

## Father's Special Abilities

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In the early 1970s, when we were witnessing, many times I gave the example of what was written in the book *Unknown but Known*, by Arthur Ford. Arthur Ford was a medium in Philadelphia, and people would go and see him. He would go into a trance and a spirit would come and use Arthur Ford as a medium and speak through him. When Father came to America, he and Col. Pak went to see Arthur Ford. One section of the book *Unknown but Known* is titled "The Sun Myung Moon Session." However, it is only in the 1973-74 edition of the book, because when all the negativity flared up against Sun Myung Moon, the people from the Arthur Ford Foundation took the Sun Myung Moon Session out and replaced it with another session. Ever since then, the Sun Myung Moon Session is not there anymore. However, the early editions of 1973-74 do have the Sun Myung Moon Session.

Col. Pak gave a testimony about this session, saying that when they went there, Arthur Ford went into a trance and the atmosphere became strange. It changed and they had a very strange feeling. When Arthur Ford started to speak in a trance, everything changed, even his voice. It was a different person in the body of Arthur Ford speaking, a person from the spiritual world. This person identified himself as "Fletcher" and testified about the spirit world. He also talked about Col. Pak, about his spirit world, and about a Korean general who was working with him and through him. Then he talked about Jesus and Sun Myung Moon. He talked about the Messiahs and their abilities. One of their abilities is that they can project their spirit. I had some experiences of his ability to project.

When we first came to East Garden, life was very difficult. There were many sports activities, so much work, so much security duty, and so little sleep. Also, I happen to have a difficult time staying awake around 3:00 or 3:30 am. When I did guard duty at the gate at East Garden around that time, I was so tired and worn out as I sat

there. That was a mistake, because after a while there was no activity in the middle of the night and I became sleepy. I was in a stage between asleep and awake, with my eyes not quite focused, and in that stage I started to see things. What I saw was True Father standing in front of me with his arms folded. He looked at me, this miserable human being, and with two fingers of his right hand, his thumb and index finger, he grabbed a bunch of hair at my temple, squeezed it hard, and turned it. All of a sudden, I felt sharp pain and became completely awake. I stood up instantly. I still felt the pain as I was standing there, fully awake. The entire rest of the night, I didn't fall asleep again. The sleepy spirit that attacked me was gone. I thought about what happened and recognized that it was Father's spirit. I remember the book *Unknown but Known* and the chapter entitled "The Sun Myung Moon Session." The Messiah has the qualification to project his spirit, and even though he is somewhere completely different, with his spirit he can explore various things in completely different locations not while he was asleep but while awake. I was thinking, "He must have known that I made a mistake and dozed off. He must have known." So I expected some scolding afterwards, but the scolding never came.

On other occasions under similar circumstances, when I again was so tired, I've seen his spirit come and watch me. Whenever I saw his spirit, I was instantly awake and a bit shook up. I made an effort not to reach that realm between awake and asleep, but to stay awake. Every time I saw him, I knew he was checking on me. Every time I made more effort to stay awake, because I knew that he was seeing it and he knew exactly my state of mind. Since I knew my problem of staying awake around 3:00, eventually I matured in my security duty and I always had something lined up, such as a cup of coffee or a small snack. Sometimes around 3:00, when there were people around, I would talk to them. Sometimes I did exercises around that time to avoid being attacked by sleeping spirits. However, for me, 3:00 to 3:30 am was a difficult time of the night. Much later, when I became a commercial fisherman at sea, every night the same phenomenon recurred, and every night I knew I had to do something to overcome it. Father knew my weak spot at that time of night, and he came to check on me and to help inspire me to overcome it.

The Divine Principle teaches us that the Messiah has to become a True Parent, so I would like to give a testimony about the True Mother. One time we were called to bring the car because True Parents wanted to go out. They decided to take only one small car, so it was not necessary for all the security men to escort them. When Father said that I should stay back, I obeyed, and after they left East Garden, I went back to the cottage house, sat on the floor with folded legs, and was reading my favorite book, *The Prophet*, written by Khahil Gibran. As I was reading, the atmosphere became very heavy and I started to doze off. As I did, I saw the spirit of Mother coming to me. Instantly, I was awake, knowing that she saw me dozing and I surely didn't like that. I didn't like to be seen dozing. Interestingly enough, the next day when we went out, Mother came to me and said, "Gerhard, did you have a nice dream?" and I said, "Mother, that was no dream. That was a vision." Clearly, she projected her spirit, checking on me to see what I was doing. She had the same ability as Father to project her spirit.

As I write this story, it is decades after I left East Garden. But always in my heart I stayed close to the True Parents, and they stayed close to me. For example, whenever Mother became pregnant with a baby, she used to come to me in a dream and tell me that she was pregnant again and would have a baby soon. Every single time it happened, she came to me in spirit and told me that.

True Father traveled many times back and forth, in and out of America. It is interesting that every time he returns to America, he comes to me in a dream. As a result, I have had many dreams of Father. Sometimes, even when he only went from Korea to Hawaii, as he has done lately, and stayed in Hawaii for a little while, he would still come to me in a dream. In the very beginning, I thought, "Oh, it's just a dream," but later on I realized that whenever he returned to America he was checking on me, almost as if he was reporting in.

In those dreams I was not always honored and praised. Many times I was scolded. Every time I had a dream I thought, "Is Father back? Is he back by now? Is he in America?" Afterwards I found out, "Yes, he surely is."

I'd also like to talk about when Father left America and went to England in 1978. After I left East Garden, there was a period of

fighting between Col. Pak and one U.S. congressman. They tried to subpoena Father to testify in court. Instead of testifying, Father went to England and spearheaded the providence from there, teaching the home church providence in England. The very day the subpoena came to East Garden, he had left very early that morning to go to the airport. He knew he had to travel very quickly, and he used the Concorde, which flies at supersonic speed from JFK Airport to London. As the Concorde becomes airborne and reaches supersonic speed, it feels as if it is taking off all over again. In England, he had to wait for quite a while at the Home Office before they allowed him to enter the United Kingdom.

In that battle of Col. Pak against that congressman, they were not able to subpoena Mr. Moon. I remember being at the World Mission Center in Manhattan the day he left. It was a rainy day. It seemed like it didn't want to become day at all, the spirit was so gloomy and the atmosphere so sad. When I went to sleep after finishing my security duty, I dreamt that I went to see Father in England and told him, "How miserable the atmosphere is and how gloomy and how sad it was because you are gone! The entire creation is sad. Our people are sad. The weather is rainy." After I gave him a detailed report of how sad everything was, he nodded and said to me, "Stay there a little bit longer," and he stroked my forehead with his hand. Then I woke up. My hand instantly went to my forehead because it felt like Father's hand was there and I wanted to touch it. Of course, Father's hand was not there, but there was a physical sensation as if he was touching my forehead.

I believe that I attended 250 speeches while providing security for Father. No matter how many times I listened to his speeches, during every speech I was waiting for his proclamation that he is the Messiah, that he is the return of the Messiah. He didn't do that. I was a little disappointed because I could not hear that from his own mouth. A couple of years later, there was a court case in Connecticut. One of our members went to court, and somehow the judge ordered Father to testify. He actually did go to testify. When Father was on the witness stand, there came the question, the number one question of all America, "Are you the Messiah?" He answered, "No I am not, but I have

excellent chances of becoming him.” That response clearly stated that no matter what he has accomplished, the qualification of the worldwide messiah, universal messiah was not yet achieved. Again, I did not clearly understand and was so disappointed, but it was very clear that the mission of the messiah was not fulfilled yet. He could not claim to be the messiah because he had not completed his mission.

However, at the end of his stay in America, after the turn of the millennium, he gave many speeches and I heard him say many times, “I am the True Parent. I am the messiah, the Second Christ, the return of Jesus Christ. I have fulfilled my mission as such.” Thus, he could proclaim himself the messiah, and he did it in front of many, many people. I heard him say that many times in speeches. He said it in Washington DC in front of senators and congressmen. Wherever he spoke, he made those proclamations. Finally, with my own ears I heard him say that he is the messiah, that he is the return of Christ. And I used to be his bodyguard.

One time when he returned to East Garden from a trip overseas, he walked throughout East Garden and I escorted him. In East Garden we were digging ditches for a communication systems, and it looked very much like a construction site. One spot of grass between the main house and the cottage house close to the guard booth was completely gray. The rest of the grass was green because it was spring. When he saw that area of dead grass, he bent down to the ground and with a commanding, authoritarian voice shouted something in Korean that I did not understand. As he did, he hit the grass strongly with the palm of his hand. Interestingly enough, three days later, this area of dead grass became green and the grass has been growing ever since.

We walked a little further and saw one of the East Garden dogs, a Norwegian Elkhound by the name of Mae. Of course, it was not one of the attack dogs; the children played with that dog many times. As Father saw the dog about 100 feet away, with a very strong, commanding voice, he called the name of that dog, “MAE!” The dog had been running, but instantly it lay flat on the ground. It looked like it was doing a Korean bow, a kyonbei. After a few seconds, the dog stood up and looked around as if it didn’t know what happened, and resumed running. What an interesting phenomenon!

One time Daikan had messed with some weeds in East Garden and accidentally grabbed some poison ivy. The poison ivy spread all over his body, especially his legs. Every day it seemed to get worse and worse, no matter what he put on it and no matter what he tried to do to cure it. One day we were walking through East Garden and I was escorting Father. At that time, Daikan lifted up his pants and showed Father the bad spots of poison ivy on his body. It looked awful. Father looked at it, nodded his head, and didn't say a word. We continued walking through East Garden. The next day he decided to take the New Hope and go to Jones Beach. We anchored the boat off the beach and swam through the water to the beach. We spent some time on the beach, but the sun was incredibly intense. My skin could not take so much direct sunlight. Staying all day in the sun, and I got terrible sunburn; it was really, really bad. However, when I looked at Daikan, I thought, "I'd like to know what happened to his poison ivy." Except a tiny little spot on his upper leg, everything else was gone. The Lord only looked at it, and the next day his problem was gone. The very next day, we had the 5:00AM pledge service. As I did the bow, everything became black and I fainted. I could not do the pledge and ended up back in my room. That was the worst sunburn I have ever had.

Something similar happened when we were tuna fishing in Marblehead, Massachusetts. Some of the True Children were there, including Un-Jin Nim. She had a pimple on her forehead, right on the root of her nose between her eyes. This pimple never wanted to go away. They put all kinds of medication on it, and it seemed to get worse and worse. Of course, we had seen it for days and days and it didn't get better. One time Father went to her and said, "Ooh, what do you have there?" With his index finger, he touched the pimple on her forehead. Of course, it was not the first time that he saw it. He had just looked at it for days and days, and when he saw that she could not fight that nasty pimple and it seemed to become bigger, he just touched it with his index finger and said, "Ooh, what do you have there?" We didn't get the impression that he was doing something miraculous. He wasn't calling attention to his action, but the next day that pimple was gone.

I remember people asking me about Mr. Moon. They compared him to Jesus, saying that Jesus focused so much on healing people and did all of those miracles, and they wanted to know whether Mr. Moon had the same kind of ability. Sometimes I told them what I knew and what I have seen, but it did not help to convert those people or get them closer. Actually, True Father has said that while he had those abilities, he does not focus on healing or performing miracles. Why not? First of all, he would be the one to have to pay the indemnity for it. I heard him say that if he did all those things, which of course he could do, he would end up dying sooner. He would have to pay the price.

Of course, now that he is almost 90 years of age, his worldwide mission of creating the Kingdom of God on Earth is not yet completed; he is still trying to fulfill that and usher in the world of peace and harmony, God's world. If he had done all kinds of miracles and paid the indemnity for that, his life on earth would have been over decades ago. The mission of the messiah would never have been a complete success. So he has had to refrain from doing miracles and healing sessions. I can understand it very clearly now.

We read in the Bible that after Jesus performed miracles and did healings, he went into the desert to pray. This was to pay the price of indemnity for the miracles he did. Even though he performed all of those miracles, he could not build the ideal world, the Kingdom of God on Earth. People did not follow him to the extent that they were supposed to. He ended up getting killed, and the mission was postponed to the Second Coming. As I said, the Second Coming's focus was never on miracles or healing sessions. The focus has been to build the ideal world of God's creation, the Kingdom of God on Earth, and he has worked on it ever since he was 16 years old to the best of his ability.

I want to share one unforgettable incident in which he made an impact through a slight touch. We were in New York City, and he wanted to see a movie. We saw the Marathon Man. His way of watching movies was to go to the movie theater, buy the ticket, and go in, never considering what time it started or what time it ended. Often we would go into the movie theater during the middle of the show and sit

down. I used to sit next to Father on one side, with True Mother on the other side. Some of his party or some other security people sat right behind him. During the sex scene between Dustin Hoffman and the German actress, my mind kind of followed what was happening on the screen instead of maintaining a silent, prayerful attitude in the presence of the Lord. It was summertime and I was wearing a short-sleeve shirt. As my mind followed the action on the screen, Father's arm came towards my arm. He didn't really touch my arm, just the hair of my arm. I certainly felt it. He didn't need to say anything, but I knew exactly what it meant. Silently, I repented and instantly began a silent prayer for the safety, protection, and success of the mission at that time.

I give this example because I want people to know that I could never hide anything in my mind from him. He knew exactly what was in my mind. He demonstrated it by just touching the hair of my arm. As a result, my mental attitude changed without him saying a single word.

Whenever he was speaking to members or giving speeches, he knew what was on the minds of the people, and he addressed it. For example, when Paul Werner joined the church, he tried very hard to achieve individual perfection by doing many indemnity conditions such as taking cold baths with ice cubes in the water, etc. That in turn did some damage to his prostate and caused him quite some trouble. He really tried to reach individual perfection. At this time, he is in the spiritual world, and I have no idea whether he obtained individual perfection or not. He talked about it many times; he joked about it many times. The actual answer I cannot give. He joined the church in 1963 in Sacramento, California, ten years before I joined the church. I believe it was in 1980 that he came once to Gloucester and could talk to Father directly. Of course he did not do the talking. During that time, 17 years after those initial struggles, he was told how to reach individual perfection, what efforts Father made in order to obtain individual perfection, and what he recommended that Paul Werner do. It was a lengthy conversation. Paul Werner told me several times about that. I told my wife about Paul Werner receiving these precious words of guidance. She replied, "What did Father say? What is it? Please tell me!"



Since Paul Werner is in spirit world, we cannot ask him that question any more. My point in giving this small story is Father's words when he ended the conversation. He said, "I really wanted to talk to you for such a long time. I'm really thankful that I had this chance and possibility." He must have known what was on the mind of Paul Werner for decades. He knows what is on the mind of people. He knows what to say and how to say it. He knows how to listen and how to respond. He said that the oriental description for a saint is to be a king over the mouth and ears.

Another of Father's special abilities is what I like to call spiritual communication. Just after I arrived in America I talked to one brother. We were good friends in Germany, and I helped him when he was joining the church. We met in Belvedere and talked all night. He told me at that time, "If you really pray deeply for Father, and he also is in prayer, then he knows who is praying for him and sometimes he comes out of prayer and looks at the person who is praying for him." I always remembered that and several times I practiced it. Sure enough, when I was deeply praying for him and he was in prayer, he came out of prayer and looked straight in my face. So I started to not only pray for him but also offer things to him in prayer. One time when we were in the restaurant, the food was not really the best. I apologized in prayer and spiritually offered him some nice food. Sure enough, again Father looked at me when I did that. He is really, really sensitive.

When there was a science conference at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City, he gave the welcoming speech. Afterwards, all the guests had lunch in the Waldorf Astoria, but Father decided to leave and went to Lotus Eaters, which is a Chinese restaurant on 56th Street. Father liked to go to that place, and the actual reason, which I later found out, was the cook. The cook was an 80-year-old Chinese man. Whatever he was cooking, it really got the attention of Father's tongue. He really liked that cooking. Many times Father took guests to that restaurant for dinner. This time, it was for lunch. It was a rather small party and we took one round table. Once we came into the restaurant, the owner came and bowed before the True Parents. Sometimes the cook prepared some specialties for us. One time, he brought shark fin soup and he wanted to know Father's opinion about the taste.

## Bodyguard for Christ

Another time, it was jellyfish. Whenever he had something they were experimenting with, he came and offered it wanting to know Rev. Moon response.

As we were sitting at the table quietly, with nobody saying anything, deep in my heart I heard a voice saying, "This is how I prepared myself for this occasion. How did you prepare yourself?" Of course, Father could have asked me that with his voice, but he didn't do that. He used spiritual communication. Maybe he trained me to receive spiritual messages from him. Anyway, that was during the beginning time of my bodyguard career and my preparation did not go much beyond what was on the daily schedule. Yes, I knew that there was a Science Conference coming. Of course, I prepared myself as part of my daily schedule of prayer, indemnity conditions, etc. But at that very moment when I felt the spiritual communication coming, I thought maybe I should have prepared a little better for this event.

The next time we went to Lotus Eaters, the owner came and asked me, "That day, you had a Science Conference at the Waldorf Astoria, isn't that right?" and I said, "Yes." He said, "And Rev. Moon came here to eat lunch, isn't that right?" I said, "Yes, that's true." This man was so honored that Rev. Moon came to his restaurant when he could have had a nice meal at the hotel. He preferred the cooking at Lotus Eaters to the Waldorf Astoria, and the owner was extremely honored. Quite some time later, when we came again to Lotus Eaters for lunch, just before we were leaving, the owner came to check whether Rev. Moon enjoyed the meal this time. Father just asked him one question, "Did you change the cook?" The owner said, "Yes, our cook, an 80-year-old Chinese man, went to Long Island and opened his restaurant there." That was the last time that Father went to Lotus Eaters.

That was certainly not the only time I experienced spiritual communication with him. It became almost the only way of communication, years later, when he was traveling throughout the United States and giving speaking tours in Washington DC and other major places.

One time when I was sitting down in the audience, Father came in, sat down in his chair, and was looking at me. Even though there are thousands of people in the room, when he is looking at you and

focusing on you, you know it. That time, I received in my heart his voice saying, "What are you doing right now? What have you been doing lately?" Well, all we did was our standard work involving fishing, so it was nothing spectacular. At the end, I said, "I'm not really doing anything much." I experienced this kind of spiritual communication many times. Really. I believe he was checking on me. Every time I felt his presence, I was shook up; I straightened myself out and responded in a way that did not permit too much scolding.

While I was a bodyguard in East Garden, I discovered that the best attitude was to be in deep meditation and prayer, praying for him and his family. I did that most of the time and in his presence all the time.

As time went on, especially in my third year as a bodyguard, my spiritual senses became more and more developed. For example, when he visited the church headquarters at 43rd Street I waited in the car and kept it ready for him to come out of the building so he could go. I was basically standing by, ready all the time. While waiting in the car, I would look at the people walking by, and I reached a point where I could pinpoint the problems and difficulties of each person walking by. Without any visible, external development taking place around me, I realized that there was internal development in the presence of the Lord. So eventually I ended up knowing the problems of everybody walking by. Maybe it is difficult to believe that is possible, but I experienced my spiritual self developing in that area. Maybe it was God opening up my spiritual senses and developing them, I do not know, but that's what happened. As a bodyguard I kind of knew what was on people's minds, and I could fulfill the function of a bodyguard in a much better way by knowing from what direction trouble might arrive. This development took place after three years of being a bodyguard.

Another experience happened around that time in East Garden. True Parents went to the holy rock, to Father's Rock. I went back quickly and got some nice seat for them and brought it to them. I also went back for some refreshments. My spiritual senses at this time were actually quite developed. It felt so incredibly good to serve True Parents directly. The Divine Principle teaches that the greatest joy is to

serve God directly and to serve his son and his daughter. Such an incredible feeling of fulfillment and happiness I experienced being in the presence of True Parents and serving them directly. They received my service, whatever I gave to them, with joy, and I was living in the sphere of the True Parents, in the same realm in which they were living. Using very simple words, I'd like to say, "That was Heaven."

Divine Principle teaches that Heaven is the place where perfect man and perfect woman are living. At that time, I was permitted to live in that realm and experience the feeling of heart of that realm. It was not merely for my own personal benefit, but True Father had to allow me to live in his realm in order to achieve the oneness that is necessary for security reasons. If the security man does not meet those standards and is not in that realm, he will stick out like a sore thumb and that is enough to attract Satan. When we unite, there is no reciprocal base for Satan to work. So it was possible to avoid Satanic attack.

I have given Sunday Service many times since and have spoken about this experience of living in the sphere of the son and daughter of God and experiencing the greatest joy in serving them and being accepted by them. It feels like being part of a family. It was such a wonderful experience, an experience of Heaven. Many members have been afraid of Father or of Mother. I came to the point of zero fear even when I received a scolding. I never was afraid of them. Even when he screamed at me, I was never afraid, not even one iota.

Now I'd like to share something about his ability to transform what he touches into objects of beauty. Whatever a perfect man does is special. I recall one incident when we were on board the Flying Phoenix, the small speedboat. I grew up on a farm in Germany, and farmers were my ancestors. Even as a teenager, I worked on another farm. Many times people wanted to teach me how to coil a rope. Every time I wanted to answer, "Yes, I know how to coil a rope!" But because of my young age, I thought it was better to just be quiet and receive the demonstration. Surely enough, while I was a bodyguard for the Lord, on the Flying Phoenix, he once asked me, "Do you know how to coil up a rope?" In front of me, he demonstrated how it's supposed to be done. Each loop was so nice and neat and perfect that there is no other way to describe it. When he completed the job and showed me the coil,

it was the most beautiful coil I'd ever seen. No machine could coil better than that. Nobody I've ever met could produce such a beautiful, coiled rope but him. I knew at that time what it meant, "That is made by a perfect man."

I witnessed his ability on many occasions. Whenever he would come to visit and inspect things, he found so many reasons for criticism. Whatever he did turned out so beautiful that there was no room for criticism. Another occasion while we were tuna fishing stands out. In the basement, there was some tuna gear lying around, and among the gear was a harpoon pole and shaft. The shaft was bent in a half-moon shape because it was used to harpoon a tuna, and the dart had hit the bone of the tuna causing the shaft to be bent. He grabbed the shaft and a hammer, and without saying a word he hammered it on the floor and made it completely straight. He checked it by looking around the shaft to see whether it was completely straight. Once it met his approval, he said, "Okay, we can use it again." No machine shop could have straightened it better. Whatever he does or touches, he shows perfection.

No matter what it is, whatever is built under his direction has to express beauty. The boats that were later built under his direction looked so beautiful that the people were attracted by the flare of the bow and the overall appearance. Everything had to show and reflect beauty. When he inspected fishing trawlers, he criticized the windows for not being round enough. Sometimes, doors were too edgy. It was not easy to gain his approval, but whatever he criticized, if it was improved it became more beautiful.

Another aspect of his nature is not to complain. As I mentioned, I participated in about 250 of his speeches. Many times I heard similar content with different approaches, and one thing I heard many times was to not complain. He usually talks about things that he has already practiced, so he talks from experience, even though we do not receive it that way many times. As a rule, he doesn't talk about things that he didn't experience first. Consider this incredible example.

We were on the ocean. At that time, some Japanese sisters came to take care of making lunch packages for the ocean church members. We used to get a certain amount of spending money each day, so we

could go shopping and buy what we wanted and make sandwiches just the way we wanted them. This time, these Japanese sisters were sent to make sandwiches for us. I remember the sandwiches they made one time. First of all, I don't think Japanese are good sandwich makers. They are good at making rice balls for lunch, but they're not really sandwich makers. One time they made sandwiches with such a soft bread and topped them off with juicy tomato slices. Eventually, they were wrapped. Now the juice from the tomatoes completely soaked the sandwiches. I was on the New Hope at that time. When I wanted to eat one of those sandwiches, I opened up the wrapping and saw the soggy bread and thought, "This is impossible to eat; I cannot eat this." I did not eat those sandwiches. I wrapped them up again and returned them. Then it was time for Father to have lunch. I thoroughly studied the situation and observed him to see how he would react to those sandwiches. "Those people are out of their mind to offer something like that to the Messiah," I thought. On the other hand, he doesn't complain about inconveniences. I observed the situation from the very beginning. He took the sandwich in his hand, and as he unwrapped it the expression on his face was as if he were about to eat the most delicious meal ever made. Then he stuffed the sandwich in his mouth and started to chew it. The expression on his face didn't change a bit; he looked as if he were eating something very delicious. Maybe he knew that I was checking him out and wanted to see his reaction to those sandwiches. Maybe he was practicing his own advice not to complain. On top of that, he treats the food that is served to him as if it comes directly from God himself and God himself is serving him that food. No matter how humble the food may be, he treats it as if there is nothing else for him to eat, and he thoroughly enjoys it. I had looked at it and decided I could not eat it. He looked at it and his face expressed deep gratitude to God. He thoroughly enjoyed that what I thought was inedible.

There is a major difference between a man of perfection and fallen man. If anybody has the right to say, "Do not complain," he does. He surely can say, "Do not complain," for he does not complain. He could not only eat what I thought was the worst food, but he was thoroughly enjoying it as if it was the only thing which God offered

him to eat. I knew that I completely flunked the no-complaint test, but I never heard him complain.

One time we went out on a fishing trawler, Sunrise. Brian, one of the crew, ended up cooking. He attempted to cook rice. His cooking ability might have been better than mine, because I had no idea how to cook rice. The rice he served us was very, very hard. Again I decided it was inedible and didn't eat it. He offered that rice to True Father, who thanked him and ate it. After he ate it, he spoke to Brian about the many ways to cook rice and said that he should study how to cook rice ... before offering rice to the Messiah. Of course, he didn't say that last phrase, but I thought it. Anyway, afterwards Brian came to me and said, "I had absolutely no idea how to cook, but nobody else had any idea either. So I had to cook. I was chosen to cook, and I'm sorry that I don't know how to cook."

At that time, I couldn't cook. All I could do was stuff the food in my mouth, chew it, and swallow. I had no idea about food preparation. Brian stayed on as crew for the Sunrise, and while they were fishing off the Virginia Capes in the late fall or early winter, the captain made a mistake in putting the rigging together. There was a major fishing accident and Brian died.

While I was director of security at the New Yorker, I received a call late one night from the U.N. public relations team to report that one sister, Christiane Coste, had not returned from her paper route in Harlem that morning. My instant response was, "Oh, my God." The brother who called and I discussed the situation, and since it was past 2:00 am, we agreed to look for her in the morning and not right away that night. I felt a disappointed voice within me saying, "If it had been your wife, you would have gone out, even late at night." And I believe I would have done so. Anyway, the next morning, we went to that area with a list of locations where she delivered the paper. I went to each and every location and came to one building with a locked door that I would be able to enter only if someone came out. When somebody came out, I went in. On the top two floors, people told me they had received the paper the day before, but on the bottom floor, they didn't. Thus, somewhere in between something had happened. I went to every single location where she delivered a paper and knocked on the door. I

remember very distinctly that one apartment where there was no immediate response when I knocked, I knocked again and somebody eventually responded. It was a black man in his 30s. He came to the door with shaving cream on his face and an old-style razor in his hand. It appeared as if I had interrupted him while he was shaving or preparing to shave. I did not know at the time that this person had very cleverly covered up his face because it was full of scratches. Covered with shaving cream and holding a shaver, it appeared that he was going to shave, but in reality he was hiding the scratches on his face. I asked him whether he had received the paper and he said, "Yes." So I went on to the next apartment. In reality, that was the apartment where Christiane had been killed. That person had tried to rape her but she refused and fought him. He cut her I believe 37 times with that old-style razor, making small wounds on her face and body. Of course I didn't know that at that time. All I knew was that from that apartment on nobody had received the paper the previous day.

My ability to pick up small signs was very limited, and I could not pinpoint where and how she was killed. So I went to my friend who was a detective at the Midtown South Police Station. Together we went to investigate. Even though he was a professional detective, he did not discover the answer either, at least not right away. So he returned to his police station. A brother and I went to the Harlem police station to report that she was missing and give them whatever information we had. As I was talking to the police, they received a phone call that somebody had found a body. I went with the police to see that body and recognized the clothing she was wearing. Because her face had been severely cut it was difficult to recognize, but I was able identify her. After that, I went back to the New Yorker and instantly called East Garden to report what I saw. I talked to Mr. Kim, and he asked me to stay on the phone. He instantly went to report to Father. A couple of minutes later, he returned to the phone, saying that he had told Father what I told him and Father said, "Yes, I know already." That's all he said. How was it possible that he could know that? I was the one who identified the body and then I went straight to the New Yorker and instantly made the phone call to East Garden. No one else who could phone East Garden knew of it. Out of everyone in East Garden, only



Father knew. He was informed by other spirits or angels—I do not know exactly who—and spiritually he knew of the situation. This type of situation I like to call “Father’s special ability to use spiritual communication.”