergy Caucus as well as the American Civil Liberties Union and New York Civil Liberties Union all submitted *amicus curiae* ("friend of the court") briefs before the U.S. Court of Appeals. A nationally syndicated columnist quoted Laurence Tribe as saying that Rev. Moon's tax-evasion conviction was "the most significant threat to religious freedom in the United States in many decades." A religion writer for UPI quoted Tribe as saying,

For the first time in our history, a federal court has authorized the government to completely override a religious argument. Religion was systematically, brutally removed from this case... [The trial court's decision] exposes every religious body, its spiritual leaders and all of its donors to the threat of criminal liability whenever a trial court or jury might later

choose, in deciding the issue of ownership, to reject or ignore the doctrines and beliefs of the church and its adherents as to how funds raised for religious purposes should be held, spent and classified.

By the time Laurence Tribe filed a petition before the U.S. Supreme Court, support for Rev. Moon's position had reached landslide proportions. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) announced on December 21, 1983 that they would support the appeal, and even *The Washington Post* editorialized that "the case deserves attention and full Supreme Court review." By April 1984, forty groups and individuals representing more than 120 million Americans had filed *amicus curiae* briefs in support of the appeal, including the National Association of Evangelicals, the National Conference of Black Mayors, the National Bar Association, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the Attorney Generals of Hawaii, Oregon and Rhode Island, Eugene McCarthy and Clare Booth Luce. In May, Donald Shriver, president of Union Theological Seminary in New York, Dr. Harvey Cox of Harvard Divinity School, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, and Dr. Balfour Brickner of Stephen Wise Synagogue in Manhattan were part of a large group of religious leaders who described Rev. Moon's conviction as "deeply disturbing" in an open letter to President Reagan.

The Supreme Court's refusal on May 14, 1984 to review Rev. Moon's petition despite this groundswell of support set off a series of "Rallies for Religious Freedom." The first, which brought together 300 clergy and approximately 200 lay leaders from 60 denominations, took place in the ballroom of the Hyatt Regency in Washington, D.C. on May 30th. It was co-chaired by Rev. Joseph Lowery, chairman of the SCLC, and Dr. Tim La Haye, president of Family Life Seminars and of the Moral Majority in California. They also served as co-chairs of the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom. The two-and-one-half hour rally ended with La Haye stating that Rev. Moon's confinement would be "a prelude to our future confinement." He then challenged all present to stand with him and "say as one individual, 'I believe in religious freedom so much I am willing, if necessary and allowed, to spend one week of those eighteen months with Reverend Moon.'" One account of the meeting noted, "Almost everyone in the hall stood, clapping and cheering." A similar rally followed in New York, co-chaired by former Senator and presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy on June 11th. The Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom sponsored more than twenty such rallies throughout the nation that month.

On June 26, 1984, the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on the Constitution, chaired by Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-Utah) conducted a hearing on religious liberty to which many of the principals in Rev. Moon's tax case, as well as several other religious leaders embroiled in litigation, were invited to offer testimony. At least 350 persons, many of them Christian ministers invited by



the Ad Hoc Committee on Religious Freedom, and numerous media crews crowded into the hearing room in the Dirksen Senate Office Building. Sen. Hatch commented that there seemed to be a “recent acceleration” of such cases and that “Jailings of ministers are especially disturbing to me.” In his prepared remarks, Rev. Moon stated, “In 1971, God called me to come to America and... for the last 12 years, I have given my heart and soul and every drop of sweat and tears for the sake of this nation.” He listed a number of the vast array of projects undertaken by the movement at the cost of “several hundred million dollars,” denied that he had defrauded the U.S. government of a few thousand dollars, and expressed gratitude that God was “using me as an instrument to lead the fight for religious freedom and to ignite the spiritual awakening of America.” Although there were several sharp questions from the ranking Democrat on the panel, the entire event was something of a love fest with ministers pressing forward to shake hands with Rev. Moon and express their thanks.

After the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on the Constitution hearing, from left: unknown, Sen. Orrin G. Hatch, Dr. Everett Siliven, and Rev. Moon.



The candlelight pageant in Washington, D.C.

Following Rev. Moon's imprisonment on July 20, 1984, there were more demonstrative rallies. On July 25th, over six thousand people gathered in Washington, D.C. to participate in "A Pageant for Religious Freedom." It included an afternoon Seminar on Religious Freedom for ministers; an evening pageant at Constitution Hall with a musical-theatrical tribute to memorable moments in American history as related to religious liberty, and rousing speeches including one by In Jin Moon, Rev. Moon's second-oldest daughter; and a candlelight march to Lafayette Park in front of the White House. A series of rallies and marches ensued which featured "mock jails" constructed of shiny metal bars holding ministers from different denominations closely watched by "IRS" and "Department of Justice" guards. Some rallies included mock funeral services, replete with carriage hearses and caskets marked "First Amendment." Rallies, seminars and banquets of various kinds continued throughout the length of Rev. Moon's imprisonment. The movement attempted to build on this ferment and "educate" ministers in several ways. Beginning in July, it sponsored Common Suffering Fellowship seminars for clergy. Essentially, it translated the "jail pledge" that many ministers had made into attendance of the four-day seminar in Washington, D.C. which included lectures not only on religious liberty and Christian activism (followed by visits to their representatives and senators) but also on themes drawn from Unification theology. The movement also involved several thousand clergy contacts with its CAUSA Ministerial Alliance.

In August 1985, Rev. Moon conceived the idea of sending video tapes on Unification theology, a brochure and booklet about the movement, an *Outline of the Principle* text, a book of his talks entitled *God's Warning to the World*, and a personal "Letter from Danbury" to 300,000 ministers and religious leaders in the United States. It required several months to produce, duplicate, label and package the videotapes, which was done entirely in-house, and 28 tractor trailers to ship all 300,000 packages, a million pounds in total weight, to the mailing location.

Efforts to introduce Unification theology provided ammunition for critics who characterized the various committees and coalitions for religious freedom as "Moonie fronts." A *Washington Post* article that discussed the relationship of the Unification Church to the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom, quoted one minister as saying he "felt a bit used" by his coming to the Washington Pageant for Religious Liberty and finding such a heavy emphasis on Rev. Moon. Likewise, Unification Church President Mose Durst found it necessary to explain that the purpose of the 300,000-tape video project was "to communicate what Reverend Moon's teachings are, not to convert anyone." *Time* magazine referred to "Sun Myung Moon's Goodwill Blitz" in describing the \$4.5 million video project as "only the latest tactic in a \$30 million cosmetic campaign being waged by the Moon movement...[to] polish the sect's tarnished image and achieve mainstream respectability." Shaw University, similarly, found itself accused of being bought-off in awarding Rev. Moon an honorary doctorate degree in May 1985.

To a large extent, these charges simply reflected the tenuous quality of all coalitions. The reality was that although the movement funded and orchestrated most of the religious freedom rallies, it dealt with a legitimate issue about which there was widespread discontent. As Rev. Donald Sills, executive director of the Coalition of Religious Freedom, pointed out several times, "In 1976, there were 45 cases of government litigation against churches, pastors, and religious organizations. By 1980, that figure had increased to 2,100. Today, in 1985, there are approximately 8,000 cases." In this respect, Rev. Moon's plight represented a larger problem. Because of this, despite strains and disparate motivations, the coalition for religious freedom held together and even expanded.

There was no more reliable indicator of this than the "God and Freedom Banquet" which welcomed Rev. Moon back from prison on August 20, 1985. Earlier that day, twenty prominent clergy including Rev. Jerry Falwell, head of the Moral Majority, and Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the SCLC, usually at opposite ends of the religious-political spectrum, held a news conference at which they decried government encroachment upon religion and called upon President Reagan to pardon Rev. Moon. That evening, more than 1,600 clergy and prominent lay people gathered at the Omni Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C. Forty clergy were seated at the head table under a huge welcome banner. While many of the familiar religious liberty themes were touched

upon, the evening was really a welcome and a tribute to Rev. Moon. Cards, a hugh trophy, and a Native American ceremonial drum were exchanged and a succession of speakers paid tribute to Rev. Moon's sacrifice and devotion "during the time of his unjust imprisonment." One Unification member attempted to set the banquet in historical context,

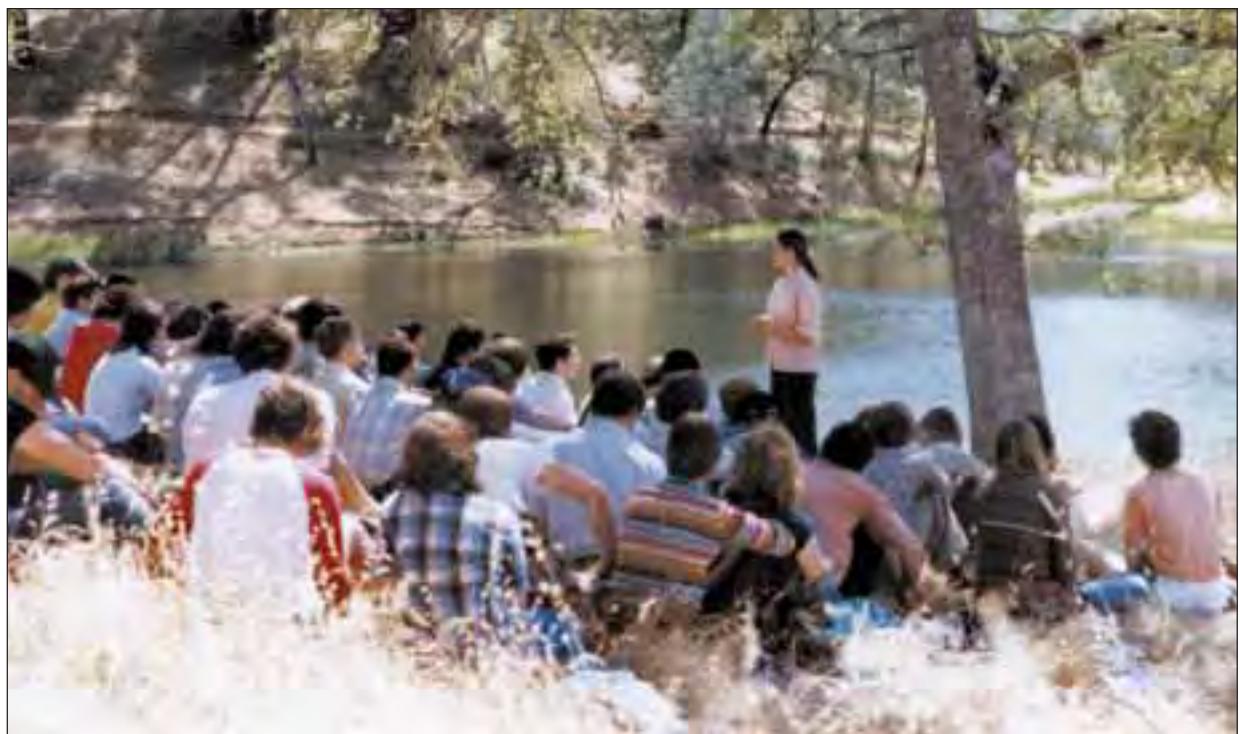
It was as if, in the forgiving eyes of God, the clock had been turned back to...[Rev. Moon's] first arrival in the United States, when he was welcomed with acclamations, and all the intervening years of ugliness had been dispelled like a ghastly nightmare.... But a marked difference remained between the pristine interval when...[Rev. Moon] was first greeted in America, and the present time. In the early 1970's, the people who welcomed him were innocent of what he taught and what he stood for. What they had presented to him they gave, childlike, out of a vague feeling of goodwill. But the people who applauded...[Rev. Moon] tonight were familiar with his ideals and his work, and some had even imperiled their reputations to stand in support of him.

Rev. Moon made use of the occasion to teach. After extending his appreciation to those who had supported him through the court battles, *amicus* briefs, and rallies, he stated that the determination that underlay his whole ministry and life was "to relieve the great and long suffering of God." Since "the world is ignorant of God's heart of suffering," he commented that it was his lot and that of his movement to be "misunderstood and persecuted." However, given what he termed "the urgency of my mission before God," he stated that the lack of understanding and persecution "has not really mattered very much to me."

In the knowledge that he was addressing "clergy who also have been participants in the fulfillment of God's will," he understood that their welcome was "not a personal welcome for the individual, Reverend Moon, but is a testament to that will of God for which I have lived my life." He, thereafter, challenged all present to repent, to "transcend denominationalism," and "to consider seriously the mission of Christianity to lead a supra-denominational, cultural revolution on a worldwide scale." The challenge was much the same as that which he had issued at the Washington Monument nearly a decade earlier. The difference was that his listeners and the movement were more ready to respond.

*Opposite: Rev. Moon at the
God and Freedom
Banquet, Washington,
D.C., August 20, 1985.*





Teresa Ledesma

Maybe I should have known better than to be in that part of town, but I thought I would be all right, especially in broad daylight. Besides, I had been in many neighborhoods like this in the past: poor, rundown store fronts with old crusted and faded paint chipping off the doors and yellowed outdated signs beckoning passersby to come in and take advantage of the fantastic sales. I did not see how this neighborhood could be any different. That inner voice weakly cautioning me to stop and do the other side of the street, the nicer side, went ignored.

It was the fall of 1978 and I was living in a lovely little bedroom community nestled away just about a half an hour outside of Akron, Ohio. I had already been fundraising every day for two years, including weekends, to support a variety of missionary projects our church was involved with. By then, I had gotten into the daily routine of getting up early, sharing the one "sisters" bathroom with a dozen other young women trying to take showers, brush their teeth and get dressed all at the same time. It was a time in my life I both loved and hated. I loved the ideal of living sacrificially for the sake of others, for a purpose greater than myself. The horrid reality, however, was that of being confronted daily with my personal battle to keep a positive attitude and my inability to conquer time. It seemed like I was always the last one ready no matter how hard I tried. That frustrating reality was enough to start each day off feeling a little less charitable.

We were fundraising in Cleveland on this particular day. The air was crisp and windy, with early autumn sun. My area for the next two hours was in the southwest part of Cleveland, in a section marked for renovation. The contrast between the old and new was clearly evident in the scene around me. There were new office buildings, street lamps and sidewalks on one side of the street, and old, dilapidated storefronts on the other. I stepped out of the van, took out the boxes of peanut brittle I planned to sell, and inhaled deeply the clean smell of the autumn morning. I was feeling better now after my usual rough start.

I rejected the warnings of my inner self as I headed toward the older section of the neighborhood first, about

a block in from the main road, toward a small group of shops, certain I would meet friendly, even lonely store-keepers anxious for someone, anyone, to come into their worn-out little shop and have a look around, a friendly chat, and hopefully, buy something. I became aware of an unusual stiffness as I neared the shops, an emptiness around me that I failed to notice just moments before. It was nearly mid morning. Where was everybody? There was not a soul in sight. As I came closer I realized that the old shops were, in fact, abandoned. Dust and cobwebs covered the windows and doors. Torn screen doors creaked in the wind. I stood there for a moment, staring at the disappointing sight before me and cursing myself for abandoning the dictates of my conscience. At the same time I momentarily imagined these shops in better days with cash registers ringing, candy jars on the counter, five-and-dime bargains on all the goods, neighborhood locals standing around chatting about the news of the day and the weather.

In disappointment I turned around and headed back toward the main street. I looked up to see someone walking briskly toward me and immediately sensed danger. Something about this person was not right. His look was unfriendly and his walk determined. He had both hands in his pockets and his shoulders shrugged up around his neck as he walked. Suddenly I felt my heart begin to race faster and faster. The closer he got the more threatening he looked. I tried to avoid making eye contact with him and instinctively started to cross the street to the other side. He was so quick to block my way and within a moment he had me by the throat of my jacket and a pistol in my face.

I was stunned. I could not think straight. I could not talk. He was nervous and scared too, I could see that. He was cursing and demanding my purse and grabbing at the long strap I had draped across my torso, all the while nervously wielding the pistol and yelling at me to hurry up. Despite the terror in my heart, I felt anger rising from somewhere deep inside me, anger at his impatience, anger at his cowardice, and anger at the fact that I had become somebody's victim. This rising anger gave me the courage to squeak out a plea that if he let go of me, I could get the purse off more quickly. Cautiously he obliged and in a moment the purse was his.

I could only guess at what might be going through his mind. What was he going to do now? He got what he

wanted, I hoped. He was calling the shots now and I was at his mercy. I fought to keep from thinking the worst was yet to come. He grabbed the purse and fled down the street into the old neighborhood of abandoned houses and storefronts. He turned back only once to see me for the last time and then disappeared. I was still alive. In numbness and disbelief I gathered my belongings and walked back to the main street. I thought of my mom, the little pocket Bible I had purchased just a few days before that was in the purse, and of the money that was not there for him to steal.

Celeste Vlasic

After being on MFT for a couple of years, many members were gathered at Belvedere where True Father was handing out pretty scarves and ties to the brothers and sisters.

He would call up each sister one by one, look them over briefly and then he would reach into this huge box of brightly colored scarves, each one being distinct in colors and designs. As each sister stepped forward and received her scarf, everyone applauded loudly, especially as the scarf seemed to perfectly fit the character and personality of each individual (i.e., the more outgoing the sister, the brighter and bolder the design).

As it was coming to my turn, I was sort of reluctant, almost panicking. Being very shy and conservative and not being one to be in the spotlight, I really did not want to have my turn. But of course, we really didn't have a choice, so as I stepped forward to receive my scarf, I was praying for a very conservative one. Lo and behold, True Father pulled out a solid blue scarf (the only solid one I recalled seeing) and handed it to me. It was just perfect. The color was sky-blue, a heavenly blue—and it was special also because my name is Celeste (meaning heavenly, from celestial) and in Spanish, Celeste means blue. Truly, God really knew what I was capable of receiving.

Six years on MFT certainly provided many experiences. There was this Marlboro man. I call him that because I encountered this man fundraising and his appearance was quite distinct. He was tall, had on a sheepskin jacket, boots and those mirror-like sunglasses that only show your own reflection. As I approached him one time, he politely said "no thank you," and I went on

my way. Around six or eight months later, I bumped into him again in an entirely different state, and believe it or not, a third time around another year later in an entirely different part of the country! (Unfortunately, he never donated anything, but maybe he thought this was beyond coincidence?)

One day in a very negative city, I was put in a "holding cell" in a jail where the police officer had to try to contact our regional director and find out about the status of our permits for fundraising. The holding cell (a large room) was just outside the three prison cells where six teenagers were being held because they were picked up as possible runaways and/or for drug possession. They were really nice, but very young and some had a lot of trepidation as their parents were being contacted. As I was able to walk and talk to everyone in the cells, I decided I wanted to make it a memorable experience for all of us there. So I encouraged all of them to sing along with me—"Tis a Gift to be Simple," and all six of them finally all joined in and were laughing and having a good time. I witnessed a little bit and never forgot that. (I hope they went a little straighter path after being released and had a somewhat pleasant memory of being imprisoned.)

Being on MFT for six years was quite a challenge, but God knew that what made it a bit easier for me was my love for traveling. One of the fondest memories was working in the state of Iowa. I had, by the way, traveled and fundraised as far north as Canada, all the southern states, plus Texas, Florida and the east and west coasts. But Iowa was very flat terrain, nothing so interesting—except that I was dropped off in small towns and had the town for the day. Almost all the persons I met were farmers (so many with thumbs and fingers missing from machinery), but so nice and pleasant. Everyone donated something and I truly thought Iowa was the closest thing to the Kingdom of Heaven in America, because there was so much positivity and purity flowing.

I remember one day I met someone in his place of business during the day, at his home in the early evening and met up with him again at a bar blitzing that night. Because he was well-known and popular, he took me around the bar and made very single patron in the bar buy a flower from me. God bless him!

Being dropped off early one morning I was very tired and very negative and was having a hard time getting

started. As I looked around I realized I was near the fenced edge of a huge field and about seven horses were way down at the other end of this pasture. Because I have an incredible love for animals, most especially horses, I started calling out to them and one by one, they all slowly walked over to me and allowed me to pet each one of them, and feed them grass I pulled up for them. After a while I felt very happy and inspired and was able to start my day.

I remember being with a group of Japanese sisters, who were sharing their many wonderful experiences of dreams about True Parents and some of them having their photos taken with some of the True Children. Remarking to one of the Japanese sisters that I wished I had a dream of True Parents, she said, "If you desire it badly enough, you probably will." Well, that night, I had my very first dream of True Father, and was blessed with many dreams of True Father and True Mother for several years in the church and occasionally still have them. I am very grateful. I also had the opportunity to have my photo taken with one of the True Children. So many blessings!

One night I had a very vivid dream of Jesus. There was a big "swoosh" sound and all of a sudden Jesus appeared before me in a long white flowing robe. I started pouring out my heart to him. He listened intently and at the end he said two words: "Perfect prayer." I interpreted that to mean that we should just pray from our hearts. Another sister, Sarah, suggested that Jesus was commenting that it was a perfect prayer because I had poured out my heart to him. Either way, it was a wonderful connection I felt to Jesus.

One day after being on MFT for several years I was given the opportunity to be a receptionist at the regional MFT center. One sister, Nancy, asked what kind of sweaters I liked and was describing this beautiful white sweater that was really in style then (70s). She surprised me with it for my birthday and I was so happy! Then, one brother, Michael, suggested I give it away to a sister in the center. I was flabbergasted, because this was new and just what I wanted, and new and beautiful clothes were hard to come by on those MFT days. Also, the sister he was suggesting I give it to was having a difficult time generally and with me as well, as I was the team mother for a while. She went as far as rudely slamming the door in my face just because I went in to wake her up

with a cheery good morning. I hadn't really sacrificed something I had wanted so badly (except for my dog when I joined the church!) but I gave this sister my new, never-worn-before sweater. (This sister later went on to say that an angel had given her that sweater—referring to me.)

Anyway, a few days later, we were cleaning out the attic in the MFT center and an old suitcase that I swore was lost years before, reappeared and as I started looking through it, my dear Bible that True Father had once handed to me was in the suitcase. For years I thought I had lost it and felt so terrible, I could never read another Bible.

I am convinced that because I made that condition of giving the sweater away, that God blessed me with the precious Bible again, that I still have and cherish to this day.

Denis Collins

I first met the Unification Church on the streets of San Francisco in March of 1978. But at the time the group went by the name of Creative Community Project. I had just quit my job as a supermarket manager in Elmwood Park, New Jersey and felt inspired to travel to the promised land of California to begin living an idealistic lifestyle. Two weeks later, a perky young woman by the name of Poppy approached me by Union Square.

"Hi," she said. "Where are you from?"

"New Jersey and New York," I quickly responded, in case she could detect both a New Jersey and New York accent in the words flowing out of my mouth.

"Great. What are you doing here?"

Hey, I got nothing to lose, I told myself; just tell her the truth. "Well, I'm looking for a bunch of idealistic people living on a commune who want to create a better world."

"In that case, come on over for dinner," she invited me. Later that night I was off to a farm in Booneville. I had never been on a farm before. After a week of farming and listening to inspiring lectures, Bob Hogan finally got around to asking me what I thought of a guy by the name of Reverend Moon. "He brainwashes people," I shot back. "Plus they have orgies. I saw something about him on 'Sixty Minutes.'"



Boonville,
California

That weekend everyone on the farm went down to Berkeley to hear a concluding lecture...except me. Bob invited me to stay on the farm another week and I was only too happy to help out. Everyone seemed so nice, and everything I heard about God seemed so true to this former Catholic/atheist/agnostic.

But the following week Bob couldn't hold me back anymore. Then early on a Sunday evening I heard a little more truth. Poppy and Bob were Moonies! So were Matthew, Jennifer, Kristina and Noah! Confused, I left Hearst Street house and took the Bart to the San Francisco library. For two days I read everything about the Unification Church and Reverend Sun Myung Moon that appeared in the overflowing special section of the public library, most of it submitted by deprogrammers. It was all obviously false.

My heart felt relief. I walked over to the Bush Street house and claimed a small piece of rug as my home. It was challenging, yet peaceful. After experiencing God's heart during a wild year of witnessing in Hawaii and a traumatic year of MFT fundraising, I spent three wonderful years at the Unification Theological Seminary. But after completing my dissertation I could no longer

make the personal sacrifices my leaders demanded and separated from the movement in 1983. I obtained a doctorate in Business Ethics and for many years tried creating a sense of social justice within my students and inside Madison, Wisconsin's poorest communities.

Then in 1995 doctors informed me that I had an advanced case of Hodgkins Disease and would most likely die of cancer in August 1996. An out-of-body experience reminded me that the purpose of life was to grow my heart through creating heaven on earth. Soon I had vivid sensations and dreams of True Parents. Reflecting back on my life, I felt remorseful for having travelled a separate path and promised to serve True Parents to the best of my limited abilities with any bonus days God might grant me. Unexpectedly, the cancer miraculously disappeared.

When a faculty position opened at the University of Bridgeport's School of Business, God told me to grab it. Next week my wife and I and our two beautiful children will pack our bags and head for Connecticut to help church members create profitable and ethical businesses and organizations. The adventure continues. Praise be to God and True Parents.

Sandra Lowen

A new leader had arrived in our center, and at first, I was happy that he had come, but as time went on, I realized that he was not very impressed by my hard work—he was very critical.

Like most people, I have a terrible inferiority complex and could not understand why such heavy accusation was coming to me. I tried to accept it as some kind of test, but I couldn't shrug these things off when I heard them every day. I prayed and prayed, but no answer came. Finally, I was sent fundraising during a spate of bad weather, and developed a bad cold, which became bronchitis, which became pneumonia. I spent several weeks in and out of bed, and I felt more and more worthless. Finally, I thought that I could not be of any value to God or the other center members. I determined to leave the Church, if only for a few months, to find out just what I was good for.

So one night I came home from work and packed all of my clothes, determined to exit at my earliest convenience.

That night I dreamed I was in the middle of a monitoring room, like the type television studios have, with several sets showing different scenes mounted on the walls. Someone sat in the director's chair. Though he wore a long monk's robe and his face was hidden by a hood, I knew that he was God Himself. He wasn't aware of me, however; He was watching the monitors intently.

In looking at one monitor, He suddenly became very agitated. I looked over His shoulder and saw that He was watching a young American soldier who was fighting furiously in the Vietnam War. The young man was throwing hand grenades and dodging bullets, leaping among the trees and undergrowth for better cover. God was shouting directions for him to run in so that he would not get shot. But it was like shouting at a television screen. The action goes on no matter what your feelings are. Of course, the young man could not hear Him. He took off running for a better position, but a bullet caught him, and he went down.

With a great cry, God tore Himself out of His chair and leapt into the screen, appearing on the monitor. He rushed to the young man and turned him over, but he was already dead. God began to cry and took him into

his arms, rocking him back and forth like a baby. But all to no avail. He couldn't bring the dead man back to life. God had loved him so much, but he hadn't realized it. He had had no connection with God through the television screen. He hadn't known God at all and could not listen to His directions.

Realizing the futility of staying there with the dead man, God lowered him gently to the ground and began to move away—when suddenly He saw another man lying not far away. He was a Vietnamese man whom God had also loved. God ran to him, but he was dead, too. God gathered him in His arms as He had the first man and cried over him. But when He put the second man down and turned to go, He became aware that He was surrounded by death. The bodies of so many young men were littering the jungle. God became like a madman, seizing His head and shrieking with grief, finally sinking into the dust of the jungle road. I looked at the other monitors in the room, and saw the other things that God had been watching before He had turned His attention to the jungle. A child starving to death. Another battle and other dead young men. A missile being assembled. Everything was suffering and struggle. As I looked back to where God knelt, grieving in the dust, I heard a voice say, "Don't make Him grieve over you, too."

Then I discovered that this control room actually had no controls. This was the place where God watched those He loved, but who had no direction from the Principle to guide their lives. They lived a hit-and-miss type of existence. God wanted to save them from their suffering and direct them away from danger, but there was no way for Him to communicate with them. God could reach me because I had the Principle, but if I left, no matter how badly persecuted I was, I would become just another suffering face on a monitor in God's control room. As my life passed out of His dominion and He witnessed what Satan would do to me until he finally found a way to destroy my very life, the person who was persecuting me would repent, continue his Principle life, be blessed and perfect himself. Needless to say, I shed many tears of repentance, and then many tears of indignation that my well-being had been so threatened, not by this member, but by Satan attempting to use this member to destroy me. I determined that Satan was not going to destroy me so easily, and that I would stay on and suffer, even if it meant my life. Without my saying any-

thing, or even relating the incident to him, within one week, my central figure apologized for his harsh treatment of me. The next day, I was called to attend the 100-day training at Belvedere.

Dr. Kurt P. Frey

MFT

My most poignant experiences in the Unification Church occurred during several years of fundraising in Texas during the 1980s. The mobile fundraising teams I was on spent many months in the southern towns of Texas—from San Padre Island in eastern Texas to El Paso in western Texas, and as far down in the “Valley” as Harlingen near the Mexican border. We typically fundraised from mid-morning to late in the evening, six or seven days a week, traveling nomadically from town to town, sleeping in campgrounds or cheap motels. Our external purpose was to raise as much money as possible to support church activities in Texas and across America, mostly by selling “monchichis” (small, fury stuffed animals that, when pinched on the back, would open their arms and cling to whatever they were attached, such as a car mirror). Our internal purpose was to purify our hearts and grow spiritually, to develop our love and unite with God and True Parents. The climate of Texas, the Mexican-Texan people we encountered, and the ease with which we sold our “product” made for many beautiful, heartfelt, victorious experiences.

After a short sermon by our team “captain,” or one of the team members, we would eat a breakfast out of a cooler in our van or stop for eggs, refried beans and flour tortillas at a diner on our way to our first “drop off.” Often, we would each be dropped off in a different small town for the day (there were usually five or six of us on a team). Once in a town, I would pray before venturing into neighborhoods or commercial areas. I would often jog from house to house or shop to shop, praying to myself or chanting (“...build God’s kingdom on earth, build God’s kingdom in the spirit world...,” for example), hoping to mobilize the spirit world to assist my efforts. I would often experience some type of persecution or period of poor results (requiring me to have faith) before I would finally “break through” and start to “crush out.” I

would sometimes trade one or two monchichis for lunch, and then find an inconspicuous place to take a short nap (I was often physically exhausted from our long days). A recurring fear I had was being picked up and interrogated by local police. Who was I, who was I working with, and what was I doing in say, Fort Smith, Texas.

Good experiences occurred upon being invited into a home and talking with, for example, an elderly grandmother living alone, talking of things that would lift our hearts or bring us to tears. Occasionally someone would mention a recently deceased family member, claim that they had some dream about my coming, or simply said they felt I had been sent by God. Although there were always a few people who wanted to belittle me, or disabuse me of my brainwashed state and ludicrous beliefs, many people wanted to share their hearts. These fundraising experiences afforded me opportunities to better understand myself, the spirit world and God. It was a “formula course” for accelerated personal growth.

A very memorable few days was fundraising our way from town to town along the Rio Grande between Harlingen and El Paso. We would drive fifty or sixty miles to the next town on the map, only to find that it had but five or ten rustic houses or trailers and if we were lucky, a gas station (once or twice we came upon a deserted “ghost town”!). We would “blitz” these small towns as a team—the workers and families we met, while somewhat puzzled by our sudden appearance and disappearance, invariably embraced us with kindness. One afternoon, we drove several dozen miles off the (mostly vacant) main highway, to bathe in a hot spring along the Rio Grande. Afterward, we pasted our bodies with soft mud from the river bank before diving into the river itself.

Our team would reconvene for dinner together in the van, a park or a fast-food restaurant. This was a time to share our experiences with each other and receive new guidance and inspiration before going out again in the evening. We would fundraise late into the night, especially on Fridays and Saturdays, mostly in bars and restaurants that were open late. I will never forget the fun I had late one night fundraising car to car in a drive-in movie theater—how surprised movie-goers were when I came knocking at their car window with my box of monchichis!

Finally we would count our money and close the day

in prayer. I remember the time we decided to say “Pledge” (in the middle of the road behind our van) before going to sleep at 2 am one Sunday morning. Two of us fell asleep (totally exhausted) on the road during the three bows—we went down but didn’t get up! I also recall one very special night on San Padre Island. After singing holy songs together and taking turns praying out loud in a circle on the beach, we carried our sleeping bags out onto an old weather-beaten pier that extended over the rough surf. We slept under a brilliant starry sky to the sound of waves crashing on the rocks below us and the soothing touch of a steady cool breeze. I remember waking up briefly during the night and marveling at my life and feeling the intimate and personal love of God. Looking back it is a wonder that none of us fell off the pier into the ocean during our slumbers. But we lived with the very palpable sense that were being guided and protected each day by heaven, that we were in the hands of our Heavenly Father.

The Most Joyful Day in My Life

Yung Chia

Before I joined the family, I was already familiar with the “Moonies.” While I was in high school in New Zealand, I was involved with the Navigators, a Christian group like Campus Crusades. My eldest brother was a Navigator and he had warned me about “cults” such as Scientologists, Hare Krishnas, and of course the Moonies. The Moonies were the ones I disliked the most because their leader considered himself to be the Messiah. To a Christian, that would be considered the Anti-Christ. Also, an ex-Moonie gave us a testimonial about his experience, which gave me a bad impression of the “cult.”

After high school, I returned to Singapore to serve my 2 1/2 years of compulsory military service. After that I went back to New Zealand for University. In my second year there, my best friend joined the Moonies. He wrote to me while he was at the workshop. He did not say that he joined but that he was just checking them out. At first, I was horrified. Besides my somewhat limited and skewed previous understanding, I had also read

the *Reader’s Digest* article on the cult. I knew about the brainwashing and stuff. I was worried that they might brainwash him. But then as I thought about our relationship over the years, I knew he was not the kind of person to be brainwashed so easily. He was going to law school; he could think for himself. I trusted his judgment and I put my faith in God to watch over him.

He was only supposed to be in the U.S. for a month and so I started writing to him asking about his experience. I sent the letters to Singapore. No reply. I sent more letters. After a month, still no reply. At this time I received a letter from my parents saying that my best friend never got those letters, the reason being that he was still in the U.S. and that the Moonies had brainwashed him. Having stated it in that way, now I was really worried. He was supposed to be back in law school but he was still with the Moonies. And the reason he hadn’t gone back was that he was brainwashed. Right away I called his friend, Joyce, in Berkeley to ask what was going on. She reiterated the fact that the Moonies had “got” my best friend. I asked if there was anything I could do and she said that my friend’s father and brother were there to try and get him out. I told her that if they failed, please call me immediately and I’d fly over to get him out. We were best friends, closer than blood brothers. I was very confident that if anyone could convince him to get out, it would be me.

That night, which was a Friday night, I could not sleep. I kept thinking, I’m not going to let these (fill in the blanks) take away my best friend. He’s more than a brother to me. Life would be miserable without him. Besides, we had big dreams to fulfill together. I decided right then and there that I would fly over to rescue my friend. Joyce had told me that she was leaving to go to Boston but I guess spirit world closed my ears to this point. Now, if I had heard Joyce mention that she was going to Boston, I would not have flown over because she was my only contact in the U.S. I guess Heavenly Father knew.

I had no time to waste. The next day, Saturday, the University was closed (as far as administrative matters go). I tried to get advice regarding this situation but most of it had to be done on Monday. The details are interesting here because it goes to show that there was so much working against my leaving New Zealand to go “rescue” my friend. To give you an idea, I’ll have to tell



you a little about what was going on in my life at the time.

My first year in University was a disaster. I sat two papers in the final exam and then refused to sit the rest of them. The University let me back on probation. If I did not pass the second year, they would kick me out of the country. I was doing really well for the first semester. Then all hell broke loose again. During a short fall vacation (remember fall is in May in New Zealand), I decided to quit University. I was rebellious against the establishment. I had an intense dislike for (satanic) authority, organized religion, politics and was vehemently opposed to any sort of injustice, abuse of power or hypocrisy (especially in religion). I had quit going to church because I saw so much hypocrisy there. My goal in life was to find the true Christian path (without the trappings of organized churches). My second goal was to find my ideal mate. When I quit University, I got into boat building, because to me that represented a spiritual path.

Jesus, the master carpenter and boat builder. I also love boats and the ocean. My dream was to one day build my own and together with my best friend, travel around the world in search of truth and our ideal mates. And that is why I was so determined to get my friend out of this cult that he got sucked into. They were about to ruin my dream.

Anyway, back to University woes. I had to get a special visa to leave the country and to get that visa, I had to get permission from the University. They did not know I quit. I didn't dare tell them. They needed a very strong reason to give me permission to leave, because I was on probation. I had to say someone in the family died. (Joining the Moonies was close to death, so I thought.) They gave me a two-week visa. Great, one week to talk my friend into his senses, and one week to enjoy the beaches of Hawaii. Then there was the problem of money. I was a poor student. To make an already long story shorter, I had decided that Friday night to go res-

cue my friend. By Wednesday of the following week, I had money, visa (barely made it) and ticket in hand. It was a miracle.

All this time, I had been calling Joyce to tell her I was coming but she never answered her phone. I was worried. I had no idea where my friend was, no address, no phone, didn't even know where Berkeley was. I was on the plane to Hawaii and praying, "Okay, Heavenly Father, it's up to you and me to get this guy out of this cult." Heavenly Father must have been smirking. He sure had other plans. I got to Hawaii, and still no word from Joyce. Right before boarding the plane to Los Angeles, someone picked up the phone. It was Joyce's cousin. She was just going out the door. She went to Joyce's apartment every other day to water the plants for 10 minutes. Was it coincidence that I got her at that precise moment? She told me that she'd meet me in Berkeley.

I landed in L.A. and asked customer service how I could catch a bus to Berkeley and she looked at me funny. Berkeley? Yes, that's what I said, didn't I? But it's another 400 miles from here. WHAT? I had barely enough money, let alone buy another ticket to San Francisco. I really had put my faith in God and jumped into the abyss. I had no idea how I was going to even find my friend, let alone find where Berkeley was. I had simply hopped on the plane to a destination the whole world knows, Los Angeles. And I prayed a lot. I got to San Francisco and Joyce's cousin picked me up, dropped me off at the BART and told me to get off at the Ashby station. I was on my own.

I got off on Ashby St. and met an African-American gentleman and told him what I was going to do. He hung around with me for two days, showed me around while we planned how we were going to get my friend out. I even considered buying a gun. I forgot how I got the Ashby Center number, but I got it. I made the call. My friend was not there but I left my number at the YMCA for him to call me. A day later, he called. We made plans to meet.

He came with a sister from New Zealand to pick me up. I guess he wanted me to feel comfortable in an uncomfortable situation. When we got to the Ashby Center, I marched through the house straight into the backyard. I did not want to meet anyone there. My attitude was one of hostility. Anyway, my best friend finally

told me that the only way to spend time with him was to go up to Camp K (as it was called at the time) because he was staying there (a big fat lie of course). I was really hesitant but as it was the only way, I said okay. But don't even try to make me listen to any of that crap, I told him (which was exactly his intention and dilemma as to how to get me to listen to the Principle). I was determined not to get brainwashed.

At Camp K, I found the people to be really sincere. In particular, one sister (a staff member), Myra Staneki, came up to me and said, "I don't know if they do this in your country, but we do it here." She gave me a rose (a leftover from flower selling). Of course my guard was up, and I was cynical but when I looked in her eyes, I saw such a sincerity and purity that it hit me so hard.

Later, after breakfast, my friend and I sat around talking. Me to him about getting out, him to me about just giving it a shot and see what they had to say. We were both determined not to give in to each other's requests. Then he said, "Myra is giving the lectures." Oh really! Okay, but only one lecture and that's it. Principle of Creation. Man, was I inspired. All the answers I had been looking for. But that was enough, I said. I needed time to digest everything. I won't go to the next lecture. And so it went that way. A battle each time to get me to go to the next lecture. But it was always, "It's Myra giving the lecture" that won out.

Each successive lecture was so mind-blowing, but each time I resisted going to the next. The spiritual atmosphere was so intense. For my friend, it was hell. He knew which lecture would do it and his goal was to get me to the "Parallels of History." One day you'll need to ask him his side of the story. And eventually came the Parallels of History lecture. I see this scene so clearly. Myra giving the lecture and at one point she made this statement: "So sometime between such and such a date, the messiah was born." I mean, I already knew who they thought was the messiah, but the whole build-up to that statement, everything was so clear, so logical, so undeniable that when Myra made that statement, it hit me like a sledge hammer. I didn't hear a word from the rest of the lecture. My world stopped right there. The instant she said that, in my mind I said, "But he's a Korean!" Jesus was a Jew. The messiah is supposed to be a Jew. And a battle raged within. This was it for me. I had to decide right then and there if Rev. Moon was the messiah or not.

All my Christian upbringing rebelled against this outrageous claim but everything so far made perfect sense.

My best friend knew the battle in spirit world was going on at that moment. He could feel the intense spiritual atmosphere and was praying desperately that I would accept Father as the messiah. To me it seemed like eternity. My heart felt this to be true but it went against all I had been taught.

Then the floodgates burst and I couldn't stop crying for the next 3-4 hours (in fact the next few days were filled with much tears of joy). I could not deny the fact that Father was the messiah. Never had I imagined that I would live to see the messiah. As a Christian, you wait for that day to be lifted up into the clouds to meet the messiah. I had no idea where I was, but I had met the messiah. This was truly the most joyful day in my life.

Thank You to My Ancestors

Maria van Leeuwen Okamoto

In January of 1980 I was 18 years old but I had always felt mature for my age. I had been raised mostly by my father since my mother had died when I was 4 and also I had had to take care of myself a lot. My father was the love of my life until I started my teens. Then I began to have questions about life that my father could not answer and I realized my father was not perfect. I had been brought up as a law-abiding Catholic and at the age of 12 I finally began to try and understand what I had already long before memorized in the repetitious Sunday services. By myself I understood that what the Bible and Jesus taught were good and important things but at the same time I could see that it wasn't enough to solve the problems so rampant around me. The meaning of the Bible's words were too ambiguous and antique for a young idealistic mind as my own. So I began my search for truth outside the church.

Influenced by my friends, I went to the rock and roll gods. I adored my favorite bands and I would cry in dreamy excitement when I went to their concerts. But the solutions to the problems I saw around me, read in newspapers and experienced in my own relationships wasn't there. I thought if I took the challenge of a career, maybe I could meet some real people and find fulfillment, so I entered college. I was crushed with dis-

appointment when I felt the falseness of the images people portrayed. I wanted to meet real, honest people and communicate about life sincerely. I wanted to live my ideals and nothing less. It was a very turbulent time on a very lonely path because everyone around me seemed to give up on their ideals, settle for less or not think at all! But I wasn't going to give up. During my internal struggles I found that by writing every thought and feeling down in my journals (which became quite a stack), I could finally come to a calm and peaceful place in my heart; then I could clearly hear an inner voice telling me the right path for me to take. I had found God's voice. Following God's direction was always the most difficult thing to do. I had started college but soon was disappointed by the spiritless classes. So God told me to travel. I planned a trip south in search of something that was supposed to be there or else I wouldn't want it so much. I sold my car, boxed up my belongings and left my apartment. There was no turning back.

I was an 18-year-old country girl traveling alone for the first time, shaking nervously at the border to the U.S. The customs officer must have felt something suspicious because of my shaking and my vague responses about the purpose and destiny of my journey. I hadn't really prepared myself for those types of questions. I was promptly refused entry. I unloaded my pack from the bus and I stood outside the building, tears flowing down my face. Tears of humiliation, disgust at my own weakness and also loneliness. Luck was on my side—a kind truck driver offered to give me a lift back to Vancouver. As we drove along the highway, he listened to my story and told me to not give up. His kind words healed my heart and I felt my confidence return and my determination double. It must have been God speaking through him. After arriving back in Vancouver, without a second thought I took the next bus directly to the airport. This time as I walked towards the customs gate, the officer smiled and just waved me through, barely glancing at my passport and wishing me a nice trip. I felt the "power" with me.

My first stop was San Francisco. I had a friend there who had invited me. I felt so small as I walked in that big American airport, my heart was thumping up an earthquake. I called and to my dismay, my friend was out of town but the person who took the call promised to try and contact him and tell him of my arrival. Now what

was I to do! I gathered my wits and took a bus to the good old YWCA. I called again and left a message about where I was staying. I would wait for his call. In the meantime I decided to take a hot bath and think things out. As the comfort of the warm water relaxed my body, the tears began to flow. They were tears of exhilaration and profound happiness. It had been such a hard spiritual and emotional battle to come this far. It felt that the happiness was not just my own. Personally I felt a great victory and my confidence rose.

Following the voice in your heart is not easy. I planned the next day to do a little sightseeing and if so be it, go on to my next destination without meeting my friend.

The next morning was sunny and fresh. I picked up my map and went out. As I stood at the intersection studying the map, suddenly a young, friendly couple asked me if I needed any help. At that moment I didn't realize it but it was the moment that all my ancestors had waited for. After some chatting, to our surprise we realized that the couple lived at the same place, at 1153 Bush Street, as my friend so I went with them. It was the first and last stop of my search.

When we entered the Bush Street house, I sensed immediately that this was not just a house but it was a place of religious activity. Basically I don't and didn't at that time have strange concepts about religions and I didn't believe much of anything that the media reported. God and my upbringing had really given me confidence in my own judgment of what was true or false. Being young and strong-minded, I never once believed that young people could be controlled by their environment and I didn't believe much in mystic stuff like so-called mind control. At that time rebelling against the "norm" was what I thought young people did.

I was invited to a nice dinner and mingled around meeting people. After that there was some entertainment and a little talk about an elephant. To tell the truth, I didn't concentrate on what was being said much. At the end there was a slide show

and this was what got me interested to go with them to their farm to work together and have group discussions. Also, they promised that my friend would be able to meet me there. While talking to people on the bus to the farm, I came to feel that these were really nice and sincere people. I began to stop worrying about meeting my friend as I was making lots of new ones.

Studying and discussing the Divine Principle with other young people those days was one of the most wonderful times of my life. With every new piece of truth I felt a light turned on and the darkness left behind. One day I heard for the first time that God is not just Heavenly Father but also Heavenly Mother! It was the first time I heard it and at the same time I felt, "of course!" When I went out to pray by a beautiful stream, I prayed to understand Heavenly Mother. Then She appeared to me in the trickling of the stream, in the beauty of the little flowers, in the gentle caressing breeze, in the fresh blue sky. The warm, gentle, never-changing heart of God, my Mother, was all around me. Now I always pray to Heavenly Father but I never forgot my discovery of Heavenly Mother.

Stepping into the Bush Street house was really the stepping into heaven for me. I never have to struggle in darkness again. Even during the challenges of a life of faith I always have the truth and True Parents leading the way. I finally did meet my friend, but he had become my Spiritual Father!



An MFT Halloween

Robert Beebe

In October 1978, my sixth month on MFT, I was challenging for a green pin, the first of three months in which I should make a \$120 average. It came down to the final day in which I had to make a certain amount (now forgotten) to be able to attain that average for the month. Of course, the last day of October is Halloween.

Our team was in Providence, RI—a place well-known in our region for its red-necked Italian-American brand of anti-Moonie negativity. That morning I was taken out early (apparently I had to make a sizable amount that day) and dropped off at the downtown fish market. I was selling so-called silk roses (which weren't really silk at all). Luck (or providence, or whatever) would have it that the owner of the first place I went to was extremely negative. It seems that he had just gotten his daughter out of the movement. Loudly he proclaimed that he was going to call the police on me. I took it as an idle threat, but quickly made myself scarce and started again a few shops down the road.

Not ten minutes later a police van (i.e., paddy wagon) pulled up next to me. Three officers jumped out, handcuffed me behind my back and tossed me into the back of the van, all the while sharing with me their views on the Unification Church in the Providence, RI vernacular. I was taken down to police headquarters and put into a jail cell until they could figure out what to do with me.

A couple of hours later I found myself being escorted into a large room with many people. I was brought up onto a stage where I could see that I was the last in a line of shady characters. I was in a police line-up! One by one the officer in charge went down the line asking the men what they had been charged with, I guess in order to determine what to do next with them—trial, fine, etc. So it went: burglary, arson, rape, vandalism. When he came to me, I said, of course, “selling flowers.” With that, the whole room broke into laughter and the head officer shouted, “Get that guy outta here!” A few minutes later I was back out on the streets with my full bucket of flowers. So my day began.

I don't remember much about the rest of the day until that evening when I was put out in some kind of

college bar area near the center of the city. Remember, it was Halloween. There were about four bars, some more like discos, around a small, central square area along which ran a road. All night I just had to stay in that central square catching people coming out of the various establishments.

Being Halloween night, people were dressed up in all kinds of costumes and, being Halloween night, as time wore on the atmosphere was getting more and more crazy. Around 10 pm my captain came by to check on me. I still had a ways to go to make my goal. He could see how the atmosphere was becoming and suggested taking me somewhere else. However, I was doing quite well and thought that this was probably the place where I stood the best chance to make the result I needed. He told me okay, but to be careful and that he would be back around 1 am for the final pick-up. Not long after he left, a guy came up to me showing a strong interest in my artificial flowers. So strong, in fact, that he said he wanted to buy them all. Immediately, dollars signs came vividly into my stream of vision. Only thing was, he said, the money was in his wallet which was in his car around the corner. Come with me, he said. Normally, I am cautious about this kind of thing, but he had a girl with him (a taming influence, I thought) and, in any case, the thought of making my goal there and then was just too much to resist. I followed him as in a trance.

No sooner had we gotten around the corner when he suddenly tried to grab the flowers out of my bucket. I was quick to catch the other end of the stems and there we were each tugging at either end of the bunch. Not being real flowers, they stood up quite well to the abusive treatment. The would-be thief was finding it not so easy to tear them away from me. Then, suddenly there appeared the sole of a shoe in front of my face and the next thing I knew my glasses were flying, I was falling and most of the flowers were out of my hand (I still held onto a few). From the pavement I watch him climb triumphantly into his car with his untaming girlfriend and drive off.

It didn't take long for the whole left side of my face to swell up until I must have begun to take on the appearance of one of the Halloween goons. My face became my costume. So, people didn't seem to be too surprised at the way I looked as I approached them to try to sell my remaining flowers. I eventually sold them and



waited for the van, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

Fortunately, my captain came with an empty van—although an hour late. He had already brought everyone else back to the center. Of course, I still had not made my goal, having lost more than half my product. After overcoming his shock upon seeing my face and hearing my story, he determined that, under the circumstances, I deserved a special time extension to try to make the goal. I would be given until noon the next day (actually that day). Now we would go to an all-night Denny's for some soup, which was about all I could get into my mouth.

After some recuperation at Denny's and a short nap in the van, I was put out at a stoplight at six in the morning. "See you at twelve," my captain said. "Mansei!" For a long time the traffic was rather slow and people didn't seem too interested in flowers, especially artificial ones, so early in the morning. Maybe they were put off by my appearance, too. The left side of my face had hardened into a mass of numbness. Well, I persevered and, yes, my story has a happy ending: I made my goal and, a few months later, I earned my green pin.

The Lord Is Always Welcome!

Michael Balcomb

It was a blistering hot summer in 1977, and I was on a struggling MFT team out in the remote reaches of Western Nebraska. Everything was going wrong. Our team leader was injured. Our van broke down regularly and needed parts from out of state. We snapped at each other and complained of the heat, day after day.

But even more torrid than the weather was the hostile reception we received in those isolated Western towns. Time and again we would be told by the police "No soliciting here!"

Often we would arrive at the next town to find the police or sheriff waiting at the city limits, happy to run us right out of town

Armed with faith in our constitutional rights, we would sometimes try fundraising anyway, for a few minutes or a few hours until the inevitable police intervention and usual arrest. Scotts Bluff, Hastings, Broken

Arrow...I still remember those jailhouses today, 25 years later.

Finally, there were just two of us left driving round in a huge old Chevy Caprice we had rented. One morning, after having already been stopped by the police by 10 in the morning, my team leader Ted said, "This is hopeless. Let's leave this state!" Trouble was, the only nearby town was Martin, South Dakota, and that was three hours away, too far to drive and risk failure.

So we called up the City Attorney's office and told him who we were, what we were doing, raising funds for our church, and how we could find no place to lay our heads in Nebraska. We could hardly believe our ears when he replied, "Boys, you come right on down. The work of the Lord is always welcome in Martin!"

So we drove on across the endless prairie, the old Chevy wagon swaying like a boat as we sped down the country highways, arriving in mid-afternoon at Martin. An Indian reservation stood on the outskirts, so we started there. From the beginning it was great. We worked through it quickly, then went through the business district, the residential areas, until about 9 pm the only place left was the City Hall and the Police Station. "Why not?", we thought, "if the Lord is really welcome?" So we went in, feeling ridiculously like Daniel in the lion's den. But the spirit of the Lord was there too, and we finished in high style.

In that half day, we probably made more money than we had in the past week. It wasn't the external results that I remember, of course, but the warm-hearted welcome of one pure town that stood out after so many days of despair. I still shed a tear to think of those people, and the words of that righteous city attorney still echo in my mind down the years, "The Lord is always welcome."

Peter Giossi

March 3, 1978
Dear Son,

I received your letter, and both of us are happy you are well. Pete, excuse this paper. I wrote from my job at Lambala Electronics on Route 110 in Melville. Peter, you have both our support at what you are doing. After 3 1/2 years, all I see is that you have changed for the better and that you are happy and alright and you

have a full love for God and your Family, for which I thank God, Peter. I feel much better, so don't worry about us.

When you first went, I thought, what has that boy done? But as a police officer, I saw for myself after meeting all you youngsters, and I now tell people that you all are the brightest, most courteous youngsters in the world, and that that church is a lot better than some stupid people think. Some people wish that their kids had the guts to stand up and be counted. When the chips are down, that alone makes me proud of you all. That's why God is on your side. Keep it up, all of you, and be happy. That's what makes the world go round, not sitting on the side. You are in the ball game, and I am sure God will, in His time, bless you all for what you are doing. Remember the song about the ant who moved the mountain? God will bless you all.

Love, Mom and Dad

P.S.: You have my permission to show this to anyone.

I had to keep writing because for the first time I have seen the injustice that some new things have to go through. That night at the New Yorker and in the Birthday party for Reverend Moon, I saw the light for the first time as if God said to me, "Al, you see that this is a good thing. Your son is with me, so go home and rejoice and be thankful. For blessed is he who believes and does not see, for he will see the Lord." Peter, believe me when I say we both love you. Naturally we would like to see you more often, but like Jesus did, you are doing and what he did you are all doing, but this time the ending is going to be more joyous. And someday, who knows? You may become a saint or better—because people will say from the Far East came a prophet who changed the world and made things better for everyone.

Keep up being good and courteous; don't let some people bother you like I was telling you. Look ahead and not back, keep your eye on the star and someday that star will be yours. Everyone will wonder how you did it! And your answer will be, Love, brother!

Love, Dad

Victoria Clevenger

One of the most profound (and definitely most challenging for me) aspects of being a Unification Church member is the Blessing. Allowing someone else to choose my spouse and committing to making it work to me is an act of sincerest faith. It's not hard to believe world peace can come through ideal families. The hard part was creating my own "ideal family."

Shortly after my blessing, I (and my husband) suffered through a period of time during which I was convinced I could never be happy with him unless he changed radically, and I was making a list to detail what he would need to do so that I could love him!

Three important insights came from that struggle. The first came at the end of a day spent being more depressed and hopeless than I had ever been before. I was so lost in my bleak thoughts that I "knew" I'd never be happy unless I left the church, and thus left him. Amazingly, I got the surprise opportunity at the end of that day to see the *Rocky* movie in which Apollo, Rocky's former enemy, and an African-American, is coaching him to beat Mr. T. There's a scene on a beach in which Apollo and Rocky are racing as part of the training, and finally Rocky beats Apollo. Both are so happy that they embrace. I grew up in the South and joined the UC in large part because I saw it as the only way to end racism, which I hated. When I saw this African-American and this white man who had been enemies, hugging, it really clicked inside for me that the universe is a field of love energy. We can get way out of touch with it, but love is the ultimate ground of being—not the pit of despair and blackness I had been experiencing.

The second was to realize that rather than praying that my husband change, I should ask, "What is it for me to maturely love?"

The third was finally accepting that God's simple answer to my desperate prayer was true. I had pleaded to know how could I ever be happy with my spouse. God's answer was, "You'll be happy when you change."

He was right.

Paul Carlson

I believe that many factors shape our lives, and our personal characters. We have different backgrounds, experiences and opinions. Recently I've devoted a great deal of ink to "intellectual" matters. However, Divine Principle makes it clear the "Heart is subject," and it is God's most essential aspect. Some things cannot be planned. God, and life, send us many types of experiences. I'll write about some of my more memorable ones. Some were long ago, some recent. And one happened to a friend of mine.

From my Grand Canyon days, I have a very favorite ice cream shop in Sedona. One day, I was fundraising there. Sure enough, I came upon that shop! The man happily donated, and I mentioned that his place was really my favorite. Then, he offered me "any item, on the house." Well, that day I was fasting, as my team was taking turns. I told him, and he said, "Well, we can't have you breaking your vows!"

Spiritual life comes naturally, to some people. One friend of mine had an unfortunate experience. Such have been all too common, although I cannot speak from personal experience. Late one night, he was fundraising outside of a coffee shop, on Federal Road in Denver. Along came a burly, surly fellow, with his lady friend. First, he grabbed my friend's flower bucket, and tossed it into the street. Then, he hauled off and socked him in the jaw. Next, he turned to his friend and said, "Don't worry, he's brainwashed and he can't feel pain." In the past, I've mocked the dewy-eyed idea of "sensitivity training." I still don't know what it is, but I do know that goons like this could sure use some!

I've had many heart-warming experiences. One of my favorite times at Principle workshop is "testimony time." I'm sure that, while reading this, you've recalled many similar experiences in your own life. When was the last time you shared them with others? Sometimes, Unificationists have a tendency to berate themselves, while forgetting what a high standard we hold ourselves to. When have you considered what you've learned, and who you've become, through your experiences? We can look beyond the "daily grind," and be grateful for the many heartfelt experiences God has sent our way.

Sole Mates

Mark Johnson

My wife Giusi and I were matched in December of 1980. It was a most exciting time in our lives, to have the Messiah choose our eternal mate.

There were approximately 2,000 brothers and sisters there to receive the matching from our True Parents. Before going into the Grand Ballroom, as always we all removed our shoes. I remember finding a special place in the corner to put my shoes, so I would not forget where to find them after being matched. After all, there were about 2,000 pairs of shoes scattered about.

The matching started about 11 pm. About an hour into the matching our lives were changed. At that time I was an MFT member, and Father called brothers who fit into this category to stand up. After only a few moments (which seemed like forever) Father came over to me and asked my age and then pulled on my jacket. I do not remember seeing Giusi until we were walking up the stairs to talk about our matching. To my total surprise Giusi could not speak a word of English. She had just arrived from Italy at 9 pm that night and had never been in America or seen True Parents in person before. We did manage to get a translator for a few brief moments and quickly accepted the match. After we bowed to True Parents and had our picture taken we went to look for our shoes. Giusi just followed me all around the room till I got to the corner where I had put my shoes. I had to walk over piles of shoes to get there. Giusi just followed. I thought she did not understand what I was doing. I finally got to where the shoes were and as I bent over to pick up my shoes, so did Giusi. To our total surprise our shoes were touching, sitting next to each other. We both look at each other and understood what God had just done. We did not need language to explain what had just happened. It was just the beginning of a most wonderful life of true love.

My wife is now living in the spirit world, but our love goes on and eternal life together is our hope for the future. It is only because of God and True Parent that we could have such a most wonderful blessing. No words can express this enough.

The Life of Adventure—Ocean Church

Susan Bouachri

Father gave a speech in 1983 in which he talked about a recent trip to Kodiak, Alaska, and how he had finally found the true American couple, a man named Red and his wife Debbie. Father, Mother, Hueng Jin Nim and some brothers and sisters had been guests of this couple on a secluded island named Shuyak, northernmost of the group of islands around Kodiak. Red had impressed Father with his fishing skills and generosity. Father described Debbie as "tiny and skinny." He said, "this particular American woman had guts. She had a vision, and she had a universal mind. She had confidence and conviction, so that even if she went bear hunting, she could knock down the bear!" Wow, imagine Father calling someone the true American couple!! Wouldn't you want to meet them? So begins my story....

In January of 1984, all Ocean Church members had been called to New York for a 40-day workshop to be led by our new central figure, Rev. Takeru Kamiyama. Everyone was told to bring all they owned, because it wasn't certain where any of us would end up after the workshop finished. If memory serves correctly, there were about 100 of us, mostly brothers, nearly all American or European. Most of these guys were already crusty fisherman with three or more tuna seasons under their belt, as well as the basic church skills of fundraising and witnessing prerequisite to any member.

I was an Ocean Church "greenhorn." I'd participated in the previous tuna season in Gloucester, fresh from MFT. At the end of the summer Father had told all participants they could choose to join OC or IOWC—I knew Ocean Church was the place for me. Growing up in Hawaii, I'd had adventure in the water, now was my chance to expand that to on the water. Meeting with then leader Mr. Daikon Ohnuki to receive my first OC assignment, I had only two requests: first, that I do something besides fundraise (I figured three years on MFT was enough) and secondly, that I could work in an OC center that had other sisters; I didn't want to be in an all-brother situation. After hearing this, with a sincere



Tony Aparo and son Vinnie, Tom Loew and Susan in Alaska.

smile and an “I’m sorry but,” Mr. Ohnuki asked me to join the all-brother OC fundraising team.

The team was in Texas when we heard of the workshop. We drove two days and nights straight through to New York, filled with anticipation at seeing summer buddies from Gloucester, meeting Mr. Kamiyama, and of course, wondering if we’d be fundraising again after the workshop!

The forty days passed so quickly . . . I really have to say OC members knew how to have a good time. These were brothers and sisters who worked hard, whether it was on sea or land, and on that foundation our coming together was joyful. It was also a great learning experience. Rev. Kamiyama gave the lectures himself. We traveled from the New Yorker where we were housed, to see Father each Sunday at Belvedere. Then it was over to the White House for breakfast with Rev. Kamiyama and his

family. During the forty days, we also received a special visit from Father. He spoke, mostly an admonishment, reminding us how much we’d been given (vans, boats, incredible direction from Father himself who was so close to Ocean Church), and yet how result had eluded us. It was an especially meaningful time because of the recent sacrifice of Hueng Jin Nim which made everyone more serious to fulfill his or her newly understood responsibility.

As our workshop drew to a close in late February, there was much excitement and speculation about where we would all be headed next. There was even talk that Father himself would decide our new assignments. Rev. Kamiyama had assembled an album of our photos so Father could see us and make his decisions. There were Ocean Church centers in some nice towns like San Diego, Miami and Gloucester but of course Alaska was the destination everyone had in mind. I think most of us had been bit by the Alaska bug right along with Father. Nothing gets a fisherman more excited than stories of

barndoorsize halibut and salmon swimming so thick you could walk across a bay on their backs!

Finally the big day came! Rev. Kamiyama gathered us together to learn of our new assignments. One by one, names were called off as brothers and sisters were told where they would be headed to put into practice the lessons and spirit of the last forty days we'd spent together. Many of the brothers were very eager for a shot at Kodiak. If you're serious to fish, that is the place to be and we all knew it. I was nervous and excited. Alaska would be nice, but that was only for brothers I assumed.

Finally Mr. Kamiyama started talking about Alaska. The excitement level in the room jumped a few notches. Mr. Kamiyama spoke of the potential of the rich waters there, some of the best fishing grounds in the world.... Then he announced who would be going. The first was David Loew who would be returning as the OC leader in Kodiak. Also his brother Tom, who had come down to NY with him to check out OC during our workshop and who then decided to join OC. A French brother, Jean-Francois Franquelin, was also chosen. Then Mr. Kamiyama turned to me, "Susan, Father has chosen you to go to Alaska." I couldn't believe what I was hearing! "You have an important mission there. Father said you have to become better than Debbie." Of course I knew who he was talking about, but I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. Me, better than Debbie? How could I do that? I had about two months' experience of sitting around on a Good Go in the hot Gloucester sun waiting for a tuna to bite; what did I know about running boats, catching fish and surviving in Alaska? Did Father pick the right sister? A confusion and doubt developed alongside the elation of hearing my destination, a doubt that lasted through the next few weeks of preparation to my arrival and first months in Kodiak.

We arrived in Kodiak in March. It was too cold to use the open-style Good Gos. As for all the witnessing, street preaching and fundraising we'd just been practicing in New York...well, I soon came to understand that in Kodiak we didn't fundraise and didn't witness. Our business maintained a delicate relationship with the town and community and no one wanted to jeopardize it. It seemed there was nothing to do! At the time, our fish company and fishing fleet were still new and developing. We occasionally had fish in the plant and during those times, I would don rain gear and gloves along with other

employees as we washed and sorted fish. Pretty boring really, definitely not the fulfillment of my Alaska dream. In desperation, I and the two other OC brothers new to Kodiak decided we'd get a head start on the season by prepping the boats early. However, when we tried waxing and polishing the fiberglass, the wax would freeze before we could get it off. Pretty miserable, we three grew grumpier and more unhappy each day.

Finally rescue arrived. David told us that a trip had been arranged and we were invited. Red and Debbie had invited some people, including some members from our company, ISA, to come up to their cabin for some early season halibut fishing. We'd be tagging along with the captain and crew of the *Mar del Sud* for the journey to Shuyak.

At last, here was my chance to meet the famous Debbie, the woman whom Father himself said had "the kind of woman's spirit that impelled the westward-bound Americans toward their new horizon." I was scared, breathless almost, like a long-time fan finally given the chance to meet her idol, as we began the trip out of Kodiak on a sunny afternoon.

There were about a dozen of us altogether. The *Mar del Sud*'s captain, his girlfriend, daughter and crew, us three new Ocean Church recruits, and a few other members including Tony and Chiyo Apparo, who'd brought their one-year-old son Vinnie. The captain took us on a slow, spectacular route weaving in and out of the myriad islands and bays that make up the group around Kodiak. Tall thick pines grew right to the water's edge. We watched for deer on the shore, and for puffins, dolphins and otter in the water around us. After steaming overnight, we finally arrived at Red and Debbie's.

Red and Debbie had been together for several years. They loved the freedom the wilderness offered and settled on Shuyak Island, 50 miles north of Kodiak. Only one other family lived nearby, and they were reachable only by boat. Red and Debbie had carved their home-stead right out of the wilderness. They had brought in supplies and building materials via their fishing boat from Kodiak. Their log cabin was filled with furniture Red had cut and built himself from the surrounding trees on the island. The walls were decorated with his traps, rifles and skins of some of the fox and otter he trapped and tanned. They had a plastic greenhouse where they grew their own vegetables during the short but sun-intense summer.



Guest quarters were located in a conveniently abandoned 70' fishing boat hauled up on shore near their cabin. That's where we slept. With little need for outside company, the island itself provided all their staples, meat in the form of deer, fish from the sea. . . . Red showed off his collection of compound bows. He said that after a while he felt using a gun wasn't giving the animals a sporting chance, so he had switched to bow hunting.

As Debbie showed me and Chiyo around, she announced proudly in the small dining room, "This is where Rev. Moon and his wife sat," as she explained about Father and Mother's visit. Red had taken Father out to one of his favorite halibut spots, the same place he'd be taking us the next day.

Our trip out the next morning didn't prove quite as fruitful as Father's. Within a couple hours we got rained on, hailed on and snowed on. We tried several areas, but as it continued to get colder, with no "slabs" showing up on the fish finder, Red decided to call it a day. We headed home to some delicious hot stew and lots of good company.

I remember being shocked when I first met Debbie. She was so small! Petite to the point of delicate, yet she could drive a boat, gut a fish, fix a broken pump, do

Debbie holds Vinnie during a visit to Shuyak

whatever was needed! She was very pretty in a natural way, no makeup or stylish haircut necessary. How could I be like her? I was big and clumsy and unsure what I was doing on a boat at all. She could cook up a big meal with her own homegrown vegetables and preserved meat without batting an eyelash.... I'd been eating at McDonald's for the previous three years.... I felt jealous of this romantic, ideal home they had created for themselves. Father, how could I possibly be like her? I grew depressed as the weekend went along.

On our last night together, God gave me an answer to my questions. All of us were lounging around the living room, watching one-year-old Vinnie, a real cutie, who had been the center of attention several times. Red was playing with him, when Vinnie's dad said, "So hey Red, when are you and Debbie going to have some children of your own?" Debbie's immediate response was, "Red, don't you listen to Tony; he's talking dirty again!" She explained that they didn't want children because of the miserable state of the world and it being no place to raise a child. It hit me like a bolt of lightening. That was it! That's how I could be better than Debbie! Here this

incredible couple had created a virtual heaven for themselves, the picture of American ingenuity and the pioneer spirit—living off the land, recycling and conscientiously using materials in a way that would give something back to the earth, simple and free with no worries about fashion, education or any of the other stuff people back in the “real world” of the lower 48 get bogged down in. Here they had it all except for, I now realized, someone to pass it on to and to share it with. I knew better; Father had taught me that all I had or was given in this life, my experience, my dreams, my hopes (heck, even my breasts and hips!) were all ultimately given to me for another, not just my husband, but my children. The life I led would be a legacy to offer them, a foundation for them to stand on and as blessed children, to use to do great things for the nation and the world. I knew this and she didn’t know it. That’s how I could be better. The fishing stuff, the boating, I could learn given enough time and experience, but the hardest lesson to learn, the value of our lives, the preciousness of our next generation, I already knew! I left Shuyak Island a different person than when I’d arrived—still not knowing the feel of the rod with a giant halibut on the end of the line, but with the confidence that I had been given the most important foundation, that the passing of time would provide the experience and the knowledge to fill in all the little details.

* * *

Several years later, around 1987, Red died when his boat went down in a storm during a late-season fishing trip. Debbie was on board also. The crew had donned survival suits and grabbed an EPIRB when they realized the boat was going down, but the zipper on Red’s suit broke and he developed hypothermia and drowned. Debbie and the other crew members survived.

The last time I was up in Kodiak I met Debbie there. She had moved back to town and opened a small gift shop. Life in Shuyak on her own wasn’t a possibility. I felt so sad. Not only had she lost her man, but she had no son or daughter who may have looked like him, to keep his memory more strongly alive.

My impressions while leaving Shuyak regarding my own course proved true. I worked aboard the 88' *Green Hope* for a winter season of bottom trawling: mending net, standing wheel watches, cooking up lots of food, “oiling and wiping” in the engine room, hauling and

shoveling tons of fresh fish. I spent a total of ten summer salmon seasons on the beaches of Egegik in Bristol Bay buying fish and learning the ropes of set, net and drift-net fishing as well. In 1992 I received my Master Captain’s license from the U.S. Coast Guard.

Much more important than all that, however, was the precious gift I received in 1995 when True Parents blessed me to my husband Djamel. We have two children now and I dream of the day I can share my love for Alaska, the ocean and adventure with them. Thank you, True Parents!

Building Boats

Jean Jacques Trifault

There was a time when True Parents were in England to create a foundation for the Home Church providence, which, for some mysterious reason, ended very dramatically. And many Unification Church members became depressed when we were obliged to stop this hopeful mission of Home Church, which looked like it was going somewhere very positive, with its philosophy to build the Kingdom of God on earth.

Personally, I was also called to participate in this home church providence. To be more precise, it was in England in 1978 and ended in October 1980. Father began Master Marine in New York, and I was called to go there.

On first impression it was interesting because according to Father, these boats were to be used to help third-world countries economically. But we had come from the mission of home church, which had a very idealistic goal and a philosophy that was growing very fast. At the same time, a humanistic and communistic dream was also growing fast in the world, growing parallel to the UC philosophy, like two brothers.

Whatever the reason Father needed home church in England, he then did ask every person who was involved to come to America and start to make an economic foundation there. So of course for everyone it was a shock, and in some ways very depressing because suddenly the dream



of the Kingdom turned into just making money. And anyone who joined the Church for the purpose of creating an ideal had a hard time to readjust him or herself. For the one who did accept to readjust himself, this new opportunity was a chance to come to America and build boats. Father designed a 28-foot boat, and to achieve that Father called 10 people, each from different countries in Europe. Through this opportunity I came to America in November 1980, to achieve the desire of Father.

Because Father was living close by, he did come often to see the evolution of the project. Yes, I do believe Father came several times each week. He came with True

Mother and many elders were with him from countries of the East. What was interesting to me was to see this man, whom we call the True Parents, and after listening to his theology and concluding that he was the Messiah, sitting down in the middle of this boat and examining each detail. Of course, when you see this man so close to you and remember he is the Messiah, and if you understood that historically the messiah was supposed to come to liberate you from some kind of misery, it is indeed a deep contrast to see the True Parent just looking at a boat, or making various remarks to improve whatever he felt was necessary.

And because I had some kind of old Christian idea that the messiah should only know about heaven, and could read the souls of people, and is someone who should only touch gold, marble or materials that do not create dust or smell unpleasant, I was surprised to see him in the middle of the noise and smell of Master Marine. So when I saw the Messiah, whom we also call True Parents because he is no longer just a single messiah, but a couple, I was very surprised to see him inside the boat in a factory where normally we need to wear a mask to protect ourselves from the fumes. But he was too humble perhaps, or just too excited to see his idea become real. And what was interesting was that True Father was not giving a sermon during all these moments when he had a chance to be a theologian, but instead he contented himself to touch every place that he believed he would like to improve. For example, many times he remarked that the edges of some parts of the boat were too dangerous, and asked us to round them out.

Of course, anyone close to him realized that his mind wanted to accomplish his word the second it was pronounced verbally. We were also excited to see these boats accomplished but alas found it was impossible to adjust the boats to his words quickly enough, regardless of our high desire. So when he came back the next week, he sometimes saw that what he had said had not been accomplished, or that it would take longer to achieve. But somehow he did stay calm, or at other times he would feel free to let us feel that if he were in our place he would work faster and, especially, more efficiently.

And after this long process of making this boat, we arrived at the great moment to launch it on the river. The boat was called the "Good Go" and the river was the East River in New York City, between Manhattan and Queens. After Father drove the boat for one or two hours, he came back to the land and for some reason he didn't look happy. In other words, he wasn't satisfied. After this event a few weeks passed, and we had a chance to see Father coming again to the factory. And again he looked at the hull, and he looked at us, and we looked at him, not knowing what his silence was about, until he directed us to destroy the hull and build another one. Of course, for us it was a very big shock because what kind of flaw could the hull have, to need to be destroyed?

So I remember the day we decided to cut up this hull

that we had worked on for around one and a half years, and which was indeed in a few hours destroyed, cut into pieces. But it was interesting to see how much this event affected our belief in God. This was because most of us had an idea, who knows from where, that God was absolute, unchangeable and omnipresent. So for us, True Father, who was the Messiah, and was one with God, must also have the same characteristics as God. Therefore, how can God, who is unchangeable, have the desire to destroy the boat, if He is perfect?

You can understand why this event was not a pleasant job but rather like cutting the idea of perfection. It means, True Father, if he is perfect, cannot change his plan after he decides upon it. But after this dramatic event, we were obliged to look at True Parents with a deeper viewpoint than just purely externally, or mainly with our preconceived ideas.

After this event Father continued to pursue the achievement of his boat. But also I started to look at him as a real person who is the True Parent and the Messiah.

I hope this testimony will help others look at him as I learned to look at him through these events over several years' time.

Alice Boutte

After our first child, Tierson, was born on September 28, 1978 (Tierson, named after Frontier '78), we moved to Norfolk, Virginia. That was the first house that we had rented. Thomas worked as the controller for the seafood business at the time. We had a little nesting time there. I settled into the house in January and then in February we got the phone call from HQ that Father was going to be doing CARP in America. Tiger Park was coming from Korea, and all blessed wives were asked to serve, and sacrifice their families at this time. Even with a new baby I still had a frontline mentality. I still have that mentality; I hope I never lose it. I responded very quickly. I knew what the Japanese wives and Korean wives had sacrificed. I figured it was our time. Thomas had a harder time than me. Thomas took care of Tierson for quite a while in Norfolk, with Betty Lancaster providing day care. She was a good mother figure for us. I went out on CARP with three days' notice. Mrs. Pumphrey and I went

together to New York. She was from the 43 couple blessing.

We met Mother in New York and she took us out for dinner. Barbara ten Wolde, Carolyn Burkholder, Mary Simmons and others were there. There were other 1800-couple wives there also. Mother talked to me during that dinner. I wasn't the only one she talked to, but she didn't talk to everyone. She told us to take care of everybody in the field. She embraced us very much. I think she bought us some outfits, like a skirt, blouse and blazer jacket. Then we were put on a bus to California. Father gave us a talk about CARP too, about the need to fight communism. We needed to make our offering, and pull out all the stops against communism. Carter was President then and not strong enough. We felt we were important and that Father needed us. I remember on the bus going out that emotionally we were ripped away from our babies. My husband was there taking care of ours. Some people were still nursing and they were suffering with all this milk which we expressed into the sinks of the restrooms on the way out to California. We were making such a sudden sacrifice. Everyone was still in shock, kind of like being in the middle of war. We thought, we're in a war against communism, and all God has is a bunch of mothers and simple folk. Still we felt that we were in an important role.

Tiger Park met us for dinner when we arrived. He had such a warm personality, he made it easier for me. I can't speak for everyone else, but he made it possible for victory. Father knew he couldn't have an immature leader with people who were making this type of offering. Tiger Park was big enough. He and his wife had gone through this before us; we knew they knew what we were experiencing. They were wonderful and I loved him; we did all we could to support him. We moved from campus to campus, standing up to the communists wherever we went. We had verbal fights, and sometimes things got physical, which was scary. Tiger Park found out that I was loud and could talk for a long time, which he used to his advantage (my husband found that out too) during the rallies. Then I found out I was pregnant and I knew that I would have the chance to go home on maternity leave.

I had to speak out on Berkeley Campus and someone spit on me once. We got some powerful reactions, standing up to the liberals. I shouted my head off and let it all

hang out! Tiger Park let me do it because he knew I had a loud voice. I supported him and I could be strong in that situation, maybe more than some wives. Some had serious health problems and it was hard for them. Some had no children and wanted them but now didn't have the chance to try. The grueling pace of things was difficult. It was a demanding, frontline schedule. God gave me a healthy body; I have been fortunate.

Once Tiger Park yelled at us for not preparing an offering table for an upcoming holiday. Some of the wives got negative at that, and couldn't deal with it. But we tried to help each other. Tiger Park knew when to yell and when to support. My husband loved him too. When I got home almost nine months later, Thomas came to Boston from New York to meet us. Tiger Park gave us a \$100 bill and said for us to go out to dinner. I never had an engagement ring or a wedding ring, so we bought that with the money instead. I still wear it.

The hardest time in CARP was the second half. We were told that the mission would last for three years. By the second year, it was getting old and wasn't very exciting anymore. The Halloween before Reagan was elected, was a low point. I was fundraising. Everything we had done was to change the direction of America. Reagan was not a sure thing that night.

As I went up to the cars at the light with my flowers, all these people were in costumes. So many of them were satanic. It was frightening and depressing. I never felt so hopeless. I felt like, "Gee, I am on the edge here, begging money from Satan." These people were like Satan, laughing and grotesque. God was showing me hell, what He had to look at. I thought, this is serious.

I gave birth to Cara, and then 100 days later I was back out. I thought, I gave up my two kids, and it's not going to work, no matter what I gave up. I went and cried into my tea at a McDonald's. I connected with God through the tea, but I didn't fundraise anymore that night. This was a miserable night, no hope for America; it was too awful, too terrible.

But after that we witnessed on the street for the campaign, volunteering for the Republican HQ. When Reagan won, we felt it was our victory. We felt that CARP had really helped with the victory of the election.

Two years later we thought the mission was over. Father called us off CARP before the year was over. After Reagan was elected and inaugurated we got to go

Dan Fefferman and Davetta Morgan leading song practice at CARP's Snowmass Workshop, Colorado, August, 1982.



home. It was a victory like in the *Star Wars* movie. After that Father said, go do homechurch. Father stood me up and said, "Are you going to tell the other wives to go out and do what you did?" I hesitated, but I did try.

Then we came back to the Unification Church, from CARP. Thomas was back in New York. There were very few rooms back in the New Yorker. We felt like Mary and Joseph in the inn there. It was so crowded. We got two rooms in the New Yorker, but they weren't even adjoining rooms. We got back and no one knew what we had gone through. There was a loneliness there that was hard to share with people. We gradually settled in.

We then went to Washington, D.C. and moved to McLean, Virginia. One neighbor worked at the White House as a secret service agent. It was in 1988, the last year Reagan was in office. The agent called up one day out of the blue and asked if we would like to have tour of the White House. He said he would take us on a special tour. I thought about the other CARP wives of those days. I called Stephanie Huber. Reagan was just about to leave office. We piled our strollers into the cars, and the

secret service man gave us a private tour with our kids. I think I told him I had worked for Reagan's campaign. He gave us one big exciting tour. He showed us the bullet-proof vest Reagan wore and he let the children try it on. We saw the Oval Office and the secret service office. Reagan was returning just then in a helicopter, and we stood on the lawn and welcomed him back in the house. We waved and he waved back.

It was such a wonderful experience, God's way of telling us that He hadn't forgotten our sacrifice. It didn't come from the church, it came from someone else. This was America's providence; God was working with Reagan, and my neighbor. Sometimes it was hard to see how God was working in other areas. But that took us out of our movement. CARP was part of the structure of our church movement proper. Father was trying to revitalize our whole movement then. Tiger Park never thought of people being "inside" or "outside" the church. Tiger Park was just very righteous, very natural.



Beyond the wilderness Course



*Rev. Moon speaking at the Closing Banquet
of the First World Culture and Sports Festival,
Seoul, August 24, 1992.*

THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE TRUE PARENTS AND THE IDEAL FAMILY

Reverend Sun Myung Moon

*Excerpts from the rally for leaders of the Women's Federation for World Peace,
Seoul, Korea, July 6, 1992*

President Hak Ja Han Moon, distinguished guests, and women leaders: Today, I received much comfort through the words of President Han. As I went along this single road following the order of heaven, my life has been one of extraordinary suffering. The road establishing the way of heaven is a straight road, and it allows for no compromise. This road does not allow one to worry about honor or human dignity. It was a lonely road on which one can live only for God's will.

Just as each individual has his own fortune, the family and the nation also have a family fortune and a national fortune, and beyond this there is the fortune of the world, and there is heaven's fortune for all of heaven and earth. Even though a person may have been born with a lot of fortune, when his family fortune declines he must endure hardship. For a person who has both good individual fortune and family fortune, when the national fortune declines, he cannot help but be ruined.

Going beyond this, the national fortune and the direction of the world is decided according to the direction and the progress of heaven's fortune which is above everything and includes everything. Establishing the way of heaven in the world means making the way the individual or nation is going correspond to the fortune of heaven.

In America, which is a prepared nation representing world Christianity, I have a record-breaking foundation which no other non-white person has been able to achieve. Of course, I had to suffer from racial discrimination and religious prejudice; I even had to surmount unfair imprisonment. Nevertheless, I rebuilt the Christian foundation, which was shaking at the roots; I educated and trained the youth who were suffering from drugs and immorality, and I gave hope to America. Neither the government of America nor the people can ignore my foundation.

The same is true for Japan and Europe. Already there are Unification missions in 160 countries which are developing every day. Each of these missions has become the symbol of each kind of religious activity and the symbol of the movement to rebuild ethics and morality.

Unification by Giving True Love to Others

From the early 1980s I requested world-level academic meetings to be held with the theme of the collapse of the Soviet empire. In 1985 an academic journal published an article, which has now become world famous, prophesying for the first time the collapse of the communist Soviet empire.

On the basis of such a foundation, I visited the Soviet Union and I met Mikhail Gorbachev. Now in three of the fifteen republics of the former Soviet Union, there is a movement to make Unificationism the national religion.

Already tens of thousands of university students have studied my teaching, and the Collegiate Association for the Research of the Principle (CARP), which is the Unification Church university student organization, has been organized in over 700 universities. This year, tens of thousands of high school teachers and students will attend Divine Principle training workshops.

Do you think this kind of activity is the result of human power alone? It is real proof that the living God is working together with us. Miracles are taking place as confirmed atheists change their views of life and the universe to one centered on God, after five days of Divine Principle lectures.

I have established a huge foundation in China. I prepared important projects such as the construction of the Panda industrial city many years ago, and many underground missionaries have been working hard until this day. Only God knows how much I have done to bring about the unification of North and South Korea. The unification of North and South Korea is not merely a visible and external unification; it is a providential unification centered on God. It cannot be established without going through my foundation.

In Order for World Peace to Come

Women leaders! Centered on God's true love, I have expanded supradenominational and supra-religious movements of reconciliation to the worldwide level. Without reconciliation and interchange between the divided religions, how can world peace be realized? Isn't it true that today there is still appalling religious strife in the Middle East, in Ireland, in the Balkans and in other areas?

It is an important fact that God established all religions with a providential purpose for the whole. Therefore, they must unite together. Just as President Han mentioned in her address, Christianity teaches that man ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; this means that our human ancestors committed the sin of disbelief and fell. If our human ancestors had not fallen, as God's precious son and daughter—namely, God's prince and princess—they would have inherited God's blood lineage; they would have inherited their Father God's possessions—namely, the creation. They should have grown to perfection and become the ideal husband and wife of love. However, through

the fall, they changed from God's blood lineage, they were robbed of God's possessions, and they lost God's heart.

The basis of the providence of restoration is to send the restored Adam namely, the Messiah, who will change the blood lineage, ownership and heart. However, the heartistic position of the original son cannot be restored at once. The providence must be accomplished gradually, starting from the position of the servant of servants.

If we look at the stages of the providence of restoration horizontally, there are eight stages: the individual, family, tribe, race, nation, world, cosmos and God. Jesus came as the second Adam, the Messiah, but unfortunately the chosen people of Israel did not know who he was.

Will today's Christians be able to recognize the Lord when he returns? The Lord of the Second Advent will not literally return in the air on the clouds. There are people who believe and are proclaiming that on October 28 of this year, they will be taken up to heaven on the clouds, but it will not happen like this. Please believe me, this kind of event will never happen. The Lord who went through the cross will return through the cross.

When Jesus died on the cross, there were three types of people connected with Jesus' crucifixion. There was the first type, the thief on Jesus' right who repented of his sins and testified to Jesus; there was the second type, the thief on Jesus' left, who was a sinner who did not repent and who vilified Jesus. The third type was Barabbas, a criminal who surely should have been crucified, was saved when Jesus was crucified instead.

At the time of the Second Advent, these three types are realized on the world level. Western Christianity is the first type in the position of the thief on Jesus' right. Although they still have original sin, they believe in the Lord and they are in the position of good. The materialistic, atheistic communist bloc is the second type and is in the position of the thief on the left. Islam in the Middle East is the third type and is in the position of Barabbas. Because Jesus died instead of him and because Israel caused Jesus to die on the cross, Islam came to occupy the land of the Middle East which had been divided between the twelve tribes of Israel. The Lord of the Second Advent, who is in the position of the reborn Jesus, has to straighten out the worldwide achievements of these three types which came about through Jesus' death.

In order to straighten out the Western world of Christianity, he has to bring about a new movement of religious reformation, overcome the atheistic ideology of communism and bring all the communist world back to God's side. The ideology that can overcome the left-wing and right-wing ideologies and bring about a unified harmony between them is my proposed Headwing ideology of Godism.

These kinds of works cannot be performed through the ability or planning of an individual alone. God chose me to be the Messiah and during this time He has been performing His work of salvation.

I have fulfilled my mission as the Lord of the Second Advent, Savior and the True Parent. I am proclaiming this in this place because the time has come to do so. Those who accept this will be blessed. If this race listens to me, how good that would be for this country. How good it would be if the statesmen listen to me. Whether a person listens to me or not is his individual responsibility; however, the time is coming when all people of the world will want to listen to me.

People generally believe that the Messiah is thought only to be the Lord of Glory and have the authority of judgment, but they are wrong. God does not want to look at this sinful world. He has thought about judging the world and wiping it out in an instant. However, the God of true love always worries about the eternal life of humankind. You have to know God's heart which has endured for so long, trying through true love to make humanity comply of its own free will.

Complete the Ideal of the True Family

Leaders of the Women's Federation for World Peace! It must have been difficult for you to have a succession of rallies, and you probably complained when you heard this rally was going to be held within ten days. However, if together with me you devote your heart sincerely every day, then God's will of goodness shall be accomplished. I have no intention of exploiting you. You need me. You must become one with President Han and be like an extension of her, and in your family you must educate your children and your husband properly. I want all of you, under the ideal of true love, to receive God's blessing.

What I am most concerned about is for each of your families to complete the ideal of the true family by becoming one through true love. City, town, village, county, ward and block leaders of the Women's Federation for World Peace: through you, morals can be restored. If you expand this movement of true love, what movement could be more patriotic than this?

Let the True Mother and the women of the world join together to meet the True Father who comes as the groom and, standing in the position of the bride, let us restore the ideal family of creation.

I pray that you become members of the Family Federation for World Peace and create families which will receive much blessing.

Thank you very much.

Beyond the Wilderness Course

1986-1992

The movement and Rev. Moon had absorbed the worst that American society in the 1970s and 1980s could offer: continual derision and harassment, religious kidnapping and deprogramming, investigations from virtually every Federal enforcement agency, discriminatory legislation at local levels of government, indictment, prosecution and imprisonment. Rev. Moon may have been deported if it were not for a federal judge's "binding recommendation" to the INS. In spite of all this, the movement not only survived but established a far more solid infrastructure than it had possessed previously. As a consequence, the movement was ready to enter upon a decisive new era. Just prior to his final release from prison, on August 16, 1985, Rev. Moon conducted an Il Seung Il or "Total Victory Day" ceremony. As he proudly declared, this meant "my mission...which God ordained me to accomplish in the United States, has been victoriously fulfilled." This was reminiscent of a declaration he made after successfully completing the Washington Monument rally. However, this time, the stakes were higher. The victory of Danbury not only completed his responsibility in America but in Rev. Moon's understanding, also closed out a forty-year "wilderness course" which extended from the beginning of his public ministry in 1945.

The numerical correspondences were striking. World War II ended when Japan surrendered, and Korea was liberated. Rev. Moon began his public ministry at that time. He hoped to be able to cooperate with Korean and American Christians as well as the fledgling political parties to unify the peninsula, especially the north where Soviet occupation forces were solidifying their position. However, this did not occur. His efforts were rebuffed and by 1948, the peninsula was divided between the Soviet-backed Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) in the North and the American-supported Republic of Korea (ROK) in the South. Rejected in the South, Rev. Moon was arrested in February 1948 by communist authorities in the North, convicted of disturbing the social order, and given a five-year prison term in a labor camp. He was liberated by advancing UN troops in October 1950, but continued rejection by Korean Christianity led to his founding the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification

of World Christianity or Unification Church in 1954. For Rev. Moon, the whole painful “wilderness course” of 1945–85 had gone full circle, and he was in precisely the same position as he had been at the start of his ministry. In fact, to his mind, he was more solidly situated to accomplish on a worldwide scale what he couldn’t accomplish in Korea.

For Rev. Moon, the course of action was clear. What he needed to do was connect his foundation in America, particularly the unity he had attained with Christianity, to Korea. To do so, he had to end the feud with the U.S. government and unite rather than fight with public officials. Prior to his release from prison, Rev. Moon already determined that religious liberty activities had run their course and needed to be succeeded by “victory over communism.” Thus, after 1985, he increasingly focused his attention on funding leadership seminars and VOC organizations of various types. Mindful of the elections that had divided the Korean peninsula in 1948, he concluded that the three years leading up to the 1988 elections in Korea, Japan and the United States were critical. If the West held its ground, demonstrated resolve, and chose the right leadership, he predicted this would likely lead to “the collapse of the Soviet empire” and the beginning of a new global order. He foresaw this process taking seven years. Continuing with the Old Testament motif, the wilderness course was to be followed by a seven-year period of settlement into the worldwide Canaan between 1985–92.

Rev. Moon was amazingly prescient in his statements relating to the downfall of communism. In addition, just as with his involvement in the religious liberty struggle, his sense of timing was impeccable. Rev. Moon and the movement rode the wave of history during the latter 1980s and early 1990s, achieving breakthroughs that would have been unimaginable only a few years earlier. These included his consummating a march on Moscow and meeting publicly with Mikhail Gorbachev, which many South Koreans believed helped pave the way for Moscow’s subsequent agreement to establish diplomatic ties with Seoul. It also led to thousands of Soviet students attending workshops in Unification theology and hundreds of Soviet deputies participating in movement-sponsored American Leadership Seminars in the United States which included “victory over communism” theory among the presentations! An agreement with communist China to construct a \$250 million car plant in Huizhou, Guangdong province, the largest wholly owned foreign enterprise in the country, was another breakthrough. Rev. Moon’s receipt of an invitation to visit North Korea and his meeting with North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung was an equally unthinkable event. A few months after the visit, Kim Il Sung gave his first interview to the Western press in twenty years, to *The Washington Times*. Shortly thereafter, in response to a movement-sponsored forty-person delegation to Pyongyang, the DPRK made a unilateral decision to cancel its annual anti-American demonstrations which had taken place every year since the end of the Korean War, and they have remained suspended since that time.



The closing Banquet at the First World Culture and Sports Festival

The downfall of communism led to changes in the movement's approach that many found surprising. The first was the ease and rapidity with which it moved to cultivate contacts and gain influence within the communist bloc. The second was the extent to which the movement's messianic premises became explicit. In reality, neither of these developments should have come as a surprise. It has been pointed out that the movement parted company from reactionary anti-Communists in that it did not seek to preserve the status quo and that its presentations highlighted confusion in the Western system of values. In 1987, Rev. Moon repudiated an exclusive identification with the Right by creating the term "headwing" to identify the movement's posture. As he put it, "we encompass, we embrace the right and left wings and bring both wings up to the highest possible spiritual ideal." To some extent, this resulted from the realization that its align-

ment with unadorned conservatism was self-limiting and that rightist agendas were too easily dominated by protectionist, individualist, nationalist and racist interests. Thus, communism's collapse and the end of the cold war began to dissolve what one member termed "the glue that has held us to the conservative movement." As a consequence, the movement began diversifying its interests and broadening its options.

That the messianic premises became more explicit also should not have come as a surprise, particularly during an era that some viewed as "the end of history." The movement's messianism already was well established. In addition to being an evangelist, industrialist and anti-communist, Rev. Moon commonly was typed as a Korean messiah. The movement's understanding of Rev. Moon's position was something of a messianic secret, though a poorly kept one. The *Divine Principle*, for example, expounded an elaborate dispensational view of history leading to the conclusion that the messiah was to be born in Korea between 1917-30. Passages from Rev. Moon's in-house speeches, which the press frequently seized upon, also contained unmistakable references to his messianic status. Nevertheless, the movement was not willing to concede publicly that Rev. Moon was anything more than a contemporary prophet "crying out in the wilderness of the twentieth century." In response to courtroom grilling, Rev. Moon once conceded that he was a "potential messiah." However, this all changed with the downfall of communism and the further accumulation of the movement's worldwide foundation. In 1990, Rev. Moon began speaking more explicitly about his identity and by 1992, he eliminated any remnant of ambiguity by declaring that he and Mrs. Moon were "the True Parents of all humanity...the Savior, the Lord of the Second Advent, the Messiah." One member noted, "He could finally declare the words that he had waited half a century to proclaim."

A number of new federations and events, breathtaking even by Unification standards, accompanied these declarations. However, this did not mean that the movement entered the promised land of messianic fulfillment. Except for Japan, where public hostility ran high, direct attacks against the movement in most countries had dissipated. Still, relatively few outside of the movement's core membership were ready to accord full credence to Rev. Moon's messianic proclamation. Although a few long-time supporters expressed dismay or became alienated, the fallout was by no means as severe as some expected. The more serious challenges were internal. There was a sense of spiritual dryness among some long-term members; others yearned for internal renewal. These elements led to "channeling" from the spiritual world and eventually into worldwide revival conferences and confessionals conducted by a young Black Zimbabwean member who gained recognition as the "returning resurrection" of Heung Jin Moon, Rev. Moon's deceased second son.

While many members found renewal, the extreme elements of these meetings and the young man's ultimate apostasy created a situation that confused some. Another issue was financial. Most movement businesses and certainly its media outlets operated at a deficit. This, combined with ever more monetary

commitments and an outcry against fundraising methods in Japan, produced a money pinch which led to increased borrowing. A better solution would have been to increase its membership base. However, a hometown providence under which members witnessed to their families and friends did not produce significant enough results. These were only a few of the ongoing issues which need to be factored into a full account of the 1985-92 period.

The March to Moscow

Rev. Moon hoped to have conducted a Moscow rally by 1981, but this was prolonged for nearly a decade due to court battles in the U.S. and the need to build up a stronger movement infrastructure. Having concluded this struggle and established a multi-faceted presence in America by 1985, he mounted a march on Moscow between 1985-92 which yielded substantially higher returns than would have been the case if he had gone earlier. At the same time, the Moscow "rally" was different than most members imagined. The common understanding during the 1970s was that it would be conducted as the Yankee Stadium or Washington Monument rallies, on Red Square. There was a militant spirit and sense of high drama among members, even a willingness to go the course of martyrdom if necessary. Their slogan was "Must go Moscow!" As it turned out, Rev. Moon went to Moscow in April 1990 by invitation. *The Moscow News* called Rev. Moon a "brilliant anti-communist" and "enemy of the state" but added that it was "time to reconcile." For his part, Rev. Moon said that he loved the Soviet people and expected the Soviet Union "to play a major role in the plan of God to construct a world of peace." The *Far Eastern Economic Review* stated, "Of all the strange images to emerge as communism tottered and frequently collapsed over the past year or so, few have been stranger than that of a smiling Mikhail Gorbachov posing arm in arm with Moon Sun Myung, the South Korean preacher best known for his fierce anti-communism."

The question was how this state of affairs came about. The secret seemed to be in the movement's ability to pursue a hard-line victory-over-communism position while at the same time assiduously cultivating contacts within the U.S.S.R. Thus, while Rev. Moon never compromised his principled opposition to communism, he attempted to include representatives from Soviet bloc nations in his activities. He invited numerous Soviet journalists to participate in the annual World Media Conferences and eventually many did. He supported fact-finding tours and exchanges for both Western and Soviet journalists. He also took an interest in Russian cultural life and the arts, particularly ballet. Finally, he was not adverse to hinting broadly about his investment interests in the U.S.S.R. or contributing funds to worthy causes. In short, Unificationists were not dogmatic anti-communists. Many of Rev. Moon's overtures were met with suspicion. However, over time and under altered circumstances, the contacts that he was able to establish proved decisive in gaining access to Soviet leadership.

Rev. Moon understood that the Soviets respected strength and that any perceived weakness on the part of the West would set back the providence. Therefore, he continued to expend resources in the fight against communism. A good example of how forceful resistance rather than appeasement was the way to meaningful engagement with the Soviets was *The Washington Times'* opposition to Gorbachev addressing a joint session of Congress. According to Dr. Thomas Ward, executive vice-president of CAUSA International,

This privilege had previously only been extended to foreign dignitaries who were strong allies of the United States... nonetheless, the White House and democratic congressional leaders apparently had negotiated behind the scenes to afford this honor to President Gorbachev on December 9 [1987], during the Reagan-Gorbachev Summit in Washington, D.C. However, *The Washington Times'* breaking of the story and its follow-up coverage and editorializing helped generate a furor among conservative lawmakers.

The “swelling chorus of opposition” led supporters of the invitation “to begin backpedaling...and to totally abandon plans for the address by November 22.” Nevertheless, according to Ward, “In the months following this public embarrassment, President Gorbachev took a number of steps, including his announcement to withdraw Soviet troops from Afghanistan, which clearly established glasnost as more than a political ploy.” In addition, a few days after Gorbachev’s invitation to address Congress was rescinded, “a Soviet delegation requested a visit to *The Washington Times*...[and] Soviet journalists...request[ed] an exchange with the World Media Association.”

Between 1983–85, CAUSA USA focused primarily on ministers through the CAUSA Ministerial Alliance. However, beginning in 1986, Rev. Moon began to extend its activities into the civic sphere. On September 1, he launched a massive signature drive. The goal was to obtain ten million signatures, including names and addresses, on a form stating that they agreed with CAUSA USA’s goals to,

- (1) Affirm a God-centered morality in America,
- (2) Uphold freedom for all,
- (3) Educate people about the dangers of atheistic communism.

Members and some supporters worked aggressively in all fifty states to complete the drive by Thanksgiving. The signature drive “victory” had an especially positive effect on members who gained in self-esteem and confidence as a result of finally being able to accomplish one of Rev. Moon’s goals on the national level. The organization’s publication, *The CAUSA Report* sought to promote grassroots activism and offered practical guidance on communicating with local government and elected officials.

The Ten Million CAUSA Signature Drive

William Stoertz

The campaign began on September 1, 1986, but it wasn't until the 11th that we started in earnest.

We were assigned as a team of three members to Battery Park. With folding tables, clipboards, banners, signs and brochures we were set. Initially, with only a single form, progress was very slow, less than 100 signatures a day. Right from the beginning I could see it would be very difficult. How was I to approach people? I tried, "Would you like to become a member of CAUSA?" but that didn't work. I finally cut loose on my own, saying, "I've got a petition to sign." It was dramat-

ic. New Yorkers are busy people. They looked, said "Gimme that!" and signed. Others said, "Let me see too!" or "That is terrible. This is a fascist organization. No!" We had express-style forms printed up, with ten blank spaces. It was encouraging for people to see that others had signed above. We had forms in Spanish, Polish, Korean and Chinese. I often carried three or four clipboards. Things were speeding up. Shouting "Contra Comunismo! Contra Castro!" worked very well in Cuban areas. Everyone would sign.

Gaining signatures really accelerated when I got the idea to get onto the subway system. I ended up taking the No. 7 line all day from nine in the morning till nine at night. The subway was tossing and shaking like a ship at sea. I had to yell at people over the roar of the train. I never knew whether the next person would speak English, Spanish, Polish, Korean, Vietnamese, Chinese or Russian. Most ethnic groups were anti-communist, but some people were very pro-communist. One time I gave the clipboard to an Afghani refugee who was wounded fighting the Russians. He could barely understand English, but while signing, a Korean Christian lady sitting right next to him was screaming, "He's the anti-Christ, don't sign that." It was to no avail. He couldn't understand her.

We blanketed New York and many signed more than once, I'm sure, but we accomplished the goal in time. It stirred up real feelings of patriotism and support wherever we went. I believe that the most important effect was on us members. We had accomplished a national goal, giving us a new self image and confidence. It was a turning point and following this, we were able to bring 7,000 Christian ministers to the ICC conferences in Korea.



Collecting signatures for CAUSA USA

As the Reagan years came to a close, Rev. Moon became more rather than less active in the public arena. Undoubtedly, there was concern on his part that the U.S. would go the course in sustaining its opposition to communism and there was particular concern about the 1988 presidential election. As a result, Rev. Moon established two new organizations and funded another. The first of these was the American Leadership Conference (ALC, est. 1986), headed by Amb. Phillip V. Sanchez, former U.S. Ambassador to Columbia and Honduras. The purpose of ALC was to educate elected officials “about Soviet military strategy and on the underlying tenets of Marxist-Leninist ideology, contrasting it with the historical and philosophical foundations of American democracy.” In addition to CAUSA presentations, prominent guest speakers “added their views on American military strategy and domestic policy.” ALC speakers included twenty-five members of Congress (e.g., Senators Jesse Helms, Al Gore, Richard Lugar and Congressman Henry Hyde) and other luminaries (e.g., Alan Bloom, Thomas Sowell and Maureen Reagan). There also were presentations by Soviet and other defectors. Aided by an invitational committee consisting of some 50 state legislators and an advisory committee of former diplomats, congressmen and governors, the ALC elicited a considerable response. By the end of 1990, over 10,000 had attended one of 30 national, three- to four-day anti-communist conferences. Those attending included “about 100 current or former members of Congress, 130 mayors, more than 2,000 state legislators, many prominent federal and state officials, as well as university presidents and leaders of think tanks, grassroots organizations, and private foundations.” In addition, “every state legislator was mailed a video of the American Leadership Conference in 1987.”

The American Constitution Committee (ACC), a second organization established in 1987, was intended to be a coordinating body of activists whose mission was “to awaken Americans to the original spirit of the founding fathers” and “to encourage American commitment to...leadership in the face of the totalitarian challenge.” With state and regional offices in all fifty states, ACC co-sponsored with CAUSA-USA the American Leadership Conferences. On the state and local levels, ACC programs educated and trained activists and leaders each month. Another important work of the ACC was to network with other patriotic and religious groups in each state, congressional district, county and town, and even in each precinct. ACC’s staff personnel consisted almost entirely of Unification Church leaders who dropped out of active church involvement to pursue this mission.

The third organization, also established in 1987, was the American Freedom Coalition (AFC). Its genesis was somewhat more complex. According to a commemorative volume prepared for Rev. Moon’s seventieth birthday in 1990, “Soon after the establishment of the ACC, Dr. Bo Hi Pak was approached by Dr. Robert Grant of Christian Voice, and the two organizations made a decision to pool their resources in order to establish a greater lobbying organization, which became known as the American Freedom Coalition

(AFC)." While ALC continued to educate political elites, AFC attempted to influence public opinion on a broader scale. Weighing in heavily for the Nicaraguan contras, AFC aired *Oliver North: Fight for Freedom* on 500 television stations and garnered \$3.2 million in donations. In support of SDI, it recruited suspense novelist Tom Clancy to write the script and Charlton Heston to narrate the film, *One Incoming*. In 1988, AFC distributed 30 million pieces of literature on behalf of the Bush campaign, including highly effective "voter scorecards." In 1990, it staged "Desert Storm" rallies in all fifty states. The PBS series, *Frontline*, concluded in 1992 that "whether they know it or not, Americans should realize Rev. Moon is a force in their political lives."

The whole time Rev. Moon pursued a strong "victory over communism" stance in the U.S., he simultaneously cultivated contacts within the Soviet world. He worked primarily through the World Media Association (WMA) which he had founded in 1978. Between 1982-89, the "WMA brought hundreds of American and foreign journalists to Russia and many of the other Soviet republics," and "[a]s early as 1983 these journalists dialogued with leaders of TASS, Pravda, Izvestia, and Novosti News Agency." These early meetings, undertaken when cold-war tensions still simmered, frequently became "verbal sparring matches." However, the situation changed dramatically by 1988. That year, Soviet authorities sent two representatives to the 1988 World Media Conference in Washington, D.C. and an agreement was reached to hold the 1990 conference in Moscow. Twelve Soviet journalists and six representatives from the People's Republic of China attended the 1989 conference, also in Washington, D.C. Vladimir Lordansky, editor of *Za Rubezhom (Abroad)*, a weekly magazine with a circulation of 900,000, wrote in a later piece that Rev. Moon was a product of the "cold war" but that perestroika and important transformations in China had "compelled him to reconsider his previous views." A separate piece in *Novoe Vremya (New Era)*, the communist party's ideological weekly magazine, described Rev. Moon as "an extraordinary person of versatility in many different fields." Following the World Media Conference, the twelve Soviet journalists toured the Pacific Northwest, arriving in Seattle "all wearing ten-gallon cowboy hats from Montana." Later that year, the WMA sponsored an Asian fact-finding tour for Soviet journalists which included tours of movement holdings in Japan and Korea.

There were other factors that aided the rapprochement with new-style Soviets. In 1988, at the Seoul Olympics, Rev. Moon made a special effort to welcome Eastern Bloc and Soviet athletes, providing them with generous gifts and invitations to cultural events. The following year, Julia Moon, Rev. Moon's daughter-in-law and prima ballerina of the Universal Ballet Company, was invited to perform the title role in *Giselle* with the Kirov Ballet, the first time in the history of the Kirov Theatre that a South Korean ballerina had performed on its stage. Soviet observers, doubtless, also took note of Rev. Moon's material investment in China. At the 1981 ICUS, Rev. Moon proposed construction

of an International Peace Highway which initially would pass from Japan, through the Koreas and into China. Research and an actual groundbreaking for the digging of an undersea tunnel between Japan and Korea commenced during the early 1980s. In 1987, the Chinese government approved the highway project as well as the movement's proposal to invest a minimum of US\$250 million in an automobile manufacturing plant in southern China. As part of the agreement, Rev. Moon promised to plough all profits back into China. That same year Rev. Moon funded the establishment of an engineering college at Yongmyung University in the ethnic Korean region of Manchuria. Also in 1987, based on contacts he had established through CAUSA and the Association for the Unity of Latin America (AULA), Rev. Moon founded the Summit Council for World Peace. Intended as a forum "for world leaders to gather and exchange ideas on the major issues of the day," membership was "limited to former heads of state as well as international personalities who have made recognized contributions to the cause of peace and the betterment of mankind." Through the Summit Council and related projects, Rev. Moon hoped to establish himself as a "peacemaker and unifier."

The Moscow Rally

All of these events and projects were steps in Rev. Moon's march to Moscow. They culminated in the eleventh World Media Conference held in Moscow, April 10-13, 1990, under the joint sponsorship of the World Media Association and Novosti Press Agency. The theme of the conference, appropriately, was "The Global Implications of Glasnost and Perestroika." The Summit Council for World Peace and the AULA held their annual conferences concurrently in Moscow. Together, these three conferences and the events surrounding the meetings constituted the "Moscow Rally" which Unification Church members, particularly those in America, had so eagerly anticipated. The centerpiece of the rally was Rev. Moon's plenary address delivered before the combined assemblies, some 600 invited journalists from the WMC and forty-one former heads of state. In addition, there were a large number of working news personnel covering the speech (more than 600 Soviet and foreign news reporters requested credentials). Had Rev. Moon limited his speech to innocuous and gratuitous founder's remarks, it's doubtful that the event legitimately could have been considered a rally. After all, there were few church members on hand, and the format otherwise was that of an academic or professional meeting. However, Rev. Moon's speech was "direct and strong." According to Dr. Bo Hi Pak, Rev. Moon covered the gamut of his religious teaching in 45 minutes. In Dr. Pak's words, "they got the whole message, lock, stock and barrel." A non-church journalist commented that he "had lectured the Soviet people on Adam and Eve. If this...did not cap the new era, one wonders what would."

Rev. Moon's directness raised the issue of "how well [his remarks]...would

be received in the headquarters city of worldwide atheism.” Dr. Pak, who translated, said,

I was the one who was sweating next to [him]...because his words were so strong. I looked around at this Russian face, that Russian face. I was worried they might stand up and walk out, which sometimes happens in the United Nations when an ambassador disagrees with someone.

Dr. Pak need not have worried. Rev. Moon had read the signs of the times and constructed his foundation well. He already had been feted in the presidential VIP room at the Moscow airport, given a national television interview, driven in from the airport with a police escort and in traffic lanes usually reserved only for the president, and housed in the Central Committee’s hotel reserved for the highest communist officials. Clearly, the Soviets were as interested as he was in the success of the meeting. Although one member’s comment that the Soviets “drank up” Rev. Moon’s speech “like thirsty spirits at the spring of life” was something of an overstatement, the Russian press covered the entire meeting, including Rev. Moon’s address, positively. The following speaker, Albert Vlashov, chairman of the Novosti Press Agency, simply said, “the Rev. Moon has really crossed a long way to come to the Soviet Union, and not only miles.”

Conference organizers learned by late afternoon on the day of the address that President Gorbachev had given his approval for a meeting with Rev. Moon. Larry Moffit, who helped organize the media gathering, noted, the “maximum victory” for the Moscow event “was defined early on as a cordial meeting between...[Rev. Moon] and Gorbachev.” In fact, expectations had risen to the point that a failure to secure such an invitation would have been interpreted as a providential setback. Thus organizers breathed a collective sigh of relief when Rev. and Mrs. Moon along with twenty-eight former presidents or prime ministers and several assistants entered the Kremlin at 4:30 p.m. on April 11, 1990 and were seated.

The details of the session as worked out with Gorbachev’s staff was that there would be an initial meeting of an undetermined length with all present, to be followed by a private meeting between the President, Rev. and Mrs. Moon, one ambassador and a couple of senior staff. During the open meeting, Gorbachev spoke and listened for an hour and a half. He welcomed “the presidents of various nations” and “especially Rev. and Mrs. Moon.” He commented that their conference was “very important” and expressed satisfaction that it had been “very successful so far.” Rev. Moon thanked him for the opportunity to come to Moscow, explained that all former heads of state at the table were supporting him, and urged him to consider the World Media Conference his “asset.” Dr. Bo Hi Pak, who attended the half-hour private meeting in Gorbachev’s personal office, reported that the President was “completely free, embracing and talkative.”



According to the Seoul-based and movement-funded *Seyge Ilbo* newspaper, Mr. Gorbachev “strongly hinted at the possibility of establishing the state relationship” between the USSR and South Korea “within the year” and expressed his “willingness to act as a mediator” in North and South Korea reunification talks. The *Seyge Ilbo*, reported that Gorbachev said “cooperation with Korea will be a great aid to the development of the Soviet economy and asked Rev. Moon to help either directly or indirectly in the development of the Soviet Union by using the multi-national economic foundations and worldwide organizations of the Unification movement.” Although unstated, this request as well as his call to “expand the exchange of technology and science” obviously reflected an awareness of Rev. Moon’s investment in China.

Rev. Moon’s remarks were not recorded. However, the next night, following a performance of Korea’s Little Angels attended by the First Lady, Raisa Gorbachev, he referred in a concluding speech to the “remarkable meeting” he had with President Gorbachev. While stating that he respected and admired the President’s courage and leadership, he also recounted that he “told President Gorbachev that the secret for the success of the Soviet Union is to place God at

Rev. and Mrs. Moon meeting with President and Mrs. Gorbachev

*The Little Angels in
Red Square*



the very center of every endeavor.” He went on to say that “As a religious leader, I firmly believe that a God-centered worldview offers the solution to all problems” while “[a]theistic theories centered only on man bring disaster and self-destruction in the end.” Dr. Thomas Ward commented,

I recognized again his deep seriousness before God. A lesser man would have tried to flatter Madame Gorbachev and express niceties. But...[Rev. Moon] chose to share words with her that could open the way for the salvation of the Soviet Union. His words, while filled with love, were all a very direct call for the Soviet leadership to include God in their system.

Rev. Moon’s speech seemingly did not disturb the First Lady who went backstage afterwards “to give and receive hugs and kisses from the Little Angels, to meet...[Rev. and Mrs. Moon], and to pose in group photos with them and the children.”

The aftermath of the “Moscow Rally” was remarkable. Mention already was made of the normalization of USSR-South Korea relations which many in South Korea ascribed to Rev. Moon. In addition, the Soviet media machine sanitized Rev. Moon’s image within the country on a mass scale. The *Moscow News*, with eight million circulation, did a positive interview. Another interview was published in *Family* magazine, with a five million circulation. *Ivestia* carried Rev. Moon’s meeting with Gorbachev on the front page and *Pravda* also carried a big article which published Rev. Moon’s words in detail. Finally, on April 20th, a one-hour television special covered the background to the conference, Rev. Moon’s meeting with Gorbachev, and the Moscow gathering for millions of viewers.

Victory in Moscow

Larry Moffit

I have had the opportunity to see Father and Mother on many different occasions and in many different moods, but honestly, I have never seen a happiness of the intensity and brightness as that which appeared on the faces of our True Parents immediately following their historic meeting with Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev.

In the future, when one looks up the word "joy" in the dictionary, he will see a photograph of that moment to illustrate the definition.

History will record that in his 70th year, Father rode into Moscow on Palm Sunday. Unlike with Jesus, however, it was not astride a donkey and the poor people didn't meet him with palm fronds. He and Mother were greeted with bouquets of flowers by the Chairman of Novosti Press Agency. There was a long black Chaika limousine courtesy of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and a police escort took True Parents' party to the Central Committee's own posh Oktobrskaya Hotel. The KGB had a half-dozen silent and very serious agents acting as security guards on the ride from the airport.

History will further record that the 30th anniversary of the Blessing of the True Parents was held in Moscow on April 11. There was a big cake, a banner and many church leaders filling the spacious presidential suite of the Nezhdunarnodnaya, the conference hotel.

April 11 was also the day Father and Mother, accompanied by Dr. Pak and Rev. Kwak, met privately with the President, and the Soviet State Television made the meeting their top story of the night. When Father and Mother emerged they were absolutely radiant with joy. Maximum success.

The following evening was the historic first performance of the Little Angels of Korea who were giving a series of benefit performances for the Soviet Children's Fund at the Children's Musical Theater of Moscow. Mrs. Gorbachev departed early from a reception for Polish President Jaruzelski in order to attend the show!

After the last number, the Little Angels brought out a cake in honor of True Parents' wedding anniversary. So there we all were: Father and Mother cutting the cake in commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the Marriage of the Lamb, with the Little Angels singing "Happy Anniversary to You" in Korean, and the First

Lady of the Soviet Union beaming brightly in fascination as she helped celebrate the most historic wedding anniversary in history. The maximum level of success just got topped.

Mrs. Gorbachev came backstage afterward to give and receive hugs and kisses from the Little Angels, to meet the True Parents and pose in group photos with them and the children. The atmosphere was so high and infectious that everyone present was caught up in rapturous joy.

Even the KGB agents were smiling.

Seven Weeks in the Last Days of the Soviet Union

Therese Stewart

In each of the four ten-day leadership seminars in which I served as a group leader, I came to know six or seven university students or teachers quite well. By sharing in small groups after lectures on the existence and nature of God, the family, the ideal world, human history and the significance of events in this century, the beliefs and biases, the frustrations and hopes of the people were revealed.

Students were often less communicative—it took longer for them to trust and most were not accustomed to expressing their feelings. They, like their professors, were well mannered, and well educated in their specializations. Many were only children in their families, the sons or daughters of the communist youth party. They asked excellent questions and took issue with points on which they disagreed. Their long years of indoctrination with dialectical thought was often apparent, for example, in their belief in conflict as essential to progress.

Many had difficulty dealing with the notion of a spirit world. Few believed in God or, as far as they understood, had had any experience of God. Yet they were open and willing to entertain the possibility that God does indeed exist. As we became acquainted and as trust developed, we sometimes discussed dreams, a somewhat familiar experience of a dimension other than the material. In one instance, when I asked a young woman if she ever had dreams, she smiled and replied, "Just today, when we were sitting in a circle discussing the lecture, I suddenly remembered that I had had a dream of this very group two months ago!"

Our work as staff was physically and spiritually demanding, the accommodations adequate but hardly comfortable, and the food often unfamiliar and sometimes unappetizing despite the efforts of a hard-working kitchen staff. I heard few complaints from Americans about these rather minor inconveniences. It seemed right that we at least taste what most Soviet people have experienced for decades.

The morning we were to drive to Riga and from there travel by train to Moscow, a workshop participant brought news of the coup—he had been listening to an early-morning newscast. People responded in different ways, some without surprise and others with fear and concern for their families. After considering alternatives, we decided to go on to Moscow as planned.

After arriving there, we ventured into downtown Moscow via the famous Moscow Metro. We emerged from the subway into a blockade of Red Square by army tanks and soldiers and a large crowd of people. We could see the walls of the Kremlin and the steeples of St. Basil's Cathedral but little more. Surprisingly, the atmosphere did not seem tense. The soldiers were young, and seemed unhappy to be there. Asked by a reporter if he would shoot if directed to do so, one replied, "I'd shoot, but I would miss."

Later on, we watched CNN to keep abreast of the events from a larger perspective and saw the rapid failure of the coup. We left Moscow and the new friends we had made with mixed emotions, realizing what a difficult course is still theirs, yet confident that with renewed faith in God, and with the teaching of True Parents, a new tomorrow is assured.

Justice Prevails

Betsy Jones

The beauty of my experience in the CIS was to understand the heart of the people and to understand how conscious Heavenly Father has been of them all these years. In America we are conscious of our own suffering, our own difficulties. When we can go to a country that has suffered a hundred times more, we realize that God is so conscious of the suffering that True Parents, after Washington Monument, spoke so much about going to Moscow. Then we had no concept of why, after having this victory here, we would talk about

going there. This experience, however, showed me that wherever there has been suffering, God is determined to bring His blessing in a mighty way.

Right now He is giving everything to this land, to the people who have been through so much suffering with so little opportunity to know God and to experience God. Many of them had to hide their Bibles; maybe through their grandmothers they learned something about prayer.

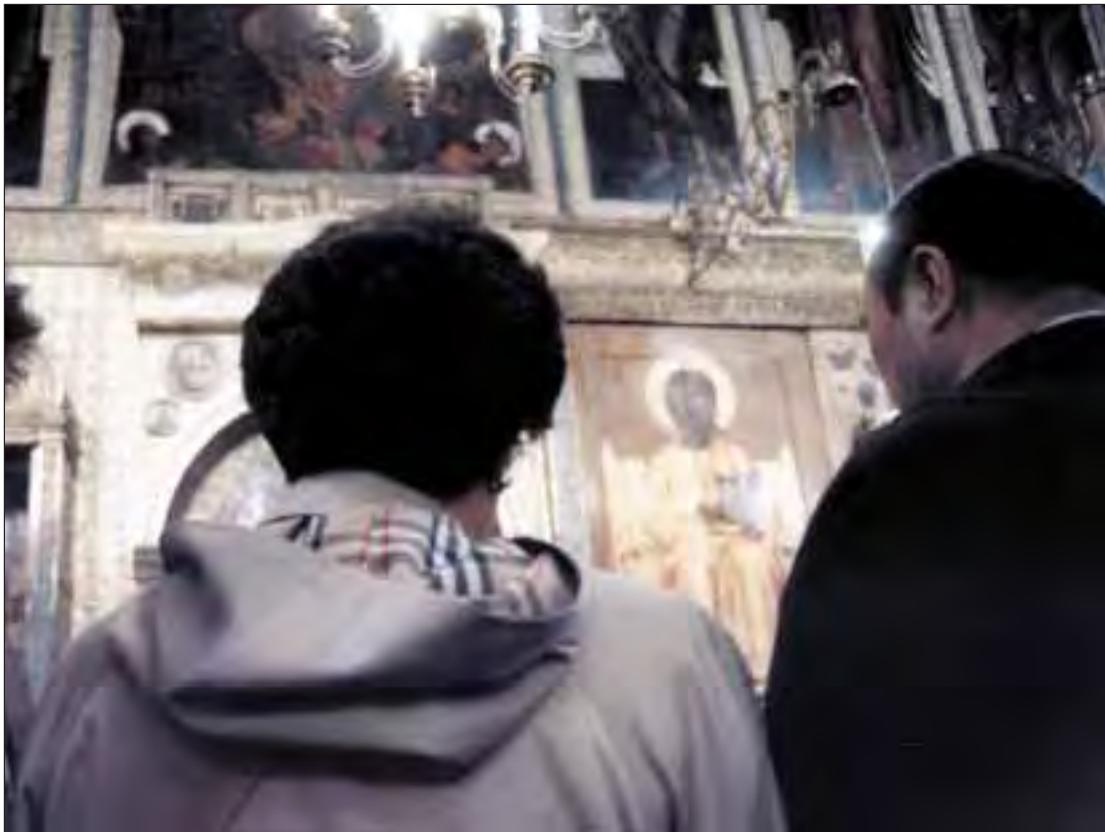
The staff was divided into lecturer, coordinator, mother figure and team leaders; we got our team assignments one day before the students came. We set a strong condition for three days of two people praying all night long, and even though people were bleary-eyed trying to keep up with the schedule and the lectures, somehow that condition brought the staff together. They were doing that in all the workshops.

Unity had to come very quickly, and all the things that can happen in a group of people happened within the first couple of days. There was no time, so we just solved it. Everybody made that kind of effort, everybody. They really slugged it out and prayed it out and made unity within our big teams. That was the key so that God could have a free reign on every group.

We waited a few days before we prayed together with the beginner group, and I think the first public prayer was about how much they had suffered. When I tried to walk down by a group to go back to my seat, some of the people just tried to hug me and said, "Thank you for your sympathy to our country, thank you."

During the second week someone gave a very good talk on prayer, and at night after the evening's activities they would go group by group down by the ocean and start praying. This was amazing. One boy came up to the coordinator and said, "Would you pray with me? I've never prayed before."

At the end of the workshop, we got everyone up on stage. They were intoxicated with singing holy songs. We had a really good guitar player, and they would have stayed all night singing. Finally we closed with prayer. Then we formed a little line so everybody could come through and say goodbye. Some said, "Thank you so much," and others said, "I feel so full, this experience had given me so much," and some just burst into tears and hugged us all as they came through. It was just that kind of experience where you could feel Heavenly Father wanted to embrace each person completely.



Educating Soviet Leaders and Youth

The opportunities for the movement to sponsor seminars for Soviet officials and eventually conduct straight Divine Principle workshops for thousands of Soviet students and teachers were even more striking. The USSR was exploring ways to preserve some form of unity among its fifteen republics, which were rapidly splintering, and in response to Rev. Moon's invitation, decided to allow its leadership to attend American Leadership Seminars in the U.S. Dr. Ward, who lectured, reported that "In December of 1990 and February of 1991, the ALC sponsored seminars for 80 deputies of the Supreme Soviet (federal, republic and city levels) as well as some 60 cabinet ministers and members of parliament from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Romania, and Yugoslavia." He noted that participants "received lectures on VOC theory as well as briefings on the underpinnings of American democracy." Then, between April 30 - May 7, 1991, the World Leadership Conference, affiliated with ALC, "sponsored an unprecedented seminar and fact-finding tour in Washington, D.C. for approximately 200 high-ranking Soviet officials and political leaders...from all 15 republics of the U.S.S.R. Ward stated, "This was "the only time during the final years of the Soviet Union that any person, government, or private organization brought together representatives from all 15 Soviet republics."

*Rev. and Mrs. Moon praying
at St. Basil's Cathedral*

The demise of Marxism as a viable ideology created a void as serious as the splintering of the Soviet republics, and officials in various education ministries gave the movement a free rein to educate Soviet students. Rev. Moon assigned this responsibility to CARP. Initially, he asked Dr. Joon-ho Seuk, National Director of USA CARP, to bring 200 Soviet students to the United States for education in the *Divine Principle*. Accustomed to the time and effort it took “to get 200 American students to come and hear the Principle,” Dr. Seuk and his associates were shocked to be ushered directly into the offices of university rectors and to have their pick from among “the elite of the elite” students in Soviet universities. The procedure was that the deans and faculties pre-selected the very best students in academics, leadership ability, and proficiency in English from among the many who applied to participate in the seminar. Afterwards, CARP representatives interviewed them, selecting one out of every four candidates. In addition, all students were informed of CARP’s strict moral code for the conference: no smoking, drinking or romantic relationships. Between July 1-August 19, 1990, four separate groups of about 100 Soviet students each, 380 students in all, participated in the International Leadership Seminars (ILS) which were convened at Unification Theological Seminary. CARP representatives explained to the rectors of the universities that students and accompanying professors “would listen to Rev. Moon’s vision for world peace during five days of intensive study—with exams!” Basically, students studied the *Divine Principle*. There was a day of sight-seeing in New York City before the conference began and a trip to Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. afterwards, interspersed with fellowship, panel discussions and banquets.

The success of the initial ILS seminars led to large-scale education within the CIS. This was mainly led by American members. Many members jumped at the opportunity to teach those willing to listen. Between January and February of 1991, an “advanced” seminar was held for 700 Soviet students at three sites in Hungary. Then, during July and August 1991, CARP held 24 workshops for 2,000 students at four sites in the Baltics. These included 5, 10, and 21-day programs which were staffed by 150 volunteers from the American movement. Rev. Moon had announced a world-wide pioneering condition for American members whereby they were to witness in foreign countries for forty days at a time for the next several years. Apart from this, many American members had longed to take part in the Moscow rally. Staffing the ILS seminars was a chance for many of them to participate in the extension of that rally. Their participation became uncomfortably but invigoratingly direct during the late summer as the summer workshops intersected with great events of state. As described in one account, “The transformations that occurred in the hearts and minds of the students was matched only by the dramatic rebirth of the Soviet Union itself, following a dangerous military coup that failed.”

The birth of the Commonwealth of Independent States (C.I.S.) did not interfere with the workshop program, at least not in 1992 when USA CARP,



with broad-based member and movement support, sponsored the largest workshops in the church's history. Between January 26 and February 9, 1992, CARP held 27 workshops at 18 different workshop sites in the Crimea south of the Ukraine for 3,160 students. In the course of the program, CARP hired over 200 buses and 100 cars. Also, since all of the lectures were given using CARP's custom-made *Divine Principle* slide presentation, forty thousand slides had to be made. Sites were difficult to obtain due to the changing political and economic situation, and in one case students were on their way before camps were secured. During the spring, between March 20 and April 10, the first *Divine Principle* workshop for high school teachers and students of the C.I.S. shattered the previous workshop record with 7,229 participants: 942 high school teachers and principals, 5,834 high school students, 293 university students, 124 parents, 21 professors and 20 others. They filled 40 workshops at 23 workshop sites and a total of 540 buses and 200 cars were used to transport participants. The program was initiated by Rev. Moon and sponsored by the public ministries of education of Russia, the Ukraine, and other participating republics. According to one report, 17,000 students applied from Moscow alone. Several hundred university students who attended earlier programs received permission to support the high school students' workshop as staff, and "In Moscow, during the Sunday service following the workshop, the auditorium used was filled beyond its capacity with more than one thousand in attendance."

Soviet Students at the Hungarian workshop, Feb. 1991

Izvestia, one of the largest newspapers in the C.I.S., published an adaptation of *Divine Principle* entitled *God and Us* in April 1992, and that summer “the largest series of Principle workshops yet in Unification Church history” educated 18,042 guests at 129 workshops held at 26 workshop sites over a period of 8 weeks in 5 different regions of the country. One site was in Central Asia, five were in the Moscow region, one was outside St. Petersburg, eight were in Latvia and eleven were in Lithuania. Two hundred and forty American members served as staff although many sites had only five or six staff members taking care of up to two hundred people. The movement rented 1,100 buses and 760 cars, as well as three trains to transport the overflow at one peak point during the summer. Over 8,000 teachers were educated in beginner and advanced workshops and since 60 percent of them were non-English speaking, all lectures were translated by young student members. CARP considered its education of teachers to “be the foundation upon which a Principle-based curriculum could be introduced in the high schools.”

Most understood that the opportunity to conduct massive workshops in the newly created C.I.S. resulted from a unique set of circumstances. The key element was the breakthrough Rev. Moon achieved through the Moscow rally. However, a host of additional factors aided the movement’s efforts. Prices were cheap and the monetary exchange rate was incredibly favorable so that CARP could rent multiple sites and means of transportation at a fraction of the cost elsewhere. Soviet students, as well, were fascinated with all things Western which due to the heavy participation of American members in the workshops, was how the movement was perceived. Third, there was little competition in the period immediately preceding and following the fall of the Soviet Union. The movement had the capability for far more rapid organizational mobilization than more ponderous Christian bodies, and the Russian Orthodox Church had not yet reconstituted itself. Discerning Unificationists knew that these circumstances would not hold indefinitely and that they operated within a limited window of opportunity. Negativity about Rev. Moon would filter in, prices would rise, American staff members would return home, and formidable competitors would emerge. For this reason, while efforts at mass evangelism continued beyond this period, increasing emphasis was placed on developing an indigenous movement and a curriculum of moral education which would institutionalize the Moscow rally and its aftermath on a permanent basis.

The First National Divine Principle Workshop in the Soviet Union

Tony Devine

After his historic meeting with President Gorbachev, Father began the Divine Principle education of Soviet students through the International Leadership Seminars in the United States. Regardless of the unbelievable obstacles that confronted the project, Father encouraged us to continue at an impossible pace, urging us to accomplish the goal of having taught three thousand students by July, 1991.

During the school year, Soviet students visited America to visit and to attend Divine Principle workshops at a rate of almost forty students each month. As they returned to their country, the students came to the new Unification centers by the hundreds to hear more Principle lectures. Based on the tremendous response, Father asked Dr. Joon Ho Seuk to educate two thousand Soviet students in Divine Principle during their summer vacation.

The result was not only the largest workshop in Unification Church history, but also the first major Divine Principle workshops within the Soviet Union itself, involving two thousand Soviet students, professors and parents at twenty-four different workshops. One of the phenomenal aspects was that the students were the elite of their universities.

Overcoming logistic obstacles in the Soviet Union to organize food, lodging and transportation produced a long series of miracles even before the workshops began. Greater miracles occurred as the seminars started. The transformation that occurred in the hearts and minds of the students was matched only by the dramatic rebirth of the Soviet Union itself, following a dangerous military coup that failed.

In a country where a majority of the population's daily concern is where to find dinner for a family of three, where could such an enormous amount of people be accommodated? Our professor advisors said that it was useless to begin such a search in May, as any existing camps would already be booked for the summer. Nevertheless, the staff began searching in the Crimea and the Baltic republics.

By sheer coincidence, Martha Sandino, one of the St. Petersburg staff members, met a member of the Estonian Youth Organization who had been to Guatemala on the World Student Service Corps last year with the Unification Movement. He connected us to a network of student organizations in the Baltic republics which showed us numerous countryside conference centers, hotels and camps.

This organized and effective student network had previously been a part of Komsomol, the communist youth organization. Before perestroika, these groups served to organize summer activities at dozens of "Pioneer Camps," indoctrinating youth in the theories of Marxism-Leninism. Now, the president of the former communist organization was driving us, day after day, in his car to find a camp to be the site of Divine Principle seminars.

The search resulted in the discovery of four major seminar sites, which accommodated the workshops over the months of July and August. Andre, the president of the Latvian Student Volunteers, completely abandoned his activities and became full-time staff to organize the Divine Principle workshops. As the workload increased, he brought in almost all his staff to help us. Andre said, "We're all Unification members now! All we do is Unification work!"

Sign-up Campaigns

In preparation for the summer seminars, members in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev and Tashkent began extensive recontacting campaigns to invite every person who had attended Principle seminars in America, as well as people who had been to any Principle lectures in the Soviet Union. In Moscow, a separate full-time office was manned by new members who answered inquiries and signed up dozens of students for seminars every day. In Kiev our members held large meetings where hundreds of students who had been on the tours registered. In St. Petersburg our staff organized two shifts of students who volunteered to call and invite all our contacts to attend the summer workshops.

Altogether, over two thousand students, parents and professors participated, invited from Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev, Donetsk, Odessa, Yaroslavl, Tver, Nizhny Novgorod and Tashkent. Twenty-four workshops were scheduled from July 7 until August 30: one Baltic student five-day, four general five-day, two profes-

sors' ten-day, one parents' five-day, and two forty-day actionizing programs.

Students who had been listening to lectures in the cities and those who had attended lectures on the tours in America were invited to the ten-day seminars. There students listened to seven-day Divine Principle content, again with extra time for an outing and for opportunities to develop relationships. The goal of the ten-day seminar was for them to gain a clear and deep understanding of the Divine Principle and commit to attending the twenty-one-day seminar. Throughout the summer two simultaneous ten-day seminars were held five times, involving approximately one thousand students.

Students who had already heard seven-day content in the cities were invited directly to attend a twenty-one-day workshop. As the summer progressed, these students were joined by ten-day graduates. The goal of the twenty-one-day was to even more deeply understand the Principle and to develop a personal relationship with God, in addition to making a commitment to attend the actionizing program.

Graduates from the twenty-one-day entered the forty-day actionizing program, where they had a chance to attend Principle Life Guidance lectures, do lecture practice and fundraising. They developed a genuine prayer life, offering both public and personal prayers "In True Parents' Name." During this time the students were able to experience Unification lifestyle directly, learn about the Blessing, and be willing to follow the formula course.

Sacrifices of the Staff

One difficulty was where to find the 150 group leaders and assistants needed to run the workshops. Father had described our situation perfectly when he said, "We have only a handful of people, yet we are talking about the liberation of the communists" (February 23, 1977). It was Father's blessing that Unification Church members from all over America could re-arrange their forty-day witnessing conditions abroad to come to the Soviet Union. Korean regional directors all over America overwhelmingly supported the project, urging their own state leaders and members to make sacrifices in their lives to participate in the Soviet workshops, and thus making the project possible.

It was truly an example of inter-departmental cooperation throughout the Unification movement.

Coming from what was an enemy nation, members of the American movement now could realistically love and serve the Soviet Union. The American members deeply felt that they were acting on behalf of America to fulfill the providential role of Archangel. All blessing that America had received should be poured out upon the people of all the nations; now American members had the opportunity to serve the Archangel nation on the Cain side. With that heart, brothers and sisters made deep personal sacrifices to participate in the workshops. All of the American members organized their circumstances in a period of a few weeks, raised \$1,500 for expenses, and prepared to leave for the Soviet Union.

The workshops began and each seminar site filled to capacity. These students came on their own, paying an expensive fee in addition to their train and air fares.

For the members working in the Soviet Union for over one year, the greatest frustration was that there was not the time nor manpower for the students to receive personal guidance and attention. All of the follow-up had been in the form of large lecture sessions, with one lecturer, fifty students and a sign-up sheet. It had been so frustrating to teach the lectures, and then send them back into the fallen-world atmosphere. Therefore, the greatest hope of this summer was that the staff from America could make a personal investment in each student.

There would be a group leader for about every six students. No matter how brilliantly the lectures were delivered, everything counted on the ability of the group leaders to penetrate the hearts of the students with prayer, tears, service and constant love, fostering sincere discussions, first prayers, and confidential sharings.

The students wanted desperately to have faith; they are longing for something or someone to trust, a genuine ideal. But the history of betrayal of leaders, the widespread corruption of public officials, the daily battle to survive amidst constant dehumanizing experiences, the deterioration of the economic system—so many factors made it difficult to believe.

Brothers and sisters on the staff continually offered conditions of indemnity to make a deep foundation for the students to receive new life. In the twenty-one-day seminar site several brothers did an all-night prayer vigil every night in which each person would pray for an hour. Some members offered pledge every morning. Many brothers and sisters would wake up early to pray and sing holy songs during the sunrise, to create a heavenly atmosphere around the camp. Many people fasted; one



elder blessed sister offered an eight-day fast. At every site, brothers and sisters were desperate for the rebirth of the students.

In this rich spiritual atmosphere, the Soviet students began to have powerful spiritual experiences. In the meditation music before the lecture about Jesus' life, one sister had an experience with Jesus. Her spiritual senses opened up and Jesus appeared to her and embraced her. He showed her Paradise, and told her that he would always be with her. Another sister shared that she felt she really was the daughter of heaven. She had gone for a walk in the countryside during a reflection time, and she felt that the birds were singing just for her. The sky, the trees, the flowers, everything was speaking to her of God's love. In such a way, God was reaching out to the heart of each person.

"It is an incredible experience to introduce prayer to students who never prayed before or even believed in God," said Michael Yakawich, a group leader from Montana. "A country which had denied God's existence for seventy years now has its offspring longing to believe in God and feel true love."

The lecturers shared the words of the Principle, but the general staff became the proof of the Principle to the students. They were constantly scrutinizing the staff to

Dr. Seuk, Tony Devine, staff members and students in the C.I.S.

see if they really believed all they said about "true love." The staff members were stretched far beyond their limitations in every single day of each workshop. And the workshops were scheduled back to back.

As a result of this, the students became very devoted to their group leaders as the seminars progressed. Every day, every meal, every lecture, each evening, the group leaders gave their utmost to love, serve, listen and share with the students. When a workshop was over and it was time to part, the staff and students would crowd around the buses, crying and saying goodbye to one another. Everybody could feel so close and connected as a family. Staff members felt so grateful to True Parents, knowing that it was only through their course of suffering that former strangers could have this tremendous feeling of being one family.

Many times it was so difficult to leave their new-found family that students who had boarded buses leaving for home would change their minds and jump off the bus at the last minute, to stay for the advanced workshops, saying, "I couldn't leave!"

We also needed an advanced program in the Soviet Union for students who graduated from the twenty-one-day workshop in the Baltics. The students needed real and vivid experiences with God and the spirit world in order to find complete rebirth. An opportunity to fundraise would be just the thing to help them meet God and break through any skepticism.

However, there were serious problems. Our legal registration as an organization in each city was delayed by bureaucratic complications. No legal fundraising could occur without official registration. Dr. Seuk finally suggested a dramatic solution; the students would fundraise for an existing charitable organization, working under the legal protection of their registration, and donating all the money for their cause. This would be an excellent opportunity for the students to make a very concrete offering of true love for the sake of others.

Fundraising Victories

Because of the disastrous state of the economy in the Soviet Union, many people expected miserable results from fundraising. The average Soviet worker earns about 300 rubles a month. While transportation, rent and food in the stores is affordable at such a salary, the stores are usually empty, and other necessities of life are wildly overpriced—a decent pair of shoes costs 300-1,000 rubles, for example. People might be reluctant to part with even small amounts of money, especially since there is no cultural tradition of charity. Although the economic problems in the Soviet Union were very obvious, we felt the spiritual training aspect was primary, and made plans to begin, ignoring the voices of doubt and failure.

However, all expectations were wildly exceeded by the progress and development of the fundraising project. The formula course activity of fundraising proved to be the very thing that broke through to the Soviet students. Not only did they accomplish unprecedented success in raising money, but they also had daily experiences with the living God and the spiritual world as they made internal goals and worked hard every day.

Hope and Tears

The highlight of the summer workshops occurred on August 18, marking the fortieth day of the workshops. Seven different workshops had their closing banquet and graduation, including students, professors, parents and

actionizers. The staff members were returning to America, leaving only a handful of staff to continue. The actionizers were going back to the cities to prepare for school. The fruit of their labor was to be officially presented to the Latvian Children's Fund at the final Closing Banquet: a dedication, celebration, graduation and farewell party all in one.

An overwhelming sense of elation filled the hall. The forty days of the summer program had created a powerful condition which had clearly been claimed by God. The actionizers crowded together on the stage, their enthusiastic songs and radiant faces framing the miraculous testimonies of their fundraising experiences, which were then shared publicly for the first time.

The parents and professors were astonished by the students, rising out of a heartless and cruel society to shine as brightly as stars in their generous actions. The Vice-President of the Latvian Children's Fund, deeply moved, joined all the actionizers on the stage as she accepted 50,000 rubles, the largest donation they had ever received. With an impassioned voice, she congratulated the students for their bravery, citing them as examples for all youth and the hope for the future.

The evening passed in heartfelt sharing, songs and a celebration where the love of God tangibly filled the room, leaving every heart intoxicated with an indescribable joy. Hardly anyone escaped without shedding tears of emotion that evening.

The Coup and Its Aftermath

No one could have imagined that on that very same evening Gorbachev had been imprisoned in house arrest by a hardline dictatorship that catapulted the entire nation into an emergency military situation, starting the three-day coup and “the days that shook the world.”

The morning after the Closing Banquet, everyone was shocked by radio reports that Gorbachev had been placed under house arrest. Soviet students, experts at the art of pessimism, expected the absolute worst—that a dark Stalinist age of repression would engulf the country for a decade, maybe more. Any optimism that had been growing in the hearts of the students was crushed by a heavy wave of despair.

The main workshop site where the professors, parents, and students' workshops as well as the actionizing programs were held was situated near Riga, the first Baltic city to be occupied by Soviet tanks during the

coup. Professors, parents and students all began to panic as all communications were cut off, making it impossible to contact their families. In those first tense moments, Jack Corley, coordinator of Unification Campus Activities in the Soviet Union, gave an inspiring and prophetic speech to the entire workshop.

"What a country, what a country," he said, with a broad smile on his face. The students couldn't believe that someone could be cheerful in such a desperate time. Yet he projected a powerful confidence that began to spread to the students. He told them that the coup leaders had no foundation. He predicted that it would be over in just a few days, with very little bloodshed or war. He called it a great and crucial moment in Soviet history, where the nation must make the final choice between freedom and dictatorship. "And I am absolutely confident that the Soviet people will make the right choice," he assured them.

The twenty-one-day coordinator, Josh Cotter, ACC leader in Georgia, gathered all the staff to pray. He prayed that even if they had to give their lives to save the Soviet Union, they were willing to do it. They were absolutely serious and united as they offered a very powerful unison prayer together. "God allowed us to feel what it must be like to live under communism, to directly experience the hearts of these students and their families," said Joshua. "I believe our prayer and seriousness convinced the students to stay, and were even a condition for God to use to destroy the coup attempt."

After that prayer meeting, the staff became filled with confidence. The students had expected that the Americans would jump onto a plane and abandon them; and yet here the staff was willing to lay down their lives. Even in this difficult situation, the attitudes and actions of the staff had not changed. At that moment it became so clear to them that the Principle was not just a theory but a way of life.

Resurrection and New Life

Amazingly, after only three days, the coup was defeated. During these three days the weather had become very dark, gloomy and rainy. "I felt this rain represented God's tears," said Ashley Crosthwaite, twenty-one-day lecturer, "and all the staff prayed deeply that this darkness could lift and the sunlight of God's love could shine again over this country. I felt it was because of these prayers and because of True Parents' foundation of

victory that Satan had no teeth anymore."

Satan had made an effort to destroy the new life springing up in the Soviet Union, but after only three days of darkness the light shone again. The coup came to an end as suddenly as it had happened; almost all the students had remained faithful and stayed at the workshops.

The students rejoiced, the staff was overwhelmed with gratitude, the cooking staff in the kitchen were crying with joy and embracing everybody. All the fears and tears of the three days of crucifixion were drowned in the joy and celebration of the new birth of a nation that had finally stood up to communism—and thrown it off once and for all.

The statues of Lenin were coming down all over the country; in Riga, just after the statue in the center of the city was torn down, a blessed child was born to Nate and Mieko Windman, on August 26. Father named the baby "Winna." Nate, the first Unification pioneer in St. Petersburg and twenty-one-day lecturer during the summer, was overjoyed when word came that Father had named the baby "Winna," meaning that True Parents and all Unification members had won.

On behalf of all of the staff, I would like to offer our deepest gratitude to God and True Parents for the opportunity to participate in the greatest historical event of our lives.

More than anything, it was amazing to see that all the events in the Soviet Union were directly connected to the tears, sweat and blood that True Parents have shed throughout their lives to save the Soviet Union. Father invested his whole heart and his resources to educate three thousand Soviet students in America and then to bring the fulfillment of two thousand students educated through forty days of Divine Principle workshops on Soviet soil. As a result, not only did True Parents liberate the Soviet Union from communism, but they also prevented what could have been a catastrophe for the nation and even the world. We pray that True Parents' victorious foundation will prevail in the CIS forever.

International Conferences for Clergy

Despite the spectacular breakthroughs of the Moscow rally and its aftermath, a more internal course ran almost precisely parallel to these events. This more internal course connected Rev. Moon's victory in America, particularly the unity he had attained with Christianity through the Danbury providence, to the movement's spiritual homeland in Korea. Thus, a march to Korea paralleled the march to Moscow. Proclamations made in the movement's homeland and mobilizations of vast numbers of people likewise paralleled the Moscow rally and its aftermath. In addition, Rev. Moon's meeting with North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung paralleled his meeting with Gorbachev. The difference was these rallies and victories, including Rev. and Mrs. Moon's proclamation of their messianic status, were understood to have an eternal and universal validity. Unlike worldly attainments, they were not subject to reversal or recall.



ICC conference at Lake
Geneva, Wisconsin,
September 1984

The movement's march on Korea began even prior to Rev. Moon's release from Danbury Federal Prison. While there he "first asked American members to focus on educating 70,000 ministers, and on that foundation to send 7,000 ministers to...Japan and Korea." This request led to the creation of the CAUSA Ministerial Alliance, the 300,000-videotape project, and other activities previously covered. The focus shifted after April 1985 when the movement sponsored its first Interdenominational Conference for Clergy (ICC) in Korea and Japan. Under the theme, "Rev. Moon and Korea in the Providence of God," sixty-four ministers from twenty-one denominations attended an "advanced seminar on Unificationism" between April 10-19, 1985. Between 1985-88, the

movement sponsored thirty-eight separate ICC seminars for 7,069 American clergy and religious leaders who traveled to Korea and usually Japan. According to Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, who had overall responsibility for the project, the "meaning of the 7,000" was connected to the time of Elijah when throughout Israel God prepared 7,000 people who had never bowed down to Baal (I Kings 19:18). Rev. Kwak stated that John the Baptist inherited the position of Elijah and "was to find 7,000 righteous believers among the whole of Israel to work with Jesus." Since Korean Christianity rejected Rev. Moon between 1945-48, the mandate was to bring 7,000 American ministers to Korea between 1985-88, after completion of the forty-year wilderness course. This would be one among numerous conditions of unity set by the movement to restore what was lost during the immediate post-World War II era.

The ICC seminars, which were a decisive first step in the movement's march to Korea, paralleled CAUSA and ALC efforts in its concurrent march to Moscow. However, the ICC ran along an internal track and had pronounced differences from the movement's VOC work. The most obvious difference was the theological content. The CAUSA and ALC meetings attempted to universalize the movement's theological content as "Godism" which emphasized points of convergence for all theistic believers. The theological material presented in the ICC seminars was highly particular, basically straight *Divine Principle* content.

A second major difference of the seminars was the spiritual dimension. CAUSA and ALC had a significant fellowship component, but they basically conformed to accepted norms of professional meetings. Spontaneous testimonies as to the inner workings of the spirit in one's heart clearly would have been out-of-bounds, especially in public sessions. The ICC meetings were much different. Not only were the participants welcome to bear witness to all manner of revelations, dreams, visions and other similar phenomena but the conferences were structured in such a way as to encourage and even cultivate this. A third difference was that CAUSA and ALC conferences preached to the already-converted. Although some new constituencies were introduced, they were primarily gatherings of the like-minded who were opposed to Marxism and favored traditional values. The situation was quite different in ICC seminars where ministers had met the movement through religious liberty or CAUSA meetings but "had not studied the Principle deeply." As ICC leaders, particularly in the earlier sessions, acknowledged, "Most of the participants do come to Korea with some lingering skepticism or even suspicion about [Rev. Moon]." These factors combined with pre-existing denominational rivalries among participating ministers to generate more heated debates and spiritual battles than in either the CAUSA or ALC meetings.

It's important not to overstate the extent of these disagreements. In fact, it was precisely because of the initial distance that the ICC sessions were so powerful. Some ministers openly repented for their former misunderstandings or their denomination's persecution of the movement. Others repented for their mistreatment of one another. According to one report, "Many became inwardly hopeful and jubilant that now indeed was the time of the Second Coming. Others, while they may have rejected the possibility...expressed tolerance and acceptance of our position." Beyond that, ICC leaders hoped that clergy could testify that "God is actually behind...[Rev. Moon] and our movement." To facilitate this, the ten-day ICC seminars introduced participants to the full range of the movement's tradition in its countries of origin, "not what they have heard through the American media." After the first several conferences, the ICC seminar began at Tokyo Church Headquarters where "hundreds of young members lined the sidewalks to greet ministers, exuberantly waving flags and shouting "Welcome! Welcome!" Each group also attended a Youth Rally where over



1,000 members who had newly joined through “video centers” greeted the ministers “with wild enthusiasm.” The unmistakable message was that while Japan was highly resistant, even allergic to traditional forms of Christian witness, the Unification movement was bringing impressive results.

In Korea, although participants toured industrial facilities, the ICC placed more emphasis upon the movement’s humble and suffering origins. Church elders shared experiences from the early days, and ministers toured the old Chung Pa Dong Headquarters Church, including the bare upstairs rooms where Rev. Moon and his family had lived. A day trip to Pusan at Korea’s southernmost tip was usually a highlight. There, they visited a museum that stood on the site of the first Unification Church building—a hut of mud and cardboard that Rev. Moon constructed when he arrived in the city as a refugee during the Korean War. Many of the guest ministers’ most vivid experiences occurred when they climbed the path up the mountain above the site to the “Rock of Tears” overlooking Pusan and its harbor where Rev. Moon “had prayed earnestly for the salvation of the world.” Some started crying and praying deeply. In the course of the conferences, many from spirit-filled backgrounds testified to visions and revelations. A conference convener, convinced that the voice he heard at the Rock of Tears was the same voice he had heard at the Wailing Wall in Israel and “that it was the voice of God and that this place was authentic,” burst into tears and embraced an ICC lecturer. However, some ministers never made it up the steep, winding climb to the rock, and not all who made it experienced meaningful breakthroughs.

There was always a full cycle of Principle lectures and question and answer panels which usually focused on Rev. Moon’s identity, joint Sunday worship at the Seoul Headquarters Church, a banquet at the Little Angels School, and gifts of ginseng tea. From the fourth conference, Rev. Moon requested that participants issue a proclamation of support for the movement “to encourage understanding among all Christians, especially in Korea.” The proclamations, with some variation, affirmed that “the Unification Church is a God-centered movement which practices Christian love,” that “The Reverend Sun Myung Moon is a man deeply inspired by God and Jesus Christ,” that the Unification Principle has exerted a “transforming power in the lives of its followers,” and that “the Unification Church has suffered unjustly in many respects because of misunderstanding.” Typically, three-fourths or more of the participants signed these. Rev. Moon also suggested that the American ministers establish sister-church relationships with Korean Christian churches. This also became a regular part of the conference although a lesser percentage of ministers took part.

*Opposite: ICC participants
pray at the Rock of Tears,
Pusan*

Interdenominational Conferences for Clergy

Jim Stephens

The Interdenominational Conferences for Clergy (I.C.C.) were a set of conferences conceived by Rev. Moon while he was in Danbury Prison. It followed on the heels of two other huge sacrifices for the sake of America.

One truly amazing quality of Rev. Moon is his ability to give even more than before when he is persecuted. In 1984 America put him in jail in one of the biggest travesties of justice this century. But he decided to give even more to America than he had been giving. He funded an organization that bought hundreds of huge trucks and donated them for use by churches with social action programs and to charities working across the nation. Then he sent sets of videotapes of the Divine Principle teaching to 300,000 ministers in America.

Then he started the I.C.C. conferences with a goal to bring 7,000 American ministers to Korea and Japan to attend a seven- to ten-day conference, with nearly all their expenses paid. He said the project was inspired by the Biblical account of Elijah in 1 Kings 19:9-18 where Elijah is hiding in a cave to save his life and the Lord tells him that He has still 7,000 faithful believers.

At the time the I.C.C. was started, I was working in Washington, D.C. in the building called Capital Gardens. It would later become the home of the International Ballet Company. I was working on a program called Common Suffering Fellowship with Rev. Levy Daugherty. American ministers were flying in from around the country to symbolically "go to jail with Rev. Moon" for religious freedom. Our seminars lasted about a week and included lectures and a demonstration at the White House for religious freedom.

I was asked to coordinate the first I.C.C. under Dr. Tyler Hendricks and Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak as a program of the International Religious Foundation. The first conference was held April 10-19, 1985 and was attended by 63 ministers and spouses. The second and third conferences were held in July and August with 56 and 30 participants respectively. The fourth was held in May, 1986, with 151 people and then about every month after that for a year, averaging 100-200 participants. In

June, 1987 we started holding them almost twice a month until July, 1988. A final conference (#39) was held in October, 1989, and included ministers from Europe.

At the first conference I was the point man and an easy target for everyone's criticisms for what they thought went wrong. When I got back home, I remember it was impossible for me to sit down at my desk for about two weeks without feeling so much pain that I had to get up and leave the office.

But we all settled down and gradually worked out all the problems one by one. Rev. Levy Daugherty was a tremendous support for me and through it all we developed the deepest friendship I have ever had in my life. I hope that everyone can have at least one such relationship in their life.

The basic staff for the conferences consisted of Rev. David Hose, Rev. Kevin McCarthy, Rev. Daugherty and myself. Others joined us temporarily as lecturers or other staff including Dr. Kathy Wining and Peter Spoto. Rev. McCarthy did a great job teaching the hardest lectures (primarily The Fall of Man and The Second Coming of Christ) using the Bible itself to prove his points. We all respected the incredible effort he made to study. During each conference, members were sent from each region along with their local ministers to be group leaders. These brothers and sisters did a fantastic job stepping in and really helped convey the Divine Principle and heart of True Parents to the participants. We could never have done it without them. From Korea and Japan local church leaders worked incredibly long and hard to make the conferences a success, sacrificing far more than we could understand. I would also like to thank Mrs. Sun Kyung Lee, our travel agent, and her wonderful staff for unbelievable "service with a smile" for many years.

At the high point when conferences were being held every other week, we hosted between 400 and 500 participants each time. The basic schedule was alternating days of Divine Principle lectures and field trips. We would visit the DMZ so they could experience the threat that was posed by North Korea and they could walk down 100 feet into the ground to see the invasion tunnels that had been built. We even flew them down to Pusan to visit the Rock of Tears and the museum on the site of the "first church" made of mud and U.S. Army ration boxes.

The two greatest accomplishments that I see resulting from the I.C.C. were, firstly, that it significantly changed our relationship with Christian ministers for the



better. Once the Christian ministers could meet us in person and thoroughly discuss what we believed, then the spiritual fears were broken down and we could develop deep and sincere relationships as brothers and sisters. The "evil cult" image and the "brainwashing" charges were broken and they had to give us a lot of credit and respect for having a viable and Biblical theology.

Secondly, it helped make the historical foundation for True Parents. These conferences came 40 years after True Father began his public ministry and he had encountered rejection and persecution in Korea. So it was a restoration of a Christian foundation for True Father to stand on. It helped a great deal to bring a spirit of unity among the Christian participants of all denominations who attended. Nearly all of them remarked that they seldom interacted with other denominations and at our conference they truly felt harmony and the love of Jesus Christ.

I also think that the I.C.C. was a profound introduc-

First ICC at the Little Angels Performing Arts Center, Seoul

tion for many of our American members to our Korean traditions and roots and to spiritual phenomena. Many spiritual experiences were given by God to the ministers and our members during the conferences, especially at the Rock of Tears. Without fail, revelations and healings took place every time we took a group there. Notably on the 10th I.C.C., in Feb., 1987, many of the staff began experiencing spiritual communications from Jesus Christ and Heung Jin Moon. Genuine breakthroughs occurred for many members all across America after that time.

We produced two videos about the I.C.C. The first was "Answer To A Prayer" which is probably the single most watched video in our movement because members showed it day in and day out to ministers all across America. The second was called "Walking Together" and highlighted experiences of Christian unity and personal growth that the ministers gained from the conferences.



Reflections on the ICC

Kevin McCarthy

Amazing phenomena have been taking place in these conferences. The ministers are not just having a good time but are having internal experiences of God's spirit manifesting from within. After attending Sunday service at the headquarters church in Seoul or praying at the Rock of Tears, many ministers have incredible prayers or receive very specific revelations about Father. You can see the look on their faces; they become curious and contemplative. Their question is simple: If this is a heretical church and Rev. Moon teaches heresy, how in the world can the spirit of God come down so powerfully in this church? They're not sensing just the common Sunday-service spirit of God. This is the most powerful spirit they've ever experienced. At the time of Jesus the spirit of God manifested very strongly, but outside the doctrines of Jesus' contemporaries. That's exactly what's going on here.

*Rev. Dr. Ralph David Abernathy
signing the ICC Proclamation*

Once I reported directly to Father, "Father, there are interesting phenomena happening at these conferences." Father looked at me with that dead-eye look, and said in English, "No! Not interesting. SERIOUS phenomena."

Teaching the Principle should not be just explaining what we believe. We need to give the ministers a direct experience of God through His word in the 20th century. I feel that if we, as lecturers, can conditionally fulfill our responsibility to proclaim God's absolute word, then something unimaginable by even the greatest stretches of our faith can take place in these conferences.

When God feels confident that we lecturers are standing squarely in that sanctified position, then He will bring about some "serious phenomena" directly through His word, the Principle. When we hit that point, and become more focused on that spirit, multitudes of ministers will come, and they will have not just an interesting experience, but a serious one.

It is important to grasp the context within which the ICC and other events of this period transpired. As already noted, Rev. Moon used the term “wilderness course” to describe his forty-year ministry from 1945-85. Originally, he hoped that Korean Christianity would accept his Second Advent ministry, that it would serve as the basis for unifying the Fatherland after World War II, and that within seven years, by 1952, worldwide Christianity and, indeed, the world would have entered a Completed Testament era. This sequence of events, of course, did not transpire, and Rev. Moon endured a lengthy internal and then, by choice, an external exile from Korea. With the victory of Danbury, the forty-year wilderness course ended and a “seven-year course for the settlement in cosmic Canaan began.” Canaan, according to one church commentary, was “the land of the ancestors” and signified “the homeland.” Hence, between 1985-92, Rev. Moon attempted to connect the foundation he had established worldwide to Korea. He came not as a prodigal son who had squandered his inheritance but as one who had made good in the world and who had something to give. From this perspective, he came as a universal Jacob returning from exile, bringing substantial offerings, and seeking his rightful position.

Rev. Moon’s timing in returning and in making Korea the focus was again impeccable as it was during this period that Korea was emerging on the world stage. The 1988 Olympic games held in Seoul were symbolic of this. More importantly, the country was democratizing. There were legitimately competing political parties and a significantly more open atmosphere. The movement took advantage of this in organizing the ICC meetings as well as several World Professor Lecture Tours which likewise testified to Rev. Moon’s international significance. In 1987, Rev. Moon inaugurated the Citizen’s Federation for the Unification of the Fatherland. He criticized the North as one of the world’s “most primitive and closed societies” and stated that Korea must make itself known in the international community as an advanced democratic nation. In 1988, he staged an “internal Olympics” inviting church missionaries from more than 100 nations to Seoul where they met teams and officials from each of the 160 countries represented and served up “more than 40,000 cans of McCol, a movement-produced soft drink, and bottles of Ginseng Up.” More than 2,000 guests attended officially-sanctioned cultural events at the Little Angels Performing Arts Center, and after the Games, Rev. Moon announced plans to sponsor an “Olympics of World Culture” celebrating not only athletics but the full range of human activities.

There was evidence that Rev. Moon was achieving a substantial level of acceptance in the new Korea. On December 11, 1985, a successful homecoming banquet was held in honor of Rev. Moon at the Hilton Hotel in Seoul. Some 2,200 guests including “Korean leaders from every field of human endeavor” and “international dignitaries” gathered “to pay tribute to the conclusion of...[Rev. Moon’s] 40-year ministry and to welcome him back to his homeland.” The following year, the Nampyung Moon Clan Tribal Association

named him “Tribal Chief” and in 1989, the Korean Root-Finding Association, a national organization made up of the leadership of literally all (about 275) of the Korean traditional family, or clan, names, asked Rev. Moon to be Chairman. The installation ceremony had a deep restorative meaning for members. Reflective of the democratization in Korean society as well as of openness toward Rev. Moon, the movement obtained permission to start a new daily newspaper, the *Segye Ilbo*, in 1989. It also received approval to establish Sung Hwa (later Sun Moon) University. That same year, the movement-sponsored Il Hwa Cheon-ma (Heavenly Horse) Soccer Team gained a franchise in Korea’s top professional soccer league.

Rev. Moon made an offering of these and other conditions in three separate ceremonies in Kodiak, Alaska between August 20 and September 1, 1989. He declared the *Ae-Won* or “One Heart” providence on August 20th. Then he performed *Pal Chong Shik* or “The Ceremony of the Settlement of Eight Stages” on August 31st. Lastly, he proclaimed the era of *Cheon Pu Ju-eui* or “Heavenly Parentism” on September 1st. Taken together, these ceremonies signified to Rev. Moon that meaningful opposition to his work had passed and that the way was open for a more direct and public expression of his messianic role. The collapse of communism in Eastern Europe during the fall of 1989 and the beginning of the end of the cold war only confirmed this. In February and March 1990, the movement held its first “Welcoming True Parents” rallies. Still, there was a degree of ambiguity. Rev. Moon’s speech, “True Unification and One World,” contained no explicit reference to his messianic status and listeners were left with the impression that everyone should strive to become True Parents. In America, the five Welcoming True Parents rallies were delivered in Korean and addressed exclusively to Korean-American communities.

Reportedly, Rev. and Mrs. Moon declared themselves to be True Parents more unambiguously in Korea during a twelve-city speech following the Moscow Rally and breakthrough meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev in April 1990. Still, “True Parents” was an unfamiliar term and not necessarily associated with the Second Coming of Christ. The closest Rev. Moon came to such an affirmation in the United States was at the Second Assembly of the World’s Religions held in San Francisco on August 15-21, 1990. In his Founder’s Address, entitled “The Tradition of True Love and Bequeathing that Tradition,” Rev. Moon stated,

Before this world can enter into the realm of true love and true family, the True Parents’ position has first to be established. To help fulfill this very purpose I have been called upon by God.... I have suffered persecution and confronted death with only one purpose in mind, so that I can live with the heart of True Parents to love races of all colors in the world more than my own parents who gave birth to me, or my own brothers and sisters.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* seized upon this remark to suggest that Rev. Moon had identified himself as the Messiah. It was true that he defined “the mission of the Messiah as a mission of True Parents” in the speech. However, claiming that he had been called by God to help establish True Parents’ position and that he had suffered in this effort was still a long way from an exclusive identification of the position with himself. In fact, Rev. Moon stated that all religions were called to do the same. It seemed as though there was still one more puzzle piece that needed to be properly positioned before Rev. Moon could affirm unequivocally his unique role.

Meeting Kim Il Sung

Rev. Moon’s December 6, 1991 meeting with North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung was this missing piece. More than any other single event, it encapsulated and vindicated his life’s work. As one church account noted, it represented a “coming full circle to the place of his birth, his upbringing and the revelation which sparked...[his] course.” The meeting encapsulated his life’s work because it had taken him more than four decades and the expenditure of vast resources in innumerable initiatives to obtain an invitation to visit from the government of North Korea. It also encapsulated his life’s work because in this instance, as in so many others, he was forced to swallow resentment. In a statement issued in Beijing, China following his return, he stated,

No one can claim more justification than I for harboring feelings of ill will against North Korea. I received severe persecution from the current government of North Korea because of my position as a religious leader and my unwavering anticommunist principles. I was tortured harshly and then imprisoned for nearly three years in a labor camp. There I witnessed the deaths of many who also had been imprisoned without cause....

Now, I have visited North Korea in my position as the founder of the Unification Church and in the spirit of True Love. True Love is love that loves even that which cannot be loved....

As I set foot in Pyongyang, my heart was as clear as the autumn sky. I did not feel that I was entering the house of my enemy, but rather that I was returning to my hometown to visit the house of my brother. I carried with me to North Korea the principle that I have always lived by, that is, to forgive, love and unite.



Rev. and Mrs. Moon and the official party meet with North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung, December, 1991.

The meeting vindicated his life's work because he turned a former enemy into a friend. It wasn't easy. The North Koreans, predictably, subjected Rev. Moon to a variety of intimidation tactics and "tests" during his visit. There also were competing pulls from immediate family members whom he had not seen for more than four decades. However, he was there "to save the entire twenty-three million people in North Korea" and refused to be distracted from his "official mission." Beyond that, Rev. Moon's audacity in asserting his own supreme role in "the unified Korean peninsula" intrigued Kim Il Sung and the two attained a surprising level of intimacy in their meeting.

Originally, Rev. Moon expected to go to North Korea in much the same fashion that he went to the Soviet Union, accompanied by numerous former heads of state and those attending one or more movement-sponsored conferences. However, North Korea approved plans for his visit suddenly in

November 1991, and there was only time to assemble some thirty additional people, including a camera crew, *The Washington Times* reporters, and the heads of several movement-related organizations. This group assembled in Beijing, China on November 30, 1991. There, at the last moment, the North Korean government cut everyone off the list except Rev. and Mrs. Moon, Dr. and Mrs. Bo Hi Pak and four support staff who left for Pyongyang that day on a charter plane the North Koreans sent. With very little support and few people in his party, security was a concern from the beginning. Another difference between the North Korea trip and his earlier visit to Moscow was that while Marxism had lost much of its appeal in the Soviet Union, there were still true believers and enthusiasm for Kim Il Sung's Juche ideology, particularly among government officials. A third difference was that while the Soviets were unfailingly polite and determined to make a success of the meetings, North Korean officials attempted to block Rev. Moon's access to Kim Il Sung and issued at least one thinly veiled threat.

Rev. Moon addressed these problems by being more intractable and unpredictable than the North Koreans. Of course, he was a native North Korean. Nevertheless, even they were shocked by the manner and extent to which he criticized their ideology. Besides pounding on them, saying "Juche ideology is not going to work...the world is not this small.... You people are in...[a] cave," Rev. Moon made several impossible proposals. In one session, he asked the deputies attending to him to speak to Kim Il Sung and recommend that he place a large announcement in the North Korean newspaper instructing that the 30-40,000 spies and agents in the South surrender to Rev. Moon and be instructed in his headwing ideology. In another session, Rev. Moon stated that he had to be the initiator and leader of reunification efforts, with Kim Il Sung and Roh Tae Woo of South Korea working as deputies under him.

Ironically, the situation was saved by North Korea's ubiquitous secret police and by Kim Il Sung himself. The secret police, who weren't very secretive, recorded all proceedings and relayed complete information to the Great Leader. For his own part, Kim Il Sung directed that Rev. Moon's speech at an opening banquet be published in North Korea's only newspaper, *Rodong Shimmun*, and it was, word-for-word, including all references to "God." He also overruled his subordinates and insisted that he not only wanted to meet Rev. Moon but that he wanted "to have lunch with him as well." According to Dr. Pak, "The big man recognized the big man." A further irony was that Kim Il Sung chose to meet Rev. Moon at his Hamheung palace, about one hundred and fifty miles from Pyongyang, near Hungnam. In fact, the route from the state guesthouse to Kim Il Sung's residence passed right by the Hungnam prison and fertilizer plant where Rev. Moon had been imprisoned for two years and eight months from 1948-50. Dr. Pak speculated that Kim Il Sung's inviting Rev. Moon to Hungnam was a symbolic apology for his earlier mistreatment.

The North Korean officials who had dealt with Rev. Moon were fearful of



Representative of the 30,000-couples blessing visit Rev. Moon's birthplace in North Korea.

church account, there was some hand-twisting as to whose hand was positioned on top. Nevertheless, the Pyongyang paper carried, across its front page, a large photo of them both, holding hands with big smiles on their faces, something that North Korea experts regarded as extraordinary. Later, the *Segye Ilbo* carried the same photograph. Kim Il Sung reportedly requested Rev. Moon to arrange a meeting with President Bush. He also offered Rev. Moon first rights to develop North Korea's Diamond Mountains as a tourist area. They both agreed to cooperate in establishing a place where members of separated families can meet and in facilitating the exchange of mail. Kim Il Sung told Rev. Moon that he would preserve his birthplace as a shrine and that he was welcome back any time.

For church members, the meeting between Rev. Moon and Kim Il Sung had immense symbolic and practical import. Dr. Pak explained to the American membership, “[Rev. Moon] as the universal Jacob, went to North Korea, and embraced the universal Esau.” To him, the “natural subjugation of Kim Il Sung...completely fulfilled God’s dispensational history.” It signified that Rev. Moon could stand in the position of a friend and brother to the leader of the world’s most totalitarian state. Because Kim Il Sung was “the only world leader whom the citizens call father,” it also signified the surrender of “false parenthood.” In practical terms, it would have been a contradiction for Rev. Moon to think he could emerge on the world stage without at least conditionally resolving the situation in his homeland. In this respect, the meeting was the culmination of the movement’s march to Korea. It paralleled the Moscow Rally and opened the way to more direct expressions of Rev. Moon’s messianic role.

a disastrous encounter. However, their fears were misplaced. On meeting, they gave one another “a big bear hug” and during their private one-and-a-half hour conference, Rev. Moon was a model of decorum, cordially presenting his message and ideas for the reunification of Korea. Reportedly, Kim Il Sung initiated applause and said “Thank you” three times. They exchanged hunting and fishing stories during the two-and-a-half-hour luncheon and afterwards strolled hand-in-hand down a long hallway for official pictures. According to one

Declaration of Messiahship

During the mid-1930s, when he was sixteen years old and the Korean peninsula was under the colonial rule of imperial Japan, Rev. Moon received what he understood to be “a special mission from heaven through Jesus.” According to his account, he then “spent years searching precisely how to bring salvation to humankind.” In addition to his quest, he also associated with groups that emphasized Korea’s role in God’s providence. Rev. Moon recounted that the result of his search was “the new expression of God’s truth referred to today as the Unification Principle.” He also noted that he began proclaiming this truth on August 15, 1945, the day Korea was liberated from Japan. His public ministry was characterized by false starts, misunderstandings, betrayals and imprisonment. Nevertheless, by 1960, he solidified a core of dedicated disciples and over the next thirty years developed a worldwide following. By mid-1992, he considered his foundation secure enough to declare openly that he and Mrs. Moon were “the true Parents of all humanity...the Savior, the Lord of the Second Advent, the Messiah.”

Taken in outline form, this progression possesses a certain coherence. However, the open declaration of Rev. and Mrs. Moon’s messiahship requires additional explanation. As noted, the movement’s messianic premises already were well established, and Rev. Moon was commonly typed as a Korean messiah. Yet this was something that was never previously publicly acknowledged. One obvious reason for not publicly proclaiming Rev. Moon as the Lord of the Second Advent, or messiah, was that to do so risked immediate censure, mockery and dismissal, or in particularly uncongenial environments, vigorous repression. This, in fact, was the movement’s experience even without making public pronouncements. Apostate testimonies and pirated in-house literature were sufficient to establish in the public’s mind that Rev. Moon’s followers understood him to be the messiah and that was how he regarded himself. Still, the church refrained from direct claims, even to prospective converts. Lecturers offered abundant signs and less-than-subtle hints, but the preferred modality was that adherents decide about Rev. Moon’s identity and role by themselves. For his part, Rev. Moon owned up to being a Divine messenger, to having fought “alone against myriad’s of Satanic forces, both in the spiritual and physical worlds,” to having come “in contact with many saints in Paradise and with Jesus,” and to having “brought into light all the heavenly secrets through...communion with God.” As pointed out, he acknowledged himself as a “potential messiah” in one public forum and that he was called by God to help establish the True Parents’ position. Nonetheless, he stopped short of an explicit public identification of himself as a True Parent or messiah prior to mid-1992.

The situation changed in 1992. It is difficult to be finally definitive about why Rev. Moon elected to declare his messiahship then. However, several factors were influential. First, it had become something of a now-or-never situation. Rev.



Moon was seventy-two years old. While he was in vigorous condition, there were no guarantees about his longevity. The movement also had extended itself, perhaps, to its outer limit. It was operating at peak efficiency, but as was the case with Rev. Moon, there were no absolute guarantees against future reversals. It also could be argued that the U.S. and the free world had reached the height of its power. The U.S. and its allies won the cold war and sealed their triumph with a decisive victory in the Gulf War. Again, there were no guarantees that this state of affairs would last indefinitely. In this context, it made sense for Rev. Moon to declare his messiahship from the heights. Not to do so was to risk passing over the summit and proclaiming his role from a less advantageous position.



Rev. Moon's understanding of historical parallels and the logic of history was a second factor that influenced his declaration of messiahship. As has been pointed out, he saw a parallel between the period following his release from Danbury Federal Prison in 1985 and the immediate post-World War II period. More precisely, he saw a parallel between 1945-52 and 1985-92. During the earlier period, he hoped that Christianity and the God-fearing allied nations which had reached the zenith of their power would accept his Second Advent ministry. On that foundation, communism would have been eliminated, and he would have emerged on the world's stage by 1952. Due to a succession of providential failures, this did not occur and Rev. Moon embarked on what he

described as a long, painful “wilderness” course. However, by 1985, the forty-year course had gone full-circle, and he found himself in exactly the same position he had been in at the end of World War II. To his mind, there was the possibility of working constructively with Christianity, and he predicted the downfall of the Soviet empire. Continuing with the historical parallel, he noted that the wilderness course would be followed by a seven-year period of settlement into worldwide Canaan between 1985-92. According to this pattern, and with the additional validation afforded by the collapse of communism, it was logical that Rev. Moon would see himself emerging on the world stage in 1992.

Several recent breakthroughs were a third factor influencing Rev. Moon’s declaration of messiahship. These were connected to his particular interpretation of Jesus’ death and the Lord of the Second Advent’s return. In a speech entitled, “The Reappearance of the True Parents and the Ideal Family” delivered between July 6-9, 1992 in four Korean cities and in which Rev. Moon first proclaimed his messiahship, he contended that “The Lord of the Second Advent will not literally return in the air on the clouds” but rather “The Lord who went through the cross will return through the cross.” He further explained that “there were three types of people connected with Jesus’ crucifixion.” All of them were sinners and together they represented fallen humanity. The first type was “the thief on Jesus’ right who repented of his sins and testified to Jesus.” The second type was “the thief on Jesus’ left, who did not repent and who vilified Jesus.” The third type was “Barabbas...who surely would have been crucified, but was saved when...Jesus was crucified instead.” According to Rev. Moon,

At the time of the Second Advent, these three types are realized on the world level. Western Christianity is the first type in the position of the thief on Jesus’ right. Although they still have original sin, Christians believe in the Lord and they are in the position of good. The materialistic, atheistic communist bloc is the second type and is in the position of the thief on the left. Islam in the Middle East is the third type and is in the position of Barabbas. Because Jesus died instead of him...Islam came to occupy the land of the Middle East which had been divided among the twelve tribes of Israel. The Lord of the Second Advent, who is in the position of the reborn Jesus, has to straighten out the worldwide achievements of these three types which came about through Jesus’ death.

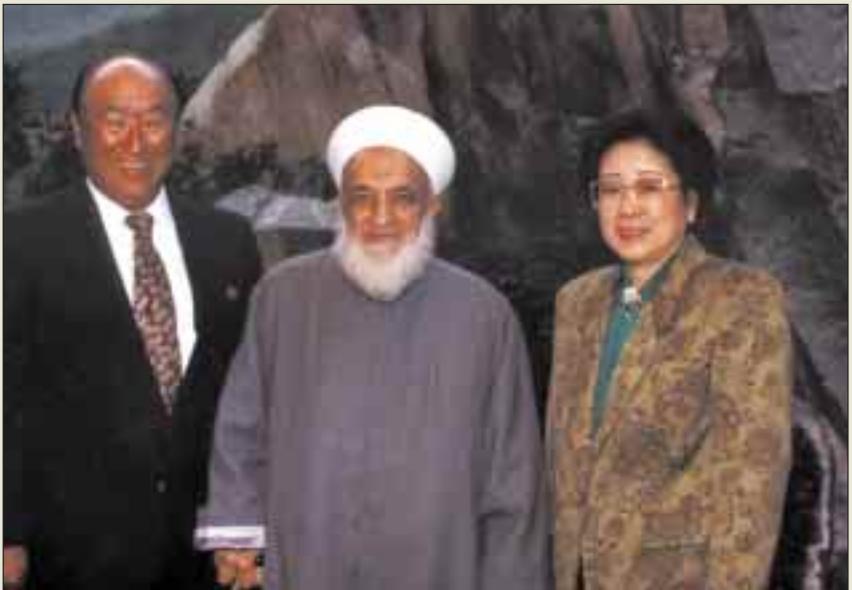
To straighten out the “Western World of Christianity,” he contended that the Lord of the Second Advent needed to “bring about a new movement of religious reformation, overcome the atheistic ideology of communism and bring all the communist world back to God’s side.”

Rev. Moon clearly understood the Unification Movement to be that new movement of religious reformation. The breakthroughs he had achieved through the Danbury course and the ICC ministers' providence afforded the possibility of extending the reformation. Beyond that, the march on Moscow, the victorious Moscow Rally and the massive education of Soviet and post-Soviet students and teachers went a long way toward rectifying the position of the thief on the left. In that context, the breakthrough with Kim Il Sung was especially prominent. Rev. Moon contended that his Headwing ideology, also referred to as Godism, had the capability of overcoming left-wing and right-wing ideologies and of bringing about a unified harmony between them. Given the string of his successes during the late 1980s and early 1990s, even the secular media in the U.S. took notice. If they were not yet ready to concede the Second Coming, there was a consensus that Rev. Moon had been resurrected.

Still, there was the matter of Barabbas. Unknown to most, the movement had cultivated contacts within the Muslim world since the early 1980s. While conventional mission work was exceedingly difficult, the *Middle East Times* gave the movement a presence in the region. In addition, the Professors World Peace Academy (PWPA) held a series of six highly successful conferences which brought together Arabs, Israelis, Greeks and Turks on a variety of topics. On the foundation of these meetings, the movement's Council for the World's Religions convened several conferences of high-level Muslim religious leaders, including the Grand Muftis of Syria and Yemen. By October 1990, Rev. Moon was confident enough of his contacts in the region to call a Middle East Peace Summit at short notice in response to the Gulf Crisis. In a "Message to Islam," he stated, "The greatest imaginable tragedy would be for war to erupt between Christians and Muslims in the Middle East" and urged all to "live only for one goal, and that is, to protect and safeguard this situation against the possibility of a religious war."

As a result of several audiences with Rev. Moon, the Grand Mufti of Syria agreed to send forty core followers to New York for a forty-day Inter-Religious Leadership Seminar (IRLS) that included three cycles of the Unification Principle beginning December 2, 1990. The Grand Mufti of Yemen with forty participants from his country took part in the second IRLS from April 21-May 31, 1991. They were followed by separate Egyptian, Jordanian, Turkish and Sudanese groups. These activities culminated on April 10, 1992 when forty-two Muslim couples took part in a mass holy wedding of the Unification Church. Rev. Moon termed the participation of Muslims in the wedding "a miracle." In effect, it broke the tribal barrier, enabling Rev. Moon to extend the Blessing to people other than Unificationists. This was a key stepping stone toward his public declaration of messiahship.

However, there was one final matter to be resolved. In his 1990 Founder's Address to the Second Assembly of the World's Religions, Rev. Moon stated that mission of the Messiah was "a mission of True Parents." Hence, it necessitated



Meeting the Mufti

Frank Kaufmann

I have been blessed by God with a mission that itself reveals the nature and identity of Father. I work with religious leaders, which is also the primary work of Father. This means I see Father in the context of his own peers. I meet and work closely with the world's greatest living religious leaders, and so I am privileged to be able to make direct comparisons to see how Father measures up. By the grace of God I forged an intimate relationship with the Grand Mufti of Syria. I met him first as a participant at a Muslim dialogue on family sponsored by the Council for the World's Religions for which I was the director.

Through many early morning conversations I learned that Sheikh Kuftaro had a biography remarkably similar to Father, down to some of the most startling details. As I testified to Father, Sheikh Kuftaro eventually sought to meet Father. A hundred fascinating stories later the Grand Mufti sat across from True Parents in the reception room at East Garden.

Another 100 tales and testimonies later brings me to the point at which Sheikh Kuftaro agreed to attend a 3-day workshop at East Garden taught by Father! The workshop was one of the most fascinating things I had ever witnessed in my life.

The workshop had come to an end with only moderate success, when measured in the mystical essence of providence. A final lunch was underway, the Grand Mufti was to depart to return home about 45 minutes later, and there as a faint touch of heartache and anguish on the side of the Unification support team. The atmosphere was cordial, but not victorious, and so the final meal of the three days was about to be served. Before the food arrived, Father began to present essential truth one last time to Sheikh

Kuftaro, and Kuftaro's dogmatic resistance (though elegant) remained. Father fought like a man fighting for his own life. He never saw food appear and disappear from before him for the next 45 minutes. Father taught and taught, grabbing whatever fell within the reach of his hands. Bread rolls became the four position foundation, a knife and a fork the perpendicular angle of the direction and force of True Love. The Mufti adhered to the final truth of Islam, and the encounter literally soared to dizzying spiritual heights. Time, and even space vanished, only the spiritual world quivered around us. The exchange was no longer verbal, it was absolute. We were not on *terra firma*, the atmosphere was electric. With minutes before departure, the Grand Mufti surrendered and beheld his own True Father, heaven wept, and the spiritual dominance of the atmosphere subsided. Suddenly we were back at the lunch table. People became physical, the food reappeared to our vision, the rolls scattered about as evidence of Father's intensity and desperation. "I am sorry I had to be so tough on you," Father said back in the land of verbal communications, "but you were a real scoundrel." I myself have never been the same since that experience. I saw the True Father with my own eyes. I am sorry that we his own followers do not know him better.

the participation of both Rev. and Mrs. Moon. In other words, any declaration of messiahship had to be a joint declaration. Mrs. Moon was widely respected for her dedication to Rev. Moon, for her grace and charm, and for having borne fourteen children. Nevertheless, her public activities were limited.

This all changed in 1991-1992. On September 17, 1991, Mrs. Moon traveled to Tokyo where she was the principal speaker at a rally of approximately 7,000 members of the Women's Federation for Peace in Asia (WFPA). She also spoke to numerous large and small gatherings of the church. Then on November 20th, she spoke before a gathering of 15,000 WFPA members at Seoul's Chamshil Stadium. There she stated that "in past history, the 'logic of power' had been ruling" but that the present age demanded the "feminine 'logic of love' to solve...problems and lead history in a proper way." On April 10, 1992, Mrs. Moon delivered the keynote address before a filled Seoul Olympic Stadium at the inauguration of the Women's Federation for World Peace (WFWP). There she testified that "The Reverend Sun Myung Moon...and I, Hak Ja Han Moon, standing in the position of the True Parents...have walked the course of worldwide indemnity so that all humanity may be liberated from their bondage." In his "Congratulatory Address," Rev. Moon was less explicit about their identity, stating only that the "True Parents...will appear in this age and on this earth as Koreans, and lead the world into an age of peace and a unified world." He also proclaimed the beginning of the "Age of Women." According to a major movement leader, Rev. Moon passed "all his victorious foundation" to Mrs. Moon during the founding WFWP rally.

Following her address at Seoul Olympic Stadium, Mrs. Moon undertook a twenty-one city speaking tour in South Korea between May 11-June 2, 1992. This was followed by a "new round of speaking tours" in forty major Korean cities between June 10-30th. Mrs. Moon delivered two speeches each day, "a morning speech in one city, usually at 10:30 a.m., and a second speech at 3:30 p.m. in another city." During the same period, several of the Moon's elder children delivered speeches in twenty additional cities, bringing the total number of WFWP speeches delivered to eighty-one by the end of June. All of these speeches were preparatory to a culminating WFWP four-city tour between July 6-9, 1992 which featured joint appearances by Rev. and Mrs. Moon. This time, Rev. Moon took the lead in publicly and unambiguously announcing their position. In a speech, entitled "The Reappearance of the True Parents and the Ideal Family," he declared,

I have fulfilled my mission as Lord of the Second Advent, Savior and the True Parent. I am proclaiming this in this place because the time has come to do so. Those who accept this will be blessed. If this race listens to me, how good that would be for this country. How good it would be, if the statesmen listen to me.



He also stated that Mrs. Moon had come to stand in an “equal position” with him. Rev. and Mrs. Moon’s speeches, delivered to WFWP audiences totaling some 73,000 in Chungju, Pusan, Kwanju and Seoul were subsequently published in national newspapers throughout Korea. However, these pronouncements were limited to Korea. There remained the challenge of declaring their messiahship on the world stage.

The venue for this was the first Word Culture and Sports Festival held in Seoul, August 19-30, 1992. Rev. Moon stated his intention of sponsoring an “Olympics of World Culture” following the conclusion of the Seoul Olympics in 1988. The World Culture and Sports Festival essentially represented the culmination of Rev. Moon’s worldwide activity, bringing together representatives from all of the organizations he had initiated. The Festival included the nineteenth International Conference the Unity of the Sciences (ICUS), the fifth International Congress of the Professors World Peace Academy (PWPA), the twelfth World Media Conference, the fifth Summit Council for World Peace, the first Women’s Federation for World Peace convention, the third Assembly of the World’s Religions, and the eighth CARP Convention of World Students which also included the Hanmadang Sports Festival. The centerpiece of the Festival was the International Holy Wedding of 30,000 Couples in Seoul Olympic Stadium on August 25, 1992, the largest Blessing yet conducted by Rev. Moon.

On August 24th, in the evening prior to the Blessing, Rev. Moon hosted a banquet for more than a thousand selected participants from the various conferences at the Little Angels School. In his banquet speech, “Becoming the Leaders in Building a World of Peace,” Rev. Moon reviewed his life course, noted that the Festival was “an occasion to let the entire world see, and to offer to God, the harvest reaped from the seeds I have sown and nurtured,” and proposed the creation of “The House of Unification for World Peace” as “a structure for the peaceful unification of the world.” However, the real focus of the speech was his announcement of the declaration he had made previously,

In early July, I spoke in...cities around Korea at rallies held
by the Women’s Federation for World Peace. There I
declared that my wife, WFWP President Hak Ja Han Moon,
and I are the True Parents of all humanity. I declared that we
are the Savior, the Lord of the Second Advent, the Messiah.

Rev. Moon described the announcement as “astonishing and fearful.” He stated that he made it before women leaders because “women are the central point for the love, peace and spirit of service that protect our families, and it is the healthy family that must be the starting point in our work to build world peace.” He continued, saying that “The establishment of God-centered family ethics and the education of our children lie at the innermost core of my teachings” and that his declaration was “an exhortation to all who follow my teach-

Opposite: The breaking down of cultural and racial barriers was emphasised during Mrs. Moon’s speaking tours.

ings to join Mrs. Moon and me in our attendance to God on the path of sacrifice and service for the salvation of this world.” Almost immediately following the Festival, Mrs. Moon departed on a global speaking tour, delivering a speech on “Women’s Role in World Peace” to public WFWP gatherings in cities on four continents. She spoke in seven Japanese cities, eight cities in the U.S., eight cities in Europe, Moscow in the C.I.S., three cities on the Pacific Rim, and in Beijing, China.

It was somewhat unclear whether Rev. Moon’s banquet declaration was directed primarily to the selected guests, to his followers or to history. As noted, he described the declaration as “an exhortation to all who follow my teachings” to join he and Mrs. Moon in their work. Of course, following his teachings could be interpreted broadly or narrowly. There also was a sense in which Rev. Moon was speaking to history, defining the way he intended his life and ministry to be understood and experienced. He waited nearly half a century to make the declaration and, according to his special assistant’s testimony, was “proud of it” and considered that it “completed my mission.”

Predictably, the declaration generated conversation and controversy among those in attendance, though less so among the scientists and former heads of state than among the assembled religious leaders, especially those who viewed it as a contradicting the purposes of their interreligious dialogue. Dr. Richard Rubenstein, Distinguished Professor of Religion at Florida State University, spoke immediately after Rev. Moon, stating,

I must confess that as a historian of religion...I find your explicit and unambiguous sharing with us of your understanding of who you are to be one of the most extraordinary moments of my entire career.... For myself and for many of my peers whose vocation is the scientific study of religion, awesome religious inspiration is something that happened, if at all, long ago. We are more comfortable studying derivative accounts of religious inspiration and revelation in books and manuscripts. Engaged in this labor, we are interested in our subject matter; we are calm; we are dispassionate and without inner disturbance.

The situation is radically transformed...when we are confronted by an inspired religious leader whose vocation is in the process of unfolding even before our very eyes. We are not accustomed to such a manifestation of spiritual power and charisma. Our scientific and professional training has not prepared us for the encounter. Hence, we guard ourselves...[and] our discomfort before it. Nevertheless, the spiritual power is there, and, whatever may be the religious tradition in which we are rooted, we feel it.



Some participants felt Rev. Moon's declaration was out-of-bounds and complained of being used. However, there were remarkably few defections among the leadership of the various affiliated organizations. More than a hundred conference participants, none of whom were members of the Unification Church, participated in the next day's Blessing ceremony at Seoul Olympic Stadium. Still, there were some bruised sensibilities among participants in the Assembly of the World's Religions. Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, chairman of the sponsoring organization, summarized the movement's position on Rev. Moon's declaration in farewell remarks at the Assembly's closing banquet,

He [Rev. Moon] has already spoken straightforwardly to you about his mission, and there have been straightforward responses. He recognizes and appreciates the important theological concerns, and the conceptual difficulties that stand in the way of a full meeting of the minds on certain issues. However...he does not consider his understanding of his mission as interference with his resolve to promote inter-religious harmony.... This address was in no way intended to create distance or present a barrier...he remains ever committed to working with you, respectfully and cooperatively, believing that while there are points of difference, there are significant points of similarity....he welcomes your collaboration in the great and necessary task of creating world peace.

The Opening Plenary at the Assembly of World Religions, Seoul, August, 1992

While no one at either of the banquets could be certain about the outcome of Rev. Moon's declaration, it was apparent that there were ample topics for dialogue.

Spiritual Revival

During the 1970s and early 1980s, Rev. Moon concentrated his activities almost exclusively in the United States, conducting evangelical tours between 1972-76 and building an institutional base between 1977-85. After 1985, he shifted the focus of his ministry, conducting concurrent marches on Moscow and Korea between 1985-92 which this chapter has documented. While he elevated his ministry to the international level, the real focus between 1985-92 was on Korea. Rev. Moon hoped to harvest the fruits of his worldwide ministry there and to play a central role in the nation's reunification. This was apparent in the succession of the movement's annual mottos after 1986: "The Unification of the Fatherland" in 1987 and 1988; "The Unification of Korea" in 1989; and "The Unification of My Nation" in 1990 and 1991. There was a sense that Korea as the holy land of Unification faith was always the internal focus of Rev. Moon's ministry. The difference was that between 1985-92, it became the substantial focus as well.

From the perspective of the American movement, this shift was not a negative development as it built upon the foundation of Rev. Moon's foundation in America, and activities in Korea as well as in the C.I.S. required the assistance of American members and their contacts. Still, the situation had changed. The most fundamental change was that after being at the center of Rev. Moon's attention for nearly a decade and a half, the U.S. movement was less in a central than a supportive role. The movement continued to fund *The Washington Times* and its oceanic enterprises as well as a broad array of educational and interreligious nonprofits in the U.S. However, rather than breaking new ground, this support served to maintain and extend activities already in place. The only dramatic new initiative in the U.S. during the period was the Professors World Peace Academy's acquisition of a controlling interest on the Board of Trustees of the University of Bridgeport, Connecticut in 1992. This was a hotly contested and highly controversial situation that resurfaced anti-Unification Church sentiment and recalled the "cult wars" of the 1970s. Nevertheless, apart from the University of Bridgeport involvement which occurred at the end of the period and had more relevance for later developments, the cutting edge of the movement's efforts between 1985-92 was not in the U.S.

The membership in America plunged into CAUSA signature drives and recruitment for ICC minister tours as they had with previous providential tasks. However, there was an undeniable void. This was not simply due to the numerous and lengthy absences of Rev. and Mrs. Moon. It was more due to the fact that their interest lay elsewhere. In reality, this shift of focus offered the

American movement and its membership possibilities for growth, especially a deepening of its spiritual roots. The wider culture, for the most part, still held them in contempt, and the movement's Asian leadership, including Rev. Moon, told them on numerous occasions that they were horizontal and individualistic, lacking in dedication, and spiritually dry. In addition, members continued to struggle with the conflicting demands of family and mission responsibilities. Some struggled with additional issues such as infertility or infidelity, matters that struck at the heart of their faith. In summary, at the grassroots level, the American movement was primed for a spiritual revival.

It would be a mistake to assert that these issues were unique to American members. The membership worldwide tended to regard their efforts as inadequate. While the True Parents turned some of their failures into victories, most felt that they had increased rather than lessened the True Family's burden. Some self-abasement was rhetorical. In other words, it was considered good form to depreciate one's own efforts and attribute all success to heaven, the True Parents, or one's superiors. Also, no segment of the movement was exempt from Rev. Moon's scolding. If American members labored under unflattering comparisons to Asians, Rev. Moon reversed field when addressing Korean audiences, comparing their settled state with the suffering and sacrificial efforts of American witnessing and fundraising members. And his criticism of the U.S. and American members paled in comparison to his treatment of the Japanese.

Again, some of this was rhetorical. However, other aspects of the movement's sense of inadequacy or even failure were rooted in fact. The world was still an unfriendly place for most Unificationists after 1985, and despite certain gains, no country or culture held members in high esteem or considered them part of their mainstream. Beyond this, there was disunity among members themselves, which raised the question of whether the movement truly offered the promise of transformation or, in fact, mirrored the world's divisions. Korean, Japanese and American members had problems understanding and trusting each other. European members perpetuated centuries-old conflicts, and native African members distrusted their missionaries. The movement's interracial, international and intercultural marriage blessings were a witness to the ideal of unification. Yet, in some cases, blessed marriages were religious, racial and cross-cultural battlegrounds. The high regard that members had for Rev. and Mrs. Moon held the movement and many marriages together externally. Internally, members often felt impoverished. In this respect, not only the American membership but the worldwide Unification movement of the mid-1980s was ripe for revival.

A revival did come. It was not a conventional revival, and in the end it raised a number of troubling questions. Nevertheless, it had a profound effect on many members. Rev. Moon and numerous participants described it as a "Unification Pentecost." In outline, it centered around extraordinary experiences that an increasing number of members had with Heung Jin Moon, Rev.

Moon's deceased second son. Shortly after his death on January 2, 1984 as a result of a car accident, a number of spiritually sensitive members in a variety of locations throughout the world claimed to have received messages and direct guidance from him. These appearances were particularly intense during the forty days following Heung Jin Nim's Sung Hwa or "ascension" ceremony, after which they subsided for three years. A second phase, associated with the ICC minister conferences, began in 1987 and led to widespread channeling of Heung Jin throughout the movement. This phase quickly escalated into a third, culminating phase in late 1987 and 1988 when Heung Jin Nim was understood to be embodied twenty-four hours a day in a young Black Zimbabwean member who led a series of revival meetings attended by thousands of church members worldwide.

There were several reasons why this revival took hold. The first factor, already described in general terms, related to the membership's receptivity, indeed, hunger for revival. The editor of *Today's World*, the church's world mission magazine, summarized the situation,

The last few years...have truly been painful for me in that it has been increasingly difficult to find the fresh enthusiasm and purity of heart that I felt was a precious, core aspect of our movement. Those who join the Unification Church have to be among the most fundamentally idealistic people on earth. Yet the perspective of many brothers and sisters had become tinged with cynicism, revealing the hurt, disappointment, and resentment that had accumulated from Satan's attack on our ideals.

Our original mind's expectations for ourselves and each other—leaders and members—had been too often betrayed. I and many others were praying desperately for some sort of rebirth or revival, but we had no idea from where it would come.

Prior to "having experiences with Heung Jin," David Hose, a major ICC leader, wrote, "I had reached a point of real dryness...feeling that my love channel was cut off, that I was just going through the motions in my work." He also generalized beyond his situation to that of others: "I could give lectures to thousands of people on the Principle and explain how much God loves each and every one of us, but I could not really accept in my heart that God loves...[me]. As I look around our American movement, I find that there are a lot of people in the same position."

The Heung Jin Nim phenomena addressed these areas of need and more, empowering members in their public missions and personal lives. In Britain, a forty-day witnessing condition under the guidance and in the spirit of Heung

Jin Nim between January 21 and February 29, 1984 gained 733 new members. Although many of them signed associate rather than full-time membership forms, the British Church surpassed its original goal of 200, and its revised figure of 500. ICC staff also attributed breakthroughs with Christian ministers to the influence of Heung Jin Nim. At the church's World Mission Headquarters in Manhattan, a small prayer group exploded from five or six people to 150 within a few days once several participants began channeling Heung Jin Nim. At the church's seminary in Barrytown, New York, a small prayer group likewise expanded to the whole community, and a student-sponsored "Soul of Russia" prayer walk grew from 20 walkers in the previous year to more than 200 with front-page coverage in local media. This, as well, was attributed to Heung Jin Nim's direct involvement.

Received messages affirmed that Heung Jin Nim wanted to be close to each and every member, that he was "their brother, not only some distant Lord," that God had not forgotten their sacrifices, and that they were "beautiful children—each one handpicked." In the face of contempt from without the movement and scolding or layers of hierarchy within, affirmations of this sort were deeply stirring. Heung Jin Nim also held forth the promise of overcoming barriers and disunity among members. As one account put it, he came "as a great equalizer and redresser. No single nationality is superior or inferior." Position, organization, self-consciousness and image were out. Heartistic unity was in.

A second reason why the revival took hold related to the character of Heung Jin Nim and the circumstances of his death. By all accounts, Heung Jin Nim, who was seventeen when he died, was an exemplary son. Rev. Moon described him as "the most exemplary, obedient son, with the greatest piety...the most comforting son to Mother and me." He was known to be particularly concerned about safeguarding the security of his parents. The circumstances of his death were tragic. Having visited the church seminary in Barrytown, New York with two friends, their car was struck by a tractor trailer which had jack-knifed on an icy stretch of road north of Poughkeepsie on December 22, 1983. Though seri-





In his early teens, Heung Jin Nim took part in a second-generation workshop, during which they street preached in New York City.

last moment to take the brunt of the impact himself and save them. This may have been in keeping with Heung Jin Nim's character or elevated it further and in that way may have offered some consolation. However, it did not address the issue of why the tragedy happened at all or, more precisely, why God let it happen.

On January 3, 1984 Rev. Moon referred to Heung Jin Nim's death as a great sacrifice. He and Mrs. Moon were out of the country at the time of the accident, conducting a series of "victory over communism" rallies in Korea. A number of church and non-church spiritualists communicated to Mrs. Moon that December 1983 was a "very dangerous time" for Rev. Moon and that he "must absolutely be careful." Rev. Moon asserted that at the last rally in Kwangju, a city with a reputation for rebelliousness, thirty-six terrorists were prepared to attack but were prevented from doing so because "the auditorium was already completely packed by the time they arrived." With another 5,000 people outside, they "had absolutely no way to enter." However, during Rev. Moon's speech, Heung Jin Nim's accident occurred. According to Rev. Moon, "Satan lost his condition to attack me and then turned his attention to the next best, my second son."

As one who had laid down his life for his friends and stood as a substitute for his father, Heung Jin Nim "occupied the position of the living Jesus in the Unification Church." This meant that his sacrifice had a larger atoning significance. While he lay in a coma, Rev. and Mrs. Moon conducted a Unification Ceremony in the hospital chapel where on the foundation of Heung Jin Nim's "precious sacrifice," they called for the unity of Judaism, Christianity and the Unification Church; the unity of Korea, Japan and the United States; the unification of True Parents and their family and for the members of the

ously injured, his two friends survived. Heung Jin Nim, who suffered massive head injuries, lingered in a coma for ten days before expiring at 1:18 a.m. on January 2, 1984.

Given Heung Jin Nim's exemplary character and the circumstance of a young life, so full of promise, being snuffed out, there was intense pressure to find meaning in the tragic turn of events. This happened in several ways. First, the boys who had been traveling with Heung Jin Nim testified that he had swerved the car at the



Unification Church as well as all races of the world. After his passing, on January 3, 1984, Rev. and Mrs. Moon established the Day of the Victory of Love. Rev. Moon explained,

Previously, the realm of death controlled the realm of love....From now on, love will control the realm of death.... This is truly a historical day. The death of the most beloved son of True Parents might be tragic for Mother and me if death reigned in our hearts. However, we are not defeated by death. Instead, we are reaching out with the much greater power of the love of God, and love now governs death....All tragic events of the satanic world shall be conquered by love and enter into its realm. No power under the sun can infiltrate the power of love. Heung Jin Nim's death is not an ordinary one; he transformed himself into the victory of love. His death cannot be treated as an ordinary secular death.

The Day of the Victory of Love found a permanent liturgical expression in the church's tradition of Seung Hwa ("ascension and harmony") ceremonies which began after Heung Jin Nim's death. Unlike traditional funerals, these cere-

The family attend Heung Jin Nim's Seung Hwa at Belvedere.

monies were not to be gloomy or sad but “beautiful, enlightening and joyful,” using bright or light colors. However, Heung Jin Nim’s victory transcended the church. To Rev. Moon, Heung Jin Nim was “opening the door to conquer death” and his spirit was “totally free to come back here any time he wants to.” A variety of spiritual communicators also said, “He will be back. He will come back.” These sentiments were highly suggestive and enhanced members’ receptivity to testimonies of Heung Jin Nim’s appearances.

A final reason why the Heung Jin Nim revival took hold stemmed from the movement’s openness to the spirit world. Unlike its aggressive evangelism, anti-communism, business ventures, or even its messianism, this aspect of the movement’s life was not emphasized in the public media. The movement itself was ambivalent about spiritualism. There was a degree of reticence, even sensitivity about associations with shamanism and excessive preoccupation with the spirit world was discouraged. Nevertheless, those possessing charismatic and spiritual gifts played prominent roles within the tradition from its beginnings. Rev. Moon was the outstanding example. He reportedly was clairvoyant, clairaudient and could see into people’s characters from childhood. Jesus appeared to him at age fifteen, and “For many decades,” according to *Divine Principle*, “he wandered in a vast spiritual world...endured suffering unimagined by anyone in human history...fought alone against myriads of Satanic forces...[and] came into contact with many saints in Paradise.” Many of the earliest members of the movement were spiritualists or spirit-led, and contingents of “prayer ladies” and mediums provided ongoing communication with the spirit world.

Much of this was inaccessible to ordinary members. It was part of the church’s tradition, and most were aware that Rev. Moon had spoken on numerous occasions of barriers being broken in the spiritual world. Still, for many, this was a matter of long ago and far away. In this respect, the Heung Jin Nim phenomena and revival represented the mainstreaming of the movement’s spiritualist tradition.

Seung Hwa Experiences

John and Helen Abelseth

Helen and I were blessed in 1982, at the Madison Square Garden blessing. In September 1983, we had our first child, Helga Jolen Abelseth, who passed into the spirit world in June of 1984. At the time, Helen was three months pregnant with our second child, Ariella, who was born in December, 1984. Helga was nine months old, and on the morning of her unfortunate accident, had taken her first four or five steps.

Helga suffocated after getting her head stuck in a portable baby bed handle. It was a few months after Heung Jin Nim passed into spirit world, so we could draw from the strength of Father and Mother and could identify somewhat with their pain. Throughout the entire experience, our behavior and strength were drawn from the example of our True Parents, who had gone through the same experience only months before.

At the hospital, the attending doctor cried when he gave us the news. Though he tried to save her, he could not. He cried, saying he had children of his own and was so upset. We were able to genuinely comfort the doctor in his grief, as we knew our daughter would be going to a very high place with Heung Jin Nim and God. We prayed before the doctor came in that, as Jesus had said, not our will but God's will be done, as to whether this precious life could stay with us in the physical world for a little longer. We also offered our precious daughter to God for His will in keeping our True Father from prison, if possible, as this was during the pre-Danbury trial.

Several members have had dreams or visions of her since, each bringing some support, some encouragement, or some joy to them particularly in times of difficulty or stress—one sister, for instance, who was in Japan for cancer treatment.

Recently, as my wife was praying early one morning, for Helga's growth and preparation for the blessing, our youngest son slipped onto her lap (she thought), and embraced her as he frequently does. When she finished her prayer and opened her eyes, it was not Peter. She was sure it had been Helga from the spirit world.

Our children frequently correct us when we tell people that we have five children, as they always count Helga as their older sister (so that makes six).



Coming Home— Linna Mae Rapkins

Dan Fefferman

This testimony of Linna's Seung Hwa is from Hometown magazine.

As a little girl, Linna Rapkins used to ride her bike down the country lane on her parents' farm. This year she came home to stay with her mom and dad and say good-bye to her old friends. The young maple trees she and her dad had planted down by the lane so many years ago had grown tall. Spring was passing into summer.

Linna Mae Rapkins was one of the first elder American members to make her Seung Hwa.

She faced her own death with tremendous grace and courage. After a heroic struggle, her body lost the battle against cancer. But she had enough time left to prepare herself, her family and friends for what was to come.

A steady stream of loved ones made the pilgrimage to her parents' beautiful Shenandoah Valley farm last spring and early summer. Her husband and two children were often by her side. Linna spoke of her hopes for them, her successes and things undone, and how she wanted to be remembered. With her closest friends, she

planned the program for her Seung Hwa ceremony.

"Just to be there with Linna in those final days is one of my most precious memories," said her long-time friend and colleague, Betsy Jones. "I felt God wanted me there to teach me something about the invisible world."

Mrs. Jones remembers Linna lying in bed asking, "Can you hear the music?"

"What music?" Mrs. Jones replied.

"I can hear beautiful music," said Linna. "I can feel that there are many people here, gathering to help me make this transition. I can hear them whispering."

"Linna felt she had something to do," Mrs. Jones explained, "that she was needed for something on the other side. This faith allowed her to bravely face the circumstances of leaving her beloved husband, Carl, and her children, Trenor and Kim."

Linna Mae Miller Rapkins was born in Flint, Michigan in 1938 and grew up in a strong Church of the Brethren community in the little farming town of Meyers Cave, Virginia. The Church of the Brethren is an offshoot of the German Anabaptist movement whose members number about a quarter million in the United States. Known as the "Peace Church," the Brethren stress religious community, simplicity and piety.

After graduating from Manchester College in Indiana in 1959, Linna served as a Brethren Volunteer Service worker in Germany for two years. She then began her career in education, teaching the elementary grades in the Virginia school system.

Linna joined the Unification Church in 1967, hearing the Principle together with her cousin Marie in Washington, D.C. Philip Burley, who served as President of the U.S. Church at the time, recalled Linna as a new member with a "self-effacing" yet "courageous" character.

"I remember so well the first sermon Linna gave after she joined," Mr. Burley said. "She spoke on the differences between a hard, crunchy apple and a soft, sweet marshmallow. Being a school teacher and accustomed to show-and-tell, she used a real apple and a real marshmallow to illustrate her point. The sermon was simple but profound. She summed up the differences between a character of strength and a character lacking in strength. It was obvious which one she wanted to be."

"She was also a very devout person," Mr. Burley continued, "not in the outer trappings of religious life, but rather in her efforts to live the Principles to which she had committed her life."

According to Marie (now Mrs. Marie Ang), she and Linna soon received a request from Dr. Young Oon Kim that they pioneer the first Unification Church center in Canada. "During that hot summer of 1968," Mrs. Ang recalled, "we were able to share the Divine Principle with several Canadians, three of whom joined. So Linna quit her regular teaching job back in Virginia and stayed on to lead the Toronto center."

Linna and Carl were married during the international blessing of 43 couples in 1969, making them one of the elect group of the first 13 American couples to be blessed by the True Parents. Carl and Linna worked together to lead the fledgling Canadian church. They were then called to Denver to take over the leadership of the regional church center, which blossomed during their service. It was in Colorado that their two children, Trenor and Kim, were born.

In 1975, the Rapkins moved to Berkeley, where Carl enrolled in San Francisco Theological Seminary to complete his education and Linna helped to organize a Sunday School for Bay Area Unificationist children.

After Carl got his degree, the family moved to Westchester County, New York. Linna, together with Rebecca Salonen, started a kindergarten for blessed children at Gracemere. She also organized a preschool program and kindergarten at Jacob House under the guidance of Mrs. Mal Sook Lee, whose emphasis on Shim Jung education deeply influenced Linna's own reflections. Shim Jung (Heart) Education is the practical teaching tradition emerging from Unification thought and tradition. During this time, Linna was also instrumental in the effort to begin a summer camp program, Camp Sunrise, in the New York area.

Despite her busy schedule as a wife, mother, educator and administrator, Linna was determined to develop her own educational credentials and received her Master's degree in education in 1987.

It was also in 1987 that Linna learned she had cancer. During her ordeal with surgery and chemotherapy, she worked in the Blessed Family Department of the Church's national headquarters in New York City. She organized the Children's Education Department under the direction of Dr. James Baughman and oversaw the exchange program to Korea for middle school students. She also developed a Sunday School manual and helped to set up Unificationist Sunday Schools throughout the United States. She conducted workshops and wrote pioneering documents on the development of Shim Jung



Singing at Linna's Seung Hwa:
(from left) Nora Spurgin, Sandra
Shuhart, Pauline Verheyen, Rebecca
Salonen, Marie Ang, Vivien
Burley, Betsy Jones and Diane
Fernsler.

Education philosophy.

Even as it became clear that she would lose the physical battle against cancer, Linna became more determined to leave a legacy that others could inherit. Completing her radiation therapy and moving to the Washington, D.C. area, where Carl had transferred to work for the *World and I*, Linna continued her writing and reflections on educational subjects until shortly before her death.

Speaking at her Seung Hwa, New Hope Academy founder and principal Mrs. Joy Morrow had this to say about Linna's contribution: "Mrs. Rapkin's document on the theory of Shim Jung or 'heart' education was adopted recently by the members of the National Association of Shim Jung Schools at our conference in California. We consider her writings on the theory of Shim Jung education to be the most complete and significant exploration and development of this new system of education."

Linna's contributions as a Shim Jung educator were by no means limited to the theoretical field. Her work at Gracemere, Jacob House and the church headquarters left a lasting influence on hundreds of children whose lives were richly touched by her work.

Learning she was ill, one of her students, now 17, wrote: "Thank you for all the things you have done for us. Thanks for all the care you gave me, for being the one who taught me things—like how to put on a jacket, to tie my shoes, to read, write and spell, and for listening. I never thought the day would come when I would have to let someone go.... I have so many memories from

things at Jacob House and Gracemere, and when you interviewed us before going to Korea, and how you prepared us. But most of all how you knew each of us personally. You are such an incredible teacher."

According to her friends, Linna's heart was full at the end of her life, having left a lasting legacy and feeling that she had additional important projects waiting for her to accomplish in the spirit world. Even in death, it seemed she continued her tradition of being a pioneer.

Said Mrs. Betsy Jones, "In the spirit of the founding fathers of this country, Linna suffered in many ways, economically, emotional and spiritually, in order to stay at the heart of things. Her dress and circumstances were simple, yet she wore the dignity of being God's daughter.

"I can only thank God for this precious sister, who kept going to bravely face and lead others through their circumstances by looking behind and saying with a smile, 'It's not so bad.' This was always her attitude, even in the most difficult circumstances."

It has been hard for the people whose lives she touched so deeply to let Linna go. Yet their faith in the reality of spirit world gives them confidence that she has gone on, still pioneering, to something better.

Rev. Kevin McCarthy, speaking at Linna's Seung Hwa service, compared the ceremony to a wedding.

"On the wedding day," said the D.C. area pastor, "the Father says good-bye to the daughter who for all her life was only his. In one moment, joy and sorrow encounter each other in one heart. Today, we give Linna away to the ultimate of bridegrooms.... Let our sorrow be washed away by faith that in freely giving her, Linna will, one day, be returned to us in unimaginable splendor, when we join her there."

Hometown – Jan Ota's Last Mission

Jan Ellen Borendome Ota and her husband, Shigeru, made the decision to go to her hometown, Chicago, after Father's July 28, 1991 speech where he commissioned American couples to go to their hometowns as Tribal Mesiahs. In August, they went to Chicago, visited her family and secured an apartment, and Shigeru was able to obtain a job transfer from the travel agency where he worked in New York. On September 13th, they moved to Chicago.

Jan had been fighting cancer for the last three and a half years. In spite of this, she strongly desired to follow God's providence and consequently fundraised to earn the money to go to Czechoslovakia in November of 1990.

She victoriously completed this 40-day International Exchange Program. Her health was declining, but when Father announced the Hometown Providence, Jan and her husband decided to move to Chicago. She desperately wanted to bring unity to her family which had been separated for many years.

On September 23, after spending ten days in her hometown, Jan passed on to the spiritual world. She joyfully left a legacy in her reunited family. At her bedside, her two brothers, who had not met or spoken to each other for seven years, embraced and cried in each other's arms while Jan rejoiced.

At her Seung Hwa Ceremony, both brothers spoke tearfully in their testimonies about their only sister, Jan. "They were united, centering on Jan," says Shigeru. "Jan's desire is fulfilled."



Elaine Okoda's Won Jun Ceremony.

It may have been possible to deny claims of Heung Jin Nim appearances and channeled messages. However, there were two substantial occurrences that demonstrated that the movement meant business about the barriers between the physical and spiritual worlds being broken down.

The first of these was Heung Jin Nim's blessing in marriage with Hoon Sook Pak in February 1984. A Korean spiritualist testified that Heung Jin Nim's only regret, apart from not having served his parents long enough, was that he had not been blessed. The day before he died, Rev. Moon also promised him that he "would have adopted sons, that his tribe would go on." Hoon Sook Nim, Col. Pak's second daughter and an accomplished ballerina, stepped forward to be his bride, "accepting...responsibility to live her entire earthly life for the sake of God and solely for True Parents and her husband in the spirit world." Rev. Moon expressed confidence that her "example of loyalty" would empower members "to overcome...problems in dealing with Satan's attacks." As he expressed it, "What couple could complain at having to endure a forty-day, three-year or even seven-year separation period" when thinking "of the kind of life she is living."

The other substantial occurrence that served to mainstream the church's spiritualist tradition

was the "returning resurrection" of Heung Jin Nim twenty-four hours a day in the body of a young Black Zimbabwean member. According to one account, "In July 1987, in the prayer room in a small house in the middle of Africa, Heung Jin Nim announced to a few members ('second selves' and 'chosen ones,' he calls them) that he would begin his activities on earth in the heart of Africa." This represented a decisive new phase beyond communicating "through a medium's voice or by automatic writing." Within a short period, Heung Jin Nim in his fully embodied form gained acceptance from Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, Executive Director of the movement's World Mission Department. Rev. Kwak utilized his monthly "Letter from the Publisher" column in *Today's World* to describe the phenomenon and offer guidance to the worldwide membership. According to Rev. Kwak, "Our movement has absolutely needed the kind of personal assistance he has been providing." He cautioned members against trying to question Heung Jin Nim "about your former experience together" as "many small



Hoon Sook with her father,
Dr. Bo Hi Pak, at her
Blessing



*At the New York Conference,
November, 1987*

details of our experience on earth are unneeded and forgotten when we go to the spirit world."

By January 1988, working at what one account described as "an incredible pace," Heung Jin Nim in his new form conducted four special three-day conferences in Africa, then successive conferences in Greece, Thailand, Columbia, Argentina, France, England, America and the Far East. The conferences were intense. After singing, prayer, testimonies and a short introductory talk by Heung Jin Nim, each began with individual confessions. With as many as 800 or more members present, this could take hours, with those present exhorted to pray or sing holy songs for each other the entire time. Once this was finished, Heung Jin Nim offered extensive commentary on the Principle and its application, including accounts of his direct experience with Biblical figures in the spirit world. Sometimes, these commentaries were accentuated "through dramatic role-playing, by calling upon people in the audience to take part in the scenes he directed." These lectures, punctuated by songs and testimonies or sometimes lively jumping and marching, also took hours, and there was no provision for sleep during the three days. Food also was not a problem since most members were placed on fasting conditions following their confessions. Heung Jin Nim showed special concern for infertile couples and called for couples willing to give birth to a child for

them to adopt. There were “tears streaming from many eyes” as “the giving and receiving couples embraced with deep emotion.” At the close of each conference, “participants were given a detailed schedule for their...lives of devotion and attendance,” including time for morning and evening prayers and for study and discussion of the Principle. Many members experienced personal liberation. Public confession or confession with one’s spouse was a prominent feature of “Black” Heung Jin Nim’s conferences. They could unburden themselves of deeply-held secrets and “separate from Satan.” Within an intensely supportive environment, they could repent, make restitution as needed, and have a “second chance” to become pure. Others achieved levels of spiritual intimacy which had been lacking.

Heung Jin Nim conducted three conferences in the U.S.: at the World Mission Center in Manhattan, at the Washington, D.C. church, and at a church workshop site in the San Francisco Bay Area. These were attended by approximately 800 members each. He also conducted a smaller session at the church’s seminary at Barrytown, New York and several more private sessions. Most importantly, he met Rev. and Mrs. Moon and appeared to gain their sanction. According to one description, he “ran over to Father and practically jumped into his arms, saying ‘Father! Father!’ Then he embraced Mother tightly, crying, ‘Mother! Mother!’ ” At the beginning of the New York conference, Hyo Jin Nim Moon, Heung Jin Nim’s elder brother, spoke in tears, stating, “I have the most reason to be skeptical, but now I know it’s my brother. Please receive him.”

These conferences and the accompanying worldwide tour consummated the Heung Jin Nim revival but also terminated it. By summer 1988, Rev. Moon directed Heung Jin Nin’s embodiment to return to Africa, an order that he disobeyed. At this point, there was a consensus that Heung Jin Nim’s spirit had left the embodiment and an evil spirit had taken over. The reasons for this reversal were complex, but the basic problem was “Black” Heung Jin Nim’s violent treatment of those he believed were not truly following True Parents, a situation that he found intolerable and for which he held the leadership responsible. In addition, reports emerged of his entering European churches on holy days and leaping onto altars for loud prayers, followed by group cheers and hasty exits. Some of this leaked to the press and became a source of embarrassment. In sum, even by the permissive standards applied to one regarded to be a member of the True Family, his excesses became too much for the movement to tolerate.

Once rejected, Black Heung Jin Nim deviated further. He sent a flurry of faxes to church centers denouncing the “evil Kwak” for misrepresenting his work to True Parents. Eventually, he turned against Rev. Moon. There was a reported book-burning of *Divine Principle* in Zimbabwe, and the former embodiment, who resumed using his original name, Clophas, traveled to Japan where he attacked the church in several interviews. He later impregnated and had a child by the wife of the church’s Japanese missionary to Zimbabwe. He also began his own sect, drawing out with him the bulk of the church’s Zimbabwean membership, eighty or so members.

The Love of the Second Generation

David Hose

In June 1986 I became a staff member on the ICC seminars to Japan and Korea. Just before I came on the staff, I had reached a point of real dryness in my life. I was feeling that my love channel was cut off, that I was just going through the motions in my work. When I got the mission to come to Japan and Korea, I thought, "Okay, another new mission. I will try to do my best."

But when I came to the Orient, everything exploded like a bomb, and I started to feel a tremendous need for inner healing, as if I were a little baby. This is no doubt fitting, because providentially America is in the child's position, and Japan and Korea are in the parents' position. I felt like I was coming home to my mother and father.

Externally my mission was to be the leader of the ICC seminars, but internally I felt as if I were a little baby lying on the floor, completely helpless. In front of those 200 ministers I appeared fine and took care of everything very well, but then I would go back to my room and fall apart.

After four months of leading these conferences, I finally realized clearly that God wanted to heal a lot of things inside of me. He wanted my heart to become as big as my mission. When you get to be over 40 years old, you start to think differently than when you were 20 or 30. You think, "Well, I have this mission and these responsibilities, but what about my inner self, my internal status?" I started to think that I would rather be a sincere, loving dishwasher than an insincere president.

Not long after that, the ICC staff members started having experiences with Heung Jin Nim. Since that time, my life has completely changed. I realized that my love or my effort alone was not enough to solve the problems I was having in my marriage, my mission and in my life. I want to give tremendous credit to Heung Jin Nim for helping me so profoundly to resolve these very deep questions in my heart and experience what love really is.

The first night I had an experience with Heung Jin Nim I was in Korea. He was speaking through a medium in the hotel room of another director of the ICC, and I was invited to join the people in that room. The minute I came in and sat down on the bed, Heung Jin Nim said

to me, "You have such a beautiful family." And he literally embraced me. Of course, Heung Jin Nim is not physical, but I felt his deep, close personal embrace. I was so shocked that I burst out in tears, because I could feel the reality of that love so close to me. Through this experience I could genuinely feel that God loves me! And also that God knows me! He knows everything about my life down to the finest detail. That is true love.

Through Heung Jin Nim I believe God wants to liberate all the pain and hurt we have carried with us—our lack of confidence and our failure to really know that "God loves me." God wants to liberate all these things from our hearts so that we can go forward, because as long as we keep those feelings of hurt or lack of love inside us, we harbor such a low opinion of ourselves. It is unfortunately very true that if you cannot love yourself, you cannot love True Parents, and you cannot love God.

Particularly in the last few months I have been realizing how much Heung Jin Nim has achieved. He is called "Lord Heung Jin Nim" in the spirit world, but at the same time, he is a close brother to me, like the closest friend I have. Through my relationship with him, I am starting to learn how to love my True Parents for the first time, and also how to love my wife and my brothers and sisters more deeply. Love carries us beyond position and beyond institutional structure. It melts everything and everyone down into one.

I have gone past my 40th year now, and I can testify that the heart is everything. Not position, not organization, but heart. Of course we need organization. But without hearts that are open and able to be shared, that organization becomes very cold.

It is not really the spiritual world that we are talking about; it is the true heart of one brother who is very real and who sacrificed his life for True Parents and us. I don't believe these experiences of love should just end with Heung Jin Nim. I think he wants us to develop that depth of love for each other. Heart is everything.

Black Heung Jin Nim's apostasy had little impact in the United States, where apparently he was no longer free to enter the country. However, members were confused. Many members had faith- and life-transforming experiences through his conferences. It was important to preserve the legitimacy of these while distancing the church from the more bizarre aberrations. The official position was that the initial appearances were authentic. Heung Jin Nim really was fully present and his forgiveness was real. At some later point, after he had left the U.S., Heung Jin Nim departed his embodiment. This satisfied most. However, some voiced dissatisfaction and requested clarification about restrictions Heung Jin Nim had placed on sexual expression within marriage. Despite his later deviation, Black Heung Jin Nim consistently took a puritanical line. This took several years to resolve in favor of more open expression and was only one area of ambiguity.

Beyond individual and family considerations, a key issue was the place of spiritual phenomena in the Unification tradition. The Heung Jin Nim revival clearly was over. After 1988, there was little evidence of active channeling and several copy-cat embodiments were not credible. There was a short-lived episode in Malaysia, but in the U.S., several Heung Jin Nim "wanna-be's" were regarded as deluded pretenders. However, this did not mean that the role of those with charismatic and spiritual gifts had ended or was even diminished. The place of spiritual phenomena within the tradition was too longstanding and pervasive for that. Rev. Moon did not back off from pronouncements that the barriers between the spiritual and physical worlds were broken, and in the mid- and late '90s, the movement was impacted by a fresh spiritual revival of even broader scope, though more controlled than the Heung Jin Nim revival of the 1980s.

Registering Tribal Messiahs

During this period the movement desired to increase its membership base, but had yet to hit upon a viable recruitment strategy, especially in the West. Between 1978-83, Rev. Moon "spoke about home church and nothing else." After that, there was a "total mobilization" of members on IOWC teams for three years, from 1983-86. They were mobilized for the CAUSA signature drive in 1986 and for the ICC minister providence in 1987-88. In late 1988, Rev. Moon re-introduced the home church providence, but in a new form. Based on his triumphant return to Korea and recognition by the Nampyung Moon Clan, he asked that members return to their hometowns as "tribal messiahs" and work in a similar fashion to win their relatives. This also was in accordance with the period's dominant theme of "settlement in Canaan."

The situation was complicated in that American members were simultaneously asked to undertake a worldwide pioneer witnessing condition to evangelize for extended periods in foreign countries over a twelve-year period. In addition, they were asked to assist in the massive C.I.S. workshops. Nevertheless,

Rev. Moon asked all members to register as tribal messiahs in 1991. Many families pulled up stakes and relocated to their hometowns. Unlike in Korea, where there still was an extensive village culture as well as clan and lineage-based associations, many American members whose families were scattered in every direction were unsure of precisely where their hometowns were. The vastness of America also contributed to couples and families becoming isolated. In Korea, church couples presumably could maintain a residence in Seoul while working with their families and relatives on weekends or during vacations. Or, if they relocated to their hometown, the country was small enough that they could still fellowship with members at worship services or other occasions. However, in America, couples might live two or three hours away from the next church family. Or there might be five or six families in a state. In many cases, with young families and inadequate incomes, tribal messiahs faced major challenges.

The American movement between 1985-92 found itself in a bifurcated situation. Through *The Washington Times*, the World Media Association, CAUSA USA, the Summit Council for World Peace, AULA, International Leadership Seminars, the Professors World Peace Academy, ICUS, the Universal Ballet, the Assembly of the World's Religions and numerous other organizations, it gained access to and interacted with leaders at the highest levels. At the same time, the movement's grassroots base was underdeveloped. This created a somewhat top-heavy organization. However, it was consistent with Rev. Moon's "1:3:10" principle whereby the movement spent three times as much on ecumenical and interreligious work than for its own support and ten times as much on social projects. In other words, the movement intentionally allocated only one-fourteenth of its budget for self-support and maintenance functions. This also was consistent with Rev. Moon's intention not to create a new religious denomination but to transform the world. It was this determination more than anything else that propelled the movement forward into the next phase of its development.

The Honorable Marjorie B.

Hometown magazine was published in 1993. This testimony of the power of one woman appeared in Issue 3 of that year.

Marjorie Buessing had a secret ambition. She wanted to run for political office. Not even her closest friends suspected that within the compact, 4' 10" frame of this energetic mother of four beat the heart of a future stateswoman.

Who could have guessed that she would even have time to fulfill the duties of a busy New Hampshire citizen legislator, what with driving 8-year-old Mapolo to baseball, 6-year-old Li to T-ball, 4-year-old Alex to preschool and her 10-year-old daughter Marric (pronounced Marique) to violin lessons, ballet, dance and track? Not to mention the kids' swimming lessons, serving on the Parent-Teachers' Organization (PTO) board, reading poetry two days a week at the school, supporting her husband in his work as ACC Regional Consultant, doing volunteer work for the Concord County Women's Club, being active in her church, doing the cooking, cleaning, shopping, laundry, trips to the doctor, and the countless other tasks routinely performed by moms everywhere in America.

In many ways, Marjorie Buessing was as unlikely a candidate to run for political office as you could imagine. Except for one thing: her character. Words like dynamo, determined, disarming, daring and indefatigable only begin to describe the winning qualities of this petite powerhouse of a woman.

It was on a spring day back in April 1992 that Marjorie's call finally came. ACC President Michael Smith remembers it this way: "We were sitting around at a barbecue in the backyard of Richard and Marjorie's house. Marjorie was wearing old blue jeans and a green T-shirt. The guys and I were brainstorming about values in the political process, and the discussion led to whether any of us was qualified to run for office himself.

"Then a thought struck me. I had just been sharing with Marjorie some of Mother's words that had really moved me, about this being the Age of Women and how women need to take the lead in restoring moral values in society. I turned to Marjorie and said, 'Hey Marjorie! Why don't you run?'

"Her response came in a flash. She didn't even have to think about it. Right from her chair, she jumped about three feet off the ground—just like the lady in the Toyota commercial—and shouted: 'YES! YES!! YES!!!'"

The next thing she knew, Marjorie had changed from her jeans into a jazzy spring dress and was being whisked out the door by State Representative and fellow UC member Bob Ouellette to meet the big shots at a political fundraiser. Her husband, Richard, stood silently watching her leave, as he took in the mountainous stacks of dirty dishes that awaited him. He, too, remembers that day.

"Mr. Mom!" the ACC brothers pointed and laughed in unrehearsed unison, "Mr. Mom!!" *Hometown [magazine]* has been unable to determine with certainty whether any of them stayed to help with the dishes.

The next Thursday, after doing some research, Marjorie called the incumbent State Representative for her district, Gerald Smith. She asked him why he had not yet registered to run again, and discovered that he wanted to retire and was hoping that a younger person would take up the task. If no one stepped forward, he said, he'd have to run himself to keep the liberals from taking the seat.

They had tea the following morning. "I had a myriad of questions for him," Marjorie recalls, "and Smitty wanted to make sure I had the kind of values he was looking for, too." By the time they had finished their tea, the 16-year veteran of the New Hampshire legislature asked Marjorie to run for his seat and promised to enthusiastically support her.

A glance through Marjorie's "1992 Country Calendar and Planning Guide" reveals how dramatically her life changed over the following weeks. In the week of June 14, for example, things still seem pretty normal. She takes Mapolo to a gymnastics awards ceremony, reads poetry at the school, drives Li to his final T-ball game for the season, takes Mapolo to the doctor, has her hair cut and permed, gets photos taken for literature, recruits some friends to help on the campaign.

During the month of July, the campaign begins to assume a larger role in her life. One discovers the following calendar entries among the birthday parties, swim lessons, Fourth of July picnics, and doctors' appointments: "July 2 - Met with Bob Ouellette and Wayne about campaign. Literature and signs and ideas...July 8 -

lunch with State House leaders...July 13—Meeting at Merrimack High. State Board of Ed. proposing to eliminate all minimum standards for schools. Big outcry, esp. from NEA.... July 14—Rev. Kim wants to take me to see Father and Mother. I said only after Nov. 3...July 20—sign locations. I average two new votes per visit to the pool!!!"



Richard and Marjorie and their children

In fact, the pool proves to be a most fertile recruiting ground. With four kids and staggered lesson times, she is sometimes there three times a day. Everyone already knows her from previous years, just as they do at the PTO, the school, the women's club, Lamplighters and the library. Most people promise to vote for her and many volunteer to put up her signs in their yards. As a result, Marjorie, a Republican, actually ends up with her signs posted on more Democratic lawns than Republican ones.

In August, Marjorie's calendar is beginning to get

thick with campaign-related entries: Friends in her district invite her over to meet their neighbors. She talks with education leaders about school board issues. Richard goes to D.C. for an ACC conference. The children come down with a fever. She parlays with the AARP and other local groups about their legislative concerns. Her opponent, a veteran politico named J. Wilcox

Brown, calls and asks to come over to meet her. She tells him the kids are sick; maybe next week. After checking with her advisors, she goes with Marjorie to meet Mr. Brown and take his measure. He is 77, moderate and has lots of connections, but she figures she can out-campaign him.

By September, Marjorie has gotten down to serious, pavement-pounding business. She starts the month putting up campaign signs throughout the neighborhood. She campaigns door-to-door nearly every day with Marjorie, averaging almost four hours per day. She visits the Secretary of State and Republican Party Headquarters. In the primary, where both she and Mr. Brown run unopposed, she gets a glimpse of the possibility of victory as she outpolls him by more than 100 votes. She sets up speaking engagements and meetings to gain endorsements. Everywhere she goes—shopping, birthday parties, meetings, the pool, the bank, school—people ask about the race.

In October, with the election just a few days away, the inevitable crisis of faith rears its ugly head. In a key debate with her opponent, Marjorie faces an opposition-packed audience and a "set-up" question about campaign financing. Halloween goblins destroy many strategic campaign signs. Richard gets tied up on Church business again, just when she feels she needs him most. Meanwhile, Bush and the Republicans appear frozen in their tracks. Anyone thinking of riding the G.O.P. gravy train to victory is liable to be left out in the cold, especially in the chilly wilds of New Hampshire. Marjorie nears the end of her rope. Her diary bemoans her desperate situation: "Does Mother feel like this? Where is Richard? Why am I doing this? I have no husband."

It turns out that the kids save the day. In between

Halloween parties and trick or treats, they help put out a crucial sample ballot mailing. "If we couldn't get the mailing out by Monday," Marjorie explains, "the whole thing would be useless." Marric folds, Mapolo stuffs, Li sticks and Marjorie labels until way past their normal bedtimes. Even four-year-old Alex learns the fine art of sponging and sealing the envelopes. Richard returns in the nick of time and says, "We pulled an all-nighter and dropped the mailing just in time for the voters to get the sample ballots the day before the election."

Marjorie has now regained her determination. She's dead tired, but she replaces the lost signs and even puts up new ones in additional locations. She spends 12 hours on election day outside the polls in near-freezing weather. Scores of people stop to thank her for the sample ballots. Friends bring hot chocolate and good cheer.

Finally the big night has come. Both Marjorie and Mr. Brown, her opponent, attend the vote counting. Votes for the national offices are tabulated first. Things don't look good for the Republicans, and Marjorie can't help but be worried. Clinton wins her district by a landslide. The liberal State Senate candidate easily rides his coattails to victory. Dick Swett, another member of her opponent's party, breezes to a win in the Congressional race.

J. Wilcox Brown breathes easy. A friend turns to Marjorie and asks, "How do you feel?" She answers, "Tired. I've been on my feet in the cold all day!"

"I mean about the race," her friend replies. "Oh," Marjorie sighs. "I feel fine. I did my best. The rest is up to the voters."

The moment draws near. The votes for the office of State Representative for Merrimack District 23, Concord Ward 10 are about to be announced.

And the winner, with a solid 65 percent of the vote, is.....Marjorie Buessing.

She returns home late that night to find her kids in their pajamas, still up and waiting for her. "You did it!" she tells them. "Your mailing made the difference!" They jump all over her. She collapses to the couch as they smother her with hugs and shower her with kisses.

Marjorie was sworn in as a member of the New Hampshire General Court, or lower legislative house, on December 2, 1992.

"It was a real honor," she recalls. "I felt a real sense of responsibility to my voters. It's a duty I do not take

lightly at all. Every session, we begin with a prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance. I like that. It helps us all remember our responsibility to God and to the people we represent."

Marjorie confesses to a sense of pride about her work in America's largest state legislature. "With 400 members, we're actually number three in the world," Marjorie explains, "right behind the U.S Congress and the House of Commons."

In talking to her now, one is struck by the transformation that has occurred. Last year, when Michael Smith and this reporter visited New Hampshire early in her campaign, Marjorie was an eager novice at the political game, hungering for information. Today she's a veteran who knows the ropes. The legislative session in New Hampshire is one of the longest in the country, running from the first week in January through June 30. Committee work, however, begins in September.

Beyond her State House duties, Marjorie's office also makes her an ex-officio member of the Concord County Delegation, similar to a county Board of Supervisors in other jurisdictions. In that capacity, she deals with county tax and policy issues and oversees the local prison system from her seat on the County Corrections Committee. She spends Mondays and Fridays working for the county and Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at the State House. For all this, she receives the generous sum of \$100 per year!

How have her husband and family fared through it all? "Richard has had to go through quite an adjustment," she admits. "When we saw Father after the speech in Boston, he told Richard, 'Now you have to follow her!' Of course, Father was kidding, and Richard smiled, but...."

Asked about the secret of her success, she opines: "It's because of our practice of the Headwing philosophy, and all the things Father has taught us over the years. Be respectful. Listen to everybody. Seek harmony and consensus, but never yield on matters of principle."

Marjorie had a chance to meet Father after his recent speech in Boston. "I had to rush to the meeting," she recalls. "You know how it is. I didn't even have time to pray, and I felt unprepared. After I was introduced, Father said, 'You've been busy, haven't you?' Then he looked at me and said, 'Don't pray, just work hard.' It was one of those moments."

Marjorie also has some advice for others considering a run for public office: "Begin by serving unconditionally. I didn't win just through my campaign. For three years, I worked on the PTO board, Lamplighters, community service, volunteering at school. I didn't know I'd even be running. But I knew that service was the way to victory in Home Church. By serving you become a leader naturally."

If you're wondering about Richard, he's still wearing that grin. "I'm really proud of Marjorie," he says, "and the kids are too." He took on the responsibility of co-ordinating Father and Mother's speeches in his region this year, plus his night job and the kids. "It's been a little stressful," he admits, "but the kids have been pretty understanding and Marjorie and I always find a way."

As for Marjorie, she couldn't be happier about Richard's contribution to her success. "I don't think there's another person anywhere that would put up with this situation," she exclaims. "He really supports me. I think I have the most wonderful husband in the world."

What does the future hold? "I don't know," Marjorie allows. "I'm here working hard for at least another year. People are approaching me to run for the Senate already. That means five days a week at the State House and still just a \$100 per year."

"I can't do it yet. Not unless something else changes," she laments. "The bathroom needs cleaning!"

And so we leave her on the horns of a dilemma, caught in a chasm between New Hampshire politics and a messy house...the Honorable Marjorie Buessing.

To America's Heartland

Richard Karnowski

When the direction concerning the Hometown providence first came in the spring of this year, my wife and I called my parents to arrange a visit home in August when the Karnowski family has its annual reunion. My mission has been at the Seminary in Barrytown since April of 1988, in the financial office. Because of the importance of the Seminary and the lack of staff in the financial office, I did not see how I could possibly go to Kansas for the hometown providence. I did not have such a good relationship with my father, so I was not looking forward to this new direction. My wife and I, however, wanted to at least make our best effort to unite with Father.

I come from a very large family, the eighth of sixteen children; fourteen still alive. There were no multiple births and we all have the same father and mother—both still alive, still together and still very much in love.

Suddenly, after July first, there were several significant changes. First, the head of the financial office at UTS, who was working outside to get her CPA license, offered to come back to the office to work full-time until her baby was born. Then Dr. David S.C. Kim, the president and spiritual leader of the seminary, told me that I was not needed at the seminary now; I was able to go to my hometown. When I called my mother to tell her that we would be coming to the reunion, she said that we could stay with her and my father. My wife, our four children and I prayed for some miracle for the sake of our whole lineage, so that I could improve my relationship with my father.

We arrived safely and were warmly greeted by my parents. My younger sister was there also. She guided the conversation to the stormy relationship between my father and I. Then I opened up my heart, speaking clearly about my experiences over the last seventeen years in the Unification movement, and how they had helped me to work through many of the internal barriers I had encountered and that my difficult relationship with my father had a significant influence on my relationship with leaders in the movement. My younger brother had told



me on several occasions to treat my father as a person rather than as this concept I had of "Dad." I went on to say that I hoped that my father would do the same and treat me as a person rather than as the boy "Richard" they knew twenty years ago. My mother became all teary-eyed. My father said, "Let's go." So I went with him. I didn't ask him where we were going or what we were going to do. I just went with him.

Well, I found my father to be a really neat person. Wherever we went people knew him and treated him like he was a celebrity. I discovered that he was very respected by the people he met and I could see why. Here was a man who lived his convictions, and what very strong convictions they are! He is a very strong and tough man who has endured countless hardships. I remember when he used to go campaigning for Senator. I was only a child then and had only ridden in the car. But, most of the people not only remembered him but had maintained some type of relationship with him over the years. We talked a lot about philosophy and the problems of the world.

Somewhere along the way Dad found himself in his son, Richard, and he liked what he found.

With such a big barrier overcome, my wife and I started thinking seriously about staying in my hometown. After searching for housing for several days, my father called my older brother and we went to look at his farm. He had bought it five years ago, spent one year renovating the house, and then recently bought another house, moving off of the farm. It had been vacant for most of the year. Barbara and I just loved it and my brother said we could stay there as long as we wanted. The gates of heaven were opening up and hometown was not only beckoning to us but was embracing us with open arms.

My older brother offered me a good-paying job so I could provide for my family. He said to start as soon as I want and work as long as I want. I contacted a local law school since I had been studying law before joining the church and though I might be able to take it up again. The school sent the necessary documentation to get me enrolled by next September. Barbara decided to stay in Kansas. As I boarded the bus back to UTS to break the news to the people there.

My biggest worry was breaking the lease on our apartment. It was rented until next February, and I would lose the deposit as well as cause bad feelings if I just packed up and left. When I told my landlady she said that she didn't blame Barbara at all. I promised to do my best to try to find a new tenant. Within a week the apartment was rented. That problem was solved. I then packed up an old van with some of our things, loaded up an old truck with my tools, hooked it up behind the van and headed back to Kansas. Most people said the van wouldn't make the 1,400 mile trip...but it did. And then I drove the van back through Chicago to New York again. It is loaded now and ready to go back to Kansas again.

So much has happened since I started to plan to go to hometown that I felt I had to write it down and share it with brothers and sisters so that everyone will make the effort and let our Heavenly Father work.

The Homeless in Madrid

Cynthia Edwards

When I was six years old, my family moved from our hometown in New York to Madrid, because of my father's business. We stayed for three years. Thirty years later, I traveled again to Madrid, this time to do the business of my Father in Heaven. I celebrated my sixth "spiritual" birthday in that city. Oh, yes—and I stayed for three weeks.

Coincidences of this order are not rare in a life of faith. I had to believe God's hand was genuinely in the lottery that assigned the volunteers in my church to a foreign mission country. But even while I was admiring God's modus operandi, I struggled with the idea of going to a civilized Western capital, when I had longed all my adult life to do "real" missionary work in the Third World.

God came to my rescue by giving me a new understanding. One drizzly, cold November day as I was driving through the streets of southeast Washington, D.C., pondering how to approach my overseas mission, my eyes were drawn to a homeless old man in a bright pink blanket, trying to sleep in a bus shelter. In the instant I looked at him, he looked up at me, directly into my eyes. I parked the car, put some money in my coat pocket, and approached this greasy stranger. I removed my coat and tucked it around his shoulders the way I tuck blankets around my little boy at night. As I did, I felt my heart swell with the same mother's love, and tears coursed down my cheeks.

So there it was. Great need exists even in the heart of the most advanced cities of the world. Since our pastor had asked us to go to our country as servant of servants (the position Jesus took when he washed the feet of his disciples), I decided I would serve the street people of Madrid. From this point of internal departure, the rest of my plans fell easily into place. I found a soup kitchen in Madrid run by the Missionaries of Charity, and I wrote to say I would be joining them.

The Missionaries of Charity are Mother Teresa of Calcutta's heroic sisters. They devote themselves to serving the presence of Christ in his "distressing disguise" as the poorest of the poor. For me it was the fulfillment of a

long-held dream to work beside them. By following my inspiration, I found the soup kitchen run by the "Indian sisters" in the famous blue-and-white sari.

Situated on the Ronda de Segovia in the shadow of the Royal Palace, every afternoon an average of 200 poor or homeless people gathered at the *comedor* (dining room) for a free meal, and to receive the other nourishment of God's love, meted out generously by the nuns and their dedicated co-workers. My first job, given to me minutes after arriving at the bustling soup kitchen, was to chop up hairy pigs' trotters for the stew. I regret to report that at that moment, I felt that it was truly more blessed to give than to receive.

But after a few days' experience I realized that the menu was generally delicious and healthful, albeit based haphazardly on donated foodstuffs. I became expert at preparing bucketsful of potatoes, stacks of cookies, and laden platters of sliced chorizo (sausage). After the meal I helped clean the kitchen, dining room and eating utensils with large quantities of bleach. A young priest remarked candidly, as we rolled up our sleeves to hand-wash 230 plates after Christmas Eve supper, that disinfectant is the most heavenly perfume you can wear after being among the street people.

The high point of my day, every day in Madrid, was that one blessed hour in which I helped serve the dinner. In this moment I felt the closest to the saints who served the poor and sick. Now I know the smells their nostrils have been filled with, sharing a room with people who had no facility for washing. I know what it is to give fresh clothes to a man whose shirt and pants are covered in blood, judging only his need, and not his worth.

The poor people sat at long tables and we, the volunteers, served them as in a family restaurant. The nuns reserved the right to hand out the bread, as bread has a spiritual significance beyond its belly-filling properties. I felt God's love flow through me as I poured a cup of water or filled a plate with second portions, and served it with as much love and care as if I were serving Our Lord himself. I received joy that lifted me up until I felt light as a feather when an old Portuguese seaman mumbled, "*Gracias, bonita*" ("thanks") as I passed by with the kettle of hot chocolate.

Mother Teresa said, "Only in heaven will we see how much we owe to the poor for helping us to love God better because of them." Amen, Mother Teresa.

Everyday Living is a Challenge in India

Marie Ang, New Delhi, India

During the course of a business conversation at headquarters, I heard my friend casually say, "And would you like to know your chosen city for the 40-day witnessing condition?" I eagerly said, "Yes!" and then quickly, internally, braced myself!

"Delhi, India" came the reply.

INDIA! What a surprise. Both before and after joining the Church, I had desired to travel and work in other countries, but somehow India was never a country that beckoned to me.

Although the actuality of going to this far-away land at first seemed very difficult, I felt deep in my heart that I must go, no matter what. With the support of my husband and children, I proceeded to make preparations. Even my physical father, who was somewhat surprised, said to me, "Well, we know you are in God's hands."

After some briefing from long-time missionaries to India, Robert and Theresa Kittel, I packed my bags, filling up the last bit of space with warm used clothing that could be given away, and was on my way.

The plane arrived in the airport in the early morning hours and I was happy to be welcomed by David McLackland, the husband of the new Regional Director for the South Asia region.

Welcome to India!

We piled into a taxi and headed for the center. After just a short distance, the engine sputtered and died. The taxi driver lit a match to check the fuel gauge which must have been on empty, as he flagged down another taxi and borrowed a bottle of petrol from him. We continued on to the nearest gas station, most of the time without headlights in order to economize on gas or something! A shortcut to the gas station meant going the wrong way on a divided street, with headlights coming towards us and horns honking! I got out a traffic complaint card and started waving it around, even though no one could see it in the dark, and knew that only by God's grace would we ever make it to the center. David, luckily, kept his composure, saying with a chuckle, "Welcome to India!"

That evening, David and his wife Ursela, were invit-

ed to a reception at the Soviet Embassy to celebrate the anniversary of the "Glorious Revolution." I went with them and joined in the festivities there, shaking hands with the Soviet ambassador to India.

Thus began a very interesting pioneer experience. Probably the first realization I had was how much pioneering had already taken place, and the many difficulties the missionaries must have faced. In addition, there are such a myriad of details that one automatically deals with in everyday life, but which are complicated by being a foreigner.

Secondly, as a foreigner, and especially as a woman alone, I received many stares in what appeared to be a man's world. As I write this, I have been in Delhi for almost 40 days—during this time having gotten used to the stares—and have met many warmly hospitable Indian families. As I go door to door, inviting people to our German language class, or just over to the center, I am often invited in for tea, which gives opportunities for more conversation. It is always a challenge to know what to say to touch the hearts of these people whose religions are not so familiar, but it's quite easy to have friendly conversation.

Since I arrived here, the McLacklands found a larger house that will accommodate their family plus a Japanese family and a video center, so we moved! They had worked in Thailand where video centers have been very effective in conveying our message. Entertaining films such as "Oh God" and Biblical movies also drew much attention. The Indian people love videos, so we have great hope for this medium here.

It has been almost overwhelming for me to see the many problems in a developing country, and to fight the anger and tears that overcome one at times at seeing the difficulties of the suffering multitudes. (The population in India is increasing by one million per month!) Working here has also been inspiring and I feel I'm receiving so much more than I am able to give; I am very grateful to God and True Parents for this experience. I pray that this very small condition can help in some way to bring this nation and the world one step closer to restoration and help relieve God's suffering heart.

Planting Seeds in Lithuania

Joy Pople

A van-load of American Unification Church members arrive in Anykcsiai, Lithuania, the headquarters of about 20 sites offering seminars during the summer of 1991 on the teachings of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, founder of the Unification Church. Most of my traveling companions are sent out to other workshop sites. I will be spending much of August here at a rest-camp in the pine woods of central Lithuania.

In a few hours about 200 teachers will be arriving by train from Moscow for a ten-day seminar. John, Celeste and Linda, who have been living in Russia for a number of months, are leading the seminar. Mohammad, who came on the plane with me, runs an import business in New York and helped staff seminars in America for Muslim leaders. (He will put into perspective the challenges we face.) Two other Americans will be group leaders. A Russian student, Helen, will translate the lectures.

Newly arrived at this site, none of us envisions the difficulties we will face with the imminent arrival of a couple hundred non English-speaking guests. Sometimes it is better not to know what awaits us.

The evening is calm. On the walkway I meet Tony, who is coordinating programs at twenty camps in the Baltics. He suggests that I walk down to the river. The guests arrive and eat dinner. Alla, a Russian girl hired to help with logistics at this camp, is assigning participants to rooms. Upstairs I find my roommate, Natasha, an English student from Nizhni-Novgorod, who will help translate for a few days. Lectures cover the nature of God and creation, God's ideal for the family and society, the purpose of our life, the principles of spiritual growth and development, what went wrong in the first human family, the purpose of the Messiah's coming, and God's work throughout history to restore the world back to His ideal.

Our hope is that people will consider the possibility of the existence of a Creator and eventually open their hearts to God as our Heavenly Father. As St. Augustine said, there is a God-shaped emptiness within each of us that is not satisfied until it is filled with our Creator. A God-centered worldview is very different from what peo-

ple were taught under communism, and people examine new concepts cautiously. As teachers or parents, participants are concerned about the future of their nation and want to be able to offer some hope to the next generation. Some people skip lectures, while others come early and sit in the front row with shining eyes.

There are two morning lectures, with a tea break in the middle. The main meal of the day is at 1:30 pm, followed by free time. Lectures resume at 5:00. Supper is at 7:30, followed by an evening activity. After lectures there is generally time for discussion. Staff members see each other in the morning, after the evening program, and sometimes for coffee in the afternoon.

We are teaching high ideals, and we are determined to persist in serving, giving, listening and praying that some of the participants will grasp the vision as well. Russians are skeptical about ideals, and they challenge us at every step.

John wants to assign participants to discussion groups and find English-speaking Russians to help us lead group activities. Only three people volunteer, and they are asked to collect a list of people they would like to have in their groups. Even Helen and Natasha have difficulty deciphering the handwriting. We compare lists to eliminate duplicates. By now two days have passed.

I am a group leader, and 40 people flock around me. One person has discovered an amphitheater, and we follow her down a path. I ask for volunteers to help facilitate communication. Finally I have three assistants, none of whom speak English. My roommate, Natasha, interprets for me for several days until she returns to her hometown, but since she appears insecure people don't stop talking when she translates. At least the rest of our staff have English-speaking people in their groups.

There is one word which sends shivers up our spines: tickets. Unfortunately, it is announced halfway through the seminar that arrangements for return transportation to Moscow have not yet been finalized. Anxiety over their return begins to dominate the thinking of many people. After every lecture, they ask about tickets. John tries valiantly to allay fears. Sometimes whole trains are rented, and an ingenious American named Brian has to negotiate track time through each station. The best schedule he could negotiate for our participants means arriving in Moscow a little after midnight, when public transportation is unavailable.

In spite of the intermittent uproar, both staff and participants have deep experiences during our ten days together. Some of the morning prayer services move staff and participants alike to tears. Between the departure of the first group and the arrival of the second group of 210 teachers and students, we have about ten hours to prepare. John and Celeste go to other seminar sites; Jim, Mohammad and I stay on and welcome new staff. We thoroughly clean the lecture hall, to create a fresh atmosphere.

Tom joins us as coordinator. Being tone deaf doesn't stop him from trying to teach two little boys to sing "Yankee Doodle" with him for evening entertainment. He's confident we can work together. Louise transfers here from another camp; a mother of four children and manager of a store, this is her vacation. New group leaders include Susan, who is taking a break from studying for the Massachusetts bar exam, Marius and Nick. Two enthusiastic Lithuanian girls take charge of logistics.

Considering the shortage of translators, we have panel discussions after lectures during the second seminar. These question and answer sessions are fascinating. Very stimulating and insightful questions are posed. Scientifically-minded participants challenge attempts to correlate science with a God-centered worldview, demanding clarification and precision of detail. For instance, did life develop as a result of random mutation and the survival of the fittest, or did God direct the process? People would like to believe in God, but they insist that everything be precise and logical. If the possibility of a spiritual dimension is acknowledged, how does it relate to the physical? There is a lot of interest in reincarnation and UFOs. Moral issues cannot be passed off with a casual answer; for example, one person asked what should be their attitude towards officials of the KGB who were responsible for causing many deaths.

Linda's story is told before one of her lectures. Her husband, Lee, was in Afghanistan filming a documentary of the war there several years ago when he and his sound man were assassinated on orders from the KGB. Linda felt directed by God to come live in Russia, the land of the people who had ordered her husband's death, and



Joy (left) with Lithuanian workshop staff

witness here to God's love and forgiveness. She hopes to meet someone who can give her more information about her husband and help her recover his body.

A highlight of this seminar is the enthusiastic singing. Music has a way of drawing people together in heart. Celeste has a fine, strong voice and plays the guitar well. The CARP songbook has only eight Russian songs, which few of us can decipher. Therefore, most of the singing is in English. I learn to stumble through several Russian songs. The haunting melody of "Nadyezhda" is especially appealing.

Evening activities include a movie, a bonfire, group entertainment, or open-mike singing and poetry recital. Some groups organize very clever skits or write new words to traditional Russian music, making hilarious comments on the personalities of the staff and the experiences of the seminar. Sometimes they give us a translation. We hear many passages from the poet Pushkin, as well as original poetry by participants.

A much-loved tradition of these seminars is the Day of Heart, which encourages people to develop deeper relationships of heart with each other. Names are exchanged for secret pals, and anonymous gifts such as carefully tied bouquets of wild flowers appear at people's doors and seats. We encourage people to reach out and

try to relate to someone with whom they may experience difficulties. Some of the Russian teachers decide to institute a similar tradition at their schools to begin the new school year.

In the second seminar, I am fortunate to have Inna for one of my group leaders. Her English is excellent. I prepare a lecture entitled, "The Process of Change," which I give around a campfire one night along the river. These presentations give me an opportunity to share some of my 22 years of experience in the Unification movement, as well as challenges I have faced and things I have learned in my roles as wife, mother, teacher and family counselor.

After my lectures, people come to me for counseling sessions. One woman talks to me about her daughter and, inspired by the conversation, she brings other women with painful stories and translates our conversations. I hear tearful stories of marriage difficulties, health problems, and challenges of parenting a teenager. Access to a counselor is rare in Moscow, and to be able to speak frankly and in a confidential setting is a new experience.

Katya gets the flu, and I bring her soup from the dining hall and prepare tea. On the day of our outing to Kaunas, Katya plans to stay in bed and rest, but one of the participants walks into our room and badgers her with questions. I return with a banana I bought from a sidewalk vendor. Katya jumps up and gobble it down. Vitality returns to her spirit. It has been three years since she has had a banana, since they cost so much. I thought 17 rubles for a banana was a little high, but if I had known the marvelous effects bananas produced, I would have bought a dozen.

Having been assembled from the far corners of America to lead a seminar in a foreign land, we are forced to pray. Maybe this is part of what Rev. Moon wants us to learn this summer. We also encourage participants in the seminar to develop a prayer life. I am asked to give a talk about prayer. I decide to focus on the basics: what is prayer? why pray? who can pray? where to pray? what to pray for? We challenge people to pray not just for themselves but for others. Prayer draws us closer to God and each other. I describe my experience last summer when I was visiting the Central African Republic during the attempted coup in the Soviet Union. In a small village, Africans and an American knelt in tears to pray for God's guidance and protection for the Soviet people. At our

group meeting a couple of people tell me that after listening to my testimony they will begin to pray not just for their own country but for other nations as well.

Perhaps the most difficult type of prayer to grasp is repentance prayer. We teach about God's love, the origin and effects of sin, and Jesus' coming to bring deliverance from sin. The first step back to God is repentance. Sometimes the best we can do is model humility and repentance ourselves. In spite of our good intentions, we make mistakes, causing bad feelings; sometimes one of us makes a public apology and asks forgiveness. Sincere apologies open doors. Towards the end of the first seminar, a couple of teachers come to us privately and apologize for some of the uncooperativeness and uproar of the group as a whole.

Following a stimulating group discussion one evening, a dozen people linger in the room, and I ask them if they would like to go into the woods with me to pray. They nod. I get some candles from the supply closet and head for a place where we can see the stars through the trees. I light my candle and we pass the flame around. We sing a version of "Kumbaya." Then in the stillness of the night, I lead the group in prayer, suggesting themes and allowing periods of silence for individual prayer. Eyes are bright upon our return to camp.

The staff decides to invite all the participants to a riverside prayer the following evening. After the evening program I invite everyone who wishes to join me for a candlelight prayer walk. We pass out 150 candles and light them in the still night air. A long procession of light stretches along the path and descends the steps to a broad meadow along a bend of the river. The ever-broadening circle of light against the backdrop of pine trees fills us with awe and lifts our spirits. Rev. Moon had told us the time would come when hundreds of people would be begging us to teach them about God, but I never took it seriously.

On the last day, the Russians collect bags of fruit and bunches of flowers. We exchange addresses and souvenirs. Louise has brought bags of squash seeds from her garden and asks the recipients to pass on their seeds next season to someone else. She hopes the seeds of truth will sprout as well.

Lost and Found

Jonathan Gallery

At the very end of 1989, Father felt that there was little unity between National Headquarters and CARP. He organized four IOWC teams to travel throughout the country, comprised of members from HSA National Headquarters and CARP members. I was asked to join a team, to leave right after God's Day, for all 14 of the Western states. We traveled from city to city, working with the local church and CARP groups, mostly on campuses where CARP had established a presence. We would witness for several days, holding rallies where possible, and then end with a big public speech. Tyler Hendricks led the team. We were quite a crew, some hardened old-timers from New York, a few brand-new members, and CARP recruits from different parts of the country. Debby and I had found out she was pregnant with our third child just before I left New York, and another team member's wife gave birth while we were on our three-month trek.

We had been given a small amount of money at the

beginning of our trip in Tempe, Arizona, but after that we were on our own, and had to be self-sufficient. Our time was divided between witnessing, fundraising and travelling.

We held campaigns in Los Angeles, Berkeley and then Las Vegas, before heading up the coast to Portland, Oregon and then Seattle. By that time it was Valentine's Day weekend, and we decided to do an all-out fundraising blitz, hopefully making enough money to last until our final city, Kansas City, at the end of March. We carefully divided up area, ordered flowers from New York and made all the preparations. I took charge of one half of our team, while the rest headed up to Vancouver, where they would also fundraise.

I think the Seattle church gave us some of their prize spots. The weather, however, decided to not be with us. It was so cold, so wet and just miserable. It began to snow. We longed for Tempe again, where it had been summer! I felt so bad for poor Taj Hamad—whenever I pulled in to see him, he would emerge from his spot looking so frozen, and so out of place. I knew he was thinking about being at home in his native Sudan! But hey—we were members from way back, and

*IOWC team #4 in
Arizona, January, 1990*



we all had fundraising stories par excellence to prove it. We could do this! We managed to tough it out, returning that night to slowly thaw out and await the return of the others.

Yes! We had managed it, we had made just enough to pay for all our product and then make it the whole rest of the campaign without having to fundraise again. We could just focus on witnessing. I felt that all of us—from the newest members on the team, to the oldest—were just as inspired.

Then to the campus, where we were now on fire to bring people to the big speech. The day before the event, however, something happened that none of us who were there have ever forgotten. One of the team members stayed behind at the house because this person was sick, while the rest of the team went off to witness. While we were gone, this person packed their bags and left—taking all the fundraising money as well. It wasn't until that night that we discovered what had happened. We couldn't quite believe it, and we all felt a little ill. How could this have happened? What would we do now? How could we even pay for the flowers we had sold? Had we made some kind of bad condition? We kept thinking that maybe they would just show up, that somehow it was all a mistake. We all wanted to make excuses—to somehow not believe that this person had just stolen the money.

The day of the big speech arrived, and somehow the fire was gone. We had the same determination, but not the same spirit. The CARP band traveled to join us that night, providing great music and entertainment before Tyler's presentation. He spoke with such conviction to a huge crowd. After his speech Taj went up to the microphone and explained that our team's money had been stolen, and we were now broke. To our surprise, he asked for a collection, and then after what seemed like a silent pause that lasted a very long time, people began to give. We sat there stunned, lumps in our throats, and I think every one of us on the team cried, as the collection went on and on.

I don't remember the exact amount we made, but it was enough to pay all our bills, and move on for several more cities without having to fundraise. It was that spontaneous outpouring of heart—that complete giving of all those people in Seattle, most of them not members of

the church or CARP—that I will remember always. Whether those people went their own ways, or became involved in some way with different parts of our organization, they had been deeply moved that night.

I realized that that was what Father wants us to do again and again, to go into situations beyond our own usual, normal experience. That's where we are touched by God and His grace.

Paulette Weisinger

In 1989, I was among a group of women for whom True Father could not find a suitable match. He felt so sorry for us and with deep love and concern, sent us on a day of sightseeing, including a visit to the first Seoul church, which had become a museum by that time, and an exquisite lunch at the finest hotel. I know that none of us will ever forget the love we felt on that day of our great sorrow. The tears still flow upon remembering that precious love.

In 1995, he showed me the greatest love by rematching and Blessing me. He chose Gerhard, a kind and generous man who always treats me with respect and dignity and loves me deeply. For this I have the most profound gratitude. A thousand experiences, a hundred lifetimes and the constant is his love.

Barbara Minett

It was early Sunday morning (June 12, 1988) and sitting on the Belvedere floor I felt that I was really meant to be there, right there in the front row to support Father. We all waited for Father to come. He came and gave His sermon, prayed and it seemed it was all over when He walked up to me and started speaking again, saying, "We are all meant to keep God in our hearts and mind"...all the while holding the top of my head and tapping my heart and smiling so lovingly...the spiritual feeling was amazing, so real, so alive. I walked out into the sunshine that morning knowing I was in the right place at the right time and that those words and experience were so precious and they weren't just for me, but for everyone.

Teaching

Ron Beattey

I went into witnessing at the end of 1988 after four years on MFT and seven years with Saeilo. My intention was to witness, but before long it became obvious that there weren't enough lecturers, and those we were using from Causa and the newspaper weren't always available.

I hardly felt prepared to teach; I had little committed to memory. (I didn't like teaching from notes.) So for the first six months after I made the switch, I bought several versions of the Bible, and some good Christian History books; I was reading the Koran, Young Oon Kim's Comparative Religions, etc. I didn't want to teach anything that I couldn't verify myself through other sources. (The parallels, for instance.) I often felt that DP didn't go far enough in explaining certain points. And especially the way the Mission of Jesus is written, I think jumps to the conclusion too quickly that Jesus didn't come to die.

I started using Kevin McCarthy's method of going through Jewish history first. So towards the end of 1989 I was teaching 7 and 21-day workshops. It became, after a while, very hard to go back and do 2-day workshops—too much to say in too little time.

Once we got Camp Sunrise under way, we started receiving guests from all over the country, and being in New York we'd meet people from all over the world. (That's why I studied the Koran.) This for me was one of the most inspiring times in my life in the church, even though I often had to go back out to sell roses, which I hadn't done in a while. Poring over the Principle, the Bible, and teaching was so surprising at times. Sometimes in the middle of a lecture I'd get a new look into a section of the Principle, like the moment God gave the commandment to Adam and Eve after the long process of creation. I got a shuddering thought that it was then that God felt He had finished the creation process and given his 100 percent. A moment when you have to let go of a beloved, knowing you've done all that you can; yet still living in a vast mix of hope and anxiety. Many points like that, which I would teach as a function of the lecture in the past, a point of Principle, I began to feel that I was really talking about someone's life, the life of God.

Well, the Seminary sent down a guest, a foreign student. He was anything but ordinary. Actually, against his own parents' wishes he went to become a monk at age 10. And he had lived a celibate life. (Some really grilled him on this one.) Now at age 30 he was attending UTS. The more I learned of his life, the more humbled by him I became; though he didn't believe in God, he'd practiced more self control than most Christians.

It just so happened that the previous week I'd been studying about Buddhism and its beginnings from Dr. Kim's books. During the lectures I had to defend him in front of the other guests because they were belittling him and questioning him about his non-belief in God. I explained how Buddhism got started in the midst of the Caste system in India, where a person is doomed to the lower class by birth, and that Buddhism brought much needed reformation of thought.

Anyway, halfway through the final lecture, The Second Coming, he put his head down on his desk. And there it stayed. I was a little worried but couldn't stop the lecture. I didn't want him to miss the most important part. When the lecture concluded, he still wouldn't move. So we checked on him. He motioned that he was okay. So we all quietly left the hall.

A few minutes later I went back to see him. He had gotten up from his chair and I noticed that he had been crying. There was a puddle on his desk the size of a small plate where his face had been. Still he didn't say a word. He didn't eat dinner and the Seminary students soon came to take him back to Barrytown. Only later did I learn what had happened to him. At the seminary he said that in the final lecture on the Second Coming, he'd seen a vision of Father standing next to me while I was teaching. Now, I didn't see it myself; I was pretty busy at the time. But I'll never forget that puddle on the desk. For me it became a precious and unforgettable moment, another milepost in my life of faith.

An Early Morning Hike

Part of the planned activity of the seminar was to conclude with an early morning hike to the top of a mountain and pray as the sun rose. It required rousing everyone out of their sleeping bags at about 3:30 am and driving to the base of the (some would call it a large hill)



*Workshop at Camp
Sunrise, New York*

mountain, and then we'd climb straight up. It wasn't so steep that it was unsafe, and we'd have a staff member leading the pack as well as one to gather in the stragglers in the rear. With a good brisk hike up-hill, we could be on top within an hour.

Our usual procedure was to pray together in a circle and then break for more individual prayers as we would all find a rock or a tree to befriend, all the while peeking out to the horizon occasionally for the sunrise.

One morning after having come this far, I started to pray and it just felt rote and formal, like I was just spouting words into the air. I've had meaningful prayers before and in this situation I was hoping, like everyone else, for a kind of "skin-touch" encounter. The more I prayed, the more anxious I got and I was beginning to worry that it all was a waste of time. Then a thought came to me. I don't know if it was God, a spirit, or my own mind responding to the situation, but something said, "Why did you come here?"

On the heels of that, I said, "Well, for them, for my brothers and sisters," some of whom have never uttered a prayer in their lives. So then I started thinking of these friends I'd come to know through the last three weeks, calling them by name—one by one—looking at them

scattered over the mountain, on rocks and under trees, pouring out their hearts.

Then I asked God to go to them instead—forget about me—they need you. Touch their hearts and inspire *them* with your love, and slowly I began to feel my heart change, like a turtle righting itself after being pushed onto its back. And finally the bottom of my heart dropped as I started to cry—and repent for my selfish mind. It seemed as if God came into me that way, embracing me and loving me when I was trying to send Him away, to the others.

As the sun rose, and I looked out over the countryside, I promised to God that the deepest part of my heart would be reserved for Him and His love to humankind. And that I'd do my best to let Him use me as He sees fit. I understood that His heart is never divorced from His children. All of them!

And I'll forever after that understand that God is a being whose mind is constantly thinking and feeling for His children. That's who God is, an aching heart selflessly consumed with love for others. The more we can direct our lives in that way, the more we find ourselves feeling a presence with us. And *knowing* that yes, there is God. My Father.

My Journey with God as a Unification Academician

Anthony J. Guerra

I joined the Unification Church on March 7, 1971. In these last 28 years I have been either a university student or professor/administrator for 24 of these years. So, I will focus my reflections on my experience in my academia, although needless to say I have had many other precious experiences in the Unification movement. Soon after joining, I felt strongly that I would be helping this fledgling movement build an educational system commensurate with its global vision. I joined after attending a two-day workshop at the Upshur Street house in Washington, D.C. especially prepared for students of Georgetown University. The center members had all fasted three days and had made numerous other conditions for the conversion of Georgetown students. I was the lone Georgetown student who joined from this seminar. After joining I was eager to work full-time in the movement but was encouraged by Ms. Young Oon Kim to stay in school and gain my degree. I did so, but spent most of my time witnessing and teaching the Divine Principle. I was well known as a brilliant student and passed through the year infrequently attending classes, living off my reputation. After a long absence in one course, I returned to the classroom only to leave in the middle of the lecture because I was directed spiritually to witness to a certain student. I left the room and descending the staircase I met the student in question. There were so many experiences such as this throughout the early to mid 70s in the American church.

After graduating I worked for four years as a volunteer, first on the One World Crusade Mobile Team and then for several months assisting Professor Young Oon Kim with research for her first work on Unification theology. I returned to the field and in the course of the next three years served in Louisiana and then as State Leader in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Tennessee and then finally as a pioneer in Madison, Wisconsin. There I challenged various Marxist organizations to a public debate on campus. The event attracted more than 500 students in 1976. The avowed Marxist representative bowed out at the last minute, which provided me the

opportunity to present a critique and counterproposal. After failing to produce a representative to debate me, a group of the Marxist students followed me on my way home and threatened to beat me. Although unarmed, at one point I turned slowly and put my hand in my pocket and suddenly, they fled.

After this I participated in the Washington Monument campaign. Following that, I attended the Unification Theological Seminary as a student of the second class from 1976-78. During 1977-78, Father visited UTS on several occasions and made fishing nets to catch carp in the Hudson River. On one of his many visits, Father mentioned that there were two ways to attend the True Parents. One was simply to follow what was asked without any plan of one's own. The second was to develop ones own 21-year course and devote oneself to its fulfillment. In a heartbeat I knew that Father was speaking to me, and I spent the next several months developing my 21-year plan. The goal of the plan was to help the movement establish an educational system and to found an institution of higher learning. I began this 21-year course in late 1978 and in the first seven years I had in my goal to gain the credentials to complete the task. Perhaps because of offering this plan to Heavenly Father, I experienced a great deal of opposition in its fulfillment.

In 1978 I enrolled in the Masters program at Harvard Divinity School. Later in 1980 I applied to the Harvard doctoral program but was rejected. Shortly thereafter, a faculty member on the committee told me that the rejection had nothing to do with my qualifications but rather my religious affiliation as a Unificationist. I had the opportunity to report this to Father who encouraged me to sue Harvard. In the course of the following year I was admitted to the Harvard doctoral program along with three other members.

My career at Harvard brought reconciliation and eventually strong support from the faculty with whom I worked. I recall that Father said after leaving UTS, "Don't come back and become the president of a university somewhere else." Accordingly, I began to apply for faculty appointments in my field. I learned that Bard College had an opening. Did God really want me to work for Bard? This was an institution of higher learning that had pressed legal charges against True Father and sought to imprison him. The answer came that I should

apply and find out. I made the application and within a week of mailing it, I was called to an interview. Before going, I decided that I would answer any questions about my religious affiliation forthrightly, even though I was sure that this would kill any hope of winning the position. My interview and guest lecture went very well and they asked no questions about my religious affiliation. I left confident that they would offer me the job.

I remember praying, did God really want me to suffer at Bard because of my religious affiliation which would soon be known after my arrival there? I received the offer and the answer was to go. My hope was to have at least one semester to demonstrate my suitability for the position without prejudice. Before leaving Harvard I had told a Bard alumni that I would be teaching at her alma mater. I was pretty sure that she would reveal my Unification affiliation to them. I was correct, and before the end of my first semester my department chair asked if it were true. I answered it was. He responded that it was okay with him as long as I continued doing an excellent job, but he feared the reaction of upper administration at Bard. Junior appointments were renewable after two years and during this six-year, pre-tenure period, I was heartened at the support of the many colleagues who lobbied the President to approve my reappointments. My career was going quite well, but sometime in late 1989 I had a premonition of my achieving tenure and remaining at this fine, small liberal arts college; I immediately felt that this path could not lead to the fulfillment of my 21-year plan.

In early January 1990, David S.C. Kim informed me that True Father had asked him on God's Day in Korea to find a site to establish a higher education institution in America. President Kim asked Daikon and myself to take up this task. Daikon and I looked at some institutions together and then we worked independently. In late June, Steve Post told me about the University of Bridgeport which was experiencing financial problems and suggested that I look into it.

In July 1990 I had the opportunity to accompany True Parents and True Children to Gloucester for 10 days. I called the president of the University of Bridgeport and identified myself as a Bard professor and a representative of a movement originating in Asia that had interest in investing in the right university. We arranged a meeting for August 1st. President Janet Greenwood of UB and I met for four hours. When I explained the

Unification vision for higher education she seemed happy, even slightly ecstatic, and in the course of the meeting summoned her two vice presidents. Sometime later I became aware that there was a mid-size hospital close to UB that was also experiencing financial difficulties that was led by a UB graduate. I informed Dr. Chin about this and he became my colleague in the effort to associate with UB. In May 1992 PWPA signed an agreement to establish a perpetual partnership. Recently, I finished my 21-year course and Neil Salonen was installed as President.

Twenty-one Years: Anniversary and Reflections

Sandra Schuhart

On February 28, 1969, at the historic Upshur House in Washington, D.C., our True Parents blessed thirteen American couples representing the original thirteen colonies. On March 28, 1969, in Essen, Germany, eight European couples received their blessing. And on May 1, 1969, our True Parents blessed 22 Japanese couples in Japan. Together, all of these couples became the "43 Couple Blessing," representing the worldwide level of all nationalities and races to return to God.

This year, 1990, marked the 21st anniversary of the 43 Couples, and on March 31st, at Upshur House in Washington, D.C., this historic occasion was celebrated by those who could attend, coming from near and far, joining together as we did 21 years ago.

After numerous attempts to settle on a date that would allow a majority of couples to attend failed, a day was finally chosen, announcements sent out, and final preparations were made to welcome one and all.

For many of us, receiving the announcement sent our memories soaring into the past, recalling how limited, those many years ago, our understanding was of the responsibility of the blessing that we were about to receive. At that time we enthusiastically and joyously pledged to God and to True Parents our obedience, faithfulness, service and sacrifice to fulfill the ideals of the blessing. Our thoughts carried on from that day



John and Sandy Schubart (front right) participating in the first American Blessing Ceremony, February 28, 1969, in Washington, D.C.

through the ensuing 21 years, experiencing the exultation of success and the pure agony of failure. We remembered the joys, the pains, the happiness, the sorrow of all that we saw, heard, felt, loved and even hated as we struggled step by step to fulfill our blessing.

On Saturday, March 31, as couples arrived, I first noticed the effects of time on our physical appearance! We were all so much older! We just didn't look as young, as beautiful and full of vitality as our Father and Mother. Yet, many of us were 10, even 20 years physically younger than our True Parents. Each couple's struggles were etched clearly in their faces. But the love that bound us together so many years ago burst forth as we warmly greeted each other. After briefly catching up on our lives, we settled down to a most delicious meal and continued our joy of reunion.

The afternoon brought great excitement to us all, for we were able to see and be entertained by our children. No, not children, but young men and women, eager to please and bring laughter to our faces. How beautiful they were! How full of life! I wanted so much to say, "Thank you, Father and Mother, for giving us the blessing. We have fallen far short of great accomplishments

that we can give to you, for we have not brought this nation of America to God's side. We will continue the fight together with these precious young people and carry the banner of truth throughout this land of America, igniting the desire in one and all to return to the side of God."

As our young sons and daughters joyfully sped away to spend the remainder of the day apart from us, we ended the day in intimate conversation, drawing close once again in heart after so many years had elapsed. We talked of those who were no longer with us, those who could not come, and even those who left their blessing behind so many years ago. We talked of what was, what could have been, but mostly of what could be, of how much we still wanted to serve our True Parents. And to you, our younger brothers and sisters, please know how deeply grateful we are to all of you for your lives in service to God and to our True Parents. Thank you for your cards and gifts. But most of all, thank you for your prayers for our families through the years. Please forgive us for our failures, for our shortcomings. But know that we remain loyal sons and daughters of our True Parents. Older, but wiser 43 Couples. May God bless you all.

Reflecting on Our Marriage

Sylvia Norton

Though it seems unbelievable that 21 years have passed since our blessing, there has been lately an archaeological feeling about things. When I think of the layers of experience that have become part of us, I feel like a slice of the Grand Canyon. The young adults who are the children of our blessing-mates reaffirm this passage of time. Despite our recurrent departures and reunions with the movement in its external aspects, there has been an underground river of internal unity and blessing which has never left us and for which we feel deep gratitude.

My greatest (and continuing) discovery is the exploration of my husband's heart and nature, which is end-

lessly engaging and interesting. When he is around there is the electricity of action in the air, and sometimes the devastating shrapnel of honesty, and often the refreshing fizz of humor and wit, and periodically the radiance of true love/wisdom. A Rosicrucian friend once cast our astrological charts. He found an amazing correlation of certain aspects—particularly regarding the planet Pluto, which for both of us was so positioned as to incline us to ferreting out hidden truth behind lies or propaganda. This is one of our great links, despite George's feeling-heart nature and my knowing-mind nature. On the other side of the coin, we both weep over letters, articles, books, movies, television, and the sweet, sacrificial heart that shines sometimes through the footsoldiers and generals of the Unification Church.

George is really of an earlier generation. He is not only older than I, but his parents were older at his birth, making them more like my grandparents. The Great Depression did not have the same effect on George's family as on my parents' families. There was less depression with the Depression among those of his parents' generation, less backlash into materialism. George's family was not churchy, but his father read the Bible aloud nightly, and the family would sit on their farmhouse porch and experience nightingales and the evening sky. His father was not in World War II; rather, his brothers were. These things make George quite different from others seemingly of his generation.

In August of 1987 we received the unfathomable grace of heaven through Randy and Beverly Berndt, when Beverly gave birth to the baby they had conceived for us. This little being, whom we named Anna Celeste (Heaven's Grace) is a daily, uncontestable testament of God's all-transcending love. And not only that, she has called forth the expression of George's inmost heart of love which puts me to tears daily, so beautiful is it. This second-Messiah husband and third-Messiah daughter are blitzing my soul with transforming love. What a miracle! My parents, who will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary in 1991, are utterly enchanted with Anna, this miraculous grandchild who descended from heaven through human love.

Our dear Dr. Young Oon Kim, who poured her love on our nation and on us individually, is no longer on earth. For George and me she provided so much over the years. She was a faithful well-wisher of our union. George

had a deep heart-link with her from the early days in America. My relationship with her was a little different. She made it a principle of life to put all things to constructive use. She often said that the Kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom of use. Once she sent—or attempted to send—me out into the field. I begged not to go, and she said, "Very well. I will use you." The ugly, commonplace objects which she used in her spartan daily life took on an air of purpose and meaning. I particularly remember a truly ugly plastic mug she used for brushing her teeth, which sat there on her sink, by some magic, radiant. So she was with people like me. I think she felt that momentum and power were gained in her writing endeavors by using oddlings like me faithfully and lovingly, for in that way she was practicing divine economy (freeing more rounded, personable members for public work) and paying much indemnity. For a time in Korea, she had personally taken care of a crippled person. Often I felt she was taking care of me in much the same way. We last saw Dr. Kim in 1986. At that time we went to a Chinese restaurant. I'll never forget her fortune: "Your life is boundless." I sense that freedom and boundlessness now as she imbues spirit world and the universe with her spirit and energy.

Of course, the ultimate gratitude for all of these things must flow to the foundation and fountainhead of all these things: the True Parents of mankind. They are so overwhelmingly large now. They cover the earth. They cover eternity. There is no realm where their purpose cannot be felt, where the need for their healing vitalization does not cry out. There is no lack that Father has not tried desperately to flow into, to fill, to bless. To see True Parents wholly, we would have to fly far out beyond the Milky Way. How unceasingly, how absolutely, they work for the transformation of the world, and for the consolation of Heavenly Father! Such love has power. In some ways it is the only true power, because it does not consist in confrontation but in inspiration. It knows nothing of coercion and everything of the deep thirstings of the heart. It is the living water. May we yet be the ditches to carry it to this drought-stricken world.

God's Offering

Anonymous

"Like a tree he'll stand
With his head held high,
And his feet planted firm
On the ground."

These words are from a song in an old Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. They are the words of a father describing his son-to-be. They came to me one day when I was asking God what a man is and what a woman is. I felt the words deeply, and could see that a man is a mighty entity in his own right, firmly planted, straight, strong, grasping heaven and earth and uniting them.

"And what is a woman?" I begged of God. Then I saw a river flowing; I knew that a woman is the instrument of the flow as well as the flow itself. She is that from which new life springs eternally, on and on and on...generation after generation, age after age. She is the transmitter of culture and heart as well as of life itself. In prayer, I wept.

Several years earlier, specialists had told me that I would probably not have children, due to a chromosomal deformity. Year after year I wept over this thought. How could I ever fulfill the purpose of my being? A medium once told me I would have children. And once, when Father was boasting of the attributes of ginseng, he twinkled his eyes at me, saying that it could cause barren women to have children. But in my longing I was afraid to believe. I felt angry with my physical sisters, who could have children, but were choosing not to. I ached whenever I saw parents mistreating their children. Why could they have children while I couldn't?

Soon after my husband and I started our married life together, a spiritual daughter told me of a world-renowned fertility specialist in Brooklyn. When I went to him, he confirmed what I had heard before and advised me to look into adoption. I begged him to at least try something. Unbelieving, he began a series of hormone shots. At the same time, I went to an elder Korean member, who administered ginseng directly into my ovaries through acupuncture. The doctor was shocked when I suddenly responded to the hormones; as it turned out, I became pregnant with twins!

Several years later, I joined a special sewing project under Mrs. Woo. Her husband was working with Il Hwa, so we always had an ample supply of ginseng. Imagine my surprise—and that of the specialist—when I returned to him four months later for more shots and found that I was already four months pregnant! As Sarah declared, "God has given me cause to laugh; all those who hear of it will laugh with me." And even amidst all the trials that children can bring, our laughter and gratitude to God grow as our relationships with our maturing children unfold.

However, along with this unexpected joy, I could not easily forget the despair that had filled my heart during those long years of "barrenness." The one comfort I had during those years was a rumor that a few couples in Korea had offered their children to childless couples. And after God gave us our own children, I increasingly felt Him asking this of us.

One day in the World Mission Center lunch line, a good friend of ours admired our third child for the first time. My husband jokingly said, "You can have the next one." Laughingly, she responded, "I would be very much honored."

This was the first time that I had heard my husband mention such an idea. I had already told another sister that I was thinking of giving our next child to this very couple. Actually, when this idea first hit me, I had tried to side-step it by speaking with this friend's spiritual daughter—who already had a son and a daughter—about the possibility of giving a baby to her spiritual mother. And she did in fact offer. The idea caught her spiritual mother by surprise. Her immediate response was that she wouldn't want this sister to go through an additional Caesarean birth, as she would have to, on her account.

When this sister told me the response, I knew that it was God gently chastising me for trying to "dump" His call to us. But I still hadn't mentioned any of this to my husband; so I was surprised by his quip in the lunch line. As I heard our friend's "words of acceptance" unbeknownst to her, I stood outside of time and space for a moment.

Shortly thereafter, I discussed the whole idea with my husband. It was as if he had already decided upon it. That probably was the case, in fact. It began to become much more real to me to have it out in the open, though, and sometimes I cried in sorrow at "losing" a child not yet even conceived.

My husband and I had just gone through a lovely birthing experience with our third child. There is nothing quite so special as giving birth to a child God has entrusted into one's hands. However, I had been feeling the wonder of the moment as well, and assume that it was the presence of rejoicing ancestors.

Many small moments like this made the thought of giving a baby away heavy, but it was now inevitable. We had made our decision and, regardless of my feelings or any circumstances that might come up, we were on a track with a sealed destination.... Even these feelings of sadness began to comfort me with the thought that I had had these experiences and memories, and could now make it possible for God to give such experiences to another couple who otherwise would never know such wonders. "It's one thing to admire a friend's child," our friends much later told me. "But there is absolutely nothing that can give one the understanding that comes with having one's own. And to think that we came so close to missing it forever!" Friends who were so moved and encouraging when we shared the idea with them also comforted me.

When my husband officially presented the idea to our friends, they were once again caught by surprise. He later reported that he wished that I had seen their faces when he asked them; they were so shocked and taken aback. They said that they would think about it for awhile. When the "awhile" began to go on, my husband assured them that we were going to give our next baby to a childless couple, either theirs or another. They accepted very soon after, and their central figure presented the offering to Father. A short time later, the mother-to-be excitedly called to say that Father had approved.

From that time on, this couple entered our family spirit. I often felt their presence and sometimes dreamed about them or even saw them in visions. My husband and I joked that we no longer had a private life as a couple.

After almost a year of trying to conceive, we finally gave up and went to the doctor for hormones. I also secretly took ginseng, and conceived after two months. The doctor was so amazed, saying that normally these hormones work only after six to twelve months, or even two years. But then how much more shocked she was when I told her the destiny of this baby! I told her because, if at all possible, I wanted the other couple to be present at the birth. I assured her that if she would

rather not handle such a case, I could locate another doctor. She was visibly shaken, but exclaimed that if we were willing to give our baby away, she could deliver it! As for the details, she would discuss them later.

Driving home, I began to digest the fact that I was pregnant. Again I felt sad and thought, "Seven months from now, August, my daughter will be two...such a perfect time to have another child." Immediately I heard a lovely, slightly chiding voice: "Now don't forget, this is their baby; afterwards, we'll think about your family." Although that wasn't really the end of a troubled heart, it certainly jolted me onto the right road.

It was exciting to congratulate our friends and watch them go through all the things one does go through with one's first pregnancy. It was their excitement and growing anticipation that helped me most through the coming months. If I ever began to feel blue, there would be a letter or phone call with a new parent-to-be tale, and I was always lifted.

Sometimes the other couple experienced the presence of excited ancestors preparing for the event. I was glad to hear that. I sometimes wondered how the wife's ancestors related to this blood coming into their staunch Catholic line. My lineage was Protestant, with two families escaping religious persecution on the Mayflower. During the pregnancy, however, I learned of a French Huguenot line I had previously been unaware of. It turned out that the father-to-be has the same roots. Maybe we are even related somewhere along the line.

Probably the hardest moment came when I had an amniocentesis and was told the baby was a boy. Although several people, including the mother-to-be, had dreamed it would be a boy, I had it in my mind that it would be a girl. Things were somehow easier for me to adjust to with that thought, even though my husband—and, intellectually, I myself—was praying for a boy. When we heard the news, I was so happy to tell our friends...intellectually. It was a confusing time of hard prayer and strange dreams. In my heart, I had to get hold of myself all over again. But again, the other couple's response got me beyond this.

When I was pregnant with my other children, I had prayed for them and made conditions. I found it difficult to do this now, out of fear of creating an attachment that would be so hard to break, especially at a time when we would be celebrating another couple's joy. So I asked



them to do this—although no asking was needed—and I always felt the baby was embraced, even though I couldn't really participate in the embracing. I felt that God was a bit disappointed with this, but it was the best I could do and He only gently pushed the issue.

My doctor didn't mention the situation again for several visits. Then she asked me if we were still planning to "go through with it." I told her that if we were to retract then, there would be a "death in the family" for our friends. After that, she was whole-heartedly united with the idea. The hospital had trouble with our desire to have the adoptive couple in for the delivery. But the doctor, by this time, was caught up in the spirit of things; she told me she would do all she could to make it a good experience for the new parents.

My husband's folks were ready to disown us for this unthinkable undertaking; no explanation could change their reaction. My folks were very surprised, actually blown-over, but supportive and encouraging. My mother wrote that she was so proud of us and impressed that we would do such a thing. She said that she never could have done it...or was it just that such a thought had never occurred to her! She offered to come at the time of the birth to help with the other children, and came immediately for a week, to get to know them before the

rush.

During the visit, she pushed me to "level" with the children. I had been in a quandary about what to tell them, because I knew that whatever I said could easily be blurted out to anyone we knew, including our home-church contacts. Perhaps, too, I was still in a bit of a quandary within myself about it all. I ended up telling them nothing, even as they became aware that I was pregnant. But my mother really pushed the point. So I explained to my children that our friends had no children because they were not able to have a baby; so they were very lonely and sad. So Daddy and I said we would hold their baby in my womb until it was big enough for them to take home. When it was ready to be born, our friends would come down to get the baby.

From then on, I could share the excitement of the growing baby with them as one would normally do with one's children. They often talked of "Uncle and Auntie's baby." Something happened in my heart at that time as well, perhaps in the same way that the Divine Principle becomes real when one begins to testify to it and teach it. From that day on, I was no longer troubled. It was like a cloud was lifted from my soul.

When the doctor said "this week" a week or two earlier than expected, my mother jumped on the plane

and the parents-to-be jumped into their car. While we were swimming, the day after all of us had assembled, I went into labor. The father-to-be kept track of the contractions, while we made and then ate dinner; then we all went to the hospital.

By some miracle, I was the only patient in labor and delivery the entire night, giving the staff freedom to swing with our situation. The nurse assigned to us was deeply moved, because she had been seriously considering giving a child to her best friend, who couldn't have any of her own. (The next night she came to my room, and in tears, said how much the experience had meant to her.) The wife stayed with me through the night while our men wandered the halls. The doctor and staff secretly determined to allow the parents-to-be into the delivery room, but the end came so quickly that our friends had no time to prepare. Instead, they stood just outside the door; when their son was born, they got the first glimpse. As the doctor held him up, my first thought was, "What a beautiful baby they have."

My husband and I congratulated, the mother wept, the father admired. Immediately, the doctor prevailed upon the hesitant nurses to give the baby boy to his parents, so that they could hold him. Soon after that, the doctor got a room for them, so they could spend some time with their new baby. She came into the recovery room to tell my husband that they were both rocking their son and tearfully singing a lullaby to him. Later, when the adoptive father was telling us of this time, I saw that parenthood was suddenly a reality for him, and that he would never be the same again.

When I began to get depressed during the hours following the delivery, I had only to think of my own children. Each time, I became so overwhelmed with love, gratitude and homesickness that the feeling would slip away.

The new family spent the week here before returning home; we often saw their baby. But he was not our child. My mother commented on how strange it was to see him but feel no attachment to him. My husband and I had the same experience. At that time, I felt the love and prayers of our friends so very much surrounding and protecting us. Later, when our friends sent pictures of their growing boy, he looked so beautiful, so happy, so well taken care of, we were further assured and comforted.

After our friends left, I told my home-church contacts why I had become pregnant, and what we had done. They were amazed; some were moved to tears. One deeply Christian woman's life of faith was dramatically affected by my testimony. Another woman took a final step of commitment to Christ—something she had longed to do for the year and a half I had known her.

Whatever our reasons for allowing God to use us in such a way—our gratitude to Him for our own children we thought we could never have, my sympathy for childless couples, etc.—the idea was not ours, but was "laid upon us" fully formed. It was made in heaven with the assistance of ancestors, we feel. Thank You, Heavenly Father!

A Tribute to the Performing Arts

Page 425

1. *The New Hope Singers in national costumes with Director, Brian Saunders*
2. *Sunburst pop-rock ensemble*
3. *Go World Brass Band at a rally before the Washington Monument Rally, 1976.*
4. *The New Hope Singers*

Page 426

1. *The Go World Brass Band with the Korean Folk Ballet*
2. *Linda Eisenberg directing the New World Players in a rehearsal of Godspell.*
3. *Hyo Jin in performance*

Page 427

1. *True Parents dance in celebration at a church event.*
2. *Julia Moon performing with the Universal Ballet Company.*
3. *Entertaining at a Women's Federation event, Raoul Joseph, Miyuki Harley, and Sheila Vaughn.*

A Tribute to the Performing Arts









**The Family Federation for World Peace
Inaugural World Convention**

'Global Implications of Family Values in the 21st Century'

Celebrated by

The Second Council, The Washington Times Foundation & the Women's Division for World Peace

July 30-August 1, 1995

Washington, DC



The Completed Testament Age

*Former U.S. President Gerald Ford speaking at the
Inauguration of the Family Federation for
Unification and World Peace, Washington, D.C.,
July 30, 1996*

TRUE PARENTS AND THE COMPLETED TESTAMENT AGE

Mrs. Hak Ja Han Moon

Excerpts from speech at the Womens Federation for World Peace Rally, June, 1993, Seoul, Korea

Honored Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to you for coming here today. I am truly moved to see so many of you committed to building a peaceful world.

As we all know, our world today is not a world of peace and happiness but a world filled with conflict and despair. We are confronted with the breakdown of our families and the moral decline of our society.

We have become a nation of talk shows. We debate the issues over and over again and yet find no solutions. Why is this? This is because a true solution must include God and deal with the root of the problem and not just the symptoms. To find this root, we must first understand God's purpose of creation and realize that we, today, face the most important turning point in the history of God's providence.

At this crucial time, God asked my husband, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, to bring a new revelation to the American people. My husband, accordingly, just delivered this new message of hope in 12 major cities across America. Now, I would like to give you this same message, entitled "True Parents and the Completed Testament Age."

God's Original Ideal

God wants to give limitlessly to His children. God is not content in giving just 100 percent. God's desire is to give a thousand times more than what He has already given. The nature of God's Love is to give completely and then forget what He has given. Unlike some who calculate how much they have given and decide that it is enough, for God enough is never enough.

If God's ideal of true love had been realized through Adam's family, that family would have become the beginning of the heavenly kingdom. It would have expanded throughout all of history to the clan, to the nation, and to the world. This would have been the world of true love—the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Furthermore, there would have been a parallel expansion of the heavenly kingdom in the spiritual world.

If God's original ideal had been realized, then there would have been no need of a Messiah or of God's providence to save humanity. Adam's family, though it was merely a single family, would have been the center of the clan, of the nation, and of the world. It would have been the blueprint for all families in the future.

It would have been the model for the realization of God's ideal world.

Because of the fall of the original human ancestors, God's work of salvation had to begin. Salvation history had to be repeatedly extended through the complicated and suffering courses of the Old Testament Age and the New Testament Age, culminating in today's Completed Testament Age. God's ideal of the true family and the heavenly kingdom, which He wanted to realize through Adam's family, was destroyed because Adam and Eve fell away from God.

Due to the Fall, this present world is far from the good world of God's ideal. Today's world is, in fact, a "false" world, in that it is flooded with self-centered love. This came about because Adam and Eve became false parents based on false and self-centered love with Satan. They multiplied evil rather than goodness, creating a false family and passing on false life and a false lineage to their descendants. Thus, false clans, false nations and a false world came into being.

Formula for Reconciliation

Therefore, the goal in God's dispensation of salvation is for a man and a woman, representing Adam and Eve, to be restored as True Parents centered on God's true love, so that the true family can be formed. From them would eventually flow the true clan, the true nation and the true world. In other words, the seed from which God's true love, true life and true lineage can grow must be created.

My dear friends, have you ever wondered how a world filled with such evil and corruption could come from a God of love and goodness?

If you read the Bible carefully, you will see that the fall of man involves the loss of Adam's entire family. First, the position of parents was lost through the fall of Adam and Eve. Second, the position of children was lost as Cain murdered Abel. God's "blueprint" for an ideal family and world perfection was lost. Therefore, to restore the original family, God works in reverse to reclaim the positions of Cain and Abel, and then the positions of True Mother and True Father. This pattern of reconciliation of Cain and Abel as the foundation for restoring the True Parents has been God's consistent formula throughout the history of restoration.

Ladies and gentlemen, if a family is not centered on God's ideal of love, there will be conflict among the members of that family. Without God's love as an absolute center, such a family will ultimately break down. Moreover, a nation of such families will also decline.

It is not by chance that self-centered individualism has become the dominant way of life in these last days. People feel increasingly alienated from those around them, and bear little sense of responsibility for the well-being of their country, society, or even their own families. Rising divorce statistics indicate that husbands and wives feel little responsibility toward their marriages; parents do not take responsibility for their children; individuals, devoid of any sense of human dignity, fail even to take responsibility for themselves.

America has seen such phenomena at work beginning with the youth movement of the sixties. Idealistic youth rejected the materialism around them in order to seek love and peace, but in the process, they also abandoned morality and responsibility. Unable to attain the true love they sought, many disillusioned young people resorted to suicide, drug abuse and free sex.

True Love vs. Free Sex

Of all these, what pains God most is free sex. A world of free sex is absolutely contrary to the Will of God. Love comes from stimulation of unblemished emotion, but free sex is totally devoid of purity or true emotion. How many of us have been touched by the cruelty of infidelity and divorce? Where is God in all the one-night stands? What about the nightmares of the children who are sexually abused by a parent? Is free sex worth the price of a broken child?

Equally alarming is the policy of giving school children condoms, teaching the illusion of safe sex, and surrendering to the assumption that premarital sex is inevitable. Indeed, where there is homosexuality, free sex, drugs and alcoholism, the world of true love is far away.

In this world, Satan openly tells people, "Drink! Smoke! Take drugs! Have sex!" Those who do God's Will, on the other hand, live a lifestyle that is 180 degrees different from this. Throughout history, those who chose to walk a spiritual path of self-sacrifice have been bitterly opposed and persecuted by the rest of the world.

Rebekah and Tamar

In the Bible, one of God's great heroines is Rebekah, the spouse of Isaac. As the mother of Jacob and Esau, Rebekah held the same position in Isaac's family that Eve held in Adam's family. Unlike Eve, however, Rebekah understood God's providence and helped her second son, Jacob, representing Abel's position, to gain the blessing destined for the first son, Esau.

Just as Cain killed Abel, Esau wanted to kill Jacob when the blessing went to his younger brother. But with Rebekah's help, these brothers eventually reconciled in a warm embrace, rather than resorting to violence.

This reconciliation was a major victory for God. This victory, nevertheless, was not complete, since the reconciliation represented only a symbolic purification of blood lineage. The substantial purification of blood lineage had to be accomplished in the womb. This is the reason for the paradoxical story of Tamar. By understanding that Tamar, like Rebekah, was in the position of fallen Eve, it becomes possible to understand why Jesus was born of her lineage, the tribe of Judah.

I am sure that many of you have read the story about the birth of her twins. She conceived with Judah, her father-in-law, the twins Perez and Zerah. The Bible tells us that the two sons struggled even in the womb for the position of

first-born. During Tamar's labor, Zerah's hand emerged and the midwife tied a red string around his wrist. Then, Zerah's hand disappeared back into the womb and Perez, the younger, was born as the elder! Thus, the positions of Cain and Abel were restored even before birth took place. It was from this point that the Israelite people became the nation chosen to receive the Messiah.

In terms of conventional morality, the stories of Rebekah and Tamar would be questionable at best. Why God blessed them was a theological mystery until today. As we now see, God needed to reclaim His lineage from Satan so that Jesus could be born. Purified, true-love blood lineage was the point from which the Israelite nation started expanding. The word Israel means victory. Their victory was the purification of blood lineage.

Mary's Life-Risking Course

The lineage of Judah developed for generations, expanding to the levels of tribe, society and nation. From this same lineage, Mary was born in Israel 2,000 years later. Mary had the responsibility to unite Cain and Abel figures on the family, clan and national levels through paying appropriate indemnity and restoring elder sonship. Mary responded to God's call and conceived Jesus even though, in the eyes of others, she had betrayed her parents and Joseph, to whom she was engaged. At that time, it was customary to stone to death any woman who became pregnant out of wedlock. However, Joseph, standing in the position of Adam, courageously protected his fiancee and resisted abandoning her.

Because of Mary's faith, and the work of Rebekah and Tamar, Satan could not claim sovereignty over Jesus in Mary's womb. Jesus was born in the position of a true son under God's complete, direct lineage. He is the first true son of God after the purification of the fallen blood lineage. That is why Jesus, the first-begotten son of God, is the saint of all saints and the ancestor of God's true blood lineage.

A Dream Unfulfilled

Mary, in the position to restore fallen Eve, had to build a unity between Jesus, who was in the position of Abel, and his elder cousin, John the Baptist, who was in the position of Cain. This unity was essential for the people of Israel to identify Jesus as the Messiah. John the Baptist should have helped Jesus reach the religious leadership of Israel. If John had fulfilled his role, then Judaism, in the position of Abel, and the nation of Israel, in the position of Cain, could have united centered on Jesus. This would have laid the foundation for the Marriage of the Lamb. Jesus would have stood as the True Father of humanity, and his bride would have stood as the True Mother of humanity.

However, this glorious destiny could not be realized. It was the religious people themselves who rejected Jesus' words and called for His crucifixion.

Confronted by the faithlessness in Israel, Jesus determined to give his life

to achieve spiritual salvation for humankind. However, he would have to come again in order to bring physical or earthly salvation in addition to spiritual salvation.

The Unity Imperative

God's preparation for the Second Advent required a world-level foundation of successful Cain-Abel reconciliation. This dispensation was carried out through the events surrounding World War II. God's representative came to bring His word and was met with tremendous persecution and almost universal misunderstanding. This paralleled Jesus' situation 2,000 years ago. Just as the Israelites of Jesus' time awaited the Second Coming of Elijah on a chariot descending from heaven, Christians awaited the Second Coming by expecting Jesus himself to descend on a cloud from the sky.

In Revelation, Jesus reveals to the Apostle John that he will come with a new name. This foreshadowed that Jesus would come again through another man, just as Elijah had done.

At this crucial time after World War II, then, God instructed my husband to bring a new message of truth to Christians in Korea. Korean Christian leaders, however, rejected the possibility that he, a humble young man, had been chosen to bring this new message. Because the New Testament Age is an extension of the Old Testament Age, they could not believe that the Second Coming would be born as a man on earth any more than the Jewish people could believe it at the time of Jesus.

If the Christian churches had become one with my husband, the heavenly kingdom would already have been established on earth as well as in heaven. During the seven-year period from 1945 to 1952, when the New Testament Age ended, the entire world could have united in accordance with the providence of God. Instead of uniting with him, however, these religious leaders became jealous of the growing number of his followers. They blindly opposed my husband without hearing him out. They even spread lies about him. Rumors of sexual misconduct and greed, the very antithesis of his teachings, were used to assassinate his character.

For decades, my husband has been completely misunderstood. For three years, he was imprisoned in a North Korean communist concentration camp. Altogether, he has been wrongly imprisoned six times for doing God's work. My heart is broken when I think of how my husband has suffered. But he always comforts me, reassuring me that God has deep compassion for those persecuted for doing His work.

The truth that God revealed to my husband is contained in the Divine Principle. Looking at the history of humankind and the stories of the Bible from the providential viewpoint, the Divine Principle unlocks the answers to questions unsolved for thousands of years. Those who have sincerely studied its

contents have found it to be a true gift from God, providing the only solutions to the problems facing our society today.

There are countless other testimonies to the power of the Divine Principle to give hope and new life to young people. Last year, in Korea, we held a wedding celebration for 30,000 couples, all dedicating their lives to one another, to God, and to the world. In most families today, parents cannot effectively guide their children, especially on such intimate matters as love and marriage. Yet, my husband and I brought together young people from 131 different nations and realized their most cherished dreams of love in a historic way. This was indeed a great miracle of the modern world.

Extension of the Messianic Ideal

Ladies and gentlemen, at the dawn of the Completed Testament Age, the time has come for each family to take up the messianic mission of completing the work of salvation all over the world. After restoring your family, the next step is to restore your community, tribe and nation. We call this process "tribal messiahship." In the Completed Testament Age, the mother's role will be crucial. She must unite her children and her husband, and link her family with the True Parents. Already, we have sent thousands of Tribal Messiah missionaries around the world. Soon, the original ideal of the family will be achieved worldwide.

In every completed family, grandparents will be in the position of kings and queens representing God and good ancestors. Parents will be in the position of kings and queens representing present humanity, and children will be in the position of princes and princesses representing all future descendants. When all three generations are united, past, present and future will live together in harmony. With such families, the symptoms of our decaying society will vanish. As confident children of God, we will no longer be enslaved by the temptations of alcohol and drug abuse. Moreover, by understanding the holiness of love between a husband and a wife, we will possess the moral strength to stand strong against infidelity and promiscuity. Finally, we will work as a whole to eliminate war, racial prejudices and world hunger.

Based upon this foundation, we can realize a world of true happiness, freedom and peace. God is very much alive, and His original ideal for humankind is unchanging and absolute. It is our destiny to fulfill this ideal and liberate God's heart.

My dear friends, the Women's Federation for World Peace is called to this task. Let us work together to bring about its successful completion.

It is my hope that all Christians, and people of all faiths, will understand this message with a deep heart and an open mind. I sincerely pray that, by upholding the Will of God, we can all reach the place of God's blessing. May God bless you and your families. Thank you very much.

The Completed Testament Age

1993-1999

IT WAS HARD TO IMAGINE HOW REVEREND MOON could top his declaration of messiahship in 1992. However, he may have done so by proclaiming the beginning of a whole new historical epoch in 1993. In a speech, “The Reappearance of the Second Coming and the Completed Testament Era,” delivered at Belvedere International Training Center, Tarrytown, New York on January 10, 1993, Rev. Moon announced “the transition today to the Completed Testament era.” Although details as to the precise nature of the new epoch were as yet sketchy, it was understood to involve a fundamental shift in the order of salvation. As one church leader explained, “Previously, religious organizations have always been centered upon the salvation of the individual, but we have now progressed to the salvation of the family.” The implications of this were momentous. Essentially, it signaled a radical new beginning for the movement and rendered all previous religious expressions, including that of the Unification Church, obsolete. Within a few years, the church began to reconfigure itself as a “Family Federation,” developed theological concepts and terminology reflective of the shift, and launched into efforts to realize a restored and purified Garden of Eden. The gateway to the Completed Testament Age (CTA) was the Blessing which extended far beyond the Unificationist community during the 1990s. In fact, members routinely referred to the “globalization” of the Blessing. Probably because of its association with “holy” experiments and new beginnings, the CTA also signified a renewed role for the U.S. and the Americas.

The Proclamation

Most of these developments were not apparent in 1993. The immediate concern was to proclaim the message of the new age in coordination with the earlier declaration of messiahship. On April 10, 1993, the movement published a statement, “True Parents and the Completed Testament Age,” in the newspapers of 160 nations. Then, in May 1993, Rev. and Mrs. Moon began a tour of



thirty-three U.S. cities under the same theme. Whereas Korea was the venue for their proclamation of messiahship, the U.S. was the launching pad for Rev. and Mrs. Moon's proclamation of the Completed Testament Age. Rev. Moon spoke in the first twelve cities between May 13-24, 1993. Mrs. Moon then covered twenty-one cities between May 26-June 28th.

The tour was extended to include twenty-three additional cities during July, thereby covering all fifty states. A highlight of the July segment was Mrs. Moon's speech at Capitol Hill on July 28th before representatives from 115 congressional offices. That same day, the U.S. Congress passed a resolution designating July 28th as national "Parents' Day." Senator Trent Lott (R-Mississippi) went on record as joining the Women's Federation for World Peace in celebrating the occasion and urged his colleagues in the Senate and all citizens in the nation to recognize and support True Parents' Day. Although few, if any, legislators understood the symbolic significance of their action and although church opponents later attempted to expose various members' role in the enactment, the designation was gratifying.

Mrs. Moon's speech at the United Nations in New York on September 7, 1993 served as a springboard to the world tour. That she had delivered the message of "True Parents and the Completed Testament Age" at the UN as well as on Capitol Hill afforded credibility when scheduling major venues abroad.

Rev. Moon speaking in Long Beach, California, during the Completed Testament Age Tour

Between September 11-30th, Mrs. Moon conducted twenty-five rallies in Japan, the highlight being her speech before 50,000 at the Tokyo Dome. At that particular rally, Princess Eva Marie of the former Kingdom of Yugoslavia and Marilyn Quayle, wife of the former Vice-President of the U.S., offered remarks. In October 1993, Mrs. Moon delivered the CTA message before audiences at forty Korean universities, often speaking at two different campuses on the same day. Then, beginning on November 2, 1993 and extending for the next fifty-three days, Mrs. Moon traveled the globe delivering the message to audiences in forty countries. The tour covered Europe, the former Eastern bloc communist and Balkan states, the Middle East, Africa, South America and the Orient. Simultaneous with Mrs. Moon's world tour, Rev. and Mrs. Moon's older children and several of their spouses delivered the "True Parents and the Completed Testament Age" message to audiences in forty additional U.S. cities on weekends and often in churches between October and December 1993. The following spring, between March 8-April 27, 1994, Mrs. Moon and her adult children and in-laws undertook a "100-Campus Speaking Tour" in the U.S., once again proclaiming "True Parents and the Completed Testament Age."



Mrs. Moon traveled throughout the world, here addressing members in Auckland, New Zealand, following her public speech.

The speech itself was challenging on a number of levels. For secular or non-Christian audiences, it introduced unfamiliar terminology and content which appeared to be rooted almost entirely in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Adam and Eve, the Human Fall and Satan, the Cain/Abel relationship as a paradigm for world history, and Biblical figures such as Rebekah and Jacob, Tamar, and Mary all figured prominently in the message. Beyond that, the very concept of the Completed Testament Age implied that it was an extension of the "Old" and "New" Testaments. Some resultant problems were

acknowledged in tour reports, particularly in the Middle East. There, as one report noted, many church missionaries had "gone to jail, been deported and endured various hardships." In Jerusalem, the Chief Rabbinate of Israel threatened to revoke the kosher license of the hotel where Mrs. Moon was to speak and a few hundred Orthodox Jews demonstrated. In Istanbul, a substantial number of the Muslim audience walked out during the speech. Rev. Kwak noted that in India, a political official introduced Mrs. Moon, "saying that he did not understand the theme," and that in Taiwan, though many of the 4,000 gathered "probably did not understand the Biblical terminology...still they did not fidget but sat quietly and listened to the speech."

The message also was challenging to Christian audiences. Some of the problems were longstanding. Unification positions on the failure of John the Baptist and the necessity of Jesus to take a bride, restated in the CTA proclamation, had



been a source of strain before. However, the explicit messianism of the text was new. Rev. Moon, for example, announced that if he and the Christian churches had “become one” following World War II, “the heavenly kingdom would already have been established on earth as well as in heaven.” He stated that he paid indemnity, or restitution, for “all of history” over the past forty years, and that unlike “American leaders, prominent Christians, and other leading figures of the world” who have “only a faint idea of the forces that shape the future...I know the direction that humankind must go, and I, with the help of God, will lead the world there.” All of this built up to the proclamation’s concluding declaration. As Rev. Moon phrased it,

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great privilege to announce to you the establishment of the first True Family. My wife and I, together with our thirteen children and twenty-four grandchildren, are absolutely dedicated to serving God and humanity. With three generations in one family, we have achieved on the family level, the central root, the central trunk, and the central bud of the “Tree of Life” mentioned in the Bible. It is our sincere hope that you will symbolically graft into this lineage by joining us in our efforts to create an ideal nation and world. This marks the beginning of the Completed Testament Age.

This explained why Rev. and Mrs. Moon enlisted the participation of their family in the CTA speech tours and was consistent with the transition from individual to family-based salvation. In addition to True Parents, Rev. and Mrs.

Mrs. Moon presented her talk at the United Nations, New York.

Moon now proclaimed the True Family. The invitation to symbolically graft into this lineage referred to the Blessing, and one of the purposes of announcing the CTA was to help prepare the way for the blessing of 360,000 couples planned for 1995. Still, these statements and sentiments could hardly have been expected to receive instantaneous acceptance. One American member referred to “proclamation shock” among listeners.

Though in different ways, the CTA tour was a challenge to Unificationists. Externally, members arranged and financed venues and did their utmost to fill auditoriums, often at quite short notice. Internally, they had to alter their consciousness about the CTA. Many understood that the CTA already had arrived and that The Principle was a Completed Testament text. In fact, Rev. Moon announced the CTA in several speeches to members during the 1970s and 1980s. The CTA tour served notice that religious gradualism was out and apocalyptic immediacy was in. It also signaled a renewed evangelistic thrust reminiscent of the 1970s. However, there was an important difference. Previously, the movement witnessed indirectly to the coming Messiah as the “new hope” or “new future” of Christianity. Now, it was witnessing directly to messianic fulfillment.

It also should not be overlooked that the CTA tour was challenging for Rev. and Mrs. Moon and their family. Part of the challenge was physical: fatigue, constant travel, temperature swings and changes of season, the crossing of time zones, unfamiliar food, etc. Rev. Moon had a fever, and Mrs. Moon fought the flu during her first twelve speeches. However, the more serious challenges were internal. There were numerous sources of strain. One was cultural. There also were national barriers. As the movement’s Continental Director of Asia, Byung Woo Kim commented, “Satan is always standing at the immigration area, and strong nationalism is controlling the world.” The possibility, and in certain areas the reality of religious opposition also presented pressure. Mrs. Moon acknowledged “many difficult and upsetting parts within the speech.” In one testimony, she stated, “I can speak and it is the truth, but there are times when I wonder if they will throw stones at me.”

For all these pressures, undoubtedly the most severe strain was living up to messianic expectations. Rev. Moon discounted appeals that he live a little more freely after the proclamation of the CTA, saying, “Because I have proclaimed myself to be the Messiah, history and mankind will closely observe how the Messiah lived after such a proclamation.” According to Rev. Kwak, “Although he wrote the CTA speech, Rev. Moon nevertheless carefully read it for more than an hour every night and again in the morning and on the airplane for the purpose of infusing more spiritual pressure and power into it.” For her part, Mrs. Moon was expected to be not just uniformly gracious and giving but to demonstrate the same depth of heart and commitment as her husband. Even more taxing was the necessity of testifying not on behalf of others but to themselves! This was not easy. To proclaim oneself among followers was one thing,

but to do so in public risked ridicule and censure or even worse, indifference. Yet there was no one else among the membership to undertake this task. In proclaiming themselves, the existential burden was great. Rev. Moon was not one to speak openly of personal struggles. However, in a recorded prayer, he referred to the “huge” mission of True Parents and stated, “No matter how hateful and difficult it is, we must go on.”

It would be a mistake to assume that these challenges overwhelmed or invalidated the tour. The truth was the opposite. Given the obstacles which were overcome, movement spokespersons might be forgiven a certain amount of hyperbole. One leader wrote, “When they were speaking, Father and Mother looked like teachers and all listeners looked like children.” Another stated that audiences were “spiritually overpowered, so that they could only listen immobilized.” While it may not have been quite as triumphant as these sources indicated, the CTA tour revitalized the movement’s worldwide membership and as mentioned it heightened members’ consciousness about the CTA and introduced a note of apocalyptic immediacy. Beyond that, it afforded members in mission countries a sense of direct participation in the movement’s mainstream providence. Mrs. Moon and her party were able to visit dynamic mission areas in Eastern Europe and Sub-Saharan Africa. Rev. and Mrs. Moon together visited the Oceania region for the first time. In this respect, the CTA tour was an essential building block in the movement’s globalization. At a more subtle level, the tour expanded the movement’s definition of membership. In their speeches, Rev. and Mrs. Moon spoke as if they were addressing in-house audiences, and throughout the 1990s there was a general collapsing of distinctions between insiders and outsiders. This was an uneven but revolutionary process for the movement. Essentially, Rev. and Mrs. Moon took seriously the proposition that they were the True Parents for all humankind and that a new age had begun. Under these conditions, they embarked upon an ambitious program of global salvation.

Federations for World Peace and Unification

During the early 1990s, the movement was optimistic about the prospects for immanent, substantial world peace and unification. To some extent, its perspective mirrored that of secular idealists who in the wake of the West’s cold war victory proclaimed “the end of history.” However, there was one important difference. Secular optimists tended to perceive the post-cold war situation in terms of the triumph of democratic values. Unificationists, however, rested their hopes upon the victory of True Parents who were regarded as the true “end” of history. Both of these positions were put to the test during the 1990s. In the wider society, there was a loss of idealism during the middle years of the decade as the costs of winning the peace became more apparent. There also was a tendency to retreat into isolationism and self-indulgence.

Unificationists were not oblivious to these pressures, but the movement as

a whole stayed the course, pursuing a three-pronged program of world peace and unification. The first component of this program was dialogue. Rev. Moon remained convinced that interdisciplinary, intercultural and interreligious dialogue was essential for world peace. Therefore, the movement continued to sponsor a broad array of conferences. The defining characteristic of this development during the 1990s was the proliferation of numerous “federations for world peace.” These integrated the distinct and separate organizations for scientists, academics, media professionals, religious leaders, politicians and the like which the movement had previously organized and funded. This shift actually began in the previous period with the establishment of the International Federation for World Peace (IFWP), the Interreligious Federation for World Peace (IRFWP), and the Women’s Federation for World Peace (WFWP) in 1992. By the late 1990s, the movement proliferated a dozen or more federations. Many of them were later integrated under the International and Interreligious Federation for World Peace (IIFWP).

Each of these federations appealed to a different constituency. However, they were interrelated and at least initially understood to be successors to the United Nations. Just as the victorious countries created the League of Nations following World War I and the United Nations after World War II, so the conclusion of the Cold War, which the movement perceived as World War III, required the creation of institutions reflective of the new era. In the immediate afterglow of communism’s collapse and in the context of references to a new world order expressed by some world leaders, the movement sensed that a new federative body would supersede the United Nations. As the idealism and hopes of the early 1990s faded for many, the movement reconceptualized the mission of its peace federations: rather than superseding the United Nations, they would work to revitalize it.

The federations for world peace also presupposed a more focused commitment among participants. Previously, those attending ICUS, PWPA, World Media Association, AULA or Summit Council meetings were united in their general affirmation of theistic values and opposition to communism. Although there was a higher degree of interdisciplinary encounter, civility and even family feeling than elsewhere, the conferences did not differ markedly in their basic orientation from professional meetings. There typically was a Founder’s Address at major gatherings, but otherwise attendees were exhorted to be the best professionals and persons they could be. Rev. Moon’s declaration of messiahship to an assembled gathering of conference participants at the first World Sports and Culture Festival in 1992 altered the equation, but there was still the possibility of proceedings slipping back into business-as-usual. In this regard, the creation of peace federations called participants beyond pre-existing professional and personal involvements to a shared common cause and a more activist, existential encounter. Another feature that the federations had in common was Western and particularly American influence. The working staff,



meeting chairs, and the great bulk of the keynote speakers were Western, usually American. English was the language of choice for international gatherings, and the organizational structure and proceedings were governed by Western cultural norms.

Despite these influences, funding came from the Orient, and the federations were subject to the movement's sense of timing and purpose. Many of the major international meetings were held in conjunction with movement-sponsored World Culture and Sports Festivals and to some extent served as a backdrop to the International Blessings. However, this was not uniformly the case. The movement's most spectacular world convention was held in Washington, D.C. from July 30-August 1, 1996, inaugurating the Family Federation for World Peace (FFWP). This event included a cast of luminaries rivaling anything the movement had yet undertaken: two former Presidents of the United States, Gerald Ford and George Bush; former President and Nobel Peace Prize winner Oscar Arias of Costa Rica; former Prime Ministers Edward Heath of Great Britain and Brian Mulroney of Canada; thirty-six one-time heads of state or governments; university presidents including Boston University's John Silber; Christian television personality Robert Schuller; Christian Coalition Executive Director Ralph Reed; Coretta Scott King, the widow of Martin Luther King, Jr.; Maureen Reagan, the daughter of former U.S. President Ronald Reagan; well-known comedian Bill Cosby; and Christian singer-actor Pat Boone. In addition, the main proceedings were covered live by C-SPAN television network.

*Participants at the
Inauguration of the Family
Federation for Unification
and World Peace,
Washington, D.C.*

The Washington Post contended that some of the speakers were unaware of Rev. Moon's involvement and cited critics who claimed that former presidents, celebrities and educators recruited to speak at World Peace conventions were being used. The *Post* also speculated about speaker fees. Movement spokespersons stated that they took great pains to let everybody know who founded the FFWP, emphasized that the conference was meant to attract former heads of state who still wield influence in order to put family matters at the top of the agenda in their nations, and noted that the size of honorariums paid to speakers was confidential. Far from using them, Rev. Moon understood that his ministry had progressed to the point that world-level leaders were his peers and an appropriate audience for him to address. Also, Mrs. Moon delivered a straightforward opening plenary speech on the "View of the Principle of the Providential History of Salvation." In this respect, the Inaugural World Convention of the FFWP was a high-level witnessing opportunity.

The establishment of the FFWP represented a new stage in the movement's development. Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, who was appointed International President, maintained that the FFWP was more important than the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (HSA-UWC) or Unification Church. HSA-UWC, he noted, was "not True Parents' ultimate organization." The rationale for this assertion was connected to the historic shift that underlay the emergence of the Completed Testament Age. As noted previously, Rev. Kwak explained,

Religious organizations have always been centered upon the salvation of the individual, but we have now progressed to the salvation of the family.... Such an organization is not a church; it is the Family Federation for World Peace.

Given this understanding, it wasn't surprising that the FFWP rather than the Unification Church was the main sponsor of the World Culture and Sports Festivals and International Marriage Blessings after 1996.

By the late 1990s, the movement proliferated a dozen or more federations for world peace. Some of them were quite specific, i.e., the Artist Association for World Peace (est. 1995), Island Nations for World Peace (est. 1996), Peninsula Nations for World Peace (est. 1996), Continental Nations for World Peace (est. 1996), Martial Artists for World Peace (est. 1997). In addition, the movement sponsored a World Peace Conference for several years and inaugurated a World University Federation. Within this constellation of activity, the Interreligious Federation for World Peace (IRFWP) and the International Federation for World Peace (IFWP) functioned as umbrella organizations, representing internal and external approaches to the solution of world problems. These two federations coalesced into a single entity, the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace, in 1999. The stated purpose of the merger was to bring their combined resources together.



Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak and Taj Hamad (center) congratulating a graduate of an interreligious seminar at the New Yorker Hotel

This process began with a conference on “Realizing the Interfaith Ideal: Action Beyond Dialogue” sponsored by the IRFWP in Washington, D.C. from December 18-20, 1998. The “concept for the conference,” according to its coordinator Dr. Frank Kaufmann, “revolved around an initiative for religious leaders to work formally with the United Nations,” a vision which “was enthusiastically received by the 126 international participants in attendance.” Even more gratifying was the response of United Nations representatives present who “acknowledged the conference initiative as inspired, timely, necessary and doable.” Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak in an important plenary address, “New Directions for Interfaith,” stated,

[W]orld peacemaking calls not only for the wisdom of statesmen and diplomats but also for the wisdom of the world’s religions, as embodied in the most honored representatives of those religious traditions. To implement such a program would involve a re-structuring of the UN as currently conceived. For, in addition to the representation of nation states, there would be representatives of the world’s religious traditions.

One can perhaps imagine a congress of two houses. One house—a House of Representatives—would be structured very much as the existing United Nations. It would consist of an assembly of wise and experienced representatives of the

world's national governments. In addition to this house, however, there would be added a second house or senate. This Senate would consist of distinguished religious leaders. Together, in a spirit of mutual respect and cooperation, these two houses would work together with a single objective: moving the world toward peace.



A Hoon Dok Hae Conference
in Washington, D.C., 1999

Rev. Kwak's sentiments reflected those of Rev. Moon who had previously spoken along these lines. In his conference address, Rev. Moon stated, "the path to world peace will be incomplete if we build it merely upon the political, economic and military functions of the United Nations.... I hope the participants here today, and all the nations of the world, will seriously consider this proposal to establish a structure encompassing the world's religions and the United Nations."

The call to religious leaders for "action beyond dialogue" continued with the establishment of the Interreligious and International Federation for World Peace (IIFWP) in February 1999. However, it was supplemented by another theme. According to Frank Kaufmann, a "second trademark insight" attributable to Rev. Moon was "his understanding of the seamless web linking family order to world order." This was apparent in the IIFWP's first and succeeding International Seminars in Washington, D.C. on "True Families as the Foundation for World Peace in the New Millennium." In early July 1999, Rev. Moon directed IIFWP staff to convene the first seminar "before the end of the month and to bring together two hundred distinguished participants representing more than forty nations" as well as participants from each of the twenty-two U.S. states in which Mrs. Moon had recently spoken. From each locale, three guests were to be invited: one a religious leader, one a political leader, and the other an academic leader.

Rev. Moon also gave "specific direction that the content of the conference program...should be dedicated to a series of *Hoon Dok Hae* readings." These were "gathering for reading and learning" sessions based on passages from Rev. Moon's speeches. The general membership had been encouraged to practice *Hoon Dok Hae* between 6:00-7:00 a.m. since late 1997, but it had not been tried

at “any previous international conference for VIP contacts.” The program included a series of seven ninety-minute *Hoon Dok Hae* sessions, each consisting of a reading on a specific topic followed by responses by two assigned discussants and comments from the floor. Despite initial apprehensions, members with extensive experience in dialogues of this type offered glowing appraisals. Dr. Anthony Guerra, Dean of Undergraduate and Graduate Studies at the University of Bridgeport, commented,

I have been comparing in my heart and mind over the past few days this first *Hoon Dok Hae* conference with the many other Unification-centered seminars for VIP guests. The strongest metaphor I’m left with is that of the difference between the atomic bomb and conventional weapons. In this first *Hoon Dok Hae* conference, our guests and also we members, are challenged by the direct words of True Parents. In the atmosphere created...we all seem to be delivered from our old selves.... Father has given us the formula for Pentecost.

Given the success of the initial gathering, the movement undertook regular *Hoon Dok Hae* conferences for the remainder of the year in Washington, D.C. Beginning with the second conference on September 17-20, media representatives were included among the religious, political and academic leaders.

The introduction of *Hoon Dok Hae* and the emergence of high-level conferences devoted to “reading and learning” Rev. Moon’s words highlighted two important points. First, Rev. Moon’s speeches or excerpts from his speeches were beginning to supplant The Principle as the movement’s official canon in the Completed Testament Age. For some, the *Divine Principle* was reduced in stature from a sacred text to a systematic theology. Moreover, it was regarded as being addressed primarily to Christian audiences. In this respect, *Hoon Dok Hae* was seen to underscore the “universalism” inherent in Rev. Moon’s message. Second, the study of Rev. Moon’s words on diverse topics related to the family and world peace was a clear indication that the movement pursued not only peace but also unification. In other words, it understood that true and lasting peace could not emerge without a central reference point. How explicit that reference point should be was open to interpretation. The *Hoon Dok Hae* conferences emphasized the “spiritual” and “internal aspects of the global peace process,” i.e., “common values and shared concerns.” Nevertheless, an unstated assumption behind the gatherings was that there could be no peace or unity among brothers and sisters at any level without True Parents.



Sisterhood Ceremonies

The second prong of the movement's three-fold approach to world peace and unification was that of forgiveness and reconciliation. Some issues simply transcended the problem-solving capacity of rational discourse and social idealism. Among the most serious global problems in the 1990s were the vicious hatreds among ethnic, national, racial and religious groupings. These, in fact, became more pronounced during the post-Cold War period when they were no longer held in check by the competing superpowers. Tutsis and Hutus killed one another in Rwanda; Croats, Serbs and Muslims killed one another in Bosnia; Irish and English killed one another in Northern Ireland and elsewhere; Jews and Arabs killed one another in the Middle East. Additional examples of this could be cited throughout the globe. Any program for peace, therefore, needed to go beyond the normal bounds of interpersonal relations and address issues of forgiveness and reconciliation, especially between enemies and former adversaries.

Here, the movement took its cue from the experience of Rev. Moon. During the cold war, Rev. Moon was widely regarded as a virulent anti-communist. However, it was less widely known that prior to the demise of communism, he sought reconciliation and developed personal relationships with Mikhail Gorbachev and the late North Korean leader, Kim Il Sung, both of whom had been serious adversaries in the past. In fact, both were alleged by the movement to have been linked to assassination plots against him. Rev. Moon adopted a similar stance much earlier toward Japanese secret police who had tortured him for his underground activities during their occupation of Korea and whom he subsequently aided in escaping reprisals following Japan's World War II defeat.

Out of these personal encounters, Rev. Moon derived the inspiration to pursue forgiveness and reconciliation on broader levels. He encouraged marriages between partners of formerly enemy states, created situations in which followers from adversary nations worked together, and sent them out as missionary teams to the field. During the mid-1990s, he pursued these measures in a more programmatic way, working with the Women's Federation for World Peace (WFWP) to sponsor large-scale "Sisterhood Ceremonies," first between



Korean and Japanese and then between Japanese and American women. Rev. Moon understood that women would play a leading role in fostering peace in the Completed Testament Age. This sentiment was echoed in a particularly strong way by Mrs. Moon in a congratulatory address to participants in a Korean-Japanese sisterhood ceremony. She stated,

[N]one of you were treated properly by men who did not know the original value with which women were created. In the existing order, which discriminates between men and women, you have had to endure much suffering. However, today, you are seeing the age of women which is now dawning for the first time in history.

If women, who make up half of mankind, cannot enjoy proper human rights, can we have a peaceful world? The mistak-

American and Japanese WFWP presidents, Mrs. Nora Spurgin and Mrs. Motoko Sugiyama, cross the "Bridge of Peace."

Former U.S. President and First Lady, George and Barbara Bush at a WFWP conference



en mentality that discriminates against women must be changed. The role of women must be expanded and corrected within all areas of society in which discrimination against women exists—including the spheres of politics, law and the economy.... A woman, as seen from the viewpoint of the ideal of creation, is not an assistant to a man, but must be a partner.... We women have the mission to correctly guide those men who have until now led history through power, and confused the order of love in their lives.

Under the auspices of WFWP, more than 200,000 Korean and Japanese women “came together to create sisterly ties” in thirty-eight separate occasions between March 11 and November 8, 1994.

Sisterhood ceremonies conducted in the United States between Japanese and American women did not achieve those kinds of numbers, primarily due to the geographical distance between the two nations. However, they may have had more impact due to the involvement of persons with exceedingly high public profiles, most notably, former President and First Lady George and Barbara Bush. Numerous other leaders of the highest rank and celebrities spoke or entertained at WFWP-sponsored sisterhood ceremonies in the U.S. They included former Department of Education Secretary and author of *The Book of Virtues*, William Bennet; Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick; television personality Barbara Walters; former Congressman Jack Kemp; “Superman” actor Christopher Reeves; Coretta Scott King; well-known psychologist Dr. Joyce Brothers; Olympic swimmer Matt Biondi; Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale; Maureen Reagan; singers Shirley Jones, Jennifer Holliday, and Naomi Judd;

and actress Phylicia Rashad. Taking part in the ceremonies, many were deeply touched and accepted additional invitations. The most prominent were President and Mrs. George Bush who accompanied and spoke in support of WFWP with Mrs. Moon on a six-city speaking tour in Japan.

Between January 22 and March 8, 1995, 4,000 Japanese women traveled to Washington, D.C. to be matched with an equal number of American women in eight separate sisterhood ceremonies. These were set to coincide with the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II, and each ceremony built up to a dramatic “bridge-crossing” during which “a representative group of the Japanese delegates crossed over a special bridge, met their American counterparts in the middle where each bowed, embraced the other, and then walked down together, hand in hand.” One participant commented, “It is hard to fully describe how moving this simple ceremony was without witnessing it!” The rich background of cherry blossom trees and roses on stage undoubtedly contributed to the effect. Following the highly successful Washington, D.C. conferences, the movement sponsored Japanese-American sisterhood ceremonies in eight U.S. cities during the remainder of 1995, with several thousand more women from both countries participating. In 1996, the WFWP conducted a number of “African-American/Caucasian-American” ceremonies. These activities in America inspired Austrian-Croatian, Czech-German, Russian-German, Hungarian-Slovakian, and Italian-Slovakian sisterhood ceremonies conducted by WFWP chapters in Europe.

The movement did not limit its efforts on behalf of forgiveness and reconciliation to symbolic exchanges. Members also took on sacrificial lifestyles and voluntary suffering. Rev. Moon referred to this as going to the “zero” point. Whatever the terminology, the group most embodying this and through whom Rev. Moon attempted to work most directly in the 1990s were Japanese women. In much the same way as he provided opportunities and encouraged Mrs. Moon in her leadership of WFWP and world speaking tours, so he looked to elevate the spiritual consciousness and commitment of Japanese women. Utilizing messianic imagery, he called upon them to take on an “Eve” or mother’s role in the world. Japan had been sacrificially funding movement activities for years. During the 1990s, the movement deployed thousands of Japanese women as missionary workers. Initially, 1,600 went out to the 160 countries in which the movement had missions, ten per nation. Later, some 4,000 Japanese women went out to countries in the Americas. At the end of the decade, most of these sisters were deployed in the United States, and Rev. Moon stated his intention of sending 20,000 more. Many of them left husbands and children behind. Their commitment was intended not only to augment movement activities but also to inspire sacrificial efforts in others.

Nora Spurgin

One day I got a call to come and work with Women's Federation. I traveled literally all over the world with True Mother, including Europe, China and Russia, and the USA and everywhere. It was hard for my husband, in my home town, taking care of the younger children, looking for a job while I was traveling all over the world with Mother. It was so powerful being with her and meeting all those people. It was exciting traveling and establishing the Women's Federation. I worked with WFWP for seven years, and in the sisterhood ceremonies in 1995 and 1996.

Father called Mrs. Sugiyama and me to East Garden and said he wanted to do a sisterhood ceremony in the USA. They had done sisterhood ceremonies between Korean and Japanese women. In Korea, the Japanese women and Korean women sat across from each other at a table, shook hands and signed something. Tomoko Duggan had the idea of a bridge; at first we thought it could be a decoration, but then we thought if it was a three-dimensional bridge with steps leading up to it, as a ceremony it would be very moving. It was such a heartistic experience. Looking back on it, it was so moving for everyone involved. It was more than a conference; it was much deeper. It was a heart experience, not a head experience.

Beyond The Dream

Nadine Andre

On Oct. 5 something very special happened in three cities across the United States. In Los Angeles, Tampa and New York City, over 700 African-American and Caucasian women crossed the Bridge of Peace, uniting in sisterhood, pledging to heal the racial wounds which have historically divided our nation.

This was not a political event. This was not some social program or legislative action. These were women who were courageous enough to face their own demons, their own prejudices, and their own internal wounds, woman to woman, heart to heart. Their hope was to create a consciousness whereby the historical misdeeds of slavery and the abuses of racism could finally begin to be laid to rest. These were brave women willing to put themselves on the line.



New "sisters" meet for the first time at a WFWP conference.

This event, sponsored by the Women's Federation for World Peace, was patterned after the series of International Friendship Conferences held throughout the country since 1995. These conferences brought together women from Japan and America who crossed the Bridge of Peace in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II. The restorative nature of these ceremonies soon became quite evident.

Women, it seems, because of their roles as mothers, healers, nurturers and wives, were able to bridge the gap of resentment, pain and historical indemnity—not through the path of intellectualism or social engineering but through the path of "heart." The results have actually been quite astounding.

When the Japanese and American women cross the bridge to meet their new sister, the passion and tears that ensue and the realization that whatever has happened in the past can be healed in the present is a moment transcending words. The past, present and future all seem to exist in that moment of embrace and upon that foundation of tears, forgiveness and repentance, the relationship between the women and the histories of their nations are reborn. The his-tories become her-stories and the feminine aspects of our mass consciousness are allowed to emerge. The feminine aspects of God are required now to promote the healing necessary to enter the new millennium. The American women knew this was the only way to heal the racial divide. Thus the idea for the Interracial Conference "Beyond the Dream" was born.

Having worked on the conference myself here in New York, I can tell you it was not easy. Every obstacle that could arise, did. From lack of funds to finding the right venue and gathering women who understood the issues, to preparing the program, was an uphill journey all the way. But the path was paved with miracles as if God wanted this to happen even more than any of us could imagine.

The event in New York was held at Riverside Church in Harlem. This was especially significant not only because they were celebrating their 65th anniversary on that precise day, but because Riverside is also the church where Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke several times. As co-chairwoman Suzanne Tadokoro said,



A WFWP conference in Washington, D.C.

"Martin Luther King had a dream, but it is up to us to go beyond the dream and make the dream a reality."

Debby Gullery, chairwoman of the New York chapter of Women's Federation for World Peace, and co-chair of "Beyond the Dream," said in her address: "Each of us represents thousands of people who have lived before us, people who have suffered and people who have caused suffering...but one person's transformation has the power to affect thousands." And so it was, the unity between the two co-chairwomen, Ms. Gullery, a Caucasian woman, and Ms. Tadokoro, daughter of an

interracial couple who is now herself in an interracial marriage. They, too, had to cross the bridge many times within themselves and with each other to lay a strong internal foundation for the event.

Keynote speaker Andria Hall, former WNBC/Ch. 4 news anchor and lecturer, who crossed the bridge with Ms. Gullery, said: "Racism is ugly, racism is real and racism hurts. I implore you to rebuke this monster which is in our midst." Ms. Hall continued to give testimony about the many times she had to symbolically cross the bridge in her journalistic career as an African-American woman, and the deep pains she had to endure.

Other featured speakers included Ms. Mozelle Reid, state convener of the National Council of Negro

Women and president of the Native Black American Women's Organization, and Marjorie Davis, community activist and journalist with the *Afro Times*. An address was given by Ms. Marta Varela, chairwoman of the NYC Commission on Human Rights, and Ms. Michelle Tong from the Office of Community Affairs read a letter from New York State Governor George Pataki applauding the work of WFWP.

From this roster of celebrated speakers and from all the women and men who participated, it seemed as if on this one sunny autumn afternoon the city of New York was at peace. As the strains of "Let There Be Peace on Earth" resonated throughout the halls of this great cathedral, the women recited the sisterhood pledge: "to build a bridge of peace and reconciliation, healing and forgiveness between our two races." It was at that moment, that eternal second, although unspoken, that everyone knew this was the key to our liberation.

It was Charmaine Singer's 44th birthday, and she was crying. "I wondered how I was going to spend my birthday," she said, "but God gave me a sister today." Ms. Singer's eyes brimmed with tears as she walked arm in arm with her new African-American sister, Ms. Loftin, an evangelist from Yonkers. Ms. Loftin, who fled South Carolina in her youth to escape a cross-burning, handed Ms. Singer a pamphlet showing her family tree dating to a freed slave born in 1845. "Welcome to my family," Ms. Loftin said. "Now God is really using us."

The afternoon continued to soar higher and higher as the program concluded with a performance by Mavis Staples, from the internationally acclaimed gospel group, the Staples Singers, nominated for a Grammy for their hit song, "I'll Take You There." Ms. Staples gave her testimony of meeting with WFWP Boston Chairwomen Heather Thalheimer and Cynthia Myers. They had initially discussed the idea for the Beyond the Dream conference when Ms. Staples became inspired to say, "That's a great idea and a great name for a song!" Heather said, "Why don't you write it?" One month later Ms. Staples did just that. New York City was privileged to hear the world premiere of the song "Beyond the Dream." The crowd went wild singing and dancing as the afternoon drew to a close in a joyous rhapsody of love.

As all good times must come to an end, this was the end of our new beginning. There was something different now. Something had changed. As each woman left the auditorium, I noticed a sparkle in her eyes, a glimmer which only comes from the discovery of new hope. A new hope had been born that afternoon. A hope to transform the face of our nation, one nation under God with liberty and justice for all.

Bridge of Peace

Paula Fujiwara

The Bridge of Peace ceremony was introduced to Southern California by the Women's Federation for World Peace in Sept. 1995 as part of its International Women's Friendship Conference series between Japanese and American women. It is a ceremony of forgiveness, reconciliation and healing of the wounds caused by past wrongdoings. Nine Japanese-American bridge ceremonies took place in Los Angeles. Out of the urging of Southern Californian participants in this conference series, a new project was born in January 1996. The Interracial Sisterhood Project (I.S.P.) was established to address the problem of racial division in the Los Angeles area. The first interracial Bridge of Peace ceremony was held at the L.A. Convention Center with 350 participants on Oct. 5, 1996. It was an entirely volunteer effort with many goods and services donated.

"After months of hard work and fund raising for the first I.S.P. event, we found that participants were inviting us to bring the ceremony to their 'realm of influence,'"

said I.S.P. chairwoman Sheri Rueter. Consequently, in 1997 there were Bridge of Peace ceremonies held in four different communities. The first event was held at the beginning of spring as an interracial ceremony for 185 girls of the ABC High School District. It was coordinated by Diane Stonbraker, a teacher and founder of the Artesia High Rainbow League, which promotes interracial harmony on their culturally diverse campus. Now the campus has an Interracial Sisterhood Club which just held the second annual bridge ceremony including girls from the other four high schools in the district. The second event was held for residents of a large senior citizens' complex in Pasadena. I.S.P. supporters from the Pasadena Interracial Women's Club organized the ceremony, pairing residents from the two towers in order to encourage a closer-knit community. The third event involved a national Native American conference held in Anaheim. The bridge ceremony was part of the conference's cultural night coordinated by Paula Star of the Southern California Indian Center. There were 250 participants; mostly Native American women were paired with I.S.P. supporters but also some men, children and family "partners for peace" were formed. The fourth event was the first city-sponsored ceremony in Carson, California. Several city officials who were invited to earlier ceremonies were instrumental in making it happen. It was held in October (Cultural Diversity Month) as the second anniversary of the original Interracial Sisterhood Ceremony. There was a total of 300 participants, including all the city officials.

I.S.P. Builds Momentum in 1998

The spring season was ushered in once again in 1998 by 150 excited girls from the ABC Unified High School District at the Cerritos Park East Community Center. The new Interracial Sisterhood Club of Artesia High took responsibility for many aspects of planning and preparation of the event, which had been done by faculty advisors and the I.S.P. in 1997. This year's event was "very challenging but equally successful," commented club advisor Diane Stonbraker. "The girls got to know each other better this time." A segment was added to the program allowing time for new interracial pairs to get to know each other.

This year's event was covered by the *Long Beach Press-Telegram* and the *New California Times*. The keynote speaker was school principal Dr. Genevieve Shepherd, who spoke at the first interracial bridge cere-

mony in Los Angeles. She reminded participants that something as simple as a smile and a kind word go a long way to bridge the gap between individuals.

Held on Friday, March 20, some girls were eagerly awaiting the experience. "People said it was really fun last year and the girls were nice and friendly," said Whitney High sophomore Lejone Morris, 15 years old.

Honesty Brown commented that "in high school people have a tendency to hang around people of the same race.... But here you don't have a choice and you get paired with someone of a different race and you can talk with them and find out you have a lot in common. It's amazing to find that out!"

Honesty's "Sister of Peace" Christine Maldonado is co-president with her of the Gahr High Interracial Sisterhood Club. "We just made meetings (to organize the event) but never really sat down together and just talked," says Christine; at the ceremony "we got to talking and I learned so much!"

"I think it's probably one of the best events that has ever come to our school district," says Kristy Crumbo, Artesia High student body president and ceremony coordinator. "It built unity among the whole community."

Interracial Sisterhood Club members are considering sponsoring a retreat to address women's issues and things that affect them every day, since meetings during the school day have been too brief, and after school and weekends are crowded with other activities.

First College-Sponsored Bridge Ceremony

Saturday, March 28 marked the historic first college-sponsored Interracial Bridge of Peace Ceremony. It was held at Chaffey College in the community of Rancho Cucamonga in California's Inland Empire region northeast of Los Angeles. The coordinator of the event was Chaffey College Professor Arlene McCall. Arlene came in contact with Women's Federation for World Peace when she responded to an invitation to the International Women's Friendship Conference in Los Angeles. She attended the first Interracial Ceremony at the L.A. Convention Center as well as the third International W.F.W.P. Convention last November in Washington, D.C. By the beginning of this year she was determined to hold a bridge ceremony on campus this spring and intends to have a bridge crossing at her church in May.

This semester she was able to rally the support of the faculty, staff and students as well as the local mayor and city council. There were approximately seventy attendees

and about twenty pairs of sisters crossed the bridge. Arlene and I.S.P. chairwoman Sheri Rueter were co-emcees. Arlene's talented students created the atmosphere for harmony with poetry, song and modern dance. Director for Student Activities Susan Stewart made acknowledgments and presented a proclamation from the city of Rancho Cucamonga. Keynote speakers were Cheryl Landon and Dorinda Henderson. Cheryl shared something of the lessons of love her father, actor Michael Landon, wanted to convey through his TV series Little House on the Prairie and Highway to Heaven. Dorinda Henderson is an active WFWP/ISP member who was an exchange student at Chaffey College and was named Alumni of the Year in 1996. A native of Belize, she has served in the management of Bank of America and as deputy director of the state's Fair Employment and Housing Department. Dorinda told of many positive experiences with her advisors at Chaffey who understood about cultural diversity and the challenges she faced adjusting to the American education system and culture. She concluded: "I'm back and I'm proud!"

Students were heard saying that a teacher told them to come and they could get extra credit, but they had no idea it was going to be so magnificent. They were surprised that they were so moved. Chaffey student Rhonda Sanchez remarked, "It was more than I expected. I felt so touched today." Arlene added, "This is really a groundbreaking event for this community and I'm sure it's just the beginning; it's paving the way for much larger events to follow."

Prof. McCall is currently working on a Ph.D. in International Education. She plans to develop and implement a certificate program and an Associate of Arts degree in multicultural studies. Ongoing bridge of peace ceremonies will be part of her program.

The Interracial Sisterhood Project of Southern California is planning more bridge ceremonies this year, as part of a youth conference in the city of Carson and with the International Friendship Festival in Long Beach, among others. ISP wants to multiply these ceremonies in schools, churches and cities. Partners for Peace who have had a chance to recognize and heal the wounds of the past can make great strides toward a future of harmony.

A Bridge of Love

Jennifer Holliday, acclaimed Broadway star of *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God* and *Dreamgirls*, was scheduled to perform at the conference in Washington, D.C. Ms. Holliday heard about a special 23-year-old Japanese singer. Unbeknownst to Ms. Holliday or WFWP, a fast-food chain in Japan had sponsored an essay contest in which the winner would be the one who best described her feelings about Ms. Holliday and her music. Hiromi Okasaki, blind since birth, won the first prize—an all-expense-paid round trip to America.

Wishing to fulfill her one dream to have a voice lesson with Jennifer Holliday, Hiromi located Ms. Holliday through an organization whose purpose is to unite those separated between Japan and America.

"I didn't know anything about the contest. I didn't even know they knew me in Japan," Ms. Holliday exclaimed. "I certainly have never performed there, although I knew that a road show version of *Dreamgirls* toured there years ago."

Excited by the coincidence of this sequence of events, Ms. Holliday invited her Japanese protege to join her in Washington several days prior to the eighth sisterhood event. Their first union was a tearful one for Hiromi, who had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

"I always wanted to sing like Ms. Holliday, but was advised not to because I could ruin my voice," reflected Hiromi. "But I didn't care; I did it anyway." Impressed by her potential, Ms. Holliday invited Hiromi to perform with her on stage. She also wanted to go through the bridge ceremony with Hiromi, where Japanese and American women cross a bridge to meet each other and symbolically become sisters. This development was beyond Hiromi's wildest expectations.

On the day of the event, Hiromi and Jennifer were the stars of the bridge ceremony. The last ones to cross the bridge, they stood for several minutes in an embrace that brought tears to everyone's eyes. Elayne Bennett, the keynote speaker, needed several minutes to recover her emotions before she could begin her speech. The



Jennifer and Hiromi

sound and light production men backstage were also overcome with tears, even though they had been witness to seven previous bridge ceremonies.

That evening as Jennifer performed, Hiromi was sitting in the audience with her mother. Suddenly, Jennifer was by her side, guiding her to the stage and, through a translator, she testified to Hiromi's strength, her talent and sweet personality. Hiromi, standing alone on stage, sang "Climb Every Mountain" in perfect English. Then Ms. Holliday joined her in a powerful duet.

The image of the two women, singing in a language of courage and hope which transcended every national boundary, moved the audience to tears. It was one of the deepest moments of all the conferences and one that the guests who were there will never forget.

The Globalization of the Blessing

The sanctification of families through International Marriage Blessings was the third prong in the movement's program for world peace and unification. Sanctification within the Christian tradition referred primarily to the transformation or perfection of individuals. However, Unificationists understood that a whole new historical epoch had begun in which there had occurred a fundamental shift in the order of salvation from the individual to the family. Therefore, the movement's understanding of sanctification related mainly to the family and family formation. The gateway to the sanctification process was the Blessing which became a major point of emphasis for the movement during the middle and late 1990s.

Sanctification was an important complement to movement-sponsored dialogues and reconciliation efforts. The first two prongs in its program for world peace and unification essentially dealt with conflict-resolution. The third prong, the sanctification of families through the Blessing, was understood to eliminate the root cause of human conflict and division. In essence, it was a process through which men and women came into union with one another, engrafted into the True Parents, reconciled with God, and thereby reconstituted themselves as a new humanity. In this process, there were important internal and external components. Internally, the Blessing was understood to cleanse couples and their future progeny from the taint of original sin. Externally, blessed couples were to exemplify world peace and unification. The movement encouraged international, intercultural and interracial matches in large International Marriage ceremonies dedicated to "World Peace Through Ideal Families."

Prior to the beginning of the Completed Testament Age, the Blessing was a narrow gate. It was restricted almost exclusively to Unification Church members. However, the situation changed dramatically after 1993. The essential difference was that the Blessing became open, and Rev. Moon stated his intention of blessing hundreds of thousands and even hundreds of millions of couples before the year 2000. This shift and the accompanying goals were the result of altered circumstances. The collapse of communism in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union as well as the movement's access to communist leaders and breakthroughs in both communist and post-communist worlds were all crucial. However, Rev. and Mrs. Moon's public declarations of True Parents, messi-



During the mid-'90s the Blessings expanded to local ceremonies at Christian Churches all across America.

ahship, and the Completed Testament Age were equally important. As a consequence, Rev. Moon had every expectation that a new messianic age was about to dawn. The most visible sign of this was what members came to call the globalization of the Blessing.

The globalization process affected movement practices and eventually members' thinking about the Blessing. Prior to the CTA, members endured lengthy preparation periods that extended from the time they joined the movement until they were blessed. During this time, they were strictly celibate and fulfilled regular membership duties as well as special conditions associated with the Blessing, such as bringing three new converts and completing a seven-day fast. All were "matched" by Rev. Moon and required official permission to "start their families." A major departure after 1993 was that these conditions did not apply to the overwhelming majority of those being blessed. The reason for this was simple. They were not Unification Church members. For most of these couples, there was no formal preparation at all. In most cases, the Blessing came as suddenly as a knock on the door. In fact, as the numerical totals climbed into the millions, the majority had only the most limited and rudimentary understanding of the Blessing if, indeed, they understood that they were blessed at all.

There also were departures from basic ritual practices. For most Unificationists, the Holy Wine Ceremony was the centerpiece of the Blessing. It signified the cleansing of original sin, or in Unification terms, the "change of blood lineage." As far as possible, members preserved the integrity of this ceremony. They offered holy wine in living rooms, on beaches, at county fairs and elsewhere according to accepted formulae. However, there also were adaptations and eventually innovations that bore only a faint resemblance to the original tradition. Some couples refused wine. In these cases, members distributed grape juice referred to as "holy nectar." Others had compunctions about accepting drinks from strangers. In these instances, it was sometimes maintained that sniffing the wine or dipping one's finger into a cup was sufficient. Once again, as numbers accelerated into the millions, enterprising members distributed holy "lemonade" to thirsty beachgoers or downtown pedestrians, usually with little or no explanation of its benefits. Others distributed holy candy with printed blessing affirmations.

Globalization, in effect, resulted in the spiritualization and democratization of the Blessing. Whereas eligibility had been interpreted previously in literal and legal terms, the movement now incorporated symbolic content and a more accentuated theology of grace. There was significantly more emphasis placed on benefits available through "the merit of the age." The grace of the Blessing was understood to accrue to people regardless of their effort or even their awareness. Rev. Moon stated that those born after the True Parents' Holy Matrimony in 1960 were already blessed. He later extended the period to include those born after he began his public ministry in 1945. Given this under-

standing, excessive preoccupation with ritual or legalistic niceties was clearly misplaced. At the same time, continental leaders, tribal messiahs and eventually ordinary members were empowered to bless couples. This led to further experimentation and innovation.

Blessing '95

Rev. and Mrs. Moon officiated at an International Holy Wedding for 360,000 couples on August 25, 1995. The main site was at Seoul Olympic Stadium where 36,000 Couples and additional onlookers gathered. The remaining couples were simultaneously linked to the main ceremony at more than 500 satellite locations in 160 nations throughout the world. This was the movement's first avowedly open Blessing. In 1992, forty-three Muslims and twenty-eight long-time contacts from seven different religious traditions participated in two Blessing ceremonies. However, their presence was not widely publicized. This time, the movement made a public commitment to transcend religious and denominational distinctions. Apart from this, there were practical reasons for reaching out to already married couples from diverse backgrounds. The 30,000 Couple Blessing conducted at the First World Culture and Sports Festival in 1992 was challenging but within reach as there were enough blessing candidates among the membership to meet the goal. There were not enough member candidates to make up the 360,000 Couple Blessing. As a consequence, the movement moved into uncharted territory.

Rev. Moon's initial strategy for accomplishing the 360,000 Couple Blessing was to have all of the 30,000 Blessing couples bring twelve additional couples each. He soon supplemented this with the direction that all members bring twelve couples. In addition, the movement undertook high level witnessing among the many contacts established through the "True Parents and the Completed Testament Age" world tours. There also were hopes that many in the various federations for world peace and among the 4,000 American women matched with Japanese counterparts in sisterhood ceremonies would either participate directly or aid the cause. Finally, the movement cultivated contacts among religious leaders, particularly among independent African-based churches, ICC ministers who had previously gone to Korea, and representatives of non-Christian faiths who had attended one or more of IRF's or IRFWP's interreligious conferences.

There were breakthrough encounters with leaders of the Nigerian Celestial Church of Christ and the Cherubim and Seraphim movement, also Nigerian-based. There also were breakthroughs with representatives of the world's religions based on the movement's nearly two decades of interreligious activity. In late 1994, the movement's International Religious Foundation (IRF) produced a Blessing video, "World Peace Through Ideal Families," hundreds of which were made available; an attractive Blessing brochure, "Marriage, Family and



World Peace,” thousands of which were distributed worldwide; an educational manual, “Introducing the Blessing to Members of Other Faiths” which was distributed to movement leaders and missionaries; and a lecture slide program, “The Loving Family and World Peace.” From December 1994, IRF leaders gave forty-three VIP Blessing education seminars in eighteen countries. Six months later, Dr. Frank Kaufmann reported, “several hundred social and religious leaders, and more than 100,000 couples from the world’s religions have signed up for the Blessing.”

With an event of this magnitude, there obviously were innumerable glitches and problems. Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, who had overall organizational responsibility, commented, “Anything you can imagine happened at the blessing.” He noted, “Bridegrooms and brides came to the organizers right before the start of the ceremony saying they could not find their spouses.” Despite the Korean rainy season and typhoon-like conditions and flooding in the days leading up to the event, there were no accidents with vehicles, including the hundreds of chartered busses bringing participants to the stadium. Members also counted it a miracle that the rains stopped just prior to the ceremony and resumed again afterwards.

Rev. Pak reported other “amazing miracles” throughout the world. In the Ivory Coast the transmission company restored a connection at the last moment despite the country’s “terrible track record of not paying for satellite service.” Two weeks before the Blessing, through the work of a former President, Mali “[q]uickly...offered 15,000 couples.” In Brazil, “on the eve of the blessing all the participants put on their ceremonial gowns and paraded in cars on the streets of Sao Paulo” with local media inflating the blessing total to 400,000 couples! In Papua, New Guinea, the satellite broadcast was carried on prime-time national television, and in Taiwan, the head of the Cultural Revival Association, a government organization seeking to restore traditional moral and family values, “sent out a personally-endorsed government notice to 5,000 heads of district and local organizations encouraging participation in the blessing.” As a result, two city stadiums were prepared and “nearly 10,000 couples were blessed.”

Apart from its work with VIPs, the American movement did not play a major role in the 360,000 Couple Blessing, particularly at the grassroots level. A number of staff and blessing candidates from among the membership traveled to Korea to support or participate in the main ceremony. Other couples took part in the “satellite blessing” at various locations. However, the locales and precise numbers were unclear. The *Unification News* published “partial” lists of couples blessed in Korea and by satellite which approached 1,000. Even if these lists represented only one-tenth of the actual total, the U.S. would have fallen well short of its national goal of 40,000 couples.

Blessing '97

Blessing '97 presented a different set of circumstances and confronted the American movement far more directly. Previously, members had assumed that Korea, as the birthplace and holy land not only of Unification faith but of an expected new global culture, would be the site of all future World Culture and Sports Festivals and International Blessings. After the completion of Blessing '95, many were surprised when it was announced that the Third World Culture and Sports Festival and the main ceremony for an International Holy Wedding of 3.6 Million Couples would be held in Washington, D.C. at RFK Stadium on November 29, 1997.

The rationale for the decision to hold Blessing '97 in the U.S. was not entirely clear. There was a sense that Rev. Moon wanted the next Blessing to have a more substantial global impact, particularly in terms of media coverage. Although Korea was regarded as the future center of world civilization, that was not the case at present. In this respect, the U.S. offered intriguing possibilities. Rev. Moon's attention already had been drawn to South America as an alternative starting point for a new global culture. It may have been that he wanted to draw upon the resources of the entire Americas. Or it may have been that he simply wanted a more substantial return on his investment in the American movement. There also was evidence that Rev. Moon relished a challenge. Having been there and done that in Korea, he may have wanted to test the movement's mettle in the capitol of the world's only remaining superpower.

Whatever the reasoning process, the American movement was left with responsibility to spearhead Blessing '97. This would be a time of testing for the membership. There were ongoing anxieties, frustration, despair and agony over lacking or slow results, dramatic shifts of strategy, significant breakthroughs, and eventual vindication. In the end, members learned an important lesson about the Completed Testament Age. It was about members, themselves, taking responsibility. As early as 1980, Rev. Moon proclaimed that the era of the leader-centered movement had ended and that of the member-centered movement had begun. It took most members more than a decade and a half to realize and experience the meaning of that proclamation. Even then, it was a lesson easy to forget and one that required continual reinforcement. Once the 3.6 Million Couple Blessing total had been attained, an event which he sealed with the blessing in marriage of his two youngest sons, Rev. Moon proclaimed the "Era of the Fourth Adam." Although once again there was ambiguity about the precise meaning of the proclamation, essentially it indicated that the mission of the Third Adam, the Lord of the Second Advent, was complete and that humankind as a whole, the Fourth Adam, was ready to inherit their birthright.

However, this all lay in the future. The immediate concern was how to prepare for Blessing '97. Initially, the American movement attempted to work from its perceived strengths. The leadership believed that the movement's major

asset lay in its ability to mobilize elites. Literally thousands of scholars, religious leaders, media professionals and civic officials had attended conferences or lent their support in one or another way since the late 1970s. Therefore, it was logical that the movement should start from them in mobilizing support for Blessing '97.

For Blessing '97, Christian ministers were the specific targeted elite. The movement had been quite successful in mobilizing thousands of them to Korea during the late 1980s. The assumption was that not only ministers but their entire congregations could be mobilized for the Blessing. To that end, the movement sponsored three-day, expenses-paid "Empowering Christianity Through True Family Values" seminars at the Sheraton National Hotel in suburban Washington, D.C. weekly between June and December, 1996. Several seminar sessions were based on Rev. Joong Hyun Pak and Dr. Andrew Wilson's book *True Family Values* (1996), a text that presented the movement's teaching on marriage and family as a faith-based message "addressing issues faced by individuals and in today's society." Dr. Tyler Hendricks, President of the Unification Church in America, led a team that adapted the text into workbooks of the "fill-in-the-blanks" type which were completed by participants. The movement's top lecturers from the earlier ICC Minister Conferences also spoke.

The seminar series was remarkably successful. More than 4,500 clergy and religious leaders from all regions of the country and virtually every religious denomination attended. A large number expressed interest in the Blessing. Some indicated that they might like to hold a blessing in their church. This was consistent with Rev. Joong Hyun Pak's "Five-stage strategy" for success at RFK. These stages included the:

- True Family Values education of ministers;
- education of members to become True Family Values presenters;
- teaching of True Family Values in churches;
- giving of pre-Blessings at True Family Value Festivals; and
- bringing of pre-Blessed couples to the main Blessing event.

The major innovation in this formula was the concept of pre-Blessings and pre-Blessed couples. Basically, this meant movement leaders began to conduct Blessings, with all the ceremonial components, on behalf of Rev. and Mrs. Moon. The only missing element was True Parent's prayer of consecration which would be given November 29th at RFK Stadium.

In December 1996 and January 1997, the movement conducted seventeen True Family Values Festivals in thirteen North American cities. These resulted in eighty pre-Blessings or an average of slightly more than four at each. This level of result continued through February and March 1997 at which point the movement had held 50 True Family Festivals nationwide and pre-Blessed 200 couples, still an average of four per festival. It was encouraging that the first



Dr. Tyler Hendricks, president of the True Family Values Ministry, lecturing in Washington, D.C.

round of pre-Blessings in December and January included thirty Christian ministers, two Muslim imams, and three Native American chiefs. By mid-March, the total of 200 included 85 ministers. However, there was little evidence that ministers were bringing their congregations. There were two main reasons for this. First, while ministers might be open to the promptings of the spirit, congregations and review boards tended to be more conservative or at least less adventuresome. Second, the True Family Values Festivals format was too unwieldy. It simply was expecting too much that ministers and their congregations sit through several hours or even a full day of True Family Values lectures, then change their attire and mindsets to be pre-Blessed.

While there may have been some limitations of strategy, the more serious problem was that the UC membership had not yet caught the spirit. In an important speech, Rev. Joong Hyun Pak emphasized that members, like the early Christians, needed to make the transition “from Disciple to Apostle.” Pentecost was the “turning point” in this shift for early Christians. Unfortunately, the general membership had not yet experienced pentecost. Some were intimidated by the prospect of facing ministers and congregations. Others, having barely been exposed to the True Family Values material, were equally intimidated by the prospect of having to lecture it.

800 Ministers Attend DC True Family Values Conferences

Eric Holt

The final True Family Values Ministry conference took place from December 10 through 12 at the Washington Hilton Hotel in Washington, D.C. It had been just over six months since the first True Family Values Ministry seminar took place in June.

As the opening drew near, it became clear that many hundreds of ministers were registering for this, the final event. In the end, the tally was over eight hundred ministers from all over the country. There turned out to be so many participants that the originally planned hotel (the Sheraton in Arlington) ended up being too small and the conference had to be relocated to the much larger Washington Hilton, and even then, participants had to stay in five other nearby hotels in order for all to be accommodated. And so it was that the conference opened with an air of expectation as the overflow crowd packed into the auditorium to hear master of ceremonies, Levy Daugherty, offer the opening remarks.

Over the previous six months, the True Family Values contents had been revised, refined and improved with every conference. Throughout the conference, the 800 ministers gave their focused attention, while UC members listened with pride as Dr. Hendricks displayed confident mastery of his subject: True Family Values.

At one point, Dr. Hendricks explained how the situation confronted by Christians in America today is very similar to that faced by St. Paul when he traveled to Rome. In particular, the first chapter of Romans relates Paul's lamentation over the debauchery in Rome, a problem reminiscent of present-day America. During a lecture the following day, Dr. Hendricks asked the ministers which part a husband likes most in his wife: her hands, or is it, "Honey, I love you for your mind!?" The room erupted in a chorus of "amens" and loud acknowledgement as the ministers unanimously agreed on the value of their spouse's most holy place!

As most of us know, Kevin McCarthy has a unique ability to touch the heart, the mind and the funny-bone all at the same time. (Did you know that John the Baptist and Elijah shopped in the same mall?) This ability comes

in handy: for example, isn't it hard to justify the highly unusual way that God worked through the unique women of Jesus' lineage? By drawing attention to the humorous irony of each situation, Rev. McCarthy communicated the providential working of God, while avoiding sensitive moral and ethical dilemmas.

An unforgettable moment in the conference was the surprise visit of Dr. Bo Hi Pak, who brought greetings and God's blessings from our True Parents. The ever-charismatic Dr. Pak stirred the hearts of the audience when he related a story about how, during the Korean War, he was in the U.S. for additional training with a group of other Korean army officers. They took a taxi from Georgia to...New York City and Washington, D.C., in order to see the sights, and to behold beloved America, before returning to probable death on the battlefield in Korea.

The conference featured an impressive array of clergy, or perhaps one should say "clerics." Seated in front throughout the conference was a group of Moslem leaders, including a Sufi cleric from Pakistan with over one and a half million followers. In addition, three theological school presidents, several bishops, and clergy from every race and a multitude of denominations, Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox, were in attendance. Father Athanasius Paul, a priest from the Orthodox Church, traveled to the seminar from California. He had been instructed to come by his leader, Pope Shinoda III, a leader of over 800,000 Orthodox Christians.

One notable participant in the conference was a Sioux Indian Chief, a direct descendent of Chief Red Cloud and the head of more than 60,000 Native Americans. At the conclusion of the conference he offered a moving testimony, after which women from the tribe presented Rev. Pak with a beautiful ceremonial quilt which they had labored long to sew. Mayor Barry's assistant also came and shared a proclamation from the Mayor.

The conference concluded with an address by Rev. Joong Hyun Pak, President of the True Family Values Ministry. Speaking passionately, and quoting from Revelation 22:12-17, Rev. Pak emphasized to the ministers that one cannot enter the Kingdom of God without a family.

If this were not enough, reports once again came in that highlighted disparities between results in the U.S. and elsewhere. In Korea, blessings were “spreading like wildfire.” In Africa, reportedly, a million couples received pre-Blessing. Taiwan reportedly had reached its goal of 100,000, and according to Rev. Pak, “so many couples are coming that they don’t have enough staff to take care of them.” Even Mexico reported 170,000 completed blessing applications by early June. Apart from unflattering comparisons, members’ anxieties were stirred by their awareness that the bar had been raised for Blessing ’97. Instead of 36,000, the U.S. goal was 360,000 blessed couples. Rather than each member couple being responsible to bring 12 other couples, they now were asked to bring 160!

Fortunately, pentecost of a certain type did occur. It basically involved a momentous shift in strategy and sensibility. In terms of strategy, members dispensed with the elaborate True Family Values lecture/festival apparatus and took the Blessing to the people by going directly to their homes. Thus, the door-to-door Blessing strategy was born. As one member wrote, “It seems so simple now but at that time it was a big breakthrough.” Over the next several months, members devised ever more creative and efficient delivery systems. Blessing booths at county fairs and summer festivals were especially effective as were beach Blessings. In terms of sensibility, members no longer waited for direction or officiators from headquarters but took the Blessing into their own hands. Members, themselves, began conducting pre-Blessings, a practice that was quickly authorized by the movement’s leadership. Far from resisting a loss of prerogative, leaders felt as though they had been rescued. In this manner, the Blessing ’97 campaign became radically de-centralized.

It was difficult to pinpoint precisely where the breakthroughs began. Early reports of innovative approaches came from Minnesota, Alaska and Canada (also part of the North American movement region). However, the most compelling testimonies came from Kentucky. There, a tribal messiah couple, Joe and Sun Hyang Willet, became the first American couple to pre-Bless 160 couples. Their testimony along with that of the Kentucky State Leader, Dennis Wooley, helped liberate and energize members throughout the U.S. Essentially, they demonstrated that ordinary members who conscientiously went out during evenings and on weekends could fulfill the Blessing goal.

Blessing the World

Sun Willett

In November 1994, my son, Sunder, was one year old when Father directed us to do tribal messiah work. We had just received a stroller from Sunder's grandma and when I was cleaning it, I received an inspiration. "Why am I washing the stroller?" Then I felt, "Tomorrow! You must go out witnessing. Right away!"

So rain, snow or sunshine, every day I went out with Sunder in the stroller to talk to students and teachers in Georgetown (KY). This went on for several months until Father said to bring ministers to the 30,000-couple Blessing in Korea. I began searching the telephone books in Lexington, Kentucky and central Kentucky. They had about 400 churches listed. I began cold calling to invite them to this event. I worried I might be missing many ministers, so then I checked the white pages from A-Z for Reverends. It took another week, but I found 250 more not listed with churches.

We were grateful for the three ministers who responded to go on the trip. The one Muslim minister said, "I have never been invited to anything like this before. I will go!" I was still frustrated with our results and prayed to Heavenly Father, please give me the wisdom to break through! When Father directed us to spread the Holy Wine blessing to 160 other couples, I was excited.

One day our regional leader, Rev. Won Suk Kang, called me to encourage us to help our region become the champion region in giving the Blessing. At that moment I was so excited, because I thought, "I can do it!"

We had our first Blessing of eight couples in a Chinese restaurant. A black Baptist minister played holy songs. We had 3 Viet Namese couples, 3 black couples, 1 Chinese and 1 American couple. Our pastor performed the pre-Blessing at the second dinner. A Palestinian couple invited 4 couples among their brothers and sisters. The final total was 49 international couples at 4 dinners. Rev. Wooley and the church community made these events possible.

I wanted to go back and start giving the blessing in my community of Georgetown, Kentucky. Sunder by then was very large and heavy at 3 years and 9 months old. I had to push him, walking all over the hills of our town in the stroller.

Every day after lunch until night time, I visited homes to invite people to come to a Blessing dinner. Thirty people said yes. The day before our big Blessing I revisited these 30 people to make sure they would come. Rev. Wooley and some ministers traveled from Louisville, Ky, to help. We bought 30 take-out dinners to be served at the hall we rented for the Blessings. We waited and waited and no one showed up. I was so frustrated, and I talked to God desperately, "Heavenly Father, what happened? We were so close to them in their homes! How come nobody came? What can I do now?" At this lowest point I said to God, "If you were me, what would you do? Give me some wisdom!" Then it occurred to me, why don't we visit their homes and give the Blessing there? I suggested this to Rev. Wooley and he said, "Why not?"

We visited those who had promised to come and performed the first door-to-door Blessing. In one hour, six were Blessed. Rev. Wooley said he felt this was powerful and reported this to Rev. Kang and Rev. Joong Hyun Pak, who were visiting our region. Rev. Park said, "This is God's revelation! We should all do this!"

I strongly felt from this experience that God does not show the way too easily. We have to find out, and we can't give up. We have to hold onto God until the end. We have to overcome! When we really feel God's will, then God and the spiritual world are really with us.

Also, God is looking for the person to give inspiration to others. True Mother appeared in my dreams, driving a school bus with members on the bus. She turned to us and said, "What are you thinking now, and what are you doing for God's will?" In my mind I thought that I was working hard, but then I determined that I had to work harder.

One of our first Blessings was a couple who had lost their home in a flood, and were in public housing. They stood to receive the Blessing, but this older farmer smoked his cigar right through the Blessing! I had to run to the bathroom to throw up twice, but we persevered!

Another time, Joe stopped at this street and didn't know why. We looked around in this run-down neighborhood and there was a couple that pulled up in front of the worst house on the street. They looked so forlorn, looking at this house with a padlock on the front door that Joe hesitated to disturb them. I went up to them and gave them the Blessing. We discovered that he had just lost his job and his house, but I told them, "Because of this Blessing, you will prosper!" He brightened and said,

"Yes, today I got a new job." As we left them, Joe felt that because of their ancestors, some people had to pay so much indemnity to receive the Blessing.

When we first started door-to-door Blessings, Joe and I Blessed one or two couples an evening. Sometimes four couples. The weekends were better. One weekend we went out for nine hours straight. It was very hot. I was very thirsty but I thought, I have to forget about thirst, and just give the Blessing to one more couple. That day nine couples were Blessed.

We pulled up in front of one house just as a woman was about to pull away. We leapt out of our car to Bless her just as her husband greeted her in the front yard. She had been driving non-stop for 18 hours from Texas to meet her husband at that moment, and receive the Blessing! It seemed that no matter how hard we worked, God was working harder to prepare people for us to Bless. We were amazed.

On Valentine's Day I had baked over 2,000 cookies and handed them out to the whole town—schools, businesses, teachers and students. When True Parents heard about our Blessing efforts, they gave us money to buy some clothes and go on a speaking tour to many eastern and midwestern cities to speak about how to bless couples. One of my most precious memories is a dream of True Mother coming to hold and comfort me.

We received a great deal of Blessing from True Parents and our regional leader, Rev. Won Suk Kang. He inspired me at the right time in the right way to do God's will.

Blessing My Hometown

Chris Bihary

Family restoration and hometown tribal love has been a challenge for me and my family. The hometown providence has given us a new perspective on God's historical heart. This story of one family's perseverance shows that one has to set the goal and step by step through God's formula of True Love, establish the victory.

In 1990, the message of the hometown providence sent us from the World Mission Center to do hometown in Northeast Ohio, and we moved to my home neighborhood in 1992. There, among my family, clan and old school mates, we started the work of true love. Every

year my home town holds a summer celebration in the town square. We set up a booth, hoping somehow to bring people to the Blessing. The first year, we sold gift items. The following year we tried an information booth on Women's Federation, then Family Federation, and now the True Blessing Booth!

We became known as the city's "Moon" family. At first we were persecuted, but folks here in this town are basically friendly, and knew the family I came from. I guess I was known as the rebel—the one who did things differently from the others. I was a hippie, I published my own underground high school newspaper, *Revelations*, and I was known as a person who was not afraid to speak out. Now it all came out that I had been in the movement for the last 20 years. People liked me, but they were somewhat apprehensive of my new religious beliefs. Most people changed their mind, however, after talking to us.

At each summer celebration we met lots of young couples, and they were really interested in the Proclamation for True Families. The message made a lot of sense to them.

We began to win the hearts of many people in this town. We became involved with others through our children's activities and by doing volunteer work. I felt that it would take a long time for True Love to grow here, but I persevered, day after day, year after year. As a parent at the birth of a child, one feels such pride, but the job of being a parent is really just beginning. Somehow Blessing '98 was such a beginning for Parentism here in my home town. Last year we Blessed many people at the summer celebration—a judge, and local city, state and national representatives. There were ministers, players from the Cleveland Indians, teachers and many others.

My wife, Eiko, went to Japan for three weeks for witnessing and Blessing activities in her own home town. She had come to America some 25 years ago, and only gone home once, after our first son was born, 10 years ago. She had not really had time to see her childhood friends back then. This time she could really proclaim her love of God and True Parents. She was a testimony to international marriage, and she Blessed many, many people in her home town.

On Father's Day, Eiko and I had the opportunity to bless our tribal clans. Here in America, my cousin had a graduation party for his youngest daughter. I Blessed the celebration cake with Holy Wine and shared this special blessing with all my relatives, young and old. On the

other side of the planet, in Japan, Eiko was having a special banquet with all her in-laws and she, too, had a sharing of the Holy Wine, Blessing all there. This date is now our special Family Tribal Holiday!

Part of our joy was seeing the Blessed children who delighted in sharing Holy Wine and candy. They were so pure in heart, and even the toughest cases broke down and received the Blessing from them! Yoko, my 6-year-old daughter, was out there helping hour after hour. My two boys, ages 10 and 12, really helped us surpass our goal. We had set a goal of 8,000. I had not really believed we could do it, but by Sunday evening we were completely out of juice and candy, and we knew we had gone completely beyond our goal.

My biggest joy was Blessing so many friends and families in my hometown. My high school friend's band was in the gazebo, getting ready to play for the townspeople. I approached them with a silver tray holding 12 cups of Holy Wine. I announced that this was Blessing time. One of the twins in this well-known band, said, "OK—everyone drink!" The bass player asked, "Is this Moonshine?" The other twin replied, "No, it's Moon Wine!" I added, "Yes, it's Holy Wine and I want to give you all the Blessing." The entire band drank up.

At the upcoming County Fair in North East Ohio, members will have a Family Booth, and a Family Federation trailer in the County Parade. The Blessing is surely coming!

Norman Presley

I work in Kentucky as a real estate agent and I run a small picture business. My wife, Noriko, takes care of our four children at home. We were matched and blessed in 1982.

I went out with the state leader to see how to door knock and pre-Bless people. It seemed so natural and easy. I then went to the local religious store and purchased a "Blessing Kit." The first night Noriko and I went out we were going to go door knocking to pre-Bless people. That night I had to have some papers signed by one of my customers who was buying a home for investment. He is a C.P.A. I told Noriko we should try to Bless them. They are strong Christians. We asked them about doing the Blessing ceremony and they had some questions about our belief in Jesus and the Bible.

As I explained some of the very basics of our belief, I felt the spirit world move them. They then took the Holy Wine, a sprinkle of Holy Water, the Blessing Vows, a Prayer and they filled out the application. Not to mention signing the papers to sell them a house. We then door knocked for about an hour at some humble apartments. Most people were not married, but we became comfortable door knocking at apartments. No one was negative! No one!

The next day I called a long-time friend of mine from high school and told him simply, "Noriko and I are coming over to Bless you." He said, "We can use all the blessing we can get.... Come on over!" His father was there, who is now single, and he witnessed the ceremony. We then explained about the matching and boldly told him we could have him married by Nov. 29th. My friend's wife sincerely thanked us for Blessing them and we then went door knocking at some nicer apartments. We door knocked for less than an hour and Blessed a Mexican couple.

Tonight I had to have some real estate papers signed by a very nice couple, so I called them and told them my wife would be coming and we would like to Bless them. They said, "Come on over!" I thought, this is great, so before leaving I called another old friend who I used to be in a rock band with. He is happily married and only lived two blocks from my real estate customer. I told him we would like to come over and Bless them. He said, "Come on over!" We then loaded up all four of our children and Blessed my customer and signed the real estate papers. We then went to my friend's home, Blessed them and spent about an hour socializing while the children played with each other. At 9:30, after taking my wife and children home, my friend and I went fishing until 1:00 a.m. We were catching one fish after another. I thought of Father's lifestyle and his tireless energy.

Each night after Blessing people we can't sleep! You can feel God laughing with you! You really can! Noriko and I sometimes talk for hours before falling sleep in the wee hours of the morning. Then we wake up on time to get the kids to school with plenty of energy.

Without calling we went to my old neighborhood and knocked on the door of an older couple who were good friends. After spending a little time reminiscing, we asked them if we could Bless them. They said, "We'd love to." We Blessed them as it became late and without realizing it, our little time had become a couple hours. Again every night we feel close to Father's heart.

Officiating the Blessing

Edner & Juanita Pierre-Louis

On May 15, 1997 at the historic Manhattan Center, an especially historic event took place, presided over by a man and woman who are history-makers. We're speaking of none other than Rev. Al Sharpton and his wife Mrs. Kathy Jordan Sharpton.

In the rain, by bus, by train they came to hear words of inspiration and recite vows of rededication of marriage led by Rev. and Mrs. Sharpton.

Nothing could dampen the spirit of the enthusiastic crowd. As the night quickly moved along, there was stimulating music performed by the Henry T. Wilkerson Gospel Combo, a rousing rendition of "Bye and Bye" by the Lady Grace ensemble of Phoenix, Arizona. The group's leader, Evangelist Elayysandria London, had the crowd on its feet, ready for Rev. Sharpton.

Whatever the difficulties Rev. Sharpton has encountered in his efforts to understand and lead people, it should be clear to all reflective thinkers that his techniques of dealing with them are a vindication of love.

And it was an act of love that ushered in the officiation of Rev. and Mrs. Sharpton and Rev. and Mrs. Pak for 21 waiting couples from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

In His mercy, God sent Jesus to save us and empower us through the Holy Spirit. Today the Lord is opening the gate of the original Blessing of Marriage. This is the day God and Jesus long desired to see (Rev. 22:14). The officiators were adorned in white Holy Robes. Rev. and Mrs. Sharpton offered the Holy Wine. The Holy Wine Ceremony contains deep spiritual significance. Jesus turned water into wine at the marriage at Cana. Through the Holy Wine Ceremony, God changes our sinful blood lineage into a sanctified blood lineage in preparation to bestow His Holy Blessing.

Rev. and Mrs. Pak sprinkled the Holy Water. The sprinkle of Holy Water represents the sanctifying love of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit upon the couple.

John the Revelator told us, "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come!' Whoever is thirsty, let him come; and whoever wishes, let him take the free gift of the water of life" (Rev. 22:17). And they came to receive the Blessing of God, and His Holy Communion.

Another highlight of the evening was the crossing of the bridge by husbands and wives. They met in the center of the bridge and embraced. It was like watching two worlds come together in a peaceful manner.

This bridge has also been called the bridge of peace, and has been crossed by nations and races. Maybe someday future former Mayor Giuliani and future Mayor Sharpton will cross this bridge at City Hall, and chant together, "No Justice! No Peace!"



The liberation of members also helped liberate some of the movement's more influential supporters. A limitation of the True Family Festival approach was that it required a movement officiator. To some extent this was an affront to ministers, especially when the festival was in their churches. Thus, in late May, Rev. T. L. Barrett, who had made his church available previously for pre-Blessings, "asked to be the host and sponsor of the Blessing—rather than have the UC host the event." As one member explained, "He felt that the Blessing belonged not to the Unification Church—not to his own Life Center COGIC, but rather to God." Having conducted a highly successful ceremony in his church for sixty-one couples, Rev. Barrett continued "to be on the forefront of God's work." In New York, the Rev. Al Sharpton and his wife rededicated their marriage in a pre-Blessing ceremony and then officiated at several more. In a memorable response to exposure of his association with Rev. Moon and the True Family Values Ministry, he stated,

[T]he world needs the message of true families. I don't care if it comes from Rev. Moon, Rev. Sun, or Rev. Midnight.
This is the message God is sending us today.

That Rev. Sharpton, a high-profile public figure and Democratic mayoral hopeful, was unapologetic about his participation in Blessing activities inspired other prominent clergy and elders to rededicate their marriages.

Blessing fever legitimately hit Unification communities during the summer and totals skyrocketed. Washington, D.C. members, working the Capitol Mall as well as residential areas, pre-Blessed 12,000 couples by the end of June. On July 4-5th, some 50 Minnesota members pre-Blessed 3,112 couples at a Hmong sports festival. On August 3rd, Rev. Joon Hyun Pak reported that 210,000 couples nationwide had been pre-Blessed, including 500 ministers. The hill of the Blessing was being surmounted, and the U.S. moved into the rank of leading nations in terms of Blessing count. More importantly, Rev. Pak could speak of "wonderful miracles" occurring. To be sure, quality-control measures were lacking, but members were having phenomenal experiences. They had discovered a message and a medium with which to engage the wider public at a mass level. Many, for the first time, had the feeling of being not simply a follower of Rev. Moon but a spiritual leader. This may have been the true miracle and blessing.

By mid-summer, it became obvious that 3.6 million couples worldwide were pre-Blessed. In fact, Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak conducted a ceremony in Seoul on July 16th to commemorate the goal being surpassed. On August 9th, July 7th according to the lunar calendar, Rev. Moon proclaimed the "Declaration of the Realm of the Cosmic Sabbath for the Parents of Heaven and Earth." This was later termed "Seven-Eight Day" as it was proclaimed in 1997, in the seventh month, on the seventh day, at the seventh hour, the seventh minute, the seventh second and it was his seventy-seventh birth year. There also were 7,777

The Rev. Al Sharpton and his wife rededicate their marriage with Rev. and Mrs. Joong Hyun Pak.



members invited for the announcement. Afterwards, Rev. Moon awarded prizes to four nations with the top pre-Blessing results. They were Korea with 1,051,852; the Philippines with 952,281; Nigeria with 748,814; and Ghana with 658,000. The U.S. placed ninth with a pre-Blessing total of 173,611 reported as of July 15th. There was a sense of vindication. Rev. Joong Hyun Pak, who attended the Seven-Eight Day ceremony, reported that many important leaders told him "how inspired they were" and "how secure it made them feel" to hear the U.S. result.

Although a cosmic sabbath had been declared, there was little rest for the movement's worldwide membership prior to November 29th as Rev. Moon accelerated the Blessing schedule. Previously, he intended to conduct a 36 Million Couple Blessing after Blessing 3.6 million couples. Now, as a result of the progress made, he decided to combine the two. Therefore, the goal for the RFK Blessing was increased to 39.6 million couples. Over the next four months, the worldwide result exploded with countries such as the Sudan, Nigeria and the Ukraine reporting totals in excess of seven, nine and ten million couples. The thrust in the U.S. was different. Some tribal messiah couples, particularly those west of the Mississippi River, continued pre-Blessings. However, the main focus shifted to preparations for the Third World Culture and Sports Festival in Washington, D.C. and the mobilization of pre-Blessed couples to fill RFK Stadium.

The American movement's strategy for the WCSF was to make it not so much a Unification Church or even a Family Federation for World Peace and Unification event as a Washington, D.C. event. The movement already had a strong media and arts presence through *The Washington Times* and Kirov Ballet

Academy. These connections helped WCSF III staff establish working relationships with a number of city officials. The theme that was adopted, “Rebuilding the Family, Restoring the Community, Renewing Washington,” reflected the organizers’ hope that WCSF III would appeal to the city’s mainstream. The movement formed a large “welcoming committee” and secured an official invitation. According to Dr. Tyler Hendricks,

This is WCSF III, but it is also a Washington renaissance festival! The entire city will be transformed. And the intent is to make the impact a lasting one; not just to fold up our tents after Nov. 29. We want to create a foundation for the future and a model for the regeneration of our cities and nation.... Of course, the foundation is the grassroots door-to-door, heart-to-heart life for the sake of others. But what is new, in America at least, is the preparation of the soil and the potential for important institutional revival, centered on marriage and family, beyond race, nation, and religion.

These were heady sentiments. Whether the movement could pull together all the contacts it had established with Christian ministers, conservative educators and media, academics, business types, and now civic officials into a coherent urban-renaissance package was, perhaps, doubtful. However, it appeared to be the direction Rev. Moon wished to go. He wanted the WCSF and Blessing to be popular events, exerting broad appeal. The first two World Culture and Sports Festivals, held in Korea, were rather isolated and movement-centered affairs. They consisted largely of conferences in expensive hotels and stadium Blessings. Significant numbers of couples participated from outlying regions and rural areas, but there was not the sense that the festivals penetrated mainstream Korean culture. This, undoubtedly, was one reason why the movement moved WCSF III to the U.S.

On October 29th, WCSF III Chairman, Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak, held a press conference at the National Press Club at which he provided background information and schedule details about the November 23-30th festival. He also cited Rev. Moon as saying, “There can only be a peaceful family of nations when you have nations of peaceful families.” As with previous festivals, the schedule included an array of conferences, a youth sports competition and the Blessing. These were to be complemented by week-long cultural activities: an international art exhibit, jazz concert, various classical recitals, ballet, and a “Love Alive Concert” to benefit The Hospital for Sick Children of Washington, D.C. In addition, there would be a parade and rally by the Pure Love Alliance, a national movement-related organization which promoted sexual abstinence. The Blessing, billed as “True Love Day at RFK,” was to include such world-class entertainers as Latin pop idol Jon Secada, Korean rock superstar Cho Young Pil and American Grammy Award winning singer-

actress Whitney Houston. A twilight laser and fireworks display was to conclude the event.

It was fairly obvious even by October 29th that WCSF III would fall short of “restoring the community” and “renewing Washington.” A stronger case could be made for the Festival’s role in “rebuilding the family.” However, even if this were not conceded, so long as WCSF III was accepted by the local establishment, it still would be counted as an advance. Here the movement got off to a promising start. Mayor Marion Barry extended a written letter of welcome and held a press conference at city hall with WCSF organizers. In response, Rev. Kwak pointed out that the first two festivals had no official invitation or welcome and that “extensive positive press coverage” about WCSF III prompted an invitation for WCSF IV from the government of a “big Asian country.”

The mobilization of 30,000 pre-Blessed couples to fill RFK Stadium was the top priority of members in the field. The general direction was each tribal messiah family within reasonable driving distance of Washington, D.C. should bring twenty pre-Blessed couples, or a single busload. The movement chartered busses and arranged for motel lodgings in the greater D.C. area. It also arranged for various package rates for round-trip transportation, food, overnight lodging, and admission to the stadium event. Most trips also included a monument tour. Costs were kept low. For example, the upstate New York fee was \$160 per couple. Fees were less for those residing closer and more for those farther away. However, in many cases, tribal messiahs helped or entirely subsidized payments.

Still, members had to find pre-Blessed couples to attend. This required deeper relationships with their couples. For members who adopted a scatter-gun approach to pre-Blessings or who failed to record names and addresses on the Blessing forms, follow-up was exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. For those who had worked more systematically in residential areas and kept adequate records, including photographs of pre-Blessed couples, the task was easier. Members were often surprised that couples pre-Blessed in relatively simple, usually less-than-five-minute ceremonies remembered the occasions so clearly. However, it was one thing to be remembered and even invited warmly back into living rooms. It was another to mobilize pre-Blessed couples for departures by bus for Washington, D.C. the Friday after Thanksgiving at a cost of \$100 or more.

Some pre-Blessed couples were inspired and agreed to attend immediately. Others required convincing. Members found themselves pressed into new levels of spiritual leadership. They had to visit and re-visit contacts. They had to educate them more deeply about the Blessing and, on occasion, offer counsel. They had to coordinate schedules and logistics, handle money, and manage group dynamics. In short, they had to minister. A large number of members worked the residential areas of Washington, D.C., Maryland and northern Virginia and several hundred buses were chartered to circulate back and forth

*Opposite: Blessing '97 at
RFK Stadium in
Washington, D.C.*



from selected pick-up points. These were methods used with success twenty-one years before during the movement's Washington Monument Campaign in 1976. However, the Washington Monument rally was conducted during the summer. Blessing '97 was to be an open-stadium event in late November. For their part, organizers thoughtfully included plastic ponchos and seat warmers with the Blessing programs and hoped for the best.

In most respects, they were not disappointed. The front-page headline in the December issue of *Unification News* described Blessing '97 at RFK as a "Resounding Victory." In the lead piece, Richard Lewis commented on "the unseasonably balmy air," the "crowds everywhere," the paltry number of demonstrators whom he described as "[q]uite a drop from the massed protestors we had to run the gauntlet of at Yankee Stadium," the impressive satellite transmission equipment, the breathtaking stage, banners and Jumbotrons, the Blessing shawls that everyone wore, the greetings from six representatives of the world's religions, the "break in the clouds" just as "True Parents raised their hands to proclaim the victory," the cheers of "mansei" (ten thousand years), the entertainment and spontaneous "boogying all over the field," and the "fabulous" fireworks. Of course, not everything could be perfect. Lewis acknowledged that the entertainment program's headliner, Whitney Houston, was a no-show. However, he cited national communications director Michael Smith who, when asked to comment on what her absence meant, replied, "In a word: refund."

The mainstream media generally ran straightforward and respectful accounts of the event. However, during the preceding week, *The Washington Post* published a series of articles that depicted Blessing '97 as a "Moonie" affair. Chris Corcoran, the church's public relations director, pointed out that it was the first major newspaper to use that epithet in an article about the Festival. The series, as a whole, depicted the Unification Church as a cult, its members as barely knowing their church-selected marriage partners, and questioned whether WCSF III was a "Festival of Faith or Self-Promotion?" The series unfortunately had a chilling effect locally. Mayor Barry decided to spend the weekend out of town, and local Catholics ran spots on Spanish radio discouraging the faithful from attending. It also may have helped induce Whitney Houston's sudden illness. More importantly, the series ran directly counter to the movement's core strategy of making WCSF a Washington, D.C. event. The movement hoped that WCSF III would appeal to the city's mainstream. That obviously had not happened. In fact, *The Washington Post* did its utmost to consign WCSF and the movement back to the margins of society.

What saved the event was the presence of so many ordinary people. It was one thing to dump on the "Moonies" who could be counted upon to be arranged in neat rows with identical suits and gowns. They were easy targets. It was more difficult and risky to take on a stadium-full of normal folk. A substantial number of mostly Black ministers and members of their congregations

had come by bus from as far away as Chicago. In addition, East coast members successfully bused in a rainbow coalition of pre-Blessed couples. *The Washington Post* set attendance at 40,000, CNN put it as 45,000, and the Associated Press counted 28,000 couples/56,000 people. railing against this group, most of whom were minorities, would be politically incorrect. Besides, almost all of them appeared to be having a great time. In effect, the pre-Blessed couples formed a protective ring around the 2,500 or so church member brides and bridegrooms on the stadium floor.

The media picked up on this and distinguished between the “mass wedding” and “marriage rededication” aspects of the ceremony. However, the question was whether the movement shared this double-consciousness, whether there were two categories of sanctification. The opening of the Blessing, the lessening of ritual requirements, the empowerment of members and even pre-Blessed couples to conduct Blessings, and the determination of WCSF III organizers to go mainstream reflected a universal approach. Yet the segregation of “newly-matched” member couples on the stadium floor from previously-married couples in the bleachers suggested that the transition from closed to open Blessings had not yet been fully realized. It raised the issue of whether some couples might be more blessed than others. This was not experienced as a tension at RFK. Nevertheless, as the numbers zoomed into the hundreds of millions, questions as to the meaning and purpose of mass Blessings arose for many.

Reflections on the Dispensation of Performing Arts

David Eaton

It is obvious that my reflection is but that of one person among many who have made offerings to the arts dispensation in America. From the earliest days of our movement in the United States there has been a constant creative impulse present, an impulse that has produced many wonderful and historic artistic endeavors, from simple heartfelt songs of worship and fellowship to major productions at some of America's preeminent venues.

The tradition of having performances as a significant part of the celebrations of our church's high Holy Days reflects our True Parents' love of art and creativity. Indeed, the fact that God endowed human beings with the attribute of creativity, that unique aspect of His own character, is an expression of His love for His children.

I've had numerous experiences in the performing arts in America, from the historical campaigns at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument with my brother Kevin Pickard and the Go World Brass Band, Sunburst and The New Hope Singers, to touring with the C.A.R.P. Performing Arts ensembles Blue Tuna Band, the Front Group, Prime Force and the International Folk Ballet under Rev. Chung Goo Tiger Pak, to producing dozens of Holy Day entertainment programs with Linda Chapman Eisenberg.

Through the years I've always believed that the arts could exert a powerful influence over the society in which we live and be a powerful witness to the vision and ideals of our True Parents. This has always been an underlying motive for utilizing my God-given talents.

Prior to meeting our movement in 1974 I felt strongly about the altruistic aspects of the arts. Father's vision for art and culture was something that attracted me to the performing arts. As with many artists in our movement, I had to put my personal desires on the altar in the manner of Abraham in order to gain a certain purity of heart.

The role of the artist in society is something that I personally find to be very important. The fact that art is the manifestation of beauty and emotion—realms of the

heart—makes it an important front line in God's dispensation. I know to some, that might sound a bit presumptuous; however, when I think of how creativity was invaded at the fall via sexuality, the supreme creative act, I feel that regaining God's sovereignty in the creative process is a primary aspect of the dispensation.

At the World Culture and Sports Festival III in Washington, D.C. in 1997, I had several particularly deep and tearful experiences. The Festival included a week-long series of concerts and related cultural events which I produced under the guidance of Rev. Kwak and Mr. Neil Salonen. This was the first such cultural endeavor that our movement had attempted in the United States and I felt a deep sense of history, as if this was a culmination, an offering of many foundations that had been laid by True Family and many brothers and sisters who were members of the Performing Arts over the years.

In the spirit of Father's vision of creating a harmonized cultural expression, music, dance and art representing many styles, cultures and ethnic traditions were to be included in the Festival. Artists from around the world participated in WCSF III.

In the days just prior to the Festival's beginning, problems occurred which seemed insurmountable and threatened the entire endeavor. I was faced with the prospect of having to inform a number of important artists that their performance might have to be canceled.

Through this difficult circumstance I reflected on past trials and tribulations that many performing arts members had faced in the past; all the fund-raising, witnessing, battling with communists on campuses with the CARP ensembles, the struggle to attain artistic perfection in less than perfect circumstances. The emotions of performing arts history seemed to be flowing through my heart. I was feeling that perhaps the culture aspect of WCSF III might have to be sacrificed for the greater purpose and I had this intense feeling that I was experiencing God's heart of *han*.

In a tearful meeting with Mr. Salonen, I expressed my desire of what I had always hoped that the performing arts could become and how the Festival might be representative of that hope—not just for me, but for God, True Parents and brothers and sisters who sacrificed so much in order to attain the spiritual development that Father urged us, instructed us, implored us to achieve as representatives of the arts dispensation. It was as if the entire endeavor now rested on faith—one more



World-renowned violinist, Aaron Rosand, performing with the New York City Symphony at the Manhattan Center, David Eaton conducting.

"Give credit where it is due: The Rev. Sun Myung Moon's International Cultural Foundation has helped the New York City Symphony become one of America's finest orchestras."
—New York Daily News

test, one more condition of indemnity to be fulfilled, though now on the world level.

In the eleventh hour (literally), on the brink of mass cancellations, the seemingly insurmountable problems were solved. The Festival events went on as planned. The Festival performances were artistically highly successful and I felt that God and the high spirit world worked powerfully to bring victory to all of the cultural events.

In retrospect, knowing that creativity is a front line

of heartistic restoration, I should have known that a major test of faith would have been inevitable. I believe that the performances and endeavors of so many talented individuals who had participated in WCSF III represented America's offering to True Parents at a very significant time in God's dispensation.

The 19th-century composer, Felix Mendelssohn, stated that "music is more specific about what it expresses than words written about it could ever be." That is how I feel about so much of what I've experienced in my 23 years in the cultural dispensation. Words seem so inadequate to express the feelings and emotions that I've experienced.

Again, I am but one person among many who've given so much towards advancing the providence of culture in our movement. Hopefully we will see the day when all of our artistic endeavors can be fully representative of a culture of peace and True Love.

Blessing '98

Rev. Moon brought to the surface issues of meaning and purpose by continually pushing for higher results. In the weeks before RFK, with 11 million more couples to go to reach 36 million, he set the goal at 500,000 blessings per day worldwide. Immediately afterwards, he announced, "by the end of May [1998], within 180 days, we have the goal of blessing 360 million couples." Originally, he said, "the 36,000,000 Couples Blessings was to be held in May" but "Heaven was in such a rush that a waterfall came down." Rev. Moon clearly understood that the present moment was fraught with possibilities. As he put it, "The spirit world became mobilized and pushed the physical world." Theology and the sorting-out process could wait. The emphasis now was on achieving breakthroughs.

If Rev. Moon pushed theological categories to the breaking point, he also pushed members beyond their self-imposed limits. His criticism of American members for their tendency to specialize and focus on one task at a time was mentioned. He also was critical of what he regarded as Americans' preference for professional management and rational planning techniques over reliance on the mysterious power of the spiritual world. The Harvard Business School approach was simply not the way he intended to run the movement. Too frequently, that style had collided with his response to immediate providential mandates. The blessing of 360 million couples before the year 2000 clearly was a providential mandate. Just as obviously, it would force members, once again, to break through their concepts of what was possible or permissible.

Ironically, members had just gotten comfortable with the measures pioneered for Blessing '97. Now, in effect, they were put on notice that these methods were obsolete. There simply was not enough time for door-to-door, person-to-person Blessings in order to achieve the expected result. Blessing three, five or even eight couples an evening and, perhaps, double that on weekends was not sufficient. Beach Blessings and Blessing booths at county fairs might have put a dent in the totals. Unfortunately, the beaches were closed, and there would be no county fairs before May. In fact, major portions of the Northern hemisphere were wrapped in ice and snow, making any Blessing work difficult. At a February 3, 1998 International Leaders' Meeting in Korea, Rev. Kwak reported that the Blessing Ceremony of 360 million couples would be held in twelve major cities around the world on June 13th. Sometime after that, it was decided that Blessing '98 would be conducted for 120 million couples and that the remaining 240 million would be Blessed at a later unspecified date.

This was hardly a reprieve. The North American goal was still 10 million couples, an exponential leap from the 400,000 that Rev. Joong Hyun Pak reported North America had Blessed in 1997. Furthermore, it was decided that the main ceremony again would be in the United States. This came as a surprise. American members had expected that the next Blessing would be in

Japan. In fact, a key point in obtaining the maximum exertion from tribal messiahs during the RFK campaign was the assurance given that this was the last Blessing True Parents would ever perform in America and, hence, the final opportunity for members to demonstrate their wholehearted support. The reason why Japan could not host the main ceremony was clear. As a result of his felony tax conviction, Rev. Moon was barred under Japanese law from entering the country. The reason why the United States was again chosen for the main ceremony was less clear. Some of the same reasoning as for Blessing '97 undoubtedly applied. In particular, a U.S. venue offered the most substantial opportunity for global impact. According to Rev. Pak, America's Christian base and the movement's breakthroughs with Christian ministers, 2,000 of whom reportedly had been Blessed, were decisive. On the other hand, North America's Blessing '97 total of 400,000 was only one percent of the 40,000,000 reported worldwide.

Although the U.S. was given responsibility to host Blessing '98, the specific city was not yet clear. Some east-coast members hoped that Chicago or Los Angeles would be given the honor. However, this was not to be, and New York was chosen. Once this was decided, there was a debate over the site. Some favored another stadium event; others pushed for a more intimate venue. In the end, Madison Square Garden was selected. It was famous and large enough to be acceptable. Although the rental and set-up costs would be substantial, it was simpler to work with than a stadium. There also was the possibility for more intimacy and control. In addition, there was the advantage of MSG being directly across from the 2,000 room, church-owned New Yorker Hotel and within blocks of HSA National Headquarters. Finally, there was a sense of connectedness to the movement's tradition. Members liked to think in threes and Blessing '98 would be the third major event the movement had sponsored at MSG. Rev. Moon's 1974 Day of Hope speech on "The New Future of Christianity" was a formation-stage event. It overflowed the Garden and served as a coming-out occasion for the movement in America. The 2075 Couple Blessing in 1982 was a growth-stage event. It brought together members who had joined during the 1970s and pointed them in new directions through the 1980s and early 1990s. Blessing '98 would be a perfection or completion stage event. Members hoped it would define the movement's mature identity and role in the U.S. and elsewhere. However, Blessing'98 was a far more concentrated campaign. There were two years to get ready for Blessing '97. This allowed time for trial and error, the refinement of methods, the building of morale, the convening of a multifaceted WCSF, and the elaboration of complex mobilization strategies. This was not possible in the little more than six months between RFK and MSG. In fact, by the time major decisions were made, there were less than four months to prepare.

In an effort to come up with "ideas and guidelines" for Blessing '98, Dr. Tyler Hendricks convened a "Brainstorming Session" for some seventy-five



Blessing '98 at Madison Square Garden, New York

elders of the U.S. and Canadian movements at Unification Theological Seminary in February. The conference was carefully structured to include plenary meetings on Reflections From RFK and Evangelism and Marketing the Blessing followed by break-out sessions on Program Design; High Level Outreach; Financial Planning; Youth, Singles and Matching; Media Strategies, and Education of Blessed Couples. Bill Lay, who covered the conference for *Unification News*, noted that "many approaches to life and the UC were on display over the weekend." Dan Fefferman, a respected elder member, commented that America's goal of 40 million couples out of 360 million, "taken as a percentage of all married couples in America," represented "a greater market share than that of Coca Cola." He argued that this level of market share only gets achieved though a "serious commitment to mass marketing." Others held that "there are no problems, we just need to buckle down and believe" or that the only real problem was that members were "all so distant from the level of [Rev. Moon]."

The Barrytown conclave was purely advisory and had only a limited effect upon pre-Blessing activity. As during the RFK campaign, tribal messiahs and members were thrown back upon their own resources. Reports of pre-Blessing totals were taken at face value with no questions asked and no attempt to verify results. Objective pre-Blessing norms and guidelines increasingly gave way to subjective ones. Previously, the ingestion of holy wine, recitation of vows, the sprinkling of holy water, a forgiveness ceremony, a completed FFWPU form, and in most cases a photograph were required. All of this might have taken only a few minutes, but each element was regarded as essential to a bona fide pre-Blessing. Now, pre-Blessings seemingly could take a variety of forms so long as members maintained a proper attitude. All night song, testimony and prayer meetings were common in areas dedicated to reaching the highest pre-Blessing totals.

If the movement was *laissez faire* as to pre-Blessing activity, it was hands-on and well organized in its effort to fill Madison Square Garden. It also adopted a different approach. Essentially, the movement pulled back from the cultural dimension of previous World Culture and Sports Festivals. There was a three-day Special Convocation on “The Family and World Peace.” The nine co-sponsoring organizations united their previously separated conferences into a single meeting. The focus was on the Blessing ceremony itself.

While the short turnaround between the two events and the character of New York were important, the major reason why the movement soft-pedaled the WCSF was because it focussed its effort on religious contacts. In doing so, the movement developed a number of specific strategies. Early in the mobilization effort, it set up an Ecumenical Action Office directed by Rev. Ki Hun Kim from Chicago. Rev. Kim set a goal of mobilizing 10,000 people from Christian churches for Blessing '98. A key strategy of this office was the convening of Blessing '98 Meetings and Banquets in each New York City district as well as New Jersey and Philadelphia. These were intended to re-connect ministers from past campaigns to tribal messiahs and District leaders. A second strategy was the convening of a “Pro-Family Rally” at MSG with “Blessing '98 Family Awards” given immediately prior to the start of the Blessing ceremony. A third strategic step was the creation of a massive 2,000-voice choir from 77 churches. Finally, the movement subsidized the cost of chartered buses for congregations and flew in ministers from distant locations.

These strategies were hugely successful. The clearest indication of this was the packed arena. An estimated 20,000 people turned out. In fact, the doors closed more than an hour before the start of the Blessing event. Rev. Kim noted, “Over 200 churches brought their congregations.” Over 120 ministers and 14 buses of parishioners came from Chicago alone. The Pro-Family Rally was highly successful in helping insure an early turnout and an appropriate focus in the pre-ceremony proceedings. It also demonstrated the movement’s connections within the religious community.

Blessing 30,000

Bill Selig

We've had an interesting time Blessing with the holy candy. I've been going out with my wife, Donna, and daughter, Hannah for two-hour periods to local events including RFK (DC United) Stadium, Camden (Orioles) Yards, a 4H fair, county fairs in Prince William, Montgomery, and Howard Counties, an Indian Ethnic Fair, and the beach in Rehobeth, DE and Ocean City, MD. We went two hours a day for about two weeks and we finished our 30,000 with a day at the beach. We decided to do an extra three thousand to cover dupes because there were times at RFK or Camden Yards when other members had already blessed many people, or sometimes, kids would quickly grab a handful of candy.

From the beginning, Rev. Lee, the regional director, had said to follow our conscience, so we decided: 1) to go beyond 30,000 and to avoid dupes, and 2) to give a copy of the pledge with each candy, as much as possible. In mass gatherings we tried to oblige everyone, so sometimes we got dizzy walking in circles trying to catch people coming and going.

We had no problem uniting with Father's direction.

If anything we're getting off lucky. If the providence is such that all it takes is a piece of candy to open the door to heaven, then I say, "hallelujah, thank you True Parents!"

It's really nice to go as a family. Most people take the Blessing as candy, but about a third capture the value of the pledge and give us positive feedback. Some ask why I'm doing it. I explain I have a 11-year-old daughter and I want her to grow up with pure love. No one can argue with this and when I point out that my wife and daughter are here with me doing this, then they are greatly impressed and grateful.

In a sense, Blessing is just like fundraising. Be faithful and believe God is with us. On the last day, my sign kept blowing away. I was locked into a concept that people wouldn't take candy from a stranger. (Is there a maxim more pounded into our heads than, "don't take candy from a stranger?") Anyway the sign kept blowing away so I said, "what the heck," and went for it. In the end, it really didn't matter. People responded whether they saw the sign for free candy or not. I'm not promoting candy, I'm giving the Blessing.

You can't discriminate. Once you start choosing to give the candy to certain "easy" types, such as people of color, Latinos, overweight people, or children, then Satan wins. The Blessing is for everyone.



Bill and Donna Selig (right) give holy wine to Margaret Herber's sister and her husband in Rockville, MD.

Rev. Dennis Dillon, publisher of the *New York Christian Times*, served as emcee; a Hispanic pastor offered the invocation; a white Pentecostal Philadelphia evangelist was the first speaker; a diverse mix of twenty or so ministers received Blessing '98 Family Awards for demonstrating outstanding leadership in their churches and communities; PBS film critic Michael Medved and his wife Diane delivered a video message of support and appreciation over the jumbotron; the 2,000-voice choir electrified the audience with spirited renditions of "Kumbaya" and an original piece entitled, appropriately enough, "Blessings"; and Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker, senior pastor of the Canaan Baptist Church of Christ in Harlem and Chairman of the Board of the National Action Network, delivered the keynote address.

Blessing organizers were thrilled by the response. Although recently matched member couples still were arrayed in neat rows on the floor and the Pro-Family Rally was distinct from the Blessing ceremony, there was more of a unified thrust. Part of this was due to the 2,000-voice choir which filled the hall with its massed voices during "Amazing Grace" and the "Hallelujah Chorus." There also was the opportunity for more milieu control and intimacy. At precisely 11:00 a.m., the satellite hookup was established and a highly polished "Welcome to New York City" video clip began on huge jumbotron. The hall lights similarly dimmed for video introductions preceding benedictions by representatives of eight world religions. Unlike in Washington D.C., there were few, if any negative newspaper articles in the days preceding the Blessing or afterwards. Even the NYPD expressed appreciation for the movement's "good organization in unloading and loading 520 buses."

Amid all the good feeling, there were a couple of dissonant notes. One of these was the tendency to highlight distinctions between godly and ungodly forces in society. This was especially apparent in the Pro-Family Rally. It was also evident in depictions of Madison Square Garden as an "ark of salvation" within a largely reprobate city. The fact that there was a torrential downpour and savage thunderstorm going on outside during the event accentuated participants' sense of being among the elect. Rev. Joong Hyun Pak credited "God with the weather" and cited someone who said, "Inside MSG was Noah's Ark, outside was judgment!"

However, it was Dr. Tyler Hendricks, President of the Unification Church in America, who worked the ark imagery into an extended reflection and who drew the clearest, or at least the most stark distinction between those who responded and didn't respond to Blessing '98. In a section entitled "Where Were You on June 13?" within his regular "UVViews" monthly column, he criticized New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani and the Dalai Lama, both of whom were invited but declined due to schedule conflicts, the mayor to join a gay pride parade in Brooklyn, the Dalai Lama to preside over a two-day Tibetan benefit rock concert, ironically enough, at RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C. According to Dr. Hendricks, "A religious leader chose an event on behalf of his nation

instead of one on behalf of the world. A political leader chose an event on behalf of homosexuality instead of one on behalf of godly marriage.” Utilizing the “ark of salvation” metaphor to evaluate the contrasting outcomes, he wrote,

We could consider Madison Square Garden on June 13 as a place of salvation, like the ark. Those who heard the call came inside. The weather was fine as we entered. The doors were closed, courtesy of the Madison Square Garden staff. Outside were the gay pride activists, the anti-Moon demonstrators, the Hollywood rock concert for Tibet. When the doors closed, when the Blessing started, the rains came. Torrential rains washed out the gay pride parade. The rains wiped out the anti-Moon protesters. Lightning struck RFK Stadium, seriously injuring eleven people. All these events were called off. Inside the Garden, no one was in the least bit aware of the weather raging outside. And when we emerged, when the doors opened, the rain had stopped. We walked out onto literal dry ground. The air smelled fresh; something was washed.

A delicious irony, of course, was that many of those drenched on the outside, with the possible exception of the gay pride activists and anti-Moon demonstrators, were in all likelihood either knowingly or unknowingly blessed!

The introduction of spirit world Blessings at Blessing '98 was a second discordant note. This was quite unexpected. It already was a stretch for more than a few ministers and their congregations to countenance Hindu, Buddhist, Sikh and Muslim benedictions over the proceedings. The thought that billions of spirit world couples, including a select group of religious founders and some of the worst criminals of history, were also participating in the Madison Square Garden event surely would have been either incomprehensible or unacceptable for most. Nevertheless, the first order of business once Rev. and Mrs. Moon, as officiators, had taken their seats was a “Report to Heaven” delivered by Rev. Chung Hwan Kwak. Rev. Kwak reported that True Parents were tearing down all the existing walls in the spiritual world, including the wall of hell. He announced that on this occasion, they were extending the pre-Blessing to “16 billion couples in the spiritual world.” He stated, “This may sound unbelievable, but it is true.” He announced,

Included in the Blessing of numerous spirits are 34 couples who will receive a special Blessing as the representatives both from God’s side and from Satan’s side. These include: Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Mary, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Caleb, John the Baptist, Socrates, Swedenborg, Sundar Singh, Syngman Rhee, Hwal Ahn Kim, Park Chung Hee, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, Nobusuke Kishi, Takeo Fukuda,

Karl Marx, Vladimir Lenin, Joseph Stalin, Mao Tse Tung, Kim Il Sung, Adolph Hitler, Hideki Tojo, and Benito Mussolini.

Rev. Kwak commented, “There is no corner that the Blessing of true love cannot reach.” It was “an amazing grace, not just for good spirits but for bad spirits as well, since it opens even the door to hell.” He asserted that through “this historic Blessing ceremony of the spiritual world and the earthly world, officiated by True Parents, all religious spheres can be harmonized to form a unified realm of blessing” and that the two worlds, spiritual and physical, “can unite into one, thus establishing the realm of liberation.” He concluded by proclaiming “this is the great, pivotal Blessing ceremony that will launch the era of Heaven on earth and in heaven centered on God and True Parents.”

There were several ways to interpret these extraordinary claims. They could be judged to be evidence of a retreat from engagement with the world, not into self-righteous sectarianism, but toward an otherworldly mysticism. At the same time, there were good reasons for maintaining that this was not the case. First, as has already been noted, spiritualism was an integral part of the movement’s tradition and had not interfered with its engagement with the world. Spirit world Blessings also were not unprecedented. A day prior to the 360,000 Couple Blessing in 1995, Rev. and Mrs. Moon blessed Mrs. Moon’s physical mother, Rev. Moon’s physical elder brother, and Rev. Moon’s physical mother, each of whom had passed from the physical plane. Blessings in which one partner was in the spirit world and the other on earth also had occurred. Previously, reference was made to the union of Heung Jin and Julia Moon. Even earlier, on January 3, 1971, Rev. Moon was understood to have blessed Jesus with a Korean church member. At Blessing ’98, immediately following his “Report to Heaven,” Rev. and Mrs. Kwak, presumably with Heung Jin and Jesus, presided over a “physical and spiritual world ceremony” in which “four Korean women elders were...Blessed as wives on earth to four major saints of the spirit world—Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, and Socrates.”

A second reason why the introduction of spirit world Blessings might not be considered a retreat had to do with the logic of the Blessing and the movement’s teachings. As Rev. Kwak indicated, there was no corner of reality that the Blessing of true love could not penetrate. Spirit world Blessings were a logical extension of this principle. Further, if Rev. and Mrs. Moon’s status as True Parents and their declaration of messiahship were to be taken seriously, they ought to be lords of heaven as well as earth. In an editor’s note accompanying its coverage of Blessing ’98, the *Unification News* held that “Unificationist ideology is firmly planted on earth” but also took the spirit world “very seriously.” It cited a passage from *The Exposition of the Divine Principle* which stated,

During the period when the providence of restoration is to be completed after the Second Coming of Christ, God will complete the cosmic foundation for the Messiah by working throughout heaven and earth based on the Completed Testament Word.

Four elder Korean women received special spirit world blessings at Blessing '98.

According to Richard Lewis, *Unification News* editor, this indicated that "from the 1950s, it was clear that Reverend Moon's work would ultimately relate directly to the spirit world. Therefore, what is taking place now should come as no surprise."



The public acknowledgement of spirit world Blessings was really more of a risk than a retreat. Had the movement acknowledged them only among its membership as a form of compensation or consolation for the lack of external results, the retreat label might have applied. However, Rev. Moon was springing mass spirit world Blessings on an unsuspecting public in much the same way as he sprung his declaration of messiahship on unsuspecting guests in 1992. This, in fact, was typical of his approach. Though members may have settled, or wished to settle into stable routines, he quite literally was living in apocalyptic time. At the very moment the movement had achieved a certain comfort level with its minister and parishioner guests, he introduced content sure to upset or even scandalize. For many, the spirit world announcement was unclear. Rev. Kwak read from a prepared text at a side microphone in soft tones with a Korean accent. The report itself was elaborate and dense, probably more suited for a gathering of academics than a mass audience whose senses had just been overwhelmed by a 2,000-voice choir and distracted by the spectacle of a lavishly decorated and packed arena. Most heard something about a Blessing of saints; and the names Stalin or Marx may have struck a dissonant chord for those listening carefully. However, there was no context for the report to have much of an effect, and explanations would have to wait for later.

The 2,000-Voice Choir

Adruma Victoria

All praises and glory to God as I attempt to share how Christ and the Holy Spirit brought the victory at Blessing '98 through the 2000-voice choir.

Long before we did anything, God and True Parents paved the way for the saints of heaven and earth to rally to the call of the God-centered family. With Heavenly Father pushing my wife and personal messiah Fiona and I to go to Kenya, our nation of providence, we knew clearly it was time. Yet it had been two decades since I could make a substantial offering to God in America, where I was born.

I told my sons Justin and Alex that after Hoon Dok Hae every morning, I was going to do some running. Justin suggested that I run around Madison Square Garden, as a condition for victory, so two to three days a week I would run four to seven times around the Garden. It seems that God accepted my offering.

Just before Fiona left for Kenya with Ashia and Kiah, two of our four children, I spoke with David Eaton and asked if there was a need for Performing Arts support for Blessing '98. He said there just might be something I could do to help out.

I understand that at Barrytown, Rev. Levy Daugherty of Norfolk, VA first came up with the inspiration of a thousand-voice choir to perform at the Blessing. Praise God, on April 29 I met with David Eaton, Rev. Yang of Washington, D.C. and Dr. Tyler Hendricks, who welcomed me to the task.

Dr. Hendricks explained that we wanted to put together a thousand-voice choir and needed a few appropriate songs. I thought the songs should be exciting, yet simple, so that many voices which had never before sung together could learn them. I suggested "Amazing Grace" and a contemporary version of "Kumbaya." Dr. Hendricks liked my impromptu rendition.

David Eaton indicated that we needed a music director and a choir director. That night we got on the phone and pulled in Mr. Horace Donnell as music director. I thought he was the best choice, because he had been my high school teacher and was the music director at my own Blessing at Madison Square Garden in 1982. One of my requests to David was that my support team would include my sister, Sandra Lowen, who wrote so many beautiful and inspiring songs in our church. I just wanted

the honorable root of our Black membership in our True Parents' kingdom to be with me as this grace of Father God touches His children.

Choir Director

Now we needed a choir director. I went to a National Action Network (NAN) Prayer Breakfast in Harlem and met Bishop Billings. I asked him if he had a choir director, to which he answered "Angela Moses." I had brought a tape of the songs I thought would be good, and I gave them to Angela's secretary, Monique McAllistair. When she spoke about Ms. Moses, I felt the tingle of the Holy Spirit. I called Ms. Moses and shared about the idea of the thousand-voice choir. She said, "I bet you don't have a woman on your list." I said, "Yes, we do." When I mentioned some famous folks, she said humbly, "Well, I guess you'd better choose them; they're famous." Yet I had the thought in my mind that a worthy person without great recognition would be just fine.

I decided to go to New Life Tabernacle to check out their choir that Tuesday. The following Sunday, Rev. Joong Hyun Pak and Dr. Hendricks heard them and were quite inspired.

When I entered New Life Tabernacle, the congregation welcomed me warmly, and I said, "Let's pray, so that our time together will be in God's hands." They freely offered love and respect to a person they never saw before. When they sang, I felt proud to be Black. I told them they should be on a global level, as they were so filled with the Holy Ghost's power and heart. I said, "You've all heard of the Spike Lee movie, *He Got Game?* Well, when it comes to NLT, 'They got God!'" Then I met the wonderful Angela Moses, pure and lovely in the Lord. Angela prayed, "Dear God, you know why Brother Adruma came here. Please bless him, Lord." And He did.

I knew God chose this choir and Angela to lead the thousand-voice choir to victory at Madison Square Garden. Yet I waited for the proper channels to approve what I knew was approved in Heaven. I told Angela, "God chose you. There may be others more famous, but you are a lady unknown who is worthy of being known by the world." So I reported to Rev. Pak and David Eaton that we had the central part of the choir.

Building the Thousand-Voice Choir

During the whole process of assembling the choir, I felt guided by God and the Holy Spirit. Amen. It can be likened to the yarmulke worn in Judaism. I felt a spiritual yarmulke connected to the top of my head as True Parents' spirit guided me past obstacles, pitfalls and loneliness. New Life Tabernacle was to learn "Amazing Grace," "Kumbaya" and later the "Hallelujah Chorus," which Rev. Pak chose. Sandra Lowen, my production assistant and consultant, came with me to start work on the arrangements of the few songs we had. Together with Mr. Donnell, we were feeling hopeful. I just had to check our "Kumbaya" arrangement for copyright purposes. At Mr. Donnell's studio, Sandra Lowen and I laid the foundation for the song "Blessings." Sandra and I would call each other and discuss our lyrics as we sourced out the song. David Eaton, producer of the event, gave the budget and went to the studios to record the pilot songs. NLT had a version of "Amazing Grace" arranged by Mr. Charles Minor, and Miss Timmany Figueroa had a version of "Kumbaya." I told David that NLT's version of "Amazing Grace" was better than mine: let's just start the song with the traditional intro and then go into the contemporary downbeat. It was a done deal.

On the production side of things, I interfaced regularly with David Eaton. Yet I was also responsible for mobilization of the choir, and Rev. Pak assigned Rev. Eric Holt as my new Abel. This was my first opportunity to work with Rev. Holt. I found him to be so supportive of me—assisting and fine-tuning the details—and he helped me so much in making my offering that I discovered a new brother in True Parents.

June 13

Prior to the event, Rev. Pak had us report on a regular basis to him on the choir's progress. Pastor Figueroa received hurtful persecution because of his affiliation



with Rev. Moon, to the point that the venue for his ordination to become a bishop was revoked. Ms. Moses, too, weathered many storms of scorn and ignorance. I could feel Rev. Pak's deep concern that everything would turn out alright. I assured him that Ms. Moses and New Life Tabernacle's leadership were committed to this event because of their love for God, and the persecution they faced from other religious institutions would not deter their faith or their commitment.

I sent Rev. David Reed to Ms. Moses' home to personally escort her to the Garden that morning. My sons Justin and Alex helped out as ushers, along with Aliso Lowen. At the choir registration on Eighth Avenue, Mrs. Billie Sabo and Sandra Lowen helped register the choirs. The choir members began to stream in. With everything secured at registration, I went to the choir area and directed the groups to their respective seating.

It was ten minutes before "show-time." We had well over 1,600 people in the choir, and people were still streaming in. Mindful of the need to be prompt, I was concerned that we start on time. Miraculously, Ms. Moses lifted her arms and "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound" filled the Garden with God's love and glory. Sandra Lowen and I were standing with the choir and bathing in the Love of God. Admittedly, hearing 2,000 voices singing the song we had written together for the glory of God and True Parents was a Blessing in itself. Ms. Moses was fabulous, and the choir sang better than she had expected. As I looked toward Heaven, my greatest joy was sharing this victory in my heart with my beloved wife Fiona.

May this Godly victory spread forth forevermore.

Blessing '99

The U.S. movement assumed center stage during Blessings '97 and '98. Although it did not achieve the highest blessing totals, it convened a respectable gathering at RFK and an exemplary one at MSG. The American movement especially distinguished itself through its work with Christian ministers. Nevertheless, Blessing '99 once again was held in Korea. Most members did not regard this as an affront. Having operated at a high pitch of mobilization since early 1997 or even before, many were ready for a less prominent role. To some extent, the U.S. movement reverted back to its pre-1997 level of involvement. That is, it was largely responsible for bringing VIPs to Blessing '99 and handling them once they were there. However, this wasn't the whole story. American members also had learned the secret of conducting pre-Blessings on a mass scale.

The secret, as already noted, was to be utterly committed and sincere in one's efforts and to break through spiritually. This allowed God to work. Once God was free to work, there were no limits in terms of permissible methods or achievable totals. The leading proponent of this approach was Mrs. Young Soon Kim, commonly known as "Lady General" Kim. She was assigned to the U.S. by Rev. Moon as a "prayer lady." Highly expressive with a disarming habit of embracing members in trademark bear-hugs, she organized midnight prayer meetings and fasting conditions in Alaska, Boston and Washington, D.C.

Many members began employing mass distribution techniques. They prepared plastic bags with holy candy and Blessing commitments printed on FFWPU business cards. The technique was to purchase large bags of hard candy from wholesale outlets, to sanctify the candies with prayer and sprinkles of holy wine while still in the package, and to re-pack it, two individual pieces of candy at a time, with a single FFWPU card into small plastic baggies or sealable pouches. This was time-consuming but had the advantage of involving entire tribal messiah families in assembly line-type productions. Bags, then, could be distributed where there were large gatherings of people. Dr. Hendricks noted, "Even a dour sort such as I am can hand out two hundred in 20 minutes on a crowded Manhattan corner at rush hour." Others tar-



geted sports stadiums. Some families took to placing the bags on the windshields of parked cars in mall or county fair parking lots, rows at a time.

Spirit world blessings and spirit world mobilizations continued to play a role in Blessing '99. Rev. Moon spoke many times about good and sometimes evil spirit world assaulting the earth. The difference in 1998 and 1999 was that rather than speaking in general terms, the movement was quite specific. This, to some extent, flowed from the MSG event, which cited thirty-four particular spirit world representatives among the 16 billion spirits blessed. Rev. Kwak reported that on October 5, 1998, "all spirit persons who have received the Blessing were assigned to mission countries on earth, and they will help us if we focus our efforts." At Blessing '99, 56 billion spirits were reported to have been blessed. A list circulated by the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification International (FFWPUI) included the names of sixty-five Old Testament figures, twenty-seven New Testament figures, twenty-seven figures from Christian history, fifty-seven popes, twenty-six Byzantine emperors, and twenty-eight emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. The Blessing, at this point, was understood to have transcended the limitations of time and space. It had became not only a global but a cosmic event.

However, all of this came at a price. The movement was conducting Blessings on a mass level with double or even triple the number of participants, virtually every six months. It conducted Blessing '97 for 40 million couples in November 1997. MSG for 120 million couples followed in June 1998. Blessing '99, scheduled for February 7, 1999, was to include 240 million couples. Factoring in the billions of spirit world unions, these events exerted an extraordinary amount of material, psychological and spiritual pressure upon members. The movement dealt with this pressure essentially by ignoring it and pressing ahead. Nevertheless, it had accumulated a backlog of deferred internal maintenance needs which were reaching the breaking point. Still, it would take a major breakdown or two to force the issue. This is precisely what happened in late 1998. If the movement did not fully resolve the problems, it at least paused long enough to acknowledge them.

The first breakdown resulted from publicity surrounding the divorce of Rev. and Mrs. Moon's eldest son, Hyo Jin, and his wife of fifteen years, Nan Sook Hong. In actuality, Ms. Hong fled from her husband in August 1995, taking their five children with her. Divorce papers were filed in December 1996, and the divorce was finalized a year later. It was a private, family matter until Nan Sook Hong published *In the Shadow of the Moons: My Life in Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Family* (Little, Brown and Company, 1998). Prior to that, most members had only a vague idea of problems in their marriage. Hyo Jin's early struggles were common knowledge following his decision to inform the membership in a public speech a decade before. However, members generally assumed that his situation had stabilized since then. The minority of members who knew of the separation or even that the divorce had been finalized still

hoped for a reconciliation. For this group but far more so for those who were entirely unknowing, the charges in Nan Sook's book as amplified in her nationwide promotional book tour, on various radio and television talk shows, and on CBS's popular "Sixty Minutes" were shocking and unsettling.

The book itself was one-sided and retaliatory. It also was ghost-written, having been penned by Eileen McNamara, a Pulitzer Prize-winning Metro columnist for the *Boston Globe* who had written articles critical of the church and of Hyo Jin Moon previously. In this sense, the book packed a triple or even quadruple punch. It was, first and foremost, one partner's account of a failed marriage. However, it also was an apostate account since Nan Sook rejected the Unification faith. Third, since Eileen McNamara, the book's unacknowledged ghost-writer, was a self-described gender-obsessed "shrieker," the book had an element of feminist rage. Finally, as Nan Sook's lawyer was Herbert Rosedale, a long-time Unification Church opponent and president of the American Family Foundation, the book reflected an anticult perspective.

The end result was an "atrocity tale" worthy of its predecessors in the nether world of confessional apostate literature. There was a dramatic "captivity and escape" motif, wild allegations of all manner of excesses and deceptions, especially of a sexual or financial nature, and a sympathetic depiction of Nan Sook's readjustment to the values and behavioral norms of conventional society. There were no ambiguities, no nuances. Nan Sook was the heroine, Hyo Jin the villain. Apart from this, Nan Sook took a number of gratuitous swipes at Mrs. Moon; at select members of the True Family; and at Rev. Moon whom she alleged had extramarital or, more accurately, "providential" affairs. She also asserted that he had at least one illegitimate son. Her conclusions? Rev. Moon was a "con man," he and Mrs. Moon were indifferent parents, and the True Family was dysfunctional.

Sociologists and historians of culture who have studied religious atrocity narratives point out that they are not rightly personal or factual replications so much as they are cultural renderings of what mainstream society has "already agreed upon to see." This was not to assert that Nan Sook's claims had no basis in fact. The fact pattern was such that she won a divorce and handsome settlement. However, observers would have been well advised to exercise caution in leaping from a failed marriage to a failed messiah or a failed messianic movement. The media, of course, was not subject to these constraints. Nan Sook's revelations corresponded to what they had "already agreed upon to see." Conditioned to probe for flaws and operating under a hermeneutic of suspicion, which oddly enough did not extend to Ms. Hong, most media accounts took her testimony and conclusions at face value or corroborated them with those of other disaffected members, including Rev. and Mrs. Moon's third daughter, Un Jin, who appeared on "Sixty Minutes."

The irony was that *In the Shadow of the Moons* had a relatively short shelf life. There was an initial flap surrounding the book's publication and Nan Sook's pro-

motional tour which included pointed comparisons between what the movement preached and what it allegedly practiced at its core. Some pieces juxtaposed photos of Blessing '98 against Nan Sook's allegations. "Sixty Minutes" was especially cunning in leading an "unidentified" bride and groom into comments about Rev. and Mrs. Moon's "true family" and "children of goodness." However, the public soon tired of this. Essentially, Nan Sook was saying that the Moons were "like everybody else, but a little more dysfunctional." This was not exceptionally news-worthy. It was the bizarre and unusual that kept the public's attention. The 1970s image of "moonies" as brainwashed zombies had far more staying power. The effect of Nan Sook's disclosures on the membership was more difficult to gauge. Some members were devastated. Others refused to read the book or discuss any of the issues. Others marshalled many of the same resources and arguments by which they coped with previous charges.

Nan Sook's book certainly wasn't the first apostate account the movement had endured. There were literally dozens of them. Many of them included similar wordplay on the name "Moon," i.e., *Moonstruck*, *Eclipse of the Moon*, *The Moon Is Not the Son*, etc., and were ghost-written. However most of the accounts were written from the standpoint of ordinary members or, at best, mid-level leaders. Many attempted to inflate their credentials or insinuate that their role was more than it really was. Some published books on the basis of having attended several workshops or of having been a member for a matter of weeks or months. These were easily dismissed. Nan Sook's book had considerably more insider credibility and clout as it was the first apostate account to come from a member of Rev. Moon's family.

A second important difference related to the time and circumstances of publication. Virtually all of the other apostate accounts had been penned between 1975-85. Especially during the early years of that period, the movement was almost universally regarded as a cult. The situation was quite different in 1998. Although the movement had not entirely shed the cult label, it made numerous inroads into American society and was accepted as legitimate in many quarters. Some members still engaged in full-time spiritual or business missions, but many others had returned to their hometowns as tribal messiahs or worked outside the church and were, more or less, independent. These circumstances created a much different environment. Between 1975-85, the movement's defenses were up, and most members had neither the time nor the interest to assess criticisms. By 1998, the movement's defenses were down. If members still were disinclined to read apostate accounts, many were forced to assess this one if only in response to their older children who were as yet not fully formed in the faith and who were sensitive to public criticism. In some cases, this led to painful reassessments.

The movement as a whole responded to the situation in several specific ways. Hyun Jin Moon, recently inaugurated as Vice-President of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification, International (FFWPU), sent a



letter addressed to all members on September 9th which was intended to share “the heart and spirit of my family.” He stated that they considered “Nan Sook to be part of the family...do not criticize her, even though we do not agree with what she sets forth in the book...[and] are ready to take care of unresolved problems and...would like Nan Sook to be part of the healing process.” The following day, HSA Headquarters sent a letter to members intended to help them respond to issues raised by the book. The letter outlined the movement’s position on personal and marital abuse, financial accountability, issues of political power, religious freedom, the teaching and practice of family values, and lifestyle issues. Finally, though declining to speak with media representatives, Rev. and Mrs. Moon submitted a brief statement to “Sixty Minutes” stating in part: “We commiserate with Nan Sook’s over the suffering arising from the tragic personal problems our son has faced. We, as parents, feel a deep sense of responsibility.”

On Monday, September 21st, the day after the nationwide “Sixty Minutes” broadcast, Rev. Moon addressed the movement’s East Coast members. Calling them together indicated that he took the book, the media attention, and members’ concerns seriously. Nevertheless, he placed the controversy “in the same category as other attacks upon his work” and made it clear that he would “not allow these attacks to interfere with his fulfillment of God’s will.” He told mem-

Rev. Moon inaugurates Hyun Jin Nim as the vice-president of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification.

bers, “Don’t worry about Nan Sook’s story” and denied that he “even spent one hour talking with her.” He said that he had no regrets, that there was nothing of which he was ashamed in his life, and that he committed no fall. He concluded by asking members to send him off “with a comfortable heart, by reassuring me that you will be strong to deal with this media and keep going toward the goal.” These were the last public statements he made about the incident. However, Rev. Moon reblessed Hyo Jin at Blessing ’99. He commented, “I have forgiven some of the worst criminals of history. Can’t I forgive my own son?”

A second breakdown during the latter part of 1998 precipitated less a spiritual than a material crisis. It revolved around the apparent collapse of Tongil Group, a conglomerate or *chaebol* of the movement’s business and industrial holdings in Korea. According to one report, difficulties facing the Tongil Group had become increasingly apparent since May when one of its member firms, the Il Hwa soft drinks maker, went out of business. This was followed by failure to win the right to develop a tourist resort in North Korea, part of an agreement Rev. Moon had reached with the late North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung but which was lost during the autumn as a result of financial concerns about Tongil. On November 30, 1998, four companies of the Tongil Group—Tongil Heavy Industries, Hankook Titanium, Il Song Construction and Il Shin Stone—filed for court protection after having failed to keep up with bank loan repayments. An official of the South Korean government’s newly formed financial supervisory service said that the debts of the group’s sixteen companies exceeded \$1.7 billion U.S. dollars.

South Korea’s economic crisis, particularly restrictions on bank lending following the International Monetary Fund’s \$58 billion bail-out of the Korean economy, contributed to Tongil’s decline. The wider Asian economic crisis, especially in recession-hit Japan, an important market for Tongil Group products, also contributed. However, the main problem, according to a South Korean analyst, was that “The Tong Il companies suffer from bad management.... They relied too much on church donations. It was a kind of moral hazard.” There also were misunderstandings between management and labor. Tongil Heavy Industries laid off 800 workers who then charged that they had been illegally dismissed without pay. Those who lost their jobs staged demonstrations and even threatened violence during a speech tour Rev. Moon conducted in Korea during January 1999.

Amazingly, these breakdowns had little effect on Blessing ’99. Rev. Kwak announced that on September 29, 1998 the worldwide movement had accomplished the goal of pre-Blessing 240 million previously married couples. The focus now was on finding single Blessing candidates, unmarried young people willing to be matched. However, the venue for the main ceremony was still undecided. Rev. Moon expressed the desire to hold it in Japan but the problems with obtaining a visa for him could not be overcome. He also offered to conduct it in Taiwan but the movement there was not ready. Finally, in January, thirty-three



days before the event, scheduled for February 7th, Rev. Moon settled on Korea. Still, this wasn't the whole story. As related by Rev. Joong Hyun Pak,

About twenty days before the actual day of the Blessing...I received the news that...Blessing '99 would be held not in ChamShil Gymnasium as planned by the Korean Church, but rather at Seoul Olympic Stadium!! Outdoors! In February! Wintertime! I remembered how shocked leaders were when they heard in 1997 that we were going to use RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C., also an outdoor stadium! In November! Wintertime!

How the Korean movement mobilized more than 100,000 people and 3,000 buses, filling practically all seats in the stadium three hours before the event was something of a mystery to Western observers. However, it was apparent that the weather had cooperated. Sub-freezing temperatures warmed considerably, and conditions on the day of the ceremony were quite good.

Blessing '99 and associated events penetrated Korean society far more than had the previous two International Blessing Ceremonies and WCSFs in 1992 and 1995. The key breakthrough was South Korean President Kim Dae Jung's presence at the Tenth Anniversary Celeration of the movement-owned *Segye Times* newspaper on February 1st. Though Tongil Group might be suffering, *The Segye Times* had "placed its founder on the map in Korean society and in its corridors of power." Kim Dae Jung not only disregarded those who would dissuade him from attending but, according to a movement report, "brought with him the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the leaders of political parties, and other figures central to the administration of the nation." He shared the podium with Rev. Moon and participated in an anniversary cake-cutting.

Gen. Alexander Haig, Jr., former U.S. Secretary of State under Ronald Reagan and White House Chief of Staff under Richard Nixon, provided a similar focal point for the WCSF's Special Convocation on "Family Ethics and World Peace." In an introduction to Rev. Moon, Haig described how their lives first intersected during the Korean War, praised Rev. Moon for his conciliatory approach to President Nixon during the Watergate crisis, and again praised Rev. Moon for his role in the downfall of communism. At a well-attended press briefing, when asked if he were a Unification Church member, Haig replied, "No, but who couldn't support the values espoused here at this conference? It would be like being against motherhood."

Blessing 2000

Many members expected that Blessing '99 would be the final Blessing, certainly in the current sequence of International Wedding Ceremonies conducted on a global and mass scale. The goal of 360 million couples had been accomplished, a total that Rev. Moon had said would turn the world upside-down. He set forth an elaborate projection, stating, "the 360 million—really 400 million—couples constitute 800 million husbands and wives and, supposing that each couple has four children, this is approaching 3 billion people." Thinking in this way, it was possible to conclude that more than half the population on earth was connected to the Blessing. In other words, the scale had been tipped in the movement's favor.

Global transformation was inevitable. Moreover, all this had been achieved prior to the dawn of the new millennium, which served as a kind of finish-line for some tribal messiahs. It was a neat package.

Members with this mindset, therefore, were surprised when Rev. Moon announced another 400 Million Couple Blessing to be conducted in conjunction with his 80th birthday, on February 13, 2000. They were even more surprised to learn that the 400 million were to be "matched couples only."

However, as early as July 1998, Rev. Kwak communicated Rev. Moon's request "to find many who can become candidates for the matching and participate in the Blessing." Rev. Kwak repeated the direction to find unmarried young people as single-person blessing candidates for Blessing '99 in September and October 1998. However, the reality was that matched candidates constituted only a small fraction of a percentage of the global blessings: some 6,500 out of 40 million in Blessing '97 and approximately 3,000 out of 120 million for Blessing '98. The added push for matching candidates increased the total for Blessing '99 but not enough. Church spokesmen set the number of



At the Blessing Ceremony

newly wed, i.e., matched couples at Seoul Olympic Stadium at 12,000. There may have been several thousand more in other locales. The Philippines, for example, reportedly brought 14,000 Blessing candidates itself. Yet, obviously, these numbers were dwarfed by the 240 million previously married couples.

Rev. Moon spoke with some candor about the situation in November 1998. He said that "ideally, the heavenly blessing should be received on the tradition of the value of the blessing." It was "supposed to be dealt with very inwardly and with internal value." However, because of what he termed "the failures of Korea, America, and Christianity," the Blessing was "given out now as a token to people all over the world." It was, he said, as if "a royal family member... [were] being finally cast out...and marrying a beggar on the street." This much "devaluation of the blessing" was occurring. He drew some consolation from a scene he had observed on occasion during his visits to the South American interior where the movement was expanding. As he described it,

When an alligator catches a big animal or fish such as a shark or a snake, the alligator first just makes sure that he swallows it. Of course, birds and animals have fur, skin, and bones and all kinds of dirty stuff, but they are just swallowed. There is no cleaning process. I came to understand then that God is the king of swallowing. It is like casting a net and catching everything.... God is casting a net to swallow everyone, evil people, good people, and mediocre people. Likewise, when I give the Blessing to the world, as for example at the Madison Square Garden Blessing Ceremony, I cast my net out to the entire world. Whoever comes into the net, even if they may have been criminals and murderers, is swallowed. That is why two thousand years ago God gave the message through Jesus Christ to love one's enemy. God's representative can swallow everything from the individual to the cosmic level, including the cosmic Satan, without a problem. Can you do that?

Within the same discourse, he acknowledged, "[N]ot all the 360 million couples who received the blessing are fully ready to come...and meet God and True Parents."

Rev. Moon expected that the millions of blessed couples would keep heavenly traditions. After Blessings '95 and '97, for example, there was an expectation that the 360,000, 3.6 million and 36 million couples would keep a forty-day purification period following the Blessing before consummating, or resuming marital relations; that they would pay a substantial blessing fee; that they would meet regularly for *Hoon Dok Hae* reading; and that they would bring ten of their relatives or friends to the next Blessing. After Blessings '98 and '99, Rev. Moon still had every expectation that the 360 million couples would help create "a family culture in which all people have affection for me." He took out adver-



tisements in newspapers in major capitols throughout the world to address "Blessed Couples Worldwide." He also sent Mrs. Moon on world speaking tours following each major Blessing to educate newly blessed couples and others in the Completed Testament word.

However, there was a sense of dissatisfaction with the results. By January 1999, this evolved into a sense of sorrow and even repentance. Amid expressions of gratitude and determination in his Midnight Prayer at the beginning of that year, Rev. Moon also stated,

I am truly so very sorry that even today, after fifty years have passed, I have still not been able to hold a victory celebration wherein I could offer the entire nation and world to Heaven through establishing Your will on this earth.

This was the fundamental motivation for the shift in emphasis from previously married to matched couples.

The movement had reached the outer limit of what was achievable or credible, even for Rev. Moon, in the 360 Million Couple Blessing. It wasn't that the 360 Million Couple Blessing was unreal. It was very real in Rev. Moon's mind. As he put it, "People think it's a joke, but it did happen through God." However, its fruit was largely internal. It remained to make these vic-

*Rev. and Mrs. Moon
matching candidates
for the Blessing*

tories substantial, to truly transform people and the world. In the movement's terminology, the 360 Million Couple Blessing, and the global blessings that had preceded it, were a spiritual condition, a foundation of faith. They needed to be complemented by a foundation of substance. This is what the 400 Million Couple Blessing was intended to be, or to begin. Together, the foundations of faith and substance would establish an unshakable foundation for global salvation.

This brought Rev. Moon back on message. "The 400 million couples and the 360 million couples," he said, "will influence the entire human race." Elsewhere, he stated, "The 400 million couples who were blessed in 1999 can be the foundation of the 400 million youth blessing. Just one youth for every couple." If members used "photo albums of blessed couples, young people will get inspired to see so many wonderful matches made by Father. They will want to get matched by Rev. Moon." He noted that "the spirit world must be mobilized" and reported that on April 13, 1999, 1.6 billion young people were blessed in the spirit world. In addition, 106 past saints were sent to America and welcomed in a ceremony at Headquarters. Finally, on May 14, 1999, "Lucifer voluntarily surrendered to God." At several meetings, the texts of several astonishing letters of apology were read. Rev. Moon urged the membership not to take these lightly, but to believe in them as genuine and from God. Mrs. Moon also embarked on a world tour as a kick-off to the 400 million couple blessing, presenting a speech on "The Path of Life for All Humankind."

In America, this tour brought to fruition much of the work with Christianity at the grassroots level. Members had been encouraged to visit Christian churches. Many had taken this seriously and had developed good relationships with pastors and their congregations. Nowhere was this more so than in Chicago. When Mrs. Moon spoke there, over 4,000 guests, the vast majority being Christian congregations, gave her an extremely warm welcome.

4,000 Gather in Chicago to Embrace True Mother

Russell Sucharoff

From the very beginning of this campaign, one could feel that everything was going to be different than ever before. Just the fact that we have over two-months notice that True Mother would be coming was so different and unusual that many of us didn't quite know what to do with it. Yet we began, in the most usual of ways, and that was by going out and visiting our ministers. For the past two years our Bishop, the Rev. Ki Hoon Kim, has designated the 2nd Sunday of every month as church visitation Sunday. We have a small Sunday Service at our Ashland Avenue Church, but the majority of members and Tribal Messiahs go out and visit their adopted churches at least once a month.

Over the past six months we have also been on an intensive witnessing and workshop campaign. CARP rented a workshop site up at Lake Geneva about 1 hour from Chicago and members were going up every weekend for a 2-day workshop, which lead to many 7-day and 21-day guests who were now becoming members. When CARP went on their Christmas fundraising campaign, the workshops transferred to the church and we began having evening programs every night and weekend. Through this experience, many new members were joining and many members were becoming lecturers and workshop staff.

As February 7, 1999 began to come closer, of course, our emphasis focused on the Blessing. But we continued to witness through passing out flyers for our evening programs. Through this process many new guests became blessing candidates. So when word of True Mother's tour arrived, we were ready to welcome her back to Chicago.

It was hard to believe that it had been almost a year since True Mother had come to Chicago. In fact, April 10, 1998 was Good Friday, when 3,000 guests filled the Grand Ballroom of the downtown Chicago Marriott Hotel to hear True Mother deliver her speech, "Blessed Marriage and Eternal Life," amidst the amens and hal-lujahs of the assembled churches in the congregation. But again, the spirit was telling us that this event was going to be different.

As we began to work though our network of established churches, a new phenomenon began to occur. We have done so much with our churches, that planning for this new event was beginning with a tremendous response, especially from our best ministers. Over the past four years, through the series of blessings, and everything else, we have been in constant relationship with our churches. And our network is growing. Our best ministers are becoming more and more important; many of their churches are growing; many of them are being promoted to superintendents and bishops; and many of them are introducing us to new pastors and friends. Also, one important aspect of the African-American Church Community is the importance of Church anniversaries and Pastors' Birthdays. Our support of the events, often buying a table, or group of tables, develops an ongoing relationship with the churches. And the ministers most always will return the favor, by attending your banquet or church anniversary.

The next new phenomenon was that certain ministers have now elevated to new levels of commitment in their work with us. We have come to realize that given their incredible schedules and the fact that so many of the ministers are so serious, so dedicated and being led by the Holy Spirit, these men and women of God can go only so far with us on a horizontal level. In other words, they would only be willing/able to walk so far with their friends. Only the fact that they themselves are experiencing the presence of God and the Holy Spirit is the basis for their continuing walk of faith and commitment with our True Parents.

I remember our old friend, Dr. Richard Quebedeaux, who had a deep experience with God at one of our New Era Pastoral Academic Conferences. After that point, Dr. Quebedeaux would refuse to discuss our conferences with his friends. He would just invite them to attend, knowing full well that their concepts about our movement would be destroyed through their experience with God at our conferences. And the same holds true for our best ministers. Men such as Rev. T.L. Barrett, who offered the prayer representing all of Protestant Christianity at the RFK Blessing, attended our Inter-religious Conference for World Peace in December in Washington, D.C., bought two tables and was the M.C. for our True Family Values Banquet two weeks later and then turned around and flew to Korea for Blessing '99 where he once again was asked to offer the Prayer representing all of Protestant Christianity. Now, Rev. Barrett

did not need go to Washington, D.C. or even to Korea just for the trip. This man works about 120,000 hours a week leading a vibrant and spirit-filled church to new heights every day. The street that goes past his Life Center Church is named in his honor. His church was the first one in America to fly the Family Federation Flag on its flagpole and I could go on and on. So it is God alone who is calling Rev. Barrett to work alongside his Unification Church/Family Federation brethren in the fight to save America.

The same can be said of Rev. Dr. Leroy Elliott, the Pastor of New Greater St. John Baptist Church on Chicago's great West Side. Rev. Elliott, whose older brother Charles hosted True Mother at his King Solomon Baptist Church in Louisville, Kentucky, is one of the, if not the, top evangelist in America. Rev. Elliott is on the road doing revivals 46 weeks a year. I witnessed one in Macon, Georgia, where the Beulahland Baptist Church was filled to its 2,500-seat capacity every day for the week that he was preaching—and oh how this man of God can preach! Rev. Elliott tells the story of how as a child down in Kentucky, they used to catch squirrels by leaving some squirrel food in a box. Once the squirrel crawled into the box, the door would slam closed and the squirrel was caught. Last January, Rev. Elliott gave testimony to Rev. Kwak at a breakfast in Chicago, that the door to True Parents' box had slammed closed behind him and that he is now caught. In other words, he has experienced God while working alongside of his Unification Church brethren and that "what therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder" (Mt. 19:6). Rev. Elliott has a vision to save all of America and it seems that God has set him up to have access to almost every major Baptist pastor in the United States. Basically, he wants to take True Family Values to every corner of America.

A third phenomenon that is occurring is the interrelationship between the ministers. Years ago, after the ICC trips to Korea, Father asked the ministers to begin to fellowship together—even having a joint service once a month. During this campaign, more than ever before, the ministers seriously began doing this. Many of them, who were from different denominations, began to come together to bring others to the event. Many of them began to preach in each other's churches and invite and encourage other congregations to attend True Mother's speech. Even unto the last minute, many of our best ministers were preaching at other churches and inviting

them to True Mother's speech.

So the 4,000 guests that filled the International ballroom of the Chicago Hilton & Towers Hotel were the guests of over 185 pastors who attended the event. The invitational committee of more than 100 ministers took up more space than the program. But that is just the point—this was not a Unification Church event—it was a product of the joint cooperation of the ministers, political leaders, business leaders, civic leaders and ethnic leaders of the Chicagoland area in an effort to support True Parents' North American speaking tour in Chicago. Filipinos, Hispanics, African-Americans, Muslims, Christians, Catholics, Native Americans and Jews joined together to welcome True Mother back to Chicago.

The program began promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. For one hour, choirs from Rev. Wendell Lowe's Acme MB Church, COGIC Bishop Bennie Allison's Corinthian Temple Choir, Rev. Jesusa Barrett's Iglesia de Cristo Misionera Choir, Rev. Levan Brayboy's Mt. Zion Inspirational Choir, Rev. Edwin Simmons' New Friendship MB Choir, COGIC Bishop Ocie Booker's Tabernacle Church of God in Christ Choir and Rev. Marvin Alexander's Union Missionary Baptist Choir performed. From the moment anyone set foot in the auditorium, even just after 3 o'clock when the room was just beginning to fill up, one was immediately caught up in a mighty powerful spirit.

By 4 o'clock nearly every seat was filled and Rev. Jenkins began the program promptly. Bishop Cody Marshall, Pastor of the Freedom Temple COGIC and Chairman of the Religious Coalition of Illinois opened the program with a rousing prayer of hallelujah.

After Bishop Marshall, Rev. Jenkins read off proclamations and letters of greeting from the Governor, Secretary of State and Treasurer of Illinois. A very personal letter was read from the Mayor and proclamations were introduced from the State of Illinois and the City of Chicago proclaiming Saturday, March 27, 1999 as Family Federation for World Peace and Unification Day in Chicago and in Illinois. As Rev. Jenkins read the proclamations, members of Chicago's second generation paraded across the stage holding the framed proclamations up high.

The program went very smoothly with Mother's videotape receiving deep appreciation. And when Pastor T.L. Barrett, Jr. was shown giving the prayer representing all of Protestant Christianity at Blessing '99 in Seoul, each of his 250 members and guests in attendance gave

resounding applause. After a beautiful introduction by one of Illinois' most popular political leaders, True Mother took the stage to a standing ovation that did not want to sit down. Her speech was received with constant amens, hallelujahs and applause in the spirit-filled hall. We were truly having Church!

After she finished, Mother received flowers from Mr. Eric Seim and his beautiful new Japanese bride and then Mother walked down to the first row of seats and shook hands with the 30 dignitaries who were blessed to have been seated in the first row. Two of the ministers were so inspired that they just followed Mother out the back door and through the corridors up to the celebration room. They were just like true children following Mother wherever she was going!

The program concluded with two more choral selections from Minister Yakeerah and Rev. T.L. Barrett Jr.'s Life Center Church Choir and Rev. Constance Bans'a's Church of the Living God Choir.

By the time many of the members and guests entered, the celebration room was filled to overflowing as many of the pastors, including Rev. Elliott, Rev. Barrett, Rev. Constance Bans'a and her sister Shirley Sims, Rev. A.I. Dunlap and Rev. Helen Cooper saluted True Parents in praise and song for nearly two hours. Leaders from the Nation of Islam presented True Mother with beautiful gifts and greetings of *ab salam alakem*. Rev. M.E. Sardon celebrated his 87th birthday, and the growing Chicago community of second generation blessed children serenaded True Mother with their Children's Choir. Mother and Father returned the favor, each singing three songs and Mother moved each of our hearts with "Home Sweet Home."

Our true goal in this campaign was not just to fill an auditorium, but to bring true joy to True Mother. We sincerely hope that we were able to do this. On the way to the airport, Mother asked the motorcade to turn around and take her to the shore of Lake Michigan before heading for the airport. When she got there, Mother got out of the car and walked down to the shore to look at the Chicago skyline and pray. Quickly joined by all 30 people in the motorcade, Mother posed for pictures with the skyline in the background and reiterated her instructions that we should be diligent to take care of the 4,000 guests who had attended her speech. Even after entering her plane, she came back to the open door

twice to wave good-bye to the members, and, as her jet soared off to Atlanta, several members could see the horde of angels surrounding her airplane.

Comments from ministers who attended the event:

The program was great, but when I saw how many young people were moved by Dr. Moon's sincerity, warmth and love, I truly realized the power of her message.

—Minister Earl Christy, *Former Member of the 1969 New York Jets Superbowl Champions*

I found Dr. Moon to be more correlative with other denominations in her presentation. Rev. Moon was actually converted into the Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Church always talks about love. Dr. Moon sounded like a modern Presbyterian.

—Dr. Paul Swanson, *Lutheran Professor of Theology, Emeritus*

What I experienced was a coming together of all church denominations where we had the opportunity to mingle and mix. The Unification Church is truly carrying out the meaning of its original name, to unify all churches under the banner of coming together to worship God together through the Holy Spirit. I experienced the reality of the words that Jesus spoke in John 12:32, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me." In my opinion, nothing is greater than unity—this is the only way that we can eliminate the wars, the breakdown of the family and the child abuse that are destroying our Christian society.

—Rev. M. E. Sardon, *Holiness Community Temple*
(Rev. Sardon, who has worked with UC projects for over 15 years, was celebrating his 87th birthday during Dr. Moon's speech.)

When I sat at the lunch table with Mother Moon, I felt that totally I was her true son.

—Pastor T.L. Barrett, Jr., *Life Center Church of God in Christ*

In the end, responsibility fell on the membership to mobilize single people for Blessing 2000. For those who responded, this necessitated at least two new shifts in consciousness. First, members had to shift their focus from previously-married couples to young people. Second, they needed to shift their focus from pre-Blessing activity to finding and preparing persons for matchings. These shifts were not easy or simple. At the same time, the level of commitment expected of participants had been raised to a level approaching that of full-time members. Apart from this, the movement provided no clear guidelines. As before, members were expected to accomplish the goal on their own.

Under these circumstances, the necessary shifts in consciousness did not occur all at once. Early in the campaign, many members shifted their focus to young people. However, they were not able to shift their consciousness from pre-Blessing activities to finding and preparing people for matching. As a consequence, they proceeded in ways only slightly different than before. During the spring and summer, members targeted school graduations, movie theatres, ball parks, beaches, fairs and other places where young people congregated, passing out "Pure Love Pledge Cards" and candy. This was only a slight variation from previous pre-Blessing work, targeting as it did, a different audience and offering a slightly different message. The Pure Love Pledge sought the following commitments from young people:

- To refrain from all sexual relationships before marriage;
- To respect and honor the ideal of purity in myself and others;
- To learn how to practice pure love as a child, friend, spouse, and parent;
- To dedicate myself to absolute fidelity within marriage;
- To encourage others to do the same.

These were admirable sentiments. However, it was impossible to determine how many young people were responding simply by calculating the total of cards and candies distributed. In addition there was a major chasm to be bridged between accepting and affirming the Pure Love Pledge and agreeing to a matching.

By late summer 1999, it was apparent that the movement needed a breakthrough. On previous occasions, Rev. Moon had called the movement's leadership together for intense encounters in mostly isolated locales. Before Blessings '98 and '99, he called the movement's leadership to forty-day trainings in the interior of Brazil. He did something similar before Blessing 2000. However, rather than call leaders to an isolated setting, he instituted a forty-day "Japan-America Leadership Exchange." Some fifty-two leaders from both countries traded places for a month's time, and then both groups went together to Korea for the final ten days. Immersion within an alien culture was a spiritual condition and wilderness course of a different type. The intention was that the U.S., as a representative of the world, inherit the dedication and heart exemplified in the lands of the movement's origin.

To Japan and Korea

Eugene Harnett

From the island of Kodiak, Alaska, on August 18, 1999, Father announced an exchange between Japanese and American leaders, the key point being to create one nation of three: Korea, Japan, and America. Father directed 52 American leaders to go to Japan for 40 days; and, concurrently, 52 Japanese leaders to go to America, beginning September 1st. (It was determined that 30 days be spent in Japan with the final 10 days in Korea.) America, the Elder Son nation, needed to make the condition to inherit the heart of the Mother nation, Japan, and to learn the tradition of the Father nation, Korea. Father said that America will receive blessing from this and that very meaningful things will arise from it. Having attended that whirlwind meeting, I found myself embarking two weeks later for Japan, still uncertain of many details. Though expecting to experience something exceptional, I never could have imagined the extraordinary course into which I walked while in Japan and Korea for 40 days.

Assigned to Kumamoto, Japan, on the southern island of Kyushu, I went through some of the most humid weather available in Japan. Because Japan is surrounded by water, and the humidity had made me extremely sweaty, and it had rained a lot, I described being there like bathing in the water of Mother's womb. And more water (tears) would swell inside as I substantially felt the life of sacrificial offering from the Japanese members. All to give new birth to America, the elder son. Father had asked us to inherit the heart of the mother nation from Japan. Though I had for years worked with them in America, nothing conveyed their true course more than being on their own soil with them. Not just myself, but all the Americans assigned to different places in Japan, witnessed and absorbed their overwhelming life of quiet, tearful sacrifice.

I actively sought to embrace their heart and could weep in prayer each day, feeling united with my Japanese family. After three days there, I had a dream that I was held by my mother, Japan, and taken to Korea and embraced by True Father with such a love as I had not known before—a warm, familial comfort. It became crystal clear to me the principle that we cannot but go through the Mother to get to Father.

This was the time to inherit the Mother's heart, to know her situation, intimately. The Japanese Family lives on the front-line of God's Providence, with many young members witnessing and fundraising, eagerly and endlessly. Their spirits shine bright and energetic as they pray in tears, desperately seeking results, huge goals, and to fulfill the conditions given by Father for Japan. Of course, many are tired. I observed some quality, quite remarkable—and as such unnamed by me—about the character of the Japanese to consistently sacrifice for God's Will. The Japanese described it to me themselves as the heart of the mother who is willing to give even her last drop of blood for her children. For the most part, the spirit and regimen was very similar to my old American MFT days. To me, being assigned to stay with the Youth Church offered me a special blessing. Their schedule began with *Hoon Dok Hae* at 6:00 a.m. It ended with prayer service and testimonies at 11:30 p.m. Every night the leaders and several members would stay up past 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. Every night. As the deadline for their goal approached, the schedule became more intense with the nighttime prayer service lasting well past 1:00 a.m. and often past 2:00 a.m. But they continued to rise at 6:00 a.m. I loved their schedule.

Going out with them, though I was limited, allowed me to meet the people of this land directly, albeit approaching them in broken Japanese. We felt a powerful bonding in this joint activity. Some previously unfelt feelings of love emerged. My Japanese wife of 18 years, a former fundraising star and team mother in Japan, had many idiosyncrasies not understood before by this feeble American mind of mine. This time in Japan, however, my mind expanded along with my heart to grasp a deeper respect and gratitude for my wife's uniquely Japanese characteristics. I cherish her more now.

One day, we drove 100 kilometers to visit the Shiro Memorial in Amokusa. Shiro was a very faithful 16-year-old Christian boy martyred there about 350 years ago along with another fifteen thousand Christians as the Japanese elite decided to eliminate the growing influence of this strange foreign religion. One sister could see many angels at the shrine where we prayed. I sensed the happiness of the spirit world there at my presence representing Christianity from America. I believe American Christianity needs to join hearts with these Japanese martyrs. They pioneered but were never able to establish a ground for Jesus in Japan as the Christians did in America. Upon True Father's foundation we can now

work side by side with them.

The next day, I was inspired to visit a local Christian church. I met the minister's wife and prayed in the church with her—a long, tearful prayer such as my heart felt. I could see the minister's wife drying her tears, too, when I left. The next day, I returned and met the minister himself. We talked for a good two hours—a rich discussion. We prayed together. We hugged, and he invited me to speak at his service the next day, Sunday. I told him the name of our church, but the translation may not have been clear. And I mentioned the name of Sun Myung Moon three times, but he wasn't fazed. He said to me that he felt as if he had known me for a long time as a brother.

I spoke the next day at his church service about how Jesus has touched my life. I spoke about the suffering course of Jesus' life, and, therefore, we should not just ask Jesus for things in our prayer but ask what we can do to comfort Jesus, instead. It was very well received. Though he later turned passive, I will never forget this minister's original heart of acceptance and joy at receiving me. This I offer to Heavenly Father.

I experienced Japan as the substantial Holy Spirit. Just as the Holy Spirit convinces Christians to repent in tears and to come to Jesus, I felt the Mother's heart of Japan convince myself and my fellow American leaders there to feel the tears of God in a special way. It is this substantial Holy Spirit quality that Japan, the Mother Nation, represents. As the Japanese sisters tour America, I believe they have the potential power of the Holy Spirit to convince our Christian friends to cry in repentance as we witness to our True Parents anew. Literally, Japan gave me the opportunity to bathe in sweat, during their intense humidity, and to bathe in tears, amidst absolutely sincere sacrifice and dedication. I soaked it in. One example was 2:00 a.m. in a meeting room filled with 195 brothers and sisters who did 210 bows together. Even an air conditioned room will not prevent the sweat from rushing down backs during such a bowing session. This demonstration of their determination to reach their goal was normal. I sensed no resistance from the members with this condition as directed by the central figure. When I returned to my sleeping place about 3:30 a.m., I went to sleep right away, but some of the youth team members knocked on my door at about 4:00 a.m. to have me pray with them for tomorrow's area. I slept through their knocking, being informed of it the next morning.

This kind of effort is naturally created by the atmos-

sphere of the Japanese leaders who lead with uncounted tears. America has been dry, for the most part. In America, we have uncovered but sparsely the hidden heart of God. But I believe this must and will change. Now that the American leaders have been baptized in the spirit, so to speak, in Japan, members in America can inherit this foundation by mixing their tears with the Japanese members now in America. Mother's heart will revive America.

One concluding thought about what this "condition" means in the Providence. Previously, America in the position of Archangel Nation could not receive directly the love of the True Parents as did Korea and Japan. Father speaking through translation, in one way, represents the indirectness of Father's ability to give to America. But today, Father has bequeathed to us the position of Elder Son nation. This means not only that our responsibility increases, but that we must understand the internal situation of the Father completely. We must no longer seek to receive love but be in the position to give mature love back to them as True Sons and Daughters. By going to Japan, through this bath of tears, Americans understood Mother's situation and could inherit the realm of the Mother's true heart, exactly as Father requested of us. Emotion so quickly fills me now just by looking at the photos of my brothers and sisters from Kumamoto. My heart has been relieved by Mother's love, and I continue to be bathed in the mystical heart of tears induced by my precious Japanese brothers and sisters. I wish that such gracious feelings will touch each American member.

On my very first day in Korea, within hours of landing, I felt a victory of heart in the fatherland. The first day, the Americans stayed at the Ilhwa Central Training Center. Many historical photos of our True Parents line the hallway walls there. Upstairs from my sleeping quarters, I discovered a huge, elaborately framed photograph of Father and Mother, relaxed amidst a background of an autumn forest's resplendence, smiling charmingly at each other. Literally, engaged, I felt swept up by the scene. The Parents' love emanated from this photograph. It felt magical. I had arrived home, not literally, but home in a spiritual sense. Home, where my heart is at rest and at peace. Home, from countless years traversing the wilderness. Home, as cannot be felt but through the desire of a lost and loveless child to be with his true parents again. Such an answer it was to my long prayers. The following days added icing to the cake. Staying with three churches



Tyler Hendricks shares a light moment with Japanese members.

over the next nine days, allowed me to see and experience Korea from the unique viewpoint of being both an honored guest and a longtime family member. To mention the land of Korea now invokes images and feelings in me both vast and intimate. To describe them fully means dipping into the Kochuchan (hot pepper paste) of Korea.

This time the Americans were matched with the Japanese brothers who had just spent a corresponding month in America. We traveled in pairs everywhere in Korea. An amazing fact to consider is how much—because of Father's training—we share a similar heart with our Korean Church brothers and sisters. Who could believe such a common feeling transmigrates over the oceans and cultures between us? Only due to Father's training, by the hand of our True Parents' love, have we become one. This trip by American and Japanese brothers and sisters who went to Korea confirmed what we know deep down in our hearts already: we are one in heart. It takes not 40 days to realize this. Members in America can realize this immediately based on the foundation of heart now existing. But I learned something deeply special in Korea. Two words encompass the totality of my experience there: parental love. With each Korean Church leader I visited, I put myself in a position

of son. I would think of True Father and how much he would be wanting to show us his homeland himself. I took everything like that. Father expects us to learn the traditions of heaven from the Korean church. One point that I could not have learned but by going there, was how close the family feeling is shared amongst all the Korean people.

Once when going follow-up witnessing to a home where the son is not married, the church leader spoke directly to this person's mother about her son going to the Blessing. I felt, "Well, this is pretty strong. No informalities to ease into the situation." Afterwards, I asked my Korean leader how he could talk so bluntly to this person who is not even a member. "Because we are all family in Korea. We don't need informalities with those we feel are our own family members."

This consciousness of a nationwide family had to seep into my Americanized brain. Americans cannot readily do that kind of talking. Because we come from a myriad of diverse backgrounds, we do not live with one national family culture in America. Instead, we try to be sensitive not to hurt another's feelings. This family underpinning of Korea must be lived to be felt. This became my search while there: to feel at home in this family and to live as one in this family culture. In Korea, people hold hands freely. In America, if two men hold hands it would make people think they are homosexual. But in Korea nothing of the sort is considered. It is as natural as apple pie in America. Often I would hold the hands of the church members during picture time. With the "Sa Mo Nim," or church minister's wife, I became like a son, too. Occasionally, I witnessed her tears. Well, this one Korean "mom" took me in as her son. We would rub close to each other. She laundered my underwear despite my persistence to do it myself. She hugged me in the end and even patted me on my bottom, pushing me along. Such is the taste of closeness available to the direct children.

Another powerful lesson that I experienced during this short heavenly sojourn in Korea is the anguish of the language barrier. Korean leaders in America communi-

cate with us in English, though not smoothly, but we feel something from them. In Korea, however, it was Hanguk mal all the way. More often than not, in every city in Korea no translator rescued us from sitting together and being empty of words. So much went unsaid. To make a simple inquiry such as "What Blessing are you?" sometimes took such an immense toll on sign language skills, producing awkward smiles, that these simple informative conversations never took place. Of course, we smiled and laughed together over jokes half translated.

For ten days in Korea, I lived in the Korean churches, eating, praying, witnessing and doing fellowship together. Fellowship is what they do as an art in the Korean churches. For example, the members of the Chonan church located in a countryside community of about 30,000 people would drop by the church center in the morning and settle in like family. Exchanges of greetings, of smiles, and of comforting fraternal laughter, would predominate. Food would be served. I vow never to forget those ebullient times etched in the memory of my heart.

My pinnacle experience occurred on the ninth day in the third church at which I stayed. That afternoon, I went with two Japanese sisters and one Korean sister to revisit their contacts in the countryside. We stopped at what looked like a shed, but it was the home of a grandmother. Her son who was interested in the Blessing was not home. She invited us to sit and served us *cha* on her quaint porch, it being a beautiful sunny day. A cute, little white dog with brown ears yapped at us, trying to get our attention. A faucet dripped continuously into a big water basin. About a dozen ceramic food pots filled the humble yard in front of us. The radio played some quiet Korean music in the background. The sun shone perfectly on a temperate day. We all sat on the porch, I with my glass of *cha*, slowly sipping it, slower than most days.

As I sat, feelings of peace warmed over me. The serene atmosphere melted my eyes to watering. My handkerchief kept absorbing the soft, peaceful tears silently seeping out. The invisible graciousness of God's love in such a simple country setting welcomed my spirit as if coming home to the home of homes. The peace of such a place would not let me alone. I looked down in an effort to not look at anything, to quiet my tears away, but the plastic floor mat looked so beautiful my tears would not stop! Why this place? Why these tears? Why this absorbing tranquility? A couple of days later, we visited the first Unification Church headquarters church at Chung Pa Dong. There I stole away quietly to one of

the rooms and sat, again sensing the very peace as on the countryside porch: the quietest of quiet. I knew this was not just the peace of Korea but the peace of our True Parents. This absolute stillness lies in the bosom of our True Parents, where they beckon us ever patiently, ever anxiously to join them. This is our original home. Who could dream of this mind that carries on the task of restoration amidst severe turmoil and distress? The realm of True Parents' heart contains such victory and comprehensiveness.

How can I take my experience and translate it for Americans? How can it become everyone's victory? An undying love has been born in this American for my Japanese and Korean cohorts across the sea. This amazing 40-day experience submerged in the "womb" of Japan and, then, dipped into the kochuchan of Korea, as Father called it, seems unlike any other expedition of faith in our entire movement. I have to be ever grateful. To recall the faces of my Japanese and Korean brothers and sisters, the simple moments, the hands held, the Sa Mo Nim's touch, the terrific determinations and internal spirit of the leaders, the upright joyous expressions of victory from their mouths, the hugs, the bows, the parental fondness expressed in gifts, their level approach to witnessing—to pass those images in my mind again overwhelms me with gratitude.

This 40-days interlocked our spirits forever. By fusing with the Japanese and Korean Family, Americans have unlocked the global realm of God's Family. I hope that all Americans sense what we have created between our nations: "one nation," as Father sees us. Americans need no longer breathe archangelic feelings of insecurity, or inferiority, in America. After twenty or more years, we have grown up as elder son. That is not just our position, it is our heart. Out of this time in Japan and Korea, after feeling intimately the tears of Mother's sacrifice and the immensity of Father's tears of reunion, the Elder Son's victory of heart has been won.

In America, we can now develop as a true son. We can achieve what we always felt was ours to do. We can bring total expansion of the True Parent's ideology to our fellow countrymen and to the fellow nations of the world. Without doubt, we can do it in united step with our Korean and Japanese brothers and sisters. Our three nation's destinies are intertwined as we proceed to build the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. And the more we three work together, the more the gates of heaven will open. It is a great time to be on the frontline.



Beyond this, hundreds of Japanese sisters descended on major U.S. metropolitan areas. They actually were wives and mothers, many of whom already had sacrificed their immediate families to pursue world mission during the 1990s. A highly dedicated and well-practiced force, their mission was to find matching candidates. Beginning in October 1999, they hit the ground and fanned out, staying in church centers and members' homes. Activity in New York City was fairly typical. About eighty missionaries settled in at National Headquarters in Manhattan with smaller groups migrating to Brooklyn, Queens, Connecticut and the Mid-Hudson Valley. According to one report,

Every morning they are out on the streets carrying surveys on clip boards, diligently approaching the citizens and tourists of the city. Within the first couple of weeks they have brought over 1,000 guests to the 2nd floor of 43rd

Japanese sisters were highly visible in mid-town Manhattan at the end of 1999. Here they witness for the Blessing outside the New York Public Library.

Street, where they have set up a system of embracing the guests (sometimes teaching origami, sometimes reading their palms, and always smiling), educating them (introductory lectures are given every two hours), counseling them, and ultimately signing them up for the matching and a one- or two-day workshop.

This report noted, “From the beginning, there were many logistical problems, finding space for everyone to sleep, getting the toilets and showers in working order, and providing three meals a day for everyone.” One of the main handicaps was the lack of English-speaking lecturers and counselors. Nevertheless, the report concluded by noting that the “heavenly hurricane” True Parents wanted to bring to America through the Japanese sisters was “beginning to grow as more and more American brothers and sisters are becoming involved in the campaign.”

Initially, the thought was to find single people who could become full-time members and then matching candidates. However, this was too cumbersome, and within a month, Japanese sisters in San Francisco and Seattle reversed the process. Rather than have guests attend a lecture or evening program and a workshop or series of workshops prior to completing Blessing applications, West coast witnesses invited people to complete Blessing applications immediately, even on the street, prior to attending lectures or workshops. Emphasis was placed on finding those who wished to have a blessing partner, not necessarily on those who wished to become a full-time member.

This, basically, was the situation on the eve of the new millennium. While Blessing 2000 still was more than a month away, two realities already were apparent. First, Blessing 2000 had not penetrated mainstream American culture. In fact, the shift away from previously married couples to single matching candidates only heightened the challenge of attracting mainstream Americans to the blessing. Japanese sisters were far more successful among minority populations, ethnic groups and new immigrants. Second, Blessing 2000 had not really empowered the U.S. movement. This observation was more open to debate as many felt revitalized. However, the reality was that Japanese sisters did the street witnessing and Korean regional leaders handled the decision-making, particularly matchmaking decisions. American members were in a supportive role, providing housing, transportation, monetary donations, occasionally lecturing or counseling, and handling public relations.

Things had not yet substantially changed, at least not to the extent that Rev. Moon had envisioned. There were four major ways members interpreted these realities. At the negative end of the spectrum, some concluded that the Blessing and, by extension, the movement’s program of world peace and unification, were flawed. The most negative of these members essentially agreed with the movement’s critics. The problem was with the movement. Those holding this perspective either disassociated themselves or became inactive. Another group

of members concluded that the problem was not with the movement but with themselves. The Blessing was real, and the movement's program was sound. The problem was their own lack of sincerity, purity and commitment. Members holding this perspective craved revival and associated themselves with spiritual phenomena holding forth the promise of personal and communal liberation. A third group concluded that the problem was not with the movement or its members but with the world. The movement and its membership had given everything, but the world, as ever, was treacherous, disbelieving and stubborn, "killing the prophets and stoning those who are sent." Members holding this perspective tended to associate themselves with efforts to recreate the world from scratch. A fourth group decided that there was no problem at all. The Blessing and the movement's program of world peace and unification, in fact, had succeeded. Human problems at every level were overcome. What remained was to live out the fruits of victory.

It, of course, would be mistaken to think that all members divided neatly into one or another of the above-described groupings. It was true that some individuals inclined and even gravitated quite clearly toward one or another of the perspectives. However, others held all of the positions or several of them in different combinations within their consciousness simultaneously. It also was apparent that the movement had not broken into four separate camps, at least not yet. Still, it was important to attain some level of clarity about these orientations as they represented the movement's live options and were in significant respects, sign-posts to the future.

M.J. Yasuko Bang

Love is something I knew intimately before I joined the church through the birth of my two children. God gave my husband and I a daughter and a son. Our family had gone through so much together. When the children were 9 and 11 years old, we lost our home, car and telephone because of a bad investment my husband had made, but nothing prepared us for the loss of our son. The evil circumstances surrounding his death caused me to question the condition of the world. At that time, my pain was so deep that no one could help me. Only God could possibly help me—that is, if I could find Him. The only relief I could get was to pour myself into my music and express my anger and sadness. Seven years later, I heard the Divine Principle. What struck me was that God was suffering from the same loss as I. Immediately, I knew the depth of His suffering and vowed I would try to help Him and hope I could also help my son in a round-about way. First, I had to serve True Parents by leaving my family which included a husband of 36 years, my daughter and two grandsons. This was the most difficult test of my life because I loved my family so much, especially my daughter and two grandsons. My husband had been an agnostic all his life and was angry at my new belief, so I had to leave.

After True Mother asked me to teach music to her children, it took 10 years of struggling how to help them despite their dislike for members who received more love from Parents than they. Only Heavenly Father knows how many times I wondered whether I was going to make it. Being a grandmother with gray hair was somewhat a help. I began to notice, however, that when it got too heavy, always there was a moment of joy or a flash of realizing that the value of my mission was going to mean something beyond my understanding at that time. Through this experience, I began to realize how deep God's "han" was and I wished I could help more children. The opportunity came when True Father requested that I compose and publish many more books after I presented the first book to him. I thought at that time that if I ever fulfill this project, my preparation in music for most of my life would be for a higher purpose than I ever would have known without having met True Father.

As True Mother commented later after I finished the first seven books and video, "These books will go to the world."

As an unexpected return, every year through my dreams, I saw my son in spirit world grow from a baby to an adult of 26 years old, the age he was when he died. I was so taken by his affection and gratefulness for my work here on earth. The ache in my heart began to go away. To relieve my soul, my children's father became my spiritual son the day before he died. Six years later, my mother at 82 years old, had to have a tube in her lung to breathe and could not speak. She came to me 40 days after her death and told me how happy she was to join us in singing "Amazing Grace" that all of us sisters sang in harmony at her bedside as she made her transition.

As the days and years went by, I soon had to think seriously about the Blessing which Father talked so strongly about saying, "Without the Blessing we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." With True Father's advancing age, I was concerned I would miss out to get his personal direction about the Blessing so I decided to pray about it. In 1995 after composing a choral work called "Holy Blessing," for the young people who were to be blessed, I was surprised one night to dream and see the face of a man I didn't know. He was washing dishes in our kitchen when I came home from work. He seemed to be my husband and the father of my children who were in the background playing together. Of course, the children were the children from my first husband. This confused and shocked me, but as it would turn out, I was later very surprised when Father would indeed match me to this stranger who happened to be a Buddhist monk. My first thought was of my beloved grandmother, a devout Buddhist, whom I had loved very much. As in every Blessing, I knew it would not be easy. The difficulties were many. I understood intellectually that I have to restore the historical Korean and Japanese resentments, our cultural differences and his half a century of being a Buddhist monk. I knew the older one gets, the harder it is to change and my husband was 69 and I was 65 in '95; however, I was older spiritually, so the responsibility was on my shoulders to lead the way to unite. Happily, I must say here that True Father gave us one unifying point and that was a common great love for music. My husband would say to me often,

"Please play the piano and good spirits will come into our home, our heavenly palace," as he calls it.

In retrospect, I realized that at 56 years of age when I joined the Unification Church, God had never left my side. I would only search for Him through my pain, a mother's pain of losing a son. I finally found Him through True Parents. Now I could extend my "love" because I knew God had lost His precious children through the fall. Music could be a springboard. I believe that because God gave me this gift, I had the desire to nurture it through hard work and develop a quality of love that can express itself through my fingers and hopefully go directly to the hearts of those that hear this music here on earth and maybe lift those in Spirit World!

Building a Heartisitic World

Hans Moyer

I met and joined the True Parents' teaching on my birthday in 1977. One month later, True Parents proclaimed the year one of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, Feb. 23, 1977. So somehow, due to the merit of the age, I was invited to live in the Kingdom.

Having had no religious upbringing whatsoever, I was like a fish out of water in the new world I had entered. This soon became apparent to those who had been entrusted by God to give me this introduction. I imagine a decision to send me off to "boot camp" via the MFT was in my best interest.

The few belongings I had had, never made it onto the Greyhound bus I boarded in San Francisco for Minnesota, my new home for the next three years. When I arrived, the first thing my MFT captain, Doug Culbertson III, did was to buy me an extra-long sleeping bag and a pair of sneakers. I think he picked me up during one of the runs that he was doing with the other members of our team. I was of course encouraged to go out with a partner, I think it was Pat Erlingson², to test the waters on the local Target Store parking lot for donations.

Thus began my five-year initiation into the Unification Church. I worked for two years in the mid-western states before being transferred to the Carolinas for one year. In 1980, on the occasion of my matching, I

was to meet our True Parents personally for the first time. My first impression of True Father was that here was a man who knew how to farm. I had been raised mostly in the city and suburbs, yet my family originates in the northeast of Germany, where farming is a big thing. So, I can only imagine that it was my ancestors who were speaking to me at this memorable occasion of first meeting True Parents face to face. It was a reassuring experience for me.

After the wedding in Madison Square Garden and a few days together with my new wife, I was off to the Washington, D.C., area to work with MFT again. We worked as a team to begin a home delivery service. After a year the call came to join IOWC in the U.S.

IOWC was a chance to really see the States. We traveled in the motor homes, gave rallies and did lots of fundraising. At the end of the campaign, I found myself in New Hampshire. Here I worked for the first time in a witnessing center. My physical mother became my spiritual child at this time.

During Father's incarceration in Danbury, I was working in Danbury with a small team as the City Leader. We had a motor home in which we lived and did witnessing activities. We tried to meet many ministers, but their response was not so positive. Eventually, I opened a CAUSA office in downtown Danbury where we gave lectures. It was also in Danbury where my wife (Felicitas) and I began our family life. Our first daughter, Tasnah Young Sun, was conceived here and born in 1988 in White Plains, NY.

With the advent of the family came a new dimension of church life. We moved to Philadelphia which is near my hometown in the U.S. Here we experienced center life with family. Many new challenges arose and opportunities for spiritual growth were abundant. Our second daughter, Kyra In Sun, was born in Philadelphia. During this time, at the behest of our Center director, Mrs. Eu, I was able to complete my studies for a Bachelors Degree. On this foundation I attended UTS from 1991 to 1993.

Our graduating class was the first one to do so in the "Completed Testament Era." We were all invited to participate in the traditional 40-day workshop with Rev. Ahn in Kodiak, Alaska by our True Parents. We had many lectures, but mostly we went fishing and spent time with True Parents. What a wonderful bonding time for me. At the end of the 40 days, True Father asked all



the graduates to go to Russia and help the movement there. So in the spring of 1994 we packed up the family and went to pioneer in Irkutsk, Siberia.

The two years in Russia opened our eyes to the suffering of people under the former communist system. All the CAUSA lectures took on form as we encountered the infamous KGB system and the oppression of the wonderful people of Russia. Living in Siberia awoke in me the compassion for my fellow men and women. We had a chance to visit Mongolia through a teachers' seminar and that magical land left a permanent impression. Our third child, our son Nikoli Hyo Young, was born in Irkutsk in 1994.

On our return to the States in 1995, we stopped to visit our relatives in Germany, renewing bonds and recuperating from the deprivation of Russia. While in the States, we suddenly found ourselves on our own. We had moved into the Philadelphia area again but the active center life was no longer for us. We longed for a Unificationist community in which to realize our lifelong ideas for building a heartistic world.

When the Chung Pyung Lake providence began and the call for National Messiahs was made, we didn't really feel prepared to take on such a responsibility. Yet, the need for volunteers for this project was such that we asked to be placed on a reserve list. In the fall of 1996 Felicitas went to the 40-day workshop and through the lottery picked El Salvador as our nation. I went to the 40-day workshop in the winter of that same year. For the next year we prepared as much as possible both internally and externally for the move to our new home.

After a few exploratory trips, we finally packed up the truck (literally) and drove to El Salvador. We arrived here in August of 1998 and have been busy trying to assimilate the culture and mission.

On reflection, these 21 years have certainly been filled with many experiences that only God could make happen. Our life has and continues to be filled with challenges, yet I would never exchange this life with our True Parents for any other. Thank you, Heavenly Father.

God's Sweet Grace

John Bowles

Sometimes our lives change without our knowing it until better understanding arrives later.

Not too long ago, while lying on the floor under an industrial floor scrubber, repairing a broken hydraulic line, I had the most unexpected sensation of forgiveness—actually of both forgiving and being forgiven. While metal chips and oily dirt fell on my hair and face, there came suddenly out of nowhere strong and clear mental images of certain central figures I had formed a dislike of and even harbored resentment toward. My July 1997 visit to Chung Pyung relieved this resentfulness somewhat. But honestly speaking, deep down I still blamed others for difficulties in life.

But now, on this quiet Saturday morning, something was different. As these persons' faces appeared one by one before my mind's eye, there was a melting away of any anger towards them. In fact, I found myself wanting to serve them. Personally. Directly. If only I could get out of this place and give my support for even the most difficult, most obnoxious person on Earth, it would be great—as long as it was for God's will. It was then on that cool hard floor that the awesomeness of Jesus' words about forgiving seventy-times-seventy times hit hard. And True Father too, he has been doing this too, time and painful time again in his own life. It was a wonderful feeling. How was God's grace working for me like this? What was happening? Where did this new attitude begin? Was it some newfound desire to work in South America? Hopefulness? Wishful thinking? Nothing unusual had happened recently. What was going on?

As I reached for wrenches and disconnected fittings, my thoughts began drifting, searching, running in the background of my mind for some clue as to the origin of this new-found compassion. In reality it is very hard to link one specific cause to one specific effect in our complex lives, but there was one possibility that came to mind. An experience simple and humbling. Remembering it in this context made me choke out loud at the implications and brought tears to my eyes. I felt sorry for not trusting God and True Parents more over

all these years. Wiping a speck of dirt from my eye, I began to remember a bizarre event from the previous summer.

It happened at a Native American Pow Wow in the countryside north of Tulsa, Oklahoma. My family and I were tending a pre-Blessing cold drinks table to serve the thirsty dancers and Pow Wow visitors suffering from 100-degree temperatures.

It must have been late in the second day of our activities there that a young Indian girl, about 13 or 14 years old, began appearing at to our table. Our supply of "drinks" (served in little 5-ounce cups) was limited, so I began to get a little incensed at her repeated visits.

Claire cautioned me against taking action because, who knows what the spiritual world might be working out at an event like this—the whole Pow Wow event was incredibly spiritual, as was our own work. You are right, dear, I agreed reluctantly, as Miss Pocahontas brought a friend along for more refreshments. Yes, Claire must be right, I thought. Maybe we are here to right some wrong done to her ancestors, or to keep something bad from happening now, or she is actually distributing this blessing to her family members elsewhere. Who knows? Multiplication of goodness—of course, no problem. Yes, there's some hidden value I could not see.

But then, she and her friend returned with glass jars! I almost couldn't restrain myself. Claire, the true heart of our family, remained adamant. Maybe we have a big debt to pay to her, she cautioned, maybe a great big debt. I felt sorry inside and repented. The day ended without her returning. We did more Pow Wow work that summer and had other inspiring experiences, but I will always remember that unbearable sun and a young Native American girl. Is there a connection between these two experiences? My mind couldn't say exactly, but my heart said, Yes. Gratitude followed.

Hometown

John Doroski

Witnessing at bus stops was a bummer. Witnessing at college campuses or missionary work in a foreign country was a bummer if one succeeded to gain spiritual children, raise and become close in heart to them; for one had to move on to new missions and become heartbroken. Hometown is Heavenly Father's gift to us, the gift of settlement. When I was pioneering in Texas, I set up a new age book table on the main route that more than 2,000 students passed at each hourly class change. I would see my spiritual children and hundreds of contacts nearly every day. Of course we all became close in heart. This is what hometown is—taking up a community of people that you see daily or weekly and getting involved in improving their lives. It is neat. As I drive my car my hand goes up constantly to say hello. In the local supermarket and Seven Eleven my mind is challenged to add to the hello, to give some meaningful message. It is a great to dwell in a realm of endless give and take of love. We need not be gypsies anymore.

Prior to hometown most of us merely advertised about coming to hear lectures on Rev. Moon's Divine Principle. Now in hometown we have the opportunity to bear witness to the truth of the Divine Principle. It is great to not be a salesman anymore, but just to be loving and caring and have people all around ask: Who are you? Who are you and your wife? Why are your children so nice? Why is your home so peaceful? If they witness love, truth and peace within me through constant contact in the hometown community, they naturally come to believe my philosophy and that my God is real.

The Unification Church doesn't exist anymore. Only hometown and family church! God is everywhere and through hometown and restoration of the cow-dung culture, my wife and I are constantly discovering Heavenly Father's unsung heroes. We encourage them to give more, live longer and link up with the Family Federations International Networking Community to cross fertilize and add power to their kingdom-building work, already in progress.

Enjoy True Parent's gift. We are a thought form of God and the culture around us is a combined thought form of those living with physical bodies and associated spirit persons. Hometown is healing resentments and transforming thought forms to project Heavenly Father's Kingdom.

James Hammond Robinson

Ijoined in May 1972, in Kansas City. It hasn't been easy being a black, American Principle-ian. With all the cultural baggage I've had to carry, the Divine Principle offered a challenge that was nearly overwhelming. The biggest challenge was to remember that I was in training, and therefore shouldn't take any experiences personally, while at the same time recognizing that everything I experienced was somehow meant for me.

Between the years of 1972 and 2000 I experienced many things, and learned many more. Strangely enough, those lessons made me the person I am today—a well-trained son for God, ready to influence the world.

Here is a list, probably incomplete and out of order, of my missions:

MFT/Belvedere Condition; Belvedere 120-Day Trainee under Young Whi Kim; State Representative for Missouri; Ministers' Witnessing Team with Helen Danby, Rose Chapman, and Pastor Wm. Luke in upstate New York; the Prison Program in New Jersey under Mr. Kamiyama; VOC Pioneer/FLF Field Representative in (New Orleans) Louisiana; member of Ron Pepper's IOWC; News World Communications—Misc. projects, *Harlem Weekly*, Assistant Managing Editor, *UFOs and Other Cosmic Phenomena* weekly tabloid; IOWC Assistant Commander Team #30; Blessed at Madison Square Garden in 1981; launched the *World and I* under Dong Moon Joo; and founded the American Space Culture Foundation.

One re-occurring theme encountered during my life has been outer space. This theme was first noticed shortly after I joined the HSA, and was visible in church teachings; it then reappeared at various times, from various places—becoming stronger with each appearance. The DP provides concrete answers to the more tricky questions concerning outer space.

Meanwhile, in my Home Church area, I've been working to build a personal foundation to stand on while attempting to influence the Armour Blvd. neighborhood. I returned to my hometown, Kansas City, in early 1993 and began community work: Midtown Managers Association Against Crime (later to become the Metropolitan Managers Against Crime when I became president of the organization); Armour Boulevard Neighborhood Taskforce (ABNeT), Armour Boulevard Resource Center at the Bainbridge Apts; teaching classes on how to use the internet for Elderhostle/SPARK at the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

Now I'm striving to accomplish as much as possible on developing new habits. The immaterial side has been dominated; all attention is focused on external development. It's an exciting adventure because I'm having to do things I've never done before. Everything changes when you see the cosmos from God's point of view—there are no mysteries.

An 8-Year-Old Explains God

Danny Dutton, age 8

One of God's main jobs is making people. He makes them to replace the ones that die so there will be enough people to take care of things here on earth. He doesn't make grown-ups, just babies. I think it's because they are smaller and easier to make. That way, He doesn't have to take up His valuable time teaching them to talk and walk; He can just leave that to mothers and fathers.

God's second most important job is listening to prayers. An awful lot of this goes on, since some people, like preachers and things, pray at times besides bedtime. God doesn't have time to listen to the radio or TV on account of this. Since He hears everything, not only prayers, there must be a terrible lot of noise in His ears, unless He has thought of a way to turn it off. God sees everything and hears everything and is everywhere, which keeps Him pretty busy. So you shouldn't go wasting His time by going over your parents' head asking for something they said you couldn't have.

Atheists are people who don't believe in God. I don't think there are any in Chula Vista. At least there aren't

any who come to our church. Jesus is God's Son. He used to do all the hard work like walking on water and performing miracles and trying to teach the people who didn't want to learn about God. They finally got tired of Him preaching to them and they crucified Him. But He was good and kind like His Father and He told His Father that they didn't know what they were doing and to forgive them and God said OK. His Dad (God) appreciated everything that He had done and all His hard work on earth, so He told Him He didn't have to go out on the road anymore. He could stay in heaven. So he did.

And now He helps His Dad out by listening to prayers and seeing things which are important for God to take care of and which ones He can take care of Himself without having to bother God. Like a secretary, only more important, of course. You can pray anytime you want and they are sure to hear you because they got it worked out so one of them is on duty all the time.

You should always go to Church on Sunday because it makes God happy, and if there's anybody you want to make happy, it's God. Don't skip church to do something you think will be more fun like going to the beach. This is wrong! And, besides, the sun doesn't come out at the beach until noon anyway.

If you don't believe in God, besides being an atheist, you will be very lonely, because your parents can't go everywhere with you, like to camp, but God can. It is good to know He's around you when you're scared in the dark or when you can't swim very good and you get thrown into real deep water by big kids. But you shouldn't just always think of what God can do for you. I figure God put me here and He can take me back anytime He pleases. And that's why I believe in God.

Special Grace

Tony Aparo

I believe that my whole life has been a special grace given to me by Heavenly Father. I was born shortly after my physical father's miraculous healing after his ill-fated airplane crash. At 18 months old, I was severely burned when I pulled a full urn of scalding hot coffee over me. My face, chest and two-thirds of my body were covered with second- and third-degree burns and the

doctors at the time gave me a 50/50 chance of survival. Their prognosis was that even if I did survive, I would have severe scars over most of my face and body.

My parents were quite new to their faith, but as Pentecostals they were led to believe strongly in the miraculous healing power of God and Jesus. The church that they attended decided to do a 21-day prayer vigil for my healing and recovery. Towards the end of the condition, my mother later related to me that she awoke one night not being able to sleep and came to my room. I began to stir and as she turned me over the scab that had covered most of my face and body popped off like a cocoon or mask. Underneath the skin tissue was absolutely normal with no scar tissue remaining. My recovery started a major revival in the church that lasted for months.

I believe that this episode and the resulting emotional trauma caused me to create a kind of isolation shell around myself for many years. I was absolutely confident as a child and quite capable of caring for myself, but not at all secure around others. Even though I was a likable person, I never felt at ease around others and felt more comfortable alone. Although I realize this is not a good space to be in, I believe it served me to keep my own counsel and not to be so heavily influenced by others as I was growing up. God was an inner reality for me and the only one on whom I could ever depend. I would spend long periods in nature, feeling embraced by my surroundings. There was this kind of spirit around me often. So in a way, this was grace for me. Later I would have to learn another approach, and become more other-centered, but for a time I needed that.

In my life, I have often felt that God gave me many things that I needed, not always what I wanted, but certainly what I needed. I had a few mentors who came my way from time to time to help and guide me before my church life and after. These were special people, like father figures who took an interest in me and helped to guide me.

In my church life also, I felt tremendous grace from both Heavenly Father and True Father. All of my missions in the church after my initial joining and after I began working on the MFT were given to me directly by Father. At the matching in 1979, Father of course chose my wife and the next day, since it was her birthday, Father had us stand as the representative couple to

receive the Holy Wine.

I will never forget this moment ever. I have also had many special and precious moments speaking with Father and Mother personally, reporting to him about my business work, even sharing with him the Blessing of my own parents and showing him pictures. I could never have done this without God's grace and True Parents' grace to allow me to return to my hometown and Bless them. Without True Father's intervention in my life and suggesting that I return, I never would have. I had considered my parents unapproachable when it came to Blessing them.

Another experience sharing Father's grace was when we had the opportunity to Bless my wife's mother in her home on the way to our mission country in Thailand. We stopped over in Japan to visit Chiyo's mother and brothers. Although her father had passed away a couple years before, we took the opportunity to Bless them by picture as a single Blessing.

One recent experience I had with True Parents and Heavenly Father's grace was when I was able to return to an old mission site in Kodiak, Alaska. I never imagined that I would return to this place. When I left Kodiak in 1984, I left under difficult circumstances. I had been asking to change missions, because I was finding it increasingly difficult to unite with my CF and felt my continued presence there would just create more problems. I felt perhaps if we were in different locations we would find each other more bearable. Anyway, I always felt in some way that I had let True Father down. Over the years I felt myself paying indemnity for that decision, but during the recent Ocean Challenge 40-day workshop, I felt a sense of closure to that episode. Coming back and rededicating myself to the Ocean providence to inherit True Father's foundation. This was truly Heavenly Father's grace.

I cannot say more. Everything I am and will ever be is because of Heavenly Father and True Parents. Everything I have acquired in my life including my family, I owe to True Parents and God. I am quite certain that we are Children of True Parents and I give all the glory to them and to Heavenly Father.

Museum of True Love

Debby Gullery

Well, clearly marriage is the hot topic. As the providence goes, so goes the rest of the world—or at least NY! Case in point, the Museum of the City of New York decided to do an exhibition chronicling the history of marriage in New York City. And what would a display on marriage in New York be without a little something on one of the most exciting marriages ever to take place—ours!—at Madison Square Garden in 1982.

The curator of the museum's costume collection, Phyliss Magidson, contacted headquarters in early spring, looking for a couple who would donate their wedding dress to the museum's permanent collection. Peter Ross, then director of Public Affairs, asked us whether we would consider this. At first we were a little reluctant, having some vague idea that we would leave the dress to our children. We remembered, however, how Father had often talked about our things being in museums and we realized what a great honor it was. "The legacy of your family should be museum pieces for the world. The world in which you live centering upon yourself is not your treasure. Your treasure is only what you received in the public dimension."

Taking the dress out of its humble cardboard box in the back of the storage closet was a lot of fun—our daughter tried it on of course, and the boys enjoyed goofing around as we went through all the keepsakes we had stored from the Blessing. It was a wonderful opportunity to share our experiences and stories with our children.

Phyliss was fascinated with our blessing. At first we thought her interest was in just acquiring the dress, but as the months passed between our donation and the installation and opening of the exhibition itself, we struck up quite a friendship. She really wanted to know about our matching, our feelings during the blessing

itself, and our thoughts about family life. Everything struck her as being so sensible! I had expected that her approach to us would have been much more academic.

At some point I mentioned that we had a video of our blessing that followed several couples through the matching and blessing process, along with footage of the wedding dresses being made. She was so excited! She hoped that somehow funding would be available to provide for a video in the exhibition itself. I gave her the video of the 1982 event and she became even more enthusiastic. This led to another person being genuinely interested in the event. Phyliss passed our video on to her when she was commissioned to produce the exhibi-



Working on the veils for the 1982 Blessing at Madison Square Garden, Headquarters Building, New York City

tion's own video which followed four couples through their own weddings in New York. This young woman, in turn, was completely enthusiastic, and asked so many deep questions. In our years of dealing with the public and the press, we have become so used to pointed questions, to being looked at as sincere but a little odd! At each stage of inclusion in the exhibition, however, they would call us and say "We would like to say this with

your dress—this with your program—this with your photo—is that correct? Is that OK" etc., so we felt that we had complete control over everything they wanted to use. They were so careful to respect our own wishes and feelings, while also portraying an accurate historical account of the event.

When "New York Gets Married: Dressing for a Special Day, 1765-1997" opened on May 21, 1997, our jaws dropped. There, in the video were True Parents, arms outstretched, praying over our 2,000 couples, and then three manseis. In all, some five minutes of footage from our video was used, and we stood transfixed, along with everyone else watching! We could only imagine how many people watched that video, which ran continuously, from the time the exhibition opened until it closed on September 21. We felt that this really was True Parents' symbolic blessing of all of New York, and all who came and stood there, in some way joined in our blessing of 15 years before.

Blessed Life

Tony Aparo

In May 1979, I was returning from a trip to Atlantic City with Hank Lemmers. He and I had been working on a restaurant project for Col. Pak and had gone to New Jersey to purchase some furniture at auction. Some of the furniture was to be delivered to Mt. Kisco, one of our facilities. After driving all night long we pulled into the Mt. Kisco center at about 7:00 am, ready to rest for a few hours before returning to New York City. Just as we pulled into the drive, one young brother came out the door yelling that there was a matching taking place and that all eligible candidates should report to the New Yorker Hotel within the hour. One Japanese brother, Hiroshi Aono, and myself got into the van and took off down the Hudson River Parkway, arriving at the New Yorker just in time to participate in the song service in preparation for Father's arrival.

Father came and began to speak. I was wide awake but my mind was a blur. I couldn't believe that this was really happening. After a flurry of matchings, Father came our way, pointed to me and pointed to someone else. It happened so fast I couldn't even tell who it was

that Father had pointed to. In any case, one sister stood up and we walked upstairs to talk. Somehow, even though I had tried to prepare for this moment and to accept whatever spouse Father gave me, I found myself quite unprepared and I told her so. I had believed for a long time that I would have an international marriage and that I imagined that she would probably be Oriental. Interestingly, this sister expressed the same thing to me, only she had imagined that her spouse would be European. We ended up expressing to each other that perhaps we should both go back downstairs and we politely parted.

This was an extreme trauma for me, and I began to repent and wonder if I was indeed ready for the Blessing. I decided that I wasn't and went downstairs to tell my spiritual father and Mr. Salonen, who was helping the Americans at the matching. Mr. Salonen really encouraged me to try again. At first I didn't think this was even an option, but I half-heartedly went to sit down in the group again, not really expecting Father to call on me again. After lunch, Father began again and within five minutes of sitting down, Father asked the brothers to raise their hands if they wanted an Oriental woman. I was surprised, because I thought that all the Japanese and Korean sisters had already been matched in the first round. But for some reason, this sister had not come until the second session, having been delayed. I raised my hand. I could not see who she was or what she looked like because Father was standing between us. He scanned the upraised hands and chose one brother. My heart sank. After looking him up and down Father told him to sit down because he was too tall. I was still in the running, but there were about 20 brothers around me with their hands up. At that moment, Father locked his eyes on mine and called to me to stand up. It was then that Father moved and I could see my future bride.

Her name was Chiyo Suehiro. I had met her before while working in Gloucester in the tuna business. She was working in Gloucester at the old Magnolia house. Father had chosen some members to live in Gloucester as a pioneer effort. Our first meeting there was when I had stopped back at the house to pick up some equipment at the end of the 1977 season.

So I was quite surprised to see her standing there being matched to me. As Father stood us together he sent me off with a slap on the back and said, "She's good

for you." I have never doubted those words since then for they have proved to be true over and over again.

Our life was a struggle at first. Her former husband had fallen while in his mission country and she had just learned of his infidelity shortly before the matching. I learned later that she had been willing to wait for seven years, but he had not. A few weeks after that meeting she was encouraged to be rematched at this matching. It took me a long time to win her trust. Her faith was also tested when shortly after our matching I was asked to go to South America to a business mission. These were exactly the circumstances through which her former husband had left. So she was again asked to wait faithfully. We separated until July 1982, occasionally being able to visit, always writing and making monthly telephone calls.

I will never forget our telephone calls. We would wait with anticipation on that day and I would be so nervous, wondering if she would forget or not. We took turns making the calls and when the phone would ring at the appointed hour, it would be such a relief. Then it would be over and I would have so much energy for the next month, feeling secure that my spouse was spiritually supporting me. In that 3 1/2 year period we grew in love and prepared for the day we would be together.

During this period, we had the opportunity to also visit with her parents, once in Japan, once in New York after the matching and once in my hometown of Omaha. Chiyo's family is from a Buddhist background.

In July 1982 we were Blessed. My mother, who had then recently also become my spiritual daughter, arranged to come to New York City to witness the Blessing. One of my other spiritual children was also being Blessed at the same time, so it was a real family affair. After 40 days my wife joined me in Kodiak. Even though we thought we knew each other from 3 1/2 years of correspondence and brief meetings, we were quite unprepared for all the differences we encountered culturally. The hardest was communication on a heartistic level. The western concept is that whenever we have something on our mind, we let it out. But the Oriental mind is different. They keep it in, let it float around a little, then digest it. Then they work out a solution in their hearts that you may never hear about. For me it was maddening, because I thought I was being ignored and she probably thought I was losing my mind. If there was a problem, I wanted an immediate solution and reso-

lution. Somewhere between the two worlds there is an answer, and over the years we have learned to appreciate one another's differences.

International marriages are probably the most difficult, especially those from completely different cultures. My wife and I consider ourselves fortunate to have had some preparation beforehand. She spent seven years with American brothers and sisters before the Blessing where she could at least learn the language and get acquainted with some of the culture. I also was able to spend a good deal of time with the Japanese members, even living with the Kamiyamas for a period of time.

One of the most memorable experiences for me was the birth of our fourth child, Daejo. He was our offering child to another couple. I would have to say that if there was one experience we shared that bonded us, aside from, of course, the birth of all our children, it was the experience of offering a child to another. This is a very personal experience that is difficult to explain in words. This experience led us to a place beyond culture. It was a glimpse into the realm of True Love.

My wife and I have come to a stage in life where we are interdependent. We rely on each other, support each other and complete each other. We are each other's best friend.

I understand now why Father said that sometimes he wants to just follow Mother around. I feel like that sometimes. I can't wait to tell her about the day's events. We know there is more growth for each of us, but we are confident that our love and love for God will serve us in all situations. We trust also that the love that we share can also be a source of hope for our children.

In our current mission, the unity and trust that we have built has helped us to adjust more easily to our new environment and to support our children who struggled at first in a new culture. This is by far the most difficult mission that we have had, and we thank God for all the struggles that we have faced as a couple over the years that have helped us in some way to prepare. Without this we could never have accepted this calling.





Signposts to the Future

The ceiling of the newly-renovated Manhattan Center, New York City

EVERYBODY WANTS TRUE LOVE

Reverend Sun Myung Moon

Fourth True Family Values Ministry Annual Awards Banquet

Westin Hotel O'Hare, Chicago, IL Nov. 20, 1999

Respected religious leaders, I am truly grateful that so many of you have taken time out of your busy schedules to gather here for the Fourth True Family Values Ministry Awards Banquet.

Ladies and Gentlemen, what is the most important thing that we need more than anything else? It is not money, power or knowledge. It is true love. True love is more precious than life itself and more important to us than air or water.

Why is true love so precious and important? It is because it is the means by which we can meet God. Just as human beings desire to meet God, God also wants to meet true human beings because of love. The love by which God can see, touch and share with men and women at the same time, is the love by which men and women love each other. If anything other than love were to be recognized as the most valuable thing in the universe, men and women would fight each other to try to claim it for themselves. Once we realize that love is the highest value, however, we can strive to live for each other and become one with each other, sharing the happiness of possessing love together.

Everyone desires love. Love is the only thing that can satisfy all human desires. It is humankind's, and God's, unfailing attraction to love that makes God's providence of salvation possible. Fundamentally, love belongs to God. Yet even God cannot possess love all by Himself. Love requires a mutual relationship. A man by himself or a woman by herself cannot experience love. Women exist for the sake of men's love and men exist for the sake of women's love. Regardless of external appearance, in our heart each of us desires a mate with whom we can give and receive the highest level of love.

When we examine the universe, we see that all beings exist in pairs relating to one another as subject and object. In the mineral world, we observe the relationship of plus and minus. In the plant world, the animal world and the world of human beings, we see the relationship between masculine and feminine. This is because God created the universe in order to fulfill the expression of love. All beings desire the experience of true love through a mutual relationship. Love is the one power in the universe that absolutely no one can possess by himself. Once we have a partner, however, love gives us the power to share the entire universe. Likewise, a husband and wife need children in order to experience the

profound joy of parental love. Thus, we can say that God created human beings and the universe as His reciprocal partners in order to bring about true love. All types of love—including love of children, love of siblings, love of husband and wife, and love of parents—come about through the unity of subject and object partners. When two partners become one in true love, it is impossible to separate them. If for any reason separation occurs, true love is destroyed. Therefore, in true love there is no concept of divorce.

When a man feels love, the feeling is not generated on its own. The feeling awakens in his heart because of a particular woman. Likewise, the fire of love is kindled in the heart of a woman not by herself alone but by the man she loves. In other words, our love belongs to our partner. Thus, we should honor our partner's love as being even more precious than our love.

True love comes through both horizontal and vertical reciprocal relationships. A horizontal relationship of true love is gradually elevated in a vertical direction until it eventually reaches the pinnacle. This pinnacle is the position of the “King and Queen of True Love.” We are born for the sake of love, live for the sake of love, and finally die for the sake of love.

Adam and Eve

God's ideal was for one couple, Adam and Eve, centering on true love, to become the seed from which all the world's families, clans, nations and, finally, the multitudinous citizenry of the Kingdom of Heaven would be descended. Citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven can be created only in accordance with God's tradition of true love.

In all creation, the most precious entities are human beings—men and women. Furthermore, the most precious part of the human body is not the nose, the eyes, the hands, or even the brain. It is the sexual organs, the main organs of love. Everything in the universe can be recreated through the sexual parts.

Most living things—whether plants or animals—multiply through sex. The most precious and outstanding family begins with a husband and wife who are one with each other. Our love organs are the main sanctuary of life, occupying a position of incredible value where blood lineage and history are connected.

God's fundamental principle is to create through male and female. For a man and woman to share absolute love, however, they should have only one partner. We must not have two or more partners, but only one, eternally. There is absolutely only one man for each woman and one woman for each man. That is why God did not create two Adams or two Eves. Tragically, in the world today we see children who have had as many as ten stepfathers. How false and degraded love has become!

When men and women uphold and preserve chastity, they are protecting the universe. The discipline of love between men and women is the foundation of the universe. We must not abuse our love as if we were animals. Our love can



only have one owner. The word “true” in “true love” does not allow for the possibility of more than one partner. There can be only one. This is an absolute law.

Not just anyone can say they have “true love.” Only God can really love with true love, and only God absolutely owns true love. God’s true life, God’s true lineage, and God’s true conscience emerge from true love. In this way, the most fundamental essence of God is true love.

God’s Children

We are created as God’s children. As we grow in love, relating to brothers and sisters, becoming husbands and wives, giving birth and raising children, God is present each step of the way, harvesting true love. God observes and guides us as we develop, and He becomes the owner of love at each stage. In this sense, it can be said that human beings, through whom God comes to own all love, are more precious to God than He is to Himself. In the same way, we attach a thousand times more value to the person we love than to ourselves.

God invests Himself for those He loves and then forgets this investment. Then he invests again and again. In the same way, a wife who wants her husband to be a success invests herself in her husband and then forgets this investment. By investing herself and forgetting, she enables him to achieve his full potential in life. When we as partners continue to invest in each other and forget, the level of our love is elevated, and we will ultimately find ourselves connected to God. This is how we can fulfill our parent-child relationship with God and have eternal life.

Everyone wants to go to heaven, but those whose attitude is “Everyone should live for me,” will not get there. True love begins with embracing and living for the sake of all God’s masterpieces of creation. The way we can reach heaven is to live for all humankind and ultimately for God.

Again, the ideal family and ideal nation are the places where all of us—as parents, children, couples, brothers and sisters, and nations—want to establish ownership of true love. From there, eternal world peace will emerge, the Kingdom of God on Earth will dawn, and the Kingdom of God in Heaven will blossom.

Beginning from the year 2000, in every corner of the globe, countless blessed families united with the Parents of Heaven and Earth will initiate a new family revolution and worldwide moral revolution, centering on true love. God is longing to see the eternal ideal Kingdom of God built on Earth as well as in Heaven. Let us join in this holy task. May God’s blessing be abundant upon you and your family.

May God bless you and your families. Thank you very much.

Signposts To The Future

AS THE CENTURY DREW TO A CLOSE, THE UNIFICATION movement's place in American life was still subject to debate. Rev. Moon hoped to establish a "new Pilgrim movement" to "rekindle America's spirit." Beyond that, he wanted to help create "a new society, a new spiritual nation where God can dwell." As he put it, "America must go beyond America." Although he described himself as "one voice crying in the wilderness of the 20th century," the idea that America had a pivotal role in God's providence resonated with longstanding themes of the United States as a redeemer nation. Yet, even after forty years of investment, the movement was able to find only a handful of Americans willing to wholeheartedly embrace its program of world salvation.

During the 1960s, pioneer missionaries planted important seeds but the movement went almost entirely unnoticed. During the 1970s, the Unification Church catapulted from obscurity into national prominence but provoked fierce resistance. This blunted its forward surge and halted its "march on Moscow" for more than a decade. During the 1980s, the movement spent millions to develop an institutional infrastructure and establish an impressive array of high-level contacts in the Americas. Nevertheless, Rev. Moon's indictment, trial, conviction and imprisonment on tax evasion charges overshadowed these gains in the public's consciousness. During the 1990s, the movement recreated itself as the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification and attempted to broaden its grassroots base through the international Blessings. However, there was little evidence that FFWPU exerted an appeal or elicited commitments that extended much beyond the confines of the existing movement.

The growth curve of religious traditions, especially those with world-transforming orientations, is such that it probably was unrealistic to expect immediate public acceptance or even widespread public receptivity within the movement's first generation. Nevertheless, the American movement labored under the burden that its efforts had not brought sufficient results, particularly in the United States. In fact, it may have been reaching what American sociologist of religion Rodney Stark termed "the crisis of confidence that awaits most new religious movements as members of the founding generation reach the end of their lives." According to Stark, "the record of new faiths suggests that unless



the movement reaches a persuasive appearance of major success within the first generation, the founders will lose hope and turn the movement inward—adopt a new rhetoric that de-emphasizes growth and conversion.” Stark defined success “as a continuous variable based on the degree to which a religious movement is able to dominate one or more societies.”

The Unification Movement could boast of accomplishments in America between 1959-99 worthy of groups many times its size. However, it would be a stretch to assert that it had attained any degree of dominance. There was evidence that the movement had influenced, or at least nudged U.S. policy, particularly during the Reagan years. Still, it was light years from being a dominant majority. Earlier than that, the “Moonies” were almost universally vilified and considered to be a threat to the American way of life. Rev. Moon maintained that public animosity was better than anonymity or disinterest and that this could easily turn to favor once the truth were known. In reality, the movement’s

*Reverend and Mrs. Moon
at Belvedere in the 1970s*

negative public image had not turned by the end of the century. The Unification Church had gained acceptance as a bona fide religion, various of its organizational components operated as legal entities, and it was able to extend constitutional protections to its members. The movement also made a growing number of friends. Still, Rev. Moon and the Unification Movement were often considered suspect. Far from being a dominant majority, the experience of many members was that they had only recently risen to the status of being an accepted minority.

Under these circumstances, the movement did not back away from its program of world peace and unification but began to articulate alternative means of achieving its ends. Some members argued that the movement needed to develop a stronger sense of continuity with conventional American religious culture. Many of them concluded that the movement was too deviant, too Korean or too Japanese. Alien standards, in their estimation, had contributed to a loss or stagnancy in membership, financial problems and an erosion of moral authority. Others turned inward. They argued, with the Apostle Paul, that the movement's real struggle was "not against flesh and blood" but "against the spiritual forces of evil in heavenly places." This group did not adopt a rhetoric that de-emphasized growth and conversion. In fact, the removal of angry and resentful spirits, thousands of whom were understood to have attached themselves to Blessed couples, was considered to be a precondition for witnessing success. However, for them, the real key to achieving world peace and unification lay in obtaining Lucifer's unconditional surrender.

A third alternative approach was to re-create not only a new heaven but also a new earth. Communitarianism had always been an important element within Unificationism. Church center life, international couples, and the movement's ideal of a one-world family and culture all bore an unmistakable communal stamp. During the late 1960s and 1970s, the movement's San Francisco Bay Area branch reaped a bumper crop of converts through its International Ideal City Project. In the 1990s, the movement concentrated resources and energies in the isolated Mato Grosso do Sul and Pantanal regions of Brazil. There, amid pristine but almost entirely undeveloped nature, it purchased vast tracts of land and began to establish a dominating presence. Whether or not this would become a Unification homeland was as yet unclear. However, many members felt the necessity of setting up a working model of the ideal society.

A fourth alternative means of achieving its goals had affinities with the position of those who argued that the movement needed to develop a stronger sense of continuity with American religious culture. However, rather than mainly criticizing previous movement efforts as alien, those holding this perspective, including Rev. Moon, made the case for cementing stronger bonds of heart. In 1998, Rev. Moon designated the United States as "elder son" nation to the "parent" nations of Korea and Japan. On one level, this may have represented a neo-Confucian ordering of internal movement polity. On another level, it sig-

nified the designation of a successor nation. If Korea was the first stage rocket booster that got the movement off the ground and Japan was the second stage that powered the movement into orbit, the U.S. was the third stage vehicle that would deliver the movement to its destination. It was up to the American movement to consolidate the Unification tradition, to develop a form of movement governance that could empower members worldwide, to build on its favorable age and sex composition, and to effectively socialize those born into the faith. All of these were crucial to achieving the movement's goals.

Again, it would be a mistake to conclude that all members of the movement divided neatly into these groupings. There was considerable overlap and necessarily so, as no single approach was sufficient to bring success. There needed to be a creative synergy among different approaches to propel the movement forward. At the same time, how the movement managed its increasingly complex inner workings would be a key factor in its long-term accomplishments.

Perils Facing the Unification Community

In February 1996, the *Unification News* ran three articles under the heading of "Perils Facing the Unification Community." In the first, Peter Ross, the Church's Director of Public Relations, issued a stinging rebuke to the English Home Secretary who had denied Rev. Moon entry to Britain on the grounds that it would not be "conducive to the public good." In the second, Dr. Tyler Henricks, President of HSA-UWC in America, published the text of an "open letter" to the President of the Philippines in which he protested allegations that

Families enjoying a picnic at Belvedere



the Church's Blessing ceremony was a front to export Filipino women to Korea where they would be "forced to become housemaids and prostitutes." He especially criticized the government's decision to assign several Filipino women as government spies to infiltrate the Blessing as participants. The third article, an excerpt of a press release from the President of the Church in France, responded to a bombing of the national headquarters building which destroyed its front structure.

None of these incidents occurred in the United States. Nevertheless, they were a reminder of the animosity that still lingered perilously close to the surface and which with even the most vacuous inflammatory statements, a dip in the public's sense of well-being or a politician's ambition could spark a panic and the targeting of the movement as a scapegoat. Peter Ross alluded to the persecution of Christians in Rome as an analogous situation and cited the ancient Christian author Tertullian who wrote,

If the River Tiber reaches the walls, if the River Nile does not rise to the fields, if the sky does not move or the earth does, if there is a famine, if there is a plague, the cry is at once: "The Christians to the lions!"

As Ross noted, "the lion still roars." These incidents occurred after Blessing '95, the first of the movement's large-scale International Wedding Ceremonies, and during or shortly after Rev. and Mrs. Moon's worldwide speaking tour that followed. This was ironic, since Rev. Moon proclaimed in his tour speech, "The True Family and I," that "The entire world did everything it could to put an end to me, yet I did not die, and today I am firmly standing on top of the world." During the worldwide speaking tour, Rev. Moon endured cancelled entry visas, hostile encounters with immigration authorities, and missed connecting flights, especially during the European portion of the tour. There were important breakthroughs and victories elsewhere, but Rev. Kwak noted, "Satan attacked this tour in many ways."

The Philippine allegations were dropped when it became obvious that Filipino women were not being waylaid as housekeepers or prostitutes through the Blessing. However, European opposition proved more intractable. Part of this was the result of a mid-1990s sect hysteria over deaths associated with the Solar Temple, Heaven's Gate and Aum Shinrikyo tragedies. Part was due to the organized lobbying of "anti-cult" activists and part was "rooted in old patterns of intolerance of things new, foreign or different." Regardless of the reasons, Rev. and Mrs. Moon were blacklisted under provisions of the Schengen Treaty and effectively banned from Austria, Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Portugal and Spain. The Netherlands took action granting Rev. and Mrs. Moon permission to visit despite the ban, but the other countries had not reversed themselves by the end of the 1990s. As noted, England took action on its own, banning Rev. Moon (though not Mrs. Moon) as did Japan. Finally,

in Russia and Eastern Europe, an alliance of former communists, nationalists and Orthodox authorities authored legislation making it difficult, if not impossible for new groups to spread their message.

The great exception to this trend, at least in the developed world, was the United States. While there still was suspicion and even negativity expressed toward Rev. Moon, attempts to restrict the movement's activities or to treat it in any way differently than other religious groups were met by broad-based public outcries. During the late 1990s, this was evident in highly publicized opposition to an attempt by the Maryland State Legislature to study the effects of "cults" on college campuses. There were no restrictions on Rev. or Mrs. Moon's speaking and, in some instances, media outlets and representatives apologized for use of the term "moonie." Anti-movement demonstrations at Blessings '97 and '98 were tepid, mobilizing less than a dozen or so lonely protesters at each, and former Cult Awareness Network (CAN) head Claudia Kissner acknowledged that the movement was "becoming entrenched, politically and socially." A Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* comment that the "1990s face" of the movement was one of "middle-class, middle-aged, multi-ethnic moderation" was fairly typical of public perceptions.

As a consequence, the perils facing the Unification community in the U.S. were mainly internal. These could be grouped under the categories of membership, money and moral authority. In terms of new membership, the movement in America had not experienced substantial growth since the 1970s. The downturn in the U.S. was balanced by growth spurts elsewhere and the movement as a whole possessed a favorable age and sex ratio. This essentially meant the movement could more than sustain itself through fertility alone, assuming it retained the loyalty of succeeding generations. However, it was a matter of some concern that conversions in the U.S. had declined so dramatically. During the 1990s, as noted, HSA-UWC recreated itself as the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification (FFWPU). Rev. Moon, in fact, directed that the Unification Church sign be taken down. The FFWPU was conceived as "a religious but non-sectarian membership organization for people of all faiths and good conscience" and it was hoped that non-Unificationist Blessing participants, Blessed Unificationists and even "entire churches and religious faiths" would be able to join. This had not occurred in a significant way by the end of the 1990s, and HSA-UWC still existed as a corporate entity. Some suggested that the FFWPU was simply the Unification Church under another name.

It would take more than a name change to address the underlying reasons for the downturn in new membership. Earlier, it was suggested that the general climate of negativity, the lack of a stable and consistently followed witnessing method, East-West tensions, difficulties in balancing family and mission, and issues of institutionalization accounted for a weakened desire to witness and the less-than-hoped-for results. In the 1990s, several of these factors were less significant. The climate of negativity, which in the 1970s included the picketing of

church centers and deprogramming of members, had long since subsided. The balancing of families and mission still was an issue, but most members had stabilized their family lives and even had discretionary time and income. Therefore, this was less of a factor than previously. The movement's institutional patterns also had stabilized, and these also could not be counted among the most fundamental problems hindering recruitment. The lack of a stable and consistently followed witnessing method still was a key factor, and there still were providential tasks that took precedence over local development. Nevertheless, for those members who experienced acute tensions, problems in recruiting American members were primarily reducible to the East-West cultural gap.

If anything, Rev. Moon's criticism of American culture escalated during the 1990s. It also began to spill over into public accounts of movement activities. *The New York Times International*, in reporting on the movement's investments in South America, noted in late November 1999 that Rev. Moon had become "disenchanted" with the U.S. and cited him as saying, "The country that represents Satan's harvest is America, the kingdom of extreme individuality, of free sex." Some of this seemed to go beyond prophetic criticism. Rev. Moon stated that real faith was in Africa or Asia, that he valued Korea most, and that the trends of the West were passing away. At the very least, these sentiments were not calculated to ingratiate the movement with broad sectors of the American public.

Most members were prepared to accept criticism and even denunciations from Rev. Moon. They were less willing to absorb it from Korean leaders, many of whom had been placed in authority over the American movement. American HSA President James Baughman, who served during this period, attempted to initiate several outreach crusades but was entirely rebuffed and spent much of his tenure evangelizing in Russia. The effect of this was to produce in some members what could only be described as American "han." Han was a Korean term which connoted the resentment of the oppressed. God was understood to have experienced han in relation to fallen humanity. The Korean people were understood to have experienced han in relation to a series of oppressors. Now, American members whom most Asian adherents regarded as being proud and having a disturbingly carefree outlook on life would have their time of trial. The problem was that American han did not translate into witnessing results.

For members who believed that the movement lacked sufficient cultural continuity, tribalization was the chief internal peril facing the Unification community. Part of this was a consequence of what some viewed as the universalization of Korean cultural norms. Though committed to Korean primacy, the movement's leadership had made numerous concessions to the rest of the world's cultures. Thus, despite assertions in the Korean editions of *Divine Principle* (deleted in the original English version) that Korean would be the future uni-



The Holy Day Offering Table

versal language, the movement arranged to have the text translated into numerous languages. It also relied heavily on Western members to interface with VIPs. Leadership of its major cultural affiliates was largely vested in Western intellectuals or professionals, and the language of choice in its international gatherings was English. However, these were strategic concessions which the movement's leadership was convinced they would not have to make once the center of global civilization had shifted to the Korean peninsula. During the 1990s, Rev. Moon became increasingly insistent that the membership learn Korean and correspondingly critical of English. A newly authorized re-translation of *The Principle* in 1996 retained the Korean text's concluding paragraph which stated that "the Korean language...will...become the mother tongue for all humanity" and "Eventually, all people should speak the True Parents' language." Still, even among members, receptivity to these sentiments was mixed.

Apart from the universalization of Korean cultural patterns, heavy accretions of shamanistic ritual practices, numerology, and cosmic declarations were off-putting for some. Again, members accepted the premise that True Parents were re-creating the world, that all existing cultures, including that of Korea, were tainted by the human fall, and that there was the necessity for new unfallen traditions. Nevertheless, the pace of change and innovation increased abruptly and in a manner that was destabilizing for some during the 1990s. It was as if Rev. Moon wanted to implement the movement's version of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, if only symbolically, before the year 2000. Prior to the Completed Testament Age, the movement celebrated four universal "Holy Days." These were God's Day, celebrated on January 1st; Parents' Day, celebrated during the late winter or early spring according to the lunar calendar; The Day of All Things, celebrated toward late spring or early summer; and Children's Day, celebrated during the fall. These holidays cohered well with the

movement's theology, were well buttressed by layers of sermonic interpretation, and had been celebrated since the 1960s. There were some celebratory features such as offering tables piled high with fruits, cakes, nuts and assorted dishes. These imparted a certain "wholly other" spirituality to the heavenly banquets and, therefore, served as a tonic to faith. The movement also celebrated True Parents' and True Children's birthdays and observed landmark days in its history. For example, May 1st was observed as the date on which the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (HSA-UWC) was founded in Korea. In America, September 18th was observed as "Foundation Day." On that day in 1961, the movement filed its original corporation papers in California. The same day marked Rev. Moon's 1974 Madison Square Garden speech and the movement's 1976 rally at Washington Monument. Various Blessing anniversaries also were observed.

All of this provided a fairly stable framework for faith. It was true that Rev. Moon had conducted spiritual ceremonies and uttered proclamations of numerous kinds on an almost continual basis since the start of his ministry. However, these were muted within the tradition as a whole. In the U.S., they were overshadowed by the crusades of the 1970s and the demands of institutionalization during the 1980s. The 1990s were a different story. Rev. and Mrs. Moon's declaration of messiahship in 1992 and of the Completed Testament Age the following year ushered in an era of messianic fulfillment. The movement's spotlight rested squarely on the True Parents and their family. Movement publications such as the *Unification News* and especially *Today's World* hung with great expectation on Rev. Moon's every word and deed. They were not disappointed.

Early in the Completed Testament Age, a longstanding staple of Unification ritual life, "My Pledge" which was recited at 5:00 a.m. on Sunday mornings, was replaced by an entirely rewritten "Family Pledge" that went through several English translations. Unfortunately, many Korean expressions came across as stilted and idiosyncratic in English. In this respect, one could easily be sympathetic with Rev. Moon's conviction that the membership needed to learn Korean. However, movement-wide changes during the 1990s transcended language. To summarize some of the highlights: Rev. and Mrs. Moon openly declared their messiahship; they inaugurated the Completed Testament Age which was understood to involve a fundamental shift in history; they opened the Blessing to anyone desiring it; they closed down, or at least gave direction to close down the Unification Church, intending to replace it with the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification; and they amended the movement's sacred canon. Despite authorizing a new translation of *The Principle*, Rev. Moon gave notice that a series of *Hoon Dok Hae* volumes, taken from his speeches, constituted the basic scripture for the Completed Testament Age.

These changes were dizzying in themselves. However, they occurred within the context of peak mobilization for a series of World Culture and Sport

Festivals and International Wedding Ceremonies in 1992, 1995, 1997, 1998, 1999 and 2000. Beyond that, they were accompanied by dozens of lesser changes and providential announcements. Members and guests learned, for example, that Buddha, Confucius, Socrates and Muhammad were matched to four elder Korean ladies and were taking part in Blessing '98. The following spring, Lucifer made his formal surrender to God, True Parents and all humanity. Finally, in the autumn of 1999, Rev. Moon taught blessed members to pray in their own names as couples who had inherited the realm of True Parents' victory through the Blessing. Factoring in breakthrough encounters with Mikhail Gorbachev in 1990 and Kim Il Sung in 1991 as well as controversies resulting from the divorce of Rev. and Mrs. Moon's eldest son and Korean business ruptures, it would take the movement some time to fully digest the decade.

The recruitment of new, full-time members took a back seat to these developments during the 1990s, at least within the U.S. The American movement had what it took to be a full plate and a substantial portion of the members were in a coping mode, attempting to make sense of what was happening. Some were alienated and distant. In the short term, there was a further downturn in recruitment and probably as many members were alienated by what had transpired as were empowered. However, this was not the case for other sectors of the worldwide movement. The Japanese, in particular, was more directly driven by the Completed Testament Age motto of "absolute faith, absolute love, and absolute obedience." The ultimate concession that American members were incapable, at least for the present, of gaining substantial numbers of new converts was the decision to bring in hundreds of Japanese sisters, many of whom did not even speak English, in late 1999 to undertake recruitment for them.

The issue of membership was integrally connected to that of finances. Starkly put, a downturn in membership was equivalent to a shortfall of money. Or, put in a more directly relevant way, a lesser absolute number of members meant a proportionately greater burden on those who contributed. It did not have to be this way. Theoretically, as members moved off mobile fundraising teams and into businesses, church-related or otherwise, the movement could have developed a higher level of efficiency, a better quality of management, and a broader donor base. However, this did not occur. There were three main reasons for this. First, as the movement's lines of authority were based on the charismatic leadership of Rev. Moon, its initiatives were subject to inspiration having little to do with strategic planning or even monetary interest. Second, members faced a "glass ceiling" and institutional culture in which seniority, nationality and family connections counted as much or more than ability in many cases. Third, and most importantly, the movement had a religious bias against crass materialism and preferred to operate on the basis of religiously motivated donations. This was the same whether one donated money through tithes and special offerings or time through working in a movement-related organization.

Hence, the major indicator of the movement's economic health was not so much the vitality of its businesses as it was the vitality of its donor base. However, the two were interconnected as some poorly operated enterprises required subsidies and bail-outs, thereby draining movement resources and eventually affecting morale. This, in fact, is what happened during the 1990s. Because this did not deter Rev. Moon from continually expanding the movement's horizons, the necessity for support exerted an extreme financial strain on members. A fundraising letter sent by HSA-UWC Headquarters in February 1999 summarized the current appeals. Dr. Tyler Hendricks, who authored the letter, reminded members that "God never gives to us a cross we cannot bear" and advised that couples work in small groups for spiritual revival, church growth and financial empowerment.

Financial necessities forced the movement to be ever more creative in tapping the motivational sources of giving. Some of the appeals were poorly contextualized in the American setting. However, in general, the movement's per capita giving compared favorably with comparable organizations. The problem was that the movement had so many fewer donors. During the 1970s and early 1980s, aggressive street fundraising expanded the movement's donor base. The passing of that phase meant that movement-related businesses and members were left to make up the shortfall. Had the movement's recruitment been stronger or its management better, this would have spread the financial responsibility more evenly. As it was, the burden of support fell continuously upon the same givers. At the end of the period an increasingly bright light emanated from the Hotel New Yorker and the Manhattan Center. These two buildings which had been purchased by the church in the mid-seventies finally came into their own as a 1,100 room mid-priced hotel and a significant entertainment venue.

The moral authority issue was a final internal peril afflicting the Unification community during the 1990s. In many ways, this was not a new problem. The wider public had accused Rev. Moon and later the movement of a variety of moral offenses from the beginning of his public ministry. The communist regime in North Korea jailed him in 1948 for, among other things, "bringing disorder to society." The South Korean government jailed him for "draft evasion" in 1955 and rumors of church sex orgies swirled in Korean society. During the 1960s, the Japanese media referred to the Principle Movement as "the religion that makes parents weep." During the 1970s, in America, the movement was widely regarded as a brainwashing cult that exploited members and taught a doctrine of "heavenly deception" or as a subversive group attempting to abridge the separation of church and state and influence U.S. policy on behalf of the KCIA. During the 1980s, the U.S. government jailed Rev. Moon on tax evasion charges, and during the 1990s, the media concentrated an attack on Rev. Moon and his family.

During the long course of what the movement regarded as misinformation or disinformation campaigns, many members accepted the public's view of real-

ity and fell away. Some, as apostates, actively promoted and helped shape society's perceptions. However, for those who maintained their faith, there was a strong conviction that the charges were untrue. On occasion, the movement was willing to concede mistakes at lower levels due to immaturity or excessive zeal. Subordinates may have acted out of selfish motivations and even misled Rev. Moon. Things also may have been less than perfect within the community. But there was never any sense of moral culpability or anything other than the highest motivation and standard associated with Rev. and Mrs. Moon. In this sense, True Parents were the movement's ultimate bulwark against society's accusations. They were the foundation for the high and impregnable dividing wall between outside views and the truth.

If there was a change in the 1990s, it was that the wall developed a few chinks. There were no serious breaches and the foundation was still secure, but the wall had taken some hits. Early in the decade, Pak Chong-hwa, an early follower whom Rev. Moon had helped escape from communist North Korea but who since followed a checkered path inside and outside the movement, published an especially scurrilous account in Japan entitled the *Six Marias* which alleged Rev. Moon's participation in ritual sex on a massive scale. Pak's account circulated in unpublished English translations but there was no solid evidence for his charges, and he later confessed in a subsequent work and on a speech tour sponsored by the Japanese movement that the stories were entirely fabricated. This was also an occasion for the movement's defenders to note that allegations of this nature had been thoroughly discredited in Korea and that Protestant clergy proponents of the charges had been successfully prosecuted for criminal libel.

Nan Sook Hong's charges of spousal abuse and that Rev. Moon had engaged in "providential affairs" resurfaced issues of moral authority at the end of the decade. As has already been discussed, this precipitated a crisis of faith and even a leave-taking for some. Others wrestled with ambiguities and in the process discovered deeper, or at least more existential wellsprings of faith. In learned internet forums, members discussed passages in Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* which posited the "teleological suspension of the ethical." However, the vast majority of members were not given over to this level of theological sophistication or speculation. For them, Rev. and Mrs. Moon were the embodiment of their faith and the highest exemplification of "theocentric, self-sacrificial love." There was no wrongdoing or anything for which they had to be ashamed. There was no hard evidence. There was no smoking gun. To assert otherwise was to give in to rumors and base innuendoes of those whose motivations were highly suspect.

It needs to be emphasized that many members did not have a sense of impending peril and certainly not a sense of doom. They may have acknowledged problems, but from their point of view, the providence was proceeding according to schedule. Communism, which the movement regarded as the chief obstacle to the attainment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, had crumbled;



Rev. and Mrs. Moon praying before a church holiday service at Belvedere.

the movement had extended its reach worldwide and the Blessing had been globalized. There were skirmishes to be fought, to be sure, but the major war was won. What essentially remained was the task of inheriting and securing True Parents' victory. Hence, these members looked at circumstances of the 1990s and found incredible grounds for optimism.

This perspective needed to be taken seriously as there always was the risk of exaggerating crises in the present. An impartial observer, writing from the standpoint of the mid-1980s when Rev. Moon was in Danbury penitentiary or the mid-1970s when members were under near universal attack, may have been justified in regarding the movement as being far more imperiled in those times than it was during the late 1990s. In fact, the movement had resurrected from a number of literal and spiritual near-death experiences virtually every decade since the 1940s. Rev. Moon compared the movement to a rubber ball which the harder it was flung to the ground, the higher it bounced back. This raised an exceedingly important point. What was crucial, more so than the crises or perils the movement faced, were the resources it possessed for change and forward development. In this respect, the 1990s were no different than the 1970s or 1980s. Perils and crises unlocked capacities for renewal.

True Parents

Jim Stephens

I joined the Unification Church in 1973 when I was 24 years old. Looking back on 26 years of experiences “growing up” in this movement, I started out rather naive about what it would take to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth in my lifetime. That goal is still far away, but life has been rich with deep experiences. There are two things for which I’m really the most grateful above all.

I grew up in the 60s and 70s and was a “truth seeker.” So I consider the Divine Principle as God’s greatest gift to me. It has provided me immeasurable benefits all these years. Life’s major questions for me were answered: the existence and nature of God, the purpose of life, life after death, evil and Satan, and the purpose of history. The answers are so second nature to me now that I’ve almost totally forgotten what it’s like to live without the answers.

Also I like that the Principle is very logical. I apply it to real-life situations and it gives me understanding. It also gives me solutions for my problems. Many times when I had my doubts about the Unification Church, there was always a “bottom line” for me which was, “Where else can I go?” There is no teaching like this anywhere else.

The second thing I’m most grateful for is the Blessing. Before the church I had given up hope of finding a good spouse to live with for the rest of my life. True Parents matched me to an eternal partner through the Blessing. We now have five children that I’m extremely proud of. That has made me spiritually a very rich man. My family has given me true love. I believe this is the pathway to true happiness, something very few people on earth really experience.

When I joined the church, the members were very idealistic. We were always talking about “changing the world” and “building the kingdom.” It was a joyful time of hard work and excitement. Little did we notice that the other 5 billion people (now 6 billion) out there weren’t interested, or worse, were going to oppose us. We believed all things were possible. We had God on our side and that made us the majority.

I was able to change myself very rapidly in the

beginning. I gave up drinking and cursing. The way I wore my hair, my clothes, and my material possessions all changed quickly. I remember thinking that at such a rate of speed I could probably reach “perfection” in three years or less.

In actuality, life continues to get more complicated year after year. With each new responsibility of leadership, or marriage, or family, or child one, two, three, four, etc., my heart has had to go through growing and stretching which is usually painful. Family responsibilities of course forced me to divide my time with church activities. This left me with feelings of guilt because I can’t spend as much time “helping God” as before.

The Principle speaks in nice glowing terms about how the individual works for the benefit of the family and the family works for the benefit of the community, etc., etc. But in this fallen world it’s not like that at all. You can give and give to the community and never get anything back and then you “burn out” emotionally and spiritually. So you have to strike a constant balance back and forth between taking care of yourself and your own needs, then taking care of your family and so on.

True Father has set the standard of giving so high that it’s impossible to understand how to live up to it. I struggle every day to know what God really wants me to do.

In the movement that is supposed to bring True Love to the world, one would expect that there would be a lot of love coming all the time from brothers and sisters and also from God and True Parents. In truth, I have rarely felt it. I’d compare it more to a war zone, a spiritual war zone of constant struggle with selfishness within and evil forces from the outside. We’re constantly involved in “cosmic” events and “spiritual restoration” that we don’t understand, often limping around wounded in one way or another. On rare occasions a medic would pop up for a short while, sent by God to see if I could possibly survive. Then he’d go off to help someone in worse shape than I.

Often I would get leadership responsibilities, which in effect made me the “medic,” but I didn’t have much in my medicine bag. Many of my good brothers and sisters wandered off the path, shall we say, or got left behind in the rush to the next battle because they couldn’t reconcile the loving ideals we espoused with the war we were experiencing.

I always wanted to be perfect. In our teachings I found out what that really means. It’s all a matter of

heart. But there’s a slight problem. According to the Principle, for a sinless person to grow to perfection is supposed to take 100% of his or her effort. How can I ever be expected to make if I have a huge additional burden of sin to overcome as well? Then there’s also the burden of inherited sin leftover from my ancestors, my race, my country, etc. I still want to be perfect, but it’s going to take a little longer.

How Much to Sacrifice?

After 26 years I’m still confronted every day with the ideal of sacrifice. Am I sacrificing enough? Am I sacrificing the right things? It would be nice if God would just send email messages telling me precisely what to sacrifice. Those famous quotes “you have to give up your life to gain your life” and “if you have faith, God will take care of you” are nice as ideals when you hear them. But when it’s time to make a real-life decision, I’m usually left with a lot of confusion whether I made the right decision or not.

For many years I was a full-time church leader, working from early morning until late at night. In one mission, I’d be gone for weeks at a time. My wife and children almost never saw me and they were definitely affected in a negative way. Especially my children were in need of a father’s presence and love and guidance.

In my hometown, I’ve been able to be around home a lot with my family. But I’m not actively doing church work or helping God in any apparent way, so I’m constantly feeling guilty. It’s been great to have quality time with my family. My relationship with my wife is wonderful and continues to get deeper and better all the time. I’m proud of my children and believe they are great kids. However, I wonder if God is satisfied with this or He would have preferred that I had continued to work full time for the church. Surely I could have contributed a lot more to “the providence.”

A related question to “how much to sacrifice” is how much money to give. The church is always in need of money and therefore sending out special requests beyond tithes for one project or another. All of them are worthy causes. But every time we receive those letters, we get a new burden to deal with.

For a while I kept putting it on a credit card thinking that I would pay it off later. What really happened, though, is that a new request for money came before we ever started paying down the debt. Eventually I reached a place where my monthly income couldn’t match my

expenses plus my credit card bills. Then I started using the credit cards to pay the credit cards each month.

And still the next project or event keeps coming along and a new request for money comes. What do you do? My faith mind says, "Make the donation and somehow money will come to pay for it." But my practical mind says, "The hole is getting deeper and deeper with no end in sight."

Sometimes the request for money seemed to come with the added implication that if I didn't give enough, then I'd somehow end up on a lower level of heaven or I might not make it into some special realm of the Kingdom. I can sure understand how a person might build up resentment against those kinds of "requests."

When Father's direction went out for members to go to their hometowns, I ended up disobeying two Korean Regional Directors at the same time. I was told not to leave until a replacement could be found, and my new leader wanted me to go to a city other than my hometown and be the state leader.

I believed in my heart that God was sending me to my real hometown, so I went there. Still to this day I believe that's what God wanted, but now after many years of no apparent external results, it's hard to figure out why God sent me here for sure. Brothers and sisters who stayed in their missions, "disobeying" the hometown directive, have many more accomplishments that have helped the church. So what's going on? What is God's Will? I'm afraid I don't really have a clear answer for that one.

I find it more and more difficult to see how we can actually build God's Kingdom in my lifetime. There seems to be just too many people to change and I'm having enough trouble changing myself. The only thing that might do it is if God Himself starts interfering more directly in people's lives. Whether that is going to happen remains to be seen.

I'm realizing I have to place more emphasis on raising our children to continue the process of building the Kingdom. If it's going to take 300 years instead of 30, then I've got to do some deep thinking and rearranging of priorities. I have to educate my children to help build the ideals. Not only do I have to inoculate them against the evils of the culture we live in but I have to teach them to stand up against these evils and help society overcome them. We also need to find ways that are more successful at changing the world around us for the better.

Mid-Life Crisis

As I reach my time of "mid-life crisis," I'm finding it necessary to deeply reflect on the future. The oldest of my children will soon be going off to college, followed by each of the others in turn. Not only must I reflect on my own future but the future of my children, my church and all the things I love.

One of the harshest realities of the "mid-life crisis" is looking back over my life and seeing all the mistakes that I have made and learning to live with it. Then there's adjusting to the reality that I'll make a lot more mistakes in the future.

I want to live my life so that at the end I won't have any regrets that I didn't offer enough to God. For me, right now is a time of transition, a "crossroads," so it is a time of confusion. I need to find God's perspective and use that as the basis for making my choices.

2,000 years ago when Jesus died after teaching only three years and gaining just a handful of believers, there was almost no record left behind of his life. From a realistic point of view, it is totally unimaginable that the world could have changed so much because of his life. Therefore, God has to be behind history. How God is working is often a mystery to me. That God is working is an established fact.

All my reasoning and experiences still lead me to conclude that the Divine Principle is true and Rev. Sun Myung Moon is the historical True Parent of mankind. Regardless of what everyone else does, whatever else happens, or how I might succeed or fail, I have decided that this pathway is the correct one. Now all I have to do is walk on it every day.



Parents and Children

David Balise

In the 70s Father told us that God had three headaches: atheistic communism, the fragmentation and decline of Christianity, and family breakdown. Of these, communism was the worst. To most people at that time it appeared that the triumph of communism was inevitable. Our movement stood almost alone, insisting that communism had reached its peak and would soon be defeated by "Godism."

To confront and overcome communism and its allies in an increasingly secular world, we developed a desperate sense of urgency. Our church family mobilized for the fight, and adopted a vertical, hierarchical structure that was like a military organization in many ways. We felt that we were in a war, and that if we lost the consequences would be catastrophic. For me and many others, this involved long hours of fundraising and even after our marriage, separation from my wife and young children for long periods of time.

Our efforts to help remove God's headache of communism came to dramatic success in the late 80s and early 90s. The "cold war" was won! The world was transformed within a few years, in ways that almost no one but Father had believed possible.

Our movement began to decentralize and demobilize after that. In this more relaxed, de-pressurized atmosphere issues, and problems that had been hidden before

Families at the Il Shim Graduation Ceremony, New Jersey

began to emerge. We struggled to find ways to financially support our growing families. Suppressed disagreements cried out for attention. Feelings about the shortcomings of leadership, which had been forgiven when there were more pressing issues to attend to, now came to the surface. For some, unresolved issues of faith and belief appeared.

After years of stressful living on the "front line," most of us had at least some degree of battle fatigue. For some, this victory was enough. God's other two headaches didn't seem so urgent or threatening. So they returned to "civilian life," remaining friendly towards the movement but no longer involved in its daily activities. Others left the movement altogether, sometimes with bitter feelings.

However, there remained much to be done. Communism was gone, but the Kingdom of Heaven was still nowhere in sight. In many ways, the external struggle with communism was easier than the more internal ones that remained! The new central issue was God's original headache: establishing true love in the family.

To succeed in this more internal struggle, our movement needed to transform itself, from a semi-military hierarchy, back into the family-centered and embracing culture that everyone had joined. Although this is what almost everyone wanted, it has not been so easy to do.

Father and Mother have been initiating and leading this transition in many ways. They started Women's

Federation for World Peace, emphasizing that women's nurturing and embracing heart is key to the changes that need to take place in the world. This was followed by the Family Federation for World Peace, which is intended to replace the church as our movement's primary organization. The workshops at Jardim and many other initiatives all seek to encourage a family culture. And the central activity of our movement has become giving the Blessing, to all people.

Perhaps the ultimate decentralization came in September 1999 when Father asked us to begin praying in our own names. In this age of the Fourth Adam we are all to be in the position of God's original sons and daughters. We are all to be True Parents.

Yet there is still a "campaign" atmosphere to a lot of this, particularly the large Blessings. Our new organizations don't yet have the depth, wisdom and maturity they need to be fully effective. The form is there, but the substance is still lacking. I believe the central issue we face is the restoration of the relationship between parents and their adolescent or young-adult children. Indeed, this is the heartistic situation that God has been wrestling with ever since the Garden of Eden.

In our movement we see this being worked out on the worldwide level, with the relationship between America, Korea and Japan being considered the restoration of the relationship between the "elder son" and the parents.

On a more personal level, large numbers of our children are now entering their teen and young-adult years, and are beginning to seek their own identities. They are questioning the values and beliefs they have been raised with, as everyone must do in the transition to adulthood.

How can loving parents best help their young adult children to find their own way? We need to let go of them and let them make their own choices, while at the same time giving them unconditional love and support. It's easy to say, but not always easy to do. And if our children make what we consider a mistake, then what do we do?

This was God's dilemma at the fall, and it is still being resolved. Most human parents have struggled with this in one way or another. Father's own family is facing this issue directly, in very painful ways.

It has been one of my great blessings to be a teacher at our Sunday School. It is truly awesome to see hundreds of Blessed children growing and maturing. They have so much potential! However, they also face many

difficulties and questions, and it is sometimes frustrating to not be able to better help them.

We need to let go of the need to always be in control; we must stay open and vulnerable. As a parent, I am learning to appreciate what my children teach me every day. What they are giving me is at least as valuable as what I am giving to them.

The most eternal aspect of our relationships is that we are all God's children. God is in each person; when we are with another person, we are with another part of God. Ultimately we experience love most deeply when we connect with each other as equals, with no barriers between us.

One of the most painful aspects of the restoration providence is that Father wasn't able to spend more time with his own children. We can only imagine how things might be different if Father had been able to personally take care of his own family.

As painful as this must be for Father and his children, it is also a great loss for humanity. How much more smoothly would restoration go if we all had a living, breathing example of what a true family can be? Instead, we see the situation where no one wants to experience what Father's family experienced.

Why did this happen? Did Father have other choices? Was it because of our failures? Is it a process of heartistic restoration, in which we experience God's pain as our own? Or are there more subtle reasons?

I don't know the answers to these questions, but in my heart I feel that real restoration is taking place. If mistakes are made there are always consequences, but as long as we learn from our mistakes they have value. No sincere effort is ever wasted. We are all growing. I believe that even God is growing. We are all in this together. We need to support and encourage each other.

Our movement has come a long way. There is still more to be done. Let's each continue to do our best each day to create the tangible, physical Family of God on Earth!

Life in the Spirit World and on Earth

In times of peril, the Unification Movement frequently turned inward, finding resources for renewal in the life of the spirit. As a youth in North Korea, Rev. Moon found that his “scale of thinking was far greater than just my village” and that he “was completely misunderstood.” Therefore, during his early teen years, as he noted, “Most of the time, I would go to the tombs of my forefathers and speak to them, revealing my heart.” This turning to the spiritual world coincided with a deepening of his prayer life and eventually led to a series of spiritual experiences and encounters through which he came to understand his life’s work. The same principle held for the movement as a whole. In the face of rejection by the world, the movement looked to heaven. Some members had dramatic experiences that unlocked secrets of the spiritual world. This was a tricky phenomenon that could lead to excesses, self-absorption and deviation as has been shown. On the other hand, spiritual experiences were a source of fresh inspiration, deepened meaning and purpose, new power and creative innovations. They also afforded members a foretaste of heavenly joys.

The movement experienced two significant manifestations of spiritual phenomena during the 1990s. They were associated with two elderly members who recently had passed into the spiritual world. The first was Soon Ae Hong, Mrs. Moon’s mother, who passed away on November 3, 1989. The second was Dr. Sang Hun Lee who passed on March 22, 1997. The spiritual phenomena associated with Soon Ae Hong, who gained the title Dae Mo Nim (“Great Mother”) and Dr. Lee were decidedly different, reflective of their differing characters and orientations. Dae Mo Nim’s approach was charismatic and religious, sparking a movement-wide spiritual revival after 1995. Dr. Lee’s approach was intellectual and literary, leading to systematic expositions of the spiritual world in a series of published texts. In this sense, the two manifestations were complimentary. However, there also were contradictions and a sense of rivalry. Rev. Moon recognized both sets of phenomena as authentic, both were integral to the movement’s mainstream development, and both had a revitalizing effect upon members.

There were both similarities and marked differences between the spiritual revival centered on Dae Mo Nim in the middle and late 1990s and the revival centered on Heung Jin Nim during the 1980s. Both manifestations focused on personages who were either a part of or who had intimate connections with Rev. Moon’s family. In addition, both Dae Mo Nim and Heung Jin Nim were regarded by virtually all members as exemplary persons. Dae Mo Nim was understood to have dedicated her entire life to the providence, being the only member linked to several spiritual groups considered by Rev. Moon to be forerunners of HSA-UWC. Within the movement, she was known for her humble service, prayers for the well-being of True Parents, concern for the membership, and devotion to heaven. According to later testimonies, having become



acutely aware of members' spiritual struggles and suffering, she determined to go to the spiritual world early, asking God to shorten her life in order to work there for blessed couples and the providence. In this respect, themes of self-sacrifice and atonement were at the core of both revivals.

A third similarity was that Dae Mo Nim, like Heung Jin Nim, had an embodiment. For three years after her passing, Dae Mo Nim was understood to have made conditions in the spirit world for her work on earth. Next, according to an official account, "she chose and worked with Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim for three years" making "incredible, almost humanly impossible...conditions" to begin the providence on earth. Rev. Joong Hyun Pak, the American Continental Director, described Mrs. Kim as "a humble country lady...very spiritual as a child...a faithful dedicated Christian and spiritually open." Ten years previously Mrs. Moon was said to have visited her spiritually, indicating that she would one day work with Dae Mo Nim. In 1992, Mrs. Kim began serving church couples, solving problems, and in 1994 leaders reported what was happening to Rev. Moon. In January 1995, he gave Mrs. Kim the authority to act as Dae Mo Nim's mediator, and on January 1, 1996, she was introduced to the American movement. By this time, members commonly addressed her as "Dae Mo Nim."

A final similarity between the phenomena centered around Heung Jin Nim in the 1980s and Dae Mo Nim in the 1990s was that they both manifested as revivals. While the particulars might vary, the essence of revivalism was the

*Rev. and Mrs. Moon
with Soon Ae Hong,
East Garden, New York*

cycle of judgment and grace. In the spiritual revival of the 1980s, the accent was on individual confessions within the context of forgiveness conferences. The 1990s revival introduced new elements, but the dynamic was essentially the same. According to Dr. Tyler Hendricks, Dae Mo Nim was “a modern-day Jeremiah.” He wrote,

Because she is a woman, there is a certain softness to her delivery, but she delivers a powerful indictment of our condition. She would say, “If you could see yourselves spiritually, you would be so afraid; you would realize you are destined to hell.” She would beg and plead with us to wake up and become serious and work hard, because we are just covered, infiltrated with evil spirits.

Knowledge that members were covered with evil spirits was the core insight of the Dae Mo Nim revival. A number of accounts noted that prior to her passing, Dae Mo Nim prayed to God, seeking to know why most of the movement’s blessed couples, though trying their best, were unsuccessful in their missions; why so many of them had physical, economic and other problems; and why they were “sometimes worse than outside people.” According to these testimonies, God answered her prayer and opened her spiritual eyes, enabling her to see invading evil spirits which had dug into members’ physical bodies to build their nests.

The idea that members, especially blessed couples, were covered with evil spirits presented a problem. Generally members assumed that because they received the Blessing, followed True Parents, and lived in a principled environment, evil spirits could not touch them. They now were being told that this assumption was distant from reality. However, as several leaders pointed out, the Blessing was meant to be given unconditionally on the basis of members having achieved a certain standard of perfection. Because members had not attained that standard and were in this sense unqualified, the Blessing could only be given conditionally. Many members, in fact, did not continue to progress but rather regressed, being unable to rid themselves of their fallen nature and satanic habits. This created a base for evil spirits. Members also were subject to the interference of spirits who resented and hated their ancestors. Finally, as Rev. Joong Hyun Pak explained, “Evil spirits see light upon our Blessed couples, and because we seem very bright they come to us.” This, of course, presented something of a catch-22 situation. Whether they did poorly or well, members still were subject to evil influences.

Leaders used both literal and figurative language to describe evil spirits and their actions. To Rev. Joong Hyun Pak, they were “like invisible germs in the air we breathe.” Rev. Kwak cited Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim as saying that “evil spirits stay in our physical bodies like the eggs of an insect.” He continued,

Opposite: A Dae Mo Nim revival meeting at the Manhattan Center, New York City



Thousands of them live among the cells of our body, but when they are released from the body, they appear as normal-sized spirit selves. Spirit beings have no limitation of time and space. Spirits attached to our physical body become smaller.

According to Rev. Kwak, there were “not so many spirits in the spiritual world” since most “have come down to earth and attached themselves to people.” He stated that there were “millions of spirit selves attached to our bodies.” Rev. Young Whi Kim told American members that “spirits in the spirit world live in groups, and when the group leader comes into a person’s body, the subordinates of that leader come along.” Dae Mo Nim, herself, told members assembled at Belvedere International Training Center that there were “many evil, resentful spirits in every layer of your skin. The more I open, the more there are, even inside your blood stream, inside your bone marrow.”

These images brought many members to a point of serious repentance. Thus, Dae Mo Nim’s activities, like those of Heung Jin Nim’s embodiment during the 1980s, were revivalistic in orientation. However, there were also more important differences between the two revivals. For one, there was sense of abruptness and suddenness associated with the 1980s revival. Heung Jin Nim, had passed into the spirit world unexpectedly through a violent accident. His embodiment, though said to have been prepared by Jesus for a decade, announced himself in July 1987, conducted revivals worldwide within six months, and just as quickly burned out. There was a much more substantial period of preparation for the Dae Mo Nim revival. Dae Mo Nim, herself, had been bedridden for the last ten years of her life. Thus, her passing was not unexpected, and she had ample time to prepare. As noted, she was understood to have spent another three years establishing conditions in the spiritual world. In addition, Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim, apart from her personal course of preparation, unfolded her work gradually over three years between 1992-95 before being recognized by Rev. Moon. This was sixteen years in all. The result was that the revival associated with Dae Mo Nim was far more systematic in both thought and organization.

The Dae Mo Nim revival also was characterized by a higher level of maturity. Heung Jin Nim was seventeen at the time of his passing and his embodiment was not significantly older. In addition, his embodiment had only been in the movement a few years. By contrast, Dae Mo Nim lived a long and full life that included exposure to a variety of spiritual disciplines. Her embodiment, Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim, had been a Blessed member for twenty years before beginning her public work. As was seen, the 1980s revival centered on Heung Jin Nim’s embodiment was marked by wild excesses, inspirations of the moment and episodes of violence. The revival associated with Dae Mo Nim after 1995 was much different. Participants faced a daily schedule of prayer walks, seventy-minute holy song and clapping sessions, group reading, lectures,

and other spiritual activities from 6:00 a.m. until after midnight. There also was a “hitting or slapping” component known as “An-soo” for the purpose of removing evil spirits or healing. However, members were advised against doing this strongly, and the sessions were closely monitored by on-site staff. The singing, clapping and An-soo were for the purpose of shaking and dislodging evil spirits. According to Dae Mo Nim, they get intoxicated and disoriented during the sessions and loosen their hold, allowing specially mobilized angels to remove them. As explained by a longtime lecturer,

From a spiritual viewpoint, our bodies are hardened like rock. So there is no way the angels can go in. The angels have to go into our body and get the spirits out, but there is no crack for them to enter by. So we need to sing holy songs and clap. This is the time we can, so to speak, open up our hardened body so that the angels have a way to go in.

The key point here was, unlike the earlier revival which had a strongly impulsive quality, activities associated with Dae Mo Nim had more clearly stated rationales.

A third difference between the two was that the 1990s revival had a much higher degree of continuity with the movement as a whole. For one thing, it was Korea-based. Some of the problems and a good deal of the unpredictability of Heung Jin Nim’s embodiment were due to gaps of language and culture. In the case of Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim, there was an ease of communication and much more of a comfort level with her approach. To be sure, it included ecstatic shamanist components such as continually beating base drums during clapping sessions. However, these elements were blended with neo-Confucian decorum. The Dae Mo Nim revival also was solidly situated at the Chung Pyung Lake Training Center (CPLTC). The church in Korea purchased the site in 1971 and Rev. Moon frequently returned there for prayer and meditation before or after major campaigns. Located north of Seoul toward the demilitarized zone, it was “a very well-balanced meeting place of steep mountains, deep water and very pure air.” However, its uniqueness was spiritual rather than physical. Leaders of the revival associated with Dae Mo Nim understood that “True Parents had been preparing for a long time to make our Chung Pyung



Participants at an early workshop at Chung Pyung Lake, Korea

Land into the perfected and restored Garden of Eden...the special gateway to the spirit world and also the training ground to go to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Apart from Korean and East Asian continuities, the revival meshed thoroughly with the movement's sense of divine providence. The Chung Pyung experience was not a narcissistic, self-help escape but was intimately connected to empowering members for mission. To this end, Rev. Moon presented Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim with a calligraphy he composed which read, "If you inherit the heart of Chung Pyung, you will always bring victory." The clearest expression of the interface between spiritual cleansing and mission was the new providence of "national messiahship" which Rev. Moon announced in 1996. Beginning that year, the movement sent out teams of four families from Korea, Japan, the United States-Canada-England-France (World War II allies), and Germany-Italy-Austria (World War II axis powers) as missionaries to 183 countries. Each of the national groupings were to represent a member of Adam's family with the Koreans in Adam's position, the Japanese representing Eve, the former allied nations in Abel's position, and the former axis nations in Cain's position. The national messiah providence displaced the missionary trinities of Japanese, American and German members that the movement had sent out in 1975. It also represented an advance beyond the tribal messiah providence which Rev. Moon had announced in 1988. A prerequisite for national messiahship was that both husband and wife complete a 40-day workshop under Dae Mo Nim at Chung Pyung Lake. Hundreds of national messiahs completed these sessions and were sent out during 1996.

The Chung Pyung Lake revival centered on Dae Mo Nim also provided the primary impetus for "spirit world Blessings" which were an important component of the movement's International Wedding Ceremonies after 1996. One of the unique features of liberation ceremonies at Chung Pyung Lake was that evil spirits were not simply "driven out" but they were "educated and elevated" through a 100-day workshop run by Heung Jin Nim at a special training center set up in the spiritual world. Afterwards, they not only become the "spiritual children" of those whom they had formerly tormented but they also became Blessing candidates. Rev. Moon gave Heung Jin Nim and Dae Mo Nim the authority to conduct spirit world Blessings in 1997 and the numbers expanded exponentially. Rev. and Mrs. Moon were understood to have "Blessed 3.2 billion people in the spirit world simultaneously with the 40 million couples blessed in Washington, D.C. on November 29, 1997." Shortly thereafter, the vice-director of the CPLTC noted, "Dae Mo Nim officiated at a Blessing of a further 3.6 million [sic. billion] in the spirit world." Another 9.2 billion were added at the Madison Square Garden Blessing in New York on June 13, 1998, making a total of 16 billion. A further 8 billion were Blessed on October 1, 1998 at Chung Pyung, making 24 billion. The total rose to 60 billion by April 1999 and 70 billion by November. These numbers included founders of world's major religions and their followers who had participated in a special Religious



Founders' 40-day workshop at Chung Pyung in late 1996 and early 1997.

Whether or not one accepted these reports, the spiritual revival centered on Dae Mo Nim clearly was a mass phenomenon. By October 1999, 350 two- or three-day sessions had been completed at Chung Pyung Lake with more than 343,000 registered participants. Many had attended multiple sessions. Still, this was a remarkable figure. The previous April, Dae Mo Nim conducted the first of her worldwide Ancestor Liberation tours. Now that many evil and resentful spirits had been freed, there was the chance for members to liberate their direct ancestors. Rev. Moon directed that they should do so up to 120 generations. For the April 1999 tour, members submitted names of their lineal ancestors back seven generations. This was not easy for American members, many of whom had lost track of their forbears beyond their grandparents. Nevertheless, Dae Mo Nim assured members in San Francisco, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and New York that 100 percent of their ancestors had been found. The Ancestor Liberation ceremony exerted a significant appeal. At Belvedere International Training Center in New York, members and their families packed a 4,000-seat tent with another 1,000 viewing a simultaneous screening in a nearby tent for parents with toddlers. Large numbers gathered at the other tour venues as well. Dae Mo Nim returned in the Fall to Bless those ancestors who had been liberated and to liberate generations eight through fourteen.

A final difference between the spiritual phenomena of the 1980s and 1990s was that the revival centered on Dae Mo Nim showed clear signs of achieving

Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim with a participant at a Dae Mo Nim revival meeting at the Manhattan Center, New York City

permanent institutional expression. On March 10, 1997, there was a ground-breaking ceremony for what was to become a major sanctuary that was intended to hold up to 10,000 workshop participants at a time. In design, it was understood to be a replica of a palace in heaven, a reality that was attested to in calligraphy provided for the occasion by Rev. Moon which read, “The Heavenly Palace That Came Down From Heaven.” Essentially, a small mountain was leveled to construct a magnificent marble structure overlooking Chung Pyung Lake. Named Cheonseong Wanglim Palace, the edifice was dedicated on November 7, 1999. At the same time, there was a ground-breaking for Jeong Shim Hospital. All of this was the result of Dae Mo Nim’s vision. With sacred trees and healing springs, Chung Pyung Lake Training Center was attaining the status of an international shrine and pilgrimage site.

Dr. Sang Hun Lee’s messages from the spirit world were also influential within the worldwide movement during the late 1990s. This was an independent phenomenon associated with an entirely different medium. The messages were influential primarily because Rev. Moon regarded them as authentic. In fact, he had them read at morning *Hoon Dok Hae* sessions and other public gatherings and directed that they were to be part of the Completed Testament Age canon. Members perceived a rivalry between Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim and Mrs. Young Soon Kim, Dr. Lee’s channel, as they competed for Rev. Moon’s favor. It may have been that Rev. Moon wished to preserve a certain balance and not tip the scales entirely in the direction of one or the other medium.

Dr. Sang Hun Lee, like Dae Mo Nim, was widely regarded as an exemplary personage. If Dae Mo Nim devoted her entire life to religious pursuits, Dr. Lee devoted his life to the development and application of Unification ideology to diverse fields of thought. He was the leading force behind the movement’s “Victory Over Communism” theory and wrote several texts including *Communism: A Critique and Counterproposal* (1973), a translation of an earlier work in Korean, and *The End of Communism* (1985). He also served as President of the Unification Thought Institute for many years and in that capacity authored a series of volumes including *Unification Thought* (1973), *Explaining Unification Thought* (1981), and *Fundamentals of Unification Thought* (1988), each of which “applied Rev. Moon’s teaching to questions asked by philosophers,” and “offered a Unification solution to their knotty problems.” Together with The Principle, Rev. Moon regarded VOC and Unification Thought as the three pillars of Unificationism.

For all of his intellectual acumen, Dr. Lee always was bothered by his inability to clearly answer questions about the spiritual world. Hence, he devoted himself to a study of the topic, and after his wife’s death in 1989, published excerpts of their correspondence as communicated through mediums in several movement periodicals. He expressed his intention of publishing a complete doctrine of the spirit world but had not done so at the time of his death at age 84 in 1997. Mrs. Young Soo Kim testified that at his Seung Hwa, he appeared

to her and afterwards came to her house day and night until she could not endure it anymore. Having become aware of her complaints, Dr. Lee proposed making a time schedule and “promised that he would not come except during the appointed time.” On that basis, Dr. Lee and Mrs. Kim undertook a joint work “with the purpose to teach earthly people urgently about the reality of the spirit world and the heavenly value of True Parents.” Their work, as Mrs. Kim pointedly noted, “did not mention about the providence of True Parents on earth or Chung Pyung’s providence by Dae Mo Nim and the Holy Spirit.”

The text of Dr. Lee’s messages from the spirit world was published in English under the title, *Life in the Spirit World and on Earth* in 1998. It began with a “Letter of Offering to True Parents” which noted that multitudes were waiting for them in the spirit world. A second substantive chapter on “Earthly Life and Life in the Spirit World” drew out contrasts between life in the flesh and in the spirit and included several interesting sections on love-making. It also provided concrete examples of situations in hell, the “middle realms of the spirit world,” and paradise. He noted that Unification Church members “mostly reside in the realm of Spirit World closest to God” but that there were distinguishable positions and that sins were exposed. A third chapter, “Life in the Spirit World Viewed from the Principle,” was reminiscent of Dr. Lee’s earlier work. It attempted to explicate processes and structural dynamics of the spirit world.

The concluding two chapters of Dr. Lee’s book were popular among members as they recounted his “Meetings in the Spirit World” and conversations with famous personages. The first of the two chapters included mostly religious figures: Jesus Christ, Mary, Joseph, Buddha, Confucius, Muhammad, Emmanuel Swedenborg, Sundar Singh, Adam, Eve, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Judas Iscariot, and John the Baptist. It also included Socrates, the former North Korean dictator, Kim Il Sung, and a description of the living conditions and activities of several Unification Church notables. Dr. Lee’s depiction of Dae Mo Nim as always praying, as not moving from Heung Jin Nim’s living place, and as being “formal and serious” was understandably sensitive. The last chapter of the book described Dr. Lee’s encounters with many “criminals” of history: Karl Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. It also included meetings with two former leaders of Korean Christianity, Helen Kim and Maria Park who had blocked Unification Church activities during the 1950s, an Elder Park who led a large revivalist movement during the same period, and the former South Korean President Syngman Rhee. Interestingly, all of these figures were included among the saints and criminals blessed by Rev. Moon in Blessing ’98 at Madison Square Garden, New York. The volume concluded with letters presented by Jesus, Rev. Moon’s mother, and Young Soon Kim to True Parents.

Young Soon Kim authored a second volume, *Lucifer, A Criminal Against Humanity*, which contained the text of messages from Dr. Lee between February 10 – March 21, 1999. Rev. Moon again emphasized the importance of the work. However, it also was sensitive in light of claims previously made by

Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim. Speaking on behalf of Dae Mo Nim, she stated,

I restored Lucifer at the beginning of the preparation of Chung Pyung. Otherwise I could not have liberated the evil spirits. When God first met Lucifer, I was so shocked. I learned what love is. Since the fall of Adam and Eve, he is the very cause of God's children being sick. It is very, very complicated and difficult. I cannot mention everything. But when I took Lucifer to God, God cried and cried. He said to Lucifer, "Good, you came, good. You must be suffering so much. You knew what the principle of creation is. But you made the world this way. How much you have suffered."

She also testified that Dae Mo Nim convinced Lucifer to go before God, to repent and bow in May 1996 and he now was "working on our side." In fact, he had become a "gentle being" which was a problem since "he needs to be strong to help the providence." This directly contradicted the testimony of Dr. Lee's channel. Mrs. Young Soon Kim portrayed Satan as still very devilish. She related that during the time she penned *Life in the Spirit World and on Earth*, God told her that "Satan is railing that he will do whatever it takes to kill you." She also transcribed a letter from Dr. Lee stating that just prior to the 360 million couple Blessing he had received a command from God to "reveal the true nature of Lucifer to all humanity and resolve all the pain of history."

This was the basis of the volume *Lucifer, A Criminal Against Humanity* which detailed Lucifer's "March to Hell" and the suffering he had inflicted upon humankind. Given Dr. Lee's background as a medical doctor, the volume was fullest in the areas of disease. It described Lucifer's role in diseases of the digestive system, prostate gland, circulatory system, respiratory system, nervous system, skin, reproductive organs and other body parts. When Lucifer wrote separate letters of apology to God, True Parents, and All Humanity, Dr. Sang Hun Lee "finished his final mission" according to Mrs. Kim. Still, there was an open-ended quality to the work. As Mrs. Kim related,

Satan needed to shed desperate tears and repent. But he did not do this. Instead, he was without emotion, remorse, or tears. His attitude was that he was writing these letters only because he was forced into a situation where he had no other choice. In particular, he refused for a long time to write the letter of apology to humankind.

The questionable sincerity of Lucifer's apologies added a note of ambiguity and indicated that some issues had yet to be resolved. This was not to affirm or deny the validity of either Dae Mo Nim or Dr. Lee's testimony. It rather was to suggest that spiritualism would continue to be a source of sustenance to the tradition.

Through a Glass Clearly

A Testimony of God's Liberation Through Dae Mo Nim

Larry R. Moffitt

If I wasn't the most skeptical, I have at various times been tied for first or second place with someone. I agree with what Jin Sung Nim said once: "For me, True Parents is the answer in the back of the book. The rest is my responsibility." At the same time I have many doubts in life; doubt is somehow even a part of my faith. What I do not doubt is Father's sincerity and his position before God. I have seen too much personal evidence not to know the truth of it. Father's teaching and his living example saved my life, and continue to save it daily. That part is fact, not belief. My Blessing is my greatest treasure. Therefore, no matter how frustrated I become with some of the things our church does—I cannot abandon Father.

The Heung Jin Nim channeling phenomena of 1987, centered on the Zimbabwean man, threw me into a bit of a quandary. When it went sour, I became slightly disillusioned with things spiritual. Make that confused. Despite falling out of love with shamanism, I still could not deny that through the Heung Jin Nim experience I felt a cleansing of sexual sins. I also felt atonement and closure for the accumulation of public funds misspent over the years. But most of all I felt that God had erased my blackboard and was standing there shiny-eyed, expecting only good things to be written from that point. His hope for me was palpable. I could feel that down to my bones and it was wonderful.

Shortly after that the Zimbabwean's Heung Jin Nim license was revoked, and in his footsteps there followed a parade of channelers and instant messiahs, all claiming the mantle of Jesus or Heung Jin Nim or True Parents, or inexplicably, St. Germaine. In many cases their revelations had arrogant undertones, eventually turned sexual—and always it seemed—pulled people away from the benchmark I had established for myself—attending True Parents.

When I heard about Dae Mo Nim I thought, here we go again. Yes, Father approved of Mrs. Kim's mediumship. But he had also given his approval to the Zimbabwean ten years earlier. I was hearing stories of

miracles and angels at Chung Pyung Lake, and microscopic devils living in my bloodstream. I waited and watched. I tried to keep an open mind because I am always conscious of the need to remove my sin. For the past few years, as it pertains to Chung Pyung Lake, I have felt like a jeep with my oilpan stuck high-center on a log and all four wheels spinning in the air. Couldn't go forward, couldn't go back. Your classic midway position.

People whose spirituality I respect were going to Chung Pyung Lake and returning to testify. They had experiences; they got their hope back. They told me all about it. My wife Taeko went and when she returned, she urged me to go. She said God is really working there. My policy is to trust whatever she tells me, so I knew it must be true. There was still no time to go and no cash, but slowly I felt myself parting company with my fellow waiters and watchers on the sidelines. When it finally dawned on me that perhaps my own general lack of repentance might be a big part of the problem, I could begin to try to evaluate myself and the situation more honestly.

Word came that Dae Mo Nim would be coming to Washington and that we should prepare our hearts. I knew I needed a much deeper understanding than I had, so I welcomed the advance notice. Taeko and I did the suggested *kyungbae* condition, but I didn't have a great deal of feeling for it in the beginning. That changed slowly over the next three weeks.

I felt fortunate to be able to know the names of all seven generations of Moffitts. All but the two earliest and their wives are listed in the "Births and Deaths" pages of our family Bible purchased by Robert Moffitt five generations ago, not long after the American Revolution. Robert's father and grandfather were discovered through genealogy research. The Bible entries are in the handwriting of my ancestors, many made with a feather quill, on pages now brown and crumpling.

I am not a spiritualist and am not at all confident of my own perception in these matters. Nonetheless, I felt there was much sadness among them for reasons having to do with unrestored sins and things left unfinished. According to the family Bible, one lost a son and a son-in-law in the Civil War.

My forebears are all well-intentioned people but I think their understanding of what it meant to follow Jesus into heaven "trailing clouds of glory" turned out much different than expected in some cases. Some felt little sense of any progress being made since they arrived

in spirit world. The image they conveyed reminded me of what it's like on a stultifying hot day with no breeze, and no hope of getting one. I tried to lift their spirits and give them some comfort. I told them that soon they would be able to meet Jesus personally and that he would explain everything clearly, as it says in the Bible. They would no longer have to see God's will "through a glass darkly." I felt some believed me and some, from whom I must have inherited a quality of skepticism, didn't.

These images of my ancestors and their states of mind have emerged from decades of having seen and touched their handwriting in the family Bible and countless "conversations" with them as I was growing up. My daughter Kathy and I prayed at the battlefield in Franklin, Tennessee where the husband of Edith Moffitt was mortally wounded in November of 1864, just months before the Civil War ended. Another, Dillon Moffitt, died when still a teenager in a Union Army encampment, from disease I think. The feeling of closeness that has always been there between me and my many generations of grandfathers was renewed and strengthened during this period preparatory to Dae Mo Nim's arrival. Truthfully though, it is hard for me to really know where my ancestors' leave off and where Larry begins, so don't take my impressions as absolute fact. These are simply my impressions.

As Taeko and I registered for the liberation ceremony on Saturday, we both felt an overpowering sense of gratitude for what was about to happen. I felt that Father and Mother's lifetime of sacrifice was the only reason this liberation was able to take place. My five percent? Forget it. When I consider the enormity of what it must take for legions of angels to find our ancestors, yank them out of whatever mess they've gotten themselves into, and bring them to that ceremony, I think that whatever I did to help that process would hardly amount to .0005 percent. I'm sorry to say it, but in my case Father paid the whole price. Period. Coupled with my gratitude was a certain amount of embarrassment, a profound sense of not deserving it. I still feel that way.

We sat just five rows back, in the middle. We didn't want to miss anything. We listened intently. We sang and clapped. We smacked ourselves. We invested, without reservation, in action and belief.

When it came time for the liberation prayer at the conclusion, Daemo Nim told us to look at our ancestors on the right. I got so involved in my prayer, however, that I forgot to look. I don't know what I would have

seen had I opened my eyes, but I don't feel like I missed anything because I "saw" them anyway. Or felt them. Or something. I greeted them. They were all there, all lined up, some looking even more embarrassed and unworthy than me. All the Moffitts in the room, and I'm sure all my wife's Sonodas, realized we could not save our own selves in a million years, and now we were being tossed a life preserver. We grabbed it.

I was in the company of seven generations of the Moffitt family beginning with James Moffitt, Sr., followed by James Moffitt, Jr., Robert Moffitt, John W. Moffitt, John H. Moffitt and Russell Mason Moffitt. My father, John H. Moffitt is still living. All their wives were with them. For some of the couples, it may have been the first time they've been together since crossing over.

Standing alone on the wives' side of the group was my mother. She had a deep melancholy I hadn't expected. Taeko felt that my mother didn't go to the spirit world when she died five years ago, but has been hanging around my father all this time. Her image was so strong in my mind. Even through her sadness, however, I could feel her excitement and anticipation. My beloved, hard-headed mom had finally come to the end of her own answers and explanations, and she was ready to go to the workshop. For the first time since she died, I cried for her.

In my prayer I simply urged them all to go to Heung Jin Nim's 100-day workshop in the spirit world and not worry about anything. "Just go," I told them. "It will all be explained. Everything will work out." And away they went, some happily, some a little dazed—but they went.

Our feeling afterward, as we strolled out of the hall into the bright sunshine, was a feeling of walking through a door into the brightness of heaven. We remarked on it to each other at the time. We ate something and greeted old friends. For a time, it felt as if the gate between earth and heaven was standing open. There is a special kind of well-being and peace of mind parents feel when they finally get the kids off to school, with confidence the children are in the care of loving teachers and that they will learn valuable things. That's how Taeko and I felt.

I feel them closer to me now since then and talk to them during the day, as I did when I was younger. They are the most ordinary of ordinary people, I think, with the same concerns I have. When school is over, they will come back to work alongside Taeko and me. We will try to make a team and will do, and see, and accomplish the

things I have often longed to engage in with these living souls who are so much more than just names scratched in fading ink. If I can be righteous, they will be able to help in so many ways. I feel a lot depends on me for that to happen.

I want to conclude by expressing the gratitude of Taeko and myself to our True Parents. There is no way we can ever repay what they have done, except to the extent that we follow their example and embody the things they have taught.

In addition, I felt two things very clearly about Mrs. Kim and her role as a conduit for Dae Mo Nim's work. I want to emphasize that I am not worthy to comment on her qualifications in the slightest, for either good or bad. Nevertheless, everything about the way she conducts herself conveys her sincerity and her absolute lack of self-importance. To hear her speak and see her work reminds me that the first and worst sin of us all is our tragic ignorance of how much God loves us. It shames me that I could ever doubt in the slightest the love and sacrifice of God in heaven and our True Parents on earth, that has built this foundation for the liberation of our ancestors.

The cooperation of Mrs. Kim and Dae Mo Nim is a team chosen well, and with utmost care, by God. Without the foundation of the True Parents, such a bridge as this would never have been possible.

Nation Messiah Workshop Held at Chung Pyung Lake

Michael Keily

According to Father, a prerequisite for receiving the honor of National Messiahship is that both husband and wife complete a 40-day workshop at Chung Pyung Lake in Korea, Rev. Kwak told over 300 national messiah candidates at the Chung Pyung Lake training Center in Korea. They were participants in the first 40-Day Training for Western Members from August 1 through September 9.

In the last days of the workshop nearly all the participants, or almost 200 couples or spouses from 28 nations, participated in a lottery officiated by Rev. Kwak to receive one of the 183 nations to which Father will send national messiahs. From "Abel" nations—the United

States, Canada, England and France—121 couples received nations in the lottery, whereas from "Cain" nations—Germany, Italy and Austria—76 couples were given nations. In the lottery designed by True Father, each participant drew a line with a felt-tip pen across a maize of lines on a blackboard-sized sheet of white paper, then connected one of those lines to a number at the top of the sheet. That number corresponded to a nation which was announced at the end of the lottery.

Among the participants in the workshop from America were 777-Couple sisters Nora Spurgin, President of the North American Womens' Federation for World Peace, and Betsy Jones, director of the Blessed Family Department and co-director with her husband of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification, as well as three couples from the 43-Couple Blessing: Dr. Edwin and Marie Ang, Wesley and Gladys Samuel, and Diane Fernsler. From Europe came Gerhard Bessell, a regional director who was chosen to lead the workshop; the director of the British church, Timothy Miller; and French leader Laurent Ladouce. Also present were the original missionaries to Austria and Germany, Paul and Kristle Werner; former national leaders of England, Mark Brann, and Germany, Karl Leonhardtsberger; and 777-Couple members Carlo Zaccarelli and Vincenzo Castiglione.

The typical day at Chung Pyung Lake begins and ends with an often dramatic encounter with nature. At 6 a.m.—earlier for hardy souls—most participants climb up the steep valley at the east end of Lake Chung Pyung, where the campsite is located, to the holy trees, the water of life and the mountain of the Tree of Blessing. After an initial prayer at the Tree of Love in an open field overlooking the main conference hall, participants hike up a concrete road past an ever-blooming Rose of Sharon bush and a long mushroom-growing tent to a wide gravel-covered shelf overlooking the lake.

On one side of the shelf is the Tree of Shimjung, or Heart, around which participants gathered to pray. Daemonim told participants to "engraft" to this and to each of the other four holy trees so that the quality they represent—shimjung, loyalty, blessing, love and (reverence for and loving dominion of) all things—becomes a part of their own character. Present at each of the trees is an angel to facilitate this process of engrafting. Many participants also reported spiritual experiences with the angels at the trees and life-changing prayer with their help. On the other side of the shelf is a marble shrine to

the Water of Life before which participants line up to fill bottles and cups with the healing water from a natural spring. The healing quality of the water is said to come not from the water itself, but from an angel present at the shrine who infuses into the water the specific healing qualities from which a particular individual can benefit.

There were numerous reports of healing at the workshop from the Water of Life and from the work of Dae Mo Nim through Mrs. Hyo Nam Kim and her assistant, Mrs. Han. Two independent doctors had told Dr. Joseph Sheftick his badly infected foot had become gangrenous and life-threatening and would have to be amputated. He refused, however, to have it cut off, and instead participated in the workshop, hobbling around unsteadily with the aid of a cane. By the end of the workshop his wound was completely healed, he had thrown away his cane, and he was climbing the mountain of the Tree of Blessing with more vigor than most of his fellow participants.

The hands of one elder Japanese sister had been paralyzed with painful arthritis for which she had had to receive weekly shots. By the end of the workshop her pain had disappeared, and she had a normal range of motion in her hands. Her arthritis had been healed. Also, a number of serious cases of diabetes were healed, and many reported lesser health problems that had been cleared up by the end of the workshop. How much healing a person experiences depends in large measure on his personal investment in the workshop program, Mrs. Han said. But healing is not the main purpose of the workshop, Mrs. Kim explained in a lecture to participants. In fact, she said, Dae Mo Nim often asked her to do less healing and focus on her main mission, which is to help blessed couples cleanse themselves of the thousands of low-level spirits that dwell in each person and prevent him or her from fully accomplishing God's will. Each family's destiny can be much better than it is if parents and children can rid themselves of this spiritual baggage by attending workshops at Chung Pyung Lake.

Back on earth, where do spirits liberated at Chung Pyung Lake go? They do not return to trouble their original host as was often the case with spiritual cleansing in the past, but go into the spiritual world to attend a 100-day workshop offered by Heung Jin Nim, Mrs. Kim said. There they learn the Divine Principle and the skills necessary for effective returning resurrection. After successfully completing the workshop, they return to the

earth to help those working directly for God's providence to accomplish their missions.

From the Water of Life, workshop participants walk up stone steps to the Tree of All Things and then to the Tree of Loyalty. After prayer at each of these trees, they hike up a steep dirt path to the Tree of Blessing and the holy ground high on a peak overlooking the lake. The mountain top offers a spectacular view of the lake and surrounding layers of peaks, often partially enshrouded with wispy fingers of mist. This breathtaking beauty provides ample inspiration for prayer and meditation.

After prayer at the holy ground—frequently concluded by loud group “manseis!”—participants descend to a lakeside, mostly outdoor dining area where they eat either a Western-style breakfast of sweet rolls and milk or a Korean-style breakfast of rice, kimchee and hot soup.

Their day is filled with singing, Divine Principle study, lectures, teaching practice, Father’s words and personal testimonies, all punctuated by ample breaks and substantial, mostly Korean meals. After a full day, just before midnight, staff and participants gather at the Tree of Love, light Tongil candles, sing “The Song of the Garden” in Korean, and pray forcefully in unison. The concluding manseis create a dazzling light show as sometimes over a thousand participants raise their candles five times in unison above their heads.

Forty days at Chung Pyung Lake produced an abundance of testimonies of profound personal transformation, self-realization, heart-rending encounters with God and the spiritual world and powerful guidance for the future. Many said they had had “mountain-top experiences” similar to Moses’ encounter with God on Mt. Sinai. For most, Chung Pyung Lake was a place of miracles—not simply of healing, but of truth and love, of tears and joyous reunion—a place where their lives had been indelibly marked by their experience of heaven and of liberation.

*Opposite:
The Tree of Blessing,
Chung Pyung Lake, Korea*



In Search of the Origin of the Universe

It would be mistaken to imply that the movement's only recourse during times of difficulty was to turn inward or that it found sustenance solely in the world of the spirit. It also found a great deal of renewal in the world of nature. Here, again, the movement's experience was rooted in the formative experiences of Rev. Moon. Raised in the countryside, he exhibited an absorbing fascination with the natural world from his earliest years. Not unlike others who have laid claim to original revelation, many of his most important religious experiences, including his initial call and inspiration for innovations in his ministry, occurred while praying or meditating in isolated, often desolate settings. However, nature was not simply a backdrop for religious experience. It also was a teacher, providing object lessons in beauty, immensity, mystery and "genuine love." The creation, of course, also witnessed to the Creator.

In addition to this, the natural order had a prophetic edge. That is, it exposed the distortions of human culture and personality and pointed the way toward more authentic existence. Rev. Moon was particularly interested to penetrate through the veil of human artificiality to the primal truths of nature. For him, the natural world taught "a more fundamental kind of knowledge" than school or even religion, which, itself, was destined to be superceded by more natural ways of living and by the primacy of what he termed "original human nature." The Kingdom of God on earth was nothing other than the original human way of life. It began with an original couple and extended to an original family, society, nation, world and cosmos. These were ongoing themes in Rev. Moon's thought and ministry. However, under the impress of the Completed Testament Age and given the world's continued misunderstanding, themes of original creation and of a restored Garden of Eden, even if only on a limited scale, came to the fore in unprecedented ways during the 1990s.

Rev. Moon's understanding that the world had entered a new historical epoch, the Completed Testament Age, which rendered all previous religious expressions, including that of the Unification Church, obsolete, provided the underpinning for what was a dizzying array of initiatives during the decade. Essentially, Rev. Moon began recreating the movement in a way that broke from previous religious antecedents. The progression of proclamations and declarations were an effort to re-start the movement and, indeed, history from a new set of principles and axioms. The intention to recreate things from scratch or what Rev. Moon referred to as the "zero point," also lay behind the displacement of *The Divine Principle* by a new sacred canon of *Hoon Dok Hae* volumes. *The Divine Principle* in numerous ways was beholden to the Old and New Testaments and was understood to lead believers only to the portals of the Kingdom. Humankind needed Rev. Moon's original words, preferably in their original language, in order to reconstitute themselves.

Rev. Moon also began to develop several distinctive themes based upon his

understanding of original human nature. One of these was that of human conscience. In a speech entitled, “Let Us Find Our True Self,” he encouraged congregants to recite with him, “Conscience exists ahead of parents, conscience exists before the teacher, conscience exists ahead of God.” Conscience, according to Rev. Moon, followed “the standard of the original mind” and transcended religious authority. Human sexuality or what he termed “absolute sex” was a second important emphasis. During the 1990s, he spoke with increasing frankness in both informal and public talks about the proper use of the sexual organs, peppering his remarks with examples drawn from the natural world. A third theme which he developed toward the end of the decade was that of “Jemi,” roughly translated as “hobby-culture.” Rev. Moon’s position was that human beings, by nature, were meant to engage in activities for which they felt the utmost interest and excitement. That was how he approached life, and he encouraged members to follow his example.

It would have been best if the world’s people could have affirmed these teachings *en masse*. However, this appeared unlikely at least in the short term. As a consequence, Rev. Moon continued to work most directly with members and, in particular, with the movement’s leadership. His style of education was to have leaders join him in increasingly primitive natural settings for physical challenges and expeditions, usually involving fishing. The Hudson River was a major training ground during the 1970s. Tuna fishing off Gloucester, Massachusetts was a focus in the 1980s. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, Kodiak, Alaska emerged as the primary training ground. Rev. Moon was fascinated by what he termed the “way of salmon,” and noted that the Alaska frontier bred a truer breed of American. Having gone as far north as possible, Rev. Moon proceeded in a southerly direction for the remainder of the decade. During 1993-94, he educated members on the grounds of a huge ranch purchased in Texas. After 1995, the focus shifted to the primitive inland regions of Brazil.

The progression was not simply geographical. It also involved a shift of perspective. In Kodiak, although the movement had substantial business holdings including fishing trawlers and a fish processing plant, it was not expected that leaders who traveled to North Garden, as the movement’s central residence was called, came for any other reason than for training. Their primary missions lay elsewhere. This situation changed to some degree with the purchase of the Texas farm. There, the educational program was conceptualized in more comprehensive and idealistic, even utopian terms. Rev. Moon expressed his heartache and determination to address the problem of world hunger in his position as a True Parent. The Texas farm was to become a place to educate people in agricultural techniques. Rev. Moon envisioned as many as 500 people from 60 nations receiving such training and instructed every blessed couple to serve on the farm for 40 days a year. There was to be fishing, farming, factories, mobile homes, a deer ranch, and an ostrich farm. The property was to be divided so that different regions of the world would be represented. However, these plans were never

The Pantanal: “The mountains, rivers and jungles harken back to the original state of creation, the Garden of Eden.”



consummated. Instead the movement relocated the locus of its activity to South America where land was incomparably cheaper and where it launched into a full-blown communitarian venture.

In late 1999, *The New York Times International* stated that having “been rebuffed in the United States” and “facing financial difficulty in his native South Korea,” Rev. Moon was “seeking to reinvent himself...in the South American heartland.” The *Times* may have correctly stated several partial truths. The movement, indeed, was not as successful as it wanted to be in North America. Its Korea-based corporations also faced difficulties at the decade’s end. It also was true that Rev. Moon and the movement were, to some extent, reinventing themselves in South America. However, to suggest there was a causal relationship among these separate lines of development was misleading. Rev. Moon had been actively pursuing opportunities in the South American interior since 1992 and made the decision to make South America a focal point of his work by 1995, significantly prior to what the *Times* described as his recent “disenchantment” with

the U.S and long before the Asian monetary crisis hit Korea. The real reason for the movement's investment in South America had much more to do with Rev. Moon's sense of immediate providential necessities.

In fact, Rev. Moon was pursuing two separate providences simultaneously in the Americas. The first was a public providence. It took shape in accordance with his grand vision for the two continents. In particular, the inability of the two Koreas to reunite following the death of Kim Il Sung in 1994, which Rev. Moon viewed as a realistic possibility and, hence, a providential failure, opened a new providence in the Americas. The underlying assumption of this providence was that the unity of North and South America would, in ways not precisely specified, contribute to the reunification of Korea. In 1995, Rev. Moon undertook an ambitious speaking tour of twenty-three Latin American nations which included audiences with eight heads of state. In these speeches and meetings, he emphasized the region's "stunning, and abundant, potential." In his words,

There are seemingly unlimited natural resources, and the human energies have hardly begun to be tapped. Latin America is a rich, peaceful, natural paradise of grandiose mountains and virgin lands. The mountains, rivers and jungles harken back to the original state of creation, the Garden of Eden.

Contemplating "the glory-filled days that await Latin America in the 21st century," he counseled leaders to "not follow the footsteps of the developed nations," blindly repeating "environmental errors" and falling into selfish materialism.

The purpose of these talks was not to bash the U.S. and other developed countries. Rather, the vision was for North-South unity, the first step of which would be in the sphere of religion. Thus, in December 1995, the movement sponsored a major conference in Montevideo, Uruguay entitled, "Christian Ecumenism in the Americas: Toward One Christian Family Under God." Rev. Moon's hope was to spark unity talks and eventually reunification between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Then, in September 1996, the movement launched *Tiempos Del Mundo*, a Buenos Aires-based extension of *The Washington Times*. It was to open as a weekly first, expand to a daily and eventually grow via satellite and additional technology into a hemispheric newspaper. Former U.S. President George Bush spoke at the inaugural banquet. There, he lauded *The Washington Times* as "an independent voice" that had brought "sanity to Washington, D.C." Never once, he stated in a direct reference to Rev. Moon, had "the man with the vision" interfered with the newspaper's operation. Still, there was a significant amount of opposition to the new venture.

Still, the realities of what the movement actually was capable of accomplishing on a macro level in South America or on behalf of North-South unification were more than sobering. Among centrist South American leaders, there was moderate interest in Rev. Moon and the movement as a source of invest-

ment revenue. On this basis, Rev. Moon could gain access to top-level leadership and even heads of state as demonstrated during his 1995 speaking tour. However, there was less receptivity among politicians to the movement's religious vision. In addition, politicians in South America, no less than politicians elsewhere, were sensitive to pressure from the movement's opponents. On the left, there was lingering resentment over the movement's activities during the cold war, in particular, what progressives viewed as its support of repressive right-wing regimes. On the right, especially among conservative Catholics, there was staunch opposition against the movement as a heretical sect. In this regard, Rev. Moon's prophetic testimony during his 1995 speaking tour that Mary had failed and that Jesus should have married was hardly calculated to win supporters among the continent's Catholic majority. In fact, the only unprecedented show of unity between Catholics and Protestants during the late 1990s was in their occasional unified opposition to Rev. Moon and the movement. The movement's media outreach had potential, but it was a long-term venture and would take years to develop.

Simultaneously with its macro-level efforts, the movement conducted a micro-level providence. The assumption here was that if the leaders of North and South America, or elsewhere, could not respond to the movement's vision of unification, they would have to be shown a working model. Originally, Rev. Moon's plan was that governments of the Mercosur customs union (Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Bolivia and Chile) would donate contiguous lands for development "as a model for an ideal, international and interracial nation and world." However, when they did not step forward sufficiently, the movement, itself, began purchasing vast tracts of land in the South American interior. At the micro-level, there were more opportunities for immediate results, and in early 1995, the movement established New Hope Farm outside the town of Jardim (pop. 21,000) in the Brazilian state of Mato Grosso do Sol as the centerpiece of its efforts. Mato Grosso do Sol was in the Brazilian outback, a land of "two million people and twenty-million cows" according to its governor, and Jardim was in the neediest part of the state. Nevertheless, members viewed the land largely, though not entirely, through the eyes of faith. Dr. Tyler Hendricks, who visited New Hope Farm in early 1996 and whose commentaries in the *Unification News* helped shape American members' perceptions, wrote of mud, leaking tents, mosquitoes, and a fishing partner who was stung by a sting ray. He concluded that New Hope Farm, at its current stage of development was "ground zero for the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth." Still, it was "infinite in potential based upon a spiritual vision." As he put it,

There are millions of empty square miles between Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, and Campo Grande [Mato Grosso do Sol's capital city]. They are verdant, luxuriant plains and hills and valleys. They await the loving and strong hands of the true owner who can make them abundant for the sake of a

hungry world. I confront my Yankee prejudices and my “north of the equator” prejudices. The world needs pioneers, not just of new technologies of matter but new technologies of the heart.

In a companion piece on the “Development and Potential of New Hope Farm,” Dr. Hendricks waxed more visionary,

The footpaths between the tents someday will be major thoroughfares of a great city. The daily life of the pioneers will be remembered like that of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Colony, Massachusetts. This was the vision that God gave me as I dried out my mud-soaked shoes and made my way to the shower room. Seeds planted by suffering have the deepest roots.

Movement leaders acknowledged that the region “was impoverished, devastated of its natural forest, its rivers ruined, and with a fauna and flora being compromised daily in the process of clearing the jungle for the purpose of ranching.” They also acknowledged an illiterate population of about 65 percent, a high level of unemployment, collective pessimism, high interest rates, expensive and slow transportation, and a tendency of land to become swampy or flooded. At the same time, they regarded it as significant that Jardim, which in Portuguese meant “Garden,” was geographically located in the center of the South American continent, just a two-hour plane ride from numerous major cities. Project New Hope Director, Rev. Yoon Sang Kim expressed “the ambition of becoming within seven or eight years an example of progress, beauty and happiness for the whole world and then to collaborate and encourage development in all Latin America and the world.”

There were clear indications that these were not just words and that the movement meant business. One indication was the appointment of Rev. Yang Soon Kim as project Director. He had managed movement projects at Chung Pyung Lake, Cheju Island to the South of Korea, and had for the past two years been project director at the Texas farm. A second was the assignment of the entire Unification Theological Seminary graduating class of 1996, some fifty students, to the New Hope Farm Project. They assisted in construction and were assigned as missionaries to thirty-three towns within a 200-kilometer radius of Jardim. Since there was no hospital in the vicinity, Rev. Moon donated new ambulances and sent a medical team to each of these towns. Another indication of seriousness was continued construction and the continuous purchase of properties. The project employed some 300 outside workers and one member suggested that a better name for New Hope Farm would be “New Hope Construction Site.” A bridge was completed across one of the two adjoining rivers in May 1998, making the project much more accessible, and a large Temple and Educational Center with a seating capacity for more than 1,200 was

dedicated the following July. There were dormitory apartments for 600, a large dining facility with upstairs lecture halls, and an envisioned university complex consisting of six buildings, each with six large classrooms.

With this infrastructure in place, Rev. Moon dedicated the newly completed Temple as an “Educational Center for Ideal Families and World Peace” and called upon blessed couples worldwide to participate in forty-day workshops. There was some initial confusion about the relationship between the forty-day workshops at Chung Pyung Lake, Korea, which were still ongoing, and the new series which had started in Jardim. Rev. Joong Hyun Pak explained to the American membership that the purpose Chung Pyung Lake was to cleanse sins, like cleaning a dirty bottle. The purpose of New Hope Farm was “to fill the bottle with new wine.” He also noted that while the teacher at Chung Pyung Lake was Dae Mo Nim, the teachers at New Hope Farm were True Parents themselves. Chung Pyung Lake, he said, “brings us to the top of the growth stage,” but New Hope Farm was “training for the Completion stage, until we reach Direct Dominion...[where] husband and wife can learn from each other and God directly.” Completion of the Jardim workshop also conferred upon participating families the opportunity to have their photo taken with True Parents, to be entered into True Parents’ Eternal Family Register, and for couples to bless their own children.

Despite these incentives, American families were slow to respond. At the first forty-day workshop, there were over 300 Japanese families, 300 Korean families, and a small American contingent of 11 families. This led to a push for more attendance. Rev. Moon, on visiting the U.S., asked for shows of hands by couples who had attended the Ideal Family Workshop, and movement publications ran a series of articles under such titles as “Joining the Family of True Parents,” “Oh Glorious Eden, Jardim of Delight,” “Jardim, The Abundant Life for Unificationists,” and “Swimming in the Sovereignty.” The combination of pushes and pulls had an effect, but the passage of time which enabled families to put aside the several thousand dollars or more expense money, the approach of summer vacation season in the Northern hemisphere, and positive word-of-mouth reports from those who returned were equally important. The late spring, summer and early fall months of 1999 were peak travel seasons, and hundreds of American and European families made their way to Jardim. In fact, New Hope Farm was bursting at its seams. Members converted the school buildings into barracks-like sleeping quarters and day-care facilities, arranged complex logistic schedules for the service-learning and pilgrimage portions of the workshop, and virtually fished-out the nearby rivers. The workshop schedule lacked the intensity of Chung Pyung Lake, and organizers placed more of a premium on personal and family reflection. Couples were encouraged to hold hands when strolling, and afternoons were mostly free for “hobby-life.” For many, and especially for those who wrote about the experience, New Hope Farm or New Hope East Garden, as it had been renamed, was a Garden of Eden.



For Rev. Moon, it was something else. Having explored all of the back rivers in the area, New Hope Farm was more of a base of operations, a first-stage experience and stepping stone for forays into wilder and yet more primitive regions. During the second half of 1997, he explored the upper reaches of the Paraguay and Amazon Rivers. The Paraguay River was understood to divide the continent east and west and the Amazon north and south, but their sources were only four kilometers apart. Rev. Moon envisioned the area being preserved as a “place of encounter where God, people and all things meet in a New Eden.” He further envisioned representatives of 185 nations settling along the banks of the two rivers. This was no idle speculation. In July 1997, he set out by boat on the Paraguay River. According to a travel companion,

Every 50 kilometers, we set out a sign numbered on a stick It was not easy to do that, because it is swampy ground covered with growth, and we had to clear the area; walking through the water and getting bitten by bees and ants. We set 63 signposts along the Paraguay River.

Rev. Moon did the same along the Amazon, although given the vast stretches of river to be covered, he adopted a different strategy, flying to different sites, renting boats, and exploring the river. Rev. Moon expressed admiration for the small villages and villagers who were viewed as “pristine Adamic families.” The same companion noted that “It was so hot and steamy” and “we all got blisters on our mouths” but that despite his exhaustion and the unbearable heat, Rev. Moon “continued to push us, saying that this is where we can build the Garden of Eden.”

Rev. Moon engages participants in an intimate moment at New Hope Farm, Uruguay.

The stake-setting expedition also was no idle exercise as Rev. Moon began buying up properties along the Paraguay River. He was especially fascinated by the Pantanal which was regarded as the world's largest wetland, extending over 200,000 square kilometers. While "regular" members visited New Hope Farm, he called the movement's National Messiahs, husbands only, further north to Fuerte Olimpo where they took part in a forty-day workshop under more challenging and primitive conditions. Rev. Moon remarked that fish were the only creatures that did not partake of the flood judgment at the time of Noah and in this respect were still part of the original creation. He asked all National Messiahs to exercise dominion over the fish world by catching requisite totals of South American fish with such romantic sounding names as bacu, poga, dorado and pintado. As one National Messiah wrote,

Every day we rose at five and soon after had breakfast and went out to the river by boat. It was very hot and we wanted to bathe in the water. But we could not because piranhas would come. It's a big problem! Also there are problems with ants. One national messiah became very sick from an ant bite. It's a dangerous place. There are all these problems, but Father just says, "Ah, the purity of nature!"

The Pantanal was all things to Rev. Moon. He said he chose to work there because it was the least developed place on earth, and, hence, closest to the original creation. However, it also was a swamp. The Paraguay River had little downward slope, so it was prone to flooding which created the massive wetland. If the Kingdom of Heaven were to begin from there, it was to begin from a swamp. In this respect, heaven and hell were in close proximity to one another. Rev. Moon spoke admiringly of the alligators that swallowed their prey whole, not bothering about feathers, bones, gristle, or dirt, and it was in this environment that he prayed for the criminals of history, hoping to similarly digest their wrongdoings. Based on these struggles and victories, he set up the "holy ground of holy grounds" not far from the Hotel Americano, a clapboard structure on wooden pillars, upriver from Fuerte Olimpo on July 27, 1999. This, he explained, was not conditionally claimed land, but land completely separated from the fallen world, the first foundation of God's blessed nation. Now, he said, the movement could begin to build up a new Eden.

The Pantanal, too, was a stepping stone. Still ahead lay the sprawling Amazon, the lungs of the world. At decade's end, it wasn't clear whether Mato Grosso do Sol, Jardim, the Pantanal, the Amazon or some other locale would be the primary site for the movement's nation-building if that indeed was Rev. Moon's intent. However, what was clear is that the movement was locked into its permanent quest to reclaim Eden and that this would provide the impetus for further forward development.

A UTS Graduate in Brazil

Ted O'Grady

I came at night, crossing a murky river in a dirty wooden boat, arriving in the surreal light of orange-shrouded bamboo houses looking like toy army barracks. I wondered, "Where are the soldiers?" Rolling in in the cab of a pickup truck, strolling across the gravel front yard, I was met by a smiling Korean, looking for all the world like a vacationing Buddha, with a rounded face, balding head, and infectious laugh. I liked him right away.

True Parents came the following day. Mother saw me and said in surprise, "Oh, you're here!" I said, "Father asked us to come quickly, so I came." Father growled, "That's true." A few days later I met True Parents again. Mother asked me in English, "How do you like it here?" I said, "It's hard work, but I like it." "Hard work?" she said.

Several thousand Brazilians (it's true) came to Nova Esperanca Fazenda (New Hope Farm) for the ambulance dedication ceremony. Father gave twenty-nine ambulances to surrounding towns within a 200-kilometer radius of the farm. A lot of money is being spent here. The local people don't know what hit them, but the smart ones are trying to get a piece of the pie. These local entrepreneurs like Rev. Moon very much.

One other church has warned that we Unificationists eat our own children. I haven't seen any evidence of that as yet. In fact, the food is quite uninteresting here; rice, beans and majoca, a potato-like root. I'm not sure a decent recipe exists for "fihho" stew!

A few days later, Ken Shafto and Oshima-san arrived just in time to accompany True Parents to the newly purchased Salobra Hotel located at the doorstep to the famous Pantanal nature preserve. There we fished for and caught piranha (it's absolutely true about their teeth, razor sharp and "muito" dangerous). At dinner one night, True Father gave us a direction. He said, "Pioneer the twenty-nine towns that received ambulances, and do everything else (all projects connected with the farm) with the same effort as I showed you. You are too young!" Father spoke briefly to the three of us in English and, of course, this is only a paraphrase. In reality, thus far, we have been working hard as "farm pioneers," physical laborers. It is the easy version of Father's Hung Nam course.

UTS grads arrived intermittently throughout the month of August, after True Parents had left for Alaska: Moishien and his wife, Iwuk Asuamah, Bret and Annette Moss, Alan Saunders, Koji, Manami, Hidehiko and several others. At this point we had a lottery for our pioneer towns, fourteen of us in all. After the lottery, we all visited our towns for a few days to scope the lay of the land, and to taste the flavor of Brazilian hospitality. I'm happy to report that there were no evil spies in our midst; everyone came back with a positive report. The land is rich, the food is good and the people aren't all that big.

My town is a tourist mecca named "Bonito" (pretty) only forty miles from the farm. It is also a nature preserve with no good roads leading into it. This fact keeps it small, to the fearful Brazilians' liking. We are paired with young Brazilian pioneers, graduates of the Brazilian version of UTS, who were sent out several months previously. They have already toured the towns and held DP seminars. In most places, there is already some foundation. All of us have visited our towns and met contacts. The Brazilians are very humble and simple people (except for the entrepreneurs); they welcome us warmly.

Deconstruction and Other Cool Projects

Our primary job here at the farm has been "deconstruction," not "destruction," because we have been called to tear down the tool shed, the chicken coop (a delayed project so far), the cow corral, the corn shed, and to rearrange the materials contained therein to various other convenient and not so convenient locations on the farm. Nothing is thrown out here; all the wire, wood and old tools are saved for usage at another time. Tools are a trip, although there is a very good (by Brazilian standards) hardware store in Jardim. We are constantly repairing the hoes and scouring the grounds for non-existent working shovels, picks and machetes. Actually, this is a bit of an overstatement. There are several shovels, picks and machetes, but very few handles to go with them! Still, "somehow" (a favorite expression around here) it works. We seem to get the work done.

One favorite predilection of President Kim is to "check" on the work done by the members after it is finished and then decide that it doesn't look right and has to be "deconstructed" and done again, a job he usually does by himself. This habit challenges the patience of the farm members who have been here since the beginning (May, 1995). They have found various forms of mental survival ranging from exorbitant laughter (Javier, the



Hotel Americano

young Argentinean brother), nightly American-made, Portuguese-dubbed videos and, now, Solitaire played on this very computer (one of my favorite hobbies). As for our “strategic plan” to accomplish our mission, the first step is to wend our way through the Tower of Babel (Korean, Portuguese, Polish, Czech, German, Japanese and, finally, English) that is New Hope Fazenda morning and evening service (5 am and 8 pm respectively). We then go to work in the fields.

All this may sound a little disheartening, but please don’t misunderstand. It is all part of the “New Hope Experience.” Forget planning, forget logic, forget timetables, forget your wife and family, and forget the civilized world; that’s the formula. If you can get by the initial hurdles, it’s not so bad and a certain understanding starts to well up from within, sort of like, “Oh, now I understand why Father has sent us to this God-forsaken desert! It’s so I can take off my old skin and become a new creature.” And that is a true testimony. (By the way, is Richard Nixon still the President of the United States?)

Here’s a rundown of my jobs here at the farm thus far: tree planting (4’ x 4’ holes in the ground dug with pick and shovel), boat cleaning and ferrying (a couple thousand people on “Ambulance Day”), bamboo chopping and hatcheting, burning garbage, carrying 70-kilo bags of corn to the new tool shed, unbolting, unnailing and whacking boards, driving the heavy equipment (tractor) for pole moving and garbage hauling, kitchen duty

(washing pots and pans), “night watch” (every team, five in all, takes turns watching at night, just like the UTS booth), fishing (not very successfully), vegetable planting and weeding, a testimony and song on the first night and a very consistent attendance of morning and evening service every day! It’s all part of the project here at New Hope Farm.

Of course, I spent several days going door to door in Jardim inviting people to the “Unification World Group Exposition,” a good opportunity to practice my primitive but improving Portuguese (not difficult for Westerners), and two days in my gifted pioneer town of Bonito (more on this later). Impatient me has endured over six weeks at this farm, a miracle in and of itself. “All things are possible through Christ who strengthens me.”

“New Wine into Fresh Wineskins”

I’m getting excited to do this job down here in no man’s land. But, there is a necessary precondition to success. In the parable of the wineskins (Luke 5:33-39), Jesus tells the people, “No one tears a piece from a new garment and puts it upon an old garment; if he does, he will tear the new, and the piece from the new will not match the old.” As regards our own situations relative to the current providence, the new garment we are speaking of is True Parents’ South American providence; the old garments are ourselves. The new garment, God’s budding new providence here in Jardim, will not be torn, but will remain intact. We should not expect to tear the gar-

ment when we come here but, rather, should adjust ourselves to fit into the new wineskin.

This is the essence, I think, of the UTS students' efforts here at New Hope Farm. It is the course to take off our old skin and to emerge as reborn, new creatures in Christ, our True Parents. Without this fundamental, yet excruciatingly painful, process, everything appears as a blur, nothing makes sense, there is no balance, joy or hope. Thus, New Hope Farm can very often feel like No Hope Farm; it can be easily spurned, like the ugly duckling who later grows into a beautiful swan. However, the old skin is tough and scaly, and doesn't come off easily; it is necessary to shed blood and sweat (I've lost 15-20 pounds in the past six weeks). True Father is sending us through the narrow gate in order to pave the way for many others, and to make us remove our old skin quickly.

I am reminded of the following admonition in Hebrews 12:5-8: "My son, do not regard lightly the discipline of the Lord, nor lose courage when you are punished by him. For the Lord disciplines him whom he loves, and chastises every son whom he receives. It is for discipline that you have to endure. God is treating you as sons; for what son is there whom his father does not discipline? If you are left without discipline, in which all have participated, then you are illegitimate children and not sons."

We, then, are being treated like sons, true sons of the original blood lineage of God flowing through our True Parents. We are being disciplined, ignored, mistreated (from a secular viewpoint). What is our response in this situation? Who are we, the UTS graduates? I always like to think of the Jesuits, initiated by the Spanish military leader, Ignatius, whose "Spiritual Exercises" provided the backbone of a new religious order that ultimately penetrated the entire globe in every field of endeavor: religious, academic, economic and political. I see UTS graduates in that light; I feel the need for that degree of commitment, loyalty and sacrifice in order to establish the messiahship of True Parents worldwide.

Jesus never found this kind of disciples. We can be those disciples of, as we say, "Our True Parents" (who, in fact, can never be truly ours unless we kill our old selves and allow our new ones to emerge like a brilliant butterfly from the cocoon of death), penetrating to the ends of the earth with, not military power, not the power of authoritarian self-righteousness, but the power of incarnated true love that consumes our spirit and flesh, and

makes all flesh into one within the great sphere of happiness and joy that is now budding here in Jardim.

Edy Iverson

My family and I were given the opportunity to come to Jardim the 25th of June and have been here a total of 28 days. Our experiences have been so extraordinary that I felt compelled to write to each member around the world and encourage them to come here as soon as possible.

It is hard to believe that Father is actually building the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, but in reality it is happening as I speak in this remote and serene area of Brazil, three hours from Campo Grande in the small town of Jardim.

I really didn't know what to expect and what I would find. It looked so inviting, yet I felt, how could I ever afford to go? However, my husband and I felt so spiritually compelled to go. So on a whim and a prayer we took all our savings and went. The trip included a flight from Miami to Sao Paulo, a three-hour flight to Campo Grande, and then a four-hour trip by bus to Jardim in the Brazilian countryside.

When we arrived I was exhausted but excited. At first glance there were only a few small bungalows for housing and two larger buildings for prayer (one called the Temple) and one for lectures, plus three unfinished buildings where members are now staying. The buildings also house our school and nursery. Being the queen of external comfort and beauty, it was hard for me to imagine this as the ideal world. Yet my vision soon expanded after hearing all the plans for this future Kingdom of Heaven on Earth and being here just a couple of days and absorbing the incredible spiritual atmosphere here. I was never at Chung Pyung, but everyone I talked with says this is absolutely the Kingdom of Heaven compared to the difficulties of Chung Pyung, hot showers, good food, lovely lecture room and Holy Temple included.

So I managed to overcome some minor inconveniences quickly as do all of the members here as the spiritual atmosphere is so high, and the members so wonderful, *Hoon Dok Hae* so deep and meaningful and best of all, True Parents came twice to see us since I was here.

We were provided with three wonderful trips to our Holy Grounds in Forte Olimpo, which houses a very

quaint Brazilian-style hotel, the Hotel Salobra and the Rio Perdido. On one trip to Forte Olimpo we went down the Paraguay river eight hours on a slow moving ferry and had a terrific time seeing alligators, beautiful birds and even danced the samba on the way back. My husband and I had always wanted a cruise and this was our honeymoon cruise as the day was one day before the 1st of July, our Blessing anniversary. The trip was unforgettable.

At Hotel Salobra we went down the river and went fishing in small boats where my son was able to catch three fish and our boat driver caught a piranha. Also, we had otters come right up to our boat and eat out of our hands. Alligators lined the banks; it was thrilling to say the least. On Rio Perdido we went for a beautiful walk in the woods and saw a clear-as-glass river full of fish that Father wants to develop into a tourist spot. We also went to Father's home there and we heard deep stories about Father and Mother and what they have gone through to give us this special blessing.

Father has so many dreams for Brazil and for our members, but most of all he wants all members to come to the 40-day workshop and register and become part of the True Parents' eternal family. There are billions of people in the physical world and in the spirit world and we are the chosen few. I cannot impress upon you the importance of doing this. Everything else seems insignificant in comparison.

My husband and son are building a baseball field for all the members. It should be ready by the time you come, so if you have any baseball equipment you can leave here, gloves, bats, soft and hard balls, please bring that too. If someone has a copy of the movie, "Field of Dreams" please bring that too. We want to show it here.

True Parents are building their Field of Dreams and waiting for you to become part of it. Won't you join them for eternity? Hope to see you here soon.

Marilyn Angelucci

In the beginning of our 40 days, Rev. Oyamada said to us, "God is here." I believed him. Through our time here we saw many problems, struggles and inconveniences, but I still believed. Then, I experienced that when I prayed deeply, God answered my prayer. We had already gone to two of the outings to the "Holy Places," but for me they were just like tourist trips. I didn't want to continue like that. So, when we went to Fuerte Olimpo, I prayed to experience something more deeply. When we were leaving on the boat after visiting this holy place, I felt deep sorrow in my heart, and tears poured down my face. I reflected, and the realization came to me that nobody knew the importance of this holy place, not even the people living there. This small fishing town is so simple and poor, but from the viewpoint of God's Providence, it has great significance. True Parents accomplished incredible conditions there, unknown to the world. Similar to the time of Jesus' birth, nobody understood, only a few. God had heard me.

Even we, church members, cannot realize anything deeply unless we prepare our hearts. The crucial, important moment can just slip by without us realizing a thing if our heart is not prepared and in tune to God. The same is true for the whole experience at New Hope East Garden. God is here, but whether or not I can live with Him depends on the condition of my heart. At moments, I could be with Him. But I repent, because the moments were much fewer than God had hoped.

Educating the Second Generation

Transmitting its identity to the next generation was an exceedingly live issue for most Unificationists at the end of the century. It also was an area in which the American movement seemed poised to make distinctive contributions. By the late 1990s, the movement had proliferated a broad range of educational and religious identity-transmitting options. Some of these were aimed at the wider culture with the assumption that if the moral climate of society were raised, all would benefit, including the movement's second generation. Another cluster of initiatives offered value, character and faith-based service programs which, while not exclusively targeting movement youth, nevertheless more closely reflected movement assumptions and the Unification ethos. A final group of institutions, organizations, programs and activities were dedicated to the religious education of the movement's second and, in some cases, its first generation.

The American movement's big-ticket items, *The Washington Times* and the University of Bridgeport, were enterprises aimed at raising the moral literacy of the general public. Although their links to the Unification Movement were well publicized, both were avowedly non-sectarian, and the overwhelming majority of paid employees at each were non-members. Throughout the 1990s, well under ten percent of the student population at the University of Bridgeport were members and there was little sense that it was

becoming or ever would become the Brigham Young or Notre Dame University of the Unification Movement. These realities raised questions in more than a few members minds as to why the movement was spending tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars for their support. The answer was not simple. However, it was a fixed principle of Rev. Moon to spend the major portion of movement revenues on projects for social betterment. Skeptics and critics, of course, some of them within the movement, suspected ulterior, perhaps self-aggrandizing motives or that this support was the price exacted for public legitimization. In any case, both of these American-based and run flagship enterprises served as models for similar efforts throughout the world. This was especially true of *The Washington Times* which spawned sister newspapers in Korea, South America and Europe, many of which were subsidiaries. It was less true for the University of Bridgeport, although Sun Moon University ran along similar lines in Korea.



Rev. Moon painting calligraphy at New Eden Academy, Bridgeport University

Apart from the *Times* and UB there also were grassroots, member-initiated and self-supporting organizations created to educate the public, primarily in the areas of character and abstinence-based sex education. The most impressive of these was the International Education Foundation (IEF), an outgrowth of the movement's CIS mission which produced religious education and character education curriculums and texts on a mass scale in the former Soviet Union. IEF texts such as *My World & I* and *Love, Life and Family* (1999) helped fill the ideological void created by the collapse of Marxism-Leninism. Teams of Americans and Europeans, most of them Unification Theological Seminary graduates, with the help of Russian members and educational consultants, wrote and edited the curriculum materials. The enterprise was entirely self-supporting, funded by book proceeds and fundraising. IEF assembled an impressive Board which included some of America's leading educators and by the end of the decade had conducted hundreds of conferences in mainland China intended to promote character-based sex education.

In the U.S., the most effective organization of this type, Free Teens, was begun by another UTS graduate, Richard Panzer. In an important article, "Going beyond the Cultural Wars, Re: Love and Sex," Panzer referred to a profound change in his thinking. As he explained it,

I began to ask myself, "What can be known and understood by everyone?" Instead of asking people to make the effort to understand and accept what I believed, I asked myself, "Where are people at now? How can I relate to where they are in a meaningful way, reach their hearts, awaken their consciences?" Sometimes we become rigid and think people should accept everything we believe, but I think half a loaf is better than no loaf. To promote dialogue is the point.

Out of this sea change in his consciousness, Panzer created the Center for Educational Media, produced "Surviving the Sexual Revolution," an effective AIDS prevention program, and authored a variety of publications including *Condom Nation: Blind Faith, Bad Science* (1997) and *Relationship Intelligence* (1999). Free Teen chapters were established in a number of U.S. cities, and the organization was able to gain government funding in several of them.

As noted, another cluster of initiatives offered value, character and faith-based service programs which, while not exclusively targeting movement youth, nevertheless more closely reflected movement assumptions and the Unification ethos. New Hope Academy in metropolitan Washington, D.C. was a good example of a model established along these lines that worked and inspired similar efforts by others. Founded in 1990 by local members dissatisfied with day-care and public school options, NHA grew to 100 elementary students (grades 1-8) and 60 daycare children by 1995. Having made a conscious decision not to teach religion, regarding that as the job of parents and churches, forty percent

of the children were non-Unificationists, coming from twenty different religions and churches and thirty nationalities. According to the principal, Joy Morrow, “regardless of race, nationality or religion, conscientious parents wanted the same things for their children: an excellent academic program and an atmosphere which supports a child in their development into a moral, deep-hearted, good person.” Still, the school’s commitment to underlying Unification principles was apparent in the decision of its founders to establish a National Association of Shimjung Schools, “shimjung” being a term immediately recognizable to Unificationists as the Korean word for heart.

In addition to formal academic programs, the movement promoted service-learning projects. The most important of these was the Religious Youth Service (RYS). RYS was an outgrowth of the movement’s 1980s interfaith work, particularly the Youth Seminar on the World’s Religions (YSWR) which sponsored annual pilgrimages to religious sites. The service-learning component was added in 1985 and in mid-1995, RYS completed its fiftieth project. Over the next three years, RYS undertook service projects in Ghana, Taiwan, Romania, Bangladesh, the Dominican Republic and Haiti, Guatemala, Slovenia, Thailand, South Africa and Honduras. Initially, these projects involved YSWR alumni, Unification Theological Seminary students, new members in mission fields, and movement contacts. Increasingly, during the 1990s, RYS sought to find placements for the movement’s second generation. According to RYS Director John Gehring,

We have to create things for the second generation to jump into. It doesn’t have to be the same battles. We can’t say, well, now you have to go and live in a center. Their destiny is not to be church members but to be their brothers and sisters’ keepers. We have to create ways that they can enter into life and contribute in that way. As first generation members, the biggest challenge is whether we can create a path for the second generation to walk on through which they can contribute. RYS is helping to do this, as are other projects. We have to really invest much, much more in the next decade to help create the second and third generations’ path for them.

The RYS approach, though faith-based, was intentionally non-sectarian. There were no Principle lectures or pressures to convert at the sites. Still, as Gehring noted, RYS demonstrated “the public face of what religion can do and what our movement is capable of doing.”

A third group of institutions, organizations, programs and activities dealt much more directly with the religious education and mobilization of the movement’s first and second generations. Among the movement’s educational institutions, Unification Theological Seminary occupied a central position. Apart from being a wellspring of the movement’s intellectual life, since the mid-



PLA marches in Washington, D.C.

1970s, UTS had sent out 23 graduating classes, more than 1,000 graduates in all. Only a handful were non-members. Data on mission assignments indicated that Seminary graduates were broadly represented in leadership roles throughout the movement. In the early 1990s, the vast bulk of the movement's campus ministry, social service/community action and interfaith personnel as well as significant numbers of overseas missionaries, especially in the CIS (and later, Brazil), were UTS graduates. In addition, more than fifty graduates were serving as "city leaders" and thirty as "state leaders" in the U.S. The presidents of the Unification Church in the U.S., Japan and Korea were each graduates. Additional graduates were involved in the movement's journalistic endeavors: forty alone were associated with *The Washington Times* and its allied projects. Twenty graduates were listed in the early 1990s as pursuing further graduate study and seventeen were employed as faculty or administrators at the Seminary. These placements did not indicate performance levels, but they demonstrated the close association between the Seminary's educational program and the assumption of leadership roles in the wider movement.

The vast majority of Seminary graduates were members of the movement's first generation. However, there were a number of church-run

daycare, elementary and secondary schools, notably Jin-A nursery in New Jersey, a one-year Western Students General Orientation Program (GOP) for middle schoolers at the movement-run Little Angels School in Korea and New Eden Academy (NEA) on the campus of the University of Bridgeport, which unlike the New Hope or RYS models, consciously attempted to socialize members of the second generation in Unificationist faith. In 1995, the movement created a "Second Generation Department" through which it hoped to facilitate "a series of educational programs geared toward meeting the spiritual needs of children." This series included "a national Sunday School curriculum, a national approach to establishing Unification-based schools, educational workshops and summer camps, educational/spiritual resources—books-manuals-videos, and more." The movement conducted its first National Sunday School Training Workshop in August 1995 and published a Sunday School curriculum. However, it was difficult to develop a coordinated national strategy.



Members and movement communities tended to plunge into *ad hoc* efforts in response to immediate local needs.

This was less of a problem for movement organizations dedicated to mobilizing older second-generation members. The Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles or CARP, more properly World CARP as it came to be called, developed several highly innovative and effective programs during the mid-1990s. Rev Moon's son-in-law, Jin Hun Nim, became President of World CARP in late 1994 and began to revive the in-your-face confrontational spirit and activist revolutionary elan which had characterized CARP during the 1970s and 1980s. However, rather than communists and radical leftists who were barely visible, World CARP took on a revolution of a markedly different stripe, mounting an all-out war against "Free Sex."

Jin Hun Nim's first move in August 1994 was to create the World CARP Special Task Force (STF). STF was conceived as a one or two-year program of activist education for new members or high school graduates before they entered college. There was an effort in 1995-96 to integrate STF with the World CARP Academy, headquartered in Boulder, Colorado, but this was financially untenable. Essentially, those who joined STF replicated the intense regime that first-generation members had experienced during the earlier period. They lived in centers, fundraised, witnessed, studied and lectured the Principle, adhered to public schedules, were encouraged to adhere to "public attitudes," joined demonstrations, canvassed for Rev. and Mrs. Moon's speaking tours, attended workshops and attempted to break through personal barriers. For second generation members who had done none of this before and whose

Jin Hun Moon with PLA Staff, Michael Balcomb, Robert Kittel and Howard Self

faith was largely conceptual, this was difficult. In an early speech entitled “Challenge Yourself,” Jin Hun Nim stated,

A couple of people I know very well have been calling me to ask, “Can I go back to my school? This is the toughest time in my whole life.” They cry on the phone, begging to be allowed to go back.

The experience was tough, but those who persevered offered grateful testimonies acknowledging their spiritual growth. Michael Balcomb, one of a team of UTS graduates who assisted Jin Hun Nim, spoke for the earlier generation when he stated, “every person needs to have his or her direct conversion experience with God” adding that, “For our children as it was for us, that experience is to be found on the front line.”

Although its numbers doubled each year during the late 1990s, STF was primarily for an elite core of second-generation members willing to commit one or two years as full-time missionaries. In 1995, Rev. Moon expressed his desire that World CARP initiate a more broadly-based purity movement. The result was the Pure Love Alliance (PLA). During the fall of that year, World CARP sponsored a series of Pure Love Rallies. Jin Hun Nim sounded the clarion call for an alliance against a society “saturated with impure lifestyles,” and “real tragedy” that it was a real tragedy “to talk about pure love as merely an alternative.” He forcefully stated, “It should be the norm, the mainstream, and totally natural. Pure love should be our true reality.” PLA, in his words, was “calling for nothing less than a revolution.” In the initial phase of its program, which had the purpose of raising public awareness, PLA utilized confrontational tactics reminiscent of those utilized by CARP in its opposition to communism during the 1980s. A picture of a PLA member smashing a television set with a sledgehammer during a Washington, D.C. rally afforded the alliance its “first taste of being in the print media.” The alliance’s “first evening news spotlight” covered its protests in Chicago over “hard core pornography...being sold in campus bookstores” and its rally outside Playboy Enterprises national headquarters where a large stuffed bunny was burned in effigy. PLA grabbed international media attention when eighty members camped out for three days to get prime bleacher seats for their “No Oscars for Porn” demonstration against Milos Forman, director of “The People vs. Larry Flynt” at the Hollywood Academy Awards.

Robert Kittel, President of PLA, expressed confidence in early 1997 that “the Sexual Revolution was a relic of the past.” He compared it to “the facade of the Communist utopia which suddenly and unexpectedly met its demise” and expressed confidence that the same class-action lawsuits that numerous states jointly filed against the tobacco industry would in the future be levied against the sex industry. He proposed “Absolute Sex” as a counter to “the free sex belief” and strongly defended the “A” word, noting that “[t]here are absolutes

in life.” He contrasted the “I do what I want to” philosophy of free sex over against “living for the sake of others” which was “the guiding principle of absolute sex.” He also noted, “Happiness attained on the immediate gratification theory quickly tarnishes...[while] those who care more about the well-being of others, find a lasting joy that shines forever undimmed.” The conclusion was simple,

Monogamy works!... Happily married couples live longer, are better off financially, have fewer mental illnesses, have a more fulfilling sexual relationship and thus a much lower rate of suicide.... The heterosexual two parent family is... [also] the most economical and most successful model used in raising children. PLA refined and systematized its presentations, but these sentiments remained at the core of its teaching.

Pure Love summer tours, which PLA conducted beginning in 1997, culminated the public-awareness phase of its efforts and allowed more second-generation members, down to the age of fourteen, to participate in front-line experiences. According to one testimony, “Thousands of people in America ... heard this message as 300 young people stormed 25 North American cities on the Pure Love ’97 Absolute Sex National Tour.” As with the previous rallies, the intention was to “ruffle the feathers” of America and ignite a “new sexual revolution.” Tour participants practiced three-minute Absolute Sex speeches, posed the provocative question, “Who owns your sexual organ? (answer: your spouse), and fundraised “dollars for decency.” In every city, there was a Pure Love march in which members hoisted placards and raised chants of “Make It Sure, Keep It Pure” or “Absolute Love, Absolute Life, Absolute Sex, That’s Right!” Marches were followed by energetic rallies featuring rock music, hip-hop dancing by the PLAettes, dancing STD’s (sexually-transmitted diseases), martial arts, music by the Funky Gals of PLA, and body surfing in the audience. Tour organizers were determined to demonstrate to the public, as well as to the movement’s second generation, that pure love was not boring or nerdy. Apart from the requisite protests at Playboy headquarters in Chicago, the Kinsey Institute in Bloomington, Indiana, and SIECUS in Manhattan, ’97 tour participants visited Yellowstone National Park and went white water rafting on the Colorado River. The ’98 tour went international, spending eight days in Japan where members conducted strenuous rallies but found time to hike up Mt. Fuji, tour Osaka castle, and visit Hiroshima. The ’99 tour hit the southeastern seaboard and southern U.S. states (missed during the ’97 tour) and added a social-service component to each stop with participants cleaning dilapidated buildings, gleaning fields, picking up garbage, painting and landscaping.

"One Love! One Life! One Man! One Wife!"

Miho Yoshida

Chants like these filled the usually uneventful surroundings as a string of around 8,000 people, many carrying Pure Love placards, marched down Pennsylvania Avenue. Cars honked, answering the "Honk for purity!" placard, and people stuck their fists formed into "thumbs up" signals out of the windows. All of the passersby gawked at us in awe. With the police escort, we knew we were, for that one moment, the center of attention of the whole cosmos. Our cries for purity and family would affect many different people all over the world. To know that this was happening filled me with a silence and awe. It was fun and inspiring to participate in the Love Alive event.

Bringing so many young people together really helped to make certain the urgency of the problem of sexual immorality. It also helped me be more optimistic about our future. I could see how many young people actually do care about family values and I could be assured that the world was not going to fall down the drain of immorality. Coming together on this issue of family also helped raise the pride and confidence of many young people who were able to see that there were many supporters.

The afternoon was clear and brisk. The Love Alive rally, packed with excellent speakers and eye-catching local entertainers, had drawn a modest but energetic crowd of a thousand people. The crowd kept getting larger and larger. I could see everyone having a good time, dancing to the beat of gospel music, crooning along with the life-sized dancing STD's. They were drawn in by the a cappella group from Howard University and the many distinguished speakers, including the mayor's wife, Cora Masters Barry. I really could see how important each felt the issue was and how enjoyable it could be. The march was a huge success. We blocked traffic for miles, and the whole city of Washington could hear the echoes of our call for family values. The young and old, black, yellow, brown and white, were all devoted to this issue of bringing peace and breaking down barriers of race and religion so our children can be free of broken marriages and sexually transmitted diseases.

The day concluded with a concert given by Washington's own Kenny Lattimore, the up-and-coming R&B artist. He really put so much heart into his singing, touching all members of the audience. It was sad to see the adorable girl stricken with HIV whom Kenny dedicated one song to. His concern for family values was inspiring. The facade of false love and free sex will fall and be diminished while true love will dominate the world and last for eternity.

Reflection on the "Love Alive March"

Steve Schneider

The march itself passed by like a kind of dream. I was concentrating so hard on trying to keep an even pace and keep everyone in line that I didn't have time really to see what was going on all around me. I remember the way our voices sounded shimmering off the buildings that day.... I remember the shouts, the chants, the clapping.... I turned around and could see hundreds of picket signs bobbing up and down, off into the distance.... As we went on, more and more people were getting caught up into the excitement and joining the march ahead of us; so our position in the front of the march slowly started being moved toward the middle. Somehow we got to the White House as planned.

When we got to the Ellipse, it was a breathtaking sight. There were people milling all around, too many for the eyes to focus on any one. Somehow I ended up helping them carry the banner to the front of the stage, and there we stood, waving and singing, staring out onto a sea of faces. Staring directly out at those thousands of people was a moving experience, especially seeing the way they responded to the chants we were calling out. For the first time I could see the result of our collective efforts manifested on that one day.

Looking out at those thousands of people, I could realize what a profound impact a group of individuals can have when they unite together. I really felt that this event was the beginning of the healing of the moral problem in this country, and in the world.

Reflection on a 21-Day Condition and PLA

Victoria Wilding-Blaine

During the tour I had a more glamorous image of PLA than I do now. I've realized how much work we have yet to do. At the same time, I have a deeper appreciation for the PLA's mission and understand more profoundly how desperately America and the world need to follow the PLA's path. Once while fundraising I met some people who were all addicted to drugs and seemed to have Chapter Two problems. One of them asked me if he'd go to hell if he committed suicide. I felt so much pity for him and tried to encourage him not to do such a horrible thing as taking away God's gift of life. I felt I was able to experience a touch of God's pain when He looks at this world in such a fallen state. I felt, if only everybody practiced Absolute Sex, we would have strong families which supported each other; we would have true love; we would have so much happiness. This is how crucial PLA is; we literally are out to save this world. Nothing but Absolute Sex can do it. Purity is this important. By purity I mean purity before marriage, a purity of love for one spouse within marriage. It is like the cement of a true family. And true families are everything. Because in strong, true families, there is true love. And once we have true love, sacrificial love, we have a foundation to solve all problems. Personally, I still have a long way to go before my love is absolutely pure. My love is often self-centered and my actions are often not sacrificial. I have many regrets, but I feel I still have ample opportunity to cleanse myself. I just have to discipline myself.

During this condition there were several times I was able to experience

God's pain, but also God's love, through the people I met. For example, I would feel God's pain when I met a man with at least three wives, and I could feel God's love when someone would willingly offer their money (even though it was a hardship for them). Many times, I could cry in prayer and thus grow a little bit closer to God, but usually this occurred after I experienced something during a run, feeling God's pain or repentance. I think I can improve my prayers by trying to be more sincere instead of formal, and by saying things from my heart. I can put my prayers into action, but many times I've broken or forgotten my promises to God because of my own lack of effort or self-centeredness. Also, many times I didn't think of God. I feel I should constantly talk to God and invite Him into my life.

Last, I like our team a lot and feel we get along very well. Maybe, though, we could be more serious sometimes instead of being relaxed and playful. Also, we could make more effort to be alert and punctual. In conclusion, I feel I've changed a great deal since the first day and I was glad to end the condition with an offering heart.

PLA members at CNN headquarters, Atlanta, GA.





At the PLA rally in Washington, D.C.

The work-hard, play-hard approach of PLA was effective. By Washington, D.C., which was the final stop on the '97 summer tour, the number of participants had swelled to 500, and members were welcomed by Mayor Marion Berry who recited the Pure Love Pledge with them. The tour itself generated three hours of television coverage and dozens of newspaper articles. It also contributed to the education and maturation of the movement's second generation. In Boston, near the end of the tour, PLA held its second Absolute Sex speech competition. The first such competition had been held at the Boulder, Colorado workshop halfway through the fifty-day tour. According to one account,

Brothers and sisters who had been timid and awkward in Boulder now exploded into Heavenly impassioned fire breathers. They all had matured greatly in their logical and heartistic expressions not only of the pain and misery of broken families and false love but also of their longing and determination to strive for pure love for themselves and the world.

One Unification parent expressed pride and gratitude upon receiving the fax of a newspaper article in which his daughter was quoted "speaking out for what she believes" in a front-page story about the tour. Other parents were moved to tears of a different sort when their second-generation offspring took part in such PLA spin-off activities as bungee-jumping "purity" plunges. However, on balance, the scales tipped decidedly to the positive side. Another positive benefit was the synergy that the tour created with the wider movement. The Pure Love '98 tour to the Orient stimulated the development of parallel efforts suited to the particular context in Korea, Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong and even on

mainland China. The same occurred in Europe.

In 1999, PLA moved beyond an exclusively activist posture by creating *CLUE 2000*, a ten-chapter character development and abstinence education curriculum. The acronym stood for Creating Love and Uplifting Esteem, and the curriculum was built wholly around U.S. federal government guidelines for abstinence education. Previously, a PLA educational team had created many activities for young teenagers. These also were incorporated into the text. During the fall, the curriculum was taught in eighteen public schools in Chicago which was a focus of STF and PLA concentration. One report noted that PLA student-teachers, primarily second-generation STF volunteers, had access to 1,200 students and that each student received ten hours of abstinence education which was “12,000 hours of abstinence education being taught in the schools this fall that was not there before!” The report stated that the curriculum was also being taught “in after-school programs and communities in many states and several countries throughout the world.”

The outcome of all these initiatives became clearer at the decade’s end. It was clear, first, that the Unification movement had targeted the issues of moral education and family values, as well as the assumptions upon which they rested, as the main focus of its worldwide activities during the 1990s. The True Family Values Ministry, the globalization of the Blessing, guidance from the spirit world, Ideal Family Education Workshops, and the movement’s major educational efforts all focused on this area. It was clear, second, that the American movement was playing a leading role. Many of the movement’s key initiatives in its earlier victory over communism struggle—*The Washington Times*, the World Media Association, CAUSA International, the CAUSA Ministerial Alliance, CARP rallies, and the activities of innumerable movement-funded organizations all emerged out of the American context. To be sure, there was essential overseas funding and leadership. Nevertheless, much of the cutting-edge creativity and know-how was a product of the American movement and its contacts. This was much the same for the movement’s efforts on behalf of pure love and second-generation education. In all of this, the U.S. movement as well as currents within American Christianity in the wider U.S. society played an important, perhaps even an elder-son role.

Elder Sonship

As was previously noted, Rev. Moon elevated the United States to the status of “elder son” nation to the “parent” nations of Korea and Japan in 1998. This was done with little fanfare probably because he and much of the movement’s senior Korean and Japanese leadership were still ambivalent about American culture. On the one hand, they acknowledged U.S. political, economic, military and cultural ascendancy as the world’s only superpower. Movement leaders, unlike many in American society, also affirmed the United

States' identity as a "Christian" nation. They also admired the U.S. as a cultural melting pot. On the other hand, they were uncomfortable with core American cultural norms. Coming out of a traditional, neo-Confucian context, which to a large extent was identified as being closer to "heavenly" culture, the movement's East Asian leadership had a particularly difficult time fathoming the American concept of equality. For them, it was perfectly obvious that there was no equality. Rather, everyone knew their position in a secure familial-based social order resembling what in the medieval West was known as "the great chain of being." This clearly was an oversimplification as East Asia, no less than other world cultures, grappled with the competing forces of tradition and modernity. Nevertheless, within the movement, members tended to relate across cultural divides on the basis of broad-ranging cultural stereotypes.

Even more disturbing than conflicting cultural norms was what the movement's East Asian leadership experienced as an abrasive and imperial cultural style. In general, these leaders were used to more understated, deferential modes of relating than many Americans were inclined to render. Frank styles of interaction, including the expression of disagreement with scant acknowledgement of a given leader's need to save face, created distance as did its opposite: the assumption of more familiarity than one's central figure was willing to concede. However, these were minor irritants. What really disturbed Rev. Moon and the movement's top Asian leadership was the American air of cultural superiority: that the U.S. was always on the side of righteousness, or at least was the leading force for goodness in the world; that there was something wrong with anyone who couldn't speak English; and that leadership was an American entitlement. This may have induced Rev. Moon to emphasize U.S. faults, the necessity to learn Korean, and the primacy of Oriental leadership more than otherwise might have been the case. He also did very little to conceal his distaste for the "ladies-first" tradition in American culture. This, in turn, pushed him into positions he might not otherwise have taken regarding women's access to careers or even checking accounts. In fact, it was something of a badge of honor among the movement's top Asian leadership not to have become Americanized.

To Rev. Moon's credit, he overcame these cultural predispositions in designating the U.S. the elder son nation. However, it wasn't clear that this designation had any immediate practical effect other than being a signal to U.S. budget holders that they should not expect the funding they once received. Perhaps, the clearest indication that the American movement had been well trained was in the lack of any serious expectation among members that they were about to assume any significant leadership of the movement's worldwide activities. Rev. Moon remarked that Americans should "[r]eceive a servant's certificate from Japan—get their blessing and offer it to me." He stated, "the elder son inherits the mother's spirit and attends his father through the mother's education." In this respect, the designation of the U.S. as elder son nation did not appear to

be a dramatic departure from what was already in effect. A November 20-28, 1999 workshop convened by Rev. and Mrs. Moon in Kodiak, Alaska for some fifty Japanese, thirty Korean and four American leaders who stayed for the full session was fairly typical of such gatherings during the late 1990s. One of the participants commented,

As an American, I had no clear reason why Father wanted us to be there. He only addressed us directly very briefly on the first evening. I have one sentence of him speaking in English: "Please live by the tradition and way of True Parents." We were fortunate that one Korean sister who lives in America stayed for the entire workshop and helped translate. Father did say at one point that the children (America) were witnessing or participating in the relationship between the mother and father nations, Japan and Korea. Father, I believe, needed some American representation there to experience the Mother and Father nations becoming one.

If given a choice, many Americans may have preferred being knee-deep in the Pantanal without insect repellent to sitting through all-day *Hoon Dok Hae* readings and lectures with scanty or non-existent translations.

There were some efforts to define the identity and mission of elder sonship more proactively. Significantly, none of those who did so, at least in print, were American leaders or members. Rev. Joong Hyun Pak was Continental Director of the Unification Church in North America at the time Rev. Moon designated the U.S. elder son nation. In an article, "Elder Son Nation and Blessing '98," he took a conservative line, indebted to neo-Confucian presuppositions, in speaking of the position and duties of the elder son designation. The elder son was "always expected to be the role model for the others to follow" even "to spank the younger siblings when they needed discipline." It was "also the duty of the elder son to take care of the parents." As applied to an Elder Son nation,

This nation is responsible...to bear the burdens of the other nations...representing brothers and sisters throughout the world. Never complaining; just accepting the responsibility. Always working hard, setting the best example.

On the positive side, "Parents invest everything into the elder son," and as Rev. Pak noted, "True Parents always brought help from other nations to America, raising and nurturing America." However, now that "the training period is over, America must be ready to take care of other nations in the same way it has been helped." Rev. Pak did not limit his remarks entirely to an exposition of duties and position. "While fulfilling this role," he suggested, "America will naturally start to become the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, expanding out to the world."

The Eternal Pioneer

Rev. Joong Hyun Pak

Dear Brothers and Sisters in the Unification Church and distinguished guests. We have fulfilled so many campaigns—RFK Stadium Blessing, Madison Square Garden Blessing, our True Parents, Reverend and Mrs. Moon's 24-city Speaking Tour, Dae Mo Nim's 4-city Ancestor Liberation Tour—and finally True Parents declared Cosmic Victory at Belvedere. Now is a time of change and transition, with new leaders coming up all over the world.

I feel so fortunate to have worked with you. I so much appreciate each one of you. I also feel proud of you and of all the things we have accomplished together. We have worked together for America, for the Cosmos, and for the Kingdom of God. These are eternal memories.

I want to look back for a moment on my personal life, my faith and my life in America. I arrived in America in 1975. This year 1999 marks my 25 years in America. Some day I want to write about these 25 years in America. I want especially to write about the many unsung heroes in the Unification Church. All of us are just little grains of sand, but together we make a big beach, the earth, and the cosmos. Unsung heroes are often fearfully strong and courageous.

I have spent 39 years pioneering in the Unification Church. I believe my personal destiny is that of an eternal pioneer. A pioneer has a mysterious destiny and he follows with faith and vision. He must always go to unexplored areas and is nervous most of the time because he must always be on the alert for what is going to happen in this unexplored area. A pioneer does not necessarily become an owner; he paves the way for others.

As long as my spiritual energy and my physical energy remain, I know I will be an eternal pioneer. I have always loved America. I am very honored to have served all these years here and honored to continue serving in this Elder Son place. I want to make two points about America and her mission.

First, America is the center of the Christian kingdom, the Bride country. The symbol of America is the Statue of Liberty. It is a woman, not a man. We have to make preparations to receive the Bridegroom. Also, since it is the Elder Son nation, we must prepare to welcome True Parents. America has the responsibility to liberate the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth and in Heaven.



Second, America is a melting pot for the world. There is no other country with so many nations represented within it—all with their own races, cultures, religions and varied backgrounds. From all corners of the world—north, south, east, and west—they are gathered in America, living together in relative peace and harmony. But America must be more than a melting pot. It must be a harmonizer, a peacemaker. It has the power to make the metal swords for killing or make the metal tractor that will produce health, wealth and prosperity. It has the power to go either way. So it must dedicate itself to world peace and prosperity for human life and history. My mind is already busy with planning what I must do in the future. There are so many people to meet, so many things to accomplish. But I know we will not fail.

I deeply respect and appreciate my True Parents, Reverend and Mrs. Moon, for their constant support, love and guidance for me. And to my wife, Mrs. Pak, I am grateful also. She has dedicated herself to a pioneer life. She has worked hard and never complained about anything to me. She is an excellent support. As have been my children as well. Like many children with parents on the front line, they lived with a certain loneliness. Yet on their own they have maintained a beautiful standard of faith. Even this gave me power to work with you all more.

I am grateful to all of you. I appreciate each one of you. I appreciate and respect our elder brothers and sisters in the Christian faith and other religions that we have worked hand in hand with. We have many memories and successes. I love America and I wish all of God's blessings for America.

In June 1999, Dr. Chang Shik Yang replaced Rev. Pak as Continental Director of North America. Throughout the movement, as Rev. Pak noted, Rev. Moon was making a new start, “placing younger people in various positions.” Aside from being younger, Dr. Yang was a graduate of Unification Theological Seminary, as were other leaders who were elevated, and held two additional seminary degrees. Dr. Yang took a different slant on elder sonship in his inaugural address, “A Sacred Bond for the Salvation of America.” Citing the well-worn passage from de Tocqueville about America’s greatness being grounded in her goodness, Dr. Yang stated, “Without question, the heart of America and her people are still good.” He described Americans as “generous, big-minded, enthusiastic and creative” which was something of a departure from what members had grown accustomed to hearing in recent years. When noting problems such as children born out of wedlock or sexually-transmitted disease, he referred to empirical data and professional studies, which also was a departure. Finally, Dr. Yang promised “to love America as my own country” and, significantly, “to raise and support Americans for leadership of this nation.”

It was early to assess Dr. Yang’s follow-up on any of these points. There was no reason to assume that his expressed appreciation for the nation was not genuine. As Regional Director in Washington, D.C., he was a major force behind the strategy to make the World Culture and Sports Festival associated with Blessing ’97 not a movement-focused but a Washington, D.C. renaissance event. In his inaugural address, he again called for the fulfillment of the “sacred mission” of “Rebuilding the Family, Restoring the Community, Renewing America!” Early in his tenure, he continued to take an empirical and professionally-informed approach to problems as well as to issues of finance and church development. The early returns on his commitment to raise Americans for leadership was mixed. Although he kept the Korean Regional leadership structure intact, he did appoint three new American Vice Presidents, including the first African-American to hold that position. On an entirely different level, Dr. and Mrs. Yang already fulfilled their commitment to love America as their own country quite literally by conceiving and offering a child to an American interracial couple who were unable to bear children. It was not uncommon for blessed members with several children to act as surrogate parents for infertile couples, but it was uncommon for a top Korean leader and spouse to do so for Americans.

However, it was not Dr. Yang who primarily dealt with the concept of elder sonship. That distinction belonged to Hyun Jin Moon. In July 1998, as previously noted, Rev. Moon appointed his third son, Hyun Jin Nim, Vice President of the Family Federation for World Peace and Unification International (FFWPUI). The FFWPUI was intended to bring the worldwide projects of Rev. and Mrs. Moon into a “unified focus,” and Hyun Jin Nim’s appointment was widely interpreted within the movement as a sign that he had been designated Rev. Moon’s successor. In his inaugural address, Hyun Jin Nim stated that

there were two areas in which he could make a positive contribution to the FFWPUI. The first was in the field of education. As he put it,

As a son, I have been very fortunate to intimately witness the extraordinary lives of my parents. Although I have been constantly impressed with the level of dedication and faith that many early as well as current disciples have exhibited, I could not help but notice the difficulty many faced in trying to live up to the standard of faith, love, and obedience maintained by my parents. Intimately knowing the standards by which my parents live as well as struggling myself to live by them, I feel I am in a unique position to offer guidance and assistance to those in need.

Secondly, Hyun Jin Nim expressed that he had “a clear obligation to revive the second generation of our movement as well as offer a fresh new vision for the world’s youth.” He noted,

Up until now...a systematic course of education and development was not laid out to prepare these youth to rightfully inherit their birthright as heirs of our movement. As a result, many have become disillusioned and have fallen astray. I pledge to alter this current state by reinvigorating them to recognize their value as historical figures in bringing about a world of peace and love. By raising these young people to represent God’s ideal, they will offer an alternative standard of life to the young people of the world.

Hyun Jin Nim refined these emphases over the next year. However, the twin foci of consolidating the tradition of True Parents and transmitting that tradition to the movement’s second generation were to become the core action agenda of elder sonship.

Hyun Jin Nim was in a unique position to implement this agenda. As Rev. Moon’s presumed successor, he was the ultimate elder son. At the same time, he straddled several different worlds. In his words, “As a Korean growing up in America, I directly experienced the effects of both Korean and American cultural and traditional patterns.” Having come to the U.S. at age four, he received most of his formal institutional education in America. However, he acknowledged that his parents were “very traditional Korean parents” and that “the way they look at familial relationships...is from a very Korean perspective.” He noted that he was “influenced by pluralism here in America” but that as he grew older and raised his own family, “my heart goes back to the nation of True Parents, and to the culture of True Parents.” At the same time, while he was clearly a member of the movement’s second generation, he remembered growing up in the seventies and eighties and said that he had “a closer affinity to...



Americans who are in...[their] mid-40s and -50s because I identify so closely with that time." Those times, he told members of the first generation, "really molded who I am. I remember the energy then...I remember the fire then...I remember the purity of devotion then...I remember the time in which you were willing to even give up your future for the sake of building up an ideal nation." Given these realities, Hyun Jin Nim was in a position to work out within himself the cross-cultural and inter-generational tensions of the larger movement.

During the first year of his tenure as Vice-President of the FFWPUI, Hyun Jin Nim undertook several fact-finding trips and exploratory investigations. He traveled to Korea and Japan where he met senior and youth leaders. He went to South America and Alaska. He continued running the movement businesses for which he was responsible and reflected further about his role. Then, beginning in mid-1999, he began asserting himself on several fronts primarily related to the building up of what he termed "a homogeneous community of faith." He became a principal keynote speaker and representative of Rev. and Mrs. Moon at public "*Hoon Dok Hae*" Conferences convened for the movement's VIP contacts. These seminars, under the theme of "True Families as the Foundation for World Peace in the New Millennium," afforded Hyun Jin Nim and organizers the opportunity to highlight selections from Rev. Moon's speeches as a starting point for interreligious dialogue.

Hyun Jin Nim took a major step in advancing the elder sonship agenda by convening a conference on "Establishing the True Family Culture" in December 1999. Intended to be the first of several conferences on this theme, he invited mainly American movement church leaders, youth leaders and educators and announced his intention of taking a comprehensive point of view in "constructing our identity as Unificationists and blessed couples." The conference, itself was a fascinating outworking of issues and approaches that Hyun Jin

*Hyun Jin Moon,
Vice-President, FFWPUI*

Nim had been dealing with internally. In terms of overall content, he made it clear that he considered the Korean familial model to be the closest approximation of the ideal in terms of perspective, language and relationships. This position was not decidedly different from what the movement's East Asian leadership had been teaching American members for two decades. However, Hyun Jin Nim stressed the importance of empathy and attempted to assuage some of the concerns of his listeners. He said, for example,

Just because you are Korean doesn't mean you have inherited the culture of True Parents. Just because you are American doesn't mean you have not inherited True Parents' tradition
...I utilize the Korean model...not to elevate Korea, or to place Koreans over Americans.

He also designed the meeting with the focus and efficiency one would expect from the Harvard Business School graduate which he was. There was an opening plenary, break-out discussion groups, findings, concrete action-step recommendations, a wrap-up session, and an informal post-conference review. The conference was designed as a forum and, in that sense, participatory. Hyun Jin Nim called for participants to contribute their "unique insights," saying that he was "of the belief that you need to know both the positive and negative elements to develop substantial courses of action." At the same time, he made it clear that while the movement's homogeneous faith tradition and its articulation might be subject to a group process, there were certain non-negotiables. He crystallized the crux of the matter in his final reported comment,

If True Parents are really the True Parents of all humankind, then we should inherit their cultural context. It is that simple. We try to filter it through our own cultural experience. If you do that you are not inheriting True Parents. In doing that you put yourself in the position of an adopted son forever. You will forever be struggling between an old identity and a new one!

Elder sonship, then, was a dividing line. There were those among the membership who believed that sonship, and presumably daughtership, meant primarily inheriting the spirit of True Parents. Hyun Jin Nim was among those who insisted that spirit and flesh were inseparable. To him, Rev. Moon was a "universal man," but one who never could be divorced from his culture and nation. A key question was whether the movement and the movement's tradition would be similarly connected to the same culture and nation. This would be an exceedingly important consideration in the years ahead.

Familial Love at Kodiak

Pam Claxton-Moffatt

My experience with Father and Mother in Kodiak, August 1999 mostly revolves around heart. To be up there with them in this setting—all the time, they are just giving their time and hearts to God and to us. We are out fishing for salmon in a freshwater stream and a brother calls down, “Come up! come up!” So a couple of sisters and myself pull in our lines and climb up the rocky hillside to the campfire. The wind is blowing off the saltwater of the ocean backdrop and on a log seated cozily next to each other are Mother and Father with McDonald’s hamburgers in their mouths. It was such a down-home sight. Apparently they didn’t think we would catch enough fish to eat our first day out, so they brought this huge supply of burgers and apple pies for the 50+ of us to eat, and eat we did. Folks gave testimony about fishing, and sang songs and it was all in Korean and it all felt very cozy and casual.

A few of us wandered off from time to time to fish a bit more—and that was okay—it was not like it was some “desertion” of something formal. It felt like family sitting around the campfire, fishing and entertaining. While I went back out (to the ocean this time) to fish a bit more from a scraggly cliff edge of black rock, I looked out into the distance. The water was blue-gray like the sky above and in the background the volcanic mountain peaks of the Aleutian Islands framed the horizon. In the foreground salmon leaped from the waters like so many silvery curlicues, their arching bodies forming graceful aerial pirouettes that were completed back under the water’s surface. Over the rocky shore and across the sea, the melodious baritone of a brother singing chases the sea gulls into the evening air.

Each morning we had *Hoon Dok Hae*. The first day, Philip Schanker read surreptitiously in English for the western members (Rev. Yang and Rev. Kim took turns reading in Korean at the podium while Father and all listened). The next three days, I read the English selections corresponding as closely as could be discerned to the Korean text. Sometimes Father would interrupt the reading to clarify some point. In the afternoons we went fishing. The first two times when Parents met us at the shore they brought McDonald’s. But the third day, they didn’t. I took it to mean that by then we should have been able to catch enough fish to feed ourselves and that we wouldn’t



need the burgers. It was true. Although each day there were fish to roast over the campfire, the third day there was a tremendous catch. Salmon was roasting, roe and sashimi cut and sliced. The brothers jumped right in to cook it all up. I caught one salmon, but I must confess that I felt badly for it, to take its life. It was so beautiful and gleaming as it came out of the water—smallish compared to some—not more than two pounds or so, I’d say, but all muscle and silvery shine. Like a crescent moon springing to life in a slippery suit. I would have preferred to put it in a tank and ask it the secrets of the universe. I felt sorry for it as its brilliant sheen became covered with gravel and dirt on the ground—out of its proper element, writhing and arching, its majestic strength was uncontrollable on dry land. Finally it expired its last breath. I felt sorry to have taken such a noble soul. And yet, I ate heartily from all that our brothers cooked up.

Somehow later that day, Father addressed everything that I had been praying about and so specifically that it was no mere coincidence. I really felt that Father does indeed know as God knows, from the inside our hearts. It was also rather awesome to think of the power of prayer and the implication of that, how our words in prayer resonate.

One evening, the holy day of August 17th, we had entertainment. From holy songs to skits by second-generation members about getting lost at sea while fishing—a true story—to the “over 50” brothers doing an energetic display of acrobatics to Brother Levy Daugherty encouraging all the USA’ers to come up and sing before True Parents with Philip Schanker on guitar and Tyler Hendricks cueing the verses to the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Brother Levy is so embracing he just brings us all right in—no snobbiness about position, blessing, race (where white ain’t right)—feels so down-home family-like. I feel this is part of the vision of Tribal Messiahship and the validating of each and every person within the movement as a leader and as a real family. Just to “be” together. I was asked by Rev. Hong to take photos so I did. But I felt like one of the paparazzi sometimes during moments of intimacy. Do you live life or record it? I was trying to get a photo of Parents and my flash went off. Mother jerked back like she had been struck; tears still come to my eyes over that. I was told to take photos, so I did, but I felt like Mother especially would just like to “be” and not feel like every event is for media coverage, propaganda and external show. Yes, we need the internal heart and to bear witness to that, but just the externals are not enough. When I think of the life-changing experiences I’ve had with God, it has been due to a powerful impact of heart. It’s true that this is history in the making...but it is still a quandary for me. Again, weeks later at East Garden, Father told us to stop taking notes and just look at him. We need to drink him up, take in his heart and spirit. At one point he was dancing—arms and feet shaping the air with chi energy and joy.

Hoon Sook Nim gave a beautiful testimony of the success of her recent ballet tour—of her company being recognized for its precision and artistry of performance such that it is compared to the Bolshoi and considered to have a command of technique that is the closest people have seen to the Russian ballet of the 19th century. In Hungary there were hundreds who had to be turned away as standing-room-only had been sold out. There was praise in Italy and Spain as well. Hoon Sook Nim said that sometimes backstage she was so warmly greeted she

thought it was all church members pouring out their love. But it was actually just regular folks from the audience expressing their appreciation. One evening in Kodiak she showed luxuriously extensive segments of her troupe’s performances and an interview on Korean television—it was on video and was played on a large television. As it was quite late by then, it was with gratitude that I listened to her speak in English about what was going on. It was a real treat as well as enlightening as she spoke in depth about the artistic and choreographic significance of various dances in light of dance history and traditions and practices and how they have evolved over the years.

Father and Mother were seated in the back, and we were sitting in front on the floor. Father got up and walked down front right next to Vanessa Nishikawa and sat down. Father enjoyed the ballet very much, I think. He punched Vanessa in the arm several times, smiling and asking what she thought. Just another evening around the TV set with the Messiah!

Long days and short nights—we started early and finished late. In between was prayer, great Korean/Japanese food and clear, starry skies. Although it’s the rainy season in Alaska, and Kodiak gets more still, it’s as though the clouds took pause to smile upon True Parents being there and we had sunshine the whole time until departure. Gathered were Korean leaders and National Messiahs from all over the world and leaders from across the U.S. But there in Kodiak, it was just folks, brethren in True Parents. People of deep heart dedicated to doing God’s will, striving to manage all the home front as well as the regional and national challenges. People of all races and nationalities working all over the globe.

Father’s prayer the morning of the holy day was so compassionate and tender, tears poured uncontrollably from my eyes the whole time. Although I did not understand his Korean, there was a real presence of the Holy Spirit and the sense that Father was praying to comfort Heavenly Father’s heart with the love one would give a grieving infant. I heard sniffles going off all around the room, but I didn’t look up. I don’t think I could have seen through my tears if I had. But the sense that Father truly seeks always to comfort God first no matter what his own situation remains a poignant memory. This is just the tip of the iceberg—how can you describe cosmic grace with mere words? But I hope this can help you feel that we are truly on a life journey of true love and the hope that that love may be realized one day.

An Unforgettable Era

Having come to the conclusion of a hugely eventful forty years of history for the Unification Movement in America and throughout the world, it remains to be questioned whether the period constituted a distinctive era. Members often inspired themselves with the sentiment that they were participating in events that were unique and never to be repeated in human history. Certainly, the pace was frenetic. However, there also were times of inwardness. The movement breathed out and it breathed in. The 1960s, in America, clearly was a time of planting. While the society around the movement exploded, the movement set down roots. It breathed in, taking up nourishment from the new soil to which it was transplanted. Then, during the 1970s, when the wider society settled down to become the “Me” decade, the Unification movement exploded. It not only breathed out, but it sneezed seemingly all over America and the response was not “God bless you.” In fact, the negative reaction was such that it virtually sent the movement underground. During the 1980s, the movement breathed in again. If sowing imagery was appropriate for the 1960s, machine metaphors worked better for the 1980s. In America, the movement constructed an elaborate infrastructure of organizations that was to serve as the engine of its worldwide advance. During the 1990s, that engine took off. The movement breathed out. It was active on so many fronts that Rev. and Mrs. Moon seemed to be leading three or four different movements simultaneously.

The fact that there was a discernable pattern did not directly address the question of whether the era as a whole possessed a distinctiveness that set it apart from previous periods and would set it apart from periods to follow. This question was not absolutely answerable. To do so, particularly from a vantage point either within or barely removed from the period under consideration, was to impose one’s own categories of interpretation upon dynamic, historical reality. Nevertheless, this was something that most members were more than willing to do. The leading line of interpretation at the close of the century was that the movement and increasingly the wider society was entering a settlement era. This, of course, was the basic premise of the Completed Testament Age. Rev. Moon had proclaimed several previous beginnings of cosmic spring and conclusions to providential history. However, at century’s end, there was a stronger consensus that this, in fact, had occurred. To be sure, the new age grew up within the old, and the initial stages of the Completed Testament Age were acknowledged to be transitional. Yet the collapse of communism, the globalization of the Blessing, the victories in the spirit world, and the Edenic potential of the movement’s settlement in the pristine South American outback were indications to many that the dawn of the twenty-first century carried with it the promise of substantial fulfillment.

Therefore, the period following the tumultuous years of 1959-99 was likely to be one of consolidation. The only problem with this scenario was that it presupposed the absence of Rev. Moon. So long as Rev. Moon was present, it would be difficult to imagine the movement settling down. Even at age eighty, there were no signs of retreat. As a septuagenarian, he was as hard-driving and as driven as ever, maybe more so. There was an apocryphal account within the movement's oral tradition that once, when asked what he'd like to leave his children as an inheritance, Rev. Moon replied, "A big footstep." During the 1990s and at the turn of the century, he appeared to be pressing that footstep ever deeper into the earth. Nevertheless, there would eventually come a time when he was no longer immediately on the scene. It might be postponed several years into the new millennium, but that day was coming. This, undoubtedly, would be a time of significant transition. It might be that members would experience him to be more intimately and ubiquitously present than ever. Or Rev. Moon's passing from the immediate scene might liberate energies that had been subordinated to the service and requirements of the living messiah. Or the movement could go into a serious tailspin.

Whatever direction the movement went, the task of consolidating its outlook and tradition would become an important and unavoidable undertaking. Crucial decisions as to what aspects of its history were to be retained and carried forward and what elements were to be left behind and forgotten would be part of this. In this process, the period covered in this narrative would provide ample materials and resources with which to work. Still, it was not the whole story. The earlier period from 1920-1960 already had assumed a certain sacrosanct quality within the movement's tradition. However, that period mainly covered Rev. Moon's individual course. The period of his mature and public ministry remained to be grasped. The significance of the 1959-1999 years lay precisely there. During this period, Rev. and Mrs. Moon emerged as True Parents and carried their ministry worldwide. Their activities in America constituted only a portion of this development, but that portion was immensely important. Rev. Moon rightly saw the U.S. as the key to unlocking the rest of the world, and he concentrated the movement's efforts in America during the heart of the 1959-1999 years. In this respect, a strong case could be made that one cannot understand Rev. and Mrs. Moon's mature, public ministry without understanding the history and activities of the American movement.

If the period of Rev. and Mrs. Moon's mature, public ministry and their activities in America taught anything, it may have been that heaven and hell lay in close proximity to one another and both needed to be digested. This lesson was more apparent at the close of the period than at the beginning. Early on, members easily distinguished between the two. There was a simple formula. Heaven was in-here, and hell was out-there. However, this distinction did not stand up to scrutiny or most members' experience. It may have been sustainable while the movement was under near-constant attack, but it could not withstand

assimilation. Members saw that the United States was both the kingdom of heaven on earth and the kingdom of hell on earth. More importantly, they came to see the movement in the same light. It, too, was the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell. Closer to home, members experienced inner turmoil and conflict between their idealism and selfish desires. Once they were blessed, they experienced marital bliss and marital conflict. Once they had children, they experienced parental love and intergenerational conflict.

The distinctiveness of Rev. and Mrs. Moon's teaching and example lay in their refusal to accept these ambiguities as part of the taken-for-granted fabric of life. They also refused to concede that the contradictions of history were resolvable only in the afterlife. The essence of their message and ministry was that conflicts were to be resolved at every level of human experience. This, of course, was no easy thing. The "pain of loving" preceded the "Crown of Glory" as Rev. Moon put it in an early poem, and this included the loss of their second-youngest son, just before the turn of the millennium. Hell and heaven were inextricably linked. Unificationists were no easy idealists. In his more graphic descriptions of absolute sex, Rev. Moon noted how the "palace of love" and procreation was situated on the human anatomy next to the site of refuse and elimination. There was no room to be squeamish about any natural thing. Beyond that, there was no room to be squeamish about any unnatural thing. Without waiting for offenders to repent or even to apologize, one had to "welcome with a smile those who know nothing but deceit and those who betray without regret." Every insult, every hurt or injury needed to be digested.

Most members acknowledged that they fell well short in these areas. However, this orientation underlay Rev. and Mrs. Moon's public ministry between 1959-1999. It explained their resource expenditures, why they embraced Mikhail Gorbachev and Kim Il Sung, why they blessed the great criminals of history, and why the kingdom of heaven on earth had to start from a swamp in the South American outback. There would come a time for new insights and different methods. However, it would be a mistake for the movement's succeeding generations to enshrine the efforts chronicled in this narrative as either relics of the past or as an unattainable ideal. In their tasks, they need to revisit and draw sustenance from the movement's consummate effort to realize God's kingdom during the latter half of the twentieth century.

Crown of Glory

*When I doubt people, I feel pain.
When I judge people, it is unbearable.
When I hate people, there is no value to my existence.*

*Yet if I believe, I am deceived.
If I love, I am betrayed.
Suffering and grieving tonight, my head in my hands.
Am I wrong?*

*Yes, I am wrong.
Even though we are deceived, still believe;
Though we are betrayed, still forgive.
Love completely, even those who hate you.*

*Wipe your tears away and welcome with a smile
Those who know nothing but deceit,
And those who betray without regret.*

*O, Master; the pain of loving.
Look at my hands.
Place your hand on my chest.
My heart is bursting, such agony.*

*But when I love those who acted against me,
I brought victory.
If you have done the same things,
I will give you the Crown of Glory.*

—Reverend Sun Myung Moon