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By now most of the people knew what I was doing, what my mission was, and who I was. For example, when we were in New York City and it was my turn to stay with the cars and have them ready, our members who walked by instantly recognized me. They knew who I was, and their first question was, "Is Father here?" I didn't need to say anything; they instantly started to run to the New Yorker, expecting Father to speak there. It was not necessarily the best approach from the viewpoint of security. For security, it would have been far better if nobody knew who I was, and then nobody would have known that Father was around. I couldn't help the situation; it was simply the way it was.

In all, I provided security for Rev. Moon for 250 public speeches, and everybody knew me. Because I did constant security, I became more and more confident in my work. I remember how insecure I was when I started, but now there was no insecurity; there was complete confidence. I had confidence, I had strength, and I was very sure of myself and the work I was doing. On top of that, I felt very close to Father. Very, very close. Many people may have been a little bit afraid to be so close to Father, but I was not at all afraid, no matter how he treated me. Even if he screamed at me, scolded me, or disregarded me, I was not at all intimidated. One occasion when he made an inspection tour through the different buildings in East Garden, he was in my room and noticed a water leak coming from the bathroom above. The bathtub had a leak, and every time a person took a shower, water seeped through a little bit. As a result, it did some damage to the ceiling, which actually had been recently restored. When he saw that, he scolded me a lot because it was in my room and he expected me to have it taken care of. He also knew that I had no idea how to do so. He scolded me strongly and loudly. The people around were very afraid and thought, "Well, if Father would treat me this way, it would be unbearable." They were shaking in their pants. I was not at

all intimidated. I still remember him saying, “Even though you do not know how to fix that, if you had let me know I would have had it fixed and taken care of that problem.” So, no matter how much he scolded me, I was never intimidated or afraid. Instead, I felt really close to him. Normally, after the scolding was over, it was a thing of the past and he went on with his agenda. I can confidently say that I became closer to Father.

From that time on, I always greeted him personally in the morning and bowed before him. Even after I left East Garden, whenever I had the privilege to come back to a leader’s conference or some East Garden meeting, I would go to his room when I arrived and bowed down so he knew that I was there.

In the beginning of my time as a bodyguard, I was not always confident; sometimes I felt insecure. That early feeling was replaced with a feeling that he needed me. Thus, in my work as a bodyguard, I really felt a oneness between us; there was no condition for Satan to invade and interfere.

One time when he invited me for lunch in Belvedere, he started to speak to me, with David Kim interpreting. He said, “There is a blessing event coming, and maybe you will receive the blessing soon. Maybe some lady from Japan is coming for you. Some of them have broken blessings but their husbands have never touched them. They are completely pure and they are completely loyal to me.” The way David Kim was translating and talking to me reminded me of how I used to fundraise years earlier, praising my product and trying to sell it to people. I burst out laughing because I was reminded of that incident. He responded very angrily and said, “Don’t laugh! This is serious!” I responded by saying, “Yes, I am serious!” Later I felt I became so serious.

That evening he returned to Belvedere and went upstairs to his room. There were a couple of people there, and I did not know their reason for being there. They were members whose previous blessing had broken and were expecting a new matching and blessing. I was downstairs at the entrance door when David Kim came walking down the stairs and called my name. “Why don’t you go in that room?” he said. “She is there, and maybe you can talk it over. You might get along

with each other and like each other.” Even though Father had prepared me for this possibility, it felt like a truck hit me head on and ran over me. I was completely shocked.

Anyway, I went into that room and talked with that lady. The longer we talked, the more I felt, “Well, it might work out.” However, I decided that my spouse should be oriental and this lady was not oriental, so I told her, “I’m sorry, I have nothing against you personally but my mind is set for an oriental lady, so I would rather not accept the matching at this time.” Since I was feeling so close to Father, I went to his room and knocked on the door. He asked me to come in. I went inside and bowed all the way to the floor. I stayed on the floor and started to talk to him. He and Mother were sitting on two chairs in the middle of the room. It was like they were seated on thrones, and I was sitting on the floor in front of them. I said, “If this match is the ideal, of course I will accept her. But if this is not the ideal, I would rather wait for the ideal match. On top of it, I’ve been expecting an oriental lady. Father has spoken in many speeches that I will get blessed to an oriental lady, so small that I could put her in my pocket.”

Mother said to him in Korean, which I could barely understand, “Why don’t you give him an oriental wife?” He didn’t respond to her, but he said to me, “It is not necessarily the ideal.”

I thought, “If it is not the ideal, why do you try to match her to me?” but I didn’t say anything. He said, “There is somebody coming from Japan for you,” and after that I went out. I felt really horrible because I refused Father’s match. Actually, there is a different story behind this match, but I don’t want to go into those details. From that time on, the place in my heart where I normally feel God became like a stone. I went to the holy ground to pray, and as I prayed I felt as if God really didn’t know what to say and was very surprised. I kept on repenting and praying, and at the very end a feeling came over me as if God was saying, “There is somebody else for you.”

The next few days were terrible. Even though I had to provide security and escort Father as he was going different places, I felt so miserable for having gone against God. On top of that, when we stopped at a restaurant, Col. Han asked me, “How do you feel? There was this lady volunteering to marry you. How do you feel about that?”

I could not answer. I wanted to say, "I feel like a truck hit me and ran over me," but I couldn't say that in the presence of True Parents. So I said nothing. The place in my heart where I normally felt God felt like a stone. I even felt physical pain.

Several days later the matching continued, and more and more people received matches in preparation for the blessing. The room with the candidates became rather empty and just a few older German sisters remained. I had a hard time looking at anybody, and there must have been a terrible expression on my face. Father looked at me and tried to imitate my face. Everybody was laughing except me. When it was finally my turn, he asked to see pictures of Japanese sisters. For about half an hour, all he did was look at pictures and say, "More pictures, more pictures." The one he had in mind, he didn't see yet.

Eventually he stopped looking at the pictures and matched another couple. There was an older Korean sister sitting on the other side of the room looking as depressed as me, unable to look at anybody. Father found somebody for her. That person was not in the room at the time, and he called for that person by name. When he arrived, he asked him, "Do you want to marry?" He responded by saying, "Yes." Father matched them, and they went out to talk it over.

Then a Japanese girl came and sat in the middle of the room. A lady came in from outside and told her to sit right in front of Father. She got up and sat right in front of him. Then Father talked to her and asked, "Would you like to have a Western husband or Japanese?"

"Western," she answered.

"Would you like American or European?"

She said, "It doesn't matter; whoever Father chooses."

"Would you like a big man?"

"It doesn't matter," she said.

When I heard those words, I felt hopeful and thought he might try to match me now. He said, "Would you like to have a really big man?"

She said, "It doesn't matter. Whoever Father chooses, I will take."

Then Father pointed at me and back at that lady and indicated that we should talk it over outside, so we went to the library. She

walked in front of me. As she walked down the stairs, she turned around, looked at me, and said, "I say yes."

I wanted us to offer a unison prayer to God, praying at length for God's word and God's guidance. I had expected God would tell me, personally, who my spouse was to be.

Instead, she said, "I say yes."

I tried to respond, but I ended up stuttering, "Well, um, I-uh, umm...do you know, um...well, if you say yes already then...I, uh, I also say yes."

We went right back into the room to bow down as a couple, indicating that we accepted the match. I bowed down to the floor and she just stood there, wondering what I was doing and what was going on. I indicated that she should also bow, but she didn't do anything until eventually some Japanese guy said, "If you accept, you have to bow."

She bowed but by that time I had already come up. It was not a sign of unity, but it was rather funny, maybe indicating our future life together. From that time on, the pain in my chest, that feeling like a stone was in my heart, gradually disappeared. That day was our matching. The next day was our engagement ceremony. The day after was our blessing day.

The next day I went to Father's breakfast table and bowed before him. He gave me some money and said, "Today is your honeymoon, but tomorrow, you have to work again." All I could say was, "Yes, Father, thank you very much."

A number of months later, when we were both living in the New Yorker Hotel, we went to Sunday Service at Belvedere in a car filled with security men. As we returned, my wife said to me, "Are you OK?" I said, "Why shouldn't I be OK? I'm married, I have a wife, I'm very happy. Why shouldn't I be OK?" Then she said, "Remember that one time when you were in the hallway of 3000?"

Father's apartment in the New Yorker Hotel was room 3000. I was providing security outside the door and True Parents were inside. Maybe half a year earlier, a Japanese girl had come and I told her, "You can't enter." But she didn't listen to what I tried to say. She tried to make an effort to go into room 3000, so I stopped her and told her very

strongly that she could not enter. She did not respond, so my voice became louder, telling her not to come here. Finally, a girl opened the door from inside the apartment because we were making so much noise. She was a friend of mine, and she said to me, "Oh, she is OK. You can let her in. She is just coming to pick up something." So I had to let her in.

My wife told me when we came back from that service that it was her that I had yelled at, screaming at the top of my voice. She was wondering if I was okay with her being my wife. I could only think, "Oh my gosh! Lord have mercy," and I apologized. That's how we started our family.

Later Father said, "Maybe, Gerhard loves his wife too much." Maybe it was his idea that I should overcome my nature in order to make a good relationship with my wife and I should fight more to make a good relationship. Another time Father asked me to have lunch with him. He said, "I am thinking of your children." But he never gave more details. His comment indicated that I would have children in the future. One time when we went fishing on the New Hope, Father called for lunch and then started talking about the future. I recall only Col. Han and I being there. I don't remember anybody else. Father was talking about things in the future and the purpose of our church in the future. He described the meaning of home church in detail. He described events in the future that by now are long over. He said that our church would give the blessing to people of other churches. Our church would give blessing to the entire world. We would bless the entire world. By now, I believe that a quarter of the world's population have received the blessing, and all his prophecies seem to have come to pass.

I remember him talking about the recent matching and blessing and how difficult it is to match American women. Compared to Japanese, it is much more difficult to match American women. He looked into my eyes, and then he laughed and said, "And Germans are worse!" All I could say was, "I'm sorry, Father."

We were fishing for mackerel, and we left our poles outside because no mackerel were biting at that time. The day before, one Korean man, Tiger Pak, had caught five mackerel on one line because there

were five hooks on the line. I thought to myself, "I wish I could catch five fish on the line like that." We were in the salon of the boat and heard some noise from the bow. A fishing pole was moving along the railing, indicating that there were some fish on the line. I went out to get the rod and reeled in the line, and lo there were five mackerel on the line. Father asked, "Whose fishing pole is that?"

I said, "It's mine." He didn't say anything in response.

He continued speaking, stating that while he is on this Earth, God's nation has to come into existence. If he has to go to the spirit world and there is no nation of God on the Earth, he will be in big trouble. I feel it is necessary that everybody should know this fact.

Father truly loves the water, loves the boat, and loves fishing. He enjoys life on the ocean. All the time I thought, "Because there are not many satanic people on the ocean, God is more present there." He especially appreciates the purity of God's creation when there are not many satanic people around. Just like Jesus, who went into the desert to get away from satanic people, he goes out to sea to be away from satanic people. The purity of nature and God's creation is what counts.

In the summer of 1977 he again went tuna fishing. This time we rented a house in Magnolia, close to Gloucester and the waterfront. This house had only two bathrooms, one in the master bedroom, which was of course the True Parents' area, and one downstairs for everybody else. Sometimes there were 20 people or more in that house, and the bathroom was occupied all the time. When brothers needed to use a toilet, they would take a nature walk, going outside and through the woods towards the water to relieve themselves. We called this the "nature walk." I felt so sorry for some of the sisters working in the kitchen. The bathroom was always occupied and they had to wait, no matter how urgently they needed to use it. Holding their legs stiff, they would have to go back to the kitchen to do some more work.

One time many people, including European national leaders, arrived for a Leader's Conference. Everybody was to go tuna fishing the next morning. We put a mooring buoy in the small cove for the New Hope boat, and there was a rubber boat to ferry people from the rocky shore out to the New Hope. In the morning, about 20 people climbed into the rubber boat, trying to go with Father out to the New Hope.

Of course, the rubber boat instantly scraped bottom and I was supposed to push it free. No matter how much I pushed, I couldn't move the boat even one inch. Father suggested, "Everybody in the boat needs to jump up on command, and at that moment Gerhard has to push the boat free. When there is no weight on the boat, he can push it out to deeper water."

I said, "OK, on my command, please jump. JUMP!" Everybody looked at me, but nobody except Father jumped. So I said, "This does not work. If only Father jumps and everybody else doesn't, I cannot push the boat. So again, upon my command, everybody JUMP!" Maybe half of the people jumped, but I still could not push the boat free. So I repeated my request for everybody to jump because only then could I push the boat free. Finally, on my command, everybody jumped. I had to repeat that four or five times until the rubber boat was free and we could go out to the New Hope.

I also remember how difficult it was with so many people coming to see Father. He would speak to them at night, and at 4:00 in the morning he wanted to leave again. He became really tired.

One time there was some bad weather and it became rainy and windy and cold. Father stayed out on the ocean until 6:00 pm, and when he came in soaking wet he said to himself, "I am OK. All I need to do is take a hot bath and I will be fine again." However, he spoke until past midnight and he was so tired he didn't take the time for a hot bath. The next morning he took a bath at 4:00. Mother said, "If you wanted to take a bath, why didn't you take one earlier? You could have taken a bath earlier or even the night before if you wanted to take one, not when everybody is waiting to go tuna fishing!"

He didn't say anything to her at that time, but in a later speech he talked about this incident. He really was tired during this time. Once when he was ready to go, he fell asleep while standing up. He fell down and hit his head, and it started to bleed. That time Mother said to him, "You are so tired. Why don't you just go a little bit later? If you sleep a couple more hours, it might help you." He then answered, "I have a meeting with God on the ocean. I have to be there." When he came down and I saw his bleeding head, I was very worried. "How is that possible?" But there was nothing I could do.

That season Father asked me whether I could drive the boat called the Flying Phoenix. For a long time I really wanted to drive the speed boat, and I instantly answered, "Yes, I can." Of course, I had no idea what I was doing. It felt so good to drive that boat, and I really loved it. However, I really had no idea what I was doing. As a result, whenever I had to go somewhere by myself, without following Father, for one reason or another I got lost every time. I had a hard time finding the fleet, and I had a hard time finding the port in Gloucester or Magnolia. The problem, I found out later, was that right next to the compass there was a harpoon made of steel. It influenced the compass so it never gave me the correct bearing. I went all over the ocean because the compass didn't function properly. The malfunctioning compass became a nuisance when I had to drive the boat by myself without following another boat. Only much later did I find out about the influence the steel had on a compass. I ended up even putting another compass onto the boat because I didn't trust the old compass anymore.

So why did I sometimes take the boat on my own? One time it became very rough, and since the Flying Phoenix was only a 24-foot boat, Father told me, "Go home. Too rough." I responded to Father, "No!" but he repeated, "Go home." Again, I refused, but I knew I could not say no a third time. So the third time he said, "Go home. Too rough for you," I picked up my anchor and went home. I remembered watching a movie about the Bermuda Triangle the night before. In that movie tragedy struck the boats in the triangle, and it started with the compass spinning. The day Father sent me back early because the sea was getting rough, it also started to get foggy outside Gloucester. Thus, I had to rely on the compass. I followed my course for a certain number of minutes and calculated that by that time I should reach the lighthouse in Gloucester. Once that time was past, I stopped the boat and wondered, "Where the hell am I?" Oh, there was so much fog. I looked on the compass and the compass bearing was correct, but then the compass started to spin just as in the movie I had watched the day before. I believed in myself and I thought, "I didn't make a mistake." I looked behind me to see where I had been and then looked ahead. I saw a small white light flashing, which I recognized as the

Gloucester lighthouse. I headed straight for it even though there was fog. After Father's boat had come in and we were seated at the dinner table, Daikan reported, "One big boat went down." Out of my mouth came the words, "Oh, I'm glad I went in early." Everybody laughed.

Years later, I became good friends with the people whose boat went down. Halfway through the tuna season, fishing had become less productive to the point where hardly any fish were caught. No matter where we went and what we tried, there were no tuna around. The ocean even felt empty of tuna. One evening I went to see the movie "Orca." It's about a killer whale avenging the death of his mate. The next day, while tuna fishing, I looked over the side of the Flying Phoenix and swimming down in the water under my boat there was a big orca, a black and white killer whale. I thought, "Oh my gosh, I hope this thing doesn't attack me."

Of course it did not, but what I did not know then is that killer whales and tuna are sworn enemies. The killer whale kills tuna not for the sake of food but for the sake of killing. The killer whales even work together to hunt tuna and kill them. There is one story from the 1950s of a school of tuna being herded by a bunch of killer whales into the Provincetown Harbor. Once the tuna were in the harbor, two killer whales closed in and killed them all. The entire harbor turned red. The whales did not feed on the tuna carcasses; they just killed them. The tuna learned a lesson from that time, so when killer whales move in they all leave. We drove our boats to Montauk, which is on the tip of Long Island, New York, and tried fishing there. But the tuna didn't stop there. They went far away. Only God knows where they went.

That summer of tuna fishing was actually a condition set by Father, a 70-day condition of tuna fishing. Since there were no tuna to be caught, we went to Montauk and did some sports fishing, sightseeing, sunbathing, and swimming to occupy ourselves during these 70 days. One time, Allen and I went to the hotel's recreation hall and played some pool. We enjoyed playing pool. Father didn't know a thing about playing pool, but when he saw us playing he picked up a pool stick and started to play. That's when he got started playing pool.

Eventually, we went back to East Garden. Before we left, we went to a fast food place for lunch. Father started talking to me, with Mother translating. He said, "Gerhard, I love you. I really love you, Gerhard." And he repeated it several times. He was saying, "Your time of being a bodyguard is over now. You've done a really good job and I appreciate it. From now on, we will see whether Little Gerhard can do as good a job as Big Gerhard did."

He also asked me what I wanted to do from then on. He said, "Shall I buy a trawler for you, or would you like to go to New Yorker, the World Mission Center, to do security there?"

I responded by saying, "I don't know anything about trawler fishing."

He said, "Catching small fish is just the same as catching big fish. The principle is just the same."

I didn't say anything, but I thought, "Man, I really don't want to get stuck on the ocean doing trawler fishing."

Father said, "OK, tomorrow, I will make the decision where you will go."

After we went back to East Garden, the next day he decided that I should go to the New Yorker and work on security there. He knew my heart and how I felt about trawler fishing on the ocean. Many years later, when I became part of Ocean Church, I did not like the idea of having to make my income off the water. It actually took me seven years to get used to the idea that I had to make my living off the water by that method of fishing. I had to get used to the idea and it took me seven whole years to do it. Then I loved to go out fishing.

Before I left East Garden, I should add that I said good-bye to Mrs. Choi, to Grandma Hong, to the children, and to all the guards and staff. And as I said my final good byes to the guards, one dog attacked me again and bit into my suit, ruining another one. That was the last time the dogs bit me.

I ended up at the New Yorker Hotel, at the World Mission Center, doing security. Of course, the very natural thing occurred. The very first time people saw me there, their eyes widened and they said, "Oh! Father is here!" But then I said, "No, it's not Father. It's just me." Some believed me, but others still expected Father to be there. Over

the next few days, they got used to the idea. Sometimes Father came to see me and check how I was handling security. He spoke to all of our security brothers. He warned them, "Do not make Gerhard mad." He told me that I should report to him all the time, so I did.

One time I was waiting to speak to him, but he was preparing to go. When they saw me there, some Koreans told Father, "Gerhard wants to report." Grunting, he said, "What does he have to report?" It didn't feel so good to be treated like that, but I reported to him anyway. I reported about the research I had done into bulletproof cars and why they are needed. At the end of that report, he asked me, "Do you think that I need a bulletproof car?" Thinking deeply, I said, "Yes, I think so." I expected him to give me an order to make arrangements and have one built, but he said nothing. He just took off. Many months later I found out that he did actually obtain a bulletproof car, which he purchased based on my recommendation.

He came quite a few times to the New Yorker, sometimes just to see how I was doing. I know that because one time not a single person came to see him in his apartment. The entire time he was there, all he did was watch boxing on TV. Nobody came to see him.

Once when he came to check on the World Mission Center and see what was going on in the hotel, I wanted him to see my office and look at what I had done. He said, "I do not have any more time, so I cannot inspect your office right now." But he never forgot about it. When he came again, the first thing he said to me, "I want to see your office." I showed him my office. I had about ten video screens next to each other, and each one showed what a video camera was filming at a certain location. When he saw the screens, the computer, and the entire security office, he said, "Wow, how did you do that? You are not trained like that; how did you do that?"

I said, "A German brother showed me how to set up the first one. He is an engineer. The rest I did all by myself." He was very impressed and said, "So you can see everything." I said, "Yes, Father." Another time he said, "I am going to send you your wife soon," because we were still living separately at that time. He added, "Soon, you will be a papa." I said, "Thank you, Father."

When my wife came, the World Mission Center leader said, "Let's hold onto her." I told him that she was supposed to work for CARP, but he said, "Let's hold onto her and keep her for ourselves." When Father found out that she didn't connect with CARP, he came and said to me, "If you do not do what Father says, which is God's word, God will leave you and not be with you any more."

That was the scariest thing he told me, the scariest thing I ever heard him say to me: threatening that God would no longer be with me. Of course, I instantly talked to my wife and told her to report to CARP.

Ever since I left East Garden and could no longer be a bodyguard for Father, I have prayed for Father. Ever since 1977, every time I prayed I asked for his safety and protection, long life, and good health. I prayed for his safe travel for so many years...many, many years. Right after I left East Garden, I felt that after the privilege I had of serving directly for many years, all I could do now was to pray for what I had done physically before. I offered spiritual protection through prayer. Ever since then, my entire life and my entire prayer life has been for the well-being, long life, good health, safety, protection, and safe travel of True Parents as well for the True Family. Now 33 years have gone by, and he has jets, airplanes, a helicopter, and God knows what else.

In Korea they were in a helicopter accident when the helicopter got into bad weather and went down. When I found out about that, I thought, "How is that possible? I've been praying all those years for their safety, protection, and safe travel and now they had an accident. The helicopter crashed and burst into flames." But, in reality, True Father was not hurt. Actually, nobody was seriously hurt in that accident. Thinking about it now, my 33 years of praying for them and for their safety, protection, and safe travel must have, in one way or another, paid off in the end so that his safety was guaranteed.

In my youth, in the prime of my life, I provided security and safety for him. I could guarantee his safety. Now that it is over, all I can do is pray for him. I have prayed for his safety and protection because it used to be my mission to provide safety, security, and protection for the True Parents. I used to be a bodyguard for Christ.

Bodyguard for Christ

