

Part Three

The Workshops

Singing

There is something very powerful about a couple of hundred people singing together! Throughout all of our life in the Church we sang together our Holy Songs, traditional Christian hymns, Christian youth songs, popular songs, folk songs and original songs by Unification Church members. We sang them all! From "How Great Thou Art" to "Blowing in the Wind", from "Amazing Grace" to "Country Roads".

There are large choirs in the world, but usually they focus on one type of music, like a gospel choir, for example. Our songbooks were both adopted from the United States and originally grown out of the "German experience"; I saw songbooks from different countries as well, the *Unification Songbook* by and large reflected the movements, the stream of growth of that particular country, because every country had their original songs by Unification Church members. We had a lot of "standard American fare", as well as truly international folk songs. Obviously there were many Korean songs we brought to perfection individually and as choirs. We also had the custom of learning the songs of the country we were fundraising in, so in Italy we learned many Italian songs, and when our teams were mixed and we mingled with sisters who had been working in French-speaking parts of Europe, I learned quite a lot of French songs as well. I made my own songbook with the more unusual songs, the ones taught by a brother or a sister who knew how to play an instrument and actually understood something about music.

The best part about being together for the workshops was being able to sing together as a large group. With the young and fresh mind I had, I quickly learned many songs by heart. I never had a great voice, but could hold my own in a choir. There was some powerful singing in Camberg! The Unification Movement has forty Holy Songs—seven songs written by Rev. Sun Myung

Moon himself, and the rest by the very early Korean Church members. These were translations from the Korean original, translated into English, and from English, translated into the language of the mission country by a local brother or sister. Some of the Holy Songs are melodic and rather slow, others are true military style "Marching on" songs; all deal with the hope of the coming Kingdom of God on Earth. There is one "Song of the Victors", with the refrain: "There we'll sing new songs in the Garden fair, songs of freedom bright with happiness..."

Much later in life, I did a forty-day seminar with my whole family in a workshop site especially built for this purpose near the city of Jardim, in the province of Mato Grosso do Sur, Brazil. Guess what the word *jardim* means? It means "garden" in Portuguese. When I sang that very same song in the garden fair, I realized that some dreams do come true.

There was one person who really had me in awe. That was one sister, Sally, who came from South Africa. Many a time she was the "Master of Ceremonies" for the entertainment at night. She gave this big speech of how there was something special about a men's choir. All those strong, rich, masculine voices—she made the brothers sing and sing loud! She was a true entertainer; she knew how to make everyone laugh and she knew how to make people participate. Then, one day, I saw her in the morning. She had gotten up late and her face was all distorted with pain. I was told that she was actually very sick and was in much pain almost constantly. I admired her. Some weeks later she had to stay in the hospital—I never knew what her big "secret" illness was, probably some form of cancer; but everyone behaved as if she would die in the next six months. Once, a leader read publicly a letter she had written from the hospital—and everyone cried! I never saw her anymore since then. Sometimes I thought about her and wondered what had happened to her. Then, some time ago, in one of our Church publications, I read an article written by that very same Sally. First, she hadn't died. Second, she had obtained some sort of a degree, and third, she was now teaching music in a school of higher learning in South Africa. Is that a success story or what?

Acting

Like I mentioned before, when I finished my term as an "outside member" and quit working, I stayed in Camberg for several weeks. The first three weeks I participated in the seven-day workshops until I was made part of the regular workshop staff, since I decided to stay for good. The seven-day workshop would always prepare a sketch for the guests of the coming two-day, the weekend, workshop, and it was given on Saturday night.

As part of the staff in Camberg we had a French sister—I do not remember at all what her actual mission was—but she would stage these sketches very professionally. Sorting out and working with the characters of every workshop participant, she would find an adequate story and cast everyone according to their character and temperament. We did a wonderful rendition of *The Little Prince*, with costumes, music and all. Guess who the Little Prince was? That's right. Yours truly. I knew the story, I'd read the book before, but I never fully understood the depth of the story until I had the chance to act it out. It was marvelous! So successful we were that we had a chance to perform it several Saturdays in a row. The next sketch I participated in was *The Wizard of Oz*. No, I didn't get to play Dorothy. I was the Wicked Witch of the West! Oh well, you can't win them all. In any case—they loved my performance as the witch—it was all me!

Praying

Camberg has something special, which we call the "Holy Ground". The original Holy Grounds in the world were pieces of land specially blessed by Rev. Moon with Korean earth buried at the site. This happened in 1965 on his first world tour. After that, the general leadership of every country would take a couple of brothers and sisters, do some special prayers and do something quite similar as: "I claim this land in the name of..." Usually it was a tree, or two trees or a rock or, as in the case of Washington, D.C., an imagined intersection on a lawn between a couple of important buildings, like "If you can see this building in the north, that building in the south and the other building in the east—then you hit it right on the money." In our literature, some instructions for finding the Holy Ground read like a treasure map: "From the biggest oak tree take fifty steps up the hill, turn to the West, leave the tulips on your right and take one-hundred steps through the open ground: the tree you have in front of you, that's the one!"

Luckily the Holy Ground of Camberg was easy to spot. It was just up the hill, behind the big barn, and consisted of two precious and unusual conifer trees all fenced in. When I was introduced to this place for the first time, the conifer trees were "babies" and reached just about to my waist. Coming back, again and again, year after year, I saw how they grew. Last I remember standing on the Holy Ground of Camberg, the trees had grown way over my head and I imagined that just as these trees had grown, so had I grown myself. These trees were comforting and embracing—they meant being at home. From the very beginning, I walked up the hill at night to pray. The Holy Ground at night-time was always full of brothers and sisters praying—some prayed silently, many prayed in a loud voice and some prayed in a high-pitched voice, a sort of hysteric kind of prayer. Luckily, this custom disappeared in the Church somewhat after a couple of years.

Since Camberg was totally in the countryside, one could see an incredible array of stars—even the Milky Way on very clear nights. It was overwhelming! The presence of the Living God could very much be felt. It was as if one could touch God. After a while I had my own tradition: every time when we spent some days in Camberg, at night-time I went up to the Holy Ground to pray and to look at the stars. I always had the distinct feeling that Someone was waiting for me up there. There was a real feeling of meeting with the Living God—just as people in love would meet. Sometimes there were other brothers and sisters there. Sometimes I was all by myself. I would go up even in the rain with an umbrella, because I had "a promise to keep". Never did I spent a workshop or a meeting in Camberg, without going to the Holy Ground in the night. Every night.

Lectures

The "business" of the Workshop Center, obviously, was the lectures. The Unification Church of 1976 and beyond had some fine lecturers. Standing out of the crowd was Wolfgang Waldner—very cocky and very convincing. He did the four essential weekend workshop lectures and the seven-day lectures as well. The Waldners' have quite an unusual story: Wolfgang, before he met the Unification Church, was sort of an artsy, bohemian kind of a person—I never really knew what exactly his "art" consisted of, but now he is an architect. His father, Otto Waldner, was a sculptor, and since I can think was also involved full-time in the Church. There are a lot of his sculptures in Camberg and other places. The mother had died long ago. When the Matching and Blessing came along, Wolfgang was blessed to the Korean sister who was taking care of the guests in Camberg and by and large was the most "Germanized" of all the Korean sisters we had. They had been working together for a long time in the same place; it was the closest a Unification Church member could ever come to an "office romance", and it gave them the advantage of knowing each other well. The father was also blessed with a Korean lady, a pianist, about his age and an artist herself. So father and son had Korean wives.

Be that as it may, I was very young, and the lectures were very long, but Wolfgang made them interesting. We had breaks between the usually 1 1/2-hour lectures. They started on Saturday early in the morning and finished on Sunday after lunch. The participants arrived Friday night and left Sunday in the afternoon. Many stayed the whole week for the seven-day workshop, just like me, in 1978. By then there was a different main lecturer, Christian Hausmann. To get the full impact, you have to listen to it. It's not the same, reading the *Divine Principle*, or even watching a video with taped lectures. There is a certain chemistry: the lecturer, the blackboard, the audience... Not having the full

experience of a workshop is like watching a 70mm movie on TV—it's just not the same.

That's why I won't get into any detailed explanations about the *Divine Principle*—because it's simply not the same. Go to the cinema to see the 70mm movie! "They don't show them anymore. In any case, with multiplex cinemas, the big screen is a little bit bigger than the television screen anyway..." Well, that's just what the whole world has come down to! Ah, but I have another, brilliant idea. In this era of small screens, we do have the Internet, you can download the whole *Divine Principle*, all 500-plus pages of it, and try to figure out your way through the Sections, Titles, Subtitles and Subdivisions. A scholarly person might find this to be a worthy challenge. Then again, I might try to explain the *Divine Principle* the best way I can, with a story.

This, I admit freely, is a piece of plagiarism, the first three points come out of the head of a German brother, called Winfried Schwager; I hope he is happy, rich and Eimous by now. The last two points are my own invention.

Think "John Lennon" and imagine...

First picture: We have a glider, not an airplane, no Boeing, no Cessna, nothing with a motor—just a glider. Okay? Good. This glider needs external help to "soar the skies". It usually is brought up in the air with the help of an airplane and a rope, and having reached the acquired heights, the rope is let loose and the glider moves by itself. There, between the wind and the clouds, it moves along freely.

Second picture: The inevitable happened—a storm brews up, a storm and heavy rains—forces too strong to handle for our glider—throw him on the ground, and there he is—taken out of the sky and smashed to pieces.

Third picture: By a sheer miracle the pilot isn't dead, he is badly wounded, immobile, but his sharp ears mark clearly the sounds of coming salvation: the approaching helicopter.

Fourth picture: The pilot is whisked off to the nearest hospital by the helicopter, and we have all kinds of vehicles—ambulances,

police cars, clean-up crews, they all go to work and the whole place is a big mess.

Fifth picture: The pilot is getting his long-awaited and rightly deserved vacation on a beautiful South Sea island—with a deep blue sea and a pristine white beach.

That's the whole *Divine Principle* in a nutshell: A human being was conceived by his Creator to "soar in the skies", ever-mindful and abiding by the physical and spiritual laws surrounding him. The *Divine Principle* describes this in its first chapter, "The Principles of Creation". What happened next, was a big accident, the *Divine Principle* calls it "The Fall of Man"—bad news on a large scale. Then comes the "helicopter", the Savior, the Messiah, the One and Only, The One Who Comes To Take Us All Out Of This Big Mess. This is all being explained in "The Coming and Purpose of the Messiah". And then it's our turn. We have to clean up the big mess. This we call "The Restoration", and the second part of the *Divine Principle* is dedicated to how this "cleaning up" part went on throughout the whole of human history. "And in the end, they all went to the beach...", to borrow from Iliah, from *Never on Sundays*. If you don't fancy the beach, then "climb every mountain", like Maria did in *The Sound of Music*. In the end we all just have a big, big party.

This is not just a simple way of explaining world history, but it also reflects the comings and goings of our own lives. When one is young, one has dreams and aspirations, falls in love and "soars the skies". Usually the inevitable happens—the first real heartbreak, the first sleepless nights with a wet pillow, and now we come to the most crucial part of our life: where does my salvation come from? Who is my savior? Only very few, very lucky ones go directly from picture one to picture three. These are the ones who either get to marry their high school sweetheart or they have "found Jesus" and hitched up with a nice, godly and Christian soul, who would never do them any harm. There are lucky people like that in the world; they are few, but they do exist.

Nevertheless, even if you found your soul mate, there is still a lot of "cleaning up" left to do, or, to put it differently—either you're part of the problem, or you're part of the solution. If you

consider yourself part of the solution, then all of your productive years are filled to the brim with the "cleaning up" part—having found your personal savior or not. Life is a never-ending stress of making the rounds between job obligations, paying all of the bills, getting the children to school and all the other places they want to be taken to, appeasing the spouse, dealing with the children's stomach-, head- and toothaches and—if you're really outstanding, doing some community work as well.

Most importantly in the productive years is to never lose sight that this "cleaning up" part is actually helping the world to become a better place. I do believe so! When do we get to enjoy life on the island? Many of us will die, without ever having seen "the island"...but our children will have a better world to live in. I hope that's good enough for you—it's good enough for me.

Fellowship

Sometimes we had special weekend workshops. Those were the long weekend workshops, the ones where you had a holiday, either on a Friday or a Monday. We always had much more guests for these workshops—the house was full and one could do some really strong singing, and the performances on Saturday night were also of much higher quality. Since we had two nights, Saturday night and Sunday night too, we did something special on the second night. Usually a campfire was built on the back lawn or a little bit up the hill, close to the Holy Ground; then again, sometimes it would be piled up directly at the entrance lawn.

There was always someone who knew how to play the guitar, and we would sit around the campfire on big logs, singing many songs together. There were always brothers and sisters who did their solos, since the brother in charge would highly encourage all to step forward and sing something for everybody. No sweat—we had our songbooks. I remember two brothers practicing one song in a closed room over the whole weekend with two voices and two guitars—by the time they had it down to perfection and finally performed it for everybody else, I had learned the song as well! There was a great time to be had at the campfire. It went on for hours or until there was definitely no more wood to be thrown into the fire and we had to extinguish it.

We had a special way of finishing all of our special fellowships. With or without a campfire, after the singing was done, we would hold hands and form a big circle and pray together. The leader of the gathering would do the first, representative prayer, usually sonic more brothers and sisters would pray, and then we would pray all together. There was a tradition in Camberg—and not only in Camberg—we had one song, one very special song, which we would sing when everything was said and done. That song was "I'll Never Leave You Anymore". Things would change, brothers

and sisters would come and go like the flow of the tides, leaders would change; but as long as only one brother or one sister was there to sing "I'll Never Leave You Anymore", the Living God would be with us:

I'll never leave you anymore

by Hillie Edwards

I'll never leave you anymore,
For I have found in your bright eyes
A river of love, a heart of gold,
A peaceful mind, a hand to hold.

And what'll I do with this precious gift?
Shall I embrace it to myself?
Oh, no I can't, I would lose it sure;
It must be given if it's to endure.

And how will I use this treasure store?
How will I share this wordless joy?
I'll greet all men with a loving heart;
I'll speak the truth with a clear voice.

And together we'll build a world that's new.
That's fit for kings and fit for queens;
We'll raise them up to rule the land,
And place dominion in your hand.

Well never leave you anymore,
For we have found in your bright eyes
A river of love, a heart of gold,
A peaceful mind, a hand to hold.