

Dangerous Moments

The need for security became very obvious one Sunday morning during Sunday service at the Training Center in Belvedere. That's where something almost happened. After the service ended, somebody went downstairs and saw two five-gallon buckets filled with gasoline outside the large wooden door. Each had a gasoline-soaked rag sticking out the top next to a cigarette that had been lit. If the cigarettes had burned completely to the end, they would have ignited the gasoline-soaked rags, and those two five-gallon buckets would have exploded, setting on fire the big door and the wooden floor above it. There were maybe a thousand people present that day for Sunday service. There were no chairs, and everyone sat on the floor very close to each other, with as many people as possible crammed into the room trying to listen to the message. If those gasoline buckets had exploded, they would have caused a horrendous fire and an incredible panic as a thousand people tried to get out of the training center at the same time. However, God was on our side. Just after those two gasoline containers were deposited, it started to rain. Believe it or not, the rain extinguished the cigarettes. The cigarettes burned only half an inch before the rain prevented an explosion by extinguishing them. Then I realized, "This is not just fun and games; this is serious." Whoever did that tried to kill a bunch of Moonies. As I said, we were really fortunate that time that God was on our side and helped prevent a tragedy from happening. From that time on, a lot of security was provided during every meeting and Sunday service at Belvedere, so an incident like the gasoline containers would never happen again.

Sunday services followed a routine at that time. When Father arrived at the Training Center, we would get out of the cars and one security man would go in advance to make a walkway for Father and his party through the crowd. One security guard went to the far end of the stage and sat there, while I sat right in front of Father in front of the stage. When he was giving his speech, many times he hit me,

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punched me, or kicked me because his way of delivering Sunday Service was very active, and he walked all over the stage. People right in front of him would get punched and kicked.

We had been doing karate exercises and thought we were pretty good. However, Father, who at that time was 54 years of age, demonstrated to me his strength during one Sunday service. He hit me over the head with what we call a knife hand; his fingers were extended and all his force was aligned with the edge of the palm. He hit me with full power over the head. For a split second I couldn't see anything. Everything was solid white. I did not lose consciousness but all I could see was white. Then my vision returned. Nobody ever hit me that hard over the head before.



After the service was over there was a prayer, and then True Parents walked towards the Holy Ground. Of course the entire audience crowded around them, and everybody wanted to be close to Father. At the Holy Ground Father climbed onto the rock and Mother followed, although that became very difficult when she was pregnant. Many times her children had to push her from behind so that she could make it up the rock. Then Father would pray facing East, facing Korea.

After the prayer was over, he would get into the car to return to East Garden. Sometimes he would go into the main house of Belvedere if there were guests who needed special attention and then returned to East Garden. That schedule changed after this bombing attempt. From that time on, Father went first to the Holy Ground in Belvedere to pray while everyone was waiting at the Training Center for him to come and give his sermon. But even that changed after a little bit. Somehow, there were dangerous situations at the Belvedere estate, even with so many security men around True Parents. It was obvious that at a certain time on Sunday morning, Rev. Moon would stand on the rock at the holy ground by himself, making an easy target for a high-powered rifle. So that routine changed, and Father went to his Rock in East Garden every Sunday to pray before Belvedere Sunday service. His position at Father's Rock in East Garden was more protected than at the Holy Rock in Belvedere. Eventually even that routine changed, and he prayed before Sunday service inside the main house at East Garden. He knew very well that there were dangerous situations, and he avoided danger as much as possible.

Some situations were unavoidable no matter what precautions one takes. Therefore, security and bodyguards became necessities. For example, the campaign in Seattle, Washington, was a rather dangerous time. I mentioned before how a bomb exploded in the toilet of the hotel where the event was held and how strange people in a car were trying to get very close to his car for unknown reasons. We had to be extremely aggressive with them in order to maintain our position just behind the main car. No dangerous situation developed, because we were able to take preventive measures.

A strange situation happened one time on our way to New York. An unknown car was passing us and tried to get right behind Father's car. Somehow they must have recognized who was in there. Of course we could not let those people come between our cars, and eventually our security car and that car bumped each other. They tried to push us off the road, and we tried to push them away from us. We finally bumped them very hard, and their car went off the road and ended up in the median between the roads. They were still able to drive after that, but eventually they disappeared. It was a strange situation.

A dangerous moment also occurred when we were driving around 4:30 am down to New York City on the Henry Hudson Parkway. That night there had been a lot of rain, and the Henry Hudson Parkway was flooded in a certain area. It was pitch black, and the cars were going rather fast—close to 80 mph—when we hit the flooded section of the highway. The Lincoln was floating like a paper box and turned almost sideways until it passed through the flooded area. It was rather difficult to keep control of the car. Since the security car was always following very closely we were in the flooded section along with the main car, and we were also all over the place. I am amazed that we made it through there without an accident. As I said earlier, Father likes to go fast and doesn't like to wait for anybody, but at times that caused problems.

Another dangerous moment occurred somewhere in the Midwest when Father was on a tour across the country. Some very strange people, strange by appearance and action, started to pass our caravan. We were talking back and forth on the walkie-talkies as they were passing us and approaching the main car. Anything could have happened. Since there was not much traffic, it was between them and us. Even though nothing happened, it was such a strange situation that I thought that some incident might occur there.

I believe the most dangerous moment was at the Yankee Stadium Rally on June 1, 1976. There had been about a thousand threats to the life of Rev. Moon. Generally, if there is a threat on someone's life, people take it very seriously. If a bomb threat is called into a school, the school is evacuated. However, this was not just one threat but a thousand threats. Years later, as I went through the records of the threats, I thought it was incredible that nothing terrible happened and all danger was prevented.

I am quite sure that without the help of God and the good spirit world and angelic world, we could not have prevented harm by ourselves. I remember the moment when the speech was over and I escorted Father across the field and into the dugout as if it was yesterday. I felt as if I had been shot in the side by a bullet. I can almost feel the same pain now—it felt as if a bullet had entered my body on the left and traveled through about two thirds of my body and stopped. This

sharp pain I will always remember. Even though we wore bulletproof vests, they have a sheet of Teflon in front and in the back but there was no protection on the sides. It is possible that a bullet could enter a body from the unprotected side even when a bulletproof vest is worn. Someone could have shot a high-powered rifle and the bullet could have gone through two thirds of my body before stopping. Because my stride was so synchronized with Father's, we were making the same steps and it was very difficult for a person to see Father from the open side of Yankee Stadium. As I also mentioned earlier, we had at least one person stationed on security duty in every block throughout the stadium to make sure that no gun would be drawn and that nobody could use a gun. Any bullet could have come from only the open side of the stadium, and that was the side where I walked. I walked on the left side of Father, and Col. Pak walked on the right side. Since there were so many threats on the life of Rev. Sun Myung Moon anything could have happened; however, no incident occurred. By doing our job as the security team, with God's help and the help of the spirit world and angelic world, every attempt on his life was prevented.

We did have some unique and special warnings from the spirit world.

At that time Grandma Hong was living in East Garden and helping with the education of the children and offering a lot of prayers for True Parents. At times, the spirit world would give some warning to Grandma Hong. Several times when she received a warning from spirit world that there was some danger related to True Father, she would pass that message on to Mrs. Won Pok Choi. Then Mrs. Choi would come straight to me and report that there was a warning from the spirit world given to Grandma Hong that we needed to be extra cautious for the safety of Father, since danger was close at hand. Sometimes it was early on a Sunday morning when she gave me that message, and she would add, "It's a warning from spirit world so please be very alert." Of course, it was my mission as a bodyguard to be very alert. One of those days was a Sunday just prior to the Yankee Stadium event. At that time our witnessing effort was very active. Many people came to attend workshops on Divine Principle in Barrytown. After they went through the workshop, the Barrytown staff asked them to go to Belvedere for Sunday Service, which people did. All kinds of

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people attended the Sunday Service and listened to what Rev. Moon had to say. I remember the spiritual atmosphere sometimes being really strange. Not pure, not clean, but very strange. One day Father mentioned that there were so many people there, and some were spies sent by the FBI as well as the CIA. We heard this information many times. He said also that one person was present whose ancestor had been at Jesus' crucifixion and had put his spear through Jesus' heart. He joined the church and became a member. I read his testimony and it was very fascinating to learn how he met Father and how Father told him many things about his ancestors. I did my job; we all did our job, and any kind of threat was prevented, thanks to God.

I can never forget the beginning of September 1976 when Mrs. Choi came to me and said, "Grandma Hong has received a message from the spirit world that during this month of September, three days are very dangerous for Father: the 7th, the 17th, and the 27th. On the 7th we were ready and standing by as usual, ready to go out and escort Father. However Father didn't go out all day.

The 17th was the day before the Washington Monument Rally. At that time, Father went to Washington and stayed at Col. Pak's house. There was a big apartment building about a block away, and something very strange was going on in one of those apartments. We kept our eye on that apartment all day long. I had the feeling that somebody there was watching our situation and some danger was coming from that apartment. I was not the only one who felt that. The others also noticed and felt that something strange was going on in that apartment. Even though Father was in Washington and staying at Col. Pak's house, he just received people all day and did not go into DC at all. Since it was a dangerous time period for him, he seemed to know about the danger lurking that day, and by not going out he avoided it. There were many people coming to see him, even some from the second generation. He gave everyone inspiration. To one boy, he said, "You have to be strong and become strong like that guy," pointing to me.

On the 27th he went out. The security I provided at that time was so tight. There was such tight security as we drove the cars and escorted Father that nobody could have harmed him. I was totally

united with him as I did my job. I completely invested my heart in my work and did my best to avoid any dangerous situation.

Another situation took place in Manhattan on 34th Street and 8th Avenue when Father was in the process of buying the New Yorker Hotel. Several times he went to look at it. One time, we were outside looking at the façade of the hotel, and even though he was wearing sunglasses he was still recognized by somebody. This person was a big black guy, and all of a sudden it seemed that an evil spirit entered him and he started to scream at the top of his voice, "MOON! MOON! THERE IS MOON! MOON IS THERE! MOON!" That was the last thing I wanted to hear. I thought, "Man, the crowd will become a mob and they'll come to attack him," but that didn't happen. There are a lot of crazy people in New York City, and they scream all kinds of things. Fortunately, he was the only one screaming. I looked him in the eyes ferociously. I wanted to attack the guy and squeeze his neck so he couldn't continue shouting, but I had to do my job as the bodyguard. I focused my eyes on this guy's eyes, thinking that spiritually I could get him to stop speaking. His screaming lasted a couple of minutes. As long as he was facing me, I looked him in the eye, making sure that he could see me and know what he was up against if he made a move. As I said, it was New York City and there are so many screaming, unstable people. You can scream there whatever you want to without attracting much attention, so fortunately this guy did not get much attention. He was not going to throw the first stone; he only made noises, screamed, and called Father names. He was not the one to attack. Maybe he was trying to get others to come to his aid, but that did not happen.

In New York City there were dangerous moments on several occasions. One of those dangerous moments was in 1980 on 'True Parents' Birthday. Again, there were some threats on Father's life. The overall atmosphere was not peaceful, and it felt like something was about to burst. At that time, I was the security director at the New Yorker Hotel, and since there were so many threats we received some special anti-terrorism training from a government agency. Some officials gave us lectures about different groups. Threats had come from several Latin American groups, so danger was coming from that direction. As part of the training, we were also taught anti-surveillance surveillance. There

are special techniques for dealing with the situation if you sense that you're being watched.

It was a dangerous time, and therefore we asked the New York City Police Department to help during the events around Father's birthday, which was to be celebrated in the New Yorker Hotel. East Garden security sent one advance security man named Erwin to wait outside the New Yorker. Anyone who surveyed the building would know that Erwin was there and was waiting for the arrival of Rev. Moon. Since the New Yorker is on 34th Street and 8th Avenue, Father's car would be coming from the west on 34th Street. I knew the routes they would be taking and knew which way he was coming toward the hotel. Right next to the New Yorker is the Manhattan Center. The Korean elder who was overseeing Father's security was Tiger Pak. I told him my plan about how to receive Father and bring him in. He liked the idea, so we carried it out. Without saying anything to Erwin, we left him as a decoy in the place where he expected Father to come. We went through the Manhattan Center and waited outside there for the East Garden cars to arrive. When I heard their first communication on the walkie-talkie, I knew that they were very close. Tiger Pak and I waited outside the Manhattan Center until I saw the cars driving down 34th Street. Without radio contact I signaled them to pull over just in front of the Manhattan Center. They opened the door, and out came True Parents. I led them instantly into the Manhattan Center and from there we went to the ninth floor door into the World Mission Center. Father looked at the preparations for the event and then went up to his room on the 30th floor. Then he went down to the Grand Ballroom to speak. There was so much noise and commotion when he entered the Grand Ballroom. The volume was so high when people were screaming and welcoming True Parents. I was concerned that noise was so great that people would be able to hear it outside, but the New Yorker Hotel is very sturdily built and the noise did not leave the building. Father had been speaking for about 15 minutes, and Erwin was still waiting for True Parents to arrive outside the main entrance before anybody went out to tell him. Of course he became rather angry when he realized that he had only served as a decoy and was not informed about anything.

Since it was such a dangerous time, I was carrying my .45 during the entire event. While we were outside and waiting for the arrival of True Parents, I realized that carrying a gun gives you an additional feeling of safety, security, and superiority. It is a completely different feeling to be armed with a gun than to be with karate experience. The entire event was actually very peaceful. Even though it started out kind of dangerous, once the event was over, it was like we had weathered the storm and were enjoying sunny skies.

There were also difficulties in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1980, when Father was once again going tuna fishing. Just prior to the tuna season, we bought Gloucester's number one mansion, Cardinal Cushing's villa, the pride of Gloucester. They would never sell that villa directly to us, so we used a Boston lawyer as a decoy. He bought it and a day later sold it at a profit to the Unification Church. Thus, we ended up having Cardinal Cushing's villa. Father changed the name, and it became Morning Garden. Not only did we buy the number one mansion but we also bought a restaurant known as Bob's Clam Shack. That was where the young people of Gloucester met every night. It was interesting that from one day to the next, the people of Gloucester avoided that place like the plague. For a year or more, there was a daily demonstration right in front of that place. People were shooting at us; as they drove by, they threw stones, yelled and screamed insults at us. It's amazing how much energy those people spent, but they couldn't stop anything. It was a place where they all let out their energy both before and after we bought it. On top of that, we also bought the marina behind that restaurant. All of a sudden the Moonies didn't have just a foot in the door; they had a substantial foundation in Gloucester.

We continued to buy even more property, and after a time we increased that very substantial foundation. The people of Gloucester didn't like any of that, and they become furious. The negativity was unimaginable. In that environment, Father started another 70-day tuna fishing campaign. So many incidents happened during that summer. Not only Father was threatened but also every Moonie was threatened and had to take safety precautions.

Almost every other day some major incident happened. One time, the Gloucester high school kids said they wanted to kill any

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Moonie they could find and grab. Since all of us were working on the water, we carried knives. Some of the knives were almost as big as machetes. By the grace of God, major incidents were prevented by people in authority. Even though Father had this wonderful mansion, Morning Garden, the people in every car driving by all night long would scream. He could not get much rest in the middle of the night, since people were driving by screaming and yelling obscenities.

One night in Morning Garden was particularly significant. The German Shepherd that had been one of the attack dogs at East Garden passed away, so they brought an oversized Doberman Pinscher that was as mean as mean could be. I did not want to meet that dog on a one-to-one basis. However, there were a couple of brave Gloucester men who came to Morning Garden around 1:00 in the morning, climbed the fence, and attempted to enter the estate. Somehow this mean Doberman Pinscher heard them and raced to the area where security was breached. As those guys were trying to get in, one guy fell off the fence and ended up on the Morning Garden side of the fence, breaking his leg as he fell. This Doberman Pinscher was racing towards him and barking. With a broken leg and an oncoming freight train in the form of a Doberman Pinscher, he needed to get back across the fence, which was about eight to ten feet high. Believe it or not, he made it across the fence without the Doberman getting him. As the police arrived, they asked him how he could climb the fence with a broken leg. They all saw the Doberman Pinscher, and he replied, "I grew wings."

It seemed that 75 percent or more of the people of Gloucester were waging their own personal war with Rev. Moon. The young people of Gloucester spray painted obscenities about Moonies wherever they could.

This is a brief description of how dangerous it was at that time and how seriously those people meant to harm us, mainly Sun Myung Moon. He's a completely different person from the last messiah, Jesus Christ, who turned the other cheek and taught his followers to do the same. This time, in the midst of the persecution, he turned on us and accused us, saying, "You are dead Moonies! I don't hear you out there,

I hear everybody else but you!” He surely didn’t like us just to turn the other cheek.

One of our fishing brothers grew up in the south Bronx, which means he understood gang warfare, etc., very well. We learned a lot from him. He told us, “When people scream and say, ‘Moonies suck!’ talk back to them and say, ‘Your momma sucks!’” When one guy came and yelled at me, “You Moonies suck!” I yelled back, “Your mother sucks! Your sister sucks! Your girlfriend sucks! You suck!” He was shocked and retreated as fast as he could. Even though people shouted, “Moonies suck!” on the water, we didn’t turn the other cheek; someone always shouted back.

One time we anchored too close to another boat, and when the tide turned our boat ended up virtually on top of the other guy’s fishing line. He was screaming and yelling, “MOVE!” with all the negativity and hatred he could muster. Father screamed back, “DON’T MOVE!” with the same anger. As a result, the screaming Gloucester guy shut up and didn’t scream anymore for the rest of the day. In other words, this messiah didn’t turn the other cheek and didn’t teach his followers to turn the other cheek. This incident clearly demonstrates the dangers of this time in Gloucester.

A little later, the entire town of Gloucester opposed us. We had cut the anchor lines of the people who were shouting at us so they couldn’t anchor near us. As a result, not just some people on the water but the entire town seemed to be against us. The entire fleet tried to run us down on the water, until we called the Coast Guard and asked them to come out, which they did. When the Gloucester men realized that the Coast Guard was coming to investigate the situation, they started to behave better.

However, somebody organized a meeting between the Moonies and Gloucester fishermen in a restaurant. The fishermen were yelling and screaming, and nobody could understand a word until one guy screamed even louder than they did and got a few words across. Anyway, at least there was a meeting. After the meeting was over, we went back home. When we tried to stop our van, we realized that our brake lines had been cut. If there had been a serious situation on the street and we would have had to use the brakes, we would have been unable

to stop the vehicle. Again, God was on our side and we managed to reach home and stop the car just before the marina and the water's edge. Only when we checked the brakes did we realize that the brake lines had been cut.

People didn't refrain from anything. They tried to insult everything connected with Moon. The Gloucester newspaper never ran out of stories to write as long as Sun Myung Moon was there. Years later, when none of us focused on Gloucester anymore and Father's attention went to Alaska, people in Gloucester were saying, "What happened to the Moonies? There are no Moonies here." They missed us! Years earlier, they had wanted to kill us, all of us! Just a few years later, they missed us and thought it would have been better to have the Moonies there, especially the Rev. Sun Myung Moon.

People reading this might think there was no real danger. However, there were also other situations, such as when North Korea's Prime Minister Kim Il Sung sent an assassin from North Korea to America to assassinate Sun Myung Moon. However, God is always on his side, and this assassin was captured while he was in New Jersey on his way to New York's East Garden estate. While he was in the custody of the New Jersey police, he was interrogated and stated that his purpose of being there was to assassinate Sun Myung Moon. Of course the news went to East Garden, and Mike called me up that evening. The news of a North Korean assassin in New Jersey put me in ready mode. He was aiming to assassinate Rev. Moon. Mike really was shook up by that news and asked me, "What do you suggest I do? How can we prevent these situations?" I responded by talking about our spiritual understanding of security. "First, instead of having breakfast, pray to God every day and offer your life to God. Tell God that it's your mission to provide security and that you do not want to live if some harm came to the True Parents. Offer your life as a sacrificial zinc anode to safeguard and protect the subject of our mission, Mr. and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon and their family. Offer your life for their safety and offer yourself as a block to prevent any evil from harming them." I told him to make that promise every single day, first thing in the morning. Instead of enjoying breakfast, tell God that you offer yourself for the safety and protection of True Parents, which I did every day. I told him

the necessity of doing daily indemnity conditions such as fasting if you like food or cold showers if you like hot water and hot baths. I told him to offer the things that were dear to his heart as indemnity conditions for True Parents' safety and protection, and to make that a daily ritual.

Years later, somebody came back from East Garden with a belt as a gift from Mother to me. I knew the meaning of it: "Make sure that the belt is tight; always have a tight belt." This means daily conditions and even conditions of indemnity such waxing the cars when the True Parents were not present. And finally, believe in the things you are doing and know that those conditions work.

When Mike and I were in East Garden, he faced difficulties in the beginning. So I helped him and gave him inspiration. He remembered that and came to me in difficult moments. After I told him these directions, he said, "Yes, I'm doing that." All that remains, I added, is to believe in the things that you are doing, that God is helping you, and that the spirit world is supporting you. Never give God a reason to be angry at you, and never offend the spirit world. Believe that you are doing the correct things and that what you are doing is accomplishing the job.

We had another telephone conversation when Father was in Korea in 1983. At that time I was in America, and the spirit world gave me dreams indicating that Father's life was in danger, great danger. However, I was in America, and what could I do there? This time, it was my turn to call up Mike and tell him, "I had this dream that Father's life is in danger." He could only reply, "I am in America too, and there is nothing I can do about security." I responded, "At least I have to let you know what the spirit world told me." I believe Father was holding an anti-communist rally in Kwang Ju, a city where many communists were. The Korean members worked very hard and created what I like to call the Madison Square Garden effect, which is to fill the stadium and then close the doors before that those people who threatened the life of Rev. Moon arrived; they would be locked out. That's how Father's life was spared and safeguarded at that time.

A blessing ceremony was scheduled for Madison Square Garden in July 1982. At that time, all the East Garden security men were

receiving the blessing and nobody would be available to provide security for Father. I thought I would be needed to arrange security for this event and they would have to call me. However, the call did not come for a long time. Just prior to the blessing ceremony, I received the request to come and provide security at Madison Square Garden. At that time again there were also threats on the life of Rev. Moon, but this time the threats were addressed to the Midtown South Police Department, and officers came to inform us of the threat on Rev. Moon's life. They told us that it was dangerous. What could we tell them? All we could say was, "Thank you for informing us," but we could not stop the event or tell Father, "Hey, listen, it's dangerous; don't go there." He gave a direction that had come from God to him, which was to hold the blessing there on that date. This time, we at least had the help of the New York City Police Department in planning for the event. Entering and leaving the building would be dangerous moments, because a demonstration was planned against Sun Myung Moon and his mass weddings. Still, we had to bring him into the Garden. Over the years, I never told anybody how we brought him in. It was so many years ago, and I would like to explain a bit about what happened.

We had the idea to use Hyo-Jin Nim's musical instrument van, and we drove that van back and forth for an hour or two on the dirt road behind Belvedere to make sure that it would look very dusty. Then with a finger, we wrote slogans on it such as, "Wash me, no nukes." We put some magnetic signs on the side and disguised the van as an electrician's van coming from a company that doesn't exist. We named it Tristate Electric. Of course, inside the van we put two very nice chairs from East Garden for Father and Mother to sit in. The back of the van had no windows and we put a curtain behind the driver's seat, so it was pretty dark in the back of the van. Nobody could see inside the back, and nobody knew what was inside. Also, there was a curtain inside the back door.

In organizing the security inside Madison Square Garden, we put everyone we could draft into positions as security guards. I was moving around, monitoring all the positions, and checking whether there was any need for additional security anywhere. Then I heard the

call on the walkie talkie that an electrician's van from Tristate Electric was coming up. I knew exactly what the cargo of that van was; it was True Parents. Driving through the entire demonstration with all the negative people, noisemakers, and troublemakers, the van with True Parents arrived untouched at the rotunda of Madison Square Garden. The driver stopped the van, got out in his electrician's suit, opened the back door, took out his toolbox, and walked off. Then some VIPs came close and stood beside the door while True Parents got out of their van and entered the door, which was almost at their dressing room. Just as we brought them in the building, we also escorted them out. This time, I was sitting beside the driver, with my walkie talkie in my hand, and True Parents in the back. We drove a couple of blocks to the New Yorker Hotel, where one brother with a walkie talkie was waiting at the loading dock for instructions when to open it. As we approached the corner we contacted him and he opened it as we arrived; the door closed and True Parents were inside the New Yorker Hotel. They were in their holy robes and I in my regular clothes as we went up the freight elevator to the 30th floor. Father walked a few steps and then was in his room, number 3000. Of course he had to go back to watch the entertainment that evening. This example demonstrates how challenging it was to transport True Parents somewhere in a dangerous situation.

I was in charge of security for the entire event. For the people entering Madison Square Garden, we set up metal detectors. The entire crowd had to go through metal detectors. We found several people with guns and stopped them from entering. We found a few people from the FBI who came to the event with weapons. Our relationship at that time with FBI agents was a rather good, so I told security to ask the armed agents to show a personal ID, FBI ID, and gun permit. I told them that the gun number had to match the permit. If they could provide all of that information satisfactorily, then I let them in.

For the evening program we had to hire a special person to serve as liaison between our team and the union workers in Madison Square Garden. He and I became good friends, and he guided the entire program. Whenever True Parents moved, I was in contact with him because the program was centered on the True Parents. Twenty thou-

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sand people in the Garden basically depended on what I told the staff. “True Parents are moving now, so you can start the music,” I said. “You have to do this now and that now.” That’s how the event went.

The very next day, Father wanted to speak to all the members, so we rented a room, although not the big auditorium of Madison Square Garden, because only about 3,000 people were to attend. I had to get up very early to check the entire auditorium, stage, etc., with a bomb sniffer, a PD3 unit. I was on my feet walking on the concrete floor of the Garden for so many hours, and my feet became very tired. After I finished inspecting everything and making everything secure, I went to Mike and told him, “Man, my feet are really tired. I don’t need to attend this event, since you have all the security men. I’m going to call it quits here.” I went back to the New Yorker Hotel, lay down, and looked at my feet, which were entirely blue and swollen. Ever since then, my feet have given me all kinds of trouble, but the Messiah was safe. No matter how many threats were made on his life, he was safe and secure.