

1980

“The ocean is dangerous”. Repeat after me: “The ocean is dangerous” and again “the ocean is dangerous”. With these words Father started the tuna workshop in 1980. He continued on: “The ocean is dangerous, but you don’t have to be afraid of the ocean. You have to always respect the ocean and its power”. Father taught this tuna workshop himself at Morning Garden in Gloucester. He said: “What, do you think, will happen, if all the Gloucester fishermen know, that we are having a tuna workshop here and that Father is giving this workshop? They would all come and listen eagerly to what the Father has to say”. He himself taught us his techniques and insisted that we don’t fish according to our own way, but to copy Father’s way, because that has proven to be most productive.

We spent the entire day listening to Father’s talk. As he described the tuna, we were very eager to absorb every word coming from Father. When we started the tuna season, we soon found out, that there was a reason to copy Father’s way of fishing, because it was very productive, and compared to outside fishermen, we caught many more tunas than those people. As a result, those local fishermen became very nasty and angry, because the Moonies would catch all the fish right in front of their noses.

That particular year was very special. It started out with Father buying Morning Garden, which used to be Cardinal Cushing’s villa, and was regarded the number one property in all of Gloucester. We already owned the Gloucester Lobster Company, and Father also bought the Marina right next to it. On top of it he bought Bob’s Clam Shack, being the meeting point for all of Gloucester’s young people.

Out on the water, many times we could hear those local fishermen letting off steam by saying, fishing sucks.

Today I'm gonna go trolling through Bob's Clam Shack, hoping for a bite". After Bob's Clam Shack became Moonie property, none of Gloucester's youth came there anymore, avoiding it like the plague. They staged large demonstrations in front of the restaurant, marching up and down with signs, yelling and screaming, cussing and swearing. In the evening they would drive by in cars, throwing rocks, and sometimes even shots were fired at our people. The fact that, the Moonies were buying so much property in Gloucester, seemed to cause quite an uproar in the entire Gloucester community against the Moonies, and an incredible amount of persecution resulted.

It became so intense, that once a Moonie vehicle was identified, it was attacked with rocks. At one bar, somebody was on lookout all the time. They had a pile of rocks assembled, and once a Moonie car came by, people came running out of the bar and threw rocks at our vehicles. On the water people got really nasty as well, and it seemed, it became a tradition to moon the Moonies, meaning, they turned around, pulled down their pants and bent over, to expose their rear ends. I have seen so many Gloucester butts, it almost seems unreal.

Once we were catching bait inside Gloucester harbor. At the bubbler, where the Gloucester sewage enters the harbor, this raw sewage attracted many fish and you would be able to catch fish there all the time to be used for live bait. I remember one time especially. We had several boats there catching bait, when a Gloucester speed boat came out, manned with boys and girls. As they passed our boats, the girls took off all their clothes, bent over and showed us their rear end, and the men took down their pants and did the same. Of course, this behavior and yelling, screaming insults and obscenities go hand in hand. Later on, as some of our boats went to the fuel dock, it so happened, that this particular speed boat had docked there too. When those young people walked by our boats, our brother

Stan could not hold his tongue and said:” Can you please take down your clothes again, I didn’t see everything yet”.

Especially in the evening, when people drove past Morning Garden, every car seemed to be loaded with negative people, yelling and screaming obscenities about the Moonies. Unfortunately True Parents, living there, could not get their well-deserved rest. Every time a car drove by, people were screaming. It became very obvious that they not only resented Father’s buying prime property in Gloucester, they also observed, that our whole tuna fleet copied Father’s fishing methods and was very successful, catching the bulk of the tuna fish there.

Interestingly enough, Father told us: “You are only as good as you are, as long as Father is with you. If you would be fishing without Father, you would not be this successful”. I remember one meeting with Father outside Morning Garden. I came a little bit late for one reason or another and the meeting had already started without me. But when Father saw me, he talked directly to me right away and said: “Gerhard, how many fish do you want to catch this season?” I responded: “I want to catch one more fish than Father”. He burst out laughing and said: “You can try”. Then he asked me to sit right next to him.

During that meeting I became so tired. It was very difficult for me to stay awake, especially with everybody looking at me. At that time I remembered Ginseng Up was introduced. We all tried Ginseng Up and I really liked it very much.

The tuna season was very productive for us, and the native fishermen were trying to copy the Moonie way of fishing as well as the Moonie fishing gear. They would use binoculars all day long, watching every move we made. Years later, one of them became really successful in tuna fishing. The boat’s name was Ruth D. Galen asked the crew later on: “How did you become so successful?” The brothers replied: “We watched

Gerhard with our binoculars and copied him”. Well, I just did what Father taught us, meaning, I just copied Father’s way of tuna fishing. It produced great results, not just for us but also for native Gloucester fishermen.

I remember the year when Tom was my mate. We were a really good team, catching many fish together, and we have been good friends ever since. I remember one time when Tom was starting to chum, after I had been setting out all the lines. As I was spacing the lines correctly, I saw one of the buoys disappear vertically into the water. All I could yell was: “Fish, fish!” I grabbed the line, held it tight and gave it a good jerk to set the hook. Then I tried to hold on to the tuna as it made a run with all its strength, to get away. Tom was hauling in the lines very quickly, and once the lines were secured, he released the anchor ball. Then we took turns fighting the tuna, until the fish was worn out and tired and came close to the boat, so I could harpoon it. We then brought it next to the boat, tied it up and offered a prayer full of gratitude.

I remember one afternoon, when it was very hot and the sea so calm, I checked the lines while Tom was chumming. Then I sat down, and after a while I dozed off. Tom kept on chumming and when I woke up he was laughing at me, saying: “You fell asleep, you were actually sleeping”. I really tried hard to always stay awake by being active, but this one time it happened. Obviously I did not like it, but Tom said: “Don’t worry, even Father is asleep”. Looking over to the New Hope, we saw Father sitting on the flying bridge, his head bobbing from side to side, in accordance with the rolling of the boat. I surely didn’t like Tom’s remark about Father sleeping. Father was always scolding people when he saw them asleep, saying: “How can you sleep when I am working so hard?” I am quite sure Father’s remark pertained to his spiritual work, while his body was nodding off. I was so angry with Tom, for not being able to see that. I grabbed him and threw him overboard. As he

was trying to climb back on board, I threw pieces of chum onto his head, which he surely did not like very much. I knew that Tom was a good swimmer, so it didn't bother me that I threw him into the water.

I remember throwing him into the water a second time, when he talked about using wine for cooking. I was such a hardcore Moonie, that I threw him overboard based on that comment. I even threw him in a third time, but that was different, because he tried to throw me in first, yet he was no match for my strength. So I just reversed the grip and Tom was back in the water. As I said earlier, Tom and I became best friends and remained best friends ever since. Nothing could ever change that, not even being thrown into the water. I felt sad, when Tom had to go back to the Seminary to continue his studies. Father asked him: "How many fish did you catch Tom?" He said: "13, Father". He actually did a pretty good job. Later one, when we met and talked about this or that person, Tom remarked jokingly: "Oh, that guy probably gets seasick". After graduating from Barrytown, he worked at the Washington Times for 25 years, but our friendship never ended. In fact it includes his entire family, as even his step-dad came out tuna fishing with us one year, and we had a real good time together.

Sometimes Father left the fishing grounds in one of the small boats. I still remember when he joined us in my boat on the way home. We drove in front of everyone, including the New Hope, and entered Gloucester Harbor. I know that Father does not like to drive slowly, so I did not slow down, even inside the inner harbor. Sure enough, close to the Rocky Neck I spotted a small boat, the Gloucester police boat. The policeman, Keith, was friends with the Moonies. When I saw him, I reduced our speed instantly. He motioned me to stop and I thought, oh boy, Father is on the boat and now we are getting into trouble with the police. The policeman started talking to me and said: "Gerhard, I've heard reports, that people are

causing big wakes inside the inner harbor of Gloucester. Do you have any idea who might be doing that?" I believe I turned red as a beet and I said: "No Sir, I don't". At that very moment, our own wake caught up with us as well as with the police boat, and we were rolling from side to side inside Gloucester harbor. As he looked at me, he saw Father on the boat and said: "Yeah, Gerhard, take care", and let us go. Daikan was smiling from ear to ear as we idled into the inner harbor and entered the marina to tie up the boat.

Later on, when we received the first Good Go boat in Gloucester, Father said: "Gerhard drives the little boats the best, so the One Hope 1 will be his boat". When the One Hope 2 arrived, little Gerhard became the captain, and the captain on the One Hope 3 was Ken. Interestingly enough to be mentioned was the fact, that the first tuna caught by a Good Go boat was caught by One Hope 3. Ken had a Korean crew at that time. Of course Father wanted me to catch the first tuna, but it was Ken on the One Hope 3 with the Korean crew who made it.

We kept on catching fish and I remember, when both of us, Father and I myself had caught 15 tunas each. One day we went out to the Southwest corner a little bit later than the others and headed straight for the New Hope, to receive an anchor spot. Father didn't even look at me, just pointed in a certain direction, and we took that spot and anchored. Very soon we had a strike and landed a big fish. As we passed the New Hope on our way home, I showed the tuna to Father. I then had to tow it all the way from the Southwest corner back to Gloucester, a distance of about 30 nautical miles. It was a very slow process and took over 4 hours. I somehow deviated a little from the ideal course, and after a couple of hours I saw the New Hope driving by at full speed towards Gloucester. That meant, Father also had caught a tuna, and we were both even again. Allen, the captain on the New Hope told me later, that the atmosphere on the New Hope changed abruptly after I showed Father my fish,

and he felt rather uncomfortable. Of course Father knew at that time, that I was one tuna fish ahead of him, and he surely didn't like the idea, that I came out late for fishing in the first place and on top of it , I caught a fish earlier than he himself. On the other hand, he enjoys being challenged.

A little later Father initiated the first World Tuna Tournament in Gloucester. Rev. Paul Werner and Rev. Martin Porter were responsible for organizing the event. The total amount in prize money was \$100,000: First prize \$70,000; second prize \$20,000 and third prize \$10,000. Three categories were awarded: First the heaviest fish; next the longest fish and third the total accumulated weight of tuna over a period of 7 days.

At that time Master Marine built one new Good Go boat with an inboard motor, the One Hope 149, and I became captain of that boat. Also our crew changed, and I got different people to work with me. I remember the first day we went out, as it was a very rough day. All boats met at the Southwest corner, but nobody could catch a fish. Father told me: "Gerhard, I want you to catch a tuna today". I truly made an effort and also pondered in my mind, what I would do with \$70,000 in prize money, if I would win, and how I would spend that money. I had it all figured and planned out.

However, man plans but God is in control, as the saying goes in German. This was an indication already, that I would not be successful in catching tuna during the tournament, but Father on the other hand caught two fish daily. At the end of the tournament he naturally had the most accumulated weight of tuna.

After the tournament was over, a lottery was held, and Allen, the captain of the New Hope, won first prize. Father said, we should not keep the prize money for ourselves but should create a fund to be used for scholarships, benefitting the children of commercial fishermen. Since I had already spent

that money in advance in my mind, never thinking of using it for the public benefit, I could not be awarded any monetary prize.

After the tuna tournament was over, Father announced a tournament for Moonies only for the rest of the season. That tournament had no monetary rewards. The crews and captains were changed and I became the captain for the Austrian crew. Peter Koch and three of his members were to be my crew for that time period. Actually, Peter and I were really a good team. Why? Because Peter was good at praying and I was good at fishing, and we united pretty well. So with this Austrian crew on my boat I remember catching one fish the very next day. After Peter stopped his morning prayer, he said: "Either we catch one fish every day or we catch one really big one"

I made every effort, to catch a tuna, but it did not pay off. We did not get the desired results. However, during the end of the season, at the very moment, when one of the Native boats really came close, harassing us, we hooked up a big tuna. I still remember that we used a big squid on the hook. As we were fighting the tuna, one of the Austrian brothers, Traugert, grabbed the line with his bare hands and held on to it, while the tuna was going out. Later on he told me: "I held on to the fish, like I was on a bull". I felt so sorry for him, because, holding on to the line, which was going out with high speed, caused severe rope burns in his hands. These were the worst rope burns I have ever seen in my life. After we caught the fish and tied it up, he showed me his hands. They looked horrible. I told him, to get a bucket of sea water and hold his hands into the bucket. That was all I could do for him at that time. He never came back for tuna fishing again. So these rope burns were the worst in his lifetime.

After we towed the tuna all the way back to Gloucester, unloaded it and put in on the scale, it weighed 1,036 pounds and was over 10' 4" long. Anyway, it was the longest fish

caught during that time period. During the lottery for the three categories afterwards, we were awarded first prize for the category of the longest fish.

As mentioned before, there was no monetary prize involved, but the winner of the first prize was to have lunch with Father. I still remember this special occasion clearly. As we entered the dining room of Morning Garden, Father was already sitting at the table, his eyes closed, and it felt, as if he was manifesting God himself. When I entered the room I felt, that I had come into the presence of God. To have lunch with the Father in the presence of God was the first prize of the tournament. It was so precious, that no monetary prize could buy it. That was the real reward. I would like to talk about the persecution a little bit more. When those local fishermen saw any Moonie, they had to scream insults to us, like “Moonie sucks”. After a while, Father got so fed up with that situation, that he scolded us “you are dead Moonies, I can not hear you out there, I only hear the others”. However, one of our brothers grew up in the Bronx, he knew what to say. He said, if someone screams “Moonie sucks”, you scream back “Your mother sucks”. It actually worked. One time, one guy came to me, screaming “Moonie sucks” and I replied “your mother sucks, your sister sucks, your girl friend sucks and you suck”. That guy was quiet the rest of the day. I recall Father, when someone screamed with all his hatred “move”, he replied “don’t move” in the same way. This Messiah for sure does not turn the other cheek. Wherever there were Moonies, whether on the water or on land, it didn’t matter, there was persecution. It seemed as if some of those guys wanted to outdo each other in persecuting the Moonies. At that time we somehow made friends with a couple of people on a certain red boat. It was a workboat, but I forgot the name. It so happened, that one day, under choppy sea conditions, we met this red boat going out, while we were coming in. They actually did go out, braving the

rough seas, to spend the night out in the boat at the Northwest corner of Stellwagen Bank. I thought to myself: "Respect to them, if they really spend the night out here". They actually did.

When we set out at 4:00 am the next morning and reached our normal fishing grounds, lo and behold the red boat had already anchored there. Normally, one decides to simply go to another spot and fish there, if another boat is already anchored at our usual spot. However, it just so happened, that this was the spot, where Father wanted to fish and catch a big tuna.

The New Hope circled around the red boat and found, it anchored at exactly the spot, where Father wanted to fish, as it was that particular spot on the Northwest corner, where usually the first fish of the day was caught. Now the dilemma was that the red boat was sitting on Father's spot. Father knew exactly, where the fish would bite, and that's where he wanted to be. But he could not go there because somebody else was anchored there already. I have seen it happen, that, when Father wants to fish at a certain spot, where one of our boats is already anchored, he simply tells the crew to move to another place. Of course the boat would move at once, and Father would anchor there and catch a fish.

As the red boat was not one of ours, he could not just chase it away. Instead he anchored close by, hoping, that the fish might come to him. After the New hope had anchored, I approached it, expecting to be assigned an anchor spot. Father directed me with his arm stretched out saying: "There, there, there", and when I was at the correct spot he told me to drop the anchor. He signaled me by stretching out two hands in front of him, pointing a finger down and moved the arms downwards indicating the spot for me to anchor.

When I did so and released the line, it virtually ended up on top of the red boat. I had no choice but to pick up my anchor again and try some other spot. But Father did not like the idea

at all and signaled again for me to go to my former spot and drop anchor. When I did so, I ended up too close to the red boat again, repeating this maneuver several times, until eventually I got hooked up into the anchor line of the red boat. Finally their anchor broke loose and the boat drifted away.

We ended up fighting with the red boat, which happened to be the only boat we had been on friendly terms with at that time. During the process of that fight, I saw the New Hope getting a strike. They went off the anchor ball and fought the fish for over an hour. Eventually Father managed to harpoon the fish and tied it up next to the boat. Father then told Alan to call Gerhard and Zola on the radio, to come to the New Hope and to help pull in the tuna, because it was just too big. We complied, and with all our combined strength we eventually managed, to pull the fish through the tuna door into the cockpit of the New Hope. It was a really big fish. Later on we found out, that it weighed 1,067 pounds. It was the biggest tuna Father ever caught.

At this time I would like to point out, that Father would have never been able to catch that tuna, unless somebody could get the red boat to move, as it was anchored at the exact spot, where this large tuna was to be caught. By fighting those people on the red boat, Father managed to catch the biggest tuna he had ever caught in his entire life. Without me doing the job of chasing away the red boat, he would have never caught that fish. As a result though, the last boat which was kind of friendly towards us became our enemy, and the negativity on the water increased.

The negativity on land was just as bad. I remember that Father brought a couple of extra security guards and one attack dog to Morning Garden in 1980. The attack dog was a big Doberman Pincher and I believe the meanest dog I ever saw. As the negativity increased in Gloucester, one night two guys came to Morning Garden, planning to do some harm. One of them

climbed the fence, and as he jumped down on the other side, he broke his leg. The attack dog heard the sound and ran towards the fence. When the intruder heard the dog coming, he climbed the fence again trying to reach the other side as fast as he could, despite his broken leg. When the police came and caught those intruders, they asked the guy with the broken leg, how he managed to climb the fence again, he replied: "I grew wings".

I would like to mention another incident on the water, which was caused by little Gerhard and his crew. As they were fighting a tuna, the fish dove underneath another boat and circled its anchor. That boat pulled up its lines and courteously left the anchor spot, enabling our crew to catch the tuna without interference. When our people pulled up the tuna, they discovered the anchor line wrapped around the line. They simply cut it and tied it together with a single overhand knot. Later on the boat came back, picked up its anchor and continued fishing. Unfortunately the knot opened, and as a result, the boat lost its anchor, which of course was our fault. That guy became really negative and upset over the loss of his anchor, and as a result could not continue fishing. Little Gerhard told this person: "I will replace the anchor, next time I come out fishing". But in reality he never did. As a result, that person became more and more angry and negative and instigated others to fight against the Moonies.

Eventually he took revenge by cutting the anchor line of one of our boats. Then a physical fight broke out and ended with one of our boats ramming the broadside of the other vessel. The people on the boat fell down, fearing for their lives and made a run home. Of course the situation became more and more tense. because little Gerhard never ever replaced that anchor. This particular boat was from Green Harbor, multiplying the negativity there. As a result, all boats from Green Harbor hated the Moonies. I clearly recall the last day I was out fishing. When I picked up my gear, ready to go home,

one boat from Green Harbor approached me, but I left the fishing grounds before he could reach me. The negativity however extended into the next year.

I remember one incident, when Jerry had a hook up and fought a fish. That fish drifted over to another boat and got entangled in its lines. This fisherman simply cut our tuna line and attached the tuna to one of his lines. When Jerry picked up the line and saw that it was cut, he stayed right next to the guy, who cut it and verbally attacked him and accused him. He probably did so for more than an hour. The other person landed the fish, tied it up, claiming it to be his fish. But Jerry continued arguing, that it was his tuna and showed him the cut line and his other leaders, indicating that it was his fish and should rightfully remain his fish. Believe it or not, after over an hour of arguing, the guy eventually returned the tuna to Jerry. Afterwards I said to Jerry: "Man that was a great job you did to get that tuna back". He replied: "If it would have been mine, he could have kept the tuna, but it was Father's fish, so I had to get it back". I responded: "Good job, Jerry".

The 1981 fishing season started out in such a negative environment day in and day out. Wherever we would show our faces, we encountered heavy persecution. Father was not participating in that tuna season, so I became the head of the fleet. I remember one day, when Diakan took out the New Hope and we went fishing in the Northwest corner. I do not recall, what triggered this particular fight with one of our boats, but I recall seeing Zola with a chum knife in his mouth, jumping into the water, swimming to one of the boats close by, cutting their anchor line and then returning to his boat. Many native fishermen were around our boat accusing us and attacking us. Some of their bigger boats pulled up their anchors and formed a chain, driving their boats in circles around Zola's boat. It looked like a horde of Indians attacking a settler's stronghold. Daikan had pulled up the New Hope's anchor and went out to

Thatcher's Island to do some fishing there, in order to get away from the negativity. As he left, he called me on the radio and said: "Gerhard, you are in charge". Yea, right you are, thanks.

Anyway, the situation on the water became more and more tense and somebody, in great wisdom, called the Gloucester Coast Guard to come out and calm down the hot heads. When the Coast Guard arrived, things had eased up a bit, and we negotiated a meeting between the native fishermen and the Moonies. When we arrived at the meeting, the noise was so intense, that you could not understand your own word. One husky native fisherman was screaming at the top of his lungs, so that nobody could talk. Eventually, the situation calmed down little by little, and there was agreement on our side, that we cut some anchors and they in turn agreed not to kill us, acknowledging that we all had the same rights to catch tuna. At least both sides were talking to each other.

After the meeting was over and we drove home, we discovered that somebody had cut the break lines of our van, but we were protected by God and had no accident. The World Tuna Tournament in 1981 had the same prices and the same categories as the year before. The biggest fish during that tournament was caught by our brother Chris. The fish weighed in at 1,140 pounds. The biggest fish we ever caught was 1,176 pounds and was caught by little Gerhard. I remember when that fish bit. The entire line went out so fast, all they could do was clip on a ball to the end of the line. When the fish had all the line taken out I remember seeing that ball flying through the air and then landing in the water, as the fish was taking it far out to sea. They pursued the ball and as they pulled in the whole line, eventually they landed this giant tuna.

During that day many tunas were caught. As we were allowed to catch two fish a day, little Gerhard's boat caught a second tuna, and I caught two tunas as well that day. When we met that evening at the dock and he found out the weight of his

big tuna, he mocked us, saying: “Just watch out for the Marine Patrol, catching these baby tunas all the time, weighing just 700 and 800 pounds, while my fish brought 1,176 pounds onto the scale”. Truthfully, that was the biggest fish I heard to have ever been caught in Gloucester.

There seemed to be a pattern developing over the last few years, as the average tuna fish became bigger and bigger, but after that year, big tuna’s were really rare and were caught less and less. Now, decades later, the average weight for a giant tuna is about 350 to 500 pounds.

In 1980 Father also decided to expand the tuna fleet and bought several small boats. Those boats had to be outfitted with tuna gear, and Father himself worked on the tuna lines. He then asked for volunteers to help with the splicing. Of course some of us did it, but I have to admit, that my splicing skills at that time were not that great. My first experience in that direction was the splicing of a cable. When Father looked at the finished product, he seemed to wonder, because to him it did not look quite right. He even tested it, but the splice held. Afterwards I learned the correct way of splicing, yet we have never lost a tuna due to an incorrect way of splicing.

One morning, as we were working outside Morning Garden, trying to get the tuna lines ready for the new boats, Dr. Bo Hi Pak arrived. He just came back from his trip to South America, where he visited several nations and met with different Heads of State. It was a rather successful trip and he came to report to Father. Father was dressed for tuna fishing, while Dr. Pak was wearing a black suit and tie. I was thinking, maybe Father should be dressed up like that for the occasion. However, Father was in his work clothes, and no matter who came to visit him, he did not change and just continued working. We had the impression, that whatever he was doing, be it tuna fishing or preparing tuna lines for some new boats, was a really important task for him. Compared to that, Dr.

Pak's report about meeting Heads of States of some South American nations seemed to be secondary.

Of course it was not, but one thing was quite clear to me. Father invested himself totally into tuna fishing at that time. He also talked many times about the resources of the ocean and revealed his idea to catch tuna, have them spawn and then protect all those baby tunas, raise them to about football size, before releasing them back to the ocean and then harvest them when they are giants. A lot of food could be produced that way and many people could be fed. He also talked about how tough the skin of tuna was, providing good material for outerwear.

In 1982 another Tuna season took place. At that time however, the law in regard to the tuna quota had been changed. During this tuna season each boat was only allotted one fish per week. I was so fed up with the negativity I experienced in 1981 in Gloucester, and I told Daikan in 1982, that I did not feel like tuna fishing that year. So Daikan went and told Father, that Gerhard does not want to take part in tuna fishing this year. Father's answer was: "That's ok. We can only catch one fish per week anyway, so he does not need to be there this season".

However during that tuna season in '82, when Father was fishing out of Provincetown, I was called to report to Him about my Ocean Church activities in Virginia, and I did. I remember one particular evening clearly. At that time, one of Father's projects was the film "Inchon", produced by Mr. Ishii from Japan, and it so happened, that both of us were reporting to Father that same evening. After dinner Father asked me first to report about our Ocean Church activities in Virginia Beach, about fishing in general and our own fishing activities. After hearing the report Father said: "So you need a bigger boat", and I replied: "Yes Father, I do". I was hoping for something like an 85 or 90 foot trawler, capable of catching scallops way off shore. That would have provided a very good financial base for Ocean church. However I found out later on, that Father had a

different idea. He asked me to do some research on work boats in the order of 40 to 50 feet in length. Later I presented him with some paperwork of work boats in this size range. Based upon this information he decided to build a 48 footer, which turned out to be the Sea Hope 1, and I have been using this boat ever since.



Father giving the Blessing to the Sea Hope I with Mr. Kamiyama participating

I mention this, because it proofed to me, that boating and fishing is very much on Father's mind. After I finished my report, it was Mr. Ishii's turn. He reported about the progress in producing the movie "Inchon". At that time I felt, that Father was focused more on the ocean and ocean providence than on movie making. However later on, while thinking about this, the idea came to my mind, that maybe it was a Cain/Abel situation. Who knows?

I would also like to talk about the 1983 tuna season. I was fishing on "One Hope 21" and my mate was an Aussie sister named Brenda. She used to be a nurse, but she became a good fisherwoman and we caught a few tunas together. I remember one rainy day, when she was chumming, while I adjusted the tuna lines, and we had a strike. She was wearing fighting gloves and instantly took the tuna line into her hand, while I had no gloves and my fingers looked like prunes. Anyway, she fought the tuna pretty good, and as I took over the fighting of the fish and had the tuna line in my hand without gloves, I wanted to set the hook by giving it a really good jerk. However, without gloves, my fingers looking like prunes and being so soft, I could not put enough tension on the line, and we eventually lost that tuna. I just wanted to mention this, so that Brenda knows it was my fault, we lost that fish. She did ok, but I failed to set the hook well enough, so our catch was lost.

I also remember Father speaking to us that year. On one occasion Father looked directly at me and said: "If you do not have harmony, unity and peace in your family, you don't need to go out fishing for tuna, because no tuna fish will come to you". I then remembered the day I went tuna fishing, after I had an argument with my wife. There was no peace and unity in our family at that time. The result was, that I had caught zero tuna fish, none at all, and all season long I remember Fathers words 'you don't need to go out tuna fishing if you don't have peace and harmony in the family'.