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Preface

When I wrote my first book, "Bodyguard for Christ", I was approached by many people who read it in disappointment, because they thought that I did not put enough writing about our fishing program. I trained many people to become captains and fishermen, and many people know me from that time and my work on the ocean. They knew, that I spent decades at sea and they were interested to read about those times and experiences on the water. After carefully thinking about it, I came to the conclusion, that I should put my experiences on the ocean down on paper in book form as Rev. Moon's bodyguard and also as head of the tuna fishing fleet . And so this book, "Fishing With Our Father" is an entire book about life on the ocean and fishing with our father, Rev. Sun Myung Moon. For me, there were many special moments worthwhile to remember and to put on paper. Since this book covers over 35 years of my life at sea, I hope, I did not leave out any important stories and experiences.

Gerhard Peemoeller

Introduction

“Whoever will be most successful in bringing people to the event at Madison Square Garden, I will take with me on my boat for fishing in the ocean!” Those were the words of Rev. Sun Myung Moon, known in the Unification Church as the True Father. We were a group of about 500 members, sitting on the wooden floor of the Barrytown auditorium, participating in a 5-day workshop, preparing for the Madison Square Garden event on September 18th 1974.

As I heard those words I thought to myself, “Wow, I would really like to go fishing on the ocean with Father.” As I pondered my thoughts and imagined the ocean, I heard a voice in my head saying “You are going fishing with him anyway!” To my amazement, it was the voice of God telling me, that I would go fishing with Father anyway.

I had no idea what would happen in the near future. At that time we were just sitting on the hard floor, which was difficult enough for me, getting ready for Father’s speaking event in Madison Square Garden, New York.

After the preparation period was over, we went to New York City and started working for the event by inviting people to attend Father’s speech. The picture of Rev. Sun Myung Moon could be seen all over New York City, especially in Manhattan, as we put up posters in every available space. Everyone in New York certainly got to know Rev. Moon and knew of the coming event on September 18th 1974 in Madison Square Garden.

Just prior to the event I was asked to help out with security at the East Garden Estate, the home of the True Parents. After working on the estate for a while, building a fence and doing security work, I became Father’s body guard. As his body guard I had the mission, the honor and privilege, to

escort Father, whenever he left East Garden and wherever he was going. So it was quite natural for me to be by his side, whenever he went to the ocean for fishing.

Many times Father took out a larger group, and the boat became rather crowded. Therefore I wasn't included all the time, but whenever the guests came back, we heard their stories of people getting sea sick, not being able to endure the ever present motion of the ocean without paying their tribute. After their stomachs settled a bit, they would go inside the boat into the salon, lie down and sleep while Father stayed on deck undeterred, until it was time to turn back.

The first time I was on the water with Father was actually on the Hudson River. The boat he used was the Flying Phoenix, a 24 ½ foot Wellcraft, being his speed boat. The Flying Phoenix had two 188 horsepower inboard engines with I O drive and was capable of going 50 knots easily, which is 50 nautical miles per hour. When the boat took off with all its power, I thought I might fall out of the boat, because I had absolutely no idea of life on the water, driving the boat or fishing. So everything for me was a first.

Daikan was driving the boat, cruising up the Hudson River, looking for a place to anchor and do some fishing. I remember sitting on the bow, trying to catch some fish. Needless to say I had my share of difficulties with the fishing pole, casting and retrieving. During my ordeal I lost many hooks, leaders and sinkers. So Daikan's main job was putting new fishing gear on to my fishing pole. After a while he said "No more", meaning, I couldn't fish anymore, because my fishing pole had no hooks, no leader or sinker, nothing, just the line. All I could do was sit there on the bow and wait, until Father was ready to go home. This was the beginning of my fishing career.

Soon it was my turn to escort Father for fishing in the ocean. All the stories of people getting sick, not being able to

handle the motion sickness, kind of scared me. Actually, I was so scared to get sea sick when we were on the New Hope, the 48ft Pacemaker, that I didn't get sea sick.

However the next time, when we went out onto the ocean, I was so confident that I would not get sea sick that I even snacked on some potato chips. Well, when the boat was anchored, ready to catch some bluefish, I was the one that had to do the chumming, meaning cutting bait. The chum for blue fish was frozen fish guts and rotten fish. My job was to thaw out the frozen chum and little by little, spoonful by spoonful, spread it out on the water, so that it would attract many fish once it sank. As you can very well imagine, thawed out rotten fish and fish guts, gave out an incredible odor.

The sea had about 2 to 4 foot waves and as every so often some ocean liner or big cargo ship came close, we had to endure its wake. The wake of those ships was 8 feet and higher, and the New Hope rocked and rolled whenever those wakes reached us. Now, I do not know whether it was the smell of the chum or the sea conditions, but something make me incredibly sick, maybe even the potato chips, which I have never eaten again since that day. My stomach acted really funny and I could not hold its contents down any longer. Right in front of the Lord of the Second Advent, I emptied my stomach into the Atlantic Ocean with big noise.

I remember Daikan's words "Chum chum, good chum", indicating that my stomach contents might be good chum for the fish. As a matter of fact, I have seen some Greek fishermen chewing some food and spitting it out into the sea to attract fish. After my stomach was pretty much empty, all my strength also went overboard and my only desire was to just go into the salon, lie down close my eyes and sleep.

As I took the first steps towards the cabin of the boat, father started shouting at me in a loud voice and told me, to continue chumming because he wanted to catch some fish. He

yelled and screamed at me for quite a while for whatever I did was wrong, and he seemed to blame me for the lack of fish. So of course during the rest of the afternoon I had the urge to throw up many times, until my stomach was completely empty.

It truly is a horrible feeling when you want to throw up, and there is nothing in your stomach to bring up any more. Then I thought to myself: “What in the world can I do to escape this situation?” I even thought that dying would be easier than this. So, whoever had difficulties with motion sickness, man, I’ve been there, I’ve done it. I was more sea sick than anyone I’ve ever seen. I was still suffering from motion sickness while driving home in the car.

After arriving at East Garden and trying to wash up, I couldn’t even look at the water, streaming out of the faucet, without getting seasick. When I finally found time to rest, the only suitable place was the concrete floor, which I was sure wouldn’t move.

The next morning I went to the sink to get washed up, but again I couldn’t even look at the water, as it brought back those horrible feelings of motion sickness from the day before.

Sure enough, when Father went to Barrytown, to speak to the trainees assembled there, he talked about getting sea sick. I still remember his words: “The other day when I took some young member out to sea, he got so sea sick that he wanted to die!” That was so true, that’s what I wanted to do, and Father knew exactly what was on my mind.

In all those years I fished with Father, I have never seen him treat someone as harsh as he treated me during my first fishing trip. That was the lowest point for me, and I determined to fight hard to gain control over the sea sickness.

My first try was by using Dramamine, which is used to suppress motion sickness. I made sure to neither eat nor drink before going out to sea, meaning my stomach was completely empty. However, Dramamine has some side effects, getting you

so tired, that you fervently want to sleep. Having to work after taking Dramamine is very difficult.

Then I tried to make my stomach tighten up, in karate exercise it's called Ibukis. As time went by, I didn't need as much Dramamine anymore, and after a while I stopped taking it all together, relying solely on Ibukis to tighten my stomach, basically trying to keep the food down. Later it wasn't necessary to do Ibukis anymore either. Little by little I overcame the nauseating sea sickness.

Later, during one morning service, Father spoke about overcoming sea sickness. I know he was inspired by my overcoming my sea sickness. As I am now a commercial fisherman and make my living off the water, I never experience sea sickness anymore. But if I have guests on the boat I might encounter people struggling with sea sickness. I surely went that course from the very beginning, from the bottom up, and know the agony people go through, when they are experiencing that sickness on the water.

I have never seen Father getting sea sick though. In all those years I only heard, that Father threw up once during a raging storm in the Gulf of Mexico, meaning in really bad weather. When I recall Father's words in my mind before the Madison Square Garden event, that he would take the most successful members out on the ocean, I can only say, that I had no idea, that motion sickness was a byproduct of that invitation.

When I look back at the time I spent in Chile, South America, I remember our little boat there, a 25-footer. We invited 4 or 5 Japanese sisters, who were most successful in witnessing, out to the ocean. When we were out on the Pacific, that little boat was no match for the high waves out there. Some Japanese sisters tried hard but could not keep their food down. These sisters were reporting afterwards, that this trip on the ocean was not a reward to be sure, but rather torture. Well, all I

can say to those, fighting sea sickness, is that the best reward can become torture.

The second time I went out, escorting Father on the Flying Phoenix, I tried to always have a prayerful attitude. As I was saying earlier, Father surely knew, what was on my mind, and He surely knew my thoughts. The best I could do as a body guard while on security duty was, to have a prayerful attitude. Once, while fishing on the Hudson River on board of the Flying Phoenix, I said my silent prayers, I found out that even fish respond to prayer. While silently praying, fishing was actually productive. Even though I had no experience, I caught many fish that day.

As Father prepared himself for the Madison Square Garden event, he always went out to the ocean to catch fish, mostly bluefish. I remember one occasion, before I was his bodyguard, that he invited one Japanese security member to escort him. On that day Father's goal was to catch 160 fish. The number 160 is a multiple of 40. The number 40 symbolizes the separation from Satan, and at the event on September 18th 1974 there may have been a total of 40,000 people trying to get into Madison Square Garden.

Of course, the Garden only holds 20,000 people, and then the doors were closed. Many people were turned away without having the chance of hearing Father speak. According to one estimate as many as 20,000 couldn't get in.

Whenever Father went out fishing, he usually left East Garden at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. Normally, one of the kitchen sisters was up at that time, serving everyone who accompanied Father, orange juice. The trip from East Garden to Freeport, Long Island took about one hour by car. Father wanted to be in Freeport at the bait shop at 5:00 am when it opened. Interestingly enough, later on, when Father went fishing at other locations, like Gloucester, MA, he also left the house at 4:00 am. But the original reason was the 5:00 am

opening time of the bait shop. Father wanted to be there as soon as it opened, in order to be able to go out fishing early. In those days Father had breakfast around 11:00 am and lunch about 3:30 pm.

As I mentioned before, Father was preparing for the major event at Madison Square Garden by catching bluefish in the North Atlantic. For Yankee Stadium he prepared himself by catching flounder in Jones Inlet at Long Island. I had the honor and privilege of being with Father every time. I especially remember one day, among others, when Lady Dr. Kim came with Father for fishing, saying, that we would have to catch two ice chests full of flounder. That probably would have amounted to about 600 pounds of fish. I remember Father telling us that day, to put as many fishing poles out as we could. I believe we might have had 19 fishing poles out that day.

Even though I'm talking about flounder fishing, in reality the fish we caught were fluke. There is a remarkable difference between flounder and fluke. If you put the flounder down, white side down, its belly down and towards your belly, the flounder will swim from the left to the right. However if you put the fluke white side down, its belly towards your belly, the fluke will swim from the right to the left, because his head is on the left. Another difference is the fluke's healthy set of teeth, as the fluke is a predator, feeding on other fish, while the flounder has no teeth and feeds on worms, basically sucking up the worms. So the fish in Jones Inlet were actually fluke. Because the fluke has teeth and feeds on other fish, the bait used for catching fluke is killies, small fish. We like to keep them alive for catching fluke, so that the fluke can make a kill while catching them.

Father bought the killies at 5:00 am every morning in the bait shop. Later on I saw people catching their own supply of killies in traps right at their dock. The bait they used for catching killies in the traps was horseshoe crab. They cut the

horseshoe crab into pieces and used a small piece of horseshoe crab, which attracted the fish.

At this time I really like to go into detail as to why Father is so successful catching fish. As I said earlier, I used silent prayer, silent meditation as to not throw up while fishing and to be able to catch fish. I also mentioned, that somehow the fish responded to my silent prayers. Yes, the creation responds to prayer, even silent prayer, and since Father always engages in silent prayer, meditation and deep thought while on the water, the fish are attracted to him. That is the reason for his success in fishing.

The preparation period for Washington Monument was in Massachusetts Bay in the North Atlantic, just outside Boston, Cape Ann and Cape Cod. At that time we neither had a center in Gloucester nor any other facilities for Father, but we did have a center in Marblehead, right at the ocean. When Father and his family came up to Marblehead, we took over the center while the members worked from a different location.

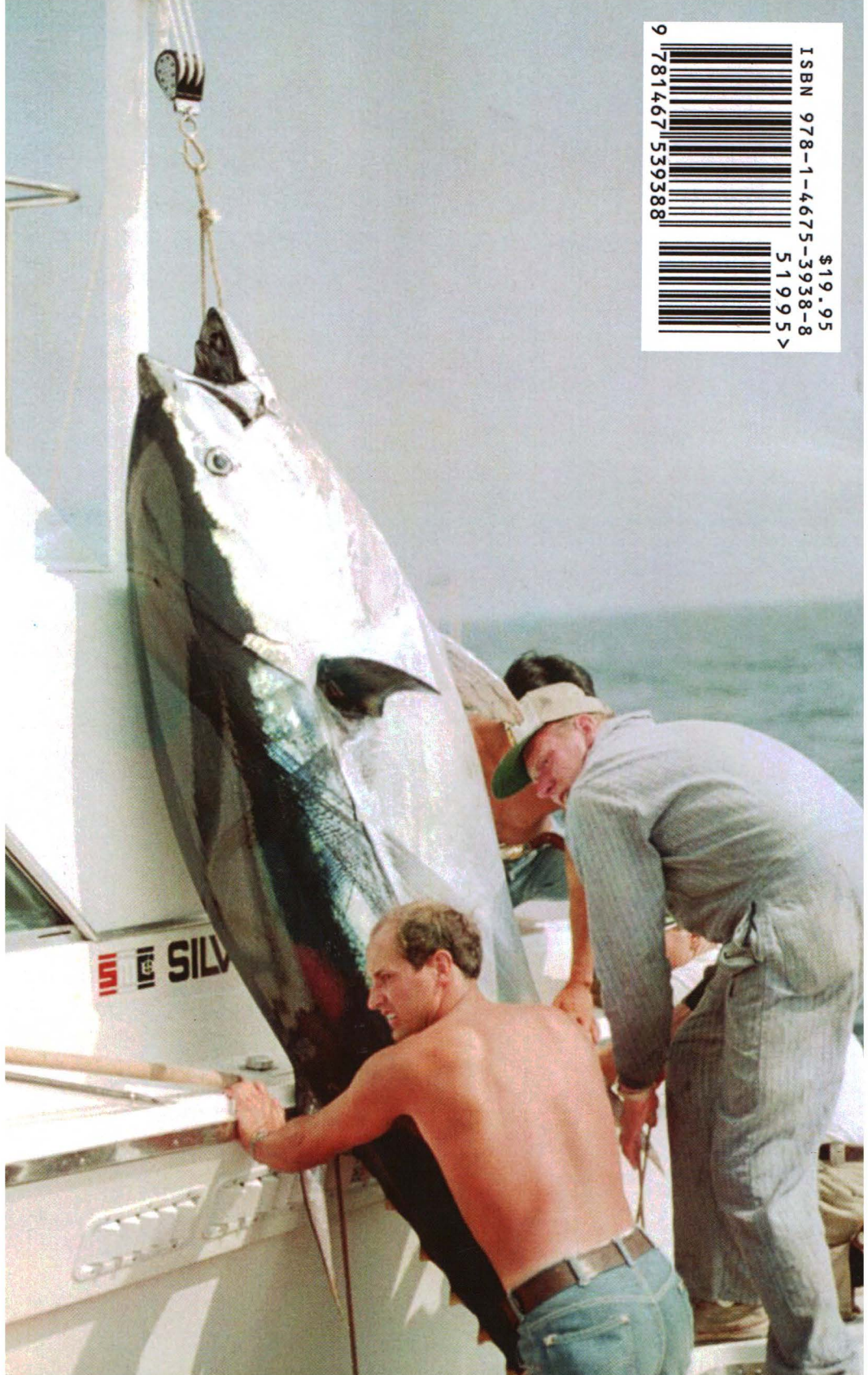
To accommodate Father, our people built a floating dock outside the Marblehead house. The floating dock was anchored about 100 feet away from the rocks. The New Hope could safely anchor out there, back up towards the floating dock and tie up. There was also a small rafting dock, tied between the floating dock and the rocks. In order to get to the boat, someone had to pull the rafting dock to the rocks, climb onto it and pull the rafting dock towards the floating dock. Then he needed to climb onto the floating dock and from there onto the New Hope, which was tied by the stern to the floating dock. If Father wanted to leave, all we had to do was raise the anchor and the New Hope was ready to go.

Interestingly enough, as all the people had to go that way, all the chum as well as the tuna we would catch, had to come that way as well, which was quite an adventure in itself. Just imagine an 800 pound tuna fish on the boat that needs to be

unloaded. We had to drag it through the tuna door off the boat onto the floating dock. From there we dragged it onto the rafting dock, then raft it towards the rocks and pull it up the rocks towards the house into the basement, up the stairs and through the garage. Then it had to be lifted onto a truck. Just image, how many people it would take to drag an 800 pound tuna fish over the ground, the rocks, the docks, up the stairs and, after all that dragging, lifting it up onto the truck. Whoever was there, had to help out pulling, dragging, lifting. Needless to say, it was really hard work.

When Father saw, that it was quite a hassle to move the tuna, he designed a tuna board, that 8 people could carry the tuna, instead of dragging it over the rocks. Yet in reality it was almost just as difficult. The interesting part was this. Daikan, who was rather short, 5 foot 5 inches compared to my being 6 foot 6 inches, never wanted to carry the tuna opposite of me but rather behind me. It makes a lot of sense.

That particular year, 1976, Father was very successful at catching tuna. As we were going out with two boats, many times we would catch two tunas a day. According to the law, each boat was only allowed to catch one tuna per day. But since we had two boats on the ocean, we could keep two tuna fish. Then of course we had to go thru the difficult unloading procedure I described above, not with one, but with two tunas. Whoever was involved can never forget it. Not only that. After the fish were finally on the truck, we had to bring the chum back to the boat the same way. The chum boxes weighed at least 150 pounds each. Anyway, it was quite a workout.



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