

MESSIAH

*My Testimony to
Rev. Sun Myung Moon*

Volume I

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Rev. Sun Myung Moon*

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Dr. Bo Hi Pak

Translated by Timothy Elder

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Dedication

To seekers of truth and meaning,
I offer my testimony in hope that it may
provide guidance and an example.
Rev. and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon touched my life
profoundly and gave me renewed hope in
Heavenly Father's kingdom.
My loving wife and my family and
I will be eternally grateful for their precious
gift of true love.

— Bo Hi Pak

*Come brethren you that love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of His Word;
In Father's ways go on, in Father's ways go on.
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home, when we arrive at home.*

—“Song of the Garden”

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Preface

I was born in a remote village in the hills of Chung-Nam Province in Korea, during the period when Korea was under Japanese colonial rule. It was an environment that afforded almost no opportunities for learning about the outside world. I was told as a child that our family had descended from a prominent historical figure, but we were a poor farming family and I could never hope to receive a proper education. To me, Seoul, the capital city, was a far-off place that I never expected to see myself. When some of the older children from the village who had gone to Seoul to further their education returned on school break, I was as excited to see them as if they had been to heaven. My only expectation in life was to grow up as a farmer's son and one day become a farmer myself.

I turned fifteen just days after Korea was liberated from Japan on August 15, 1945. All the Japanese teachers who had been working in Korean schools were forced to go back to Japan, and this created an urgent need for native Korean teachers. My academic credentials were limited to having attended an agricultural school for three years, but I soon found myself taking on the duties of an elementary school teacher in my hometown. From that time on, I had two ambitions: to teach the innocent children of that farming community and to till the earth, grow old there, and eventually be buried next to my parents.

Yet, here I am today, in Washington, D.C., the center of the world. In this exciting capital city, I led the founding of the *Washington Times*, a daily newspaper that has earned the respect of politicians and the public. During my life, I met the queen of England, the pope, several American presidents, and many of the most prominent people in the world. Who am I that I should have had the honor to meet such distinguished people?

During the Cold War, when the world was faced with the real possibility that nuclear conflict would break out and lead to a third world war, I was deeply involved in the ideological struggle to stave off global annihilation. What special abilities

did I have that I should play a leading role in this historic ideological struggle?

In 1978, I defended my country in an emotional face-off with Congressman Donald Fraser, a Minnesota Democrat who was chairman of the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations. I did this even though I am not an ambassador, a legislator, or a government minister in Korea. In the end, Congressman Fraser was defeated, and I acquired the sobriquet "the proud Korean." How was it that I could beat back slander and abuse and make the truth known? Was it because I possessed some special quality?

Absolutely not.

Looking back, I see that my life has been one huge miracle. It is a miracle of the twentieth century. What was it that so completely transformed the course of my life? I met a man sent by God, which in turn brought me into a deep relationship with God. This man is none other than Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Ever since, I have kept a firm grip on one of the many threads of God's providence.

The purpose of this book is not to relate a series of stories boasting of my own supposed accomplishments. Nor is it in any way intended to be a complete historical record of my life or of Reverend Moon's life and ministry.

Instead, I want to testify to the great and mysterious power of God, Who has constantly guided me, and record how God used this one unworthy man as a tool to bring about great miracles. I believe it is my mission—a God-given mission—to share this testimony about the remarkable work that the living, active God has accomplished.

Another purpose I have for writing this book is for the sake of humanity. As we enter the twenty-first century, our world is rocked by conflict and instability, and people seem lost in a fog of spiritual confusion and moral degradation. How are we to deal with this reality? Many people have lost hope. I believe, though, that once they read about my encounters with God and see that He can bring about miracles through such an unremarkable person as me, they will understand that He surely can do the same through any other person. This gives us hope and opens the door to constructive action, joy, excitement, and vibrant life.

Even more, when people understand what mighty works God has performed through Reverend Moon, they will see that a new heaven and new earth far more wonderful than anything we could have imagined are being created right before our eyes. Even now, a firm foundation for this new heaven and earth is being constructed. Discerning readers will understand that we are not mere observers in this process—each of us has an important role to fulfill. This certainly has been the case in my own life, as I pray that this book will vividly testify.

I wrote this book, the first I have ever attempted, following a revelation from God given in a moment when my heart was filled with deep piety. It was a voyage on which I boldly embarked, with hope that, through it, many others can open their minds and hearts to God's sweet love and direction.

—Bo Hi Pak
Easter Sunday, 2000

The reader's comments are welcomed.

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Finally, to my wonderful wife, I am eternally grateful for your constant love, your many sacrifices, and your unshakable faith in the course we chose and walked together. To my precious children, thank you for sharing your daddy with the world and for growing up so well.

Foreword

On January 1, 2000, the world felt a surge of hope in humanity's future as we entered a new age, the dawn of the third millennium. Through discoveries and advances in medicine, technology, transportation, and communication, society is poised to race ahead with achievements unimaginable a hundred years ago.

However, as the beacon of external knowledge shines as never before, the light of meaning, purpose, and direction of life is tragically dimming. To many, religions are becoming irrelevant. The value system needed to undergird all the technological and intellectual advances is now in question. Moral relativism and materialism are the standard for much of today's society. Religions and religious leaders find themselves without answers and on the defensive.

There is a need to match the intellectual and technical achievement with a new expression of truth that can illuminate the human spirit. This new expression of truth has to be a universal ethical system based on values shared by all peoples, religions, and cultures. Our world needs a new logic and *raison d'être* that can revive the ethics and morality of religions centered on society's most fundamental unit, the family. This universal ethical system and the one who delivers it are the main subject of *Messiah* by Dr. Bo Hi Pak.

In the *American Heritage Dictionary*, "messiah" is defined as "an expected deliverer or savior." The word suggests someone who wants to change the world and who has an idea that will uplift people and bring them to a higher state of consciousness and fulfillment.

As we begin the new millennium, few would dispute that a messiah or rescuer is needed to confront and address the crises that besiege humanity. The messiah has to be able to reveal God's original standard of ethics for the individual, the family, and society that was intended for the first humans prior to the Fall of Adam and Eve. The messiah has to help us regain the paradise lost in the Garden of Eden.

In *Messiah*, Dr. Bo Hi Pak explains that this universal value system that will unify the world in this century will be

the ethics and logic of true love and that no one can teach and embody the ethics and logic of true love like Rev. Sun Myung Moon. His profound insights on the subject have no precedent in history.

It is within this unique paradigm and vast historical background that Dr. Pak presents this first volume of his memoirs. As a young man, Dr. Pak appeared destined for a brilliant career in the military. He served with distinction in the Korean War and as deputy military attaché to the Republic of Korea Embassy in Washington, D.C., but then Dr. Pak found an even greater destiny as special assistant and principal translator to Reverend Moon.

Dr. Pak's autobiography is simultaneously the story of his personal search for a higher purpose and a testimony to Reverend Moon's life, philosophy, values, and commitments, which are intertwined with Dr. Pak's own life. It is impossible to chronicle the life of one man without the other. This is a warm and detailed account of Dr. Pak's more than forty-year discipleship with the man whom *Pravda* once described as the "most dangerous anti-communist in the world." At this unique juncture in history, it is time to recognize the unsung heroes of our age. While historians and politicians argue on who did more to end the Cold War, the story of Reverend Moon has yet to be properly told and acknowledged.

A survivor of a North Korean communist concentration camp, Reverend Moon has spent his entire life revealing to the world an aspect of God—His deep and painful parental heart—that has never been recognized, and through this knowledge he wants society to be transformed. He has spent billions of dollars to create and publish newspapers, establish educational programs, hold conferences, and conduct international forums to expose communism's lies and liberate those who suffer under it. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that Reverend Moon has single-handedly contributed more to the end of communism and the salvation of our society than any other individual!

My personal experience with Dr. Bo Hi Pak began in 1979 when Dr. Pak was president and publisher of the *News World* in New York. At that time, I became his special assistant for Hispanic affairs and accompanied him on a lengthy goodwill

tour of Latin America to introduce a philosophical critique and counterproposal to Marxist ideology based on Reverend Moon's thought. The purpose was to support the peaceful transformation of Latin American societies into modern democracies with respect for human rights.

As we traveled, we had the opportunity to meet with many of the presidents and heads of state in Latin America. We worked with government and private institutions to educate tens of thousands of people, some young, some in top leadership positions, to understand the spiritual roots of democratic thought and to help rebuild their countries, rejecting the communist model. This movement expanded from Argentina to Mexico, and later into the United States and across the oceans to Europe and Asia during the 1980s. In the opinion of many experts, this was a decisive factor in ending the Cold War.

I worked with Dr. Pak throughout this time, he as the chairman and president and myself as the executive director of several international organizations such as CAUSA, the Association for the Unity of Latin America, the International Security Council, the Summit Council for World Peace, and in the 1990s, the Federation for World Peace.

Time and again, Dr. Pak has showed himself to be a man of pure motivation, selflessly devoting himself to living for the sake of others. We worked closely together for a rapprochement with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Under the direction of Reverend Moon, we brought forty world leaders together to discuss with President Gorbachev the meaning of "glasnost" and "perestroika" on a global scale. We also met with the leadership in China and later with North Korean President Kim Il Sung and his son, Kim Jong Il. Although we faced many bureaucratic and political difficulties, I never saw Dr. Pak waiver in his determination or faith.

As recently as February 2000, Dr. Pak and I were in Pyongyang, North Korea, for a ground-breaking ceremony for a joint venture automobile assembly plant. With the vision of Reverend Moon to guide him, Dr. Pak has engineered an ambitious international business enterprise. This assembly plant will provide thousands of jobs, improve the infrastructure, allow for much needed currency for this poverty-strick-

en country, and most importantly, improve north-south Korean relations.

Messiah is a very personal and intimate testimony. It is a heart-wrenchingly honest account and completely supplants the caricature of Reverend Moon that the mass media have perpetrated on the American people and unfairly disseminated throughout the world.

There is no one among the members who joined the Unification movement in the early years better qualified than Bo Hi Pak to testify to the real works of Reverend Moon, his personality, character, and life. As principal translator and special assistant, Dr. Pak stood by Reverend Moon's side throughout the most difficult years of the Unification Church's worldwide history, especially in America.

As a loyal and capable assistant to Reverend Moon, Dr. Pak has worked tirelessly and was instrumental in establishing numerous organizations and enterprises that are transforming this world into a kinder, gentler place to live, such as the *Washington Times*, the Little Angels Folk Ballet, the Kirov Academy of Ballet, the World Media Association, and the Summit Council for World Peace, just to mention a few, but his principal mission has always been to testify to Reverend Moon and his vision. Dr. Pak and his wife, Mrs. Ki Sook Pak, have passed this legacy on to their own six exceptional children, who were raised in McLean, Virginia.

In conclusion, those who have eyes to see and ears to hear will understand the changes that in a subtle yet substantial way are transforming our world and that are coming about through a true family movement created by Reverend and Mrs. Moon, made up of members of all races, nationalities, traditions, religions, and social backgrounds.

As winter ends, the signs of spring are observed first by a few. From reading Dr. Pak's memoirs, it becomes evident that this cosmic spring has arrived and is being led by Reverend and Mrs. Moon and their family. Now there are millions of Blessed couples, who, like Dr. Pak, seek to emulate Reverend Moon's lifestyle of sincere devotion to the Almighty and to love humanity with a parental, unconditional heart.

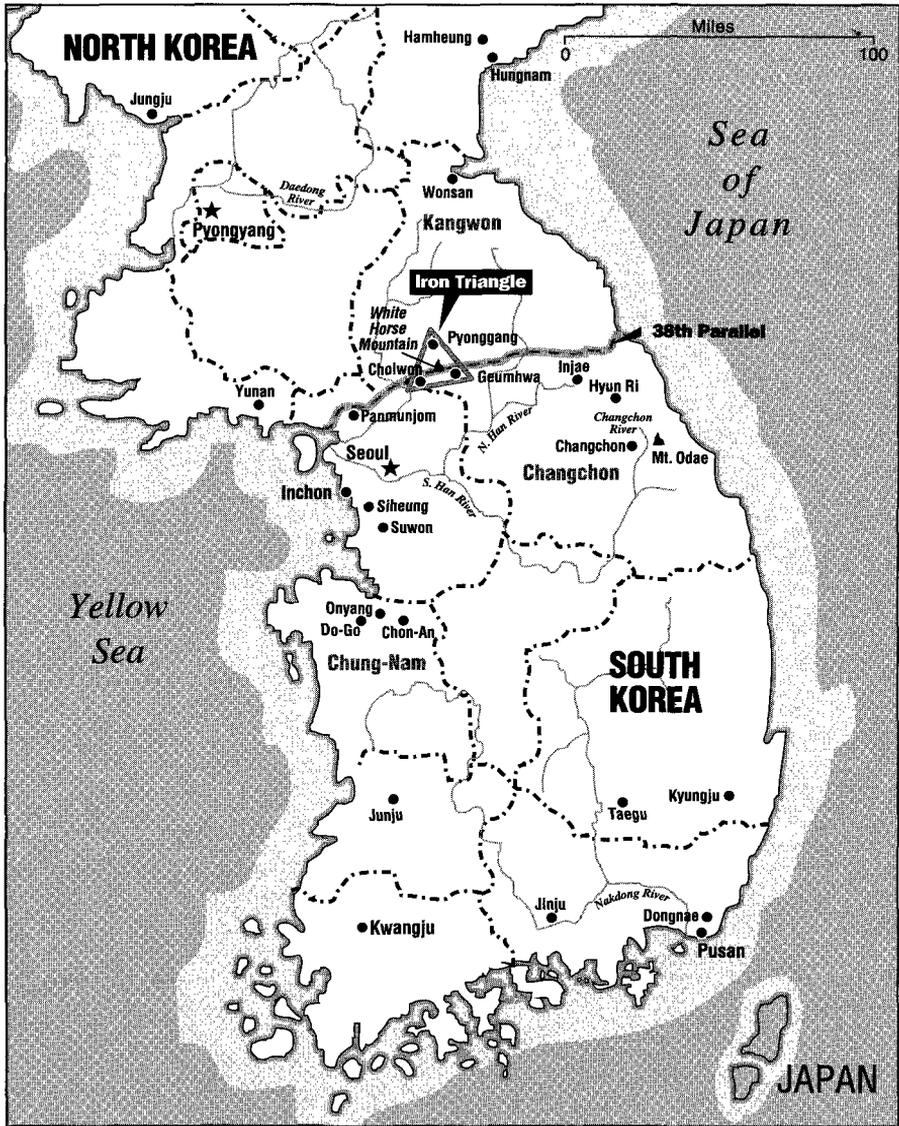
To Dr. Pak, the greatest testimony to Reverend and Mrs. Moon is that they do indeed live for the sake of others. That

is what guides their work and affects in a very positive way every discipline and human endeavor on five continents on this planet.

The reader holds in his or her hands the first volume of a very rich and precious memoir. My recommendation is to handle it with care and treasure it so you too may be touched by the power and uniqueness of God's love as was my friend and mentor, Bo Hi Pak.

—Antonio Betancourt

Antonio Betancourt is executive director of the Summit Council for World Peace, secretary-general of the Federation for World Peace, and president of the World Institute for Development and Peace.



Map by Henry Christopher



Chapter One

The Early Years

A group of students dripping with sweat and covered with dust worked furiously in the hot summer sun to shovel dirt from a Korean hillside. They would fill their shovels with the red dirt and then toss it into small handcarts nearby. The heat made the shovels feel all the heavier. The students' teacher, a Japanese man, stood above them on the slope keeping a close watch over their progress.

It was 1944. The Japanese imperial forces were at war with the United States, and the entire population of Japan proper and the Korean peninsula was fully mobilized to contribute to the war effort. Since Japan's annexation of Korea in 1910, Japan's wars had become our wars. I was a 14-year-old student at the Chon-An Agricultural School, but we were students in name only. In reality, we were "student soldiers" who were expected to do our part for the war on the home front. Day after day, we were taken to factories, construction sites, and coal mines and made to work hard from early in the morning until late at night.

On this particular day, our assignment was to shovel dirt. As I worked, my eyes stung from the salty sweat rolling off my brow. It seemed like a long time since I had taken the entrance exam to Chon-An Agricultural. I had gotten the

highest score that year, and perhaps for that reason, my name was called out at the matriculation ceremonies to step forward and represent the incoming class in reciting the Student Pledge. Soon after that I became president of my class, and I continued to serve in this position in successive years. I did my best to be a model to other students in everything I did. I was too innocent to think up dirty tricks or to complain. Looking back on it now, I can see that I was something of a happy-go-lucky, well-motivated boy who took pride in doing everything according to the rules. Even when we were told to shovel dirt, I wanted to make sure that I was working faster and more efficiently than anyone else.

Soon, the teacher watching over us, Mr. Kinoshita, blew his whistle to signal a half-hour break. We let out a collective yell of glee, straightened our weary backs, and wiped the sweat off our brows as we walked together to the shade of a large tree. We sank to the ground and began to chat among ourselves and with Mr. Kinoshita.

I was drinking the water in my canteen—thinking that water had never tasted so sweet—when Mr. Kinoshita called out: “Hey, Oyama.” Under its policy of trying to integrate Korea into Japanese culture, Japan had forced most Koreans to adopt Japanese surnames and decreed that only Japanese could be spoken in public. “Oyama” was the Japanese surname that my family had been assigned.

Apparently, Mr. Kinoshita had been impressed by how I had been pouring myself into the task of shoveling dirt, and he spoke to me kindly.

“Oyama,” he said, “where is your hometown?”

“Sir, my hometown is Do-Go township in the county of Ah-san,” I replied, giving him the equivalent Japanese pronunciations to the Korean geographic names.

“The town is called ‘Do-Go?’”

“Yes, sir.”

“I see. Do you know how it got the name ‘Do-Go’? Do you have high roads there?”

He was referring to the fact that the name of my hometown is written with two Chinese characters, the first meaning “road” or “path” and the other meaning “high.” My classmates all chuckled at Mr. Kinoshita’s whimsical suggestion

that the name might have something to do with the elevation of the roads in that area.

Our teacher was trying to make light conversation in order to cheer everyone up. I don't think he was quite prepared to hear the answer that I was about to give.

"No, teacher," I said. "It is not the roads that are high in my hometown. Instead, the name derives from the fact that the people who live there have high ethical standards." (The Chinese character for "do" also has a more esoteric meaning that refers to morality, ethics, and a philosophical way of life.)

"What?" he said with an expression of obvious surprise. "High ethical standards, you say? Well, that's certainly an interesting answer."

Four-year-old Recites "Thousand-Character Classic"

During my childhood, I lived in Chung-Nam Province, which is south of Seoul on southern Korea's west coast. I was not born in Do-Go, but in my mother's hometown, in Dang-Jin County. My mother's father, Baek Sang Han,¹ was a wealthy man, but he had no sons and as his only daughter my mother was surrounded with great love during her entire childhood. When she became pregnant with me, she followed the custom of the time and returned to her home to give birth. At the appropriate time after my birth, my mother returned to my father's village with me in her arms, and this is where I spent my early childhood.

I was born on August 18 (or the twenty-fourth day of the sixth lunar month) in 1930. People in the area still kept time by the traditional method, whereby the day is divided into twelve hours and each hour is named after one of the signs of the Chinese zodiac. They tell me I was born in the hour of the tiger, so it must have been quite early in the morning, and they say that I cried so loud when I was born that a large dog in the courtyard was startled and began barking furiously.

At the time, my parents lived in the village of Joong-Bang in the Yum-Ti section of Ah-San County in a house that they shared with my father's parents. My paternal grandfather was well known in that region as a member of the *Yangban*, or

literati class, and was widely respected as an elder Confucian scholar. Consequently, the main room of the house was frequently used to entertain other scholars visiting from nearby areas.

That room commanded a view of the countryside for miles around, something like a lookout tower in a castle. I remember thinking as a child that the view from that room must be among the best in the world. Grandfather spent much of his time there, sitting on a cushion on the floor and reading from one manuscript or another placed on a short-legged table in front of him. One side of the room opened onto the courtyard, where a few chickens often could be seen feeding on bits of grain and seed. Whenever the noise bothered Grandfather, he would look up from his reading, stare straight at the chickens, and let out a short, loud shout to scare them away. The sound of his voice was more than sufficient to send the startled birds fleeing for their lives. In fact, it was said that Grandfather's shout could be heard within a two-mile radius.

When I was four years old, I began to study the Chinese classics in Grandfather's awesome presence. Such study was taken for granted for any boy born into a Yangban family. My studies began with the *Chun Ja Mun* (*Thousand-Character Classic*).² As the title implies, this classical work is composed of exactly one thousand Chinese characters, arranged in 250 sets of four characters each. I'm told that it took me only about four months to finish this text. To "finish the text" meant that I had memorized the text and could recite it anytime on demand. I don't remember much about the content today, but I do remember wanting nothing more than to be free to play. Grandfather would promise to let me go as soon as I had memorized a particular section of the text, so I would memorize that section as quickly as I could.

"Are you sure you've finished?" he would demand.

"Yes, Grandfather. I've memorized today's lesson."

"Then let's hear you recite it," he would say.

Even today, I clearly remember how he would sit and listen with a huge smile on his face as I successfully recited the day's assignment. I received much love from Grandfather during the time that I studied the *Chun Ja Mun*. I came to see a



The village of Shi-Jun where the author moved with his family when he was in elementary school.

warm and sentimental side of him that contrasted with his usually stern demeanor.

Finally, the day came when I finished my study of the *Chun Ja Mun*. Grandfather marked the occasion by inviting all his friends and fellow scholars who lived in the area to a feast at our home. He had a large pig slaughtered for the feast. More than a hundred people attended, and the family set up a big tent in the village common so there would be enough room for everyone. All the guests came dressed in their formal Confucian robes and headdresses, which added to the grandness of the occasion.

According to the custom, the guests shared the wine by pouring it into small cups for each other, and the mood became festive and relaxed. Soon, Grandfather addressed the crowd to explain his reason for holding the feast.

“My grandson Bo Hi has finished studying the *Chun Ja Mun*, he announced. “I have invited you here today so that you might join us in celebrating this occasion. My grandson is only four years old, but I ask that you give him your full attention when he comes forward to recite the full text.”

At that moment, I thought to myself: “Oh, no! What am I going to do now?”

Grandfather called me to his side. “Bo Hi,” he said, “do you think you can recite the *Chun Ja Mun* for these people? I want you to bow properly to everyone and then begin.”

I stood up and faced the crowd. The hundred or so guests suddenly looked to me like a sea of people. Everything started to go black in front of me. I decided to close my eyes so that I couldn’t see anything, and that helped me to relax somewhat. I began to recite the text in the same way that I had become accustomed to doing for Grandfather. Strangely, the words kept coming out of my mouth without much effort on my part, and I soon finished.

The guests let loose a thunderous applause. Grandfather gathered me in his arms and tightly embraced me. His whiskers scratched against my face. I never saw Grandfather with a happier expression than the one on his face at that moment. I still remember it well today. This was my first lecture and my first public address.

At age seven, I entered Yum-Ti Elementary School. During second grade, my father moved our family away from Grandfather’s home in order to set up his own household in the village of Shi-Jun, located in the Do-Go area of Ah-San County. I had already become very attached to Yum-Ti Elementary School, and I resisted the idea of leaving. It was decided that I would remain in Grandfather’s home until the end of my second-grade year. When I transferred to Do-Go Elementary School at the beginning of my third-grade year, as the new kid in school I went through a time in which it was difficult to make new friends. In time, though, Do-Go became my hometown.

The name “Shi-Jun” is written with Chinese characters that mean “persimmon orchard,” and the people in that area generally referred to our village by this more colloquial name. Our home was located in the center of the village, and the majestic peaks of Mount Do-Go could be seen beyond it. During my childhood, Mount Do-Go became a place for me to play and to train myself physically and mentally. About midway up the slope there was one fir tree that stood tall above the other trees and could be seen for miles around. Its magnificent presence was

more than enough to leave a deep impression on anyone who saw it, whether from far away or nearby. On a clear day, its highest branches seemed to pierce the sky and continue on up into the heavens. The lower branches bent downward under their own weight as they leisurely reached out in all directions. In its majesty, it stood unchallenged as the master of the mountain. The tree seemed to symbolize the spiritual power contained within the mountain itself. Even as a young boy, that fir gave me the idea that a person could qualify as a righteous person if he stood tall among people the way that fir stood on Mount Do-Go.

"That is your tree," my mother would often tell me. "You should become like that tree."

I somehow understood that by comparing me to the fir, she was expressing her great hope for me. Whenever I am able to take time out from my travels around the world and return to Do-Go, one of the first things I like to do is see if that tree is still there and how it is growing. I always feel as though it is glad to see me and wishes I would visit more often.

From Yangban Landholder to Yangban Pauper

My father's name was Dong Hyun Pak. Among Confucian scholars, he was generally referred to by his nom de plume, Juk Cheon. This was written with the Chinese character meaning "bamboo" with a second meaning of "heaven." The name was quite fitting for a man who lived a life that was as straight and righteous as a bamboo plant in heaven. When the character for "bamboo" is placed above the character for "heaven" in such a way that they are combined into one character, the result is the character meaning "laughter." This made the name all the more appropriate for my father, whose outlook on life was that a person should always strive to do good deeds for others and live life with a smile and a positive outlook.

Father was considerably larger and physically much stronger than the average person, and he had quite a loud voice. Especially when he was young, he cut a conspicuous presence. In addition to his imposing physical demeanor, he had a tremendously loud and cheery laugh that could brighten up any conversation.

My father enjoyed spending time talking and drinking with the other men in the village. If he sat down to drink rice wine with a group of people, he would eventually become the center of the conversation. He had a way of guiding the conversation so that everyone there could express their feelings, open up to each other, and feel included. No matter how tense the atmosphere might be, Father had a way of creating a relaxed mood in the room. When he laughed aloud, even people in the courtyard outside would laugh with him. Even now, whenever I make a public speech I wish that my voice were a little more like my father's.

Father was Grandfather's fourth son. As a child he showed himself to be quite intelligent and of good character. Grandfather had great hopes for him and not only had him study Chinese classics in the village school but also enrolled him in the secondary school in the nearby city of Gong-Ju. Such an education was an opportunity reserved for the select few during Japan's occupation, and Grandfather must have hoped that my father would someday grow up to be a person who could serve his country in some public capacity.

My father's career at the school in Gong-Ju was short-lived, however. He never spoke about it with me directly, so I have no way of knowing the details, but during his enrollment there he and some of the other Korean students organized an underground group whose purpose was to promote Korea's independence from Japan. At some point, he became the leader of this rebel organization and began to play a part in the nationwide movement for independence.

In 1919, Koreans across the country rose up in what is known as the "March First Independence Movement." This was a series of rallies across the country in which people exhibited the Korean flag, which had been banned by the Japanese colonial administration, and shouted "long live Korean independence!"

When this movement reached Gong-Ju, the group my father led probably acted as the primary organizer. In any event, the Japanese school authorities had been suspicious about my father's activities for sometime and had noticed his excellent leadership qualities. Finally, the authorities got wind

of something that gave them an excuse to expel him. That was the end of his formal education.

Father returned to his home village and concentrated on studying Chinese classics under Grandfather's guidance. Had Father gone on to graduate from the Gong-Ju secondary school, he would have had many opportunities to succeed. Even under the Japanese occupation he eventually would have been assigned to an important government post.

Soon after he set up his own household, when I was a small boy, my father's life changed dramatically. A policy of land reform was instituted across the country, and the traditional system whereby Yangban landlords received income from sharecroppers was abolished. Landlords were allowed to keep only that portion of their land that they were actually able to work themselves. The rest of their holdings had to be turned over to the sharecroppers. Father was left with approximately 3,300 square meters of rice paddy, and a few hundred square meters of dry land that surrounded his house. He was transformed overnight from being a Yangban landlord to being a Yangban farmer. In fact, it would be more accurate to say that he became a Yangban pauper.

Father and Mother faced the change in their fortunes bravely. They were determined to overcome the new and difficult circumstances, but they were not accustomed to farm work, and it was far from easy for them.

A Virtuous Woman

Mother, the only daughter of a prominent family, was from the clan of Han. Her name was Pyung Chun. My parents were married in 1925, and immediately after that Mother took up her responsibilities as a daughter-in-law in the central residence of the Pak clan. Being the wife of the fourth son, she normally wouldn't have been expected to perform nearly as many household chores as were the wives of Father's older brothers. She possessed a great many talents, however, and she had a strong desire to serve her parents-in-law according to the long-held traditions of Chung-Nam Province. While this meant that she received much



Bo Hi Pak as a young boy.

love from her parents-in-law, it also meant that all the most difficult tasks were piled onto her frail body.

She was quite a good seamstress, and she was given responsibility for making all the clothing worn by the adults in the household. (At the time, people still wore only the traditional Korean style of clothing.) If there was a wedding in the household—whether a daughter was sent to another household as a bride or a new bride was being welcomed into the household—Mother had to work through the night many nights in a row in order to complete the preparations.

When it came to weddings, Mother was also a tremendous cook. People would praise her, saying, with some exaggeration, that she could “create a feast for the entire village using nothing more than one chicken.” Because her talents were recognized, she was expected to cook all the meals for the adults in the household, to prepare meals for any guests that might visit the home, and prepare the feasts that were held from time to time. The household depended on her to the extent that the adults could not have their meals unless Mother was working in the kitchen. All this meant that

Mother was recognized for possessing the traditional virtues of a good wife and wise mother, but it also meant that she was forced to spend her days as a daughter-in-law who served the household completely without having any time for her own personal needs.

Once, when I was in the first or second grade at Yum-Ti Elementary School, I fell asleep in Mother's lap. I awoke in the middle of the night and realized that she wasn't beside me. I looked around the room and found her sitting in a dimly lit area in the coldest part of the room. Her hands were busy with some sort of needlework.

"Mother, let's go to sleep. Please, I want you to sleep next to me," I said.

"All right," she said, "I'll be just a minute. You go ahead and go to bed." Then she touched her cheek to my face and rubbed her hands across my back. As a child, there was no way for me to understand how much she was pushing herself beyond her limits or how heavily her responsibilities weighed on her shoulders.

Matters did not improve after the move to Persimmon Orchard Village during my second-grade year. With the Japanese-enforced land reform, our family was reduced to extreme poverty, and Mother had to bear full responsibility for the daily upkeep of the household. She worked in the rice paddies and planted cotton and picked it. She raised silkworms and processed the raw cotton and silk into thread and then wove it into cloth to make clothing for our family members. In this way, she made sure that we could provide all our own clothing. From about this time, it became obvious to me that Mother was growing weaker.

Mother always took very good care of me. I had a sister who was three years older than me, but she mainly lived with Mother's parents in Dang-Jin County and seldom visited our home. Especially after my maternal grandfather died, she kept my grandmother company and helped to care for her. My younger brother was born eleven years after me, so I was Mother's only child during the long period prior to his birth.

Mother did not have a specific religious affiliation. In a manner of speaking, though, she did have a religion. Her sons were her religion. She would do anything if it were for

her sons' good. She would sometimes go to a Buddhist temple and offer prayers to Buddha, because she felt that this might somehow benefit her sons.

In Korean homes, especially before the introduction of electrical appliances such as refrigerators, many perishable foods were kept in large porcelain jars placed in the backyard behind the kitchen. This area, the *jang-kwang*, was always immaculate and was even treated as a sacred area. In many cases the mother and other women in the family would set up small altars directly in front of the *jang-kwang*, sometimes using lighted candles and clear water, to offer prayers for the health and prosperity of the family. Mother set up such an altar just outside her kitchen, and I would sometimes see her praying there during the night.

Near our home, there was a mountain pass called Kalti Pass, and a shaman tutelary shrine had been erected there. Once or twice a year, Mother would prepare special rice cakes and cook the head of a pig. She would then take these and offer them at the shrine on Kalti Pass. As she made her offering, she would pray for the welfare of her son.

On these trips to Kalti Pass, I would follow behind Mother with the rice cakes loaded on an A-frame strapped to my back. Once, when we were making the trip to the shrine in the early morning twilight, Mother tripped and fell. She hit her forehead on a rock, and there was blood on her face.

She turned to me and said, "Oh, Bo Hi. We've been cursed because we are unclean. It must be that we have not shown enough sincere faith. Our offering will never be received like this. We have to go back home and start again."

We went home and started the entire ritual over again. Mother bathed in cold water as a symbolic cleansing of her spirit. Then, she cooked more food for the offering with a heart that was even more sincere than the first time. In the evening, we walked to the shrine, where she successfully completed the offering.

On the way home, she said something very significant. "Bo Hi," she said, "there's nothing I won't do if I think it will be beneficial to you." It was then that I realized that the only religion that Mother believed in was the religion of living for her son.



*The author (far left) with his sixth-grade friends
at Do-Go Elementary School.*

I wanted to do anything I could for Mother. I could see that her health was not good, and yet she had to perform a great many tasks that demanded physical strength. Both Father and Mother would be extremely tired at the end of the day after we had finished our evening meal. Mother would sometimes lie down, saying she would rest a little while before doing the dishes. I remember waiting until she was sound asleep and then clearing the dishes off the table and quietly taking them into the kitchen and washing them, making sure I didn't create any noise to wake Mother. Nothing made me happier than being able to help Mother in her daily chores.

When Mother awoke from her nap, she saw that the dishes were gone and knew what I had done. "Bo Hi, I don't want to have you washing dishes in the kitchen."

"Mother," I replied, "I want to be able to do all your work for you. It's not just the dishes. Next time, I'll do the cooking for you, too."

As I said this, I could see tears begin to well up in her eyes. For a moment, I tried to keep from breaking out into tears myself, but it was more than I could bear. I ran into

her arms and began crying uncontrollably. To me, my mother was the most precious person in the world. She was all that I lived for.

“Mother,” I cried, “please live a long life. Please live a long life. That’s all I ever want.”

The tears kept streaming down my face, and I didn’t even try to wipe them off.

Mother had set the next day aside for preparing cloth. This involved taking the warp strings, that is, thread that was to be strung lengthwise in the loom, soaking them in starch, and then tying them to the beams in the loom. For Mother, this was extremely difficult physical labor. The work required that a flame be kept burning beside her, so she also had to endure the heat all day long.

That evening, I put on an apron and stepped into the kitchen. I wanted to prepare the evening meal for the family. This was my first time, so I wasn’t really sure what I was doing. But I had seen Mother do the work many times, and I was able to work quickly. First, I cooked the rice and then some soup. Next, I boiled green vegetables and flavored them with soy sauce. Then, I prepared the *kimchi*, the spicy pickled vegetables that are a part of every Korean meal. Last, I took some seaweed and scorched it slightly over an open fire. Then, I set the table. Grandmother was also there that day.

About that time, Mother got up from her work, saying she would wash her hands and fix dinner. When she walked into the kitchen and saw the meal I had prepared, she let out a gasp of surprise. Quickly, I told her, “Mother, if you refuse to eat everything I’ve cooked, I’ll have to assume it’s because you think it tastes terrible. If you eat everything, I’ll know it’s because you love me. Please, at least have a taste.” Both Mother and Grandmother ate the whole meal and enjoyed it. I was so happy, I felt as though I had gone to heaven.

One day, I realized that my parents were cold at night because there wasn’t enough firewood to keep them warm. As soon as I came home from school, I strapped an A-frame to my back and climbed the slopes of Mount Do-Go. It was the first time in my life that I had tried to collect firewood by myself. I loaded the A-frame with a large pile of wood, but then realized that it wasn’t going to be an easy job to climb

down the slope with such a heavy load on my back. My legs trembled under the weight, and I almost fell several times.

When I finally made the trip back home safely and put my load down in the woodpile next to the kitchen, I was happy and felt great satisfaction, partly because I had opened up a new field of knowledge for myself. From this point on, I did almost all the wood gathering for the family. It was wonderful to see my parents at the end of the day sitting in the room with the *ondol* floor,³ resting after a hard day's work.

One day, I got a little overconfident. I stacked too much wood onto my A-frame. As I started down the hill, my legs faltered under the extra weight, and it was all I could do to stay on my feet. I managed to walk down the slope almost to the bottom. I thought that I was out of danger of falling and that I could just walk the rest of the way down with a walking stick to support myself.

That's when disaster struck. I lost my balance and fell down head over heels. I started rolling down the hill with the fully loaded A-frame still strapped to my back. Over and over again, I would be looking up at the sky one moment only to have my face pushed against the ground the next. I rolled all the way to the bottom of the hill, where I fell off a short drop before finally landing on level ground. I hit the ground so hard that I saw a bolt of lightning flash across my eyes. I was lucky that I didn't break my neck.

I lay still for a moment to gather my wits and then checked to see if I had broken any bones. My face was bleeding from several cuts. I didn't want my mother to see me like this.

I set the A-frame down and went to a nearby spring to wash my face. Some of the cuts were deeper than I had first thought. I washed off the dirt and blood the best I could and returned to where I had left my load, but all I could think about was how I could keep Mother from seeing my face. I gathered up some of the wood that had fallen off the A-frame and retied the whole load, strapped it to my back, and walked the rest of the way home. As I went into the house, I tried my best to appear as if nothing unusual had happened, but Mother immediately sensed that something was wrong.

“Bo Hi,” she said as soon as she saw me, “what happened to you?”

“Nothing, Mother. I tripped and fell while I was gathering the wood. But it’s nothing. Really.”

“Come here and let me see your face. My goodness! What’s this? What happened to your face? Your face is cut all over! Come here and let me put something on that.” She then got the iodine tincture and painted it on all my cuts.

“When did I ever tell you to go gather wood?” she demanded. “This won’t do. From tomorrow, I’ll go get the wood. I want you to stay home and study. Do you understand?”

I knew I couldn’t stand by and let her take on responsibility for gathering wood. I had to do something drastic, so I said, “In that case, Mother, I refuse to go to school. If you’re going to go hiking around the hills for wood, then I cannot go off to school and study. If you go to the hills, then I’ll quit school.”

I saw tears well up into Mother’s eyes. She grabbed me with both arms, held me tightly, and began to cry. I cried with her.

My First Failure

My first failure in life came early. In my sixth and final year at elementary school, our family had to make a decision about how I would continue my education. Sending me to Seoul, where all the best schools could be found, was out of the question. The cost to live and study there was far beyond our means.

In those days, the government gave full scholarships to all the students in schools that trained teachers, so children of poor families attended such schools, even if they didn’t intend to go into the teaching profession. I applied to the Jinju Normal School in South Kyoungsan Province, which was more than one hundred miles away, having to choose a school so far from home because my classmates had already filled the quotas for new students at the nearby schools.

The trip to take the entrance exam was my first long-distance journey by train. Traveling with my father, I completely

forgot that I was going to Jinju for the purpose of sitting for an examination. I was much too fascinated by the changing scenery outside the window. The steam-engine train climbed the steep slope to the top of Chupoong Ridge, the highest point between Seoul and Pusan, took a deep breath, and then started steaming down the southern slope. It was more than enough to capture the curiosity of a thirteen-year-old country boy.

We arrived in Jinju, where the buildings and campus of Jinju Normal School seemed grand to me, and I was overwhelmed. Also, my Chung-Nam accent didn't go over well in this strange land and among these strange people. My spirits were somewhat deflated.

I took the examination. When I finished, I didn't think I had answered the questions very well. As I came out of the examination room, Father was waiting for me. "Did you do well?" he asked.

Although I was feeling discouraged, I just said, "Yes, sir."

I returned home with a heavy heart. After a time, the school's official notice arrived in the mail. It was not a letter of acceptance. As I expected, I had failed the exam.

"What am I going to do? How am I ever going to face Mother again?" This was the first thought to go through my mind.

Father and I had taken about seven days to make the train trip to Jinju and back. During that time, Mother offered pure water at the jang-kwang and prayed all through the night every night. I had hoped to make Mother's prayers a reality, and it made me very sad that they had been wasted.

"Oh, what am I going to do?"

I went into a small dark room and sat down. I couldn't stop crying. The tears just kept coming.

I called out in my mind: "Mother, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. What should I do now?" A whole day went by, then a second, and I still couldn't bring myself to leave the room. My parents would call me to come out and eat, but I didn't answer them.

Finally, the door opened, and Mother came in. She sat down and put her arms around me. I began to cry even more loudly. I cried out over and over: "Mother, I'm sorry. Mother, I'm sorry."



The author (far right) at about age thirteen with two of his classmates at Chon-An Agricultural School.

Softly, she put her lips next to my ear and whispered, “Bo Hi, don’t you remember how Grandfather taught you the phrase ‘inscrutable are the ways of Heaven’?⁴ Your failing this exam may actually turn out to have been a good thing for you. Going to normal school isn’t the only course you can take in life. Now, stand up. Seeing you discouraged like this only makes me hurt even more. Do you understand?”

I still remember her words that day. The saying “inscrutable are the ways of Heaven,” which is taken from Chinese classics, has become an important theme in my life.

At the time, I never thought that in a few years it would turn out that I was indeed fortunate for not having been accepted to that school. Mother’s words had been a prophecy. If I had attended Jinju Normal School and become an accredited teacher, I would not have been drafted and would have still been teaching when the war broke out. Ironically, my joining the army saved my life. Without exception, my friends who graduated from normal school and then took up teaching positions in our hometown were slaughtered when the area came under North Korean occupation during the Korean War.

The North Korean People's Army occupied my hometown of Do-Go on two separate occasions. When the NKPA would enter an area, their first task was to brainwash and organize the people who were relatively educated. In rural areas, school teachers were respected as great intellectuals. Later, when the Republic of Korea forces began to have success and the NKPA had to retreat northward, they would execute all the intellectuals, because it was impossible to take them with them and they didn't want to leave such a valuable resource behind. This was what happened to my elementary school friends who went on to normal school.

Looking back, I realize that even then I had some sense that God was watching over me. This has been true with every aspect of my life.

Instead of Jinju Normal School, I entered Chon-An Agricultural School. For some reason, this time I scored the highest grade of any applicant on the entrance exam. I had only one reason for choosing Chon-An Agricultural School: It was close enough to my home in Do-Go that I could use the train to go to and from school every day. This way, I could attend school without having to pay for lodging.

I still had to find a way to pay the tuition, though. Just about this time, a benefactor appeared in my life, my uncle, Dong Eun Pak. My father's oldest brother served as a school teacher for some thirty years during the Japanese colonial occupation. After his retirement, he began to receive a monthly pension of twenty-five yen (Japanese currency was used at the time). It wasn't even enough for my uncle to live on, but he gave me the entire amount to cover my tuition. He felt that I had potential and wanted to make sure that I had an education.

My uncle had another, even more important reason for making this gesture. He was the model of a filial son. During the customary three-year mourning period after Grandfather's death, my uncle wore only sackcloth. As the oldest son, he enshrined Grandfather's tablet⁵ in his home according to Confucian custom. Twice a day, he would offer a fresh meal of food and drink to Grandfather's spirit, and he wept every day as if Grandfather had just passed away.

My uncle knew that Grandfather had raised me with the utmost love. After Grandfather's death, my uncle decided that as a filial son he should love and care for me in the same way that Grandfather had. That is why he decided to use his entire pension to give me the best education possible.

By attending Chon-An Agricultural School, I ended up putting an even greater burden on Mother. Each morning, she would get up at 4:00 a.m. to make breakfast for me. I would still be sound asleep, tired from the previous night's study, and she would have to shake me awake. I would eat breakfast still half asleep, grab the bag that she had prepared for me containing my books and a box lunch, and head out on foot toward the Do-Go train station, about two and a half miles away. I would walk to the station in the dark and take the first train. By the time the train arrived at Chon-An station it would be daylight. I would climb the hill in front of the station to the school campus. After a hard day's work, I would take the same road back to the station and catch the last train. It would be dark long before I arrived home.

Mother was tired herself, but she would always encourage me and make certain that I had a good meal and that I bathed before going to bed. It was a difficult time both for me, as a fourteen-year-old boy, and for Mother, but she was only concerned that I might become tired to the point of exhaustion.

One day, I was so exhausted that I fell asleep in the train on the way home and slept soundly through the Do-Go stop. A few minutes later, I woke up with a jolt and looked out the window. I had also slept through the stop after Do-Go. "Oh, no. What am I going to do?" I thought.

I panicked, but there was no way for me to jump off the train. There was nothing to do except wait for it to arrive at the next station. It was already getting dark when I got off and began walking back in the direction of Do-Go. I soon came to a hilly area. The night was so quiet that it felt spooky. Now it was pitch dark, and I was afraid. Trees and rocks that would seem completely normal during the day seemed to turn into monsters. I didn't know if

I was going to make it home alive. There wasn't a single person on the road to keep me company.

I could feel sweat dripping down my back and forehead. Soon, my clothes were completely wet. I was almost certain that I was going to die.

After a while, I heard a small voice from far off down the road. Someone was calling my name. Gradually, the voice became louder, and soon I could hear it clearly.

"Bo Hi," the voice was saying, "are you there?"

It was Mother, calling out to me at the top of her voice.

"Mother," I called back, "here I am. Mother!"

I was almost in tears. I ran as fast as I could in the direction of her voice. When I reached her, I embraced her tightly and began to cry loudly.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm here now. We've made things so difficult for you. Don't worry now. Let's go home."

The mountain road wasn't at all scary with Mother holding my hand. From that moment on, the walk was really enjoyable. In my mind, I was thinking how nice it would be if Mother let me stay home from school just one day.

But at 4:30 the next morning, Mother woke me up as usual and I started for school at the regular time. Mother was very strict about school attendance. "You should study. You can't miss school," she would say.

It was largely owing to Mother's strong will that I was able to attend Chon-An Agricultural School.

One Word of English

My most vivid memory from my three years at Chon-An Agricultural School from 1942 to 1945 is doing so much manual labor we were sick of it. Still, I learned a great deal, including some important lessons in life. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the constant manual labor assignments at Chon-An helped me develop a strong will and the ability to endure great hardships.

During my days at that school, I became accustomed to working with soil. I came to love nature, and I learned all the

skills I would need later on to succeed as a farmer. I was taught the most advanced agricultural methods of the time. These ranged from techniques for raising vegetables in hot-houses to growing saplings in a field to be transplanted later. My experience in this school helped me to decide to devote my life to helping my parents on their farm.

I had many unforgettable experiences at the agricultural school. When I began my first year, I noticed on my class schedule that time had been allotted for English, and we were issued English textbooks. So I thought, "OK. I'm going to have a chance to study some English."

The time came for our first English class. It turned out that the teacher responsible for the class was none other than our Japanese principal. His name was Mr. Watanabe, and we used to call him "Lightning" because of his short temper. We never knew where he was going to strike, and everyone was afraid of him.

Mr. Watanabe came into the classroom and stood behind the lectern. He turned around and wrote a very large English word, "you," on the blackboard. He turned around, faced the students, and paused long enough for everyone to see his stern expression.

"Everyone, we are now at war with America and Britain. Today, I intend to demonstrate to you how uncivilized these two countries really are.

"Look at this word I have written on the board: 'you.' In our language, it means 'anata.' But these guys are depraved and don't know the first thing about etiquette. Look here. For them, the word 'you' can be used to address kings. It can be used to address government ministers. A teacher can be called 'you.' Parents are called 'you.' Even little children and beggars are referred to as 'you.'⁶ Where else would you find such an abominable people? That is why we refer to America and Britain as 'Brutish America and Britain.'

"What need do we have to learn the language of such countries? When we have won the Great East Asian War,⁷ then they will have to learn the language of the Great Japanese Empire. Your job is to fight in every way you can for this eventual victory. Do you understand? This concludes your study of English."

When the principal finished speaking, he turned and marched out of the room. This was my first and final English class at Chon-An Agricultural School. I had learned just one word—"you."

Later in life, when I began to study English more formally, I would often remember this incident and smile to myself.

By the time I was in my third year, it became impossible to commute from home. Our manual labor assignments began early in the morning and lasted until late at night. Thinking back on it now, I can see that this was the time when Japan's eventual defeat by the Allies was growing nearer, and Japan was making its last-ditch effort to survive. Chon-An Agricultural School became more of a military barracks than a school.

In those days, I did not own a pair of shoes or other footwear that could stand up to the work that we were doing. Laborers in that time wore special footwear called *jikatabi* that were made of cloth and fit snugly around the foot and ankles almost like a sock. *Jikatabi* had a thick but flexible sole that protected the sole of the foot and didn't slip on most surfaces. They were subject to rationing, and there was no way that I could receive a new pair.

So, at the end of each day's work, I would go hunting for used *jikatabi* that people had thrown away. I would find one that would still be good enough to wear, and then I would look for another one for the opposite foot. Once I had found two that could be worn as a pair, I would wash and dry them and then mend any tears myself. I didn't have the right needles and thread for mending footwear, so I would take a regular piece of cloth and thread and sew it on with several layers of stitches.

The next morning, I would go to my assigned work wearing my "new" pair, but they were never strong enough to last the whole day. Even before evening fell, my heel would be sticking out through one hole and my toes through another. So, at the end of the day I would have to go out and find another pair to wear the next day. During the time that I lived in the dormitory, much of my time was spent hunting for footwear.

The Kindness of a Japanese Friend

There is one other reason that I can never forget my days at Chon-An Agricultural School, and it had to do with a health problem of my father's. He had suffered from an excess of stomach acid for much of his life. To treat this, he needed to carry a bag of bicarbonate of soda all the time so that he could take some a few times each day.

As the war dragged on, however, it became impossible to find bicarbonate of soda in the stores. If Father ran out, his stomach pain would become unbearable. It was very difficult for me to watch him suffer in silence.

One day, I paid a visit a pharmacy in downtown Chon-An run by a Japanese woman. Her name was Mrs. Shibata. I explained to her about Father's symptoms and asked for her help. In exchange for bicarbonate of soda, I offered to work for her. "Mrs. Shibata, I will bring you fresh country eggs every week. I'll sweep the floor of your store and do all the cleaning. I'll do any chore you say, no matter how difficult."

As it happened, Mrs. Shibata's husband was in the military and had been deployed to the South Pacific islands, so she didn't have a man in the house to help her do the chores. She accepted my offer very graciously. She was a kind, middle-aged woman who had an air of noble birth.

"Pharmacies, too, can only get bicarbonate of soda through the rationing system. It's delivered to me twice a month. What I'll do is not sell it to other people, but put it aside to give to you. I think it's wonderful that you are trying so hard to help your father."

From that time on, I visited Mrs. Shibata's pharmacy every opportunity I had. I did whatever task she gave me, and I also looked for things that needed to be done. If I happened to be coming from my village, I would take her eggs, vegetables, and fruit. Father never ran out of bicarbonate of soda again.

Sometimes, after the store closed for the day, Mrs. Shibata would invite me to stay for dinner. She served me Japanese *miso* soup with delicious rice. To me, it was as sumptuous a feast as I could have received if I had been a guest in the court of the Exalted Emperor Shihuang of the Qin Dynasty of ancient China. Mrs. Shibata showed me photographs of her



*Mrs. Shibata, the Japanese woman
who befriended the young Bo Hi Pak.*

husband and her family in Japan. As time passed, she became an important benefactor to me, and I became like a member of the family to her.

As the war was reaching its climax, Mrs. Shibata had become concerned that aerial bombing by Allied B-29s might increase to the point that Chon-An would also become a target, so she asked one of my classmates to store some of her valuables in his home in the countryside near Chon-An. When the war was suddenly over, she wanted to retrieve a few of those valuables to take with her to Japan, and she asked my friend to get them for her.

My friend returned to his home but soon came back empty-handed. He said the people in his hometown would not let him take the items. When I heard this, I could feel the blood immediately rush to my head. I grabbed my friend by his lapels. I was so furious that I might even have seriously harmed him had I lost control.

"What!" I demanded. "You good for nothing scoundrel! This woman wants her own belongings back! Who dares say that she can't have them? I don't care if Japan lost the war. She's committed no crime. It'll be to the shame of Korea if she doesn't get her

things back. A shame on Korea, I tell you! You'd better start acting like a real Korean!"

I didn't know how to console Mrs. Shibata, who was about to lose all she owned, and this frustration made me all the more angry at those who were taking advantage of her plight. Mrs. Shibata surprised me, though, by stepping in to stop me from fighting with my friend.

"Oyama-san," she said to me, "I want you to stop. I can live without my belongings. I'll just pretend I lost them in an air raid. The Japanese have committed many crimes. I, too, have to accept punishment for that."

Still, I couldn't suppress my anger. I started to plead with my friend. "Listen, let's go together to your village and see if somehow we can't come back with her things. You have to feel sorry for her. How do you think we can get them?"

But my friend shook his head. He explained that the people in the village had already divided up everything among themselves. I burst out in tears. There was no way for me to help Mrs. Shibata. I was so disgusted that I grabbed my friend again, this time with both my hands around his neck. He cried out for help, and there might have been a serious incident then if Mrs. Shibata hadn't intervened.

"I appreciate your concern for me. But, please, don't hurt anyone."

A few days later I visited my village. When I returned, I brought a bag with ten eggs to give to Mrs. Shibata on my final visit with her. Her face was pale and you could see her resignation and insecurity. She seemed very happy to see me.

"I've come to say my final good-bye," I said.

She invited me in, and once I was inside her home, she handed me a paper bag. Seeing my look of confusion she explained: "Take this to your father. It's a bag of bicarbonate of soda. I received one last ration delivery, and I'm giving it all to you. Oyama-san, I want to thank you for all you've done for me over such a long period. I don't know when we will see each other again. I'm really going to miss you."

She took out a handkerchief and wiped the tears from her eyes. I wanted to ask her to take care of herself, but there was such a lump in my throat that I couldn't say anything. I just stood there, barely holding back my tears.

No words can possibly describe how grateful I was to Mrs. Shibata. The bag she gave me contained enough bicarbonate of soda to last Father a year and then some. As a going-away present, she had given Father an extra year of life without pain. Finally, I was able to say to her: "Please, forgive me that I couldn't do enough for you." Then, I couldn't hold the tears back any longer.

It's been many years since that day. I've never heard what happened to her. I suspect she may have passed away, and so I sincerely pray for her soul. I still have a small photograph that she gave me. There is no doubt that she is one of the most important people in my life.

August 15, 1945—Liberation

Liberation! Finally, on August 15, 1945, we arrived at the day of our long-awaited liberation. After thirty-six years under the rule of imperial Japan, we broke free of our chains.

This was something that we had not even dared to imagine. Japan's imperialist rule had seemed iron tight. We thought that it would take a colossal effort for us to defeat it. But less than four years after it attacked Pearl Harbor, Japan was finally forced to its knees by the military might of the United States. For Korea, this was the hand of God, reaching out to save us.

No longer did I have to be known as "Oyama-san." From that day on, I was Bo Hi Pak, a proud Korean.

The joy of liberation enveloped all of Korea in one great storm of ecstatic triumph. We could shout "Long Live Korean Independence!" as much as we wanted without having the Japanese police trying to stop us. For the first time in my life, I had a country.

I could speak my native language in public without worrying about being punished for it anymore. Although the Japanese had outlawed the Korean language, I had sometimes used it outside our home, but when I did I had to be careful not to be overheard by anyone who might report me. How many times had the Japanese authorities beaten me saying, "You used *Chosen-go* [the Japanese word for the Korean language]!"

Mother never learned to speak Japanese. I grew up in a household where the Japanese language was given no quarter. Mother had taught me my mother tongue in its purest form. With that language, she also imbued me with the spirit of Korea. Just as my father had been a patriot who resisted the rule of imperialist Japan, Mother also was a patriotic Korean. She taught me Korean and raised me to be a Korean.

My paternal grandfather had an even greater influence in training me in the Korean spirit. Starting when I was just four years old, Grandfather taught me to read Chinese characters, and he spoke to me frequently about our history.

“Your ancestor who founded the clan of Hamyang Pak lived twenty-eight generations ago,” he would teach us. “His given name included the Chinese character meaning ‘goodness’ and he was a very good person. The Pak clan first originated with Great King Pak Hyok-kose, who founded the ancient kingdom of Shilla. The Great King Pak was born from an egg that was brought to earth by a white horse. The egg was shaped like a *pak* [gourd] and radiated light.⁸ This means that you are descended from heaven and from royalty. Do you understand?” From the time I was four, I was taught to recite from memory the names and posthumous titles of all of my direct male ancestors as far back as twenty-eight generations.

There was a Chinese character text titled *Dong-mun Sunseub*, which I studied immediately following the *Thousand-Character Classic*. This text had been used to educate the sons of Korean Yangban for four centuries. Grandfather taught me: “This text was authored by Pak Seub, who is your direct ancestor of fourteen generations ago. This *Dong-mun Sunseub* is a historic text that has been used to teach human relations and morals to great men during the past four centuries. Can you understand how great your ancestors were?”

Sometimes I thought I might develop blisters on my ears from listening to him talk about our ancestors. I was very young at the time, and I was always trying to figure out some way that I could break free of Grandfather and go play. Looking back now, though, I can see that these lectures gave me a solid spiritual backbone as a Korean.

Father taught me *hangeul*, the native script created by Great King Sejong⁹ that Koreans today hold in pride. For this reason

I, unlike many other children, had the opportunity to read books and short stories written in hangeul even before our country's liberation from Japan. Even so, liberation had a decisive effect on my life as a student.

When I entered Chon-An Agricultural School while Korea was still under Japanese administration, it offered a five-year course of study. Soon after liberation, however, changes were made in the country's educational system, and Chon-An now offered a three-year middle school course and a three-year high school course, for a total of six years. I found myself about to graduate from the middle school.

I decided against going on to high school. I was a young man of fifteen. When I thought of my beloved parents, I couldn't bring myself to be the kind of son who would try and persuade his parents to support him through high school.

Instead, I returned to my native village. I took with me a bundle of textbooks from the Agricultural School, and I was confident that I could succeed at agriculture. I wasn't going to watch my parents suffer any longer. From then on, I was determined to do all the farming.

I wanted to try to use the modern farming methods I had learned at school to become a successful farmer on the strength of my own abilities. I dreamed of becoming a model farmer who would then help all the other people in the village to succeed as well. I was sure I could do it. There wasn't any shadow of doubt in my mind.

One bright moonlit night, I sat in a meadow listening to the crickets and dreaming of what I was about to accomplish. The full moon seemed brighter than I had ever seen it before. I found myself singing a children's song about the moonlit night:

The moon! The moon! The bright moon!
 The moon where Li Tae-Back once played!
 There! There! In the midst of the moon
 You can see a katsura tree.
 I'll cut it down with a golden ax,
 Chop it up with a pearl ax,
 Build a house with three rooms and a thatched roof,
 And invite my parents to live with me there.
 We'll live there a thousand and ten thousand years,
 We'll live there a thousand and ten thousand years.

The poem expressed my heart perfectly.

“That’s right,” I told myself. “I can do it. My parents are getting on in age, and I can’t let them suffer any longer. I will support the family, and we will live together forever and ever. Forever and ever.”

It was a new beginning for me: the life of a fallen Yangban as an impoverished farmer.

A Young Farmer’s Agricultural Revolution

To succeed in farming, I had to have good compost, and to get good quality compost, I had to raise livestock. I knew that pigs were best for producing lots of manure. So I went to the market and bought a young pig that looked like he might have a large appetite and not be too particular about what he ate. I built some pig shelters and gradually increased the number of pigs from one to two, then three and finally six.

Next, I decided to raise chickens because I had learned at agricultural school that chicken manure makes the best quality fertilizer. I built the chicken pens, and soon I had dozens of chickens producing plenty of eggs. On market days, I would carefully package the eggs in sets of ten and go to market to sell them. It was my only cash income.

After I began to raise goats, the next step in my “agricultural revolution” was to become the first in our area to plant sweet potatoes. For this, I needed to build a hotbed in order to prepare seed potatoes for transplanting. A hotbed would also be useful for making good quality compost. Building the hotbed in our backyard was very difficult work, but I had learned how to do it all at school.

I was making such a commotion with my books and my new ideas that finally even Father lost his temper.

“Bo Hi,” he admonished me, “who in the world ever heard of a farmer doing his chores while carrying an open book in one hand? You’re making much too big a commotion. You’re going too far. Why can’t you farm without making such a fuss?”

I answered him, saying: “Father, please bear with me just a little longer. It’s just for the first year that things are a bit confused. From next year, things will settle down. I’m sure you will be pleased when you see what I accomplish.”

I decided to go ahead with my plan. I went to Onyang, a town about eight miles away, and bought a sack of seed potatoes and carried them all the way home on my back. This was how the first sweet potato farm in the history of Persimmon Orchard Village got its start.

Every morning, I would get up early to cut grass to feed the pigs. The more I fed them, the more compost I could have. Soon, I had a huge pile of compost in the compost shed. Also, I took time each morning to check the village roads for any cow manure. It was a way for me to add to my compost and to help keep the village roads clean. Father wasn't the only one who thought that I was acting oddly. Soon, just about everyone in the village had decided that I was definitely very strange.

After harvesting my first crop of sweet potatoes, I gave some to everyone in the village so they could see for themselves how good they tasted. From that time, sweet potato farming became popular in our village.

Soon, this one-man campaign for agricultural reform came up against a serious crisis. My pigs that had been eating so well came down with a disease. They refused to eat any feed. Soon, some of them started to die. I had studied animal husbandry, but I was not a veterinarian. There was nothing I could do. I even tried to open their mouths one at a time and force-feed them, but it was no use. The pigs just kept dying. I took the dead pigs in my arms and cried. It hurt as much as if I had lost a brother.

I refused to give up. The rice paddies and the fields and the meadows were my stage. Nature is very honest. It always finds a way to compensate a person for at least the amount of effort he has put into it.

From Farm Boy to Boy Teacher

One day, there was another major change in my life. I received a visit from the principal of Do-Go Elementary School, where I had studied as a young boy.

This is what the principal said:

"Our school is having a lot of difficulty replacing the Japanese teachers who left after liberation. I know you must be very busy

with farming, but I wonder if you wouldn't help us out a little at the school. It would be a great service if you would come and take responsibility for some of the students."

I was more than a little surprised. "I'm honored that you would make such a request," I said, "but what qualifications do I have to teach?"

"You don't understand. Because you completed three years of middle school, there's no problem in our hiring you as a contract teacher. I will make sure your work at the school doesn't interfere with taking care of your parents. So, please, take some time out to help the school."

"It's a great honor, but I need to discuss the matter with my parents before I can make my reply."

When I reported the conversation to my parents, Mother was the first to express her support. Although she understood that I was helping Father by taking full responsibility for the farming, she was frustrated seeing me spend all my time on the farm from dawn to dusk. She felt certain that I was not destined to live my entire life as a farmer. She seemed to think that the offer from the principal would lead to other opportunities that would open a new future for me.

Father was also in favor, but he did have reservations.

"You're still only seventeen [sixteen by the Western method of counting ages]. Who are you going to teach when you yourself still have so much to learn? I'm ashamed that I'm not able to give you the support you need to continue your own education. Perhaps if you become a teacher, it will give you a chance to learn as well." He said this and then gave a deep sigh.

In my own mind, farming was still my primary job. My teaching job was nothing more than a way to help my old school deal with an emergency situation. I called on the principal and told him that I had decided to accept his offer. He immediately assigned me to a teaching position.

There was a problem, though. I had nothing to wear that was suitable for a teacher. I still had my clothes from my days at agricultural school, but I didn't have a Western-style suit. So Mother went out and borrowed a man's suit from a neighbor. She was such a skilled seamstress that she could take any piece of clothing and create something exactly like it from scratch.



The author (far right) during his years as a teacher at Do-Go Elementary School with his father, mother, and brother, No Hi.

Based on the suit she had borrowed, she made a suit for me from cotton and silk cloth that she had woven herself. Then, she borrowed a necktie from a neighbor and sewed one for me exactly like it from nylon cloth she bought at the market.

I put on the suit and necktie that Mother had sewn for me and bowed deeply before her.

I said to her: "These clothes are totally your creation. There isn't a suit or necktie in the world that I would rather have. I'm tall and I have a solid build, so in this suit I look older than seventeen, don't I?"

"That's right, son," she said. "You look like a very fine teacher. You look good. Very good."

Mother watched with an expression of great satisfaction as I left home for my first day at work dressed in the suit and tie that she had made for me. It was the first necktie I had ever worn.

At school, I was placed in charge of the third grade. It was strange to hear the students refer to me as "Teacher," and it took some time for me to get used to this. "Teacher Bo Hi Pak" was introduced to the entire student body at the morning assembly.

In those days, children didn't necessarily begin attending school at a particular age, and some of the sixth graders were quite tall. I was very surprised to discover that some of the girl students were actually older than me. Somehow, I had to maintain my authority as a teacher based solely on the fact that I was taller than any of them. I couldn't help but blush with embarrassment whenever a young woman old enough to marry would call me "Teacher."

"Do-Go"—Mountain of High Ethics

For the next two years, I continued to teach at the elementary school wearing the suit that Mother had made for me. I found my life with the young, innocent children to be quite rewarding. At one time, I was in charge of sixth graders. This was a particularly important position, because it meant I was responsible for preparing them to continue their education in secondary school.

When I taught sixth grade, I had to learn along with the students. All of my education had been during the period of Japanese imperialist rule, and there was much about Korean geography, history, and language that I hadn't been taught. In order to teach these subjects properly, I first had to study about ten times harder than the students themselves. Looking back, without being forced to study these subjects along with my sixth graders, I might not have been able to meet the challenges that came to me later in my life.

When I returned home from school, I would change into my farming clothes and begin my chores. On Sundays, I scooped out the school's septic tanks. I would take a long-stemmed dipper and scoop the manure out of the tanks and into my manure buckets. Then, I would place the buckets on the two ends of a long pole and lift the pole across my shoulders. I carried the buckets to my family's fields and spread the manure so that it would fertilize our crops. It gave me such joy on a bright sunshiny day to be able to spread beautiful gold-colored manure over shoots that had just managed to break through the soil. Many people tell me the smell makes them want to hold their noses, but to a farmer it is one of the sweetest of fragrances. In this way, I was able to kill two birds

with one stone—I could take care of emptying the school septic tanks without having to pay someone to do it, and I could obtain plenty of good fertilizer for my fields.

One time, a couple of my students saw me hauling the manure buckets down the road. They gave me the required greeting, “Hello, Teacher,” but I could see from their expressions that they weren’t quite sure what to make of me.

I immediately said to them: “Oh, it’s good to see you. I want you to understand that labor is a sacred thing. I do all kinds of work, from teaching you to hauling manure. Nothing is dirty to a person who loves his work.”

The next Sunday, several of my students were waiting for me on the road. They followed me as I hauled the manure to the field, where they helped me spread it over the crops. It was a moment of great joy for me, because I felt that, through this rather smelly task, I had given the students an important lesson about life. Even if the fluid splashed and a drop flew into my mouth, I never felt that this was something dirty.

My family had a long tradition of following Confucianism. When I was young, I had studied the *Dong-mun Sunseub* and learned about the three fundamental principles and five moral disciplines in human relations.¹⁰ This was the full extent of my religious education. From about the time that I went to work as a teacher, however, I began to feel a certain yearning for the mystical realm. I wanted to believe in Heaven. My favorite proverb became “sincerity moves Heaven.” The idea that faith can move mountains was becoming the fundamental philosophy of my life.

Every morning before going to work, I would climb to the top of Mount Do-Go to offer a prayer to the sun at the moment it came above the horizon. It was a majestic sight to watch the sunrise from the mountaintop. The air was so clear, and the sun looked like a ball of magma rising up out of the earth. It was a mystical moment that inspired reverence in me throughout my body and soul. I would put my hands together and offer a bow to the sun. Then, I would express my desires in a kind of prayer. In these experiences, I never neglected to pray that my parents would enjoy tranquillity and long life. In particular, it pained me to think of how Mother was finding it increasingly difficult to do her work. In the

evenings, I would hike up Mount Do-Go again. It was usually too dark to climb more than halfway, so I would find a quiet place on the slope where I could bow down. I felt the urge to bow to the spirits of the mountain and offer a prayer.

I don't know whether this was the beginning of a religious mind, but just as Mother's religion was her sons, my only religion at that time was my parents. I wanted to come face to face with some kind of mystical power and express my filial piety as a form of religious piety before Heaven. Mount Do-Go was my place for religious training, and I wanted to inherit the life force of that mountain. I believed Mount Do-Go was, literally, a mountain of "high ethics" that would elevate my soul.

I Find My Calling

After two years as a contract teacher, I was hired as a full-time teacher in Chung-Nam Province. I was assigned to the Do-San Branch School, which was for first and second graders who lived in isolated mountain communities and found it difficult to come to school in Do-Go. Since the children couldn't come to school, the school sent its teachers out to them.

The branch school was located in the village of Do-San, about three miles from my home in Persimmon Orchard Village. It was one of the most isolated places in that area of the country. There was just one classroom, and two teachers worked there to teach the two grades. The school was a humble thatched-roof house, but in my own way I was able to feel an important purpose in my work there. My students were country boys and girls who were completely unspoiled. Their intellects were just beginning to sprout, and I felt it was my mission to help their minds grow and to plant the seeds of love in their hearts.

I became completely immersed in the world of the children and actually became one of them. I held hands with them as they played. I learned together with them and ate my meals with them. When a child became sick during the day, I would carry him or her home on my back.

One day, we had a sudden rainstorm during the school day, and the mountain creeks began to overflow. The water was flowing very fast on the mountain paths. If the children were sent home by themselves, there was a danger that they might be struck by falling boulders. So I divided the children into a number of teams, according to the general direction of their homes. Then I escorted one team at a time in the direction of their homes to a point where they would be out of danger. When we came to a creek on the way, I carried them across one by one on my back. After I sent them on their way, the children kept looking back and shouting "Thank you, Teacher" and waving good-bye over and over again. As I watched them disappear in the distance, I felt that I had found my life's calling.

I said to myself: "I've really found a job that is worth doing. This is my life's calling. On the outside, it may be just a humble thatched-roof schoolhouse with a teen-aged teacher, but my heart is filled with a sense of purpose and joy. I want to raise those children so that they become pillars to support our nation. Surely, this is the calling that I've received from Heaven."

Spring was always the time of year when food was scarce. Every day when it came time to eat lunch, there would be several students who hadn't been able to bring any food from home. Then, I would open my own lunch and share it with them. One day, a student suddenly raised his hand to ask a question.

"Teacher, I have a question," he said. "Why do we have Sundays? Do we have to have Sundays? We want to come to school every day. We get so bored on Sundays."

"Oh, I see," I replied. "Then, shall we start a school that doesn't close on Sundays?"

In unison, they all shouted "Yes! Yes!" and clapped their hands. I could see then how much they enjoyed their lives at school. They were really having fun. I thought that this must be the result of my having poured love into their hearts. I was just a village teacher, but I felt infinitely happy that I could give so much love to the children.

Winter came, and the mountain paths were buried under several feet of snow. It was a difficult task to hike through the

snow each morning to the schoolhouse. My shoes and socks would become soaking wet. I certainly couldn't afford to buy good quality socks. Mother had knitted the socks I wore, using yarn that she herself made from raw cotton. In the cold winter weather, though, I frequently needed a new pair.

One evening, as I was reading a book after the evening meal, I noticed that Mother had fallen asleep while knitting a new pair of socks for me in the dim light. She must have been exhausted. I could see gray hair, and her complexion was pale. Already, her face was covered with wrinkles. As I watched her, I couldn't stop the tears from welling up in my eyes.

"Mother has grown so old," I thought to myself. "She should live much longer. When, and how, will I ever be able to give her an easy life? As a good Korean son, I should be able to do that."

I went over to where she sat and softly called: "Mother." She awoke immediately.

"Mother," I said. "I was reading a book recently about a good way to keep from getting colds. Can you guess what that is? The book said that the secret to not catching a cold is to go all winter without wearing socks. It said that if you do this for just one winter, then you will never catch another cold. I think I'm going to try that. Mother, please don't knit any more socks for me. From now on, I won't wear them even if you knit them. I'm going to give this method for staying healthy a try."

From the next day, I went without socks. Mother did everything she could to convince me to go on wearing socks, but I stubbornly refused and insisted on beginning a life without socks. When I had to hike through freshly fallen snow on the way to school, my legs and feet would turn bright red and looked like a pair of oddly shaped red radishes. It made me happy, though, to think that I was doing this for Mother's sake. What surprised me was that what I had told Mother about not catching a cold actually turned out to be true. I went the whole winter without the slightest illness.

"Mother, I told you so, didn't I?" I said to her the following spring. "I have graduated from wearing socks."

I continued this custom of not wearing socks until the day that I left home to enter the Korean Military Academy. Mother no longer knitted my socks.

Draft Notice

Three years passed from the time that I was sure that I had been called by Heaven to become a teacher. The gods of fate, though, were not content to let me continue this happy, pastoral life. One morning, my world was turned upside down with no warning. I received a military draft notice in the mail.

It was the autumn of 1949. The government of the Republic of Korea had been formally established a year earlier, and it was decided to institute a draft in order to fill the ranks of the newly established ROK military. Draft notices were sent out to all men born in 1930 (accredited teachers and certain other professions were exempt). I was twenty years old, by the Korean method of counting a person's age.

One morning the postman delivered my draft notice, ordering me to report for a physical examination. At that moment, I couldn't help but feel somewhat bewildered, like someone who had suddenly awakened from a deep sleep. "Do I really have to join the military?" I thought.

Finally, the day came for my physical, and I reported to the county seat in Onyang. The examiners found nothing wrong with my body. In fact, I had a larger than average build and all that farm work had made me quite strong. At the end of the examination, I went into the head examiner's office. He looked at my papers and announced, "Bo Hi Pak, you pass in the top category." He then stamped my back with an ink stamp to indicate my draft category. In those days, anyone with at least a middle school education was assigned to the navy. So it was that I found myself headed for military service in the navy.

Suddenly, I felt concerned for my family. "I'm on my way to joining the military," I thought to myself. "Who is going to serve my parents?" As the bus traveled along the gravel road back to my village, I found myself lost in thought of my family's future. My older sister had married

and had a family of her own to take care of. At home, there was only my younger brother, No Hi, who was still just nine years old. By this time, it was obvious to everyone that Mother was growing weaker.

“Mother, please forgive your son who is so lacking in filial piety.” My heart was filled with agony that somehow I couldn’t take better care of my parents.

“Didn’t I set out to become a successful farmer? What’s going to happen to that work? What about the teaching that I have been called to do? How am I going to say good-bye to the children I’ve come to love so much? If only my younger brother were at least old enough to have graduated from middle school, then I might feel a lot better about leaving home.”

My heart grew heavier with each passing moment. I muttered: “Mother, please forgive your son who is so lacking in filial piety.” Then, I looked up and noticed an elderly woman about Mother’s age. She was standing in the bus, trying her best to keep her balance as the bus traveled along the bumpy road.

I quickly stood up and offered her my seat. I also offered to hold the bundle she was carrying. It was a bundle of codfish wrapped in wet newspaper.

Suddenly, my eyes became fixed on that newspaper. In the corner of the page was an advertisement that said: “Applications Now Being Accepted for the Korean Military Academy.” Any other time, I wouldn’t have given the ad a second thought. On that particular day, though, it caught my interest. With the old lady’s permission, I carefully tore the ad out of the newspaper. It smelled of fish, but I folded it carefully and put it in my wallet.

Back home, I took the ad out, dried it off, and read it again and again. “If I have to join the military,” I thought, “then I may as well go to the Korean Military Academy so that I can become an officer and make Mother happy. Also, it will give me a chance to resume my studies.” In those days, the Korean Military Academy offered a four-year college-level curriculum that led to a bachelor’s degree in engineering. Students could expect to be commissioned as second lieutenants in the army at the time of graduation.

But this dream seemed impossible. According to the ad, to qualify to take the entrance exam you had to “have at least a three-year high school education.”

That evening, I brought the issue up with my parents. I told them that it would be wonderful if I could enter the academy, but that I had decided it was completely out of my reach.

Mother had a different opinion: “Aren’t you being a little hasty in giving up? You haven’t even tried. A person never knows how something will turn out until he’s at least given it a try. When is the exam? Why don’t you go ahead and go to Seoul?” Father was also very much in favor of this.

As quickly as I could, I sent off for the application and recommendation forms. I needed at least three people to recommend me to the academy. The head of Do-Go Township, the local police chief, and the principal of my school agreed to do this. I didn’t have an academic transcript to attach to the application. The requirements said I had to at least have a high school diploma, but I had not even gone to high school. I attached my teacher’s certificate from Chung-Nam Province instead.

All applicants were to appear in person in front of the army headquarters in Seoul to turn in their applications. Immediately thereafter, they were to take written examinations in eight academic fields. Those who passed the written exams would be called in for interviews, where the final decision would be made on who would enter the academy.

For me, it was a process more difficult than trying to climb Mount Everest. In fact, common sense would have said that I was not even qualified to take up the challenge. I decided to follow Mother’s advice, however, and give it a try. To encourage myself, I recited the following poem to myself:

They may say that Mount Tai is high,
 But compared to heaven, it’s just another hill.
 If I climb and climb, and keep on climbing,
 Then who’s to say I won’t someday reach the summit?
 People gather around, not even trying to climb,
 And make a mere hill seem like a mountain.

“Just Give Me a Chance”

Finally, the day came when applications to the Korean Military Academy were being accepted. I took a big sack normally used around the farm for carrying crops and filled it with rice. I put on the suit that Mother had made for me and headed off to Seoul.

I got off the train at Yong-San station and headed over to army headquarters where I saw a table set up in the courtyard and a sign next to it that said: “Applications for Korean Military Academy.”

People were already lined up in a very long single-file line. From the student uniforms and caps they were wearing, I could see that they all attended the most prestigious high schools in Seoul. I took my place at the end of the line.

Immediately, I became the object of much curiosity. Looking back, I can imagine how strange I must have seemed to the people around me. I was the only one not dressed in a student uniform. Also, it was obvious that I had just come from the country. Around my village, my appearance may have passed as more or less proper. In the big city, though, my clothes seemed worn and faded. Also, there was the heavy sack of rice on my back. I did my best to ignore all the stares and maintain my composure.

As I came near the table, the people standing in line in front of me began double-checking their papers, and this gave me a chance to take a peek at some of their letters of recommendation. I saw one that said “Speaker of the National Assembly, Ik Hi Shin.” It was signed with Speaker Shin’s distinctive strong signature. Others had letters from the interior minister, the mayor of Seoul, and various members of the National Assembly. It was enough to make me dizzy, and it made me even more discouraged. The only people recommending me were local officials.

Soon, I found myself standing at the table. The soldier in charge of the proceedings mechanically sifted through my application papers as if he were looking for something in particular.

“Hey, this person doesn’t have an academic transcript,” he said. “Graduated from Chon-An Agricultural School. That’s not enough to qualify. Step aside. Next!”

He then quickly began processing the next applicant's papers. I was pushed aside without a chance to say even one word. In that moment, Mother's face flashed before my eyes. I knew I couldn't just give up and go home. I thought that if I stood in line again and pleaded with the soldier, then I might get somewhere.

So I went back to the end of the line. Another two hours passed, and I again stood at the table. I handed my papers to the soldier and then tried to say something, but I couldn't find the words. The soldier looked up at me, and said, "What's this? You again? You're a real troublemaker. I already told you that you don't meet the requirements. Now, get out of here!"

He became angry and threw my papers to one side. Helpless, I ran to pick up my papers, again without having said a word. I began to walk dejectedly back toward Yong-San station. Again, though, Mother's face flashed in front of me, and my disappointment was suddenly replaced with burning anger.

"There's no way I'm going home like this," I thought. "I've been pushed aside again without even a chance to speak. This is not acceptable."

I headed back toward the army headquarters with an angry stride. Again, I stood at the end of the line. This was the third time. Another two hours passed. The sun started going down in the west.

This time I was a different person. I was angry, and I felt as fierce as a lion. As soon as I came to the table, I opened fire. I glared at the officer and placed my Chung-Nam Province teacher's certificate on the table and said, "Listen here. A certificate as a full-time teacher is the equivalent of a high school diploma. There is no reason for you to refuse to accept my application."

He jumped up and took me by the lapels. "What? What did you say? You'd better stop causing me so much trouble." He looked as though he was about to raise his fist.

I quickly grabbed hold of his lapels and shouted, "Who gave you the right to decide who gets into the academy? Why won't you even let me take the exam?" It became quite a scene, and finally a sergeant who seemed to be in charge of the whole operation came over to see what was going on. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

“Sir,” the soldier began, “this man doesn’t meet the requirements, but he refuses to leave and keeps trying to cause trouble.”

I quickly stepped in front of the sergeant.

“I came from Chung-Nam Province. I am a full-time teacher certified by the province. Please, I’d like to take the exam.”

The sergeant leafed through my application, and said, “From what I see here, he doesn’t stand a chance of passing. But since he’s come such a far distance, let him go ahead and take the exam.”

Finally, I was able to submit my application.

That evening, I went to a rooming house where one of my classmates from elementary school was staying while he attended Seoul Engineering College. I offered to share my rice with him if he would let me stay with him during the few days until the day of the examination.

That night, I spent time looking through a collection of questions similar to what was expected in the Korean Military Academy exams. Since I hadn’t taken any high school courses, I could see that I would have great difficulty with many of the eight areas on which I was to be tested. I would do my best on the exams in Korean language, history, geography, and essay. I didn’t know anything, though, about English, math, physics, or chemistry. I had learned only one word in English from my Japanese teacher (the infamous “you”). I didn’t have even an introductory-level knowledge of calculus and trigonometry. About physics and chemistry, I knew only a few things that I had picked up on my own.

My friend told me it would be a good idea to memorize a few calculus formulas, and he helpfully wrote some down for me. He also explained to me some of the basic principles of trigonometry.

The day of the exam came, and I reported to the examination hall on Ulji Avenue in Seoul. The first subject was English. I had decided from the outset that I might as well give up on English. I turned my answer sheet over and started writing a desperate plea on the back in Korean. I explained how poverty had prevented me from continuing my studies and how, if given a chance to prove myself, I would show myself equal to anyone. My young heart was

almost bursting with desperation as I continued to write on the back of the answer sheet. I felt resentful that I hadn't been able to study more.

Everyone else was busily writing in English, and I was the only one writing Korean characters. Every time the examiner came by my desk, I covered my paper so he couldn't see what I was doing. For the whole hour, I felt as though there was a huge weight on my chest. Finally, the bell rang to signal the end of the exam. I quickly folded my paper, took it to the front, and stuck it in the middle of papers that had already been handed in. Then I left the room as quickly as I could. I struggled to keep this bad experience during the first hour from robbing me of my determination.

The second subject was mathematics. This was another subject I had given up on. When I saw the questions, though, I was pleasantly surprised. There were just four major questions, and two of them called for me to write down the formulas that my friend at Seoul Engineering College had just taught me. Fortunately, I have a pretty good memory, and I was able to write down all the formulas. These two questions were like gifts from Heaven. I had no idea how to answer the remaining two questions. Still, I figured that I could score fifty points, and picking up fifty points for free is pretty good.

The other six subjects were ones where I could try my best to answer. I was particularly confident in answering the essay exam during the final hour. The assignment was "Discuss the phrase 'Recovery of Lost Territory.'" I knew that this referred to our country's ability to recover the territory north of the 38th Parallel that had been lost to North Korea. I wrote very frankly about my desire to see the unification of our fatherland.

During the train ride back home, my mind was empty of all thoughts. The classical Chinese phrase "Let man do all he can, and then wait for the mandate of Heaven" is appropriate for just this type of situation. I had done everything that I could, and all that was left was to place my fate in Heaven's hands. I let out a long sigh.

A few days after returning home, I was surprised to receive a notice in the mail—I was accepted! I jumped up and down with joy. I will never forget the name of Col. Hun Chin

Hwang, whose signature was on the notice. I credited this victory to Mother's faith, which had been strong enough to move a mountain.

"Thank you, Mother," I said to her. "Your prayers at the jang-kwang were not in vain. This is the happiest moment of my life. Mother, I still have a second exam to pass, so please pray for me again."

Mother had demonstrated how faith and sincerity can move mountains. In the end, I was able to pass the interview phase of the examination as well.

An unknown teacher from the countryside had succeeded against everyone's expectation and created a kind of miracle. But who would have guessed what terrible trials awaited me at the Korean Military Academy? For the moment, I was thrilled. Seeing the joy on Mother's face gave me the greatest happiness of all.



Chapter Two

The Korean War

It was around the 27th of May in 1950. I stood at the Sun-Jang railway station near my home village. The station had been decorated with scores of our national flag, the Taeguk-ki. Just about everyone who lived in that area had come out for my official send-off to the military academy.

In the past, our Japanese rulers had often ordered everyone to go to the train station to help celebrate the departure of young soldiers going to war. These were Korean men who had been forcibly recruited into the Japanese armed forces. I remember being given a Rising Sun flag—the flag of our oppressor—and told to wave it. Among the many men I helped send off like this, I don't think a single one ever returned.

This time, the situation was very different. I was the one being sent off, surrounded by Taeguk-ki flags, to become a protector of the fatherland that we had only recently been able to reestablish. This time, the authorities didn't have to issue any orders to bring the people to the Sun-Jang station. In addition to the children from Do-San Branch School, the entire student body of Do-Go Elementary School was there to see one of their teachers. From my standpoint, I was merely fulfilling my duty to my fatherland. For them, though, it was a matter of tremendous pride that someone from their hometown had been accepted to the military academy, and they wanted to express their confidence in my success.

I was particularly inspired to see the students. Several hundred of them were gathered that day, and they were all over-

joyed to think that one of their own teachers was going off to become an officer and to do important work for the country. It made me realize that I bore a very important responsibility to live up to the expectations of these children. It touched my heart deeply when some of them came to me sobbing and said, "I want to see you again. Who is going to carry us across the stream when it's flooding?"

It was a glorious send-off for me. Sun-Jang station was located near the seat of Do-Go Township, and the whole neighborhood was enveloped in a festive spirit.

As I left my home that morning, I had taken Mother's hand and asked her to take care of her health.

"Please, Mother, you have to stay healthy at least until I can come back as an officer. Of course, I'll be back even before that if I can get some time off. You have to pray for me at the jang-kwang, but please don't pray all night. Get plenty of sleep."

Mother replied, "All right, Bo Hi. I don't want you to worry at all about home. I'll take care of the pigs, too, so don't worry. I always knew your life would take this kind of course. You weren't born to spend your whole life as a farmer. I want you to do great things for your country. That's been the reason for all my prayers at the jang-kwang. Today is a very happy day for me. Whenever I think of you at the academy, it will give me strength.

"Oh, and by the way," she said. "While you're at the academy, I want you to wear socks. Don't forget to wear your socks. Do you understand me?"

Her final words for me were that I should wear socks.

"Yes, Mother," I said. "I'm sure the government will give me socks that have been made by machine, so I will be sure to wear them. I want to return home as soon as possible and show you how I look in uniform. The next time I come, I won't greet you with a bow. Instead, I will give you a salute. Something like this." I stood straight and gave her a smart military salute. Mother looked very pleased.

As the train pulled in to the station, the whole crowd broke into a rousing chorus of the national anthem. Their voices seemed loud enough to echo throughout heaven and earth. I stepped up on to the boarding ramp in the rear of the

train. Someone came up to me and put a sash around me with the words, "Entering Korean Military Academy."

The train sounded its whistle and began to move. The children shouted, "Hooray for our teacher! Hooray for Teacher Bo Hi Pak." It was a very emotional farewell. We kept waving to each other until we were out of sight. At that moment, I made a firm decision in my own heart—I would not return to my hometown until I had gained some honorable success.

That day, I passed through Seoul and arrived at the Korean Military Academy in Taeneung. There, I immediately faced a new crisis. I had to take another aptitude test. My heart began to pound. Just the thought of taking a test made me tremble with anxiety. My first thoughts were of the faces of the children who had seen me off at Sun-Jang station.

"If they're going to give aptitude tests, then it's certain that English will be one of the subjects. What am I going to do? If it turns out that I fail the aptitude test and can't enter the academy, there's no way that I'll be able to go back home. I won't have any choice except to jump into the Han River and die."

I was seriously concerned. I thought of the way that the large crowd of people had sent me off at the station, and I knew that I could not possibly return to them without having accomplished anything. Fortunately, the aptitude test turned out to be not for the purpose of deciding who would qualify for the academy but simply for checking our aptitudes in different areas.

After the test, the entering class began preparations for the matriculation ceremony. We were issued dress uniforms, fatigues, boots, and socks. I wanted very much to take those socks home and show them to Mother.

"Don't worry, Mother," I said to myself, "I'll be wearing these wonderful socks."

Next, it was time to get our hair cut. We were told that this was to symbolize our entry into a completely new life, similar to someone entering a Buddhist monastery to be trained as a monk. All 330 members of the entering class had their hair cut off. We felt like children again, both in body and in spirit.

The matriculation ceremony was held June 1, 1950. We were all dressed in our Korean Military Academy dress uniforms. I felt so proud to wear the academy insignia on my shoulder! The singing of the national anthem was followed by an address by Gen. Hong Il Kim. Then, we all raised our right hands and pledged to become fortresses for our country and to dedicate ourselves to the defense of our homeland. It was a very solemn ceremony. I doubt, though, that any of us realized that the day was just around the corner when we would actually have to carry out our pledge.

Our fates were suddenly changed just twenty-five days later, with the outbreak of the Korean War.

Thrown Into War

June 25, 1950, was a Sunday. This was the day that the great tragedy of the Korean War engulfed our country. Twenty-five days had passed after my entry into the academy, and I was becoming accustomed to my new life. Things were just beginning to go well for me. The members of our class had not yet been allowed any passes to leave the campus. We all wanted to show off our Korean Military Academy uniforms in downtown Seoul, but our superiors were adamant about not letting us leave the campus. "There will be no passes for you until you begin to look like real soldiers!" they would tell us.

So on Sundays, we never expected to go anywhere. We would spend the time in the barracks, washing our clothes and catching up on our studies. We thought that June 25 would be just like any other Sunday.

That morning, though, an Emergency Preparation Order was issued, and cadets one year our seniors were also forbidden to leave the campus. As the hours passed without any further word, we began to think that this must be some sort of training exercise. Then suddenly, the order came: "Dress in full battle gear and assemble on the parade ground."

We quickly changed into our battle fatigues. Wearing steel helmets with the academy insignia, we ran out to the parade ground carrying the M-1 rifles we had been issued.

There, we witnessed a strange sight. Cases of ammunition for the M-1s were being unloaded from several trucks. We were ordered to take as much ammunition as we could carry on our shoulders and around our waists. This was unusual, indeed. Until then we had only been allowed to fire a total of eight rounds of ammunition each at the firing range. Some of us had tried to get just one more bullet, but the officers were very strict about the handling of ammunition. Yet, now we were being told to take as many as we could carry.

"Hey," someone said. "I guess they've decided to let us fire these things as much as we want." We were all in a jovial mood as we loaded ourselves with so much ammunition that we could barely walk. We all felt as though we were going on a field trip.

The entire cadet corps then boarded several dozen trucks, and the trucks began to move out. No one knew where we were going.

It was about 4:30 in the afternoon. The summer sun was beginning to set in the west, but its rays were still strong. In the truck, we were all in high spirits. One cadet was humming a song. The convoy of trucks kept to a northward course.

About seven o'clock, we ran into a rain shower. Everyone got soaking wet, and the ammunition we were carrying suddenly felt a lot heavier. Evening was coming on, and the June breeze seemed chilly. It was then that I saw what made me realize that something serious was taking place.

As I looked out in the direction the truck was going, I could see long lines of civilians trudging toward us down the road. They were all headed south. They were being pushed to either side of the road as the truck convoy made its way north. Everything was out of the ordinary. The tired-looking people were carrying large bundles on their heads. Many of the men had A-frames strapped to their backs that were loaded with household furniture and other goods. Some men were using the A-frames to carry old women who were too weak to walk. Many women were carrying small children on their backs and leading older children by the hand. One family I saw had all managed to climb on the back of a cow. This peculiar column of people continued on and on, far into the darkness.

“They’re refugees,” I thought to myself. “Something terrible must have happened.” The atmosphere in the truck suddenly became tense. My heart began to pound. I think all of us were having the same thought—some sort of incident had occurred. It had to be something major.

As we passed the refugees, many of them turned and looked up at us as if to beg us to help them. They would bow imploringly, put their hands together as if in prayer, and then wave good-bye. I felt goose bumps all over me. No one was under any illusion now that this was some kind of field trip.

My fellow cadets were probably thinking as I was: “Something’s happened. This is certainly no field trip. We’ve been mobilized to perform a mission. All right! Whatever that mission is, we’d better perform like members of the cadet corps.”

We had only traveled a little farther north when we began to hear artillery fire, then machine gun fire.

“It’s war! The Northern Puppets¹ must have begun a southward invasion. Our country is in danger!”

We all tightened the chin straps on our steel helmets and gritted our teeth. Soon, the truck stopped and we were ordered to get off. We were given orders according to companies and squads on where to place ourselves. My squad was ordered to go to the top of a grassy hill. There, the squad leader, a senior cadet, assigned each of us to a particular spot and ordered us to dig foxholes.

We started digging as fast as we could. For the first time in our lives, we were hearing the sound of artillery, percussion bombs, and machine guns. Time and again, flares would burst overhead, making the night as bright as day. Soon everyone was hunched up in his foxhole.

That was how the war began for us. Just twenty-five days after entering the Korean Military Academy, we became soldiers fighting on the frontline of battle.

A Helmet Flying Through the Air

I spent the first night of the war in a foxhole I had dug myself. It goes without saying that I didn’t get even a wink of sleep.

The next day, the academy corps was ordered to attack and take an enemy stronghold located directly in front of us. Looking back now, this was a ridiculous order. The North Korean People's Army (NKPA) was pouring down across the 38th Parallel with enough force to not only take Seoul but push all the way to Pusan on the southern end of the Korean peninsula. Yet our cadets were given an order to take an enemy stronghold without the benefit of a single piece of artillery or even a machine gun—much less the knowledge of how to use them. The only experience that we 330 members of the entering class had with guns was that we had been allowed to fire our M-1 rifles exactly eight times each on the firing range. And, of course, we had no reserve units, no communication devices, and no means to be resupplied.

Yet, our order was to take the enemy stronghold. I suppose some might call this a brave effort, but it was foolhardy. It was like trying to break a stone by throwing eggs at it.

Our morale was high, though. We were cadets in the Korean Military Academy, and we were wearing the proud insignia of the academy. We thought of ourselves as the best of the best who had been chosen from all around the country. And besides, when we saw the refugees the day before we had pledged to put our lives on the line to force the enemy to retreat. We were all twenty years old, very young. No one had a wife or children. Who could be better suited for the job to take the enemy stronghold?

The attack began. We jumped out of our foxholes and started running toward the hill in front of us. The NKPA saw us coming and began to hit us with concentrated artillery fire. The sound of small arms and artillery fire filled the air. I could hear bullets whizzing past me. I knew that if one were to hit me, it would be all over.

I did my best not to think about anything except running forward. I had no idea what I was going to do when I got to the top of that hill. I just kept going forward. About halfway up the hill, enemy fire became so severe that we had to get down on our stomachs and crawl. The bullets were falling like rain in a summer afternoon rainstorm. We were pinned down. Anyone who tried to lift his head and

get up and run immediately let out a dreadful yell and fell dead to the ground.

I looked up and saw an old burial mound in front of me. If I could get to the mound, I could use it as cover against the bullets. Already, though, my squad leader and three of my companions were crouched behind the mound. Still, it seemed like my best chance to stay alive, so I began crawling with all my strength up the slope toward the mound.

When the squad leader saw what I was doing, he started motioning with his hand. He was giving me the order: "Don't come here." He was telling me the place was full and there was no space for me. I stopped crawling. It was a life-or-death situation, and I resented the leader for telling me to stay back.

"How could he do such a thing?" I asked myself.

Just at that moment there was a sound like lightning striking the ground, and the whole area was covered in smoke and flying dirt. The pressure of the explosion was so strong that I thought it would break my eardrums.

"What's happening?" I thought.

When the smoke had cleared, I lifted my head and looked around.

"Wow! What's this?"

A mortar shell had exploded right on the burial mound where the four men were taking cover. When the smoke cleared, my four compatriots were nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, no. They took a direct hit!"

Just five seconds before, I had been trying to get to where they were. Had I succeeded, I would have been blown away with them. The squad leader who told me to stay back actually saved my life.

"What a strange twist of fate. It must be the benefit of Mother's jang-kwang prayers," I thought. I cried out "Mother!"

Just then, I heard something hit the earth with a thud right next to me. It was a battle helmet. It had belonged to one of the men at the burial mound, and the explosion had blown it high into the sky. There was no sign of the soldier who had been wearing it.

This was just the first of several instances during the war when my life was miraculously saved.

Unprepared and underarmed, we had no chance against the enemy, and soon we were ordered to fall back. Retreating, however, was about as difficult as attacking. Somehow, I made my way through the raining bullets, running through rice paddies that were filled with water after the spring planting. Finally, I made it back to the spot where we were to regroup.

This time, we were ordered to dig trenches and prepare to hold our positions against the onrushing communist army. Someone suggested that we go to Mount Bullam, near the academy campus, and defend the academy itself. There was no time for that, though. We didn't know if we could stay alive for another day or even another hour.

One thing was clear—there would no more retreating. We had to defend our fatherland even at the cost of our lives. That was the thinking of this group of idealistic cadets.

No one said so in as many words, but we all made a common pledge to defend the ground where we stood, on the honor of the Korean Military Academy.

“Seoul Has Fallen”

Morning broke on a new day, June 27. It was eerily quiet. The sky was clear. There wasn't a single cloud.

We couldn't understand. Why hadn't the enemy appeared before us? We were overcome with fatigue and also hungry. Everyone lay exhausted in the trenches. Some of the men took off their shirts that had been soaked in muddy water and tried to dry them off. The 27th passed without incident. So did the 28th.

We were bewildered. “Did the war end?” “Why is it so quiet?” No one had any answers. Finally, our questions were answered on the morning of the 29th.

We received a wireless message from army headquarters. It said: “Seoul has fallen. Each soldier in the academy corps is to make his way to Suwon as best he can. There, the corps will regroup. Army headquarters, Siheung.”

Our capital city was already in enemy hands! As we later learned, the NKPA had used tanks to spearhead an offensive across the Imjin River. They marched down the western corridor through the village of Munsan and captured Seoul with lightning speed. They had no need to stage an attack in the central corridor near Pochun, where we were positioned. This meant we were already deep behind enemy lines. We had been waiting for the enemy to attack us, but they had already passed us by. Now we had to make our own way back through enemy lines and down to Suwon.

“Will our country be able to survive? Oh, Heaven. Please don’t forsake our country.” There was nothing to do but to place the fate of the fatherland in Heaven’s hands.

The soldiers of the academy corps decided to make our way to Suwon squad by squad. We didn’t even know our exact present location. If we just started wandering around aimlessly as a single unit, it would be just a matter of time before we were captured. To prevent this, we members of the second class would retreat by following our seniors in the first class. We had no maps and no compass.

The men whose homes were in Seoul wanted to return to the capital city. They reasoned that they knew the geography well there and could find plenty of places to hide. I was afraid to go to Seoul even in peacetime. To a country boy like me, Seoul was a strange land. A group of us decided to go around Seoul, crossing the Han River at the Kwang-naru Ferry, a point east of Seoul.

I can’t remember how many days we walked. I was fortunate to join up with a very capable senior cadet. Under his leadership, we hid ourselves during the day and moved only during the night.

One evening, we came to a hill overlooking the Korean Military Academy in Taeneung. All the buildings were in flames. This campus had represented all that I had hoped for, and I had been so proud to finally set foot there. Now it was being devastated by war right before my eyes. We had set out from there just a few days ago. My neatly ironed dress uniform and cap were going up in flames before I had a chance to wear them even once outside the campus. We did not enter the campus.

Eventually we reached the Kwang-naru Ferry. All the boats were on the far shore. The refugees had taken every available boat to cross to the southern shore and abandoned them there. No one was coming back across to the near shore, which was under NKPA occupation. We managed to cross the river by hanging on to a couple of logs. Somehow, we escaped enemy territory and arrived on the southern shore of the Han River.

Those who had elected to enter Seoul were not so fortunate. I learned later that they were all captured by the NKPA. Academy cadets were particularly conspicuous, so the North Koreans made examples of them, standing them up in front of the Central Executive Building downtown and executing them in public during broad daylight.

We members of the academy's second class faced another tragedy, which was caused by the fact that our hair had been cut very short at the end of May in preparation for the matriculation ceremony. As my compatriots moved during the night, they sometimes came across fellow ROK army soldiers who had not yet retreated. When soldiers came across each other on the battlefield, they would each shout out, "I am ROK army." The cruel truth of war is that neither can believe the other without some kind of verification. It was generally believed at the time that the simplest way to verify which side a soldier was on was to knock off his helmet and check the length of his hair. ROK soldiers generally did not cut their hair to the scalp, so if the hair was at a normal length, then the soldier could be trusted. If the hair was extremely short, then it was assumed he was an NKPA soldier.

Unfortunately, all the incoming cadets had had their hair cut down to the scalp. When a soldier from another unit took the helmet off one of my classmates and saw the short hair, he would almost always stick the muzzle of his rifle into the cadet's stomach and pull the trigger. This is how some of my classmates died.

Fewer than a hundred cadets managed to arrive at the designated assembly point in Suwon. Many had been wounded. To think of all those young people who had raised their hands before Gen. Hong Il Kim to offer their pledge as soldiers! In just a few days of battle, we had experienced hell.

Only a month ago, we had stood on the parade ground in Taeneung, our hearts filled with youthful ambition and determination. Already, though, more than a hundred of my fellow soldiers had died in battle and about the same number were missing in action. They had been such innocent and virtuous youth.

This ended the short life of the second class of the Korean Military Academy. We came to be called the "Suffering Second Class," and today on the campus of the Korean Military Academy in Taeneung there stands a tower that was built to memorialize the souls of the members of the second class who died in the war. Our graduation from the academy was postponed for forty-six years.

On May 4, 1996, as part of ceremonies to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the academy, members of our class were awarded honorary diplomas. Surviving members of the class dressed up and assembled on the academy parade ground once again. They reviewed a column of their juniors who were then currently enrolled. The Suffering Second Class finally graduated almost two generations after we were first matriculated. My oldest son, Jun Sun Pak, represented me at the honorary graduation ceremony and received my diploma.

My prayer for my compatriots who died in battle is that they will have eternal peace. I would like them to know their sacrifice was not in vain. By awarding honorary diplomas, our country officially recognized their merit. I will always regret that these young men had to fall like flowers that are nipped in the bud before they have a chance to show their beautiful colors.

A School for "Expendables"

You can't carry out a war without officers. When the war struck, Korea had a desperate need for officers, and they had to be trained in a relatively short time. The army comprehensive training school (Korean Military Combined School) was created to fulfill this function. The officers who graduated from that school were the most crucial players of the Korean War.

The campus of the Dong-Nae Girls Middle School in Pusan, where young Korean girls had so recently studied and played and planned for the future, was appropriated. The school was established in August 1950 and produced some seven thousand officers in forty-six graduating classes. All graduates were immediately assigned to frontline units as platoon leaders. Platoon leaders were better known as "expendables." Of these seven thousand graduates, more than two thousand died in battle, and some four thousand were wounded. They offered their bodies to stop the bullets that threatened their country.

Most of these men were young and idealistic students when war broke out, but they threw aside their studies to answer their country's call in a time of crisis. Others were professors or businessmen. There were cases where professors and their students became classmates in the training school, received their commissions together, and fought side by side. A good example is Dr. Ki Taek Kim, who was a professor at Youngnam University at the outbreak of the war. He felt such righteous anger at the thought of the North Koreans invading our country that he joined his students for eight weeks of training at the army comprehensive training school and was commissioned as an officer. He, too, became a platoon leader on the frontline. He knows, as I do, many fellow soldiers who were burning with patriotism and a sense of righteous duty as they went charging to their deaths on the battlefield. Dr. Kim survived the war to become president of Youngnam University.

After assembling in Suwon, the cadets who had survived the first few days of the war received orders from Army Chief of Staff Byung Duk Choi to move down the peninsula to Dong-Nae. Cadets who had previously served as noncommissioned officers or had any other military experience were assigned to the first class, and those, such as myself, who had little or no experience, were assigned to the second. The day was August 26, 1950. Both classes were given eight weeks of training, with our class graduating just one week after the first. At graduation, we received our commissions.

Somehow, I was chosen to speak at the graduation ceremony for our class on October 21. The ceremony, and especially my address, was dedicated to our fellow academy



The author as a first lieutenant during the Korean War.

cadets who had already fallen in battle. In my address, I said in part:

“Today, we are not the 330 men who entered the academy in Taeneung. Instead we are barely more than a hundred. We will never forget you. We will fight two and three times harder than anyone else. We will win your victories as well as our own in hope that by doing so your resentment that is soaked in the blood of battle might be alleviated. Comrades, we pray that you may rest in peace. Even though you have passed out of this world, we pray that you will continue to help us defend our fatherland.”

I wept uncontrollably as I read these words. By the time I finished, my classmates and even Gen. Hong Il Kim, who was serving as commander of the training school at the time, were wiping tears from their eyes.

I was assigned to the Twenty-eighth Regiment, Ninth Division, which later became famous as the "White Horse Division." As soon as the graduation ceremony ended, I got into the back of a truck and traveled through the night to the ruins of Seoul, where the Twenty-eighth Regiment had been formed.

I was now reentering the war with a military identification number (204725) and was an officer of the ROK army holding the rank of second lieutenant. Many of my fellow cadets had already sacrificed their lives for our country without having received any rank or ID number.

Bloody Spring Offensive

The Twenty-eighth Regiment, Ninth Division, was formed in Seoul and then assigned to the eastern front, in Kangwon Province. The highly mechanized U.S. forces were deployed on the western front, where they could take better advantage of their mobility. The ROK army was assigned to the much more mountainous terrain of the eastern front.

For the first time in history, the United Nations brought together sixteen nations to form a single military force. Under the command of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the U.N. Forces established their final line of defense at the Pusan Perimeter and succeeded in stopping the enemy. After a period of gains and losses on both sides, General MacArthur succeeded in staging a landing at Inchon on September 15, 1950. Such an operation was thought to be strategically impossible, and it was only MacArthur's military genius that made it succeed.

The U.N. Forces retook Seoul and continued to push northward, until finally they reached the Yalu River, which forms the northernmost border of Korea with China. Some ROK army soldiers dipped a pail of water from that important river and took it to President Syngman Rhee. It seemed the reunification of our homeland was just around the corner. Unexpectedly, though, soldiers of the Chinese People's Volunteer Force (so-called, even

though in truth they were regular forces) began to pour across the Yalu River on October 25, 1950.

On December 5, the Chinese army captured Pyongyang. The U.N. Forces were forced to retreat again, and on January 4, 1951, we suffered the tragedy of Seoul falling into enemy hands a second time. U.N. and ROK forces continued to fight bravely and finally stood their ground. Seoul was recaptured, and the NKPA was pushed back up to a line approximating the 38th Parallel. There, the two sides fell into a stalemate. This line continues to exist today as the Military Demarcation Line between North and South Korea.

In May 1951, the Chinese army staged a full-scale attack in an attempt to break the stalemate. The attack is known to history as the "Communist Chinese Army's Great Spring Offensive." At the time, the Ninth Infantry Division was assigned to the eastern front, and our Twenty-eighth Regiment was deployed in the most central area of the forward line. Our regiment commander was Col. Chang Jung Lee, and Col. Park Chung Hee (who later became president of Korea) was chief of staff of the Ninth Division.

I began as a platoon leader. I quickly found out why platoon leaders were known as "expendables." It was almost a daily occurrence that a person assigned to be a platoon leader on one day would be killed in battle the next and his dead body would come rolling back down the hill.

I was able to last long enough to receive an assignment as regimental tactical officer. This was an opportunity to work closely with the commander at regimental headquarters. Specifically, I was assigned to be company commander of the regiment's noncommissioned officer training company. It was my responsibility to provide training to noncommissioned officers in the regiment and send them out to the front.

The winter of 1951 was cold, and we had a lot of snow. Particularly on the eastern front, the snow was so deep that we were isolated and immobilized. The Chinese army used this as an opportunity to concentrate a large force right in front of us, that is, face to face with the Third ROK Army. The enemy's plan was to break the stalemate and once again push their way down to Pusan. This time they chose to avoid the superior firepower and mobility of U.N. Forces to the west

and concentrate their forces on a frontal assault against the ROK army on the eastern front. We knew nothing of this at the time and deployed only a normal defense perimeter.

The Chinese forces opened fire in May 1951. Their main assault force staged a frontal attack on our Ninth Division. They applied the military principle "break through at one point and deploy on all fronts." This means that an army finds the weakest point along the enemy's perimeter and concentrates its force on that point to break through. Once deep penetration has been achieved, then the objective is to cut off the enemy's resupply and escape routes. The Chinese applied this principle with their "human wave strategy."

The Chinese succeeded in breaking through with their frontal assault on the Third ROK Army. The pivotal battle was the famous Battle of Hyun Ri. The communist Chinese army circled to our rear and cut off the Third Army's main supply route leading to Hyun Ri Pass. The Third Army was ordered to retreat, but this large unit was already in a hammerlock and couldn't break loose. The Third Army's supply trucks, filled with our ammunition, weapons, and food supplies, became caught up in a single line that stretched tens of miles on the road from Hyun Ri to Injae. The infantry attempted to break through at Hyun Ri Pass along with the supplies. The Chinese, however, began to attack with everything they had. Far from breaking through, we found ourselves on the defensive. Our forces were hopelessly trapped.

It was a very dark night. There was no way to move both the infantry units and the supplies together. Soon, the situation became desperate, and orders were given for individual units to make their way through enemy lines as best they could. The problem was what to do with the supply trucks. We had no choice but to abandon them, but we couldn't let them fall into enemy hands. The transportation company had to swallow their tears, cover the trucks with gasoline, and set them on fire. The flames rose high into the heavens, and other units took this as a signal to do the same with their trucks. Hundreds of trucks were set on fire and began burning at once. It was a grand and terrible sight. If this had not happened in the context of a war, people might have called it one of the world's greatest spectacles.

The night had been so dark that we couldn't see anything in the valley below us, but now the whole valley was clearly visible as though under the midday sun. The heat waves swirled around and around inside the valley. When ammunition trucks caught fire, the explosions were enormous. These were so strong that the mountains themselves seemed to tremble. From time to time, multicolored flares shot up into the night sky and exploded in a wonderful array of colors.

But this was war—not the set of a Hollywood movie or some well-planned celebration. We were in the midst of a struggle to the death. The spectacle illustrated the fact that we had lost the battle. It was our military materiel that was burning. Our ammunition was burning. Our supply of rice was burning. All of our military vehicles were burning.

I began to wonder whether we would be able to win the war. Could our country withstand such conditions? My heart was in pain, and my whole body shook with fear and anxiety.

My first responsibility was to keep the men in my company alive. I had to lead them through enemy lines and to safety. That was my responsibility as company commander.

I ordered my men: "I want all of you to follow me. We're going to have to find a way to get through the enemy lines on foot. Don't stray too far from me. You see this white parka that I'm wearing? Keep this in sight at all times. All right, let's move out."

I led the way up a steep slope to our south. It wasn't just the soldiers in my company who followed me up. Several hundred, perhaps several thousand, soldiers who had become separated from their units all followed our company. It was a mob scene. None of the men had even an ounce of energy left to do battle. The only way to stay alive was to climb over the mountains and retreat. I wondered to myself how many of the men behind me would actually be able to make it alive into friendly territory.

We continued to climb through the night, and by the time the sky became light we were climbing down the southern slope. In order to reach our assembly point at Hajinbu, we needed to cross the Changchon River in the valley below. It was at this river that I was to face a new trial, one that would mark a major turning point in my life.

Miracle on a Riverbank

I led my company down to the bank of the Changchon River. Typical of rivers in this province, its waters were crystal clear. It was only about three feet deep at its deepest point, and walking across would not be a problem. Across the river to the south, there stood another tall ridge, so steep that it reminded me of a giant Oriental screen.

Soldiers in other companies were already making their way across. I, too, gave the order: "Prepare to cross the river!" This signaled the men in my company to take off their boots and uniforms, wrap them in bundles with their rifles and ammunition, and place these bundles on their heads. I would remain on the near bank to direct the crossing and would cross after seeing that all the men had crossed safely. I made a visual check of the area to confirm it was safe and gave the order: "Company, cross the river!"

Quietly, the men placed their bundles on their heads and waded into the river. All two hundred or so men in the company were in the water, but the lead soldier had not yet reached the far bank. Just at that moment, several machine guns opened fire on us from the cliff on the far side. The Chinese had been waiting for us at major points on our escape route, and they had chosen our most vulnerable moment to open fire.

It wasn't just one or two machine guns that were firing at us. The bullets were falling like hail. In an instant, the Changchon River was transformed into a bloodbath. My men fell dead into the water like so many stalks of rice being cut down with a knife. The water in the river quickly turned a bright red. There was no way to avoid total annihilation. It was a living hell. All my men were dying in a pandemonium of agonizing screams.

There was nothing I could do to help them.

Instinctively, I fell flat on my stomach on the near shore. I was still exposed, well within range of the Chinese guns. I knew I was going to die at any moment. There was no way to avoid it. I stretched out my arm and felt around for something that I could use to protect myself. I managed to dig a small stone out of the sand and put it by my head. But what use was that? I was dead no matter what part of

my body the bullets struck. Even if I could retreat, I would just be moving farther from my objective and safety. I was still on the wrong side of the river.

The gunfire died down for a short pause and then became heavy again. For the first time in my life, I cried out: "Hananim! [God!]" My cry came from an instinctive realization that God was the only one who could let me survive this crisis. In the next moment, though, a different thought raced through my mind: "I've never believed in God. What makes me think He will help me now?"

At that moment, I made a pledge: "God! God! If you let me live, I will live the remainder of my life for you. God, I pledge this to you!" The words came to me in that instant, and I don't know if they can be called a prayer, but certainly this was the first time in my life that I made a pledge to God.

Enemy bullets were still raining down. I tried to control myself and start thinking like a commander.

"What can I do to save my company? If only I could find some way to call in some American fighter-bombers. But how am I going to do that?"

No sooner had I had this thought when a formation of four American fighter-bombers thundered down toward us out of the sky. One of the pilots appeared to get a fix on the Chinese stronghold. He climbed and circled around for a second pass. This time, he fired his rockets straight into the enemy. The whole thing took only a few seconds.

The enemy stronghold was suddenly quiet. "Now it's their turn to suffer a blow." I had to move quickly to find cover. I sat up on the bank and checked to see whether I had been hit. It often happens in the confusion of war that a person is hit but doesn't realize it. I found that I had not been wounded, so I shouted as loud as I could: "Company, retreat to where I am. Follow me. We have to take cover!"

Only three men were able to follow me. Two of them were seriously wounded and covered with blood. I supported the two soldiers on either shoulder and ran to cover behind a boulder nearby. The third man was also wounded, but not as seriously.

My company had been annihilated at Changchon River. Somehow, though, I had escaped without being wounded

at all. I was the only one to survive that day without any wounds. I felt strongly that God had answered my call. Otherwise, how could I have experienced such a miracle? God sent the American fighters.

From that point, I began to live my second life. My first life ended at Changchon River. The life I live now is a gift from God. From that time on, I began to search for the meaning behind God's allowing me to survive certain death. I did my best to live up to the pledge that I had made to dedicate my life to God. I offered prayers that were questions directed above: "God, why did you let me survive? What is it that you want me to do? I will live my life in the way that you want. Please, tell me what it is that I should do?"

The answers were a long time coming, but my spiritual life had moved to a new plane from the time I entreated an impersonal "Heaven" and the mountain spirits to protect my parents. I embarked on a spiritual quest to find out about the will of God. I tried to humbly listen for the whisper of Heaven.

Trials in Enemy Territory

The three soldiers and I hid deep in Mount Odae. Chinese soldiers were all around us. We did our best to hide ourselves during the day, and by night we traveled along the mountain ridges in a southerly direction. We were prepared to take our own lives rather than face capture.

One night, we were sitting by a path catching our breath when we heard the sound of men marching nearby. Several soldiers were coming toward us. We figured the odds that these were enemy soldiers were about eight or nine chances out of ten, but we weren't certain. The night was pitch dark, and we couldn't see anything. We held our breath and waited, and soon a group of four soldiers started to pass right in front of us. I still couldn't tell if they were friend or foe. Then, I saw the outline of one of their guns against the sky.

"That muzzle is a Chinese rifle, not an M-1!"

Just when I realized this, several shots exploded next to me. Corporal Kim, who was sitting beside me, had realized that these were enemy soldiers at the same moment I did and

let off several shots from his rifle. We ran off into the forest as quickly as we could.

Another time, we needed to get a drink of water, so we went into a forest that had a mountain stream running through it. As we were drinking, we looked up and saw a long column of Chinese soldiers coming up the stream in our direction. There was no time to escape, so we just froze where we were. The soldiers came within fifteen feet of us and passed by in single file. There were hundreds of them, and if even one of them were to look carefully into the forest as he passed by, we would be discovered. But Heaven directed their eyes away from us, and we were saved.

We wandered through the mountains for days, and finding food became a serious problem. The only way to survive was to eat grass or anything else that seemed safe. We ate anything that contained relatively large amounts of water and didn't taste bitter. We even chewed on pine needles.

We only moved at night, so it was difficult to know what direction we were headed. We moved along mountain ridges and used our hands to feel the trunks of large pine trees along the way. If one side of the trunk was particularly damp and had a lot of moss growing, then we would decide that this was the northern side and head in the opposite direction. Another method we tried was to look up the trunk of a pine tree and see which side had the most branches. We figured that the side that had more and larger branches was the south side because it generally received more sunlight. Neither of these methods was foolproof, and we frequently lost our sense of direction.

Mount Odae was still very chilly during that spring of 1951 when the Chinese staged their offensive. Particularly on the tops of peaks and ridges, the cold wind seemed to blow right through our bodies. We had to cross many streams, and our bodies would shake uncontrollably when wet. It wasn't just our hands and feet that were trembling. When you're really cold, your entire body begins to shake from its core. Even our lower abdomens began to shake and we were losing feeling in our hands and feet.

I knew that if we fell asleep, we would freeze to death. I decided to try and start a fire. Of course, we had no lighter

or matches. The only way we could think of was to try and rub the butts of two rifles together, like people in the Stone Age. We were too weak, though, and couldn't build up enough friction to get a spark.

My three men fell sound asleep, and I was ready to pass out. But if I fell asleep, too, we would all die right on that spot. I had to wake them, so I began hitting them mercilessly with the butt of my rifle.

"Get up!" I ordered them. "Get up so we can climb over this mountain. We have to get to the other side by sunup. If we fall asleep here, we will all freeze to death."

It was a death march. Our legs were so heavy that it took all our strength just to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

"Let's just be thankful that we haven't been captured. Just be thankful we aren't prisoners of war." I kept saying these words to myself as we pulled ourselves up to the crest. Soon, it became light and we could see the sun rise above the horizon. I remembered how I used to watch the sun rise from the top of Mount Do-Go near my home. I missed those days. I missed my home. I missed Mother. I remembered the way she looked as she prayed at the jang-kwang.

"I wonder where Father and Mother are now? Are they all right? I wonder if Father has run out of bicarbonate of soda. Yes! I have to be strong. I have parents whom I need to serve. If I die, who will attend my parents?"

I bowed to the sun as I had in earlier days and put my hands together in prayer. The sun seemed happy to see me and seemed to say, "Where have you been? Welcome back." The sun shined its soft warm rays down on us, and we lay on the southern slope of the ridge to rest and warm up. Steam rose from our clothes as they began to dry. I could feel the warmth of the sun penetrating my body down to the bones. Soon, we fell into a deep sleep. When we awoke several hours later, we found ourselves revived from our almost total exhaustion.

The "Fire-Field People" of Mount Odae

When night fell again, we had to move on. We had to climb down the slope and then cross over the ridge to our south before the sun rose again.

We began climbing down through dense forest. Mount Odae is one of the few places on the peninsula where it is possible to walk through forests that seem never to have been disturbed by human beings. The forest was so thick, I couldn't imagine that a human hand or foot had touched these trees during the past thousand years. There were trees that had apparently lived several hundred years before dying and falling on their own. On top of them other trees had taken root and were growing toward the sky. It was difficult to make headway through the dense underbrush. It seemed a perfect place to run into a wild animal. We were encouraged, though, by the certain knowledge that the slope was taking us farther south.

Suddenly, we began to hear something. It sounded like an animal. Could it be a tiger? Was it a bear? We quietly took cover to wait and see.

We soon realized that it wasn't an animal. It had to be a human being. From the sound of the footsteps, it was definitely someone climbing up the slope in our direction. I thought it was probably a Chinese soldier. Who else would be climbing around such a deep forest in the dark of night?

The sound of the footsteps kept drawing nearer until they were just a few steps away. I told my men to stay back and jumped out at the person like an animal pouncing on its prey. I grabbed both of his hands so he couldn't go for his weapon. The person cried out in surprise.

Now I could see that he was wearing white. He couldn't be a Chinese soldier. He was clearly a civilian. I quickly shouted to him: "We are ROK army soldiers. Don't be afraid. We are retreating from a battle. We are traveling south through enemy territory."

The person appeared frozen with surprise for a few moments and then spoke. "I thought I was being attacked by a tiger."

He took a few moments to catch his breath and then began to talk.

"Listen, you can't go down that way. Our house is a little farther down this slope, but the place is filled with Chinese soldiers now. They've taken the corn and potatoes from our fields and have made a stew to feed themselves. They have sentries all around, so if you keep going down this slope you will be captured."

"What should we do?" I asked.

"Follow me. My family is hiding in a cave not too far from here. You can stay there until the coast is clear and then move on down the mountain."

In those days, there were still Koreans living in isolated mountainous areas who subsisted on slash-and-burn cultivation. The general population referred to them as *bwa-jun-min*, which loosely translates as "the fire-field people." This man's family was engaged in this type of subsistence farming. We could tell that this mountain farmer was a good man with a pure heart, and we immediately put our faith in him.

We followed the young man though the dark and soon came to the entrance to a cave. The man went inside first, and we could hear him talking to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "we have some guests. They are men from the national army."

Inside, the ceiling was much higher and the cave more spacious than I had expected. It was as large as several rooms combined in a normal home. The young man's mother came and greeted us.

"Well, hello! Welcome. You must be very tired. Please sit down and rest."

She then called out to her daughter. "We have company. They're from the national army. Do we have anything to make a stew for them? They look like they're very hungry."

Our ears pricked up at the mention of food. A few moments later, a young girl appeared with a soup ladle in her hand.

"Mother, all we have is a little bit of corn," she said.

Her mother told her to go ahead and make a stew with whatever there was. "Work quickly so these men can eat," she urged her.

The daughter put a pot on the fire. We lay down on a makeshift ondol that they had made by channeling the

smoke and heat from the cooking fire under a slab of rock. I watched intently as the young girl put more wood on the fire. She had covered her hair with a white cotton hand towel. The bright light of the fire highlighted the features of her face.

I couldn't help but gaze at her intently. Hers was a face that had never been covered with cosmetics. Her complexion seemed clear as glass. Her eyes were pure, and her cheeks were the color of ripe peaches. The word "pretty" couldn't do justice to her. She had a strong quality of holiness and sacredness. I became intoxicated by her appearance as if I were gazing at a sacred painting. It struck me that such beauty must be an outward expression of the unstained beauty within her. I felt that she embodied the purity of the mountain farmers of Changchon Province.

"If this weren't wartime, this would be the most idyllic scene," I thought. The reality, though, was that I had no way to be certain that I wouldn't be killed the next day. It suddenly struck me that these people were risking retaliation from the enemy for taking us in and feeding us. It would be terrible if any harm came to such pure-hearted people. I asked the mother:

"Is there any possibility that Chinese soldiers will find this place?"

She gave me a reassuring smile and answered: "No one is going to find this cave. No one except us. I want you soldiers to rest so that you can go back out as soon as possible to chase the communists away. I have a son, and he's also fighting in the national army."

That helped to explain why she was taking such good care of us. She was treating us just the way she would have treated her son if he had come home. She was protecting us, because that's what she longed to be able to do for her son.

"These people are giving us one more reason why we have to win this war," I thought. I was deeply moved by her kindness, and I became even more determined to fulfill my mission.

Soon, the stew was ready. The pot was black with soot and covered with dents. It almost seemed like a prehistoric artifact. The family didn't have a single grain of rice. Instead,

they served us bowls of corn. The only side dish was a plate of large clumps of rock salt. It took some time just to break the clumps apart with our teeth. To me, though, it was the most delicious meal I had ever eaten. I remember thinking that I probably would never enjoy any meal as much as I did the meal that day in the cave, no matter how long I lived. I was genuinely grateful to these people. They had given us everything they had, not even holding back any food for their next meal, in order to nourish us. It was the first meal that we had eaten in almost a week.

After the meal, we lay down and immediately fell into a deep sleep. Several hours later, the mother of the family shook us awake. When I rubbed my eyes and sat up, I saw that she had brought something for us.

“Eat this, and you’ll be able to rest much better,” she said. “They say that this is really good for you. It’ll take away your fatigue.”

I didn’t immediately recognize what she was giving us.

“What is this?” I asked.

“It’s wild honey. I found it in a crevice in a large rock. It’s called ‘living honey.’ You’ve heard of *seokcheong*, haven’t you?” She was referring to honey that is found in hives built in the cracks of rocks or in trees in isolated mountainous areas. It is an extremely rare delicacy.

“Go ahead and eat the hive and honey together,” the mother told us. “The hive is very good for you, too.”

We ate the wild honey and delighted in its exotic taste. The honey seemed to flow into each cell in our exhausted bodies and recharge them with new energy. Once we had eaten the honey and slept a few more hours, we felt like completely new men. We had been resurrected from the dead.

Even more than the honey, I was inspired by the purity and goodness of the fire-field people. I said a prayer, asking Heaven’s blessing on this family. We were completely revived in that cave on Mount Odae. We owe our lives to that family.

The young man who had brought us to the cave had gone out to check on the movements of the enemy troops. As we were getting ready to move on, he came running back in through the entrance with news that something was going on

in the Chinese camp. He said he saw the Chinese soldiers gathering up their supplies and moving north. This was strange indeed.

The young man said if we left immediately, he could guide us safely to the next ridge. We expressed our deep gratitude to the mother and the young "holy girl" before we left the cave.

I told the young man that I wanted to go to a point where I could get a good look at the movements of the Chinese soldiers. He showed me a place where I could peer around a rock and look down on a road. The Chinese were hurriedly moving back and forth, and it was clear that some major development was going on. I looked farther away and was surprised to see Chinese soldiers coming this way from a southerly direction. Many of the soldiers were paired up to support a wounded soldier on their shoulders between them.

What could be happening? There were wounded soldiers covered in bloody bandages. Others were being carried on the backs of their comrades. Some were limping along on their own. Others were barely managing to keep pace with the column by leaning on the shoulder of another soldier. They were all Chinese, hundreds of wounded soldiers trying to escape as far north as possible before death overtook them. Clearly, they were a defeated army.

"Our side must be making a counterattack! Our side must have defeated the Chinese spring offensive. That must be it! We've done it! We're winning!"

With the young man to show our way, we moved south along the mountain ridges. Finally, we could hear the sound of tanks in the distance. They were headed north. Cautiously, we peered out from the forest and discovered that these tanks were on our side. "Our side is moving north! It's a counterattack!"

When we got a little closer, we could see the flag they were flying. "It's the Stars and Stripes. It's the Americans!"

Under the Stars and Stripes, we could see the familiar colors of the U.S. Third Division. The unit had been moved to this part of the peninsula from the western front in order to stop the Chinese offensive and stage a counterattack. We were so happy, we hugged each other and the young man from the fire-field family and jumped up and down with joy. We thanked the

young man and ran out from the forest toward the tank column.

I shouted at the Americans, using all the English words I knew at the time: "Thank you, thank you, thank you! O.K.!" We hugged the soldiers of the U.S. Third Division. We ran up to the nearest tank, touched it with our hands, pressed our bodies to it, and kissed it. Tears of gratitude poured out from my eyes.

"God, thank you! Oh, God! Thank you!"

There was no stopping the river of tears. We had escaped from enemy lines. Soon we were reunited with the Ninth Division, Twenty-eighth Regiment. Many members of my company whom I had assumed to be dead reappeared from here and there, and we rejoiced to see each other alive. I realized how precious it was to be alive and how good it was to have battlefield comrades.

The next day, we received orders to move out to fight another battle. I looked up to heaven, and said to myself: "God, I will never forget the pledge I made to you. I will never forget."

A Woman in Bed

War is a heartless thing. It is full of completely unforeseen situations. It can take a paradise on earth and instantly transform it into a living hell. In war, there is no guarantee that you will live to see the next day. On the other hand, there are things that probably can be appreciated only in time of war—especially with regard to the meaning of human life.

A man's life in war is no more secure than that of a fly. People die every day, and death becomes the norm. On the other hand, you come to understand that there is nothing so tenacious as human life. Some people seem to be able to survive anything. Even if the sky fell down, they would somehow crawl out from under the rubble. Through my war experiences, I came to understand very clearly that our lives are in Heaven's hands.

In most cases, war turns soldiers into "one-day hedonists." Because there is no guarantee that they will live to see another day, they do the best they can to enjoy today. It's partly for this reason that in every war throughout history, soldiers have enjoyed a plentiful supply of liquor and women. If there is

liquor to drink, soldiers will drink it today. If there are women available for companionship, the soldiers will want to be with them today. The Korean War was no exception in this regard. Whenever military units were on the move, there was a contingent of prostitutes following in their footsteps. War and prostitution always feed off each other.

Seoul had been reduced to rubble, and no attempts had yet been made to restore it. Already, though, bars and *kisaeng* houses (houses of prostitution) were beginning to spring up everywhere around the city, sometimes using basements of bombed-out buildings and places that were little more than holes in the ground. Any civilian home that had somehow survived the fighting in good condition was quickly turned into a drinking establishment catering to soldiers, and many women could be seen entering and leaving such places. Whenever they could, soldiers on the frontline would make the trip into Seoul and visit their favorite bar. After a few drinks, they would take one of the girls and sleep with her. The next day, they would dress up neatly in their uniforms and head back out to the land of death.

One day, I was ordered by a superior officer in the Twenty-eighth Regiment to get in the back of a jeep. I had no choice but to obey. Six officers got into two jeeps and headed into Seoul. The officer who had ordered me to come along was in the seat in front of me.

"Lieutenant Pak," he said, "Have you ever been to a *kisaeng* house?"

"No, sir. I have not."

"What? Not even once? Well, innocent, no wonder you still smell of your mother's milk. Today, I'm going to take you to a really interesting place."

"Sir?"

"Don't say anything. Just sit back and watch."

Soon the jeeps arrived in front of a certain *kisaeng* house in Seoul. I followed my superior inside. The six officers were shown to a room where someone had already set out a table of liquor and food. Six women wearing thick make-up came in and one sat next to each of us. The food was delicious and plentiful, and I was amazed that anyone could find so much in the ruins of Seoul. Each time we finished

eating a dish, even more food was brought in. We were served whiskey, beer, potent *shochu* (a hard liquor brewed from rice)—just about every kind of alcoholic beverage I had ever heard of. I have never been able to drink alcohol, so I just helped myself to the food.

After the others had had a few rounds of drinks, the atmosphere became very festive. They took off their shirts, and their faces were as red as beets. We began taking turns singing songs. The *kisaeng* were apparently quite good at this sort of thing and made sure that everyone was having a good time. We all forgot about the passing of time and enjoyed a moment of happiness.

After a while, the superior officer spoke to me.

“Lieutenant Pak,” he said, “you’re just like a virgin girl. It’s war. Do you understand? War! All of us might die at any moment. That’s why we are going to eat, drink, and be merry today. Then, tomorrow, I will expect you to fight hard again. Here, have a drink.”

He held out a glass, and I took it. The *kisaeng* sitting next to me immediately filled it with alcohol. I pretended to take a sip and then placed the glass under the table.

The mood in the room was reaching a climax. “Pandemonium” might best describe it. The *kisaeng* women danced for us. The men and the *kisaeng* would touch cheek to cheek. Then, someone would place his lips on the lips of a *kisaeng*, and she would scream in feigned surprise.

Finally, the officer stood up and addressed the mistress of the house.

“Are all the rooms ready?”

“Yes. The rooms are ready now.”

“Six rooms. I assume you’ve made sure that all of them are nice and warm.”

“Well, of course. You’re one of our best customers. You know what to expect when you come here. We know you only want the best.”

It seemed that my superior was a regular patron of this establishment.

“Well, then,” he said to her, “take us to the rooms.”

I followed the lead of one of the *kisaeng* to a room that had been assigned to me. It was warm, and there was bed-

ding spread out in the middle of the floor. The kisaeng began to speak to me in a very affectionate voice.

“Go ahead and take off some of your clothes and lie down. Oh, you’re very tall.”

Then, I asked her a rather ridiculous question.

“Excuse me, miss,” I said. “Are you able to go home now?”

“Go home? No, I can’t. There’s a curfew on now. No one can go out on the streets until 4:00 a.m. But why do you ask? Don’t you like me?”

“It’s not a matter of liking you or not liking you. Well, if you can’t leave, I suppose it can’t be helped. Here, I want you to lie down here. I’ll lie down, too.”

I took off my clothes down to my underwear and laid down on the mattress. She laid down next to me. Then, I looked at her with a very serious expression, and said, “Miss, there’s one thing that I want you to promise me.”

“What’s that?”

“Under no circumstances do I want you to touch my body during the night. That’s what I want you to promise. Can you do that?”

“What’s the matter? You sure are strange. I have to have a little fun, too, you know.”

“Well, I understand how you feel. But that’s the way it has to be. I need you to promise that you won’t touch me.”

Then I pretended to fall asleep and began snoring. In reality, though, I was wide-awake. My heart was pounding wildly. For the first time in my life, I was sharing a bed with a member of the opposite sex. I didn’t want to have sex with her, though. If there was even a chance that I might survive the war, then I wanted to save myself for the woman I would later meet and marry. I had adhered to this principle strictly until then, and I didn’t want to break it now. In reality, though, it was difficult to share a bed with a woman and not touch her. I wanted morning to come quickly, but the minutes seemed like hours as I waited for the sun to rise.

I could tell the kisaeng was having a difficult time, too. She kept sighing deeply. I’m sure she must have wondered how she had gotten mixed up with such a strange customer. She could not fall asleep either.

Four o'clock finally rolled around. I got up first and began putting on my uniform. She got out of bed, too, and got dressed. As I turned to leave, she looked with a smile and said, "Can I ask you something?"

"What is it," I replied.

"Are you impotent?"

"What? You want to know if I'm impotent?" I began to laugh very loudly and told her, "Well, maybe I am."

Then I said, "I'm sorry that I gave you such a difficult time last night. I have something here that I want you to have. This envelope contains my full salary from the last time we were paid. It's a month's pay. I want you to take it and buy something nice for yourself."

She seemed perplexed by my suggestion. "You want to give me a month's pay? I can't take it. Besides, I've already been paid. Please, put your money away. I don't want it."

I insisted, though, that she take the money.

"I know you've already been paid, but this is something different. This is something I want to give you personally. You can think of it as my way of compensating you for giving you such a hard time. Besides, I'm about to go back to the battlefield. What use do I have for a month's pay when I don't even know if I will live to see tomorrow? Go ahead and take it. Use it for anything you want. I think you're very beautiful. I'm very happy to have met you."

"You seem like a real nice person," she said. "And you're handsome, too. How did you become impotent? It's really too bad. You probably won't even be able to get married."

I smiled but said nothing. I escorted her out the door and to the gate. As she walked away, she looked back to bid me farewell.

At breakfast, my superior wanted to know how I had enjoyed myself.

"How was it?" he asked and broke into loud laughter.

I answered, "It was fantastic. I had a really good time last night, and now I'm ready to go out and fight hard."

To me, it was a matter of faith. Some might have called it a superstition. Somehow I felt that one reason Heaven had protected me from certain death in the battlefield was that I had been strict about not having sexual relations with any

MESSIAH

woman and waiting for the woman I would meet and marry someday. Later, when I joined the Unification Church, I discovered that this was, in fact, true.



Chapter Three

From the Trenches to Fort Benning

New Year's Day 1952 brought the beginning of another year of war. This tragedy of Koreans killing Koreans had already gone on for a year and a half, and still there was no end in sight. Meanwhile, each passing day meant the loss of more young lives.

The Ninth Division was given the assignment to defend the section of the Iron Triangle¹ near Cholwon. Our Twenty-eighth Regiment was deployed on the famous White Horse Hill within the Iron Triangle. The enemy could not break the stalemate and control the entire Iron Triangle without first taking White Horse Hill. The hill we had been assigned to defend was crucial to the war effort of each side. It was only natural, then, that we would soon be in the middle of a fierce battle.

The Chinese army was deployed directly in front of us. Every night—punctually at 2:00 a.m.—they would begin their attack. First, we would hear the sound of some sort of whistle, and then there would come the sound of small drums followed by some shrill sound that we never were able to figure out. Then, we could see swarms of Chinese soldiers marching toward us. Our Twenty-eighth Regiment fought bravely and used our superior firepower to fend off the enemy's human wave tactics.

In the morning, the battlefield would be blanketed with layer upon layer of dead bodies. Even more painful, our side

also suffered substantial casualties. Each day, we knew only that we had been permitted to live that particular day, but none of us knew whether we would live to see the next day. Everyone was thinking about how to live to see tomorrow. This, though, was only the beginning of the Battle of White Horse Hill.

About that time, I received a curious notice. It said that a certain number of mid-level officers would be selected to receive military training in the United States and I had been chosen by the regimental commander to be one of them.

"What? This is strange," I thought. "We're in the middle of war, and they want me to go to America to study?" I wondered if it might be some kind of joke. The other officers who had been selected were also confused.

I soon learned that President Rhee and General MacArthur had decided it was necessary to provide a modern military education to junior Korean officers. For this, selected officers were to travel to the United States for training at the U.S. Army Infantry School at the expense of the U.S. government. Still, it seemed a comic error that a person such as myself, who spoke almost no English, should be chosen for such an assignment.

It turned out to be true, though. I was told English was not a requirement because interpreters would be provided for the whole group from the beginning. A few days later, I climbed out of the trenches, changed from my battle-soiled fatigues to a clean set, and headed for Taegu.

Before I left the regiment, my commander called me into his office.

"I hate to see you go," he said, "but this is an excellent opportunity for you. It's an assignment that requires people with the best minds, and that's why I chose you. I want you to study hard and come back with plenty of new knowledge. I don't know if I will still be alive when you return."

This was the reality of war. When we said farewell to someone, we could never promise to see him again some day.

I had received a great deal of attention from my commander during my time in the regiment. He believed that I had a great future ahead of me. The loss of his tactical offi-

cer would cause immediate inconveniences, but he took a longer view of the situation and made the decision to send me to America. I was nearly moved to tears by the generosity of his decision.

"I am grateful to you, sir," I said. "I will do my best to study and be sure to live up to your expectations for me. The Twenty-eighth Regiment is my home. I will return soon."

I gave him a formal salute, and he gave me a warm handshake. As it turned out later, this commander probably saved my life. The battle for White Horse Hill became much harsher soon after my departure. The two sides began what is known as a "millstone tactic," whereby the two sides grind back and forth over the same territory.

The enemy was desperate to take White Horse Hill, using wave after wave of soldiers. In fact, they took the hill fourteen times. Our side took it back fifteen times. The final attack on the hill by our side placed it permanently in the hands of the Republic of Korea. By the end of the battle, there wasn't a single bush or even a blade of grass left growing on the hill. They say that the two sides bombarded the top of the hill so much that its elevation was actually reduced by several feet.

The loss of human life on both sides was almost unprecedented. As far as I know, the famous war hero Lt. Woon Gi Kim was the only junior officer of the Twenty-eighth Regiment who survived the Battle of White Horse Hill. Lieutenant Kim was a platoon leader in my noncommissioned officer training company. I remember him as a handsome young man who looked younger than his age. He led a company of soldiers up White Horse Hill fourteen times but was pushed back each time. Then, on the fifteenth attack, he managed to reach the top of the hill and plant the Republic of Korea flag. He is a hero of the Korean War, and he survived the war.

It is difficult to imagine that I would have survived this fierce battle. I remember feeling at the time that Heaven, for whatever reason, had acted to remove me from an environment in which my life would be endangered. I felt that some mysterious force was guiding my life, and I could not help but feel an even greater sense of awe.

I arrived in Seoul, a city that still lay in ruins. From Seoul, our group headed directly to Taegu, where ROK army headquarters was located. Here, we were issued a new officer's dress uniform to wear instead of battle fatigues. It was my first chance since the Korean Military Academy to put on a dress uniform.

There was one matter that troubled me about leaving for America. I wanted to return to my home village where my parents were, but I didn't have the means to get there, and besides, I couldn't get any leave. I had not seen my parents since the war began almost two years before, but the fact that I missed seeing them was not the only reason I wanted to go. I had a package that I wanted to deliver to Father. I knew he would have no way of purchasing bicarbonate of soda in the village. I had explained the situation to a number of medics who were with me on the frontline, and they had each given me a small amount to take home when I got the chance. I needed to get the package to Father before leaving for America.

I sent a telegram to my home, telling my parents the exact date and time that my military transport train would pass through Chon-An Station and asking that Father come to the station to see me. I discovered that the train would not actually stop in Chon-An. I planned to watch for Father on the platform as the train passed through the station and throw the package to him at the right moment.

I put the package in a sack made of strong material—something like a soldier's backpack—and attached a letter to the outside explaining the situation. Then, as the train approached Chon-An, I went out on the landing between two cars and waited for the right moment to throw it to my father.

The train approached Chon-An at full speed. I quickly searched the platform, but Father was nowhere to be seen. Before I knew it, the train passed the platform. I wasn't sure what I should do, but I saw a man checking the tracks within the limits of Chon-An Station, so I shouted at him as loud as I could to get his attention. When I saw him look up at me, I threw the package in his direction and waved my arms in a large motion to let him know that I needed him to do me a favor. I saw him walk over and pick up the package.

As the train passed out of sight, I prayed: "God, please let that medicine reach my father. He needs this bicarbonate of soda. Please take pity on him." I wept as I prayed.

Later, I learned that my father had, in fact, gone to Chon-An Station that day. The authorities, however, had placed the station house off limits to civilians because a military train was passing through. The railroad worker who picked up my package delivered it to the station master, who read the letter I had written and quickly paged my father on the loudspeaker. This happened when my father was just about to leave the station.

My father heard his name being paged and went quickly to the office. When he read the note I had attached to the package, he thanked the station master and added, "It's a shame that I as a father have to worry my son who is on his way to America. I wish I could tell him how sorry I am." Father could not help but weep as he spoke.

The station master comforted him, saying, "What a wonderful son you have. He certainly must think a lot of his father. I hope you take this bicarbonate of soda and become healthy." Father then took the package, which still smelled of the battlefield, and returned home.

During our one-week orientation prior to departure, we learned that none of the junior officers selected for the program knew very much English, and this gave rise to a number of humorous incidents.

First, we were told to learn a few greetings in English. These were phrases such as "good morning," "good evening," "how are you?" and "good night." In particular, we were told to be sure to memorize the phrase "thank you." These two words, they said, could be used in almost any situation.

Then we had to learn how to use a western-style toilet seat. I remember how hard we laughed when we were told that you weren't supposed to squat down with your feet on the seat but actually were supposed to sit down so that your bare skin was in contact with the surface.

Next came a lesson in table manners. We had to learn how to eat properly with a knife and fork, instead of chopsticks. There was also a lesson on the custom of handshaking. The point that impressed me most about this lesson was

that we were cautioned not to squeeze too hard when shaking hands with a woman.

We also learned a few things that seemed extremely odd. When we got to Georgia, we were told, we would see that there were toilets for black people and toilets for white people. Also, there would be separate drinking fountains for black people and white people. Under no circumstances, we were told, were we to use the facilities that are designated for black people. Also, we were not to sit at the back of a bus, because seats in that area were “reserved” for black people.

At the time, I had no idea what a “Coca-Cola” was and that it was the most widely available drink in America. I didn’t know that there were machines everywhere that would give you something to drink if you just stuck a coin in them. If you didn’t have a five-cent coin, you could put in a larger amount of money and somehow you would receive the correct change. Even after our arrival in America, it took us considerable time to understand the phenomenon of machines making change. At first, some of us thought there really were people inside the machines who were giving out the change. We even had a big argument about this among ourselves. We were very naive.

In a way, we were like kindergarten children. In another way, we were like astronauts being trained to go live on the moon.

First Visit to America

The group of 150 officers headed for training in the United States arrived at the pier in Inchon. There, we found a military band had been brought to greet us, a large stage had been built, and the area was decorated with many flowers. Behind the stage, there was a large sign that said: “Congratulations to Army Officers Going to America.” All of us were surprised to see that such elaborate arrangements had been made for our departure.

Soon, someone announced over the loudspeaker: “The president of the republic is now arriving!”

“What? You mean to say that President Syngman Rhee is going to be here?”

No one needed to reply. The military band struck up a fanfare, and President Rhee climbed up the steps onto the stage. He had tears in his eyes as he addressed us. This is what I recall of his speech:

You are the hope of our country. You are our only hope. We have been invaded by North Korea and are faced with the greatest trial, the most difficult period in our nation's history. It has only been five years since we were able to establish our own independent government. Do we have to lose our country again after so short a time?

If we are to win this war, we must make ourselves stronger. Knowledge is power. That is why I asked General MacArthur to provide an opportunity for you to be trained in the United States to become elite military commanders. I wanted to make a special point of coming to see you off today.

Your time in America will be short, but I hope you will be able to absorb a lot of knowledge. Come back with all the information about the most modern strategies so that we can push our way back up to the Yalu River.

I believe this is a Heaven-sent opportunity to reunify our country. Only when we reunify our country will we be able to say that we have truly established our country. Otherwise, we will be forced to live in shame.

Seeing you here today gives me great confidence. All of you look very dependable, and you are very handsome. I ask you to defend this country. Return to this country as quickly as you can.

Our president wiped the tears from his eyes during the entire time he was speaking. As I listened, it occurred to me that there was probably not another person in the world who loved his country as much as President Rhee. First he dedicated his life to winning independence from the Japanese, and now he was working to preserve Korea through this grave crisis. It was a moment for me to reflect how, on the first day of the war, I had encountered a flood of refugees north of Pochun and clenched



Republic of Korea President Syngman Rhee shakes hands with the author (foreground with back to camera) as one of 150 Korean military officers being sent to the United States for training.

my fists in a firm determination to save my country. That same determination was burning within me now.

President Rhee shook hands with us one by one as we boarded our ship. I pledged to him: “Mr. President, we will unify our country. I promise you.”

We sailed from Inchon in March 1952 on a large military transport ship named the *John Pope*. It inspired me to think that ships like these had brought all those American soldiers to our country. I felt grateful to the ship for that.

I was sailing the Pacific for the first time in my life. The ocean swells undulated gently, as if to say that it was totally unconcerned with any war being fought on its shores. The seagulls followed after the ship, hoping to pick up morsels of food. Also for the first time, I had the chance to watch the sun rise over the ocean and then set below the opposite horizon. I couldn't decide which was the more majestic of the two.

The *John Pope* was a large ship, but on the vast ocean it seemed as insignificant as a little fishing boat. When a person comes face to face with the majesty of nature, he instinctively straightens his posture and becomes more humble.

After sixteen days, we could make out mountain peaks on the horizon. It was wonderful to see land again. I was excited to know that I was getting my first glimpse of American soil. I had survived long enough to see America. My heart pounded with excitement.

The ship made its way toward San Francisco harbor, which I knew was famous as one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. The buildings on the hillsides far away seemed like a scene taken straight from a painting. The ship slowly approached the Golden Gate Bridge. By this time, all the passengers, including some one thousand American servicemen, were out on deck. It was a warm spring day.

For the Americans, it was a homecoming, and they were overcome with joy. When the ship came directly below the Golden Gate, the soldiers all took their hats and threw them as high as they could, as if to try and reach the bridge itself. It was a grand sight. They were all yelling at the top of their voices in excitement. This was the joy of people returning home. They had been to hell and were now returning alive to heaven. They were happy to be going back to their loved ones. I felt envious of them that they could be born in a powerful and rich country.

Soon, the ship reached the pier. I could hear the sounds of a military band playing music to welcome the soldiers home. A stage had been set up, and there was dancing. Each time a dancer performed, the soldiers onboard the ship went wild with joy. I saw young blond-haired women, holding the hands of small children, standing in line on the pier. They were obviously family members of the returning soldiers.

Then, the American officers and enlisted men began to disembark. Everything was done in a free atmosphere. Family members would run up to the line of soldiers as they disembarked. Both sides would let out a shout of joy, and they would grab each other in a tight embrace. They were running around and making a big noise. It was a truly beautiful scene.

In fact, it moved me to tears. Before long, the pier was transformed into a dance floor for people of all races.

Eventually, the crowd began to scatter. Family by family, the people got into their cars and drove away. The cars were of all different colors. They drove away with the blond-haired women in the driver's seat. The sight of women driving cars was something very new to me.

We Koreans remained onboard during this time, watching. It was a lonely experience for us. The joy of the Americans at returning home stood in such extreme contrast to our feelings after leaving our homeland behind just sixteen days before. That night in a San Francisco hotel room, I wept and cried out to God in protest.

"God," I said, "if You exist, then how can You be so unfair? Why do our people have to live such meaningless lives? Why do so many people have to be dying in our country from the ravages of war? What righteous things did America do that You give them so much blessing?"

"Are we Koreans not even as good as American cats and dogs? Can't we take some of the food from the cats and dogs in America and give it to the hungry orphans in Korea?"

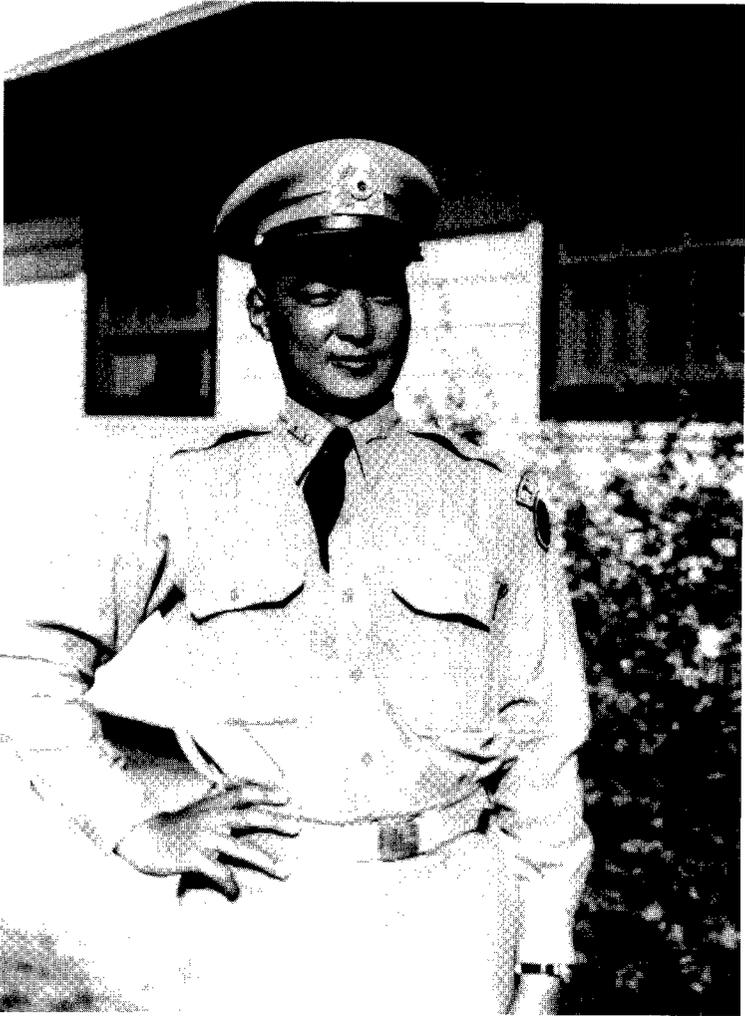
"God, if You are really there, why are You so heartless and unfair? When I see this, I am certain that You don't really exist. But I want to believe that You exist."

I spent my entire first night in America tearfully protesting what seemed to me an incredible unfairness in God's treatment of Korea in comparison to America. God did not answer my angry questions with so much as a word. It would be years before I began to understand why Korea suffered so and why He had let me survive and then come to America.

The Longest Taxi Ride

Our group crossed the North American continent by train. On the ship, the ocean was so large that we could see from horizon to horizon, and now on the train the same was true with the vast expanse of land.

We slept in sleeping cars and ate in a dining car. It took six days and nights to travel from San Francisco to Fort Benning, Georgia, where the infantry school was located.



The author in 1952 during his six-month assignment at the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia.

We passed through an expanse of desert and saw the moon over the Colorado Rockies. America was so big that we had a hard time grasping it in our minds. Eventually we arrived in Georgia.

On the gate leading into the U.S. Army Infantry School, there is a sign with the slogan "Follow Me" written on it. It signifies the fact that infantry commanders must always go before their men in a field of battle. Soldiers are also taught at this

school that the infantry is the “Queen of the Battlefield.” In other words, infantrymen are the principal players who determine the final victory in a battle. This was also the spirit in which our training was conducted.

Each morning, before lectures on all the newest battlefield strategies began, we were given a briefing on how the war was progressing in Korea. The situation on White Horse Hill was always an important topic in these briefings. The American instructor told us that the battle for White Horse Hill was sure to go down in world military history as one of the fiercest battles ever fought. He described it as the final major battle between our side and the enemy that would determine which would be victorious in the war. He also told us that my old unit, the Ninth Infantry Division, had been given the nickname “White Horse Division.”

I thought about the platoon leaders I had taught and the noncommissioned officers I had sent into battle. I couldn't help but feeling that I should be there with them. Yet, here I was in the American South, far from my homeland, listening to briefings on the battle for White Horse Hill.

“God, why have you called me here?” I would pray, but there was no answer. I was filled with remorse for my comrades who had fallen in battle, and I prayed that the rest of my comrades would still be alive when I joined them again.

The six months I spent at Fort Benning were extremely rewarding. It was an experience that allowed me to discover a new world. I didn't speak more than a few words of English, but this was no obstacle to understanding the lectures, because we had the assistance of a Korean officer trained in English-to-Korean interpretation. I drank Coca-Cola for the first time. I became accustomed to a process of going to a store, using whatever means I could aside from words to make my purpose known to the storekeeper, and successfully buying what I wanted. I used the words “thank you” at every opportunity and found that these words really were quite handy, just as I had been told.

Col. Kyung Won Park, the leader of our group, demonstrated a quality of leadership that was more than sufficient to present Korea in a favorable light. I have a deep respect for Colonel Park as a military instructor and as my senior offi-

cer. At the army comprehensive training school, Colonel Park had been our instructor for defensive strategy. I had been very impressed by his lectures and Col. Young Sung Choi's lectures on military instruction methods. These men exemplified both resolute military spirit and a comprehensive intellectual grasp of military affairs and were examples to all those who were fortunate to study under them. I was fond of Colonel Park from my days at the training school and respected him highly.

We never forgot that we were soldiers on temporary leave from the war that continued to rage in our homeland. We were destined to return to the battlefield. We all believed that this was likely to be our only opportunity to see America, even if, by some chance, we managed to survive the war. That being the case, we decided that we would use this opportunity to see America. We decided we had to go to Washington, D.C., and New York City. We would regret it for the rest of our lives if we were to return to Korea without visiting at least these two cities. There was no way, though, that we could get a furlough to travel. The attitude was: "There's a war on. There's no time for leave."

The one chance we had during our six-month stay was a three-day weekend at the time of the July 4th Independence Day celebration. If we had enough money, it would be a simple matter to get on a plane and fly to New York and Washington. We couldn't afford that. So five officers including myself got together one day and came up with a plan. We would go into town, find a cab, and spend three days visiting Washington and New York. It was a reckless idea, but it was the only way we could think of to fulfill our goal. One of us said: "Either we are a group of very brave officers or very foolish officers, but I don't know which," and we all laughed.

We each contributed \$50 to the kitty, and on July 3 we went into Columbus, the city nearest the base. There, we stood on a curb, put out our hands, and hailed a cab. Three of us crowded into the back seat and two into the front. The driver said something, but of course none of us understood him. We figured he must be asking where we want to go, so all five of us called out in unison: "Washington!" It was obvious the driver couldn't believe what he was hearing. So, we

repeated: "Washington." We showed him a map where we had circled Washington, D.C.

The driver exploded in anger. None of us could understand a single word, but it was clearly one of those situations where we were better off not being able to understand the language. We took the \$250 we had and put it in his hand. Magically, his mood changed. The money seemed to satisfy him that we were not just pulling his leg. With an expression of resignation, he said "goddam" and began to drive. The five of us cheered and clapped.

The trip from Columbus, Georgia, to Washington, D.C., took sixteen hours. On the way, the driver naturally became very tired and his eyelids began to droop. The car wove back and forth within the lane. Then, it started to weave from lane to lane, even crossing into the oncoming lane. This worried us a lot. We hadn't survived the battlefield in Korea only to die in a traffic accident on an American highway. We decided that we would take turns staying awake with the driver, feeding him coffee and cigarettes. At one point, he became so tired that nothing would keep him awake, so we stopped the car and let him take a nap for an hour.

Finally, we arrived safely in Washington. We went first to the Korean Embassy, where Ambassador Yoo Chan Yang was kind enough to welcome us personally. When we told him we had taken a taxi from Georgia, his jaw dropped in surprise.

"The officers of our national army really are brave! This must be a new record for a taxi ride." Laughing, he said, "We'll have to send it in to the *Guinness Book of World Records*."

Ambassador Yang treated us to a sumptuous meal, and then a member of the embassy staff took us out on a tour of all the major sights around Washington. First, we went to the Capitol. It is a huge and grand building. I took lots of pictures to make sure that I would have proof later on that I had been there.

Inside the Capitol, one place in particular left a deep impression on me: the prayer room for members of Congress. It was not an ostentatious cathedral. Rather, it was a dimly lit room located in an out-of-the-way spot in the building. We were told that the lights here were always turned down low so that anyone could come and pray here easily. In the front,

there was a stained glass mosaic depicting the scene of George Washington kneeling in prayer just before going into a decisive battle at Valley Forge. We were told that American congressmen come to this room to seek divine guidance before casting their vote on important matters of state. When I heard this, I felt that I had discovered one of the fundamental reasons for America's greatness. The fact that the leaders of this country demonstrated humility before God, I told myself, must be an important reason for God to bestow His blessing on America.

Our group also visited the White House. We saw the statue of President Abraham Lincoln and the Jefferson Memorial. Finally, we stopped near the Washington Monument for a group picture. We had seen all the most important sights in Washington in just three hours. The five of us, however, were as happy as if we had actually conquered the city, and we were delighted.

I fully believed that this would be my first and last visit to Washington, but it later turned out that God had other plans in mind for me. Twenty-four years later, in 1976, I stood once again on the National Mall. This time, I was on a stage in front of some three hundred thousand people, acting as translator for Rev. Sun Myung Moon as he addressed the largest religious rally in the history of America. In 1952, though, there was no way that I could have even dreamed of such a thing. At the time, I hadn't even heard Reverend Moon's name. There is no way for me to deny that my life has been guided by God's providential plan.

Ambassador Yang made arrangements for our Georgia taxi driver to rest in the embassy and advised us to take the train to New York. In New York City, the main thing we wanted to see were the skyscrapers. We climbed to the top of the Empire State Building and looked down at the view of New York. The grandeur of that view from 102 stories above the street was beyond words. I was deeply inspired to discover that human beings were capable of such feats as this. It was a man-made grandeur that I felt rivaled nature. Looking down on New York's Manhattan Island, it seemed that I had traveled to a completely different world. While I was on the top of the skyscraper, I even took a photograph with a woman with blond hair.

By the time we had taken a tour bus up and down Fifth Avenue a few times, we felt as though we'd seen all there was to see in New York. We stood in the middle of Manhattan and shouted with joy: "We have conquered America!" We were just a group of simple, pure-hearted soldiers who had come from the battlefield and were about to return.

From New York, we returned to Washington, and the same taxi driver who had driven up from Georgia drove us all the way back again. I was deeply moved by Ambassador Yang's character and his love for fellow Koreans. I believe that this, too, was a relationship that had been arranged in Heaven. When I set about establishing the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation in Washington in 1965, I discussed the matter with Ambassador Yang before anyone else, and he served as vice president. From that date, until the day he passed away, he and I worked closely to elevate Korea's profile on the world stage. He is one of the people who enabled me to become what I am today.

America—A Country Blessed by God

Why *has* America been so blessed by God? This question was never far from my mind during my first visit to this country. I began asking the question and looking for an answer from the moment that I first set foot on American soil. It was not difficult to find answers. In fact, it wasn't very long after I arrived that I began to discover answers to this question through my daily experiences.

I gradually understood that America was established for the sake of God's purpose and that America has tried hard to be a godly country.

During my time in Georgia I learned that at the beginning of public events, Americans recite the Pledge of Allegiance. They do this with their right hand placed above their heart. This pledge includes the phrase, "One Nation Under God." The words imply that Americans take pride in believing that theirs is a country that has been blessed by God. On the back of every dollar bill, we find the words, "In God We Trust." Every piece of paper currency and coin that Americans use carries this promise that they will put their faith in God alone.

The founding of America began when a group of Puritans set out on a dangerous voyage in search of a new world where they could enjoy freedom of religion. It took them fifty-seven days to cross the Atlantic Ocean on the *Mayflower*. Many of them died during the voyage, without ever setting eyes on the new world that they sought. As they were about to land, the Puritans agreed to the Mayflower Compact (1620), and this document began with the words, "In the name of God Amen."

I also learned that many of the people who died during the voyage suffered from malnutrition, which was a result of insufficient food supplies. The Puritans knew that there was grain in the ship's hold, but they chose death over consuming the seed grain that would have extended their lives. This was grain brought for planting crops in the new continent. During the first winter after their arrival, the Puritans endured extreme hardships. Again, they had to watch as many of their number died, this time from the extreme cold as well as hunger. Still, they refused to touch the grain until spring, when it could be planted.

Finally, spring came, and the settlers began their first attempt at agriculture in the new land. Then, in the autumn, when they harvested their first crop, they dedicated the harvest to God. This is the origin of Thanksgiving Day, a celebration that is unique to America. The settlers worked together and built first a church and then a school. After that, they built their own homes.

Who could be more deserving than these settlers to have God on their side? The tradition that they established has continued for more than three centuries. Both houses of the U.S. Congress begin each day's session with a prayer. When an American president is inaugurated, he places his left hand on a copy of the Bible and raises his right hand in order to recite the oath of office. Prayers are offered at the beginning of university graduation ceremonies. On Sundays, hymns of worship can be heard all over the country, as Americans dress up and attend church. This was the America that I found in 1952. It was a country and a people well deserving of God's blessing.

The people of Georgia extended warm hospitality toward this group of young military officers who had come from a

strange land and couldn't even speak their language. On Sundays they would come to pick us up in their cars and drive us to church. After the service, they would often invite us to their homes and serve us lunch. Even those who couldn't help us materially would serve us in whatever way they could. The sermons we heard at church were filled with fervor, and the homes we visited overflowed with love. The America that I experienced in Georgia was an almost heavenly paradise.

Unfortunately, if I were to describe the America of today, I would not be able to give the same praises as I did in 1952. In just under fifty years, America has changed drastically. The reason for this change is quite simple. During much of the past few decades, America has been going in a direction opposite to that which brought it God's blessing. All the problems faced by America today derive from this point.

Americans have created idols, which they now worship in place of God. These idols are material wealth and free sex. America has forsaken its former God-centered society and fallen into materialism. Previously, Americans were "other-centered," that is, they were eager to help others.

Today, however, they have fallen into extreme self-centeredness and individualism. In a later chapter, I will discuss this point in greater detail and suggest ways to resolve this situation.

In any case, it is a fact that I was deeply moved by the America of 1952. I came to firmly believe that the way for Korea to become a wonderful country was to follow the same principles that had made America great. Seeing America inspired me to have faith in my own country's infinite potential for advancement. This potential is eloquently expressed in the words of our national anthem.

Until the Tonghai Sea dries up,
 And Mount Paekdoo wears away,
 May God protect our homeland
 For endless ages to come!
 Bedecked with Rose of Sharon,
 Land of beauty rare,
 The people of Korea in the land of Korea,
 May they prosper forever.

As the words suggest, the important thing is for Koreans to become a people who can receive God's protection. We must become a nation of faith to whom God can give His support. I decided that I would begin by becoming such a person myself.

I met Rev. Seuk Ki Dong, who was working as an evangelist at Fort Benning. He was a Korean minister who had a full head of silver-gray hair and a heart overflowing with love. With Reverend Dong's guidance, I began regularly attending church on Sunday mornings. It was a Church of Christ located in Columbus. I related to Reverend Dong my impressions of America in much the same way that I described them above. He told me he was very much in agreement with me. He then suggested that I become a Christian before returning to Korea. I was happy to comply; rather, I answered that I would consider it an honor.

The following Sunday, I was baptized by immersion into the Church of Christ. I became a novice Christian. From then on, I began trying to answer the questions of life that I had struggled with on the battlefield within the context of my Christian faith. I had taken one step closer to God. In a real sense, my baptism marked the beginning of another new life for me. I was determined to seek out a new future for my country with God's help. I was filled with a new fervor for life and faith.



Chapter Four

A Bolt Out of the Blue

We concluded our course of study in the United States in September 1952 and returned to Korea. The war was still raging.

On our return, we were given orders that came as a complete surprise. I was prepared to be assigned to my former unit. I wanted to quickly rejoin my surviving compatriots on the frontline and help fight the holy war to defend our country. Army headquarters, however, had other plans. All of us were appointed to be instructors at the army infantry school in Kwangju in the extreme southwest of the peninsula.

The army's decision was understandable. They were simply saying: "You have been taught the most up-to-date material in military science, so now we want you to pass this information on to your fellow officers." The Kwangju infantry school was not just turning out young officers. It was also involved in retraining veteran officers. It was the Korean version of the U.S. Army Infantry School.

We were given a week's leave before we had to report to our new assignment. I headed straight for home. As I approached the village, I came to the summit of a small hill, where I could see Mount Do-Go rising up in front of me. The tall fir tree about midway up the slope was still there, and it seemed to welcome me home. "I'm back," I told the tree in my mind. "You seem to have been waiting for me to return." The

majestic fir looked just as it had when I last saw it, its beautiful green boughs towering above all the other trees around it.

I had often dreamed of the moment when I would be reunited with my parents, and the dream finally became reality. It was our first meeting since I left home in May 1950. For a time after we set eyes on each other, we couldn't even speak. There was just no stopping the flood of tears. They were tears of joy.

Father's hair had turned completely white. Mother's face had become covered with deep wrinkles, testaments to the pain she had experienced from war and backbreaking work in the fields. I could tell from her face that her health was declining. After the joy of reunion, the next emotion I experienced was an ache that seemed to rip my heart to shreds. Father and Mother had aged tremendously since I had last seen them, and there was nothing I could do to make their lives more comfortable. There was no one to stay at home and help them. My younger brother was only eleven years old.

But just having a chance to be with each other again was a tremendous blessing. I had been gone two years and five months. I had experienced both the hell of war and an almost heavenly America. My parents had been through the terror of communist occupation, where they braved many tragic situations. Because their son was an officer in the Republic of Korea army, the communist occupiers had treated them brutally. God, however, had helped them survive.

"This is surely God's grace," I told myself. "The war has torn so many people's families apart. Even among the officers who were with me in America, there are some who will never experience the joy of seeing their parents again."

Once Father had regained control of his emotions, the first words he said to me were, "I still have some of that bicarbonate of soda you sent me. I've always been grateful for that." Mother's first words were, "Now that I've seen how successful you've become, there's nothing more for me to hope for. Have you been wearing your socks every day?" Apparently she still felt sorry that I had to go without socks that one winter.

"Mother," I said, "I'm a first lieutenant in the army now. Let me give you a salute."

I raised my hand and saluted Mother, just as I had promised when I left home to attend the academy. As she watched, another tear rolled down her cheek.

I showed Mother some cloth that I had bought for her in America. I wanted so much to give my parents some nice clothes.

"Mother, please use this cloth to make yourself a *chima chogori*.¹ Then, let's go have our picture taken together."

"I'm always doing farm work. What would I do with such nice clothing? I'll put this away for now and wear it on a special day." She smiled as she said this. The words "special day" seemed to have some special significance. I knew instinctively that she planned to wear the clothing made from this cloth on my wedding day. I changed out of my uniform and hurried off to the fields. I was a farmer again.

The week went by before I knew it. I had to answer my country's call and leave my home and my parents behind. They told me not to worry about them. "We're not going to die," they said. "We'll get by somehow, so you just do your best for our country. Your new assignment is in the rear, so you will be able to come home from time to time, won't you?"

"Of course," I said. "When I get settled in Kwangju, I'll invite you."

My parents were getting on in years. It was particularly difficult for me to leave my Mother, because she didn't look well at all. As I left my home, she stood at the gate and kept waving until I was out of sight. I didn't realize then that this would be my last time to see her alive.

Mother's Death

At the army infantry school in Kwangju, I was assigned to the small arms department and became an instructor on the M-1 rifle. It was my responsibility to train students in the mechanics of the M-1, a rather tedious subject. I put a lot of effort into finding ways to make this subject more interesting to the students. Soon, the normally dull M-1 mechanical training became one of the most popular subjects, and I came to be known as one of the more popular instructors.

All cadets, enlisted personnel, and officers were required to take this course immediately after arriving at the infantry school. This meant I was one of their first instructors and therefore had a lot to do with their first impressions of the school.

I put my whole heart into teaching each class. The four-hour training course on the mechanics of the M-1 would be over before I knew it. Some students would even say that it was the most interesting class during their entire time at the school. I was promoted to the rank of captain. I had no way of knowing, though, that being assigned to teach the M-1 would later lead to yet another major change in my life course.

Soon, it was 1953. Six months had passed since I became an instructor, and I had grown accustomed to my life in Kwangju. I was just beginning to think it was time for me to invite my parents to visit me. Then, one day I received a telegram. "Mother deceased," it said.

It was a bolt out of the blue. At first, I couldn't believe my eyes. I didn't want to believe that the telegram I held in my hands was really intended for me. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked at the address again. There was no mistake. It was addressed to "Capt. Bo Hi Pak."

"What could have happened?" I thought. I felt dizzy and thought I might black out. "No. This can't be happening. This can't be true. There must be some mistake."

I hurried over to the railway station in Songjung Ri and boarded a train heading up the Honam Line to Seoul. The first train to come along was a freight train, but I wasn't going to wait around for a passenger train. As the train moved through the station, I jumped onto a car loaded with some sort of grain and sat down on top of the load.

Tears flowed from my eyes like a river. There was no one to see me, so I didn't even try to control them. I cried aloud like a little boy. I must have sounded like a baby who hadn't even been weaned from his mother's breast.

I had a notebook with me, and I began writing a letter to Mother.

"Mother, why have you done this? Why have you closed your eyes and left me? Didn't you tell me that you would

make a dress out of the cloth I bought for you in America and wear it on my wedding day? Where have you gone, without even seeing me get married?

"I am still just a child. I can't go on living without you, Mother. I feel like the sky has fallen in on me. Mother, this has to be just a bad dream. I want to wake up from this dream.

"I can't go on living without you, Mother.

"Why do you say that you are leaving me?"

I would write a line, stop to cry, write another line, and stop to cry again. One after another, the tears kept falling onto the paper, turning the words I had written into black smudges of ink.

"Mother," I wrote, "this can't be true. Someone must be playing a trick on me. There's no way that this can be happening. Your son has been so unfilial. Now, finally, I'm just beginning to understand what I need to do. I'm just now ready to begin being a filial son to you, Mother. Oh, why have you gone away and left me just at this moment?"

To be honest, even as I approached the gate to our home, I had some small hope that the telegram would be a lie. But it wasn't just a bad dream.

Mother had been working in the courtyard the previous day, using a heavy grinder to grind some grain into flour. Suddenly, she said she felt dizzy. She let go of the grinder, stood up, and walked over to the raised patio along the side of the house. Just as she sat down, she collapsed and fell to the ground. They said she had had a stroke. I was told that, as she was about to take her last breath, she whispered: "Don't call the doctor."

These were her last words. Our family was poor, and Mother didn't want to place an additional burden on the family by having a doctor come treat her. When I heard about this, it made me feel even sadder. She had passed away without being given so much as a single dose of medicine. What a poor son I had been to her! Mother had worked so hard that the fatigue just kept building up to the point that she finally had a stroke and died. How much she must have wanted to see her son before she died! She had been so busy that she hardly had time to rest. And now, finally, she had gone to her eternal rest.

I sat down beside Mother's body and gently placed her cold hand in mine. I looked into her face. She seemed to be in a deep and restful sleep. Her lips looked as though they would part at any moment and say the words: "Bo Hi, I'm glad you came." But the lips were silent. I placed my cheek against her face, then lay down beside her. I held her body tightly against me and cried.

"Mother, Mother, it's Bo Hi. I'm here. Mother, please forgive me. I wasn't able to come; I wasn't a good son to you. Mother, I brought this on you. Mother, please forgive me."

Then I sat up and read the letter I had written to her while I was on the freight train. I believed that wherever she was now, she must certainly be able to hear me.

This is how I lost my mother. Up to this moment, my entire life had revolved around my mother. It was only in the context of Mother's love that life had any meaning for me. At the time of her death, she was only forty-nine years old. On the fifteenth day of the second lunar month, she left everything behind and passed into heaven.

I never imagined that the cloth I bought for her in America would become her burial shroud. I felt as though it was all my responsibility. My mother had been a great woman. She was the greatest mother in all the world. She was a model to be emulated by all other mothers. Even now, when I am far older than she was at the time of her death, I get a lump in my throat and a tear rolls down my cheek every time I think of her.

One major reason that I became a member of the Unification Church is that it gives me a way to express filial piety toward my parents. I have learned that my parents, now in the spiritual world, can receive some of the merit from my good actions on earth. Since I was not able to be a good son to my parents while they were alive, I am saved from my regret by the understanding taught by the Unification Church that I can express filial piety to my parents even after they have died.

My Wedding

After Mother's burial, the men in our clan held a family council before I returned to Kwangju. My uncle, who was the oldest surviving member of our clan, and my father led the meeting. In the meeting, my uncle said: "Bo Hi, you are the oldest son of this family. Now that your mother is gone, it's up to you to attend your father. I think it would be a good idea for you to take a wife."

More than anyone else, it was my mother who had been the most eager to see me get married. Now, her death became the impetus for the clan to begin considering this matter seriously. I was unhappy with this trick of fate, but I had no objections to the course suggested by the clan elders.

I was twenty-four years old, by the Korean way of counting. This was still young for a man to be thinking seriously about marriage, and I had not met anyone who I wanted to be my future wife. It went without saying that my duty as the first son was to find a spouse so as to attend my father, who was now alone in the world.

My uncle put the question to me directly: "So, it's all right, then, for the clan to find a bride for you?"

I hesitated for just a moment, but answered: "Yes, please do whatever you think is best." With these words, I headed back to Kwangju.

It took less than two months. This time, the news came by letter. It said: "You have been engaged to marry, and there has been an exchange of the four pillars of fortune."²

I thought, "What? I've been engaged?" I was very surprised, but it didn't take long for me to calm myself. After all, it was what I had been expecting. I had my own ideas about marriage. I believed that the best thing for me to do was to act according to the wishes of the clan elders. My philosophy of marriage was as follows:

I believed that for each of us there is a particular individual who has been prepared by Heaven from the time of our birth to be our spouse. Whether we meet that person through a matchmaker or some other arrangement, we are destined to be joined with this person. This is the match made in heaven and the relationship formed on earth. As a man, I must bring happiness to one particular woman. Prior



The future Mrs. Bo Hi Pak during her days as a student.

to marriage, I am waiting for this one woman, whom I cherish even in my dreams, to appear before me. This is the woman whom Heaven has chosen for me. When I meet that woman, I will think of her as the greatest treasure of my life who has been given to me by Heaven, and I will humbly bow my head and accept her.

In my case, my uncle and father worked with the other elders of the clan to find this woman for me. I hadn't yet seen her photograph. In fact, I hadn't yet been told her name. As far as I was concerned, though, I had met the woman whom I had always been destined to meet.

Some people asked me, "How is it possible that a modern man such as you, a person who has even been to America, should approach marriage in such an old-fashioned way?"

This is how I answered such people: "How much can you tell about a person by just looking at them? I think that the best way for a person to be happy is to believe that Heaven will always make sure that you receive that which is best for you."

Young people today may find this difficult to understand. They may accuse me of being from the Stone Age. Let's look at some facts, though.

In America, men and women generally go through a considerable period of dating and meeting and making sure that a particular person is the right person before they get married. Yet, about half of their marriages end in divorce. In California, the divorce rate is 75 percent. In other words, a lot of people are choosing the wrong person to be their spouse. Why is it that so many marriages fall apart, even though men and women are putting so much time and effort into making sure that their choice is the right one?

It's because they are getting it wrong on a more fundamental level. Most people choose the spouse whom they think will bring them the most happiness. So no matter how carefully they choose their spouse, they can't help but think that somehow it must be possible to have a greater degree of happiness.

Somewhere, there must be an even better man or woman. They can never be totally content with their choice. A husband will begin to compare his wife with other women. He puts them on a scale and begins to suspect that perhaps he has gotten a bad deal.

A man's wife, however, is not subject to comparisons. She is unique in all of heaven and earth. She is a daughter of God, born for the purpose of becoming his wife, and he was born to be her husband. When the spouses live to do everything they can to bring the greatest amount of happiness to their partner, their marriage will be filled with gratitude and contentment.

The relationship on earth permitted to me by Heaven was with Miss Ki Sook Yoon, a young woman who had been raised with care by the Papyung Yoon clan of the Yum-Ti District in Ah-San County.

The woman who was to be my wife had been chosen, but I still knew nothing about her except for the three characters that made up her name. This is a really exciting way to live! There is drama in my life!

I sat down and wrote a letter to my future wife. I praised her and thanked her for her courage in accepting the

engagement even though she had not met the man who was to be her husband. I then promised that I would demonstrate a level of faith at least as strong as hers. I told her that she was the eternal mate with whom God in heaven had blessed me, so I would make it my life purpose to bring her happiness. Finally, I told her I hoped we could meet in the near future and that we could begin to develop a deep love for each other even before our marriage.

Frankly, it wasn't easy having a fiancée without being able to close my eyes and envision her face. I told my commanding officer about my engagement and received a few days' leave. With a very nervous heart, I then headed for the home of my future wife, that is, the home of Mr. Chang Hee Yoon in Yum-Ti. However, I hadn't let them know I was coming.

My future father-in-law greeted me very cordially in the main sitting room. I was immediately impressed with his warmth and intelligence. It was clear that he was a well-cultured man.

"I would like to thank you," I began, "for allowing someone so insufficient as myself to take your daughter's hand in marriage. The engagement has already been finalized, so I think it would be good for the two of us to meet today in order to begin the process of getting to know each other and of building a level of trust between ourselves before the actual marriage. I humbly ask your permission for this."

I expected that I would immediately be taken to a more private room further back in the house. Instead, I was asked to wait. After a while, lunch was brought into the room where I was waiting, and I ate alone. I was beginning to worry that I might not be able to meet my fiancée that day.

"Could it be that they're angry at me for having come here without any warning? My motives are really pure, but could it be that they don't know this?" All sorts of thoughts were going through my mind as I waited alone.

Soon, though, I discovered that I didn't have anything to worry about. From their standpoint, I was a very important guest who had come without giving them a chance to prepare. Before they could receive me, they needed to make certain that the house was completely clean and neat. So, they were quite busy during the time I was waiting.



Bo Hi Pak and Ki Sook Yoon in their first photo together on the day they met, sitting outside her home in the village of Yum-Ti.

I think I must have waited at least two hours. Finally, someone came and showed me into another room. There, I saw for the first time the beautiful princess whom I had longed so much to meet. She wore a bright-colored traditional Korean dress, and she greeted me with a smile.

I hadn't thought of what I would say at this moment, and I was at a loss for words. "Please, sit down," I finally said. At first, it was a little awkward. I have no recollection of what I said. In fact, it was a situation where words were all but superfluous. It was enough just to be able to look at each other. My beloved woman barely spoke a word that day. When I gazed into her face, she blushed and lowered her head slightly.

I couldn't stay long. I had to give at least some consideration to propriety.

"I will leave now," I told her. "Now that we have finally met, I will write letters to you often. I hope you will respond to my letters as quickly as you can."

As I was about to stand up to leave, my beloved gave me something wrapped carefully in a handkerchief that had the word "happiness" embroidered on it. "I wrote you a letter," she said. She



The author and his bride are wed in a Christian ceremony in the auditorium of his wife's alma mater.

held the handkerchief out to me with the daintiest and most beautiful hands I had ever seen.

"I brought a camera," I said. "Let's take a picture in the back yard. That way, we will be able to remember each other's face."

We went into the back yard and took several photographs with the camera I had bought in the United States. I kept those photos safely in my wallet until our wedding day.

I sincerely thanked my future father-in-law and left. My beloved did not follow me out to the gate. This made me feel a little bit sad; I would have liked to see her once more

before I left. I began walking down the road toward Onyang. She later told me that immediately after I left, she ran as fast as she could to a room with a window where she could watch me walk away. She said she kept looking out the window until I disappeared from view.

I had found my ideal spouse. Actually, I had been given her by Heaven. Her eyes were as clear as fresh-fallen powder snow. Her countenance exhibited a purity that knew nothing of the problems of the world. Her skin reminded me of a lovely white moonflower blossom. She was a twenty-one-year-old maiden who had been raised by a strict father and taught to become a virtuous wife and wise mother.

After returning to Kwangju, I began writing her once a week. She wrote me several times as well. Words cannot express how eagerly I would wait for her letters to arrive. We went on like this for the next several months.

November 29, 1953. We were joined in marriage in a ceremony held in the auditorium of her alma mater in Onyang. Rev. Shin Myung Kang of the Kwangju Christian Church presided over the ceremony. The two of us had insisted on having a Christian-style wedding. The only variations were that a large Korean flag was hung on a wall at the front of the room and I wore my military uniform. My country and my position as a soldier were two things that were so much a part of me as to be inseparable. This fact was clearly reflected in our wedding arrangements.

"If only Mother could have lived to see this day!" This was my only regret.

I couldn't stop the tears from welling into my eyes. I doubt that any of the guests could understand why the groom kept wiping the tears from his eyes throughout the ceremony.



Chapter Five

The Challenge of Learning English

My six months of study in the United States had caused a tremendous upheaval in my life. I felt like I had been given a new set of eyes with which to look at the world. Now I could see how big and complex it really was. And I realized that if I really wanted to understand the modern world and take advantage of all it had to offer, I had to learn English. I became determined to accomplish this. The willpower and ability to work hard I had used as a student, farmer, teacher, and frontline soldier I now focused on learning English.

From the day that I arrived back in Korea, I began doing everything I could to find ways to learn English. In Kwangju, I visited all the noted English schools in the area and registered for classes in one night school. I was a firearms instructor during the day and a student during the evening hours. I attended classes one hour every evening.

It didn't take me long to realize that this was not going to be enough. At the rate of just an hour a day, I might study for the next ten years and still not be able to speak English. However, I couldn't do anything that would detract from my primary responsibility as an instructor. First and foremost, I was an instructor in the infantry school.

"How am I going to manage this?" I thought. "There must be some way that I can study English twenty-four hours a

day, taking time out only for meals. If I could do that for just one year..." I sighed and told myself that it was just a dream.

Then, one day, I heard about how I might be able to make this dream come true. The army was setting up a school to train military attachés who would later be assigned to Korean embassies overseas. Those chosen to attend this school would do nothing but study a foreign language for a full year.

"Heaven must have created this school for me. Otherwise, how is it possible that a school that fulfills my dream so precisely is being created?"

There was a problem, though. Only thirty people would be selected, based on an examination, which meant that the odds were against me. In addition, I had to figure out how to get permission from the infantry school's commanding officer to apply for this new assignment. At the time, this was Brig. Gen. Jong Cheol Suh, who would later go on to serve as minister of defense.

On the evening that I visited General Suh, I was very nervous and became even more so when his guards were at first reluctant to let me see him. When I was finally able to sit face to face with the general, I argued as forcefully as I could for permission to take the exam.

"I'm not asking this because I am dissatisfied with my present responsibilities," I emphasized. "Nor is it because I want to leave the infantry school. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for me to learn English. There's no guarantee that I will pass the exam, but please allow me to at least take the exam when it is given here in Kwangju on October 1."

I was one of the most popular instructors among the students, and General Suh was very fond of me.

"Captain Pak, I understand your earnest desire to pursue this assignment. Why, though, is it so important for you to go now? There will be a second and a third opportunity to attend the military attaché training school. I'd like for you to remain here with me for a while longer. Later, when I am rotated to a new assignment, I will be responsible to make sure that you are admitted to this new school. Do you understand?"

It seemed he didn't want to let me go. In the army, the moment a person puts general's stars on his uniform, he is transformed into a god. I was a mere captain. There would be

no sense in trying to argue with the general. I hid my disappointment as I replied, "Yes, sir. I understand," and left the general's residence. I was deeply dejected.

On October 1, one of my good friends, Captain Jin Tak Lim, went to take the exam. When he came back, he stopped by my quarters to tell me about his experience. I covered myself with a quilt as I listened to him talk. Then, on his way out he gave me some unexpected news.

"By the way," he said, "I saw in the newspaper this morning that General Suh has received new orders. Apparently, he's been reassigned to army headquarters."

"What?"

I threw off the quilt and jumped to my feet. I found the morning paper and, sure enough, there it was. But it was already too late for me. If I had only known about this one day earlier, I could have taken the test. I was churning with regret and frustration.

"Where did you say the test was given?" I asked my friend.

I memorized the address, changed my clothes, and ran outside. When I got to the testing hall, it was empty except for a janitor sweeping the floor. I asked him: "Excuse me, but do you happen to know where the testing officers from Taegu are staying for the night?"

"Well, I don't know, but I would guess it would be the hotel over there," he told me.

I quickly went over to the hotel he indicated and asked the same question of an employee.

"Sure," he said. "They're in that room."

It was a very small, traditional Korean inn. I had no idea what I hoped to accomplish by meeting the officer responsible for administering the test. I had to do something, though, to shake off the heavy load that was weighing me down.

I knocked on the Korean-style sliding door. Inside, there was the sound of someone getting up to answer the door. Soon, the door opened and a gentleman in civilian clothes appeared.

"Who is it?" he said. Then a look of recognition flashed across his face. "Oh, it's you, Captain Pak. What brings you here? It's really good to see you. Please come in."

I was thoroughly confused. I kept looking at his face, but I could not remember ever having met him before. I didn't have

the slightest idea what was going on. He obviously knew me, but I had no idea who he was.

I went into the room and sat down face to face with this person. The test administrator had one of the hotel employees bring some beer and snacks. He handed me a glass and then began filling it with beer.

"Here, let's drink. It's so good to see you again, Captain Pak."

My position was becoming more difficult by the minute. I still had not been able to say a single word. The administrator emptied his glass and said:

"I guess, Captain, you might not remember me. After all, an instructor can't be expected to remember the faces of all the people he's taught. I'm Lieutenant Colonel Chung,¹ and I was a member of the 22nd Senior Officers Class. The first class we took was your class on the M-1 rifle. I was very impressed with you then. The least I can do you is buy you a beer." He then began to laugh out loud with great amusement. I began to feel a little more at ease, now that I understood the connection between us.

Then, the lieutenant colonel directed a question to me.

"By the way," he said, "why have you come to see me?"

I explained the whole story. "The commanding officer of the infantry school has been reassigned, so according to the promise that he gave me I should have been able to take the test today. I just feel terrible that I didn't know this a day earlier. I didn't come here to ask anything of you."

The superior officer listened thoughtfully to everything I had to say and then replied.

"It's times like these when it's good to have former pupils. There will never be a better time than this for me to repay you for all you did for us as our instructor. I would like for you to take the examination now, right here. Fortunately, I still have a few extra copies."

"What?" I replied in disbelief. "Here? You want me to take the exam now?"

"I think that's the only way. I return to army headquarters in Taegu tomorrow. There, I will report that all applicants in the Kwangju area have completed the examination, and I will turn in their exams to the headquarters staff. I am still here,

though, so I have final authority on who can and cannot take the exam. I haven't lost that authority. Of course, Captain Pak, I'm not the one who will grade the exam, so I can't be responsible for whether or not you actually pass."

This couldn't have been anything other than the work of Heaven. I took the test lying face down on the ondol floor in that room. The exam was composed of separate tests on eight different subjects. As I filled in eight different answer sheets, Lieutenant Colonel Chung remained in the room to watch me. From time to time, he would say, "Come on, Captain Pak. Take your time. Here, have a little more beer."

This is how I came to be picked as one of thirty people to enroll in the first English-language class of the Army School for Military Attachés. I could not have become what I am today without the assistance of the superior officer whom I met that night. This officer has retired from the military, but he is still alive. I have not disclosed his real name here, because I would like to respect his privacy. I owe him a debt of gratitude for having opened the way for me to pursue an entirely new direction in my life.

"The Hundred Reading Method"

The Army School for Military Attachés was using the building of the Dalsung Elementary School in Taegu as its temporary quarters. My wife and I packed what few belongings we had and moved to Taegu. We managed to rent a room that was not far from the school. My wife was pregnant with our first child.

On entering the language school, I was surprised to find that all the other students were already quite fluent in English. Many of them had worked as military interpreters. All of them had majored in English at the most prestigious universities in Seoul. They had come not so much to improve their English skills as to be recognized as having graduated from the Army School for Military Attachés so that they could pursue careers as military diplomats.

I was the only student who had to start with learning the alphabet, like a first grader mixed in with college students. I was faced with an impossible task. We would report to class in

the morning and spend eight hours doing nothing but study English. This, of course, is what I had hoped for. But because the students' overall level was relatively high, we were not provided any basic texts. We went right into texts that were considerably advanced. There seemed to be no way I could catch up, much less keep up, with the rest of the class. We would be tested every Saturday, and on each Monday our seats would be reassigned to reflect our scores on the test.

The students with the ten best scores the previous Saturday would be assigned to Class A, and the next ten students to Class B. The ten students with the worst scores would be placed in Class C. It became clear, though, that I would not be able to keep up even in the lowest class, so a "Special Class" was created for my benefit. This was the final step before being expelled from the school altogether.

I had to take emergency measures or my days at the school would soon be over. In my desperation, I came up with a special strategy. I called it the "Hundred Reading Method." This simply meant that I would read each day's lesson one hundred times.

When I arrived home in the evening, the first thing I would do was look up all the new words in that day's lesson. These averaged from two hundred to three hundred every day, and it took an enormous amount of time to find them all in my English-Korean dictionary. I asked my wife to help me. We bought a second dictionary and worked as a team. I would underline all the day's new words in red and number them. She would look them up in order and place a strip of paper with the corresponding number in the dictionary on the page where each word could be found. After she had looked up a few dozen words this way, we would trade dictionaries.

This saved me the time of having to flip through the dictionary trying to find each word. I just had to turn to the page with the strip of paper that had the number corresponding to the word I was looking for. I would then copy down the definition and pronunciation symbols of each word. While I was doing this, my wife was already looking up a few dozen more words using the other dictionary.

It was an ingenious joint operation. Without my wife's help, I have no doubt that I would have been told to leave the

Army School for Military Attachés. This is why I often tell her, "Half of my English ability belongs to you."

Once all the words had been looked up, it would be time to begin the "Hundred Reading Method." First, I would take a hundred matchsticks in one hand. Then I would start reading the day's lesson and take out one matchstick each time I came to the end of the lesson. I didn't let myself go to bed until I had completed all one hundred readings. Some nights, it would be light outside by the time I finished.

My hands would become so sweaty that the heads of the matches would melt, and the palm of my hand would be covered with the red die. I always read out loud. Reading silently is of no use in learning a language. About halfway through the night, I would lose my voice. If all I could do was to move my lips, then that's what I did to complete the readings.

Saturdays and Sundays were the same as any other day. In fact, I doubt that my strategy would have succeeded if I hadn't had time on the weekends to catch up where I had fallen behind during the week. The flood of new words was too much for me to handle during the week. The weekends, when my colleagues were relaxing, were the only chance I had to catch up.

"Please Don't Call the Doctor"

My wife and I were so poor that we couldn't even afford enough food for ourselves. The salary of an army captain in those days was not enough to support a husband and wife, let alone a baby. Both my wife and I began to suffer from malnutrition, and I developed a number of black spots on my face.

It was in these circumstances that my wife gave birth to our first child. We were in no position to even think about going to a hospital to have the baby. Our landlady was very kind and fortunately had some experience as a midwife. She promised to deliver our baby when the time came, and we trusted her.

My wife's health during her pregnancy was not good, even while we were still in Kwangju. She often had diarrhea, so it was difficult for her to maintain her strength. The symptoms continued after our move to Taegu and right up to the day of her delivery. Neither of us had any experience with babies.

The contractions would come, but my wife wasn't able to push properly because she was too weak.

About five hours into her labor, she gave birth to a baby girl but was too weak to deliver the afterbirth. I looked into her eyes, and I could see that her pupils were losing their luster. I knew something had to be done quickly to help her. Just then, she lost consciousness.

"Hold on! Hold on!" I cried.

There was no reaction. I began to fear that my wife was going to die.

"We have to call a doctor," I said as I stood up. "Where's the nearest hospital?"

My wife must have regained consciousness just at that moment. She grabbed hold of my pants leg and pleaded in a voice that was just barely audible: "Please, don't call the doctor."

I burst out crying. She knew she was on the verge of death, but she was asking me not to call a doctor because we couldn't afford such a luxury. Even if she were to die, she didn't want to put us in financial debt.

How was it possible that she would be just like my deceased mother who at the moment of her death had said, "Don't call the doctor." The daughter-in-law had taken after the mother-in-law.

I refused to listen to her, though, and ran out to the street and toward the nearest doctor's office. I saw a young man on a bicycle coming toward me.

"Sorry, I need to borrow your bicycle for just a while!"

I grabbed the bike by the handlebars and used my body to push him off the seat. My face was white as a sheet, and the young man must have understood that I was facing a dire emergency for he made no attempt to run after me.

I tried several times to get on the bike, but my legs were so weak that I couldn't even pedal. In the end, I wound up pushing the bike all the way to the clinic. In hindsight, it was silly that I didn't just put the bike down and run. In my panic, though, I didn't have the presence of mind to let go of it.

Inside the clinic, I shouted that I had an emergency.

"Please, save my wife. Please."

"I'm with another patient now," the doctor said. "You'll have to wait."

I had no choice. As I stood there in the waiting room, each second seemed like a thousand years. I kept wondering if my wife was taking her last breath at that very moment.

"Doctor," I pleaded, "please hurry. Please!"

Finally, the doctor and I left the clinic. As we traveled back to our room, the distance seemed several times farther than usual.

When the doctor reached my wife's bedside, she was still alive. He immediately took out a syringe and gave her a shot. Then he performed a procedure to remove the afterbirth.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. "Why wasn't this woman taken to a hospital to have her baby?"

He had no idea about our financial situation. He kept waving his hands to express his strong disapproval.

"Thank you, doctor. Thank you for saving my wife," I said. I thanked him over and over as he prepared to leave and walked out the door.

I went to the market and somehow managed to buy some meat. This was an incredible extravagance on our meager budget but my wife needed to recover her strength. I prepared stew with beef broth and kelp and spoon-fed it to my wife.

Before long, she was strong enough to speak.

"I'm sorry it wasn't a boy," she said, and looked over to where the baby lay.

"It's better if the first child is a girl," I told my wife. "They say you can depend on the first daughter to help her mother around the house. Anyway, that's not important now. I'm just grateful that you've come back to life. I'm grateful to you and to God."

I thanked God that He had given me such a wonderful woman as my wife. I told myself that I was the most fortunate person in the world to be the recipient of such sacrificial love as my wife had demonstrated.

Tears at Taegu Train Station

Even in these circumstances, I continued with my Hundred Reading Method. With our baby at our side, our joint effort became even more enjoyable. I was still young, and my memory was good. With a hundred readings, I could commit the entire lesson to memory.

Whereas the Saturday tests used to be a terrible burden, I was now at the point where I actually enjoyed them. The questions were always taken directly from the lessons. When I saw the questions, I could immediately tell which page they were taken from and could recall everything else that was on that page. The whole textbook was in my head, so I would fill in the answers as easily as if I had the book open in front of me. Sometimes I even got a perfect score. When that happened, the next Monday I would be moved from the last seat in Class C to the very front of Class A. That evening at home, I would celebrate with my wife.

However, things didn't always work out so well. If during the following week I wasn't so thorough in applying the Hundred Reading Method, then I would look at the test questions and have no idea what they referred to. The Monday after that would be terrible. I would fall all the way back to the bottom of Class C. My standing went through a number of drastic changes during the second half of the one-year language course. My colleagues even began to jokingly refer to me as the "parachute brigade" because I would climb to the top of Class A, "parachute down" to the bottom of Class C, and then climb back up to the top of Class A.

My wife and I were buoyed up by signs that I might succeed in my studies, but at the same time her health was steadily becoming worse. She needed plenty of nourishment so she could breast-feed our child, but there wasn't even enough food to provide for her own nourishment. Some Korean mothers would prepare a very thin rice gruel and feed this to their babies, but we didn't have the rice.

The only solution was for her to go live with her parents until I could graduate. My wife strongly opposed this idea. She was adamant that we should stay together, no matter how difficult the situation. I spent a lot of time convincing her that this was the best course. I wasn't at all happy about having

to live apart either. Her presence meant a lot to me, not to mention that her help had been invaluable in improving my academic standing. I felt, though, that this was not the time to be guided by emotions. For the sake of our future happiness together, it was better for us to live separately for a time. I felt that if I genuinely loved my wife, I should give her health the highest priority.

One evening, my wife, the baby, and I headed for Taegu train station in time to make the midnight train.

"Don't worry about me," I told her. "Just concentrate on recovering your health. I'll be eating all my meals in the school mess. It's just too bad that, without you here to help me, I'll probably never set foot in Class A again."

"I'll be back as soon as I'm well enough," she said. "I don't want to be separated from you." She wiped the tears from her eyes. Just then, the baby began to cry in a loud voice. It seemed as though she was also protesting the separation.

My wife took the baby in her arms and boarded the train. Soon, the whistle blew, and the train slowly moved out of the station. I stayed on the platform and watched as the train disappeared into the night. Then I sat down on the concrete and began to cry. It had been all I could do to keep my wife and child from seeing me cry. Now, there was no holding back the tears, and I cried aloud like a three-year-old. I had sent my wife against her will back to her parents with our baby, but now that she was gone I immediately felt an overpowering loneliness and a lack of self-confidence.

I shouted out in the direction the train had disappeared up the tracks: "Please, forgive your husband for being so incompetent." My tears kept falling onto the darkened platform.

A Crushing Disappointment

The day came for the first class of students to be graduated from the military attaché school. Exactly one year had passed. I had wanted a chance to concentrate on learning English, and I had gotten it.

I had been through all sorts of twists and turns, but in one year I had managed to advance from learning the alphabet,

through the English texts used in Korean middle and high schools, and finally to the level of English taught in Korean universities. For contemporary English, I was studying *Time* magazine. For classical English, I had studied *Sketchbook* and *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*. It had been the most difficult course imaginable. It was, though, the exact fulfillment of the dream that I had while at the infantry school. My wish had been fulfilled, and I was really looking forward to the graduation ceremony.

As a part of the ceremony, there was a congratulatory speech by a U.S. military officer who was working as an adviser to the ROK military. He said, "Honorable graduates, I come here today without a translator. It gives me great pleasure to be able to speak to you directly in English."

At least, that's what I was told he said. To my utter surprise and dismay, I did not understand a single word. I was dumbfounded. I had endured tremendous difficulties during the previous year. I had developed spots on my face from malnutrition and even forced my wife and child to make sacrifices. To think that after all that hard work, I couldn't even understand someone giving a simple congratulatory speech—what had I accomplished?

I was so discouraged as to be almost at the point of despair. I returned to my shabby rented room, lay down on the floor, and pulled a quilt over myself. I couldn't even move. I had heard that when people are faced with particularly big failures in their lives they have a tendency to contemplate suicide. I wondered whether my feelings were similar to those that have made others think of such a drastic act. I could almost understand why they would decide to kill themselves.

I stayed on the floor of my room for three days. I was so despondent and heartbroken, I couldn't even bring myself to eat or drink. Whom could I blame, though? No one except myself. I thought of my wife and child the day we separated at Taegu Station.

I thought how sad Mother would be if she were alive to see me in such a depressed state.

"No," I told myself. "I won't allow myself to fail. I know what the problem is with my English—all this time I've been

studying with my eyes and not my ears. Now, I have to work to gain the use of my ears.”

I sat up with renewed determination. I made myself presentable and went over to the Army Language School in Taegu. I knew that this school was operating an English conversation course for army officers scheduled to be sent overseas. At the school, I was interviewed by a U.S. military adviser. He, too, decided that the problem with my English was in my hearing and speaking abilities. He helped me register for a three-month course intended to teach everyday conversational English.

It was the beginning of another desperate effort on my part. This time, I used the “Hundred Listening Method.” I would listen to everything a hundred times, especially the lesson of the day. The school was equipped with a language laboratory, and I made use of this facility around the clock. I used the lab tape recorders to listen over and over to recorded conversations. I would listen a hundred times and try to mimic the pronunciation a hundred times. This way, I hoped to accustom my ears to hearing English and also learn correct pronunciation.

Of course, I continued this process on Saturdays and Sundays. I was the only officer in the school who would spend all night in the language lab.

After three months, I met the same counselor for a second time to determine if I was ready for graduation.

“Wow,” he said. “Are you sure that you’re the same Captain Pak I met three months ago? I’m really surprised. Your hearing ability is perfect. Congratulations.”

This gave me a new sense of determination. “All right,” I told myself. “I’m gradually gaining the use of my ears and mouth for English. Now, I should go study in America again. I won’t have a translator this time. Instead, I’ll study together with American officers. This is just the beginning.” I took an examination in English and was chosen to go back to the U.S. Army Infantry School as a member of the Allied Forces Officers Corps.

Second Visit to America

I returned to Fort Benning, Georgia, in September 1956. The infantry school campus hadn't changed much since I'd last seen it. There were some fundamental differences, though, in my own situation. This time, I would be studying together with American officers without the assistance of a translator. I took the infantry communications course first and then the beginning military course. Another important difference was that I was now a married man with a wife and child and another on the way. My stay was also longer this time. I would be in America a full year. I believed that this would be a major step for me to complete my English studies.

One of the first things I did was buy a tape recorder. I chose some English materials and asked someone who worked as an announcer at a local broadcast station to record these on tape so I could begin my "Hundred Listening Method" again.

Listening to lectures given by American instructors and living together with American officers wasn't just a chance for me to improve my English. It was also an important way to learn about American culture and the American way of life. It would also help me understand how Americans think.

We were given \$150 a month to cover our living expenses, but I managed to live on \$60 and save the remainder. By American standards I was living in extreme poverty, but I could do this by reminding myself about the situation of my wife and child. Besides, compared with my life while I was attending the military attaché school, I was living like a millionaire.

I also attended worship services regularly at the church where Rev. Seuk Ki Dong, whom I had met on my first trip to America, was pastor. One day, Reverend Dong asked me to give the sermon. I chose the topic "God Has Blessed America" and talked about what I had seen and felt about the United States. The main point was that America had been able to grow into a great nation because it had been blessed by God, so it should take care never to forsake God. Everyone seemed inspired.

During my first visit in 1952, I had been able to speak only a few words of English. Yet there I was, less than four years later, giving the sermon. Everyone in the congregation

looked at me with amazement. One gentleman who remembered me from the previous visit came up to me after the service, grabbed my hand, and said, "When I saw you come to the pulpit I wondered who was going to interpret for you. When I heard you speak in such fluent English I said to myself, 'This can't possibly be the same person!'"

I learned so many things during my second visit to the United States that it would be impossible for me to describe them all here. It was also a time of valuable training for me. All the effort I had put into learning English bore wonderful fruit during this visit.

I arrived back in Inchon by ship after a sixteen-day voyage. My wife, our daughter Na Kyung, and a son, Jun Sun, who had been born during my studies in the United States, greeted me at the pier. I had strongly urged my wife to go to a hospital to give birth to our second child. She had rejected this suggestion, however, and had given birth again in a small rented room with the help of a midwife. Fortunately, it was a much easier delivery this time.

From the port, we traveled to our home. The house where I had lived before traveling to America had been torn down, and my wife had moved into a tiny rented room in another house.

The first thing we had to do was build ourselves a house. The military agreed to lease us a small plot of land, and my wife and I decided that we would use this to build a house for our family. The only capital we had to work with was the money I had managed to save in the United States by cutting back on my meals. Even that amounted only to \$1,000.

My wife and I hauled our own bricks and laid them ourselves. We hauled our own sand and mixed our own cement. The skin of our hands developed cracks. Soon, we succeeded in building a small Western-style house that we could say was the product of our own sweat and blood. Others might look at it and say it was just a shack. To us, though, it was a "home sweet home" that we would not have traded for even the greatest palace.

There was one surprising development after my return to Korea. I received a message telling me that the army chief of staff wanted to see me. This was the highest-ranking member

of the military, which made him almost a godlike being. I could think of no reason for him to ask for a lowly captain such as myself.

A Fateful Assignment

The next day, I reported to the office of Army Chief of Staff Gen. Sun Yob Paek. He was alone in his office when I arrived. I stood tensely at attention and saluted him. General Paek kindly told me to take a seat and began explaining why he had sent for me.

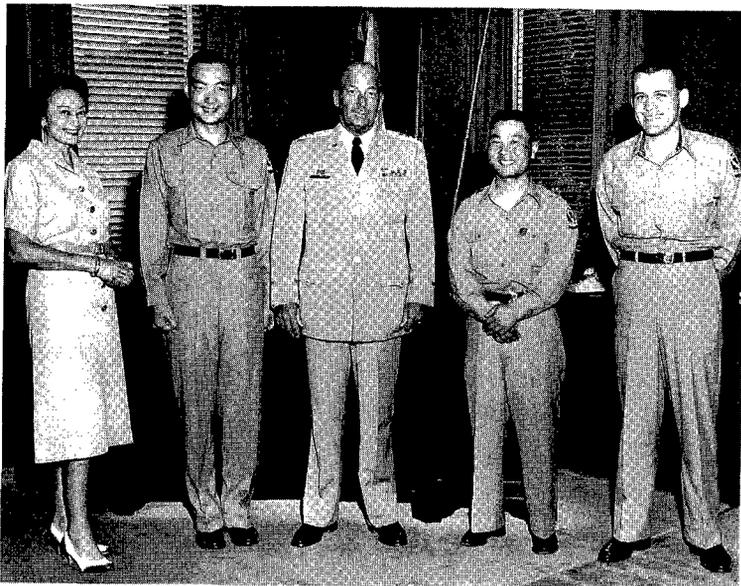
“Captain Pak, you did well. Your record in America is a great source of pride for all army officers. General Malloy, the commandant of the infantry school, sent a letter to Maj. Gen. Willis S. Matthews, chief of the Korea Military Advisory Group here. In this letter, General Malloy says that you completed the course in America with the highest marks. General Matthews has asked to see you, and I don’t believe he intends to just give you a few words of congratulations. I think he wants to take you on as a member of his staff, so don’t turn him down.”

“Yes, sir,” I replied. “I understand.”

I saluted again and left the room. I was more surprised than happy. During the sixteen days I had been traveling across the Pacific Ocean, a letter from the commandant of the U.S. Army Infantry School had already been delivered to Korea.

I went to the office of the head of the Korea Military Advisory Group (KMAG) that was located within Headquarters, United Nations Command. General Matthews was a man with a healthy tan and a warm personality. I gave him the same rigid salute as I had General Paek and introduced myself.

“Well, well, Captain Pak,” he replied, “you have done well.” He then laughed and stood up to shake my hand. “Captain Pak,” he continued, “have a seat and make yourself comfortable. I received a letter from General Malloy at the U.S. Army Infantry School, and he praised you very highly. I want to thank you for having earned such good marks. I asked you here today so that I could congratulate you.”



The author (second from left) with Maj. Gen. Willis S. Matthews (center), chief of the Korea Military Advisory Group.

He paused for a moment, then began speaking again.

“I told General Paek that I would like to have you become a member of my staff. How would you feel about that?” He looked me straight in the eye.

“Yes, sir,” I replied forcefully. “I will follow your order. It is an honor, sir!”

Thus, in September 1957, fate led me to the position of aide-de-camp to the KMAG leader within the U.N. Command. This marked the beginning of a new chapter in my military life. At the time, I had no idea just how important this would become for me in the future.

The English that I had learned now became an indispensable tool for me to accomplish my mission. I was expected to be an interpreter for the KMAG leader—in short, to be his mouth and ears. I would accompany him to official meetings with senior commanders of the Korean army and even to private functions where he would deepen personal relationships with these leaders.

On one occasion, I accompanied Maj. Gen. Hamilton House (who replaced General Matthews as head of KMAG) to a conference where he was to address a group of Korean generals. General House, like many Americans, liked to begin his talk with a joke, hoping to put his audience at ease. However, that was a moment that struck fear in my heart. Translating humor from one language to another is incredibly difficult. What is funny in one language can fall completely flat in another.

This time General House said something to the Korean generals that I knew was an American joke, but to me it had absolutely no meaning. I drew a complete blank. The general was looking at me, expecting me to translate, and all the Korean generals were waiting. I had to say something. So in Korean I said, "Gentlemen, the American general was trying to entertain you, and he told what I'm sure is a most wonderful American joke. It must be a very funny story, but it is so funny that even I do not understand it. But I'm sure it is a very good American joke, a very funny one, so could you kindly do me a favor and laugh?"

The roar of laughter really brought the roof down. The only puzzled person was the general. Later he said to me, "It took me several minutes to tell that joke. You must be a great translator. You translated in thirty seconds and everybody laughed." Then I confessed to the general what I had done. He said, "Well, that is OK, Bo Hi. Your joke was probably better than mine."

Although this translating challenge was not so serious, the job itself was. The relations between our two nations depended on it. Could I really fulfill such an important responsibility? Was my English good enough? For me, it was a glorious challenge.

As an army captain, I was still a junior officer, but I began attending social events of the senior officers corps of the U.S. and Korean militaries. The world may look at this and say that I had become successful. As far as I was concerned, though, I was still waiting for God to give me His calling, which I had firmly pledged myself to follow when He saved my life on the bank of the bloody Changchon River.

A Call to the Ministry

I soon received a proposal that, at first sight at least, seemed to be an answer to my dreams. I was enjoying my daily work as the aide to the chief of KMAG. My family had a home that was small but comfortable. On Sundays we attended church regularly, and the members of the congregation began placing their trust in me. Rev. Seuk Ki Dong, who had led me to the Christian faith in America, had returned to Korea, and I had the good fortune to be able to receive his guidance every Sunday.

One Sunday, Reverend Dong told me he wanted to meet with me after the service. He wouldn't tell me what it was about, except to say, "I have something to say to you that is probably going to make you very happy."

I was very curious. After the service, I met with Reverend Dong in a quiet room.

"I remember once," he began, "you told me that you regretted not having had the chance to attend university."

"Yes, that's true," I said. "If I had been able to continue in the military academy for four years, I could have learned all the subject matter that is taught in a normal university curriculum, and I would have received my bachelor's degree. The war broke out, though, and my studies were cut short so that we could defend our country. But why do you bring this up today?"

Reverend Dong listened intently to my words and then began speaking in a deeply serious tone. "I have a proposal for you," he said. "This may seem incredible to you, but the mission department of our Church of Christ has decided that it would like to offer you a four-year scholarship to a seminary in the United States. It will be arranged so that your family can accompany you to the United States. This will be a chance for you to complete the studies you wanted to do."

I was at a loss for words. I had no idea how to take this sudden turn of events. If it were true, it would be the realization of an impossible dream. Ever since my studies at the academy had been interrupted by war, I had felt bad about not being able to complete a standard four-year college education. If I could go to America, study four years, and receive a bachelor's degree, this would be the best thing that could ever happen to me. Once I received my degree, my future would be guaranteed. This offer

seemed like the luckiest break imaginable. I was so excited I couldn't even begin to hide my emotions.

"Are you serious? Is that really what the church decided? I can't believe how lucky I am! I don't deserve such an incredible blessing. I will never forget this blessing as long as I live!"

But there was more to what Reverend Dong had to tell me.

"There is one condition, but I'm sure you won't find it very difficult. After you graduate and return to Korea, we want you to become a minister in the Church of Christ."

"You want me to be a Church of Christ minister?"

I closed my eyes for a moment. I wanted to think carefully about what I had just heard. The decision to become a minister cannot be taken lightly. If I decided to accept it, I would be committing my whole life to this work. I had to be sure that I had the conviction and the calling. I decided it would be better not to give a definite answer on the spot.

"Could you give me a day to talk this over with my wife? I promise to call on you tomorrow and give you a definite answer one way or the other."

After leaving Reverend Dong's office, I went to a nearby park and took a walk. The first thought to cross my mind was that this might be the answer to the pledge I had made to God when He saved my life. If so, then it was a calling to become a minister. I wasn't at all certain, though, that I was capable of fulfilling such a holy position.

It had been five years since my baptism into the Church of Christ in Columbus, and I had done everything I could to be a faithful and pious Christian. For some reason, though, I could not feel a flame of religious fervor burning within me. It was possible that I was attending church merely out of a sense of duty. When I stopped to think about it, I realized that my feelings toward the church had cooled.

I asked myself: "If the fire of God doesn't yet burn in my own heart, then how can I expect to be able to light the fire in the hearts of others? If I myself don't have a clear understanding of God, then how can I teach about God to others? Wouldn't this be an act of hypocrisy? In fact, wouldn't I be guilty of using God for the sake of having an opportunity to travel to America and study? If that's true, my conscience will never let me get away with it.

"Isn't it true that the reason I don't have a fervent faith is that I haven't been able to find clear answers to several fundamental issues regarding Christianity? Do I really think that I can become a minister despite all these factors?"

I spent a lot of time agonizing over these questions and talking over Reverend Dong's offer with my wife.

Fundamental Doubts Regarding Christianity

Now that I was faced with this decision, it was no longer possible to avoid dealing with my questions by concentrating on my busy career. In a way, the many demands of my military duties had made it easy not to think of the questions that had been bubbling under the surface of my consciousness. Now I could see that the lack of resolution to my doubts was a major block to committing myself further to the church.

Some say that with religion, it is virtue to believe blindly. I, however, could not agree with this. I believe that modern religion must be logical and scientific. I wanted to believe in God on the basis of having knowledge of the truth.

One question that I had been struggling with was this: If God, as Christianity teaches, is good, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, then how is it that there is so much evil in the world that He created?

The French philosopher Albert Camus, like many other great thinkers of the twentieth century, grappled with the problem of evil. His conclusion was that, when one looks at the reality of evil in the world, it is impossible to justify a belief in a good, omniscient, and omnipotent God.

Would I decide that the world was too full of filth and too evil to allow me to believe in the existence of God? Look at human history, which can be seen as a gallery in time where humanity's deception, hatred, corruption, and violence are exhibited in abundance. These have nothing to do with the goodness of God or with agape (self-sacrificing) love. Look at the ugly selfishness that people exhibit. People's interests collide all the time in our society, leading them to do everything from file lawsuits to commit murders to start wars. Why wasn't it possible for an omniscient and omnipotent God to create a world without war?

I had no intention of going so far as to deny God Himself. At the same time, I could not silence the skeptical voice within me that shouted: "The world today cannot possibly be the same world that God created. Something must have happened in order for it to have become what it is today."

Modern Christianity did not have a clear answer on this point. In the Bible, there is just one passage regarding this problem. This is the Book of Genesis, chapters two and three, where it says that humankind broke God's commandment and ate the "fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil" and fell as a consequence.

I put this question to my minister several times. "What is the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil?'" No one was able to answer this question clearly.

Furthermore, how is it that Adam and Eve's sin of wrongfully eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil came to be passed down from generation to generation to the point where humanity exists in such a corrupt state today? What was it about this fruit that eating it placed some sort of genetic curse on all humankind?

Christianity had not been able to provide me with satisfactory answers, and I had even more questions. One had to do with the Bible itself. The Bible is a remarkable piece of literature, a notable work of history, and a great textbook for people to learn about life. Countless valuable teachings are packed into the Bible. These facts are undeniable. On the other hand, much of the content in the Bible is expressed in metaphors. Just as is true with other prophetic works such as *Jong-gam-rok*,² the Bible is difficult to understand. A person who wants to understand God's consistent will and His providence has a difficult time gaining this information from the Bible.

It is like the proverbial blind men touching different parts of an elephant. Different people understand different parts of the "elephant" to some degree, but no one is able to grasp the whole. For what purpose did God create? What is the purpose of human life? What is the final destination of human history? Does the end of the world prophesied in the Bible signify destruction or hope? How does salvation come about? Why must there be a messiah? Is it possible for a person to be saved without the messiah? When will Jesus return? Will he return on

a cloud? Does a person of faith have any choice other than to believe literally in such prophecies of supernatural phenomena?

I also had questions regarding salvation. It is said that humankind is born with original sin but receives salvation by believing in the redemptive blood shed on the cross by Jesus Christ. Even if a person is saved, though, his children are still born with original sin. Why can't the omniscient and omnipotent God eradicate original sin once and for all? According to the Christian understanding, at least, God seems to be in the role of both causing the disease and dispensing the cure. He causes people to have original sin, and then gives us Jesus, the messiah, in order to wipe our sins away. Will humankind have to continue this cycle for all time?

I had found another major contradiction in modern Christian teachings. Christianity teaches that Jesus Christ was God's only son whom He sent for the purpose of being crucified on the cross. If that is so, then Jesus' crucifixion must have been in accordance with God's will. Yet, we read how Jesus prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, saying, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup [the cross of crucifixion] pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." [Matthew 26:39]³

Did Jesus, coming face to face with the suffering he was about to experience, feel the mortal emotion of fear? Was he pleading with God to let him escape the suffering of the cross? Even such martyrs for Korean independence as Ahn Joong-kun (1879-1910) and Yoo Kwan-soon (1904-1920) did not pray for God to "let this cup pass."

In Korean history, there is the famous example of the "six martyred ministers." These were six court ministers who were put to death in 1456 for refusing to repudiate their loyalty to a king who had been forcibly deposed by an uncle who then usurped the throne for himself. One of the six, a man named Sung Sam-mun, was being tortured with a red-hot iron. As the person administering the torture pressed the iron against his flesh, Sung had the courage to shout out: "This iron is much too cold! Why don't you put it back in the fire for a while?"

Yet, I was supposed to believe that the savior who had been entrusted by God with the immense mission of enabling all humankind to receive salvation had felt fear in the face of

the cross that would enable him to bring about this salvation and that he prayed such a prayer of weakness. I believe any such teaching blasphemes the savior. I came to doubt that Christianity truly understood the heart of Jesus.

Christianity today criticizes Jews for not following Jesus when he was on earth and for allowing him to die on the cross. Yet, if God sent Jesus for the purpose of dying on the cross, then wouldn't it be logical to say that the chosen people of Israel played their part in allowing God's will to be fulfilled? Shouldn't, then, their act of betrayal be a matter to praise, rather than attack? I see no greater contradiction than to judge the Israelites for the sin of betrayal and then turn around and claim that Jesus came to die on the cross.

John 8:32 says, "and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free." I was hungry for the truth that this verse spoke of. I wanted to know the truth. I wanted to invest my whole being into that truth. During the five years following my baptism in America, I tried to be a pious Christian. But the further I went and the more I tried to know, the more I felt as though I were sinking into a deep quagmire.

These were my honest feelings at the time that I met with Reverend Dong. I left the church and returned home, where I discussed the matter fully with my wife. Then, two days later, I visited Reverend Dong at his office again.

I gave him my decision politely. "Reverend Dong, I don't think that I will ever be able to forget the enormous grace and blessing that you have given me. Though I am a person of few talents, you have looked after me so much that I doubt that I will ever be able to repay you. But Reverend Dong, I don't think that I will ever be able to become a minister. No matter how much I think about this, I don't think I can have the kind of faith that will enable me to give guidance to others on matters of faith. So, I would appreciate it very much if you would reconsider your offer to allow me to study in the United States."

I had to work hard to hold back the tears as I gave him this reply. I was being offered the opportunity of a lifetime. But I had no choice. Once the meeting was over and I was out of the office, however, I felt good for having acted according to my conscience.



Chapter Six

*Encounter With
the Unification
Principle*

Soon, I was promoted to the rank of major. In the military, a promotion from a rank of company grade to one of battalion grade has great importance. I continued to work in the office of the head of KMAG. I also continued attending church after rejecting Reverend Dong's proposal. As time went by, though, my thirst for spiritual refreshment became more urgent and my inner turmoil over life's enigmas more pressing.

In my own way, I was on a spiritual search. I hungered and thirsted for the truth. During the Korean War, I had come face to face with death numerous times. This made me look at the fundamental questions of life with a special sense of gravity. I wanted to commit myself to a religious path. As a Christian, I spent a great deal of time reading the Bible. It seemed, though, that the quagmire of doubt only became deeper as I continued my search.

I wanted to possess a faith such that belief in God would well up from the depths of my heart. I had pledged my life to God on the bank of the Changchon River. Yet, over the years my heart had cooled. I began to wonder whether it was really possible for a person to achieve the

realm of spiritual awakening and enlightenment. If it did exist, then how far did I still have to go to reach it? To me any attempt to approach the fundamental truths of the universe and human life appeared utterly impossible.

During the war, the sight of my comrades falling on the blood-soaked battlefield had made me wonder about the meaning of death, whether there was anything after death, and what it meant to be alive. These may not be questions that a typical young man in his twenties would struggle with, but they come to mind quite naturally when a person repeatedly finds himself on the verge of death.

I had a good life during this time, a loving home to return to at the end of the day, a wonderful wife, and beautiful children. Our life together had acquired a certain degree of security, and I found my job challenging and rewarding. Life was full of things for which I was thankful.

I couldn't help feeling, though, that there was still some special mission for me that I had not yet found. I could never forget how Mother used to tell me: "You were born for something very special in life." Would there be a day when I would receive Heaven's calling? Was there some special task that God would someday entrust to me, and if so, what was this task?

I remembered how, on my first night in America in 1952, I had pounded the floor of a San Francisco hotel room, calling out to God for answers concerning His apparent preferential treatment of America. Korea suffered the oppressive rule of Japanese imperialism for thirty-six years. No sooner did we become independent in 1945 than our country was violently divided into two parts, and two mutually exclusive ideologies came to dominate the North and the South. This led to a tragic war of Koreans killing Koreans. Millions of innocent lives were sacrificed, more than ten million people became separated from their families, and the land was devastated.

"Are we as a people under some eternal curse? If there is hope for our people, where are we to find it?"

The Korean people can be compared to a scraggly pine tree growing out of the side of a tall cliff. In winter, the tree is blown by cold north winds. In summer, it has to endure the wind and rain of typhoons, as well as the hot sun. It is always in danger of falling into the valley below if it is hit by a falling

rock from above or the cliff collapses. Despite everything, though, the tree hangs on to life. At one time in our history, Koreans roamed freely and boldly throughout what is now northeast China. Today, though, such aspects of our nature have shriveled like a dried gourd.

When I was studying in America with the group of Korean officers, there were instances when a member of our group would make some mistake or not perform a task up to standard. In such instances, others in our group would often say, "Well, what do you expect from a *yeobchun*?" The term refers to a brass coin circulated during the Yi dynasty that was worth very little, and so it is commonly used by Koreans as a term of self-deprecation.

"What kinds of sin have our people committed that we have to be cursed? Is it our fate to always be *yeobchun*?"

I couldn't erase these thoughts from my mind, and they made me very uncomfortable. Especially after seeing first-hand the level of material wealth in the United States, my feelings of despair gradually grew stronger.

Since independence in 1945, we had sung the words of our national anthem in praise of our country. Were they, though, just the self-consoling words of a people forsaken by God? Or were they prophetic words foretelling the course that our country and our people would someday be called to travel?

"Oh, God," I cried out, "it is too dark. Please, give us light. Throw your light somewhere on the world so that we can know that there is hope for humanity!"

This was my constant prayer. It was my sincere entreaty and my desperate plea to God.

Then, one day, a letter was delivered to me. The sender was someone with whom I was not directly acquainted, a Miss Young Oon Kim who worked as a secretary in the KMAG chaplain's office, which was located in the same compound where I worked. The letter's contents were quite short, saying only, "There is a place where they discuss matters that are important to human life. Would you like to go there with me sometime?"

"Matters important to human life" were just what I had been searching for over the past five years. I had been frustrated many

times in seeking answers to my questions, but I could only know for sure whether this was something worthwhile by going to hear about it for myself.

I telephoned Miss Kim at her desk in the chaplain's office and told her that I was willing to go with her to this place sometime when it would not interfere with my official duties. I checked General Matthews' calendar and made an appointment to accompany Miss Kim in the evening two days later. It was my hope that this invitation would lead me further on the pathway to the truth.

A Momentous Meeting

At the appointed time, I went to the place where Miss Kim had asked me to meet her, a shop in the middle of Seoul named Tonghwa Dang. It specialized in herbal medicines used in traditional Korean healing practices. This made me wonder whether I was going to hear a talk on traditional Korean healing or Oriental medicine.

I walked up to the shop and opened the door. Inside, I found myself alone. Soon, a middle-aged lady appeared, so I introduced myself.

"I received an invitation from Miss Young Oon Kim to come here, but it seems I'm too early. No one's here yet."

Her reply surprised me.

"I am Young Oon Kim," she said. "Welcome. Everyone expected today has already arrived."

"Everyone has arrived? Where are they?"

"Actually, Major Pak, you're the only one."

"What? Just me? In that case, I certainly feel sorry for the person who will be speaking."

"No, you don't need to worry about that," she said. "I'm the one who'll be speaking. I used to be a professor at Ehwa Women's University. Would it be all right for me to give you a lecture?"

She smiled very sweetly as she made this request. She had an air of dignity and grace.

I replied, "Oh, I see. I didn't know you were a professor. Please excuse me for not giving you the proper respect. Well, since all the students have come, let's go ahead and begin."

"All right, but there's just one thing I'd like to say first."

"Oh? What's that?"

"It's possible, since you are a soldier, that you don't know a great deal about religious matters. Have you ever heard the term 'heresy'?"

This was certainly an unexpected question.

"Well, yes," I replied. "I do know at least *that* much. I may not look like it, but I've been a Christian for five years now."

We both laughed.

"I see," she continued. "Well, what is your opinion regarding heresy?"

"If I were to express an opinion on heresy, I guess it would be this—that the important thing is not whether something is considered orthodox or heretical. The important thing is whether it speaks to the hearts of people. Because I am a soldier, I've had the experience of being surrounded with death and struggling to understand the truth about life. I suppose you might say that I am on a kind of spiritual search. I don't think anyone can be more serious about trying to understand human existence than a soldier who has experienced battle." My tone was quite earnest.

"You have to excuse me," she said, "for not giving you due credit. I think your outlook on life is really beautiful."

"No, you flatter me too much. What was the subject you wanted to lecture on?"

"It is the Word of God in the Principle," she told me.

I thought her use of the term "principle" somewhat peculiar.

"What?" I responded with some amusement, "Did you say 'principle'? What principle would that be? The principle of Archimedes? The principles of higher mathematics?"

"I'm referring to the fundamental principle that gave rise to the principle of Archimedes," she answered. "This is the principle of God. It is the fundamental principle by which the laws of the universe came into being."

I was impressed by this answer and responded in a much more serious tone.

"Oh, I see. I didn't realize there was such a thing. I'd like to hear more about that."

“God and God’s truth,” Miss Kim began to explain, “are eternal. The expression of God’s truth can differ from age to age, however, only because people in different historical periods are different in their spiritual and intellectual levels. For example, two thousand years ago when Jesus was on earth, no one would have believed a person who tried to claim that the earth was spherical in shape and rotated on its own axis as it revolved around the sun. Also, if someone a hundred years ago had predicted that someday man would be able to land on the moon, he would have been considered a heretic.

“The New Testament is the Word of God given to us through Jesus at a level that corresponded to the intellectual level of the people of that age. People today, living two thousand years later, have the benefit of highly advanced scientific knowledge. People find it difficult to be satisfied with the words of two thousand years ago, and they can’t help but fall into a spiritual slumber.

“God has brought about enormous changes in the human condition about every two thousand years. According to the biblical record, human history began with the Fall in the Garden of Eden. Two thousand years later, He sent Abraham as the father of faith, and this was the beginning of the history of the chosen people of Israel. Another two thousand years later, He sent Jesus Christ to the earth. Human history continued to flow to the present, when we are nearing the end of the twentieth century. A tremendous change is about to occur on earth as we approach the year 2000.

“God is God, and it is not His purpose to destroy us, but to save us. To do that, He needs to communicate His will in a way that is appropriate to the people of this age. That will of God, that is, His fundamental principle, has now been unveiled on this earth through revelation. That is the Principle that I would like to speak to you about now.

“So, this means that the content that I’m about to give you does not come from me. Nor is it something that some famous theologian put together as a result of many years of study. It is the revelation of God. For that reason, I would like for you to save any questions you might have until the end, until after you’ve heard my lecture in its entirety.”

This was certainly an extravagant introduction. I had no objection, though, to what she said. In fact, I had been waiting for something just like this. I prayed that this would turn out to be the real thing.

There was no blackboard available, so Miss Kim placed a white piece of paper on a table and wrote in large letters, "Principle of Creation." This, too, was a phrase I had not encountered before. Rather than try to repeat Miss Kim's lecture word for word, I would like to give the reader my own broad outline of the Unification Principle to which I was introduced that evening.

Broad Outline of the Unification Principle

What Is Salvation?

What is salvation? What is it, exactly, that has to happen to a human being in order for us to say he has been saved? Various modern religions preach "salvation," but in fact they are unable to clearly explain what they mean by salvation. The reason for this is that they are unaware of the following two points.

First, they do not know about the original world of God's creation. The world we live in today is not that world. It is a diseased world. This world is called the "fallen world."

What does it mean that a doctor saves a patient? It means that the doctor is able to return the patient to the healthy state he enjoyed prior to his illness. Suppose, though, that the doctor does not know what a healthy human body is supposed to look like. In this case, he wouldn't know what condition he has to create in the body of the patient, so he would have no idea where or how to begin his treatment.

The original world of God's creation, to continue the metaphor with the human body, is the healthy world that existed before the world became diseased. In other words, it is the world of God's ideal. Because today's religions do not know about the ideal world of God's creation, they are unable to clarify the definition of salvation.

Second, religions today do not fully explain the condition of the fallen world. They do not know how it was that

the good and ideal world of God's original creation became the evil, fallen world that we see today. They do not know the series of events that led to humankind becoming separated from God. Without knowledge of the fall, it is impossible to discuss salvation. In the example of the sick patient, it is impossible for a doctor to give the correct prescription without first diagnosing the disease.

For these two reasons, today's religions are not able to give precise definitions of salvation. This definition has been made clear for the first time by the revealed Word of God, that is, the Unification Principle. This principle is composed, first, of the "Principle of Creation," which teaches clearly about God's ideal of creation and His purpose. In the medical comparison, this section of the Principle is analogous to a text that gives a clear understanding of what a healthy human body is supposed to look like.

Next, the Principle clarifies what actions brought about the Fall of ideal human beings and the process by which today's fallen world came into existence. It explains why and how a healthy human body became diseased and gives the precise diagnosis of this disease.

From this point, answers to the questions above regarding salvation become self-evident, and we are able to apply the prescription for salvation. This is the power of the Principle and its purpose.

World of God's Ideal Creation

The world of God's ideal creation has never yet existed in reality. Thus, it is a world that no one has seen or experienced. The Principle of Creation shows us the blueprint of God's original ideal world. God set out to create a world that was good. It was a world in which God and humankind would exist in a state of oneness. I Corinthians 3:16 describes this state in terms of humans being "God's temple." In other words, it was intended that humans be God's houses and that God would dwell in them. God's ideal world is a world of God-human oneness.

We can see an example of this God-human oneness in the physical human body. The human body is made of about sixty trillion cells. Each cell is a truth body, or independent

body, possessing its own unique individuality and function. The sixty trillion cells come together, working in flawless unity, to form a single human body and work in an orderly manner to fulfill this body's life purpose. This is possible because there is one organ, the brain, which exercises fundamental control. In other words, the position of the brain in the human physical body is precisely the position that God occupies in the universe. When the brain sends out a command, the mission of each individual cell is to respond in an orderly manner and function in a way that furthers the good of the whole.

There is never a situation where the interests of a person's left and right hands come into conflict and fighting erupts between the two hands. It is a person's eyes that allow him to see something funny, but it is with his mouth that he will react with laughter. If a bee is flying toward a person to sting him, the eye will see this and report it to the brain. The brain, then, sends out a command for the right arm to mobilize a defensive attack against the bee. How beautifully they help each other for the benefit of the whole. Sixty trillion cells exist together without contradiction.

Simply described, this is what a human society of God-human oneness would look like. God set out to bring such an ideal world to reality on the earth. Had this been accomplished, this would have been the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This would have been a realm of absolute value centering on God. It would have been a moral world in which the three basic standards of morality would be absolute honesty, absolute sexual purity, and absolute service.

Such a world would have given God joy. The relationship between God and human beings is that of father and son, and all people regardless of race or ethnic origin are children of God. There are no exceptions. Human society would be a world populated by brothers and sisters sharing the same parent, that is, God. People would always be surrounded by their compatriots, and humankind would be one family. The world family would be one family with God as the family head. The force used to rule such a world would be that of true love. True love is the force that binds God and humanity and binds human beings to each other.

Just as the left and right hands of a single human body never battle against each other, there would be no wars in the ideal world described here. Since people would not have enemies, they would not kill each other. They would not injure others, because this would be the same as causing injury to themselves. I would feel another person's pain as acutely as I would my own.

God's ideal is for a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Heaven is the world of "father-son connection" and a world of true love.

The Fallen World

Such a world, though, is nowhere to be found today. This is because humankind fell before the ideal world could be accomplished. What, then, is meant by "the Fall"?

The Fall signifies humanity's separation from God. Human beings fell from a world of God-human oneness to a world where God is not present. Human beings who were God's temples lost God and became dens of the devil, or Satan. This is the Fall. From the day that this occurred, Satan's law came to rule human society and the world became a world of evil.

Human morality disappeared, and the law of the jungle came into force. This means violence. It means lies and deception. It means sexual immorality. It means extreme selfishness. It is the exact opposite of God's ideal world, and for this reason the Principle refers to this as "hell on earth."

Since the Fall, humankind has lived in hell on earth. When God sees this world, He feels sorrow. He laments with resentment. This is the reality in which we exist today. In this world, there is no end to war, murder, rape, and thievery. People, far from seeing each other as brothers and sisters, have become enemies to each other. It is in a world of such extreme selfishness that people will go so far as to kill another person to ensure their own success.

This is a very simple, but exceedingly clear, explanation of the ideal world of original creation and the fallen world. The question now is what God is trying to do about this situation. This is the most important matter that concerns humankind.

God's Will Is Restoration

If God were to look at the fallen world and become so angry as to destroy it, this would signify a failure on His part. It would mean that He is not omniscient and omnipotent. He cannot destroy the world. As long as He is an omniscient, omnipotent, and loving God, His purpose cannot be the destruction of humankind, but our salvation. How, then, does He carry out salvation?

Because of the "Principle of Creation" and the "Fall of Man," the definition of salvation is clear. For God to save humanity means that He cures the fallen world of its disease and restores the healthy world that existed prior to the disease, the world of original creation.

The term "restoration" is extremely important. If a healthy person becomes ill, he must be restored to the state that existed prior to his illness. Thus, salvation means restoration. Salvation means to take the world in which God is not present and restore it to the world of God-human unity. It means taking people, who have become the dens of the devil, and restoring them to be temples of God. It means restoring the hell on earth to the Kingdom of God on earth.

The Mission of the Savior

What methods does God employ in order to restore this world to His ideal world? The savior, or messiah, is the person who appears on earth with the mission to save each and every human being and build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. For this reason, humankind has an absolute need for the savior. The plain truth is that there is no avenue for salvation without the savior.

Jesus Christ, who was born two thousand years ago in a manger, was this savior. In John 14:6 Jesus says: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father, but by me." This is the truth among truths.

Yet, what do we have? Even though Jesus Christ came two thousand years ago, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth still has not been achieved. Hell on earth continues. Why?

There is a good reason. Two thousand years ago, the chosen people of Israel were not able to believe in Jesus, which resulted in his being nailed to a cross and killed. If

everyone had believed in him, he would not have been crucified.

For this reason, Jesus ascended into heaven having accomplished only “spiritual salvation” and gave us the promise of his Second Coming: “Surely, I am coming soon.” [Revelation 22:20] The age of the Second Coming has finally arrived. This is that age. God has planned the Second Coming around the year 2000.

The history of Judeo-Christianity has come through the Old Testament and New Testament ages. When the Second Coming occurs, we can expect that the returning Jesus will bring a new expression of God’s word. This will not be the Old Testament or the New Testament—it will be the Completed Testament, which fulfills God’s promise. God does not simply make promises, as He has in the Old and New Testaments. Eventually, there comes a time when He fulfills these promises. This is the time of the Second Coming. Thus, the new heaven and new earth of the “Completed Testament Age” will open up at the time of the Second Coming.

The Lord comes as the savior and ultimately must take on the position of the True Parent of humankind. With the Fall, humankind lost our True Parents. During the past six thousand years of biblical history, the position of humankind has been that of an orphan. We have been playthings of Satan, who is the “false parent.” The coming Lord, though, is the “True Parent” of humankind. Through the True Parent, humanity will have their names entered in heaven’s family registry as God’s direct descendants. Then, for the first time in history, we will no longer be orphans.

The savior at the Second Coming is the True Parent of humankind, who comes with the ability to give both physical and spiritual rebirth to fallen humanity so that we may be renewed.

Hidden Biblical Meanings Explained

In her extraordinary lecture that first evening, Young Oon Kim explained the hidden meanings of the Bible to me one by one. Her words were like the warm spring sun falling on the

Han River, melting away the thick ice of winter without a sound. She told me that these words represented the fulfillment of Jesus' prophesy in John 16:25 when he said, "I have said this to you in figures; the hour is coming when I shall no longer speak to you in figures but tell you plainly of the Father."

This point was particularly evident in the section called "The Fall of Man," which discusses the human Fall and identifies the specific sin that was committed. The original ancestors did not fall because they ate a literal fruit called "the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," but because of illicit love that went against God's commandment. In other words, they committed a transgression of love—fornication and adultery, which are sins that deal with blood lineage. Thus, the illicit love of Adam and Eve, the original human ancestors, defiled the blood lineage of God. This defiled blood lineage has been passed on from generation to generation, and its effects have been inherited. This is the "original sin" spoken of in Christianity.

From this perspective, I could begin to understand everything much more clearly. I could see how the sin committed by Adam and Eve could continue to affect us today. It is because the Fall was a transgression of love that defiled the blood lineage. This explanation made sense to me.

The Genesis account of the Garden of Eden mentions two specific trees as having been in the garden. One was called the "tree of life," and the other was the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." These trees are symbolic references to the two original human ancestors, Adam and Eve. The "fruit of good and evil" referred to Eve's love, making Eve the person who held the key that determined good and evil. Righteous actions would bear good fruit, and immoral actions would bear evil fruit.

Eve was to have maintained the purity of her love until she had matured, and then, when the proper time came, she was to have offered her love to Adam. Adam and Eve were to have been brought together in love sometime in the future.

This process was interrupted by an untimely incident. A tempter appeared on the scene. The Bible refers to this tempter as a "serpent," and until now humankind has not known the true identity of this serpent. The being symbolized by the serpent

was a wise and cunning archangel. The name of this archangel was Lucifer. It has been said that he is the "Day Star" referred to in Isaiah 14:12.

Originally, God created angels as His servants. Thus, they were also servants to Adam and Eve, who were created as the children of God. The archangel also had wisdom, however, and he came to have a wicked heart. By seducing Adam's future spouse, Eve, and dominating her through illicit love, the archangel usurped the authority that would rightfully have gone to Adam, to exercise dominion over the world. In short, the archangel rose up in rebellion against God.

He used cunning words of deceit to seduce Eve. His motivation was selfish. His first act outside the Principle was to tell a lie. All sins stem from lies. Among all the animals, the snake is the one that has a forked tongue. How appropriate it is, then, that the Bible chose to represent the angel that seduced Adam and Eve as a snake. Having a forked tongue means to say two contradictory things with one tongue. In this instance, the snake symbolizes the being that tells a lie.

The greatest problem in our world today is that selfishness has become widespread and lies are the root of the various evils that disrupt our societies. These were the fundamental motivations of the human Fall.

The Archangel Lucifer succeeded in corrupting Eve. The teenaged Eve was pure-hearted and like a budding flower, but the Archangel violated her with his illicit love. This adulterous relationship was a spiritual one, and it was the "spiritual Fall."

When Eve's eyes were opened, she realized she had committed a sin that went against God's will. She became afraid and ran to Adam. She prematurely sought to have Adam give her his love. As a result, Adam, who was still in the state of purity, became a partner in adultery. This also was an illicit love that violated God's commandment and constituted the "physical Fall." In this way the original human ancestors, Adam and Eve, fell completely, both spiritually and physically.

God called out to Adam: "Where are you?" Adam was ashamed, and he appeared before God hiding his sexual parts with fig leaves. Adam and Eve were hiding the parts of their bodies that they had used to commit sin. Without a doubt, their sin was the sin of fornication.

God expelled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden and blocked the way to the tree of life. This signifies that Adam was no longer able to become a completed human being, that is, the first Christ. Thus, the original human ancestors, Adam and Eve, were not able to become the true parents of humankind. They were expelled from the Garden of Eden, and the Kingdom of Heaven on earth was not accomplished.

From this moment, the desire of God was directed toward sending a completed human being (Christ) to earth. Jesus is the completed Adam and God's only child, so the Bible says that he came as "God's only begotten son."

I found these explanations quite convincing. Not only was the logic consistent, it was very dramatic and exciting. I began to understand the answers to all my questions regarding various biblical passages. The experience of being confronted with incredible truth was so exciting that it gave me goose bumps all over.

Jesus Did Not Come to Die

The most remarkable point I heard that evening was an insight about Jesus. Christians have believed for the past two thousand years that humanity receives salvation as a result of Jesus' crucifixion.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life." This is the famous Bible verse of John 3:16. All forms of Christianity says that God could not stand by in the face of all the sin in the world, so He sent His only son Jesus Christ as a lamb of atonement. Jesus, by being nailed to the cross, wiped away all the sins of the world and gave us salvation. Thus, Jesus' death on the cross is treated as having been pre-ordained by God.

This raises a major problem. The Principle has no quarrel with the idea that "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son." Neither does the Principle deny the fact of salvation by the cross in the present time. The problem concerns whether God sent Jesus for the express purpose of having him crucified. John 3:16 says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son." It does *not* say He so loved the

world He had his son crucified. The verse also says, “that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.” If the chosen people of Israel had believed in Jesus according to God’s Word, then surely Jesus would not have gone the way of the cross.

The teaching that Jesus emphasized consistently throughout his suffering course was for people to “believe in him who God has sent.” He invested his entire heart and soul into trying to get the chosen people to believe in God’s only son. What was the purpose for which God, beginning at the time of Abraham, chose the Israelites, prepared them, and trained them? His only purpose for doing this was so they would believe in His son whom He would send to the world. Finally, God even sent the prophets to proclaim that the time was near when the savior would come. All these deliberate efforts were made by God so that when Jesus was born, the Israelites would accept him and believe in him.

If the Israelites had done as God had intended and as Jesus taught, that is, if they had recognized Jesus as the coming Lord and had believed in him, would they have allowed Jesus to be nailed to the cross? Surely, they would not have done this. It wouldn’t make sense for them to want to see the death of the man they believed to be their savior. The crucifixion of Jesus was the result of disbelief. If the chosen people had believed, Jesus would have been received as the “king of kings,” and surely the Kingdom of Heaven on earth that is God’s objective would have been accomplished in his time.

Who, then, placed Jesus on the cross? It was the king, priests, and Pharisees, who were jealous of Jesus’ success and felt a need to contain him. The words of the Bible make this fact quite clear. Judas Iscariot, who sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, has been judged to be the worst man in history. If, however, Jesus’ crucifixion was the only way to salvation and was in accordance with God’s desire, Christianity should be praising Judas as a “saint” who contributed to the fulfillment of God’s will. On the one hand, Christianity condemns Judas as a traitor, while on the other hand, it rationalizes and praises the crucifixion as God’s will. There is no greater contradiction than this.

This is why the Apostle Paul said in I Corinthians 2:8, "None of the rulers of this age understood this; for if they had, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." Paul is saying that Jesus' death on the cross came about as a result of people's ignorance and disbelief. Paul confesses that in the beginning he persecuted Jesus' disciples because he didn't know who Jesus was. He says that he, too, was in a state of ignorance before he came to understand that Jesus was the son of God.

The crucifixion of Jesus was a tragedy of human history. The salvation that was achieved by the cross was of a secondary nature. It was a spiritual salvation but was not total salvation. Total salvation is salvation of the spirit and the flesh. Jesus had no choice but to allow his flesh to fall into the hands of Satan, and this meant he was unable to bring about salvation of the flesh.

God created human beings to have both spirit and flesh, and the human Fall was a fall of both the spirit and the flesh. Therefore, salvation, too, needs to take place in both spirit and flesh. This is total salvation, and this is the will of God.

For total salvation to come about in Jesus' time, the Israelites would have had to attend the living Jesus. Jesus would have had to fulfill the position of Adam as the original human ancestor and attain the position of the father of all humankind. Jesus, then, would have been the True Parent of all humankind. Because he passed away without fulfilling all this, he must come again. That is the Second Coming for which Christianity waits today.

This explanation makes the need for Jesus' Second Coming very clear. When I heard these words, I said to myself, "That's right. Jesus has to come again. This is where the true hope of humanity lies." The ideas presented in the lecture were quite revolutionary. I was more than inspired. It would be more accurate to say that the content came as such a shock as to put me totally at a loss for words. The truth has an overpowering effect on the listener.

The “Last Days” of Human History

As I listened to the Principle lecture on that first day, I found greatest hope in the vision that was presented on the “last days” and “resurrection” of humanity. Normally, the phrase “last days” suggests something undesirable and is taken to mean the annihilation of all human beings. The prevailing view of the Last Days is that human sin will reach such an extreme that God can no longer tolerate it. In His rage, God will cause all sorts of natural disasters that will result in the sky falling and the earth deviating from its axis. Humanity will be destroyed in the flash of an eye, and the world will come to an end.

This is not the teaching of the Unification Principle. If God were to annihilate humankind through natural disasters, this would represent a failure on the part of God Himself. Human beings can fail, but it is not possible for God, who is omniscient and omnipotent, to fail.

Also, humankind committed the Fall, not the rest of creation. All that is needed is for humankind to account for its sin. When this is done, the Kingdom of Heaven will be completed and everything will be finished. With the sole exception of human beings, all the myriad creatures that God created have been completed exactly as He created them. Heaven and earth did not commit sin; the beautiful mountains, rivers, flowers, trees, and other aspects of nature are not guilty of sin. There is no reason why God would go out of His way to destroy these completed aspects of His creation. All He has to do is complete His creation by fixing the part that has gone wrong. Then, the entire creation will be completed according to His original ideal, and all will become objects of His joy.

Thus, it is only humankind that goes through the Last Days—not the physical world. God’s eternal will is to bring about the salvation of humankind and bring an end to the fallen world so that a new history can begin. When the Principle speaks of the Last Days, it is a message overflowing with hope. The Last Days is the time when the ideal world of God’s original creation can begin. This is the world that both God and humanity have longed to see for such a long time. It is the time when the light of the old world will grow dim, and the new world will shine brightly.

The Last Days is a time of hope for humanity. People, however, must be prepared for one thing: to survive the judgment of God that will take place in the Last Days. To judge means to separate, to draw a distinction between good and evil, to take away the impurities in something so that it becomes pure. It means to separate and distinguish between those who are righteous and those who are not. It means to harvest the wheat in the field and separate the chaff. The Bible says in Matthew 3:12 that the wheat will be placed in the granary but the chaff will be burned "with unquenchable fire."

How should humankind approach this judgment of God? To understand this, we first need to understand how the judgment is to be carried out. God's judgment will be carried out by means of His Word. The Word of God can also be thought of as the commandments of God.

Let's take a moment to look at how criminal trials are conducted in the secular world. A trial is conducted in accordance with the laws of the state. The laws of the state are the word of that particular country. In the same way, the universe has been created according to God's Word, that is, God's law. It is only natural that our merits and demerits, our good works and evil works will be judged according to the eternal law of God. The record of each person's life will be held up to the mirror of God's law. This is a completely fair and just judgment. There is no possibility of injustice.

How, then, should people conduct themselves? In the first place, they need to familiarize themselves with God's Word, that is, His law. Second, they should not just know the law but live in accordance with it. At the time of the Second Coming, the Lord will bring the Word of judgment. Thus, receiving the Lord who comes at the Last Days is a matter of life and death for us. Whoever believes in him will live, and whoever disbelieves will perish. For this reason, it is important for people who are living in the Last Days to be open-minded and humble. Otherwise, they will not be able to greet the coming Lord. This is because we don't know exactly how the Lord will come. Those who are arrogant run a high risk of spitting on the Lord when he returns.

Two thousand years ago, Jesus was born in Bethlehem, in a shabby manger. Only a few people were able to understand that Jesus Christ, the only son of God, had appeared along

the banks of the Sea of Galilee leading a group of poor fishermen. This is a clear historical lesson that we need to pay attention to. Back then, too, only those people who were flexible and humble were able to understand Jesus. If we don't want to repeat the disbelief of Jesus' time, we must all become flexible and humble. We must open our hearts and wait for the Word of God that will be given to us. This is the concept of the Last Days in the Unification Principle.

True Meaning of "Resurrection" and "Death"

In that first day's lecture, I was also struck by the ideas that were presented concerning the true meaning of "resurrection." These were quite different from what is generally believed in Christianity.

Resurrection is often understood as in the prophet Ezekiel's vision of the valley of the dry bones. [Ezekiel 37] In this vision, dry bones come together, are then covered with flesh and skin, and finally became living people. In the same way, it is believed that when the Lord comes in the Last Days, all graves will open and the saints of the ages will come back to life in the flesh. In the context of twentieth-century scientific thinking, it is difficult to imagine how this would be possible. The Bible contains many passages, such as this vision in Ezekiel, that are difficult to understand, and at times the Bible appears to contradict science. Requiring people to blindly believe in such content word for word is not going to inspire genuine faith.

The difficulty of understanding such biblical passages is one reason that so many young people today are becoming more distant from the church. Not many will follow when they are simply told: "Just believe unconditionally, and you will go to heaven." In fact, Christianity today is steadily declining.

The understanding of resurrection in the Unification Principle is extremely scientific and very clear. Once the Principle of Creation is understood, it becomes obvious that there is no reason for people to take on their fleshly bodies again and return to this physical world. According to the Principle of Creation, God created two worlds for the sake of

humankind. One is the earthly world—which is corporeal—and the other is the spiritual world—which is incorporeal. Both are real and substantial. The spiritual world stands in the position of the subject partner to the physical world. Also, God created human beings to have two selves—a physical self and a spiritual self. The spiritual self is in the position of the subject partner vis-à-vis the physical self. The earthly world is the place where these two selves live together.

In the still unrealized ideal world of God, human beings would develop their spiritual selves to perfection in the earthly world through faith and good deeds. If the physical body is like a tree, the spiritual body is similar to the fruit of that tree. Once a person has achieved the perfection of his spiritual self in the earthly world, he will shed his physical body at the appropriate time and rise up into the spiritual world, where he will live eternally. This state is called the Kingdom of Heaven in heaven.

Thus, human beings were created with the idea that they would live in the physical world until their spiritual selves are perfected. Once this is accomplished, the idea is for them to live in the Kingdom of Heaven in heaven, that is, in the presence of God. There is no reason that people in the spirit world would want another hundred years of life on earth or to take on their fleshly bodies again to return to this world.

The problem lies in our misunderstanding of the meaning of death. In the conventional concept, death is equated with the destruction of the physical body and the end of human life. In God's eye, however, death is something quite different. God created human beings with two selves with the idea that the physical body would eventually be left on earth and only the spiritual self would enter the spirit world. When a silkworm weaves a cocoon and later emerges as a moth, this transformation is not described as a death. In the same way, it is part of the normal, natural process for a person to shed his physical body and go to the Kingdom of Heaven in heaven. In God's eye, it would be wrong to describe this as death.

What, then, would constitute death in the eyes of God? To God, death is what happens when a human being separates from God, who is the source of all life, and commits the Fall, thus losing the life of his spiritual self. This is exactly what happened

with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Eating the fruit did not result in the destruction of their physical bodies. That does not mean, though, that God lied when He told them, "in the day that you eat of it [the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil] you shall die." [Genesis 2:17] Adam and Eve died the moment they ate the fruit. In God's eyes, and in the context of the true meaning of death, Adam and Eve did die. They separated themselves from the source of eternal life, and their spiritual selves died.

Resurrection, then, refers to a resurrection from death in its true meaning. That is, resurrection is what happens when a person who has been separated from God returns to God and becomes one with Him so that he may again have access to eternal life from God. Resurrection refers to resurrection of the spiritual self. It is the means by which we come to have eternal life. The total resurrection of humans happens when we receive the Lord of the Second Coming, accept the Word of God that he brings, and become one with the Lord. Thus, the Last Days can be described as a time of resurrection for humankind.

This is certainly another source of great hope for us. Let's imagine for a moment. God looks down and sees a world of death. We may insist that we are alive, but in God's eyes we are dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel's vision. At the Second Coming, God sends the Lord into a world that is no different than a valley of dry bones. When people receive the Word of God that the Lord brings and unite with the Lord, they receive life. Then, we begin to regain our spiritual pulse and begin to breathe again. Eventually, people who were once no more than a collection of dry bones are resurrected into full life.

This is a symbolic way of representing something that goes on in the spiritual realm. This is the true meaning of the resurrection that is our blessing to receive from God. It is not the people who have been placed in caskets and buried in the ground who need to be resurrected. It is I and everyone else in the world who think that we are alive merely because we still happen to have our physical bodies.

What is the reason, then, that people have such a tremendous fear of the destruction of the physical body? How did this fear come about? The fear of death came about as a result of the Fall. We fear physical death because we don't know what lies

beyond it. We have no idea what will happen to us in the moment after death, and so we fear it intensely. Had there been no Fall, there would be no fear of death.

If human beings had not fallen but had grown to perfection, they would have been able to see the spirit world even during their life on earth. They would be able to interact freely with the spirit world. The event that we now think of as death—that is, the shedding of the physical body and the passing of the spiritual self into the spiritual world—would be thought of as something akin to moving. It would be like moving out of an old house and taking up residence in a new home that is thousands, even tens of thousands of times more desirable.

Suppose, for example, that a person were about to go on a trip to an earthly paradise like Hawaii. In the days leading up to this trip, you wouldn't expect this person to be in a state of extreme fear and grief. In fact, he might be staying up nights counting the days until the trip and imagining all the fun he will have once he gets there. This is because he knows he is going someplace nice. He feels joy, not fear.

The Kingdom of Heaven in heaven is a far more desirable place than Hawaii. The day a person leaves on his trip to this heavenly paradise corresponds to what is known now as death. This departure, however, represents hope, not fear. In the original world of God, there was no fear of death or suffering leading up to death. The fear of death came into being as a result of the human Fall.

John the Baptist, Man of Failure

These were the basic points of the Principle that I heard that first evening at the Tonghwa Dang Pharmacy from Professor Young Oon Kim. To be honest, I went to the meeting hoping to hear something interesting and useful, but with absolutely no expectation that I would hear such incredible content. Professor Kim spoke with a subdued voice, but her words pounded my heart with an incredible force. To say I was moved by what I heard is completely inadequate—I was overwhelmed. When she finished, I didn't know what to do with myself.

There could be no doubt that this was revolutionary content. From the standpoint of the tradition adhered to by modern Christianity, it was unconventional and heretical. Now I understood why Professor Kim had begun the evening by asking my opinion on heresy.

These were words that would turn existing Christianity on end. The Principle had a grand design and orderly logic that were beyond reproach. The words I heard resonated deeply in my heart. I had never heard anything that moved me nearly as deeply. The Principle took up the issues I had been struggling with regarding life and the Bible one by one and provided clear explanations. My thoughts after the lecture were that if God really loves this world so much that He wants to completely re-create it, then it would probably take something as revolutionary as this to accomplish such a task.

When Jesus faced the Sadducees and the Pharisees and declared in John 14:6, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father, but by me," the people of Israel were dumbfounded. They didn't know what to say. Through the long history of the Old Testament, the mere speaking of God's name was considered taboo. Yet, here was this young man, Jesus, claiming not only that God was his Father but that no one could go to that Father except through him. To them, Jesus must have seemed like the heretic of all heretics.

Those in positions of power among the Israelites branded this insolent man who disturbed their peace as an agent of the devil and "possessed by Beelzebub." Here we see the initial signs of Jesus being forced to go the way of the cross. God had worked for two thousand years to gather the chosen people and to educate and train them so that they would be able to overcome this trial. He even sent John the Baptist, who was a great prophet and greatly admired by the Israelites.

Christianity today praises John the Baptist as a great biblical figure. Sadly, though, a closer look reveals that John was a man of failure. He did not accomplish the specific mission given him by Heaven. He was supposed to have used his considerable influence to testify to Jesus as the Son of God and to protect Jesus. Tragically, John never fully realized who

Jesus was. He had a glimpse at the time of his vision, but after that could not even imagine his shabby cousin could be the awaited messiah.

John told his disciples to go to Jesus and ask him, "Are you he who is to come, or shall we look for another?"

Jesus answered this question in an incredulous tone: "Go and tell John what you hear and see: the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good news preached to them." [Matthew 11:4-5]

Even with such an admonishment, John still did not understand. In the end he was beheaded for criticizing King Herod's immorality, something totally unrelated to the mission that God expected him to fulfill.

Jesus said of John, "Truly, I say to you, among those born of women, there has risen no one greater than John the Baptist; yet he who is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." [Matthew 11:11]

Sadly, John died without ever realizing that Jesus had come as the savior. This failure played an important role in hastening Jesus' death on the cross. Without John, there was no one to testify to Jesus. Jesus' words in Matthew 11:11 give us a sense of Jesus' anger toward John and remain as a fitting comment on John's failure.

Such content of the Principle is like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky for today's Christianity. How is the Christianity of this age going to receive such Words of God? Just thinking about this question made my heart beat faster.

After Professor Kim had finished speaking, I sat quietly for a while thinking about all that I had just heard. Finally, she broke the silence with a question.

"Today, I have given you a summary of what is contained in the first half of the Principle. Would you like to hear about the second half as well?"

I looked up suddenly as if waking up from a dream, answered: "Yes, of course."

"Shall we arrange to meet again tomorrow?" she said. "Can you come here at the same time?"

We agreed to meet at the same place and time the next day, and so we left the pharmacy.

A Sudden High Fever

That night at home, I barely got any sleep at all. I was much too excited to close my eyes.

"This is what people have been waiting for," I told myself. "This must be what Heaven has been leading me toward all this time."

There were still many things, though, that were not clear. "I don't even know what church Professor Kim belongs to. Who is the person who has proclaimed such incredible content of God's Word? Is it someone from overseas? Is it a Korean?" The question that concerned me most was the final conclusion of the next day's lecture.

"What is the conclusion of the Principle?" I wondered.

I could hardly wait for the time of my next appointment. Actually, I had wanted to ask Professor Kim to continue with the second half that same night. I was ready to listen to her lecture all night, if necessary. It was all that I could do to keep myself from asking her to do this.

Morning came. I reported to work at my office in KMAG, but I couldn't get anything done. I left the office at 5:00 p.m. so that I would have time to eat dinner at home before going to the Tonghwa Dang Pharmacy.

Something strange happened, though. The moment I sat down to dinner I suddenly felt a terrible chill. After a few moments, my body began to shake uncontrollably. I had to get up from the table without eating anything.

My wife told me she could see that something was wrong with me, so I decided to lie down for a while. Soon, the chill turned into a high fever. My temperature climbed to 40 degrees Centigrade (104 degrees Fahrenheit), and I began to moan in pain.

I lost track of the time. I was so sick I was just barely hanging on to consciousness. Then, suddenly, my mind cleared and I sat up quickly to check the time. The clock was showing exactly seven o'clock.

"I'm supposed to be meeting Professor Kim right now!"

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know the telephone number of the pharmacy. I could imagine her sitting alone in the room, waiting for me to come.

"What should I do?" I asked myself.

I continued to suffer from the high fever, and another thirty minutes passed. Suddenly, it occurred to me that some evil force might be trying to prevent me from taking the path that I wanted to go. I threw off the bed covers and stood up to leave the house.

My wife was just getting ready to call a doctor, and she did all she could to stop me from leaving.

"This isn't just any ordinary appointment," I told her. "No matter what, I can't break this appointment. Even if it turns out that I collapse and die as a result, I have to go. I have to think of this the same way that I would if I were in a war."

The taxi driver had to help me into the back seat. I wrapped a blanket around myself to keep as warm as possible.

When Professor Kim saw me, her first words to me were, "I expected something like this."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The words of the Principle are the words of Heaven. They are words that will destroy the power of evil in the world and bring about a world of goodness. So, all kinds of things happen to people who hear these words. The power of evil does not want to see this content being spread. In most cases, people aren't able to come to the second day of the lecture. You're very brave to have come despite a forty-degree fever."

"In any case, I'm here now," I said. "Could you please begin? If you don't mind, I'm going to lie down and cover myself with this blanket. Please excuse me for this."

The second half of the Principle was called the Principle of Restoration. It went through biblical history, explaining the hidden providence of God. To tell the truth, I don't recall anything that I heard about the Principle of Restoration that second evening. I was in terrible pain, and it was all I could do to keep from moaning.

After about two hours, Professor Kim said, "Well, let's go on to the overall conclusion. Now I will talk about how the Second Coming of Jesus will occur and where Jesus will appear at the Second Coming."

These words caught my attention.

"Yes," I thought, "this is what I've been waiting for."

I took off the blanket and managed to sit up. My fever seemed to have gone down a bit. I drew on all my energy to focus on the lecture.

Will Jesus Come on a Cloud?

In her quietly powerful voice, Professor Kim began to explain what it seemed I had been waiting all my life to hear:

If these are the Last Days, if this is the time when the Lord is to come again, and if salvation is to be received by meeting the Lord, then there are two things that we need to know in order to find him: First, how is he to come? And second, where is he to come?

If someone is coming by airplane, then it wouldn't be any use for us to wait at the train station. If someone is coming to New York, it wouldn't make sense to wait in Los Angeles.

Traditionally, Christianity has taught that the Second Coming will happen with the Lord coming on the clouds. [Matthew 24:30 and other verses] Some people have interpreted this to mean that they should keep their eyes on the clouds in the sky. Some believe that faithful believers will be pulled up into the sky and participate in a banquet with the Lord while suspended in air. I had always thought this to be too nonsensical to believe literally.

On this second evening, I heard Professor Kim make an incredible declaration. She said that at the Second Advent, the Lord would come to the earth through the womb of a woman, just as Jesus did. Jesus came two thousand years ago, but he met a tragic death as a result of the disbelief and betrayal of the chosen people. Jesus tried everything he could right up until the last moment to somehow fulfill his mission. The situation became untenable, though, and he had to accept that there was no way for him to avoid crucifixion. At this point, he promised that he would come again. He left things unaccomplished on earth that he could do only with a physical body. Thus, in order to accomplish all these things, it is necessary for him to return. This is the quite logical way that the Principle explains it.

The work that Jesus left unfinished on earth was ultimately to occupy the position of True Parents of all humani-

ty. He would then have changed the blood lineage of all the world's people from the satanic lineage, help all people sever their ties to original sin, and have them be born again as children of God so that their descendants would be born free from original sin. Jesus at the Second Advent comes for the sake of "complete salvation," that is, salvation that is both spiritual and physical. In other words, he comes to bring into reality the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

This means that people would be liberated from the cycle of being born as sinners and then having to believe in Jesus to go to heaven. Future generations will be born from the beginning as citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven. They will not need a messiah. This is the complete salvation that God has desired for humanity. The accomplishment of this desire was interrupted once by the crucifixion of Jesus. The crucifixion brought about spiritual salvation, but not physical salvation.

Again, I felt that this explanation answered the doubts that I had felt. It made no sense to believe, as traditional Christianity does in effect, that God gives us a disease and then gives us the cure. God doesn't first give us a disease called original sin and then send the messiah as the prescription to cure this disease. Instead, God is working to restore all humanity to a healthy state where we are free of the disease of sin. This is complete salvation. That being the case, the Lord of the Second Coming must be born into the world as a human being one more time through the womb of a woman.

Seen from this standpoint, everything in the Bible begins to make sense and the apparent contradictions disappear. Luke 17:25 says, "But first he must suffer many things and be rejected by this generation." If Jesus were to appear in the midst of a supernatural phenomenon, such as riding down out of the sky on a cloud, who would dare make him suffer? Who would dare persecute such a supernatural Lord? Wouldn't the pope come and bow before him? Wouldn't all the ministers in the world race to pay their respects?

Even though Jesus was the son of God, his outward appearance did not distinguish him from other people in his time. It was partly for this reason that the world was not able to realize who he was, and why people heaped on him scorn and condemnation and tormented him as much as they

pleased. The Bible says clearly that it will also be the case at the time of the Second Coming.

What about the biblical prophecy, then, that he will “come on a cloud”? The Bible is written in symbols and parables, so it is necessary to understand those symbols to know its meaning. The Bible is God’s code given to humanity. Only the prophet who comes with the key to reading this code can know the true meaning of the Bible.

Clouds are, in essence, evaporated water. Even if water is heavily polluted, the moisture that evaporates into the air is pure. Thus, the clouds mentioned in the biblical prophecy refer to the saints who have been reborn. So, “coming on the clouds of heaven” means that the Lord will come in the midst of reborn saints and will conduct his work of salvation with them.

Ultimately, the only way that people will be able to understand the coming Lord will be through the Word of God. What means were available two thousand years ago for people to understand Jesus? It was the Word of God, the authoritative Word of God given by Jesus. The coming Lord will be received by people who are flexible and humble, the same type of people who were able to receive Jesus. Only those who have the eyes to see, only those who hunger and thirst for the truth will be able to understand the coming Lord. The Bible says, “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” [Matthew 5:3]

The coming Lord is not the exclusive property of those whose stomachs are full, or those who have power. The Lord may, in fact, come in the midst of those who are poor, those who are being persecuted.

“History repeats itself.” This is a clear lesson for us, and one I immediately took to heart. How could I avoid the mistakes of the past? How could I, Bo Hi Pak, a man of the twentieth century, recognize the coming Lord?



Chapter Seven

Korea as the Chosen Nation

If the Lord is to come with a physical body, then where will this take place? Believe it or not, the Principle says he comes to Korea.”

“Korea! You must be joking!” That was my first reaction when Professor Kim said those shocking words. If she had begun her lecture the day before with this pronouncement, I probably would have walked out of the room. But the lectures that I had heard on these two evenings had made too much of an impression on me. I had to take her seriously. The content of the Principle was too extraordinary and revolutionary for me to discount. Professor Kim’s statement that the Lord was to come to Korea was a conclusion to everything she had told me during these two days.

As she continued, Professor Kim asked, and answered, the logical question: What would make the Lord want to come to Korea, a poor country with nothing to distinguish it? Certainly at that period in our history, the 1950s, Korea had nothing.

For thirty-six years, ending in 1945, we had suffered under the oppressive colonial rule of a foreign power. During Japanese imperial rule, Koreans had been a people without a face. We were taken against our will as student soldiers or drafted into regular military or industrial service. Countless women were forced to serve as “comfort women”—prostitutes for Japanese soldiers. Some two mil-

lion Koreans were taken to Japan, to the South Pacific islands, to Southeast Asia, and to the prairies of Manchuria, most never to return. That could easily have been my fate had I been a little older during Japanese rule. During this time, our people lived in servitude to Japan.

No sooner had we finally managed to become free of Japan than our country was split into two parts, and the war that so dramatically changed my life erupted. Koreans killed other Koreans. Our land was devastated by the war, wracked by poverty, hunger, suffering, loneliness, and separation. Wives lost track of their husbands, parents lost track of children, and brothers lost track of each other. Hundreds of thousands of families were scattered, and it was almost impossible for people to find out if their relatives were alive. This was the anguish that many people experienced.

In international society, Korea became synonymous with war and orphans. Our children were polishing the boots of American soldiers, hoping they would throw them a stick of gum. Such scenes explained everything about Korea of that time.

What hope could God see in such a country as this? The only crown that Korea could wear would be one of trials and tribulation. Why would the omniscient and omnipotent God choose to send the Lord of the Second Coming there?

As Professor Kim explained, it is precisely because Korea is the “king of tribulation” that God would want to send His son here. The Principle makes clear that God chose Korea, over all other countries in the world, because God Himself has been the King of tribulation throughout the course of human history and who could understand God better than the people of a suffering nation?

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. But on reflecting, I realized that God's situation has been the same as that of Korea. Both God and Korea have been continuously surrounded with tragedy. After the betrayal and Fall of the original human ancestors, God held his lifeless son in His arms and cried day and night. Throughout history, human beings have continuously and repeatedly brought suffering to the heart of God.

Betrayal after betrayal! Humanity has continuously nailed God's heart to the cross. How God must have lamented to look

down on a world filled with evil: selfishness, murder, fornication, bigotry, and pride! How He must have regretted ever having created humankind in the first place! Still, He tried to bring humanity back to life. He raised a chosen people and sent His only son, Jesus, among them, but human beings nailed even Jesus to the cross. How God's heart must have been torn with pain when that happened.

In reality, God has been a tragic being. Who is responsible for this? It is His fallen children. We human beings are the ones responsible. Imagine a father and mother whose child has been diagnosed with an incurable disease. That is the situation of God, who is our Parent.

Who among us could have imagined that this was God's situation? There is a Korean saying, "Only another widow can understand how a widow feels." If there is one nation on earth that can understand God's situation and give comfort to Him, it has to be Korea. For this reason, Korea and its people have been selected as God's chosen people in the Last Days.

At this point in the lecture, I could no longer hold back my tears of joy. I was weeping uncontrollably, but my heart overflowed with happiness. For the first time, I could see that there was hope for our people. I believed beyond a shadow of a doubt that these words were true.

A Peace-loving People

I began to consider my homeland from a completely different perspective—the perspective of the Principle, which is God's perspective—and I could see things about Korea that I had never realized before. I realized that Korea had been prepared and guided by God in its history and cultural development.

My homeland has a proud history of five thousand years. At one time, our people ruled territory covering a major portion of northeastern Asia. The Chinese referred to us derisively as the "Eastern Barbarians," but the fighting spirit of our people was such that we shook the Asian continent and gained the respect of the various Chinese rulers.

Over time, we were forced to retreat from the territory north of the Yalu and Tumen Rivers and were squeezed onto the narrow peninsula that is modern-day Korea. Why? Was it incompetence on the part of our ancestors? No, it was because, from ancient times, Koreans have been a peace-loving people. Thus, they had no concept of invading other countries. Korea has been invaded on hundreds of occasions but has not invaded another nation even once. Once their land was taken, Koreans never tried to recapture it. Thus, over time, they were forced into a smaller and smaller area, and the result of this process is today's borders of the Korean nation.

According to tradition, when Tangun, the original ancestor and founder of Korea, placed the capital on Mount Taebaek and established the nation, the first thing he did was build an altar under a *dan* tree and perform a ceremony to make an offering to Heaven. This illustrates the fact that Koreans are a people who honor Heaven.

Also according to tradition, the history of the Korean people begins with the coming of the heavenly offspring. A god named Hwan-in desired to have his son, Hwan-wung, rule the earth. In sending his son to earth, Hwan-in instructed him, "Once on earth, you are to bring the ideal of *hong-ik ingan* to fruition." What is the ideal of *hong-ik ingan*? Literally, it means "a person's life should benefit all of humanity." A person who has accomplished this ideal benefits society as a whole and lives a life of love for humanity.

From this perspective, it is clear that Korea is a nation established by God on the fundamental philosophy of "honor Heaven and love humanity." Two thousand years ago, Jesus taught two commandments: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind" and "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." [Matthew 22:37-39] These commandments correspond directly with the "honor Heaven and love humanity" philosophy that is the founding ideal of Korea. It is amazing. Three thousand years before Jesus was born, the Korean people were already creating a nation based on his commandments. Therefore, it is quite natural that Christ would come again to the nation of Korea, which has been following a heavenly tradition for some five thousand years.

The Philosophy of Loyalty, Filial Piety, and Fidelity

The soul of the Korean people also embraces the philosophy of loyalty, filial piety, and fidelity. Professor Kim explained that this is so that, in the Last Days, they would be able to inherit the ideas of the Lord who will come to them. Jesus Christ was the first person ever to refer to God as his father. In his relationship with God, Jesus lived according to the principles of loyalty, filial piety, and fidelity. If God were a king, then Jesus was the most loyal subject. If God were a father, then no child was more filial than Jesus. When he was crucified for the sake of righteousness and his mission, Jesus forgave his enemies as he was dying. In this, Jesus demonstrated that his loyalty to God surpassed all others.

If Jesus is to come again, then surely he would come to people who honor the philosophy of loyalty, filial piety, and fidelity. That country is Korea.

The legends of Korea show how much these virtues are honored. One of the most beautiful of these is "The Story of Shim-Chung," which portrays the ultimate standard of filial piety. A young girl named Shim-Chung, who lives in destitute poverty but is as beautiful as a flower, wants to help her blind father regain his sight. She prays for her father at the temple, but she needs to make an offering of three hundred sacks of rice if her prayer is to be answered. So she sells herself to sailors on a particular ship in exchange for rice. The sailors intend to throw her alive into the sea as an offering to ensure their own safe passage. On the appointed day, Shim-Chung is thrown into the ocean, but instead of dying she finds herself in the underwater palace of the god of the ocean. The god is so moved by her filial piety that he returns her to the earth and places her in a lotus blossom in Korea's royal palace. The king discovers her there and is so taken by her beauty that he makes her his queen. The king then grants Shim-Chung's request to gather all the blind people in the country in hopes that she can find her father. The father discovers that his daughter, whom he had given up for dead, is alive, and his joy is so great that his sight is restored.

Chung Mong Ju (1337-1392), a subject of the last king of the Koryo dynasty, is often cited as an example of a subject who

demonstrated a high standard of loyalty to his king. Chung steadfastly refused to join the effort to force the king's abdication in favor of the man who went on to become the first king of the Yi dynasty. His loyalty finally led to his assassination. He wrote the following song, "Tan Shim Ga."

Though my body may perish,
 Though it may be shattered again and again;
 Though my bones may be ground to fine dust,
 Though my soul may be destroyed;
 Even then, my steadfast loyalty to my lord
 Will never be extinguished.
 Even then, my steadfast loyalty to my lord
 Will never be extinguished.

These words reflect the spirit and soul of the Korean people. During the thirty-six years when we were deprived of our country, countless patriots and martyrs selflessly offered their lives to further the cause of independence. One sixteen-year-old girl named Kwan Soon Yoo stood in the Pyongchun Anae marketplace in Chon-An and shouted: "Long live Korean independence." For this, she lost her father and mother on the spot and was arrested as a ringleader of the independence movement. During her trial, she was told that because she was a minor, she would be given a reduced sentence if she confessed to the charges against her.

Kwan Soon refused even the slightest compromise, choosing instead to denounce those who had robbed her of a country. When her sentence was appealed to a superior court, she continued her forceful denunciations. The result was that the superior court imposed an even heavier sentence than the lower court. In prison, she would stand by the window from morning til night and shout "Long live Korean independence." In an attempt to stop her, the prison authorities tortured her severely. She died in prison at the tender age of seventeen.

What an extraordinary person! When I attended school in Chon-An, which was the hometown of Kwan Soon Yoo, I often visited the house where she had lived and each time was tremendously inspired to think of her sacrifice for the country.

I never imagined, though, that the sacrifices of all these loyal subjects and faithful men and women were helping create a foundation for the messiah who would make his advent in the beautiful land of Korea. On hearing the Principle, I realized that the loyalty, filial piety, and fidelity of our ancestors were integral to God's profound plan. I understood, then, that their sacrifices were of immeasurable value, and this comforted me as well as excited me.

A Country Chosen to Be a Sacrificial Altar

Also, I had thought that Korea's division was a tragedy signifying that our country was somehow cursed. I was astonished to learn that our suffering was part of God's plan. God has chosen Korea as the final offering for human salvation. God has always required appropriate offerings as expressions of our faith. Cain and Abel, the two sons of Adam and Eve, each made offerings to God. God accepted Abel's offering but not Cain's, and this led to the tragedy of Cain killing Abel. This was a failed offering. [Genesis 4:1-16]

God also commanded Abraham, the father of faith, to make an offering of a heifer, a goat, a ram, a turtledove, and a pigeon. Each was to be cut in two, shedding blood, which symbolizes the removal of satanic, defiled blood prior to the object being offered to God. Cutting also symbolizes separating good from evil and carving something out of the unclean world to which God can claim ownership. Abraham built an altar and cut the animals in two as instructed, but he failed to cut the birds. For this reason, the offering could not be regarded as acceptable to God. [Genesis 15:9-14]

This failure led to the tragedy of Abraham being asked to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, who was born when Abraham was a hundred years old. Abraham took Isaac to the appointed place and built an altar. He bound his son and laid him on the altar. Then, just as Abraham, in a demonstration of his absolute faith, was about to kill Isaac, God intervened to let Isaac live and had Abraham sacrifice a ram instead. [Genesis 22:1-14]

Today is the age of the restoration of the cosmos (the entire creation, including the spiritual world and the physical world) and the age of the Second Coming of the Lord. Thus,

the nation and people to whom the Lord comes are the final altar and offering on the cosmic level. To be acceptable in the eyes of God as a cosmic offering, there must be a process by which this country is divided and blood is shed on its territory. This is precisely the significance of the Korean War.

When I first heard that my homeland had been blessed by this profound divine providence, I felt so excited it seemed the blood in my veins would start to run backwards. Tears of gratitude welled up into my eyes, and I bowed my head to say, "Thank you, God." I asked God to forgive me for ever having considered it a curse that I was born a Korean. My anguished prayer from 1952, when I first saw the bountiful land of America and compared it to Korea's wretched state, had been answered.

For the first time, I felt I had arrived at a clear understanding of why God had saved my life at Changchon River and about the mission for which I was being called.

"God," I prayed, "I have come to the place where You intended to lead me. Thank you sincerely for Your patience in leading me to this point." I felt completely reborn.

I was excited to think of the implications of this new knowledge for my country and its people. I could see now that the Korean peninsula had been chosen and designated by God as the final altar. The will of God lay behind the division of our territory into North and South, and the secret will of God was also at work in the Korean War. I had thought that my comrades had died for no particular purpose, but now I could see the value of their sacrifice. I was sure that God would give them eternal life. In a manner of speaking, my classmates at the Korean Military Academy and all the casualties of the Korean War were God's honorable partners in laying the foundation for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

For five thousand years, the Korean people maintained their homogeneity as a people despite countless invasions. Now, their day of glory had come. When the Lord comes, Korea would become the homeland of faith for the whole world.

I was excited, and all sorts of thoughts were rushing through my mind one after the other. This new outlook on our country's fortunes seemed to have limitless possibilities.

I could sense God's calling for me. I became intensely aware that God was calling me to perform a special mission. I felt proud to be a Korean.

My First Encounter With Reverend Moon

These were the realizations and excitement that I felt from the second evening of listening to Professor Kim's lectures on the Principle. By the time she finished, the high fever I was suffering when I arrived had completely subsided. I felt healthy and refreshed.

After the lectures, Professor Kim and I continued talking about various issues related to the Principle. We were so involved in our discussion that we both forgot about the hour. Before we knew it, it was almost time for the nationwide curfew to begin at midnight. I still didn't know the name of Professor Kim's church or its founder. I had simply heard a summary of the Unification Principle and become enthralled by its contents.

I wanted to wind up the discussion, so I said, "Professor Kim, what church do you attend? I'd like to attend Sunday service with you." This was a Monday, and Sunday seemed too far away. "Even better, does your church have a Wednesday night prayer service?" I knew it was customary among Protestant churches in Korea to hold a prayer service on Wednesday evenings. This seemed to be my best opportunity to go to Professor Kim's church. I wanted to learn everything as quickly as possible. Professor Kim's response, however, was not what I expected.

"There's no need for you to be in such a hurry," she said. "I will take you there soon enough."

"What is the name of your church," I asked. "Where is it located?"

"That, too, is something that I intend to tell you soon enough. There's no need to be in such a hurry."

I was a little upset by her response.

"I don't have a moment to waste," I thought to myself. "I don't think this lady understands how I feel. Or could she be reluctant because I'm not such an important person?"

The next day at my office, it wasn't difficult to find out that Professor Kim's church was the Unification Church, which had its headquarters at Chungpa Dong 1-ga, Yongsan Ku. I had no previous knowledge of the Unification Church.

Wednesday evening, I set out to find the Unification Church in Chungpa Dong with the idea that I would attend their evening prayer service. Even though I had obtained the church's correct address, finding the correct location turned out not to be so easy. I went to the general neighborhood and looked for large church buildings, but there were none in sight. I spent considerable time trying to find the address, but I finally gave up and decided to ask the proprietor of a small store for directions.

"Excuse me, can you tell me if there's a Unification Church somewhere near here?" I asked.

The woman in the store must not have been accustomed to seeing a Korean man wearing the uniform of a U.S. Army major. She sized me up from top to bottom a couple of times before answering.

"Sure, I know where that is," she finally said. "Go up that alley over there and turn to the right. Push open the door on the left, and step inside."

I started up the narrow alley, just as I had been told. Soon the alley made a turn to the right and became even narrower. Like the lady told me, I pushed on the left side of the door I saw and went in.

I found myself in a small foyer for removing one's shoes. It was obvious that this was an old Japanese-style family dwelling now being used as a church. I took off my shoes and stepped up onto the sanctuary's wooden floor. In the center, I could see a wood-burning stove. It was not lit, however, even though it was the middle of February and quite cold.

There was a chalkboard hanging on the front wall and in front of that was a desk with a white cloth draped across it. Some forty or fifty men and women dressed in humble clothing were sitting cross-legged on the floor. They were singing hymns, but these hymns were different from anything I had heard in the Christian churches I had attended.

I sat down in an empty place in the front row. The young man sitting next to me handed me a hymnal with the words "Holy Songs" printed on the cover. I focused my attention on the person who was leading the service, and when he announced the next hymn, I managed to find the right page in the hymnal. The tune was completely unfamiliar to me, so I read the words to myself. I could feel the spiritual atmosphere in the sanctuary rising as the singing grew louder.

The singing made an extraordinary impression on me. The voices of the congregation seemed to awaken the soul. I had been attending church services for five years, so I was quite used to hearing hymns. I had also been to a number of services and revival meetings in churches other than my own. The sound of this congregation's singing, though, was like nothing I had ever heard before.

There were no more than fifty worshipers, but they sang almost loud enough to lift the roof off. There was no piano or organ accompaniment, but each person was singing with all their strength. Their voices and their words of praise to God were coming from the depths of their hearts. They were singing songs of salvation and wiping tears from their eyes as they sang. They all remained sitting cross-legged on the floor, and no one seemed uncomfortable.

Their voices echoed in my heart and shook my soul powerfully. My body resonated with the sound, and it seemed that I would be sucked right in. I had never heard anyone sing hymns with voices that gave the listener such a strong sensation of life.

Soon, the services came to an end. I don't remember the title of the evening's sermon or anything about what was said. At the end of the service, a young man who had been sitting on the floor next to me suddenly stood up and began speaking. He spoke almost as if he were giving orders. He had a dynamic and distinguished appearance and his eyes had a special gleam.

"Who could this be," I thought, "that he appears so imposing and authoritative?"

I watched him speak with a feeling of amazement. All the members of the congregation seemed quite inspired by him.

“Who is this?” I thought. “Surely he’s not the minister of this church.” He had been sitting next to me on the floor, just like everyone else. This made me assume that he was no one special. Besides, his clothes were quite humble.

There was another man in the back of the room, the only person sitting in a chair, and his facial features were quite distinguished. I decided that this man must be the minister or some sort of leader of the group.

When the young man finished speaking, everyone stood up. Professor Kim must have spotted me during the service. She immediately came over and greeted me with a warm smile.

“It’s wonderful for you to come,” she said, “without my even showing you the way.”

“I found my way through the hill country of Mount Odae when it was under enemy occupation,” I replied. “Compared to that, finding this church was easy. When a person is thirsty, he can’t sit still. He has to dig a well to find water. I’m sorry that I showed up like this unannounced.”

“Let me introduce you to our teacher,” Professor Kim said. “This is Rev. Sun Myung Moon, our founder.”

I was shocked to discover that the man she introduced me to was the same young man who had been speaking to the congregation with such authority a moment ago. He was wearing a cheap jacket. I had spent my first service sitting next to him.

Reverend Moon offered me his hand, and said, “How do you do? I’ve heard a lot about you from Professor Kim.”

“I am Major Pak,” I said. “Professor Kim related some extraordinary content to me, and I couldn’t wait to find out more. I know it was rude of me to come like this today. I hope you will forgive me for my breach of etiquette.”

Reverend Moon responded very warmly. “Let’s go into another room. You can rest a while before you leave.”

He led me into a room located toward the back of the house. The person who had been sitting in a chair at the back of the sanctuary also joined us.

Before taking his chair, he smiled at me and shook my hand. “I am Hyo Won Eu,” he said. “Did you just recently hear Professor Kim’s lecture?”

“Yes,” I answered. “She’s a university professor, isn’t she? It was a wonderful lecture.” It seemed that everyone was aware that Professor Kim had given me the lectures.

Once we had taken our places in the room, Professor Kim told me, “The words of the Unification Principle that you heard from me are actually a revelation from God received by Reverend Moon, who is sitting here.”

After this formal introduction, I stood up, faced Reverend Moon, and gave him a full formal bow.

“The content that I heard was incredible,” I told him. “It gave me hope for the first time in my life. I would like to attend you as my teacher.”

I was so overcome with emotion that I could hardly speak. Reverend Moon watched this whole scene with a broad smile.

The Birthday of My Soul

The date was February 17, 1958—the day I first met Reverend Moon and the day I became a member of the Unification Church, known formally as the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity.

For me, there was no period of internal struggle over whether to join this church. I was strongly aware of God’s guidance in my life. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that all the pain and suffering I had experienced up to that point had been part of God’s effort to guide me to my encounter with Reverend Moon. Time and time again during the Korean War, I found myself standing on the verge of death, but each time God helped me to survive. Now, there could be no doubt that God’s purpose had been to guide me to the Unification Church.

God led me to the point where I was frustrated and hungry for truth. He led me on a path of trial and tribulation. In other words, He led me along my own personal pilgrimage. He did this so that when I finally heard the Principle, I would recognize its value immediately. If I had just studied at the Korean Military Academy, received a commission according to the normal routine, and risen through the ranks without incident, I doubt that I would have recognized the great words of the

Principle for what they were. I may not even have had the chance to hear them at all. Isn't this why Jesus said "and do not throw your pearls before swine." [Matthew 7:6]

I remembered the pledge I made on the shore of the Changchon River. "God! If you let me live, I will live the remainder of my life for you. God, I pledge this to you!" That is what I shouted as the bullets rained down around me.

My entire company was wiped out except for three men, and all of them were wounded. Somehow, though, I came out of that without a scratch, even though I was completely exposed to the enemy fire. This cannot be explained away as mere coincidence. There can be no doubt that a mysterious force saved my life, but I hadn't known why.

Now that I had heard the Principle, the reason became clear to me. I could see that God had performed that miracle on the riverbank so that I could someday come into contact with the Principle. Ever since that experience, I considered myself to be living a life that had been lent to me by God. My first life ended in that shower of bullets.

After Changchon River, I learned to be more humble. I always strove to be thankful for everything in life. I tried hard to understand the meaning of my experience on the riverbank. It wasn't until I heard Professor Kim's lectures on the Principle, though, that I could have a clear understanding of the reason God had saved my life and of God's calling for me. Also, February 17, 1958, was the day when I heard the voice that told me: "You have discovered the will that Heaven has set as its purpose to accomplish, so now you must dedicate your life to this."

In joining the Unification Church, I felt like a traveler returning to his homeland after a long journey. It had been a strenuous journey. I had journeyed far and encountered all sorts of difficult situations. I had often lost sight of the road and wandered aimlessly.

Finally, though, I had found my way back to the home of my soul. I had found a home where I could put down my burden and rest. Now, I could look forward to living a life of purpose and value, not ever leaving my homeland again. This was the meaning that February 17, 1958, held for me. It was the birthday of my soul.

A New Purpose in Life

After that, I would visit Professor Kim in the KMAG chaplain's office as often as I could. I wanted to hear God's word again and again. In the evenings, the Principle was always being lectured at one location or another, and I made a point of attending these sessions nearly every day. Also, I spent a great deal of time reading the *Wolli Haesol* (*Explanation of the Divine Principle*) and the Bible. Previously, the Bible had been very difficult for me to understand. Reading it was like trying to chew dead leaves—dry and without any particular taste. Now, though, the Bible came alive for me, and reading it became an exciting experience. Each time I opened it, the Bible replenished my life energy. For the first time, I could begin to understand what it was saying.

I was particularly inspired by the Principle lectures given by Mr. Hyo Won Eu, the first president of the Unification Church and composer of *Wolli Haesol* and *Wolli Kangron* (*Exposition of the Divine Principle*). Mr. Eu certainly was a man called by God to be a great pillar in His providence. He had a sharp analytical mind. On more than one occasion when I was listening to him speak, I would find myself thinking that this must be the kind of person who deserves to be called a genius.

Mr. Eu's lectures were very striking. He spoke with great passion. He presented the Principle with a line of reasoning that I found quite convincing. Mr. Eu had lost the use of one leg as a result of a degenerative bone disease he contracted when he was young, which answered a question that I had from the first day. I had thought that Mr. Eu was seated in a chair in the back of the sanctuary during worship services because he occupied the most senior position in the group. Instead, it was because he was physically unable to sit cross-legged on the floor.

When Mr. Eu lectured to several people at once, his audience would sit on the floor and he would lie down in front of them on his side. This was not an easy posture to keep for even one hour, but his lectures would almost always go on for about ten hours. His stamina and passion were almost superhuman.



The author (second from left) soon after joining the Unification Church. Mrs. Pak stands next to Reverend Moon (wearing the wide-brimmed hat, fifth from right).

Each time I heard Mr. Eu lecture, I dreamed that one day I, too, would become a great lecturer of the Principle. I wanted to become a revivalist preacher and call out to the people of the world with the content of God's Principle. When I was learning English, there was a time when I would listen to the sermons of the famous American evangelist Billy Graham a hundred times each. Now, I thought how wonderful it would be if I could speak the words of the Principle in English with the eloquence of Billy Graham. Then, I could bring even the trees and rocks to tears. Many times, I would have this kind of daydream as I listened to Mr. Eu's lectures.

Soon, my whole life became focused on fulfilling the dream of mastering the content of the Principle so that I could become a revivalist preacher. Nothing else seemed to matter anymore. Until this point, my purpose in life had been to master the English language. I was so totally focused on learning English that it would not be an exaggeration to say that I was crazy for English. In a short time, though, I quickly lost my enthusiasm for improving my English further. I

didn't even feel like picking up an English text anymore. Even if I did, it was impossible to interest myself in studying. Instead, I began to focus on becoming a revivalist preacher with the same degree of passion and energy that I previously had for English.

Here, I came to realize something else very important. Why had I been guided to a job in KMAG, working with the U.S. Army? Surely, this was also the result of divine guidance. Wasn't it because God planned to call me to a mission on a worldwide level, and particularly to America? That must be why He had me study English. First, he made me go crazy over English, and after I achieved a certain level of competence, He brought me into contact with the Principle. At the same time, He put me in a situation where I had to use my English ability on a daily basis. My English continued to improve without studying it formally.

If I had heard the Principle before studying English, I probably would have gone through life without learning English. God knew that once I came into contact with the Principle, I would be so enthralled with it that it would be impossible for me to be attracted to English or anything else.

Also, it wouldn't have mattered how much English I learned if I had been assigned to a Korean army unit after my return from the United States. In this instance, I would have forgotten within a few years much of what I had learned. Instead, I was assigned to KMAG. Thinking back on it now, I realized that no amount of gratitude would be sufficient for the incredible blessing that God bestowed on me. Because of this unique course, my spirit could become totally intoxicated with the Principle without preventing me from maintaining and developing my fluency in English.

Soon, I received the authority to lecture the Principle to others. Every day right after I finished the day's work at KMAG, I would go to a building in the Myungdong section of downtown Seoul. There, I would set up a blackboard and lecture the Principle to whoever would listen. During the day, I was a soldier working with Americans, and at night I was an evangelist teaching the Principle to Koreans. Sometimes, my discussions with my listeners would last into the early hours of the next morning. More than a few times, I would

spend the night in this building without getting a wink of sleep and then report directly to work the next morning. My dreams of become an evangelist of the Principle appeared to be coming true.

“Who Is He?”

One day, I had a very serious discussion with Professor Kim. Professor Kim was not just an average professor. She had studied theology abroad in Japan and Canada. As an assistant professor at Ehwa Women’s University, she had had a promising career with that institution. Dr. Hwal Lan Kim, the president of Ehwa at that time, recognized Professor Kim for her leadership abilities and began to groom her as a future president of Ehwa. In our discussions, she always stated her positions eloquently and with a broad understanding of biblical scripture. Her logic was always compelling.¹

On this day, too, we began a discussion on the Principle in much the same manner as had become our custom. This time, though, the discussion was much more serious than ever before. I wanted to ask a question that cut to the core of the teachings.

“There’s still one problem with the Principle that I haven’t been able to resolve,” I told her. “I’m not sure whether this is something you already know and are not sharing with me, or if it’s something that you, too, haven’t yet understood.”

Professor Kim immediately seemed to sense there was something different about my attitude. She sat up straight and told me: “What are you talking about? You think there might be something that I know but have held back from you? There’s no such thing.”

“My question,” I continued, “has to do with Reverend Moon’s role. I know he’s the founder of the Unification Church, and that he’s the one who received the Principle as a revelation from God. But...” Here, Professor Kim interrupted me.

“Is *that* what you’re talking about,” she said with a chuckle. “Well, that’s easy. Actually, I think you already know everything.”

“This isn’t a laughing matter,” I said. “I can’t be a real Unification Church member unless I resolve this issue. Who is Reverend Moon, really? In the Bible, it says that John the Baptist sent people to Jesus to ask him the same question. They asked him, ‘Are you he who is to come, or shall we look for another?’ In more direct terms, they were asking Jesus whether he was the messiah, or whether they should wait for someone else to appear after Jesus as the messiah. Jesus told them, ‘He who has ears to hear, let him hear.’ [Matthew 11:15]

“So, I think that in this age, too, we need to rely on our wisdom to understand who Reverend Moon is. But on this point, you don’t seem to be giving me any help at all, even though I am not a scholar of theology like you.”

When I had finished speaking, Professor Kim asked me, “What conclusions have you drawn already on your own? I’d like to hear about that.”

“Professor Kim, I was greatly inspired when I heard the teaching of the Principle that the Second Advent of Christ would take place in our country, Korea. In fact, I was so excited I couldn’t even sleep at night. This would mean that our people would be freed from the resentment of having experienced so much misery during our history. It would give meaning and value to all the suffering that has taken place. This teaching gave me a greater hope than I have been able to find anywhere else. I have come to believe firmly that this was the will of God and that it represents God’s blessing upon the people of Korea.

“The problem, though, is when is this all going to happen? Will it be ten years from now? A hundred years from now? But the Principle says that the age we are living in now corresponds to the Last Days. If that’s true, then doesn’t that mean this is the age when the Lord is to come—that he will come during our lifetime? So, the question is, Who is this person? Is Reverend Moon the one who is to come, or are we to wait for another?”

At this point, I paused. For some reason, tears suddenly welled up and began streaming down my cheeks. Professor Kim sat very still with her eyes wide open, waiting for me to continue.

“So what is your opinion on this, Major Pak?” she said.

I stood up and continued speaking in an excited tone.

“If you look at the Old Testament Age,” I said, “Moses, who was in a messianic position vis-à-vis the chosen people of Israel, received God’s calling. But it wasn’t until he received the Ten Commandments from God on Mount Sinai and proclaimed these to the Israelites that he was fully recognized as the person who would lead the chosen people. In other words, it was after Moses received God’s word and His law that he declared a definitive course for salvation. The Ten Commandments became the constitution of the Old Testament Age and the basic foundation for all of God’s laws and commandments.

“In a manner of speaking, the Ten Commandments were the bedrock on which the Old Testament Age was constructed. But isn’t it true that the word of God expressed in the Ten Commandments would not have become reality if Moses had not appeared on the scene as a central figure called by God?”

Professor Kim swallowed hard. The expression on her face seemed to indicate that she had never met anyone before who talked the way I was talking. I couldn’t stop now. I had to keep going.

“The same was true with Jesus,” I said. “How did people in his time know that he was the messiah? It was by means of the word of God. People heard the Sermon on the Mount, for example, and experienced for themselves the great and exceptional quality of Jesus’ words, as well as their depth and revolutionary character. This was how they could realize that Jesus was the only begotten son of God, sent to earth as the messiah. In other words, isn’t it only when the messiah, who is the root of the word, makes his advent on earth that the word is proclaimed? Isn’t that the word was there first and Jesus came out of nowhere and proclaimed himself as the only begotten son of God, is it? The word of God spoken through Jesus’ mouth comprised the words of salvation. In other words, wherever the word of God may be found, there first has to have been the substantiation of that word. Isn’t this what is indicated by the New Testament?”

“Based on this historical background, I’ve come to the following conclusions.

“The Principle that I have heard is as great an expression of God’s word as the New Testament. In fact, I think it surpasses the New Testament, because it takes the symbols and parables of the Old and New Testaments and unravels them one by one. The Principle talks about the overall principles of God’s creative work. It gives remarkable Bible-based explanations of the human Fall and other events. Not only that but it elucidates God’s providence for human salvation following the Fall. The word of God contained in the Principle is not just a prelude telling us the time of the Second Coming is drawing near. Instead, the words of the Principle are the main movement of the symphony. They represent the root of God’s word. They, in and of themselves, are the words of salvation. These words reveal all of God’s secrets during six thousand biblical years.

“In other words, I think we have to say that the person who brought us these words must be their substantiation. I can only conclude that Rev. Sun Myung Moon is much more than just the founder of a particular church. I think he is a person who has come as the returning Jesus who will bring fundamental change to the course of human history, and the words spoken through his mouth are in themselves the Principle.

“I don’t think that you can refute my logic, Professor Kim. In fact, isn’t it true that you have known all of this all along and have only been waiting for me to reach a level high enough in my understanding of the Principle before you told me?”

Professor Kim swallowed hard again. She began to speak in a quiet voice, trying to lessen some of the tension.

“Major Pak,” she said, “I was a university professor, so I know how to give grades to students. My grade for you on the Principle is an A-plus.”

She smiled warmly and gave me a reply that had profound meaning.

“Among our members,” she said, “there is one old woman who spends a great deal of time in prayer. Last night, she paid me a visit and told me something very interesting. She said: ‘God plans to choose one tall man who wears a military uniform, and He told me that He plans to use this person to proclaim the Principle throughout the world. I think He may have been referring to Major Pak.’”

I was completely caught up in the grace of God.

“I will give you my reply now,” Professor Kim said. “Rev. Sun Myung Moon is the one who is to come. You don’t need to wait for some other person to appear. Reverend Moon was sent by God as the second coming of Jesus. Before long, he will assume the position of True Parent and open the gates of heaven on earth. You have met him now because you are blessed and because God needs you. Now you’ve come to know everything there is for you to know. Congratulations.”



Chapter Eight

WHY I BECAME A UNIFICATIONIST

Why did I become a Unificationist? This is probably the most important question that I can answer in this book. My spirit cries out that I was guided to this church by God. I found something for which I had been thirsting all my life.

I doubt, though, that the reader will be satisfied with just this explanation. Most likely, the reader will want to see something more logical and objective. Although I am not confident that I can fulfill this requirement, I have a responsibility to try.

In this chapter, I will try to explain my reasons for becoming a Unificationist. In doing so, I will include some points from my present perspective of having been a member for more than forty years. I will do my best to be clear and concise.

Reason 1: To Follow the Lord of the Second Advent

Once I heard the Unification Principle, and understood clearly that this was the word of God proclaimed by the Lord of the Second Advent, what was I supposed to do? It was my primary responsibility, my special right, and my glory to fol-

low the Lord who had come. What greater blessing can anyone hope to receive in this life? Even a diamond as big as the earth itself could not measure up to the value of this blessing.

I was like the fishermen who one day suddenly met Jesus on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Jesus said to them: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." [Mark 1:17] The simple men who followed him became the disciples who went on to construct the history of the New Testament. For what reason I don't know, but I was called by God to be like those fishermen.

I resolved to dedicate my life to the holy task of attending the Lord. In no way am I entitled to be a disciple of the Lord. My only qualification was that I was pure-hearted.

As I have already made clear, the only reason I am alive today is that some mysterious power has extended my life. I wanted very much to fulfill the pledge that I made on the bank of the Changchon River. After my encounter with the Unification Church, all the doubts that I had harbored up until that time were resolved. I received my calling, and it was the highest of all possible callings. God had consistently and steadfastly led me to this point.

There was only one way for me to respond. It was to say: "Yes, God, I understand. You have permitted me to meet the coming Lord. I will dedicate my life to following him."

This is how I became a member of the Unification Church. It was with a heart filled with gratitude, pride, and anticipation for the future.

Reason 2: Deep-Rooted Contradictions Were Resolved

People of the scientific age in the twentieth century want to see logic in all things. A major reason for the declining interest in religion among young people around the world is that religious reasoning tends to be unscientific. We are past the age when people can be expected to follow in blind faith.

What, then, had been the greatest contradiction in logic that I encountered as I attempted to grow in my personal faith? The greatest obstacle was the apparent contradiction between belief in an omniscient and omnipotent God of goodness in the face

of the reality of today's miserable world. If such a God existed, why did He create a world so filled with evil and falsehood as we see today, and why would He leave the world the way it is? In other words, when I tried to justify God as omniscient and omnipotent, as well as good, I could not explain the reality of today's world. If I explained reality, then I could no longer maintain that God was omniscient and omnipotent. The two seemed to be in an eternal contradiction.

Wasn't this the same contradiction that the philosopher Camus struggled with? Seeing the evil and cruelty of the world, he questioned the existence of a benevolent God and concluded that life itself was "absurd."

Many people have struggled with this obvious contradiction. How many are there among our young students? I was just such a person, but I found that the Unification Principle showed me how to resolve this contradiction. And what a crystal-clear resolution it was!

By means of the Unification Principle, I became able to distinguish between God's original world of creation and the fallen world. I came to understand that the fallen world we live in today was not created by God and is not governed by God. Satan rules this world. That is why evil has its way, and selfishness is rampant.

Humanity has lost God, but God is working to return the fallen world to the world of the original ideal. In the Principle, this is referred to as the Providence of Restoration. The ideal world of God's original creation will be accomplished, and all humanity will be brothers and sisters under God as the Heavenly Father and Mother and will live for each other in a relationship of interdependence and mutual prosperity.

From this perspective, it becomes possible to believe in God's omniscience and omnipotence and, at the same time, to understand the reality of our world.

Thus, the Principle was clearly explaining to me the most important questions regarding God and the Bible. How could it not be the word of God expressed through the returning Lord? The deep will of God and His heart were being revealed to the human world for the first time. It was unthinkable that I might ignore this truth and go in some other direction.

Reason 3: I Came to Know God

A person who thinks in a logical fashion might agree that the ultimate contradiction was resolved under Reason 2, but there is another problem: Why was an omniscient, omnipotent, good God not able to prevent the Fall of the original human ancestors, Adam and Eve? If God is omniscient and omnipotent, doesn't this mean that He can do anything He pleases?

That would seem to make sense. Being all-knowing and all-powerful means there are no excuses. The human Fall seems to imply a failure on the part of God. He should not have allowed it to happen. Before my encounter with the Principle, this was a difficult stumbling block for me, and I wanted very much to find a clear answer. I found it in the Principle.

In a word, the answer lies in the fact that God is a God of love. To what extent does God love humankind? He loves us to the extent that He wants us to be like Him. To some Christians this may sound blasphemous, but God wants human beings to be equal to Him or even better than Him.

Think of it: God is a parent. No parent in the world would want his children to be inferior to him. This is the parental heart. There is a saying that when a younger brother surpasses his older brother, the older brother is downhearted, but when a son surpasses his father, the father rejoices. This is the parental heart.

God is the parent of humankind. God created human beings as His own children. If even the worst parents in the world want their children to surpass them, then surely our Father in heaven would not want His beloved children to be anything less than what He is.

If we are God's children, then we must have the same characteristics as God. There is, however, one fundamental way in which we can never be like God—God is a creator, and we are His created beings. Nothing can change this fundamental relationship. However, the creator God loves us, His created beings, so much that He wants us also to be able to stand in the position of creators. As His children, created in His image, God planned for us to be *co-creators* with Him.

This is why God gave us free will. What is the connection between free will and becoming co-creators? God created human beings in such a way that each person has the ability to create his or her own fate. In other words, God gave us free will so that we can participate in completing ourselves, co-creating ourselves. This involves a great deal of risk on God's part. Depending on how free will is used, it can lead to the perfection of human character—or to the human Fall. God's original plan contained both possibilities: the possibility of perfection and the possibility of the Fall. God took the very risky step of allowing humans to be responsible to determine whether they would reach perfection or fall.

It is only when humans reach perfection within the context of these two choices that we become fundamentally different from the rest of creation. That is, we become the only existence to have participated, even partially, in our own creation. We will still be created beings, but because we participated in our own creation and perfection, we will be able to stand in the position of creators. In other words, we will become co-creators with God.

This may be difficult to understand at first, but it is really quite simple. Let me give an example. Let's say that a father and son are laying a hundred bricks to build a wall. The father lays the first ninety-nine bricks, but the wall is not finished until the one remaining brick is laid. The father takes the final brick, hands it to his son, and tells him to finish the job. It is possible that the son will drop the brick, but when the son successfully lays that brick in its proper place, the father can point to the brick wall and say, "This wall is our joint project. We built it together." The father will bless his son, saying, "Because we built this wall together, you are a co-creator, just like me."

Human history has been analogous to what would happen if the son were to drop that final brick. This contingency was already incorporated into God's planning from the beginning. It does not mean that God has failed. No matter how many attempts it takes, God will endure, wait, and lead humankind until such time as we are able to accomplish our portion of responsibility. Even if it takes ten thousand years, this would still be a very short period in comparison to eternity.

God loves the world so much that He was willing to suffer in order to give humans free will, and He endures until such time as we humans are able to participate in our creation by bringing about our own perfection. What incredible love this is! This is nothing other than true love and is the reason that God could not interfere in the human Fall. He observed as the Fall took place, but He did not interfere, because He wanted human beings to be created in His complete image. To accomplish this, He suffered the immeasurable pain of watching His children commit the Fall.

God created humans to be His object partners in love. Love must necessarily be spontaneous. Only love that rises out of a person's own free will can be said to be true love. Love that is coerced can no longer be called love. If God had created humans as mere machines, He could never hope to experience the highest level of joy from His creation. If God were to seek fulfillment by creating "children" with no free will, He would have done better to abandon His work of creation. This is the reason that God had no choice other than to create human beings who are endowed with free will.

In the Bible, we see that God told Adam and Eve, "You may freely eat of every tree of the garden; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall die." [Genesis 2:16-17] He forewarned them that if they ate the fruit, they would die. If this were a situation where God *could* intervene, there would be no need for such a warning. He could simply keep an eye on Adam and Eve and if it looked like they were about to eat the wrong fruit, He could simply stop them by saying, "Wait, no. Not that one. Eat anything except that one." What is the meaning of God's forewarning to Adam and Eve? The fact that He gave them such a warning implied that if they broke His commandment and ate of the fruit, He would not be able to intervene. This illustrates clearly that human beings have been endowed with absolute free will, which we can use to determine our own destinies.

This explanation was one of the most exciting parts of the Unification Principle for me. When I heard it for the first time, I couldn't help but let out a gasp of surprise. This was the solution to all the remaining questions I had. I felt as if I had

been shown the ultimate meaning of the Bible. I didn't know how I could have claimed to believe in God up until that time without having understood this essential point. How could I have thought that I understood God's heart?

I felt grateful, and I felt excited. I wanted to spread the news of what I had just heard far and wide. I wanted to give it to all the people who were hungry and thirsting for God's truth. I felt that this was what I was meant to do with my life.

The first step for me was to join the Unification Church. Then, I spent time learning everything I could about this new expression of God's truth. Next, I put it into practice in my own life and the life of my family. Then, I began to teach—even unto the ends of the earth.

Reason 4: I Saw How People Could Be Reborn

We often hear about people wanting to bring about fundamental change in their lives or in their characters. How can people experience such change? No one has put forward a comprehensive plan for this. The roots of evil in the world—whether the evil of world wars or murder or theft or rape—lie in the hearts of human beings. Whether we are talking about evil acts committed by large groups or by individuals, they are all manifestations of some aspect of the human character.

So what aspect of our characters is it that leads us to evil? Selfishness. It is selfishness that is the foundation of all evil in human society. The problem, then, is to find a way to remove the root of evil from where it lies deep in the heart of each individual.

Throughout the course of history, the major religions and many saints and temporal rulers have tried to bring about such a fundamental change in human character. At times, particular saints achieved partial success as individuals. Even they, however, could not expand their individual success so that human society could be transformed on the levels of community, nation, and world. The Unification Principle presents us with the possibility for fundamental change in human beings on a scale that could never be achieved before.

There is no one who does not love himself or herself. No one goes through life without ever doing anything in their own personal interest. If selfishness is defined in such a way that it encompasses any action taken in one's own interest, then we would have to say that human beings were created as selfish beings. The problem, though, lies with a particular type of selfishness that has infected fallen humans that can be called *blind selfishness*.

How can people who are blindly selfish be transformed into people who act totally in the interest of others? There is only one way: bring people to the realization that acting in the interest of others is, in the long run, actually in their own interest as well. *True selfishness* is, in actuality, identical with altruism. If a person wants to act in his own true self-interest, then he must act in the interest of those around him. Past religions have not been successful in their mission to bring people to this understanding. They failed because they did not have the absolute truth.

For people to understand the overlap between their own true interests and the interests of others, they need to realize two things. First, our lives are not limited to the time we spend on earth. We need to realize that there is life after death for everyone. We should not think that our success or failure in life can be determined just from the few decades we spend on earth. Just as God is eternal, so also life is eternal, and the final accounting for our lives will be made in the context of eternity.

The decades we spend on earth may seem like a long time, but in comparison to eternity they are shorter than a flash of lightning. Yet, the hard truth is that the way we live during this relatively brief period on earth will determine how we live for the rest of eternity.

Also, life after death is not like what we often hear in ghost stories or horror movies. Every human being has two bodies: the physical body that we can see and another body that exists for eternity. The Unification Principle refers to this second body as our *spirit self*. The spirit self is not some ghostlike entity. Instead, it is a full second self that is even more complete than the physical self and has its own spirit mind and spirit body.

During our lives on earth, we nourish our spirit self so that it can mature. Nourishment for the spirit self, however, is different from the food and other forms of nourishment that the physical body needs to grow. The spirit self grows on love. The spirit self takes its nourishment from altruistic love. My spirit self receives nourishment when I do good, when I sacrifice myself for others, and when I live for the sake of my neighbor, my country, and the world as a whole.

When we go into the next world, we cannot take with us those things we acquired in this world. We can't take money or power or degrees. Even external knowledge does not have the same value in the next world. A person may have acquired some position of importance in this world, but he can't take that with him either. We come into the world with no possessions, and we leave it in the same way.

There is just one thing that we can take with us, and that is the love that we have practiced in our lives. Love is my only eternal asset. It is what will determine whether I will be rich or poor when I am in the Kingdom of God in the spirit world. A person who goes to the spirit world and discovers that he has lived his life on earth in a wrong way may want to return to earth and build up his store of love. It will be too late, though. Once a person is in the spirit world, there is no way to return to life in the physical world.

When people go to spirit world, there is no one standing there who decides whether they go to heaven or to hell. Instead, we are judged by our own accomplishments on earth. It is not God or anyone else who passes judgment on us. We pass judgment on ourselves. Anyone who understands this truth realizes that this is something we need to take very seriously. Ultimately, the best way for a person to serve his own interest as an eternal being is to use his time on earth in a comprehensive exercise of altruistic love.

Buddhism teaches, "To benefit yourself, give benefit to others." This means that whatever one does for others will ultimately benefit oneself. This teaching contains a very profound truth.

Second, a person cannot bring about a revolution within his own heart from blind self-interest to altruism unless he

can fully comprehend the truth about the Kingdom of Heaven in the spirit world. We still live in a state of ignorance with respect to life after death, that is, the spirit world. How many people in today's society actually believe that there is a spirit world? As long as people know so little about the spirit world, it will be impossible to create a momentum that is strong enough to bring a true revolution of the heart. The reality is that the spirit world exists. Whatever people may say, no one can escape the clear reality that the kingdoms of heaven and hell both exist in spirit world. The Kingdom of Heaven is so wonderful that no paradise on earth can even compare.

The scientist Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) is known for having traveled freely between the physical world and the spirit world during his later years. He published a series of extraordinary books, including *Arcana Coelestia* (*Heavenly Arcana*) and *De Coelo et ejus Mirabilibus et de Inferno* (*On Heaven and Its Wonders and on Hell*). These were honest records of his observations during his journeys into the spirit world. Even Swedenborg, though, was not able to enter the most fabulous part of the spirit world, which is the Kingdom of Heaven. This was because the gates to the Kingdom of Heaven had not yet been opened. I grew to understand this deeply in the course of my study of the Unification Principle.

Swedenborg's descriptions of hell cannot be dismissed as figments of his own imagination. They are accurate. Each moment in hell is endured only with great difficulty. Imagine, then, how it must feel to have to endure such an existence for eternity. It must be so excruciatingly painful that we cannot even imagine it.

The Unification Principle helped me to understand two things. The first is that life on earth is intended to be a period for us to prepare ourselves for eternal life in the spirit world. Second, the Principle helped me to understand the dire reality of the Kingdom of Heaven and of hell in the spirit world. Knowledge is power. Once a person truly understands these things, it will bring about tremendous change in his life. His view of life will change, and he will have a much clearer understanding of the world around him. Also, he will

understand history clearly. He will understand what he must do during his life on earth to really benefit himself.

Then, this person will no longer remain in darkness. He will come to live in the light. Ignorance leads people to evil, but the Unification Principle liberates us from ignorance and leads us into the light. Here I see actual examples of people who experience such a revolution of heart toward altruism and succeed in bringing about change in themselves. It is the birth of a new human being.

The only remaining task is to work as quickly as possible to evangelize the whole world with this new expression of God's truth. This is something that is well within the scope of human ability. People are naturally attracted, as if by some magnetic force, toward that which will truly help them to live better lives. The Unification Principle is just such a magnet. People all over the world will be pulled by this new expression of God's truth, because it possesses a life-giving force.

In bringing about change in a person's life, the most important thing is to bring about a revolution from blind selfishness to true selfishness, that is, a dedication to living for others. This can only be brought about by the complete truth. The Unification Principle is this complete truth.

I am one of those in whom this truth has brought about a revolution of heart. This is generally referred to as being *born again*. I was born again by this truth. Further, I am certain that this truth will bring about a similar change in the lives of anyone who comes into contact with it. I consider becoming a member of the Unification Church to be my special right and my glory, and I have found the Unification Church to be a gathering of people who have been born again by the truth.

Reason 5: It Gave Me Hope for Universal Salvation

The Unification Principle has given me hope that all people in the world can receive salvation. This is not something that I say lightly merely because it sounds good. No matter how I look at it, I cannot deny that the six billion people who make up our world today are headed in the wrong direction. I could

see it in 1958, when my experience of the world was limited to my homeland and two short visits to the United States.

Now, forty-some years later, I have had a chance to visit just about every corner of the world. I have met and interacted with people of numerous races and ethnic groups. In particular, I have been involved in many projects in the United States. All this experience has fortified my original belief that the Principle offers hope to all people of the world and the solution to all our human problems.

Let me use America as an example since my many years in this country have given me at least a better than average understanding of America. As I described earlier in this book, when I first stepped on American soil in 1952, America looked to me like paradise on earth, or perhaps even heaven itself. Small houses in idyllic settings were homes to families that overflowed with love. On Sundays, the sound of congregations singing hymns could be heard in every community. Even comic books such as *Superman* were filled with America's righteous fervor for standing up against injustice in the world. The skyscrapers in New York symbolized America's strong national power. Americans were warm and kind. They considered it a virtue to sacrifice themselves to help others. Indeed, they took pride in doing this. When I came to America in 1952, I found a country that clearly had been blessed by God.

When I returned to America in 1961, I was dismayed to see how America had changed in just nine years. And now, to see the America of the 1990s! In today's America, crimes involving the use of firearms are committed every nine seconds, and murders are committed every fifteen seconds. The beautiful cities of Washington and New York that so impressed me have become places of decay, fear, violence, drugs, and crimes of every kind. All across America we hear of babies being dumped in trash cans, schoolchildren shooting their classmates, and AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases running rampant.

This decay is not unique to America. Every place in the world where Western civilization has flourished is now encountering something similar. On March 20, 1995, a group of people belonging to the Japanese religious sect Aum

Shinri-kyo carried out the command of their leader to stage a sarin gas attack on the Tokyo subway system. Twelve people died and more than five thousand others were injured. When we see that the people who participated in this attack were all graduates of Japan's most prestigious universities, it becomes obvious that this incident is a clear indication of the state of Japanese society overall.

Wherever we go in our world, we are faced with horrifying illustrations of the fact that we are living in the Last Days. Public morality has declined about as far as it can go. Selfishness is at an all-time high. Many people had hoped that world peace would follow the end of the Cold War, but instead we find a series of ethnic and religious conflicts breaking out in various parts of the world.

Why has the world come to this? In a word, the cause lies in a loss of values. More specifically, it is the loss of values that are centered on God and the spread of atheism.

According to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, all ideologies founded on atheism are doomed to self-destruct. This was communism's fate, and capitalism is now running headlong down the same path. Humanism, which is as deeply rooted in atheism as communism, is certain to lead to the downfall of the capitalist world. The loss of God-centered values has resulted in the loss of an absolute standard of good and evil. There is no absolute measuring stick by which we can determine right and wrong.

The late Professor Allan Bloom of the University of Chicago wrote in his book *The Closing of the American Mind* that American universities are no longer places that raise up dedicated and patriotic leaders who will be responsible for the future of the country. Instead, they are turning out a "mob" of people who seek only to learn specialized knowledge that will enable them to pursue their own happiness. He says that the highest American elite, such as the graduates of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, have lost the ability to tell right from wrong. Professor Bloom was right on target with this analysis. If the best universities in America are only turning out a "mob," then where can we turn for hope?

We are witnessing the collapse of all standards of morality and ethics in human society. The world has turned away from

spiritual values, and desires of the flesh run rampant. There is no happiness to be found either in this world or in the next. If God's truth and commandments are ignored, then human beings become no different from wild animals. Just the thought is enough to make one tremble.

It is particularly disturbing that this tragic development is taking place in a world where four major religions are thriving. Christianity, for example, is helpless to stop this loss of God-centered values even though its illustrious history of two thousand years has resulted in a billion believers worldwide. If the answer is not in established religions, then the world has no way out of this situation, except through God's direct intervention.

In fact, God has intervened directly for our salvation—He sent the Second Advent of Jesus Christ to the Korean peninsula. This is nothing other than the greatest miracle that humanity could hope for. The expression of truth revealed through the Second Advent will surely make God's existence clear to every eye. The existence of God will be a matter of knowledge rather than belief. His absolute values will be established. This will mean a recovery of ethics and morality in human society. In order to judge right and wrong—and to separate justice from injustice—we need to be able to view the world from God's standpoint.

This is the hope that I find in the Unification Principle.

Reason 6: Pure Love Movement Restores Families

Another important reason for me to join the Unification Church was that I was convinced that this church's pure love movement was capable of reversing the trend of family breakdown in modern societies. A healthy society must be based on the foundation of strong families. Yet, the breakdown of families is identified as one of the most serious problems in almost every country. The problem is particularly serious in the so-called developed countries. Just as a building cannot be built without a solid foundation, so also societies and nations cannot continue to exist in the long run unless the families that are their building blocks are healthy.

Let's look at the United States, again, as an example. The divorce rate in America is now more than 50 percent, and it continues to increase. In California, it is close to three out of four. Why is this so, when the partners in these marriages choose their mates completely on their own through an extended process of dating and falling in love?

Think about the children who are born into these marriages. These days, not many children have the luxury of being raised by the same parents who brought them into the world. A majority of children are raised by stepfathers, stepmothers, or foster parents, and they live with siblings with whom they share only a partial blood relationship at best. In the past, it was taken for granted that children would grow up under the loving care of both their natural parents, but today the chances of this are slim.

Children raised in families without the love of two parents who love each other face severe obstacles. In addition, child abuse has become a serious social issue in America today. Children beaten by parents suffer bruises, broken bones, and, sometimes, even death.

There is more to the disturbing state of today's America. There is also the issue of teenage pregnancies resulting from sexual promiscuity among young people. Each year, more than a million children are born out of wedlock. They don't know who their real father is. Schools are seeing a sharp increase in the number of children who cannot name both their parents.

Even crueler are the cases where the mother deserts the child immediately after giving birth. Babies today are found in trash cans and toilets, thrown away by their mothers. If they survive, these children are orphans at birth. Incidents like these have increased to the point where they barely make the news. We are becoming numb to such callous acts.

God created human beings on the ideal of one man, one woman, that is, on the ideal of monogamous heterosexual marriage. This is the fundamental reason that human beings are the greatest among God's creation. Human beings are the only creatures who place importance in preserving their blood lineage through a sense of ethics and morality.

The reason maintaining sexual purity is among the most important moral virtues in human society is that without purity we cannot accomplish God's ideal of true love. What is true love?

Put simply, it is a love that maintains sexual purity. It is a love whereby one man comes to know one woman, and one woman comes to know one man. It is the means by which a pure blood lineage can be maintained.

This is why God disapproves of adultery. In fact, “disapprove” is much too soft a term. At the beginning of history, Adam and Eve were thrown out of the Garden of Eden because of their adultery. Adulterous love has been called the “scarlet sin.” Among the seven sins in Dante’s *The Divine Comedy*, this “scarlet sin” is said to be the worst. God considers adulterous love to be the most serious of all sins, and He will never condone it.

Unfortunately, our world today is colored bright red with this scarlet sin. The Old Testament, in Genesis 19, tells the story of how God gave the judgment of fire and brimstone to the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because the people there became awash in sexual sin. What about the United States today? What about Korea? What about Japan? Do the sins of any of these amount to something less than that of Sodom and Gomorrah?

Our world today is in a state where we deserve to receive the judgment of fire and brimstone at any time. For many people, this is cause for despair. It appears that nothing can be done. None of the world’s major religions seems to have any ability to stop the tidal wave of adultery.

Parents of teenagers today have a common problem. They believe they can’t tell their children not to date, and when their children date, they can’t give them sufficient reason and principle to convince them not to have sex.

“Why shouldn’t I date?” the children ask. “Why is it wrong to see what it’s like to have sex, as long as it’s with someone I love?” Parents don’t know how to answer questions like these. I found answers to these questions in the Principle of the Unification Church, particularly in the chapter titled “The Human Fall.”

God did not forbid human beings to make love. In fact, the opposite is true. God wanted to see perfect love bloom: This was the reason that He gave us the laws of love, and He made them quite clear. Both men and women are to absolutely maintain sexual purity until marriage. After finding our ideal spouse and entering into the bond of marriage

with this spouse, we are to experience ultimate love within the context of this relationship. The dream and happiness of true love can be experienced only in the context of families that maintain such purity and discipline.

These laws of love that God has given to humankind are comparable to the laws of the natural world. For example, if a person jumps off the top of a fifty-story building, he will surely die the instant he hits the ground. His death would be the result of disobeying the laws of nature. In the same way, a person who disobeys God's laws of love will also bring about his own death, that is, spiritual death.

That is why God warned Adam and Eve, saying, "for in the day that you eat of it you shall die." The moment that Adam and Eve took the fruit and ate it—that is, the moment that they engaged in illicit sex—they died. The result of adulterous love is spiritual death. This means that our world, which has become steeped in adultery, is a world of death. The consequences of adultery and illicit love are very serious indeed.

The Unification Church is the only religion in the world that can successfully carry out a movement for pure love. The Unification Church teaches God's laws of love and considers pure love to be a matter of life and death. The international holy Blessing ceremonies sponsored by the Unification Church are religious rites in which men and women pledge their pure love to each other.

The Dana Farber Institute of Harvard University has released a study that predicts that by the year 2010 more than one billion people in the world will be infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Such a large number of people with AIDS would virtually mean the end of humankind. There is no cure.

People should recognize that the claim that condoms prevent HIV infection is a dangerous myth. In America, the failure of "safe sex education," which encourages the use of condoms as a means to prevent pregnancy and HIV and other sexually transmitted diseases, is becoming apparent. Some school districts have found that the pregnancy rate actually rose in districts that conducted safe sex education or distributed condoms.

If encouraging the use of condoms leads to an increase in pregnancies among teenage women, then it follows that it also leads to an increased risk of HIV infection. In Washington, D.C., about one in sixty-five teen mothers tests positive for HIV, and AIDS is now the leading cause of death among young men ages twenty-five to forty-four in the Washington and Baltimore areas. HIV infection among middle school, high school, and university students increased from one in a thousand in 1989 to one in a hundred in 1992.¹

What does this mean? It means that condoms do not prevent AIDS and that a sexually promiscuous lifestyle based on a misplaced trust in condoms has led to tragic results.

Today, we need to work quickly to stop the spread of HIV infection. Condoms are not the answer. Nor will we find the answer in developing a new preventative drug. The only way for us to deal with this disease effectively is to return to God's laws of love. These laws require young men and women to maintain their purity absolutely. Both men and women must maintain strict monogamous relationships and absolutely not engage in extramarital relations.

I have found that the only understanding of marriage that will make it possible for humankind to eradicate AIDS is that of the Unification Church. The church teaches a love by which men and women maintain sexual purity until marriage and, once they are married, maintain their fidelity to their spouses for eternity. It is only this kind of family that will remain in the end as a family of the Kingdom of Heaven. This is the only sanctuary where AIDS cannot enter.

The pure love movement of the Unification Church is a matter of life and death. I wanted to join the Unification Church and use its expression of the truth to bring about a worldwide pure love movement so as to bring about change in a world steeped in misguided love.

Reason 7: It Made Me Proud to Be a Korean

My seventh reason for becoming a Unification Church member may apply only to myself, although my seventy million compatriots will understand what I mean.

Before meeting the Unification Church, I was extremely pessimistic about my own country, Korea. I felt resentment for Korea's long history of suffering and tragedy. I thought that our people were under a curse that would never be lifted. The Unification Church, however, taught me that God has chosen Korea as the homeland of His providence and that the Second Advent would occur here. This came as a tremendous shock. At first, I thought it might be some kind of joke, and one in very bad taste at that. Once I heard the logical explanation for this claim in the Divine Principle, I was so moved that I burst into tears.

God had not forsaken our unfortunate people after all. When I thought about this, I was so overcome that my whole body shook with gratitude and excitement. God had sent the messiah to my homeland.

This choice, as with all aspects of God's providence, was not determined by vote or by lot and definitely not based on some sort of divine favoritism. God's providence moves according to deep, specific, internal, historical reasons.

"So it's true!" I cried out. Over and over again, I shouted, "Thank you, God. Thank you, God."

From that moment, I began to feel a burning sense of mission. The Lord had come to the unfortunate Korean people. This gave me a sense that we Koreans were responsible to understand the will of God and welcome the providence of the Second Coming with open arms. I also felt Koreans should be proud to be the people to whom the Lord would appear and that we should become a model to other nations.

The day the Lord comes to Korea would be the day that all the resentment of the Korean people would be dissolved. It would be the answer to all the hopes and dreams of our people. It would be a day so great that even August 15, 1945, the day of our liberation from Japan, would pale in comparison. On the day of the Lord's coming, our people should prepare a celebration so huge that it would be recorded in history for all time. On this day, God would wipe away the tears of the Korean people. From that day on, no more tears would be shed, and God would resolve all the resentment of our history.

The Lord was not coming to give glory to the Korean people, though. It was important to understand this. We were chosen because we have the qualification of being able to shed tears together with God. The Korean peninsula had been chosen by God to be an altar for the salvation of humankind, and the people of Korea were the offering. The offering is not in a position to complain about its situation. The offering must be cut in two. It must shed its blood. It must sacrifice itself. Also, the offering must take the truth of universal salvation that is brought by the Lord and light the beacon of salvation for all the world to see. The Korean people should go and serve the world.

This was the work for which I was called personally and for which all the Korean people were called. By fulfilling this function, we would become known throughout the world and would receive the world's gratitude and respect. We would become the *fatherland of faith*. On the other hand, if we failed in this role, we could be subjected to ridicule and reproach from the world and be branded as betrayers.

I felt a sense of mission and pride so strongly that it seemed to make my blood boil. I decided that I would stand at the forefront of the Unification movement. I had been called, and it was up to me to answer.

The Dark Clouds of Persecution

When I joined the Unification Church I was like a small child entering first grade. I knew little about life in a church. I was also ignorant about newly established religions.

It didn't take long, though, before I was made aware of the harsh realities. First, I learned that the Unification Church was under twenty-four-hour observation by the secret police, who could be seen wandering about in the neighborhood of the church. One at a time, church leaders were being called to the police station for questioning.

The dark clouds of persecution had become even more menacing from about 1955, when the Ehwa-Yonsei expulsion incident occurred. Ehwa Women's University and Yonsei University,² had been established and continued to be run by Christian educational foundations. Syngman Rhee was presi-

dent of Korea at the time, and his administration was so strongly Christian in character that it would not be an exaggeration to say that the country was under a Christian administration. The vice president of Ehwa University was Maria Park, the wife of Ki Boong Lee, speaker of the National Assembly. Lee, who would later serve as Korea's vice president, was already one of the most powerful men in the country. In this way, the two universities were in the highest echelons of power within the Rhee administration.

Established religions tend to categorize newer religions as heretical. At this time, Christianity in Korea wielded power in much the same way that Judaism did two thousand years ago when it called Jesus an agent of the devil. The Unification Church was preaching the Second Coming of Jesus and insisting that the Second Coming had already occurred. To the established churches, this meant that the Unification Church was even more worrisome than other heresies. To Christians who believed that Jesus was God Himself, the Unification Church was a monstrosity whose existence they could never accept. Thus, they began a campaign of intense persecution with the goal of crucifying the Unification Church.

In addition, Korea's political establishment contributed to the persecution with all its powers, even though the constitution of the Republic of Korea allowed freedom of religion. And even though Ehwa Women's University, Yonsei University, and other Christian schools accepted students who believed in Confucianism or Buddhism, and even accepted atheists, when its young professors and students began to flock to the Unification Church in their search for truth, these schools decided that they had to take action.

The president of Ehwa Women's University at the time, Dr. Hwal Lan Kim, decided to assign someone she could trust to investigate the Unification Church. She chose an associate professor with a strong background in theological studies who was known for her sharp intellect. Her name? Dr. Young Oon Kim. The president expected that once Dr. Kim had heard the lectures of the Unification Church, she would be able to present logical arguments refuting their conclusions and make it clear to everyone that the teachings of the Unification Church were false.

So, at the request of her president, Dr. Kim visited the Unification Church. I later heard her say that she had two objectives in mind. On the one hand, she was confident that she would have little difficulty in exposing the Unification Church and saving the Ehwa students who had become caught up in the church from their erroneous path. On the other hand, she was also curious to meet the man who was at the center of all the controversy and hear the content of his alleged revelation.

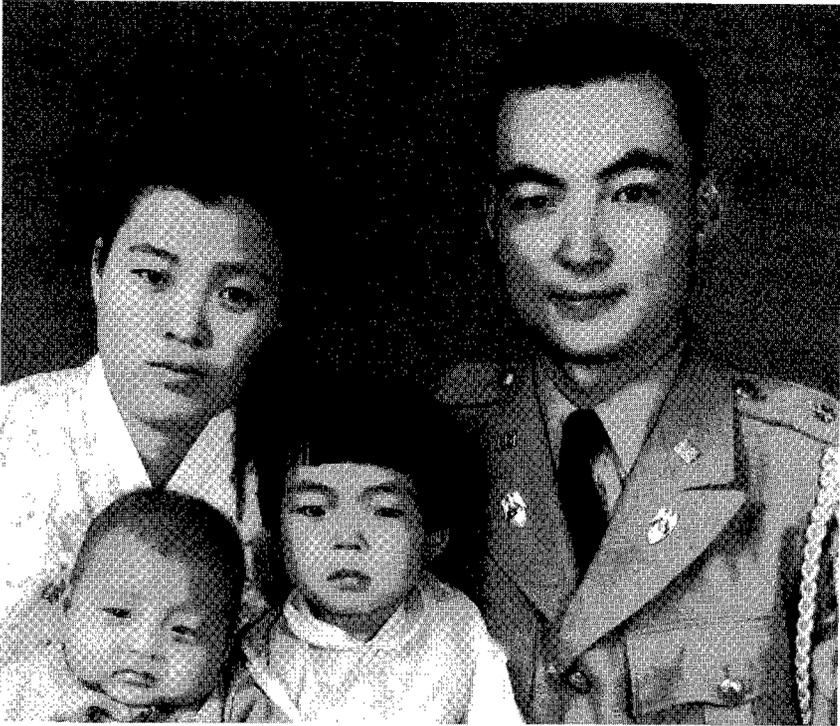
Dr. Kim's visit to the Unification Church yielded a result quite different from what either she or President Kim had anticipated. Dr. Kim was profoundly shocked by what she learned about the Divine Principle through the lectures. The fact that she had studied theology abroad in Japan and Canada and was a recognized expert in theology made her surprise all the greater. She found that the Divine Principle opened the way for her to find the solutions to all the problems of life that had seemed unsolvable.

Having been presented with the truth, Dr. Kim followed the dictates of her own conscience. She went back to President Kim and reported everything she had discovered. The president was quite disappointed in her report and told Dr. Kim: "The teachings of this church are inconsistent with the traditional faith of our school. Are you certain that you must accept this new faith?"

Dr. Kim replied, "To me, religion has to do with my eternal life. That means that if I find something to be God's truth, then I cannot turn away from it even it means that I must give up everything else in my life."

The situation was serious. Dr. Kim was taking a stand in support of the Unification Church. From the university's standpoint, the one person it thought it could trust had herself fallen into heresy. Try to imagine the surprise and shock of Hwal Lan Kim and Maria Park. If even Dr. Kim could be taken in by this church, then surely the students stood no chance at all. It seemed only a matter of time before the university would be faced with having large groups of students joining the Unification Church.

The university felt that it faced a serious threat to its existence. If nothing was done, it was clear that eventually most



The author and Mrs. Pak with their baby son Jun Sun and daughter Na Kyung.

of the faculty and students would become members of the Unification Church. Ehwa University would become the "Unification Church University."

Hwal Lan Kim and Maria Park discussed the matter and decided that Park should ask for help from her husband, Ki Boong Lee, Speaker of the National Assembly. Speaker Lee immediately went to the minister of internal affairs, whose duties included overseeing and directing all police activity in the nation. It was from this point that the power of the state began to be used against the Unification Church.

In March 1955, Ehwa Women's University issued an ultimatum to all faculty expressing an interest in the Unification Church. They were told they had two mutually exclusive choices. One was to remain on the Ehwa faculty, and the other was to continue pursuing their interest in the Unification

Church. The university issued similar threats to students, up until the beginning of May. Such undemocratic and unconscionable methods were employed on the basis of support from the political administration and the police force.

Finally, five faculty members were fired and fourteen students were expelled for deciding to follow their consciences and refusing to sever ties with the Unification Church. In addition to Dr. Kim, who had chaired the social services department, the university fired Professor Yoon Young Yang (music), Professor Jung Ho Lee (Korean literature), Professor Won Pok Choi (student services chair), and Associate Professor Choong Yup Han (facilities manager). The action by the university in this matter remains a major blot on the history of Christianity in Korea. The authorities at Yonsei University took similar action. One professor and two students were dismissed for choosing to defy the university and pursue their own freedom of religion.

The persecution of the Unification Church did not end here. Christian universities, with support from established Christian denominations, lobbied the government of President Syngman Rhee to bring the full force of its iron fist to bear against the Unification Church, which resembled the early Christian church in many respects.

It was as if they were using an ax to kill a single flea. The government employed its own public relations machinery and also exerted influence on the media. The objective was to bury the Unification Church.

If the providence of God had not been guiding and protecting the Unification Church, this campaign would have been more than enough to destroy it. The government had already launched a conspiracy aimed at placing Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the founder of the Unification Church, in jail.

The building housing the Unification Church was filled with people who were inspired by God's calling and who had come together out of a sense of mission. Day and night, the sound of people singing hymns and tearfully praying could be heard emanating from the church. The fervor of faith among the members continued to grow stronger. Young men and women would often stay at the church until late at night, praying and singing. If they were not keeping close

track of the time, they would stay beyond the midnight curfew that was still in effect after the Korean War. It was illegal for unauthorized civilians to be on the streets of Seoul between midnight and 4:00 a.m., so members would have no choice but to wait in the church until after 4:00 a.m.

The government used this situation as a pretext to spread outrageous rumors that the Unification Church was gathering young men and women, even women with families, to engage in illicit sexual relations, or that members were dancing around naked. The established Christian churches made certain that these rumors spread like wildfire throughout the country.

The government did everything it could to come up with evidence to back up these rumors so it could arrest the leader of the "immoral" Unification Church. No matter how hard it tried, however, it could not find such evidence. When this failed, the government attempted to find evidence that Reverend Moon and other leaders were guilty of avoiding the military draft. As the next chapter recounts, Reverend Moon was in a prison camp in North Korea during the Korean War. How could the South Korean government expect to prove a charge of draft dodging? A characteristic of dictatorial regimes, though, is that there is no limit to their arrogance.

On July 4, 1955, Reverend Moon was taken into custody on suspicion of having illegally avoided the military draft. Unification Church President Hyo Won Eu and other church leaders were also arrested and charged. All the media in Seoul gave prominent coverage to this fact. (Fortunately, thanks to God's protection and my tour of duty in the United States, I heard nothing about it.) On October 4, Reverend Moon stood in a courtroom of the Seoul district court to receive his verdict. That verdict was "not guilty." God had not been indifferent to Reverend Moon's situation. He had been imprisoned for ninety-three days on trumped-up charges and had suffered great hardship and ridicule. In the end, though, he was released.

South Korea's major media, however, virtually ignored Reverend Moon's vindication. The public knew that he had been taken into custody because he was under suspicion of a criminal act, but they were never told that he was finally

found not guilty and released. Only one newspaper, the *Kyounghyang Shinmun*, reported the news at all. Even here, the story in the October 5, 1955, edition headlined “Reverend Moon Found Not Guilty” was so small that few readers would have seen it.

In this way, the Unification Church became a victim of prejudice and oppression during its early years as a new religion.³

I became a member of the Unification Church when it was a flock of people who were on the run. I can’t begin to count the times I would clench my fists in frustration. I don’t know how many times I cried because I felt sorry for God who had no choice but to place His hopes in a group that was maligned and despised by the rest of society.

After much thought, my wife and I decided to sell our house, which was our only major asset. We had worked hard for this house and poured a lot of sweat into it. Now that we had come to know the incredible content of God’s will, however, we felt that we needed to contribute whatever we could to help relieve the church from its mountain of debt. God did not hesitate even to offer His only son for the sake of sinful humankind. How, then, could I hold anything back from Him?

Our house sold for a higher price than we had expected. We used part of the money to rent a room for our family in the neighborhood of the church. I took the entire remaining amount and handed it to President Eu. I told him, “This is money that we raised by selling our home. It is a small offering, but please use it for God’s work.”

I will never forget how Mr. Eu responded. He said, “This offering means as much to the church as a pint of blood for a seriously injured patient. I believe that God will use the faith of you and your wife as the foundation on which to build the tower of victory of the Unification Church.”

It was a small thing, but I felt great joy in my soul.

The Marriage of the Lamb

As I will explain in Chapter Ten, I returned to America on March 1, 1961, in a capacity that I never could have dreamed of, leaving Korea after only three years in the Unification Church.

During these three years, I continued to fulfill my military duties and also worked hard to help the church. My wife was just as committed as I was and worked for the church just as diligently as I did. After we sold our home and moved into a rented room, it became much more difficult for her to take care of our two children. But we were living in joy and hope. Many days, I would go to the lecture hall in Myungdong and give Divine Principle lectures to whoever was interested in listening. On days when I did not do that, we would invite neighbors and relatives to our room and explain the Divine Principle to them, using a sheet of paper on the table instead of a blackboard. Often, these sessions would last late into the night. My wife would prepare meals for our guests. Even though I was working full time in the military, I was assigned to be a regional leader for the church. I was also the first person to be appointed to the position of director of witnessing in the church organization.

There was always a lot of activity going on in our home. It was as busy as Seoul's South Gate Market. Landlords tend not to like tenants who have many guests and make a lot of noise. Our family was forced to move four times, each time to a location at a different point of the compass from the church and each time to a room smaller than the last.

Soon, we came to an important day in history: April 11, 1960 (the sixteenth day of the third lunar month). This was the day of the Holy Wedding of Reverend Moon and Miss Hak Ja Han. If they noticed at all, the world at large would have seen this as nothing more than the marriage ceremony of a religious leader. From God's standpoint, though, this was a day of tremendous historic importance.

This was the Marriage of the Lamb, being held two thousand years after the crucifixion of Jesus. The revelation that God gave to humankind in the Bible [Revelation 19:5-9] was fulfilled on this day. This was the event that God had been longing to see since He first planned the creation of Adam and Eve.



*Rev. Sun Myung Moon and Mrs. Hak Ja Han Moon
at their Holy Wedding on April 11, 1960.*

It was a day of such great importance that humankind really had no idea how to celebrate it. There was no way for us to understand the full value of this day. From God's standpoint, this was the day of fulfillment for His providence to

establish the True Parents of humankind on the earth. From the standpoint of humankind, this day marked the end of our status as orphans and the day when we could finally have parents. It marked the day we could escape from the rule of false parents (Satan) and receive our True Parents.

God originally wanted the Marriage of the Lamb to take place in the Garden of Eden with the marriage of the original human ancestors. Adam and Eve, though, fell by committing the sin of illicit love. God's plan ended in failure, and both God and humankind embarked on a fallen history filled with sorrow and anguish. Four thousand biblical years after the Fall, God finally could send his only son Jesus to the earth in an attempt to have the Marriage of the Lamb then. The marriage was delayed again, however, because of Jesus' crucifixion. Jesus, therefore, has to come again, and when he does, he needs to marry.

This historic day had finally arrived.

My wife and I were able to witness this day in person. What qualification did we have to attend the event that Christian saints and sages during the past two thousand years could not witness despite all their fervent prayers and longing? We knew we were not qualified, but we put on our white ceremonial robes and humbly and gratefully took part in this sacred ceremony.

It was a day so wonderful that I kept wondering if I might be dreaming. The ceremony was held in the sanctuary of what was then the headquarters church located in a section of Seoul called Chungpa Dong. It was much too humble a venue, considering the cosmic significance of the event. It brings to mind the ancient saying from East Asia, "History is made at night." It means that the really important events that determine the course of history take place without most people of the world being aware of them. In this instance, the event that was the equivalent of the opening up of the heavens took place without a single word of mention in the news media.

The sanctuary that day was decorated in white and gold. Reverend Moon was quite familiar to me, because for more than two years I had invested my whole heart and soul into attending him. On the other hand, I had never met Miss Hak Ja Han. This was only natural, since she was a high school

student who spent most of her time with her studies. At seventeen, she was the same age as Eve at the time she committed the Fall.

Members sang hymns as the bride and groom entered the hall. I looked up to catch a glimpse of the bride. I couldn't imagine any bride more breathtaking. She seemed too beautiful to be of this world, as though she had descended from heaven. She was pure as snow and without any blemish. When the two stood side by side and offered a prayer before God, I was so moved that I couldn't stop the tears that kept falling from my eyes.

"We are no longer orphans," I thought to myself. "Now we have eternal True Parents. I have been able to see this day in the flesh."

"Thank you, God," I said out loud. "Thank you." I kept repeating these words over and over.

Separate ceremonies were held, one according to Korean tradition and one Western. Then, we all sat on the floor of the sanctuary for the reception.

First, the newborn "True Father of Humankind" sang a song. Next, he asked that the newborn "True Mother of Humankind" sing a song.

Mrs. Hak Ja Han Moon sang in a beautiful voice. When she finished, the room broke into wild applause and cheering. Then, Reverend Moon asked her to choose someone from among the members to sing the next song.

The next moment, I had a shock so strong that it almost knocked me unconscious. Mrs. Moon said, "Mr. Bo Hi Pak." She unmistakably spoke my name. It was a totally unexpected honor. Everyone was surprised. They all looked at me and then applauded loudly as if to confirm that I had just received a high honor.

"How did she know my name?" I thought. "Why did she choose me to be the first member to sing?"

I stood up, and said: "I am so grateful for the honor of being chosen by the bride who is the mother of all humanity to sing at God's glorious Marriage of the Lamb.

"I have written a song that is exceptionally appropriate for this day. This is a song that all humanity will sing for eternity. It can be a long song. It could take more than six thou-

sand years to sing all its verses. At the same time, it can be a very short song, perhaps only a second long. In the first place, this song must be sung with tears, but we also sing it with laughter. The words are in Korean, but everyone in the world will be able to memorize the words in just ten seconds. Once they learn the words, they will never forget them for all eternity.”

This introduction succeeded in raising everyone’s curiosity. They were all trying to figure out what this song could be. Someone called out, “Go ahead and sing!”

“All right, I will begin,” I said.

“This is verse one: ‘*Cham Aboji* [True Father]!’ Verse two: ‘*Cham Omoni* [True Mother]!’” I shouted out the words with all my might. My voice reverberated in the sanctuary, and my eyes were flooded with tears.

Everyone applauded loudly to show that they agreed with me. I still think that this was the most appropriate song for this occasion.

Some very important words came into being that day, words that are in no dictionary, except for the “Dictionary of Heaven.” These words were “True Father” and “True Mother.”

This is how the work of God that was so great as to make all heaven and earth tremble came about. No one in Korea, aside from Unification Church members, was aware of what had happened. Clearly, though, God’s new history had begun. Now the time was right for those who had betrayed God to be punished.

A week after the Holy Marriage of Reverend and Mrs. Moon, Korea was rocked by what came to be known as the April 19 Student Revolution. President Syngman Rhee, who had used the power of his Christian-dominated government to oppress the Unification Church, was forced to resign the presidency and leave his official residence. His government was overthrown.

National Assembly Speaker Ki Boong Lee and his wife, Maria Park, were the ones most directly responsible for the persecution directed against the Unification Church. Maria Park, in particular, had caused students and faculty to be expelled from Ehwa Women’s University. Park and Lee’s first son was Capt. Kang Suk Lee, who had become President

Rhee's adopted son. One day, there was a horrible incident in which Captain Lee took a pistol and shot and killed his birth parents, Park and Lee, as well as their second son, Kang Uk Lee. He then shot and killed himself. This happened on April 28, 1960.

More than any other time in my life, I felt that I could understand the meaning of the ancient saying: "He who follows Heaven will thrive, and he who betrays Heaven will be destroyed."



Chapter Nine

The Path of Rev. Sun Myung Moon

In the 1970s, the Unification Church's World Mission Headquarters was moved from Korea to the United States, and Reverend Moon began to carry out his worldwide providential work from America. I was Reverend Moon's special assistant during this time. As I will explain in more detail in a later chapter, in a sense it could be said that I witnessed more closely than anyone else the way that God guided the Unification Church and Reverend Moon during this time of tremendous changes in the world.

I saw God work in numerous amazing ways. In many cases, I was able to play a small role in these works by assisting Reverend Moon. I will discuss these one by one in the following chapters.

However, before I do that, I feel it is necessary for me to help the reader understand how Reverend Moon lived the first fifty years of his life, starting with his birth in Jungju in the northern part of the Korean peninsula and leading up to his arrival in America on December 18, 1971. Why? Because all the victories that he won in America were the result of preparations made during this earlier period. It was during this period that Reverend Moon answered God's call, received all the necessary training for becoming the messiah,

and lived his life in oneness with God to a remarkable degree. In this chapter, then, I will write briefly about Reverend Moon's life during his younger years.

Jesus' Call

Rev. Sun Myung Moon was born on January 6, 1920 (according to the lunar calendar), in the small village of Sangsa-ri, a few miles from the larger town of Jungju, which is north of Pyongyang, now the capital of North Korea.¹ At the time of the Korean independence movement of 1919—generally known in Korea as the March First Movement—the people of Jungju showed themselves to be fervent patriots in resisting the colonial authorities. Also, it was one of the areas on the peninsula where the Christian faith was the strongest.

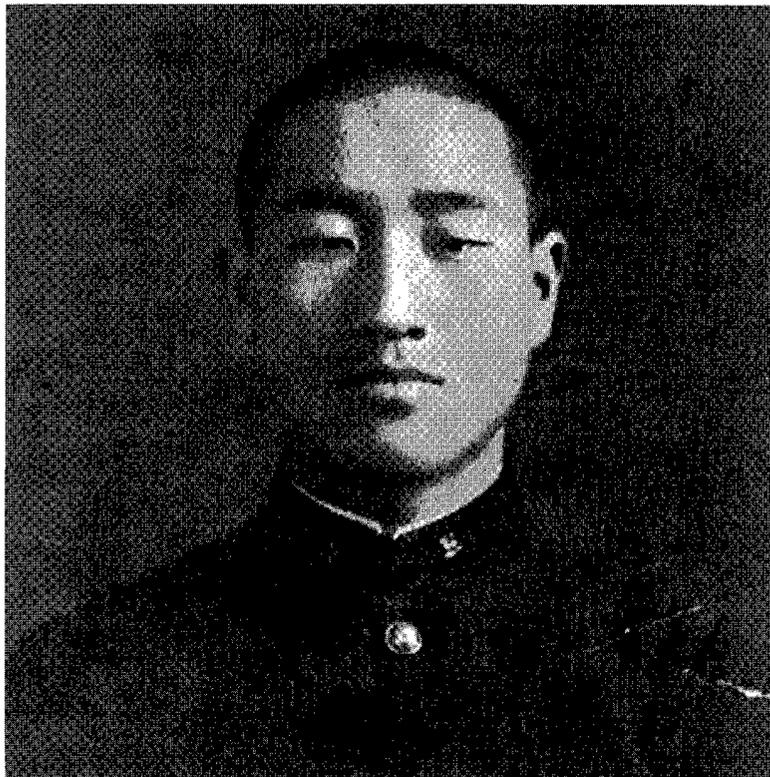
It was not by coincidence that Reverend Moon was born here. God chose Jungju to be the “Bethlehem of the Second Advent.”

The village witnessed a number of prophetic signs prior to Reverend Moon's birth. For example, two gold-colored birds of a species no one had ever seen before flew into the village one day and perched on a tree just in front of the Moon home. The villagers believed that the birds were a sign of coming good fortune for the family. They were seen in the village until the time of Reverend Moon's birth. Then, they vanished and were never seen again.

This story was told to me by the villagers in 1991, when I visited Jungju with Reverend Moon. The story of the gold-colored birds has become a part of the village folklore.

Reverend Moon's father, Kyung Yu Moon, and his family were well regarded by their fellow villagers for their high virtues. His mother, Kyung Gye Kim,² had a dream when she was about to give birth to Reverend Moon. She saw a white dragon holding a large pearl in its mouth descending from heaven. Possibly for this reason Reverend Moon's birth name was Yong (meaning dragon) Myung Moon.

As a young man, Reverend Moon was quiet and thoughtful. He grew up in a Christian family, and he was known for his devout faith as a member of the Presbyterian Church.



Rev. Sun Myung Moon as a student.

As I have heard the story, on Easter Sunday morning in 1935, the young teenager had an encounter that would change his life forever. Early that morning, Reverend Moon went to a spot on the slope of Mount Myodu, which stood behind the village, and began praying. As he prayed, the heavens opened above him, and a brilliant light shined on him. When Reverend Moon looked into this light, he saw Jesus.

Jesus spoke directly to the young man: "Hear me. I am Jesus. I came to earth as the only son of God in order to save the people of the world, but I left the earth without having accomplished everything. You are to carry on this mission and bring God's will into reality on the earth. From this moment on, I will always be with you."

After making this awesome and solemn declaration, Jesus gradually disappeared from view. When Reverend Moon ended his prayer, he realized that God had just given him an incredible mission. It would be nine years before Reverend Moon felt free to share his secret with others. In the intervening time, he embarked on an arduous course to uncover the hidden truths of the universe.

The people around Reverend Moon during his remaining boyhood years and early manhood had no way of knowing about his spiritual pilgrimage. Outwardly, he may have seemed like an unremarkable, impoverished young man. Within his heart, though, a fire burned as hot as a blast furnace. Day after day, he battled Satan at the risk of his life and gradually was able to dig out the truth about the spiritual world and the true meaning of life. He also exposed the deepest secret in the cosmos—Adam and Eve's, and Satan's, original sin.

During these nine years, Reverend Moon traveled back and forth between the physical and spiritual worlds. He spoke with Buddha, Confucius, and Jesus. He visited with innumerable good spirits, and he passed through countless harsh trials and tribulations from evil spirits.

This period was also a time for God to test Reverend Moon in myriad ways to see whether he was really qualified to stand as the central person for the salvation of humankind. The hardships and suffering that Reverend Moon experienced during this period will most likely remain secret for all time.

After this difficult, suffering course, Reverend Moon finally found himself in a position where he could speak with God face to face. Reverend Moon dialogued with God on the ultimate principles, starting with the creation of the universe and including all the problems faced by fallen human beings.

In the end, God himself faced Reverend Moon and told him that the truths he had uncovered were wrong. After that Reverend Moon fasted and prayed for forty days and reexamined his principles. Then he went back to God and boldly protested, "No matter how I look at it, this principle cannot be anything other than the ultimate principle by which You created the heavens and the earth, and the human Fall

could not have taken place by any means other than what I have described.”

God responded with great anger. Again, He told Reverend Moon that he was mistaken. So Reverend Moon fasted for another forty days and reexamined the principles he had developed a second time. The result, though, was the same. No other principle, no principle aside from what Reverend Moon had uncovered, could possibly be the truth. Reverend Moon again went before God, this time at the risk of his life.

“If this is not the truth,” he said, “it can only mean that there is no God. I want to liberate You, my Father in heaven, from Your historical sorrow and pain. Now I understand Your heart. My Father in heaven, you have experienced so much pain through the course of history. If you say that this is not the truth, then please take my life from me.” This was his desperate prayer.

God was satisfied. He said, “My son, come closer. I was testing you to see how far you could endure in the face of trial.” He then declared, “You have been victorious. Everything that you have said is true. Now, you are my one true son. I am entrusting you with the holy task of bringing salvation to all humankind. The truth you have uncovered contains the words of life capable of re-creating heaven and earth, as well as human beings.”

The truth was not given to Reverend Moon as a simple revelation. He had to fight Satan with blood, sweat, and tears for each word. He had to rise above Satan’s accusations and finally receive God’s direct approval of what he had found. It was only after he had received God’s recognition that Reverend Moon began to teach the Principle to the world. This is where the greatness of Reverend Moon lies. This is where we can see his true messianic qualifications. This is how the Divine Principle that we know today came about. The words of this truth comprise the Completed Testament word of God, and Reverend Moon is the substantiation of this word.

The Road to Pyongyang

Reverend Moon attended school in Seoul for a number of years, and in March 1941, he traveled to Tokyo, Japan, to study at Waseda Mechanical Secondary School attached to Waseda University.

There are numerous stories about the years Reverend Moon spent in Japan during World War II. The Japanese police discovered that he was involved with the Korean independence movement and began watching him closely. When Reverend Moon returned to Seoul prior to liberation, he was arrested by the Japanese police in Korea. The police wanted Reverend Moon to give them the names of other people involved in the independence movement. Despite being tortured so severely that he almost lost his life, the young patriot did not give them any names. After sixty days of torture and interrogation, he was released.

After his graduation from Waseda in 1943, he sent a letter home telling his family he was returning to Korea and the time and date of the ferry he was taking to Pusan. However, the ferry he was scheduled to take hit a mine and was sunk. When his family received news of the incident, they were extremely distressed, and when his name did not appear on a list of survivors, his mother fainted.

About a week later, Reverend Moon suddenly appeared at his home. Not just his family but the whole village was very surprised to see him alive. When they asked him what had happened, he told them that he had a premonition of danger: "I was about to board the ferry in Japan, when suddenly my feet felt like they had turned to lead and I couldn't move. I missed the ship and had to take sail the following day." This incident illustrates how God has guided and protected Reverend Moon throughout every moment of his life.

When Korea was liberated from Japan in 1945, Reverend Moon was living in Seoul. He strongly sensed that the time had come for him to begin God's work. In late spring 1946, Reverend Moon had left his house to buy some rice, when God suddenly issued His command: "Go north!" Just as Abraham did thousands of years before, Reverend Moon obeyed God's direction and immediately headed across the 38th Parallel and into North Korea.

At this time the second tragedy to strike the Korean people in this century was unfolding. The division of the Korean peninsula along the 38th Parallel in 1945 was originally supposed to be nothing more than a way for U.S. and Soviet forces to divide up the task of disarming the Japanese military forces on the peninsula after Japan's surrender. Gradually, though, it became more and more like an international boundary. In the north, the Soviet Union was helping Kim Il Sung take control. Many Koreans who lived north of the 38th Parallel feared the gradual communization of their society and were taking the drastic action of leaving their home towns and villages and traveling south as refugees. It was clearly only a matter of time before the 38th Parallel would be sealed off. Almost no one traveled north.

This was the situation when Reverend Moon entered North Korea with God's secret purpose in his heart. No one but God can explain fully why He sent Reverend Moon to North Korea, and no one but Reverend Moon can say how much he understood God's reasons in that moment of decision. However, based on talks by Reverend Moon in later years, we can surmise that it had something to do with the following three reasons.

The first is that, as Reverend Moon has explained, the accomplishment of God's will must begin at the bottom of hell. If the people living north of the 38th Parallel under an atheistic communist regime could be inspired by the power of God's truth, then there would be hope for him to bring salvation to all humanity. Reverend Moon needed to sow the seeds of the Principle on the barren land of atheism and then help the seeds sprout and grow. He was to build the Kingdom of Heaven starting from the bottom of hell.

Second, in the period leading up to liberation from Japan, Pyongyang had been known as the "Jerusalem of the Orient." Christianity was accepted more widely in Pyongyang than in any other place on the peninsula. The Christian faith was deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of this city. The Second Coming was to be a flower that would bloom from the root of New Testament Christianity, so I think Reverend Moon must have been sent to Pyongyang in search of true Christian faith. In addition, Christians were persecuted more severely in

Pyongyang during the 36-year Japanese colonial rule than in any other location. Pyongyang had a history stained in blood, and in this sense it was Korea's holy city. There was special significance to Reverend Moon spreading the new gospel first among believers who had inherited such a precious Christian spirit.

Third, in addition to the large number of pious Christians in Pyongyang, there were also many prophets. God had revealed to various spiritual people in Pyongyang that the Second Coming was at hand and that the Lord would come through the womb of a woman and have a physical body just as Jesus did. The "Inside Belly Church," for example, received the coming Lord's clothing measurements and prepared all the clothes the Lord could be expected to need from the time he was born until he grew to adulthood. They did this out of an earnest desire to receive the coming Lord.

This was the situation that awaited Reverend Moon as he traveled to Pyongyang to carry out the tremendous work of the Second Coming.

Going Beyond the Cross

Reverend Moon entered Pyongyang all alone with a heart filled with expectation and hope. His course there, however, was filled with innumerable hardships. Just as Jesus went the way of the cross two thousand years ago, now Reverend Moon had to go a similar course, his own thorny path, but *without losing his life*. This was the deep meaning behind the providential work in North Korea, and this was the overall purpose for which he traveled to Pyongyang.

Even before Reverend Moon arrived, many pious believers received the news of his coming through revelation. One such person was an old woman named Seung Do Ji. Mrs. Ji's revelation was so specific that she knew the address in Pyongyang where the Lord would be staying.

This is how the Completed Testament Age began in the heart of communist North Korea, centering on believers who gathered around Reverend Moon as a result of their revelations. Their numbers grew day by day. The worship services were of innovative content and filled with the spirit. This is how the early church in Pyongyang was founded.

As the congregation increased, so did the traffic in and out of the church building and awareness of the church among the surrounding residents. Under a communist regime, it was only a matter of time before someone reported the church to the authorities.

Reverend Moon was taken into custody at the Daedong Security Station on August 11, 1946, with the charge that he had "spread false messages and disrupted the public order." An additional accusation was that he was "a spy sent by the South." This second allegation ensured that he would receive harsh treatment at the hands of the authorities. Suspected spies were routinely tortured. The North Korean police demanded that he confess that he was a South Korean spy. When he refused, they beat him with a leather whip. He had nothing to confess, so his torture grew more and more severe and continued day after day and then week after week.

Once, one of his disciples went to visit Reverend Moon and bring him a change of clothing. So much blood had soaked into his clothes and caked that he couldn't take them off. Finally, they had to be torn off so that he could change into the new clothes.

The harshest form of torture he experienced was that he was not allowed to eat or sleep for three days and nights on several occasions. If he closed his eyes, he would be beaten. Reverend Moon says he endured this torture by learning how to sleep with his eyes open for several minutes at a time.

The communist police became increasingly desperate and continued to increase the severity of Reverend Moon's torture. His ribs were broken, his flesh was torn, and he was vomiting blood. Finally, he lost consciousness. The police notified Reverend Moon's followers that they could come get him and tossed his body into the courtyard. It was October 31, almost twelve weeks after his arrest.

His followers found him there, his blood soaking into the snow. He seemed to be dying, and heartbrokenly they began to prepare for his funeral.

Three days later Reverend Moon regained consciousness. After another week, he began to speak. In ten days, he could stand, and from that very day he resumed preaching.

The communist authorities were not too concerned. They thought that Reverend Moon had suffered enough physical punishment that he would be more careful about what he said. The police, though, may just have well have tried to put out a fire by pouring gasoline on it. Far from being destroyed, the Second Coming movement in Pyongyang spread even more quickly than before.

Reverend Moon's words were filled with authority and profound meaning. Even more amazing, some people reported being cured from diseases. Others received revelations and visions. Sometimes people who were gathered in a totally different place would suddenly receive a revelation and come looking for Reverend Moon en masse. The joyful news spread quickly to various spiritual groups that had anticipated that the Lord of the Second Coming would appear before the world in the flesh. The movement was spreading like wildfire, and it became a problem that the communists could not ignore.

The authorities decided they would solve this problem once and for all. It was clear that unless something was done to stop Reverend Moon's movement, it would soon be shaking the entire country. So in February 1948 they arrested him a second time on trumped-up charges. This time, he was made to stand in a people's court. The charges were "disruption of the social order and dissemination of false facts." There was never any possibility of a fair trial. The North Korean authorities, who like other communist states saw religion as the greatest threat, had decided that they would root out this religious group once and for all by getting rid of Reverend Moon.

In April, the communists opened the trial to the public, hoping to make an example of Reverend Moon. Leaders of the Korean Workers Party and young communists were made to attend. As it turned out, this was a miscalculation. Reverend Moon stood strong and convincingly protested the unfairness of the trial in the presence of the party leaders and members, making the people responsible for the trial extremely uncomfortable.

At the end of the trial, Reverend Moon was sentenced to five years of hard labor at Hungnam Special Labor Camp. After

the judge finished reading the preordained verdict, he turned to Reverend Moon and asked him if he had anything to say. Normally, a defendant in this position would pretend to accept the verdict, no matter how unjust it might be, in the hope of buying favor with the communists. Not so with Reverend Moon. Far from accepting the verdict, he raised his voice to the judge in vigorous protest.

“Judge, I ask that you delete the passage in the record that alleges that I spread ‘false’ facts. All I did was declare the eternal truth of God in accordance with His command.”

He then went on to demand that the charges against him be set aside.

For a while, the courtroom became very quiet. People didn’t know quite how to react to this spirited and confident protest. The judge had nothing to say.

Life in a Death Camp

The city of Hungnam located on the Korean peninsula’s east coast has long been a center for heavy industry. The Japanese had built a large nitrogen fertilizer factory there during their occupation of Korea, and North Korea took over its operation after the Japanese ouster in 1945. The North Korean communist government established a hard labor camp near the fertilizer factory and used criminals as well as political prisoners as a free labor force.

But there was more to it than that. Hungnam Special Labor Camp was in reality a death camp. Prisoners brought to this camp were people that the government wanted to see dead. Even a person in peak physical condition was not expected to last more than two or three years.

Reverend Moon had been sentenced to five years, which was tantamount to a death sentence. No one could endure life in this camp for five years. On average, people would become seriously ill after six months, and a few would die each day. There were about fifteen hundred prisoners, and around a hundred would die each month. New prisoners were constantly being added to the prison population to keep the size of the work force stable. Even the strongest person soon grew weak and became obsessed with food,

driven by hunger to act like an animal. Slow starvation is a terrible way to die.

No matter how sick or hungry they were, the prisoners were forced to walk four kilometers (two and a half miles) to the factory each morning. For anyone who didn't go, there would be no rations that day. Some would crawl the whole distance and then crawl back at night so they could receive their one bowl of grain. Even that only amounted to about three spoonfuls, and it wasn't even rice but a mixture of beans, millet, wheat, and barley. The only thing served with it was a salty soup.

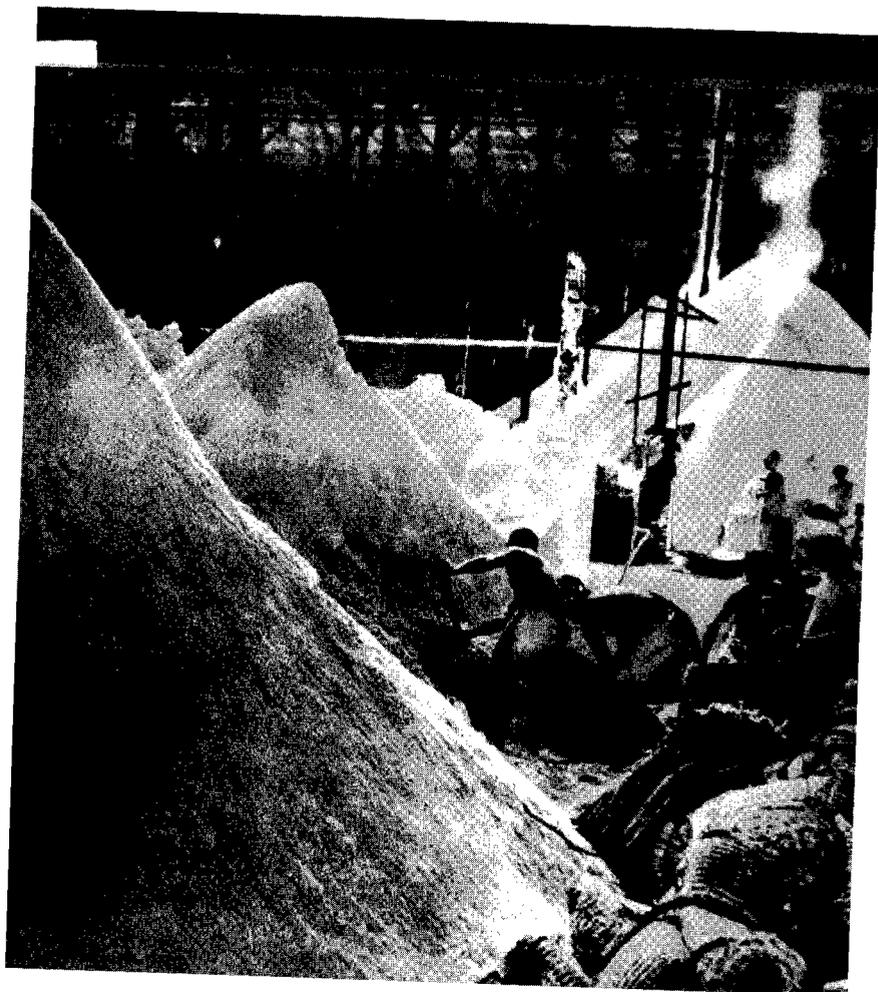
At meal time, each prisoner did everything he could to get as much grain into his mouth as possible. A prisoner might quickly gulp down his own ration, then hold up the empty bowl and shout, "Who stole my food?" and start making a huge ruckus. If a prisoner died while eating his meager rations, those around him would fight each other to dig the food out of the dead man's mouth and put it in their own mouths. It was a living hell.

Reverend Moon arrived at Hungnam Prison on May 20, 1948, three months after he was first arrested. He immediately realized that he could never survive this ordeal by his own power alone. He determined that he would rely on God and survive for God's sake.

The first thing he did defied common sense: For the first two weeks, he ate only half of his already meager rations and gave the rest away. The other prisoners thought that Reverend Moon must be crazy and doubted that he would live more than a few days. Reverend Moon's act of sharing, though, was intended as an expression of his determination to depend for his survival on the miraculous powers of God and not just on the food that was doled out to him.

When he began eating his entire ration, he considered that only half was actually his, and the other half was a gift from God. Even in prison, Reverend Moon led a life of absolute gratitude.

In Hungnam Prison, twenty to thirty or more prisoners were crowded into a single small cell. The other prisoners in Reverend Moon's cell soon noticed that they never saw him sleeping. Whenever he was in the cell, he was sitting upright



*Workers digging chemical fertilizer at
Hungnam Forced Labor Camp.*

and praying. After all the other prisoners were asleep, he would lie down for a little while, but he would wake himself before anyone else. Then he would take a bath and begin praying again.

I use the expression "take a bath." This was a prison cell of appalling conditions where people had to sleep next to a pit of human excrement. There were certainly no bathing facilities. The rule in the cells was that the prisoner who had arrived most recently had to sleep next to the excrement pit. Reverend

Moon, however, decided that he would always sleep there. This was because he knew that everyone hated to have to sleep there. Each evening, he would save some of his drinking water, and the next morning he would use this water to dampen a small cloth and wipe his body clean.

During the whole time he was in the prison, Reverend Moon never took off his shirt when others might see his naked body. He considered his body to be God's temple, and he didn't want to cheapen its value by letting others see it.

Early each morning, there was the four-kilometer march to the factory. The prisoners worked in teams of ten, first breaking up the ammonium sulfate, which hardened overnight, then shoveling the fertilizer into sacks made of straw. Each sack had to be weighed to make sure it contained exactly forty kilograms (eighty-eight pounds) and then stacked on a railway freight car. Each team was required to shovel, weigh, and stack thirteen hundred sacks a day. This was an absurd quota, but any team that failed to meet the quota had its evening rations cut in half. Prisoners would put out every last ounce of their strength to earn a full ration of grain, and eventually they would work themselves to death.

The team that included Reverend Moon never failed to meet its quota. Reverend Moon took it upon himself to perform the most difficult part of the task, which was to pick up the sacks filled with ammonium sulfate and carry them to the scale to be weighed. If someone on the team hurt so much that they couldn't work, Reverend Moon would tell him to rest and he would perform that person's task in addition to his own.

Even on snowy winter days, the prisoners worked covered in sweat. It took only a few days for their clothes to become like rags. That was not all. The skin on the tips of their fingers would crack from handling the straw sacks. Then, the ammonium sulfate would get into the wound and eat the skin. Only a person who has actually experienced this can know how painful it is. The prisoners developed such wounds all over their hands, sometimes so deep that their bones became visible.

Despite this regimen of excruciatingly painful forced labor, Reverend Moon's team met its thirteen hundred-sack quota day after day. This was the result of nothing other than Reverend Moon's superhuman sacrificial spirit and sense of mission.

The prison authorities were amazed at this turn of events. They never imagined that a team would consistently meet its quota and even gave Reverend Moon an award as the best worker in the prison. The messiah of humankind was recognized by a communist government as a model worker.

Reverend Moon always told himself, "If I can't achieve victory in the worst possible environment, how can I hope to bring salvation to all humanity? If I can be victorious in this living hell, then I'll be able to save the world." It was because of this burning sense of mission for the salvation of the world that Reverend Moon was able to exert extraordinary effort.

Each time he sat down with his handful of low-quality food, Reverend Moon wondered to himself, "Is my longing for God as strong as my longing for this food?" This was the standard that he set for his faith.

"I will do all the things that the rest of the world hates to do. There is nothing that I cannot endure. I know that my Father in heaven is in a much more difficult position than me." Reverend Moon was constantly comforting God in this way.

He would tell himself, "As long as I am thinking of God, I can do ten times the work I'm doing now. Prison is the best place for me to train myself to battle evil. Satan has put me into the worst prison to test me and make me surrender, but I will never be defeated."

How did Reverend Moon pray at night? He did not say, "God, I'm struggling in this hell, so please help me." He never prayed like this. Not even once.

Much later, Reverend Moon explained it this way to his disciples: "My Father in heaven already knew His son's suffering, so how could I go to Him asking for help? The entire time I was imprisoned at Hungnam, I was busy trying to comfort God."

His prayers were something like this: "Father in heaven, please don't worry about me, your son. I will never be defeat-

ed. You could give me even greater trials, and I would still be victorious. How else can I accomplish the great task of salvation for all humanity?"

This basic attitude toward God exemplifies one of the greatest and most unique aspects of Reverend Moon's character. Even though he was in the worst conditions imaginable, Reverend Moon was totally focused on the messianic mission for which he had been called by God. He refused to succumb to hunger, pain, and exhaustion and always strove to establish the standard of victory over the cross. This was his unchanging outlook during the two years and five months he was incarcerated in Hungnam.

"In order for me to fulfill my mission as the savior of the universe," he would tell himself, "I have to use these conditions of living hell to build up my qualifications as the savior." This was how he endured to the end and turned the impossible into the possible.

I could spend the rest of eternity trying to find words that fully capture the greatness of Reverend Moon's character, but I would never be successful. I realize that I am not qualified even to sit at his side.

A New Disciple

One of Reverend Moon's fellow prisoners was named Chong Hwa Pak. He had been a lieutenant colonel in the North Korean People's Army before he was found guilty of negligence in his official duties and sentenced to serve a prison term in Hungnam. He arrived at the prison around February 1949, when he was thirty-five years old.

Mr. Pak was assigned to the same forced labor as other prisoners, but he couldn't get used to the work and was constantly being berated by the team leader. One day, he was having difficulty handling the sacks of ammonium sulfate, when a young man came up to him and said, "If you keep working like that, you're going to die before your sentence is up. I'll show you how to do the work, so listen to what I tell you."

Mr. Pak let the young man show him step by step the most efficient way to do the work. After a few days of training, he

was able to fulfill his quota. The young man was Reverend Moon.

About three weeks later, Mr. Pak had a strange dream. He heard someone calling out to him: "Chong Hwa! Chong Hwa! Wake up." He felt someone shaking him, and when he sat up he saw a man with a white beard standing beside him. The old man was dressed in traditional Korean clothes, and he looked at Mr. Pak with a mournful expression.

The old man said, "Do you know who that man is that you are walking hand in hand with every day?"

On their morning march to the factory, prisoners were required to hold hands two by two and walk in four columns. Prison guards walked along on either side, keeping a sharp eye out for anyone who might try to escape.

Mr. Pak replied with considerable trepidation: "He is a kind and very good person, so I work with him."

The old man then told him, "That man is the Lord of the Second Advent whose return is taught in the Bible you've studied since you were a young boy." Mr. Pak was so shocked that he felt as though he had been struck in the head with a large hammer. He couldn't sleep the rest of the night.

At the general assembly following breakfast, Mr. Pak sat down behind Reverend Moon. He considered telling Reverend Moon about his dream, but before he said anything, his new friend suddenly asked him, "You had a dream last night, didn't you? In the dream, who did they say I am?"

Mr. Pak was caught off guard by this question. For a moment, he didn't say anything but just stared at Reverend Moon's face. Finally, he replied, "I was told that you are the Lord of the Second Advent."

Mr. Pak didn't have this dream just once. In all, the white-bearded old man appeared to him three times.

Sometime after that, probably due in large part to his experience in the North Korean army, Mr. Pak was chosen by prison authorities to be a general overseer, responsible for all fifteen hundred prisoners. The task of the general overseer was to gather the fifteen overseers in the work area and assign various jobs and responsibilities to the prisoners.

After he assumed this position, Mr. Pak was excused from hard labor and allowed to have more free time. He had con-

siderable leeway in determining how much work each individual prisoner had to perform. He spent much of his free time talking with Reverend Moon, because he was still not sure whether he should believe the old man in his dream about Reverend Moon's identity. When they were alone, Mr. Pak would talk to Reverend Moon about the Divine Principle. Reverend Moon spoke to him about the human Fall, Jesus' mother Mary, the limits to salvation through Jesus' crucifixion, the Second Coming, and the "ideal of a harmonious garden." Mr. Pak had once been a deacon in a Christian church, and he found himself more and more fascinated by the Principle.

Mr. Pak tried to assign Reverend Moon to the easiest tasks, but he refused and admonished him. "I understand that you want to give me this task because you are concerned for my physical well-being," Reverend Moon told him. "You should remember, though, that I came to prison in order to accomplish the Will of God, and not because I committed any crime. If I'm given easy tasks while I'm here, then Satan will accuse me after I leave, saying, 'When you were in prison, you avoided the difficult work with help from Chong Hwa Pak, didn't you.' So please don't assign me any more tasks that are meant for old people."

Mr. Pak was surprised by this response, but it gave him a new respect for Reverend Moon, who was seven years his junior.

As general overseer, Mr. Pak was entrusted with a certain amount of authority. Some prisoners would bring him food, drink, and *missuk karu* (a powdered mixture of rice, wheat, and other grains) that they received from friends and relatives outside the prison walls, in hopes that he would assign them to easier tasks. It was a form of bribery.

Once, Mr. Pak passed on to Reverend Moon some of the missuk karu he had been given. In prison, this powder was worth far more than gold. A few days later, he asked Reverend Moon, "Did you eat the missuk karu?"

Reverend Moon replied in a casual tone, "Oh, I gave it all to somebody in my cell who was about to die."

One spring, Reverend Moon came down with malaria. His face was flushed with fever, and his body shook with severe

chills as he worked. Chong Hwa Pak couldn't stand to watch him suffer, and he begged Reverend Moon to let him take him off the work detail.

"I've prepared a room where you can rest. If you keep on like this, something terrible might happen to you."

Reverend Moon, though, refused to go. "Again, you're doing something that would put me in the position of being accused by Satan."

On the sixth day of his bout with malaria, Reverend Moon was dripping with sweat. His legs tottered under him as though they would give way any minute. He was having difficulty keeping his balance, and he didn't have full use of his hands. Mr. Pak grabbed Reverend Moon by the sleeve and begged him to rest. "Please, understand that I am speaking out of a sincere concern for you."

"Chong Hwa," Reverend Moon replied, "my suffering is in accordance with God's historical providence. I know that your concern for me is genuine, but God is suffering even more than I am." Reverend Moon then went on about his work. Chong Hwa Pak began to cry.

"Don't cry for me," Reverend Moon said. "Cry for the heart of God."

Just as Jesus Christ overcame the three temptations of Satan while he was in the wilderness [Matthew 4:1-11 and other passages], Reverend Moon had to resolve the grief of the saints and sages through the ages by overcoming the obstacles that they could not.

Reverend Moon held himself to an amazingly high standard during his time at Hungnam Prison. "For the sake of bringing salvation to all humankind," he would tell himself, "I cannot be indebted to anyone in any way. I must repay the entire debt stemming from human sin. I cannot give Satan even the slightest grounds to accuse me."

This was what was going through his mind as he endured incredible suffering in the prison camp. He wanted to offer up his suffering in payment for all human sins. It was in Hungnam that Reverend Moon's messianic character became most clear.

One day, someone stole some rice powder that Reverend Moon had placed on a shelf in the cell. The next

morning the other prisoners discovered which of them had stolen the powder, and they began to beat him mercilessly. Reverend Moon told the prisoners to calm down and said, "Think how hungry he must have been to steal." Then he divided the remaining powder among them.

When the communist authorities gave Reverend Moon the award for being a model prisoner, Chong Hwa Pak congratulated him. However, Reverend Moon replied, "Receiving the award isn't what makes me happy. I'm happy because I was victorious over Satan's temptations."

GARDEN OF RESTORATION

In this world, embittered with hate,
 through the thousands of years,
 Father was searching to find One triumphant in heart;
 There, where He struggled, behold,
 footprints stained with blood;
 Such love is given to us in His providence,
 Such love is given to us in His providence.

Here we find the flower of joy in the freedom of God;
 His garden blesses the world with the blooming of hope;
 Fragrant perfume of His will fills us all with joy;
 Such life fulfills all the dreams of our Father's desire,
 Such life fulfills all the dreams of our Father's desire.

Fresh bouquets of happiness grow,
 gently tossed in the breeze;
 Our home eternal and true is a haven of joy;
 Here in such beauty divine we shall always live;
 Such is the gift of the Lord, Father's heavenly land,
 Such is the gift of the Lord, Father's heavenly land.

God's eternal providence is the Kingdom on earth;
 On earth He wanted to see His true Garden in bloom;
 Filled with perfume of the heart, spread His glorious joy;
 Such is the glory to come, crowning all of the world,
 Such is the glory to come, crowning all of the world.³

During his time at Hungnam, when he faced death daily, Reverend Moon composed a poem that describes the joy of a world where God's ideals and hopes have been realized. The title was "The Garden of Restoration." One day, Reverend Moon wrote the poem down on a few tags from the fertilizer sacks and gave them to Chong Hwa Pak. "I want you to memorize all four verses of this poem within a week." At the time, there was still no melody to go with the words, so Reverend Moon and Chong Hwa Pak sang them to the tune of a battle song of the old Japanese navy.

The "garden" in this poem refers to the Garden of Eden. The poem draws a picture of a time when the Lord has returned to earth and the ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth has been brought to reality. The poem gives us a glimpse of the depth of Reverend Moon's single-minded devotion to pursuing God's ideal.

Reverend Moon could taste heaven even while he was experiencing the hell on earth of Hungnam Prison. This spirit is inherited by the members of the Unification Church today whose mission is to turn hell into heaven.

A Mother's Tears

Reverend Moon's mother was a great woman. Kyung Gye Kim loved her son deeply. He had been a particularly bright child with a strong will and an equally strong sense of righteousness. Whenever he found himself in the presence of unrighteousness, he would do everything in his power to correct it. That was his character. His mother had high expectations for him, especially because of the auspicious dream she had while she was pregnant with him.

During World War II when word came that the ferry Reverend Moon was supposed to be on had been sunk, Mrs. Kim's world crashed around her. She dashed out of the house, forgetting to put on her shoes, and ran barefoot to the courthouse in Jungju township to try and find out what had happened to her son. She ran until the soles of her feet were cut and bleeding.

Now, her son had gone to Pyongyang, faced numerous tribulations, been tried and found guilty of a crime, and final-



Mrs. Kyung Gye Kim, the mother of Rev. Sun Myung Moon.

ly incarcerated in Hungnam Labor Camp. It was enough to make her heart break with anguish.

Mrs. Kim decided that she would travel to Hungnam to visit her son. The straight-line distance from Jungju to Hungnam is about 125 miles, and she needed several different passes in order to be allowed through the many check-points on the way.

When she finally arrived and saw her son, what a painful sight to a mother's eyes. His head had been shaven according

to prison regulations, he wore a prison uniform, and he was referred to simply as "Prisoner 596." How much heartache she must have felt. He had been such a gifted child, and she had believed that he was certain to become a man of greatness. How could it be, she must have thought, that he wound up in prison?

"I love you more than words can express. Yet, here you are in prison. If you had only listened to me a little more, this would not have happened. Why do you have to go through so much suffering?"

She began to cry aloud. Then she took out a sack of rice powder that she had brought from home. Reverend Moon took the sack, and while his mother looked on in horror, gave it all away to the prisoners around him.

This was food that she had prepared with great difficulty. She had protected it with her life as she traveled across the peninsula to see him. Yet, Reverend Moon gave it all away, without eating a single mouthful. She was furious. How could her son be so ungrateful, so unfilial? He didn't appreciate her at all.

Reverend Moon certainly knew that it would hurt his mother to see him give away her gift. On the other hand, he also knew that the prisoners around him were on the verge of starvation and most had no relatives who could visit them. He couldn't bring himself to eat the powder when there were so many others whose suffering was even greater than his own. But most of all, as one who had dedicated his life to living totally for God and the sake of others, he couldn't let his mother's love for him divert him into focusing on himself.

On another visit, Mrs. Kim gave her son a set of clothes that she had made. But he gave them away also, even though his clothes were in tatters.

Mrs. Kim was angry. "I went to all the trouble to bring these clothes so that *you* could wear them," she told her son. "What gives you the idea that you can just disregard my feelings and give them all away? How can you do such a thing?"

Reverend Moon replied, "Mother, I am more than just a son of the Moon family. I am also a son of the Republic of Korea and a son of the world. Even before that, I am a son of God.

You love me as your son, but I have to love those poor prisoners from the position of a parent representing God. This is what Heaven expects.”

This was Reverend Moon’s determination: “God tried to save humankind even at the expense of sacrificing his only son, Jesus Christ. How can I bring salvation to people if I’m not even willing to sacrifice myself?”

There was no way, though, that Mrs. Kim could fathom the deep meaning behind her son’s behavior. He was as precious to her as life itself. She had no idea that he was following God’s plan. Because she could not understand, she was angry and sad. She would get so frustrated that she would tell him, “I will never come to see you again.”

After a few days at home, though, she would start to miss her son so much that she couldn’t sit still. She would lie awake at night, worrying that his health might deteriorate because of his miserable situation or that he might even freeze to death in the cold winter weather. After a while, she would begin to prepare another set of clothes and a batch of rice powder to take to him. If there wasn’t enough money, she would sell some of the furniture she had brought with her when she married into the Moon family and use the money to cover the expenses of traveling to Hungnam. In the end, she even sold the bull that the family needed in order to plow the fields and do other work around the farm.

Then she would make yet another trip to Hungnam in spite of all the hardships. And when she got there, she experienced heartbreak and disappointment all over again because of her son’s behavior toward her. She told him that if he ever left the prison alive, she would take him home and never allow him to leave the village again. If he ever had to go to prison again, she said, she would take his place and go instead. This was an expression of the deep love that this mother had for her child. She was an extraordinary woman who suffered tremendously because she had as her son the savior of all humankind.

Mrs. Kim’s longing to have her son at home again was never realized. Reverend Moon did not step foot in his hometown again until 1991, forty-eight years after his last

visit. On December 5, 1991, while visiting North Korea at the invitation of President Kim Il Sung (described in Volume Two), he went to Jungju and offered a prayer at his parents' graves. Those of us who were with him were deeply touched when he said, "Mother, now that you're in heaven, I'm sure you must understand everything."

This extraordinary mother must be beaming with pride and joy in the spirit world that she has such a remarkable son. After experiencing such great frustration during her life on earth, she turned out to be the mother of the messiah. Today, we express our respect for her by referring to her as Choong-mo nim, meaning "mother of loyalty."

The Saint in Prison

During his time in Hungnam, Reverend Moon lived a life of unremitting sacrifice and determination to accomplish his mission. For this reason, he came to be respected among both prisoners and guards. During the ten minutes they were given to line up and prepare to march to the factory, prisoners would come to Reverend Moon, even from cells that were some distance away, greet him, and then run back quickly to take their place in the formation. Others would try to embrace him, even though they could be punished with confinement in an underground solitary cell. They felt that seeing Reverend Moon's face in the morning gave them confidence that they could survive through the day. They continued to show Reverend Moon this sign of respect even after he asked them to stop. The other prisoners who witnessed these actions pretended not to see and did not report them to the guards.

In this place where a single grain of cooked rice could mean the difference between life and death, some prisoners would offer to share their powdered rice or other gifts of food that they received from their visitors with Reverend Moon. Some had dreams in which their ancestors would appear and order them, "Do you know prisoner number 596? I want you to take your rice powder and give it to him." Even after having such a dream, though, a prisoner might decide that his rice powder was too precious to give away and would keep it for himself. Then,

the next night he would dream that one of his ancestors was trying to strangle him. Finally, he would bring the powder to Reverend Moon's cell and say, "Who is number 596 here?" This happened on several occasions.

The prisoners had a saying: "A single grain in prison is worth one pig on the outside." Despite this extreme environment, Reverend Moon continually gave away all the food and clothing that came into his possession to the sick and the weak. It wasn't long before he was respected as a "saint in prison."

Among the prison guards, who were core members of the Workers Party, rumors began to spread about prisoner 596. How could he work so hard, eat so little, and stay alive? This was supposed to be a death camp, after all. Normally, the guards were especially cruel to prisoners jailed for the crimes for which Reverend Moon had been convicted, that is, "disturbing the social order" and "counterrevolution." At first, the prisoners thought the guards were not as cruel to Reverend Moon because he worked hard and followed all the rules. The truth was that the guards feared him—they believed he had supernatural powers.

Once, a new guard punished Reverend Moon severely. That night, the guard dreamed that an old man who looked like a mountain god came to him and admonished him for being so cruel to Reverend Moon. The dream made the guard angry, and the next day he beat Reverend Moon even more harshly. That night, the same old man came to the guard in his dream and gave him a severe punishment. After that, even this cruel guard felt compelled to treat Reverend Moon with a certain degree of deference.

Although Reverend Moon could not openly preach, he witnessed every minute of every day by his example. Eventually, the number of prisoners who regarded themselves as Reverend Moon's close disciples grew to twelve. Some of these men received revelations, and others saw visions. They observed Reverend Moon's indomitable spirit and pure faith. Even though they were trapped in an earthly hell, they found in Reverend Moon hope for the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950, when Reverend Moon had been at Hungnam for more than two

years. North Korea's strategy was to move their forces south as quickly as possible to take control of the entire Korean peninsula. As a part of their counterattack, United Nations forces began a strategic bombing campaign against selected North Korean industrial centers. Hungnam was one of these targets, and on August 1 U.N. forces began bombing the fertilizer factory.

When bombs began raining down on the factory, the communist guards quickly took cover in bomb shelters, leaving the prisoners to fend for themselves. The prisoners were in a panic and began running around trying to find cover. Somehow, the feeling spread among some of the prisoners that the safest place to be was close to prisoner 596. They gathered around Reverend Moon like chicks trying to get under the mother hen's wings. When Reverend Moon moved to another area of the compound, they all moved with him.

Incredibly, none of the prisoners who stayed close to Reverend Moon was killed in the bombing. There were times when Reverend Moon would move away from a spot and a bomb would fall on that spot immediately afterward. The prisoners saw this and were wide-eyed with amazement. They began to tell each other, "Stay within a twenty-meter radius of prisoner 596, and you will live."

U.N. Forces Liberate Hungnam

On April 16, 1996—a world and almost a half-century away from the bombing at Hungnam—a spectacular banquet was held at the Washington Hilton and Towers Hotel in Washington, D.C., to recognize people who have contributed to the betterment of society in communities throughout America. It was sponsored by the *Washington Times*, which Reverend Moon founded. Some 120 senators and congressmen were among the three thousand dignitaries who attended from all over America.

In a speech titled "View of the Principle of the Providential History of Salvation," Reverend Moon spoke on a number of profound truths hidden in the Bible.

The person who introduced Reverend Moon to this audience was none other than Gen. Alexander Haig, secretary of

state under Ronald Reagan and former Supreme Allied Commander of NATO forces.

In his introduction, General Haig spoke proudly and movingly of being directly involved in liberating Reverend Moon from prison. As one of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's staff officers, he took part in the Inchon landing on September 15, 1950, and shortly thereafter participated in a landing operation in the vicinity of Hungnam. "This was the first time our paths crossed," General Haig said. "For the next two decades we both in our own way struggled against communist tyranny and for the establishment of a world characterized by the rule of law and peaceful change in contrast to a world dominated by the rule of the bayonet and violent change." His heartfelt words emphasized how important it was to history that Reverend Moon's life be saved.

Someday historians will recognize that the Korean War was fought for the purpose of saving the life of the messiah. It is clear that God planned General MacArthur's Inchon and Wonsan landing operations for that express purpose.

The Inchon landing was an incredible military gamble, but it was carried out successfully and was a major turning point in the war. General MacArthur realized that the North Korean People's Army could be surrounded and its overextended supply lines cut if U.N. forces advanced through Inchon to Seoul, and then westward across the peninsula, while forces south of the Naktong River simultaneously broke out of their perimeter and counterattacked northward. As it turned out, he was exactly right.

The U.N. forces went on the offensive following the Inchon landing and began to push back the NKPA forces. Seoul was recaptured on September 27, and on October 1 General MacArthur called on North Korea to surrender. When North Korea ignored this, U.N. forces crossed the 38th Parallel and rapidly advanced northward.

As news of the U.N.'s northward advance spread, the guards at Hungnam Prison became desperate. They began executing the prisoners, beginning with those with the longest sentences. They were careful not to let the general prison population realize what was happening. Prisoners scheduled for execution were told they were being transferred to another

camp. Then they were taken to a nearby mountain, where they were forced to dig their own graves, and shot.

One of Reverend Moon's twelve disciples in prison was Rev. Jin Soo Kim, a Christian minister who had been president of an organization called the Five Provinces Presbyterian Association, a Christian organization founded after Korea's liberation from Japan. When a branch of Hungnam Prison was established, Reverend Kim accepted transfer to this branch—against Reverend Moon's advice—and was killed in a massacre of prisoners at the time of the communist retreat.

Group after group of prisoners were called out and sent to their deaths. Reverend Moon sensed the seriousness of the situation and realized that his turn would likely come the next day. But as morning dawned, U.S. Air Force B-29s staged a major bombing attack in the area around Hungnam. The prison camp turned into a bloodbath, and many prison administrators and guards were among those killed.

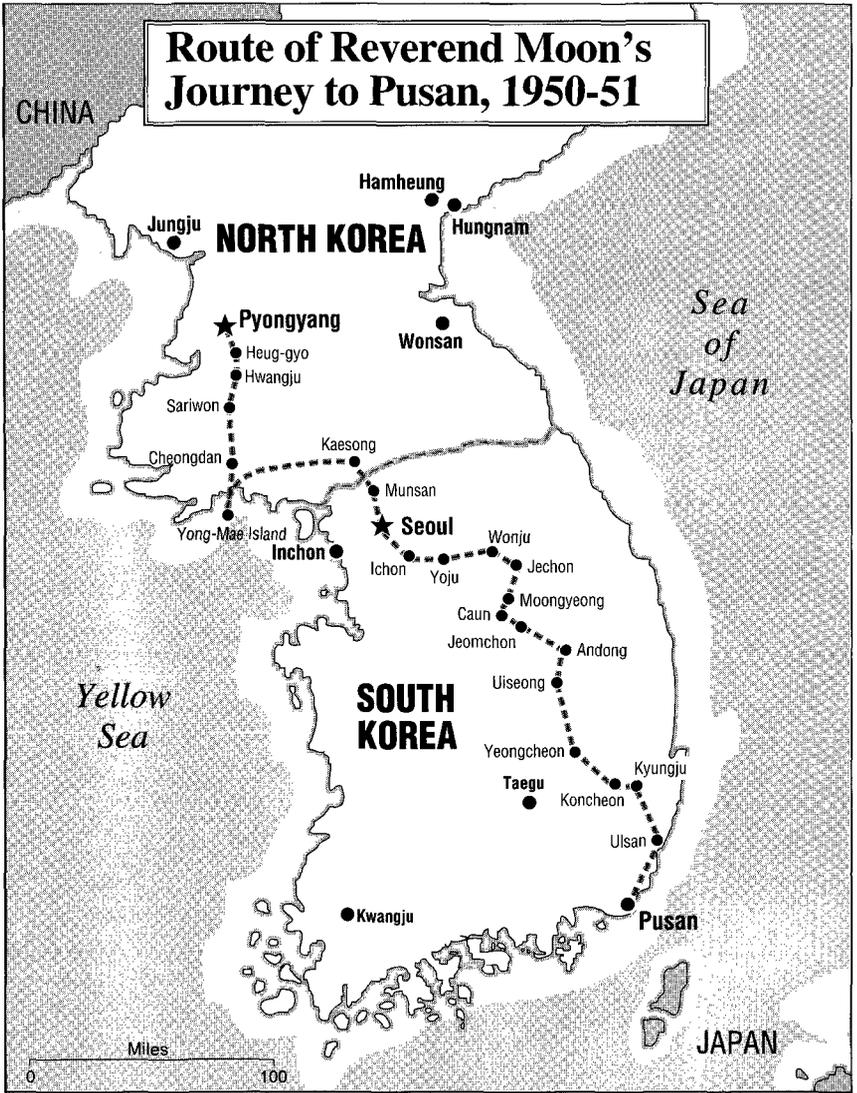
As the U.N. ground forces closed in, the remaining guards fled Hungnam Prison, and the prisoners themselves became its masters. It was the day they had all hoped to see. They were finally free! All the men were mere skin and bones and extremely weak, but there was no suppressing their joy at surviving their ordeal.

The counterattack that started with General MacArthur's Inchon landing and led to the northward advance of U.N. forces and the aerial bombing of Hungnam finally brought about Reverend Moon's liberation from Hungnam Prison. It was October 14, 1950.

It had been two years, five months since Reverend Moon was imprisoned at Hungnam. During that time, countless innocent people had gone to their deaths at Hungnam. Even some of Reverend Moon's twelve disciples became sacrificial offerings.

The 750-Mile Trek to Pusan

After his liberation, Reverend Moon traveled 150 miles across the peninsula and arrived in Pyongyang on October 24. He had not come to rest, though. Instead, he wanted to find his disciples. He had hoped that at least some members of the congre-



gation had maintained their faith and stayed together during his absence, but that was not the case. They had scattered. Reverend Moon began visiting them one by one.

About this time, the tide of the Korean War was changing again. The U.N. forces had reached the southern bank of the Yalu River on the Chinese border. The final defeat of the decimated communist army seemed just a matter of days when

the war took a completely unexpected turn. The Chinese army, famous for its human wave tactics, crossed the Yalu River and attacked en masse. China's sudden entry into the war completely changed the situation.

The Chinese army was rapidly approaching Pyongyang. Citizens of the city were issued emergency evacuation orders on December 2. Reverend Moon decided that he would head south with Chong Hwa Pak, with whom he had been reunited in Pyongyang, and a young follower from his earlier days in Pyongyang, Won Pil Kim. Pak had been back in Pyongyang since August, when he was released from Hungnam after completing his sentence. While in Pyongyang, however, he had been attacked by some thugs and suffered a broken ankle.

At first, Pak was ecstatic that Reverend Moon was going to save him from the coming invasion. Then, he began to think how difficult it would be to travel—he couldn't even go to the bathroom by himself. He begged Reverend Moon to leave without him.

"It would be much too great a risk to take me with you. If I slow you down, we will all be killed. You cannot risk being caught by the communists again. Please, don't concern yourself with me. Just go quickly."

Reverend Moon was adamant, though. "When we were in prison, we promised each other that we would be together in both life and death," he said. "Put your faith in God and climb on this bicycle. I will push you."

Pak was tall and weighed more than Reverend Moon, but Reverend Moon was proposing to push him on a bicycle the entire length of the peninsula with the communist army closing in behind them. It seemed like an impossible feat.

Reverend Moon put Pak on the bicycle and, together with the teenaged Won Pil Kim, headed out of Pyongyang on the long journey south. It was December 4, just one day before the Chinese army entered Pyongyang.

The three refugees met all sorts of obstacles and difficulties on their way south. The main roads were reserved for military use and closed to all civilian traffic. Refugees often had to make their own way through terrain where there were no roads.

Sometimes, they were mistaken for remnants of the North Korean People's Army and beaten severely. Once, they tried to take a boat to Incheon from Yong-mae Island off the coast of Haeju, but they were chased off the ship. God protected them, though, along this difficult road.

One day, they came to a hill so steep that it was impossible to push the bicycle to the top with Chong Hwa Pak riding. Pak begged Reverend Moon to leave him behind.

"Master," he said, "I can't make it any farther. Please leave me and keep going. I'll make out somehow. Whatever happens, I'll accept my fate."

Reverend Moon became angry and scolded Pak.

"Didn't you and I pledge that we would be together until death? Whatever happens, let's put our faith in God and keep going. Don't worry."

Reverend Moon put Chong Hwa Pak on his back and had Won Pil Kim push the bicycle up the hill. We can imagine that Pak must have wept tears of gratitude as he lay on Reverend Moon's back that was dripping with sweat. Pak later testified: "More than any other time, this was the moment when I felt most strongly that Reverend Moon is the savior of humankind."

In Yonan, they discovered that a complete stranger, a lay leader in a local Christian congregation, had received a revelation to prepare a meal and wait for Reverend Moon and his two companions to arrive. They spent three days in this town, eating and resting, and then continued on their way.

Finally, they reached the northern bank of the Imjin River that ran between North and South Korea. They were all so tired they were on the verge of collapse. Reverend Moon's two followers suggested that they have a meal and get a good night's rest and then cross the river in the morning. Reverend Moon, though, felt an urgency to cross as quickly as possible. The two followers felt that he was heartless in pushing them, but they went along with his decision.

They somehow crossed the river despite their exhaustion. To their surprise, the U.N. forces closed the crossing immediately after they had reached the southern bank. A defensive perimeter had to be set up in preparation for the coming battle against the advancing communist army. This escape route to the south was cut off for anyone trying to cross after them.

After enduring numerous ordeals, the three arrived in Seoul on December 27, 1950, twenty-four days after leaving Pyongyang. The communist army's advance had not been stopped, however. Soon after their arrival in Seoul, an order was given to evacuate the city. So they started south again on January 3, 1951, and finally arrived in Pusan at the southern tip of Korea on January 27. On the way, Chong Hwa Pak became friends with someone in Kyungju and decided to stay at this person's home until he could fully recover from his injury.

Reverend Moon's trek from Pyongyang to Pusan teaches us a number of important lessons about how God works. First, we see that once a bond is established in Heaven, it endures forever. God will not forsake even one person. Throughout history, it has been human beings who have betrayed God again and again.

There was one place on the way from Pyongyang where Reverend Moon had to carry Chong Hwa Pak on his back and walk a considerable distance through deep mud. Many years later, Won Pil Kim asked Reverend Moon where he found the strength to carry such a heavy man for a long distance. Reverend Moon replied by telling him, "I felt as though that man represented the entire universe." Reverend Moon looks at every individual as though that person were God Himself. To him, abandoning even a single person is as unthinkable as abandoning God.

Church in a Mud Hut

On the cold January day when Reverend Moon and Won Pil Kim arrived in Pusan by train—clinging to the outside because there was no room in the railroad cars—Pusan had become a city of refugees. The city was overflowing with people, and new arrivals with no relatives or acquaintances among the native population found it next to impossible to find a place to stay.

After several attempts, Reverend Moon finally settled on building himself a hut on a mountain slope in a section of the city called Bum Il Dong. He used some cardboard boxes that had been tossed out by American soldiers, along with stones,



Reverend Moon built and lived in this hut made of cardboard boxes, mud, and stones in Pusan.

wood, and mud. It could hardly be called a house. Water welled up from the ground beneath, and the roof leaked every time it rained. This is where the Unification movement began.

Even more important, this was the spot where Reverend Moon put in writing for the first time the content of the Divine Principle. The wonderful words of salvation that would later be my guiding light were written under this humble roof. The manuscript that Reverend Moon wrote here was titled *Wolli Wonbon*, or *Original Manuscript of the Principle*. The lamp he used is among the artifacts that have been preserved in our church's Bum Il Dong Museum.

During the time that Reverend Moon lived in this first church, God sent him many gifted people to help him in his work. Many of the elder members who are leading the Unification movement in various parts of the world today were witnessed to in Bum Il Dong.

Up the slope from the original church is a large boulder that juts out from the hillside. Today, this is a place of prayer for Unification Church members, who refer to it as "the Rock of Tears" because of all the tears that Reverend Moon shed there as he prayed every day. Just as he did in Hungnam

Prison, Reverend Moon sought to comfort God through his prayers, trying to ease His pain and sorrow over the fall of humankind and firmly pledging that he would accomplish God's desire.

Today, this rock has become a "rock of miracles." Each year, thousands of people from around the world come here to pray. And these are not just Unification Church members. Several thousand Christian ministers from America have visited Korea at Reverend Moon's invitation and visited this rock as a part of their itinerary. Many of them offered tearful prayers of their own at this spot. On a number of occasions, people who prayed here have experienced miracles, both physical cures and revelations.

One woman minister from Chicago began to run and shout "Hallelujah!" as she approached the rock. She excitedly testified that thirty years before she had gone into the ministry because of a vision that God had given her. In the vision, a Chinese man invited her into a humble hut and said he would teach her the Gospel. She now realized that the scene in her vision was exactly what she was seeing at the Rock of Tears. For the first time she understood that the "Chinese man" of her vision was actually Father.

Jesus said, "[T]he blind receive their sight and the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good news preached to them." [Matthew 11:5] Now, a modern-day version of those events is taking place at the Rock of Tears.

Once, Reverend Moon climbed to the top of the ridge behind the church with his disciples and sat down at a place where they could see Oh-ryuk Island and Pusan Harbor. He told them, "Look down there at that large ship billowing black smoke as it sails into the harbor. Soon, people of all races, nationalities, and ethnic groups and speaking all different languages will consider Korea to be the homeland of their faith and will come on ships like that to visit me.

"We absolutely must bring about the ideal world of God's creation—a world without sadness, tears, or pain, the Kingdom of God on Earth."

Even his faithful disciples looked at him in amazement and were at a loss for words. How could he talk this way when they

didn't even have food for their evening meal? They must have thought he was living in a dream world.

But that vision has come to reality. In 1992, 30,000 young couples from 131 countries gathered in Seoul's Olympic Main Stadium for the International Holy Blessing Ceremony presided over by Reverend and Mrs. Moon as the True Parents and by representatives of the major world religions. People of all races participated, considering themselves brothers and sisters who shared common parents. This historic event has been repeated on an ever grander scale throughout the 1990s, with 360,000 couples, 3.6 million, 36 million, 360 million, and in the year 2000 400 million couples participating in International Holy Blessings. This is truly the "flood of people" that Reverend Moon spoke about so long ago on a rocky Korean hillside.



Chapter Ten

*The “Missionary”
at the Washington
Embassy*

Nine years had passed since I first traveled to the infantry school at Fort Benning not knowing a word of English. During my stay in Georgia, I never imagined that I would see America again. But after that my life took a number of unexpected turns. Not only had I been sent back to Fort Benning for more training, but I had been pushed to devote my life to learning English, which eventually put me in the position to be introduced to the Unification Principle. I discovered the true meaning of life and became a member of the Unification Church.

Now I knew that the mysterious force that had been guiding and protecting me was God Himself. He had saved my life and led me this far, but now that He had finished preparing me, He was going to send me back to America—this time as a military attaché at the Republic of Korea Embassy in Washington, D.C. Who else but God could have brought a poor farmer to an embassy? At one time my highest ambition had been to raise pigs and sweet potatoes, and now I was going to be a diplomat!

This prestigious assignment came about not because I had any special abilities or accomplishments. In fact, it was the result of yet another miraculous development in my life.

The year was 1961, and I was still a major. In those days the Ministry of Defense chose only senior officers to send abroad as military attachés. Then the decision was made to establish the position of assistant military attaché for the embassy in Washington, D.C., and majors could apply.

The Korean army had many talented officers who had served as interpreters during the war. They were the military's best experts in the English language. I had learned a great deal of English, but I lacked the level of formal training of these other officers. Many of them had university degrees in English literature and considerable experience in practical usage. Any of them would gladly be assigned to Washington, D.C.

When the Ministry of Defense announced that it was accepting applications for the position of assistant military attaché, it received dozens of applications for the single position available, so the ministry decided to choose their candidate by giving an examination. I was sure I had no chance in this competition.

I reported all this to Reverend Moon. He told me, "If it is God who has led you this far, then you should put your faith in God and take the exam. Trust the will of God. You are a person who must go to America."

I made up my mind to take the exam. I went to the appointed place on the day of the exam and discovered that I was competing with over a hundred officers. I even saw some of my old English teachers from the language school. Needless to say, I was very intimidated. As I took my seat, I said a word of prayer, "May Your will be done."

We were tested on a number of areas, about eight, as I recall. It seemed to work to my advantage to be tested on many areas at once. On the entrance exam to the military academy I got no points on the English test but still managed to make the overall minimum grade by doing well on the other parts of the test. On this test, I might not do as well as others in English, but I could compensate for that with good scores in other areas. Still, the odds were more than a hundred to one that I would be chosen.

I put my faith in Reverend Moon's advice to "trust the will of God." I told myself, "If God needs me to go to America, then there will be a way for me to go there. If that is not the will of God, then it's best that I not be chosen."

The examination took all day. We were all completely exhausted by the time it was over. Everyone had done his best. Now we could only wait.

The day finally came for the results to be announced. I received a telephone call from the office of Gen. Sun Yob Baek, the army chief of staff, and was ordered to report to him immediately. I had already met General Baek on a number of occasions in the course of my work as an aide to the KMAG commander. He had even visited our humble home, together with General Matthews. Still, it was unusual for the army chief of staff to directly order a major to report to his office.

The general greeted me with a big smile. "Congratulations, Major Pak," he said. "I really have to hand it to you. Based on the examination, you've been selected to be the new deputy military attaché in Washington. I sent for you so that I could congratulate you and personally hand you your new orders."

While I said the proper things to the general, in my heart I was offering a prayer of gratitude. "Thank you, God. Because of your help, I am about to go to America. I will work according to Your will."

As the time drew near for me and my family to leave for America, Reverend Moon held a farewell banquet in my honor and presented me with a calligraphy that he wrote specially for the occasion. It was a writing of eight Chinese characters that means something like, "The phoenix has flown to its own territory, so it will do well and be victorious ten thousand times." Today, this writing is kept in our home as a precious family treasure.

I took the words of Reverend Moon's calligraphy to be his command for me. It was God's will that I carry out this command. I had simultaneous feelings of extreme gratitude and tremendous responsibility.

On the morning of March 1, 1961, I put on my dress uniform and got ready to head to Kimpo Airport with my wife. Before leaving, we went to Reverend and Mrs. Moon's home



*This calligraphy composed by Reverend Moon
was presented to the author in 1961:*

*"The phoenix has flown to its own territory,
so it will do well and be victorious ten thousand times."*

to bid them farewell. Mrs. Moon had just given birth to her first daughter and was recovering.

Here, we received an unexpected honor. Reverend and Mrs. Moon, the True Parents of humankind, prayed and gave us the Blessing as the first of the "Thirty-six Couples." This meant that my wife and I were registered as direct family members of the True Parents. In terms of the Unification Principle, it meant that our original sin was completely cut away and our marriage was sanctified. The formal Thirty-six Couples Holy Blessing Ceremony was held a few months later on May 15. Since we were leaving for America, Reverend and Mrs. Moon made it possible for us to receive the Blessing before our departure. This was an incredible gift from God.



As the author waits for his flight in the departure lounge of Seoul's Kimpo Airport, he has a last chance to speak intimately with Reverend Moon about his pioneering work in the United States.

Reverend Moon, Hyo Won Eu, and many of our friends in the church came to the airport to see us off.

After we boarded the Pan Am flight for America—the first time in an airplane for both of us—Reverend Moon and our friends went to the observation deck on the roof of the passenger terminal to watch our plane leave. I took out a piece of paper where I had written the word *ddeut* (God's will) and put it up against the window. I did this partly to let Reverend Moon know exactly where I was seated and also as a silent and final expression of my undying loyalty to him. I was told



Principal members of the early Unification Church came to Kimpo Airport to see the Paks off to America. From left to right are the author, Reverend Moon, Mrs. Pak, Won Pok Choi, Won Pil Kim, Kil Ja Sa, and church president Hyo Won Eu.

later that he and the others on the observation deck saw the word suddenly appear in one of the plane windows and that this was a very emotional moment for them. Reverend Moon kept waving in farewell and watching the plane until it disappeared in the distance.

After the plane was in the air, I was as happy as I could be. I had received the highest honor by being seen off at the airport by the messiah and True Parent of all humanity. This was a much greater honor than being seen off by a head of state.

On the surface, I was just another diplomat being sent by the Ministry of Defense on an overseas assignment. However,

my trip to America had a heavenly significance. Of course, I was representing my country, but at the same time, I was representing the True Parents. I had no doubt that this was the course that God had commanded me to follow.

Sometime before our departure, I had the opportunity to accompany Reverend Moon to the Daehan Theater in Seoul, where we watched a movie titled *The Emperor's Secret Emissary*. That title exactly described my situation as I left for America. I was a diplomat with a mission given by my country, but I also had an internal mission given to me by God. As I left my country, I determined that I would devote all my heart and soul to accomplishing both missions.

A Beautiful Friendship

I now stood on the grand stage of Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States of America. Besides representing their government, diplomats also represent their country and people. Therefore, an important qualification for diplomats is that they must be proud of their homeland.

In this sense, I was well prepared to be a diplomat. Although I was not particularly gifted, and my diplomatic abilities were not outstanding, I did have much greater pride in my country and people than the average Korean. Furthermore, my patriotism had been strengthened by the knowledge that the Korean people had been called by God to give birth to the True Parents of humankind. The Unification Principle had taught me that God had loved Korea and had given this country a great blessing. I was convinced that someday the beautiful country of Korea would be the center of faith for all humanity and become a central country in world events.

My heart was filled with excitement as I took up my new post. I could stand before anyone and say, "I am a proud Korean"—not from arrogance but with a feeling of deep humility, because I believed that Koreans were expected to love the world and humanity more than any other people. I did not see myself as a diplomat from an impoverished country, coming to America with hat in hand in hopes of securing material benefits for my country. Instead, I came to America



The author during his tenure as deputy military attaché at the Korean Embassy in Washington, D.C.

possessing an expression of truth that was capable of giving life to America as the modern-day Rome.

As attaché, I took every opportunity to address public forums, and I always spoke with conviction and fervor. I told my audiences that Korea was a country with a highly developed culture and that Koreans' love of freedom was unparalleled in the world. I invited American military officers about to be assigned to Korea to the embassy, where I showed them a movie featuring the beauty of Korea and gave a talk about Korea. Always by the end of the presentation I would be struggling to hold back tears and would close by saying, "This is why I love my country. I am a proud Korean." Usually, the audience would stand and applaud. During my time in Washington, I received an award from Prime Minister Yeo Chan Song for my work introducing Korea to the American people.

Not long after my arrival in Washington, a new ambassador took up his post, retired Gen. Il Kwon Chung, a hero of

the Korean War. He saw the importance of my expressing my pride in being a Korean and supported me enthusiastically in my work.

Ambassador Chung was many years my senior. I had first met him when he was a general and army chief of staff during the Korean War, when army headquarters was located in Taegu. I was a student at the army attaché school. At this time, the army sponsored a public speaking contest on efficient ways to utilize military supplies. I was chosen to compete representing the attaché school. As it turned out, the judges chose me as the best speaker, and I was invited to sit at General Chung's table at the awards banquet. I was still a captain then, and it was very intimidating for me to be seated at the same table with a group of generals—and especially with General Chung, who was a four-star general. I was so nervous I could hardly swallow.

At one point in the meal, General Chung said, "Captain Pak, let's see you demonstrate your speaking skills in front of these generals." I was extremely tense, but like a good soldier I obeyed and began to speak on the efficient use of military supplies. When I finished, the generals broke into enthusiastic applause. When Ambassador Chung arrived in Washington to take up his post, he still remembered me from this incident.

One day, the ambassador said to me, "Colonel Pak [I had been promoted to lieutenant colonel since coming to Washington], I really like listening to your English. Let's study English together three times a week."

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador," I replied, "that would be an honor." I began visiting the ambassador's official residence three times a week, but as it turned out, we didn't study much English. We would always begin by practicing English, but sooner or later, the ambassador would begin talking about his experiences in the military, especially during the Korean War, and then we would cover a wide range of topics.

One day, he commented that I seemed to have stronger convictions about our country than most other Koreans and asked me how I came by them. I told him about the Divine Principle of the Unification Church and how I first came into contact with this teaching that had made me so proud to be a Korean.

Ambassador Chung was not deeply interested in religion, but he summed up what I told him in one brief sentence. "So," he said, "the Unification Church is a patriotic church."

"Yes, that's true," I told him. "It is a patriotic religion for any person of any country. Not only that, it's an anti-communist religion. It is the only religion that has the power to liberate people living under communism. Since communism is a religion without God, it can be defeated only by the religion that believes in God to the greatest degree. That religion is the Unification Church."

My friendship with Ambassador Chung lasted throughout his tour of duty in Washington and continued until his death years later in Hawaii. He always believed in me and supported me in everything I did.

His friendship and trust in me were tested and proved in 1975 when he attended Reverend Moon's first "Day of Hope Banquet" in Korea. There was a great deal of prejudice against the Unification Church at this time, and it was not easy for an important public official to accept an invitation to an event that was connected in any way to the Unification Church. Ambassador Chung by then had become speaker of the National Assembly, and no one in the church expected that he would attend. When I personally delivered the invitation to him at his office in the National Assembly Building, he said jokingly, "I would probably be punished if I were to turn down an invitation like this from my former English teacher."

Diplomat by Day, Missionary by Night

Soon, I began working at home to translate the Divine Principle into English. There was already an English translation of the Principle, but I set about creating my own as a basis for an outline for lecturing the Principle in English.

When this was complete, I started inviting friends who might be interested to my home. We would sit together in the basement, and I would give them lectures on the Principle in English. Over time, these lectures grew in popularity, and it wasn't long before American Christians started coming to me and asking me to introduce them to the Principle.

During the day, I continued my work as a diplomat, but in the evenings I was working as a missionary. More and more people were coming to my home to listen to my Principle lectures. Before long, there were more people than could be seated comfortably in our small basement. At this time there were only two Unification missionaries in the United States, both on the West Coast, so the church considered me to be its unofficial missionary for the eastern United States. The meetings in our basement eventually led to the founding of a Unification Church in Washington. I am considered the founder of the Washington church.

Life was about to teach me that efforts to do good often encounter unjust criticism and opposition. One day, a Christian minister came to see me. He said he had heard from a member of his congregation that I was sharing some wonderful content. I took him at his word and presented the Principle lectures to him. I thought it a little bit strange that he took an extraordinary amount of notes. As it turned out, his motivation for hearing the Principle was not sincere. He was afraid that unless he did something he would lose members of his congregation to the Unification Church, and he was set on sabotaging my work.

This minister wrote a letter to Ambassador Chung, detailing my activities, which caused quite a stir within the embassy. I wrote a report on my activities, deeply concerned that the whole affair might place Ambassador Chung in a difficult position. When the ambassador called me to his office, though, he spoke in a tone that suggested he was not impressed by the criticism against me.

He said, "You have the ability to present an argument to Americans and convince them that you are right. That's an invaluable tool." Sometime later the embassy prepared a written response to the minister. The gist of it was to remind the minister that America was a country that guaranteed freedom of religion and that there was nothing wrong with an individual sharing the tenets of his faith with interested persons.

The embassy's finding was that my activities did not compromise my work with the embassy. Indeed, in those days embassy personnel were encouraged to attend American churches every Sunday.

But the controversy did not end there. The minister who wrote the letter took his case to the Washington correspondents of Korean newspapers. He provided them with material they needed to write articles on how a member of the Korean Embassy staff was declaring that Reverend Moon was the messiah.

When these articles appeared in the Korean press, the Christian churches in Korea went into action. They lodged protests with the Ministry of Defense, asking how it was that public funds had been spent to send a missionary of the Unification Church to the United States. The Christian churches then plotted to pressure the Ministry of Defense into removing me from my post. They wanted me to be recalled.

In fact, a recall order was drafted and presented to the army chief of staff, Gen. Jong Oh Kim, for his signature. When General Kim saw the document, he reportedly said, "Colonel Pak? I know Colonel Pak a lot better than any of you. He is a patriot. Stop this nonsense." He angrily tore up the documents and threw them away.

General Kim had been my commanding officer in the Ninth Division when we were fighting the North Korean People's Army for control of the White Horse Highlands. He saw me as a young, hardworking officer. He had invited me to dinner a few times, and we had talked deeply. From that time, it seems, General Kim had a special regard for me. He was the division commander who had recommended me for the Gold Star Hwa-Rang Medal for outstanding military service in combat that I had been awarded in 1953.

Thus, I escaped the indignity of being recalled from my diplomatic post. I thanked God, but I wasn't sure what the ultimate meaning of this experience could be.

When my original three-year tour of duty at the embassy was completed, I was ordered to extend my stay by six months, in recognition of my outstanding record. I finally left the embassy and returned to Korea after three and a half years. By this time, Ambassador Chung had been appointed to the post of minister of foreign affairs. Soon after, he became prime minister.

As I returned to Korea, I made up my mind to retire from the military. It had been fourteen years since I first entered



In 1965, the author is seen off by his father (far right) and Reverend and Mrs. Moon as he leaves for America as a full-time missionary.

the Korean Military Academy, determined to someday wear a general's stars on my shoulders. By the time I completed my mission as a diplomat, however, I was beginning to dream of stars of a very different variety. Instead of those earned by killing people in war, I now dreamed of earning the stars of an army that sought to make people live. I wanted to stand on the world stage and shout with all my might the words of life that would bring salvation to all humankind. My new dream was to become a modern-day Apostle Paul.

I realized it was for this purpose that God had given me the ability to communicate in English and had given me diplomatic experience. In fact, it was for this work that God had saved me from certain death on that bloody riverbank many years before.

“That’s right,” I told myself. “My stage is the world. I’ve switched from an earthly army to the army of Heaven. What job in this world could be more rewarding than that of spreading the teachings by which God seeks to establish His kingdom on earth?”

I returned to my homeland with a heart filled with hope. This was in October 1964. I retired from the army, and just a few months later, in January 1965, I returned to America, this time as an official “missionary to the world.”

Though I had left the military, I was still a soldier of Christ, only now my weapons were truth and love. I was no longer “the emperor’s secret emissary.” Instead, I landed on American soil as “God’s ambassador.”

Launching the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation

I did miss being able to wear my uniform. The Republic of Korea’s flag and the uniform of its army were two items that had been integral to my life for a long time. Naturally, I wanted to begin my work with a patriotic project to elevate the position of my homeland and its people.

In the America of 1965, the aftereffects of the Korean War were still evident. The word “Korea” was most closely associated with war, poverty, and orphans. Korea was the place where Americans sent used clothing and other goods for refugee relief, and Americans were adopting war orphans from Korea. I was grateful to them, but as a person who took great pride in Korea and its people, this association with neediness was hard to bear.

I wanted to proclaim that Korea has a rich history of five thousand years and that Koreans possess a praiseworthy culture. I wanted to let people know that Koreans had an unparalleled anti-communist spirit and that we had sacrificed more than anyone, not just for our own freedom but for that of all the world’s people. After much thought, I decided that the best way to do this would be to emphasize “culture” and “the spirit of freedom.” This is how I came to create the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation.

I sought advice on this matter from former Ambassador Yoo Chan Yang, whom I had first met following my long taxi

ride from Georgia in 1952 and who was living in Washington at the time. The ambassador was enthusiastic about my ideas and assured me that he would cooperate in any way he could. His words made me feel as though I had gained the help of an army of a thousand men.

Ambassador Yang was an extremely gifted diplomat, a fervent patriot, and a strong anti-communist. His English was excellent, and he had a sense of humor that was well appreciated by Americans. He was a wonderful person with whom to work.

I set up an office in Washington and took the necessary steps to establish the foundation. I asked Ambassador Yang to take the position of vice president and the legendary American naval hero Admiral Arleigh Burke to become president. Because of these two men, we were able to have former U.S. Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman serve as honorary presidents, which made it possible for the foundation to establish contacts with many of the most important people in America.

It was decided that the official name would be the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation, Inc. People who loved Korea came forward to be its supporters.

It was well known that President Eisenhower and President Truman had never gotten along together, so it became quite a story in the news media at the time that these two men had come together to create a foundation to promote Korea's culture and spirit of freedom. Many senators and congressmen agreed to become advisers to the foundation. The Internal Revenue Service quickly approved the foundation for tax-exempt status, making donations tax-deductible.

However, although the foundation had a name and a structure, it lacked one essential—money. As the foundation's secretary-general, it was my responsibility to procure funds, and in order to raise funds, it was necessary to come up with a concrete plan of action.

We decided to work in two areas. First, in the area of culture, the foundation decided it would support performances of the Little Angels, a Korean children's dance group specializing in traditional Korean dance. The Little Angels were



The Little Angels in a scene from "The Fan Dance."

"angels of peace," and they effectively used dance and song to introduce people around the world to Korea's unique culture. Second, the foundation chose Radio of Free Asia to promote the Republic of Korea's shining spirit of freedom in a world where the ideological conflict of the cold war continued and also to broadcast truth to the masses of people living behind the Iron Curtain.

The Little Angels

The Little Angels dance troupe was founded in 1962 by Reverend Moon. Since then, they have gone on numerous world tours and visited almost every corner of the globe. They were awarded the gold medal for promoting the global position of the Republic of Korea.

It is amazing how popular this children's dance troupe has been with audiences all around the world, accomplishing things with cultural diplomacy that state diplomacy could not. Over the past several decades, the Little Angels have become the face of Korea both in name and in fact.

It was Reverend Moon who foresaw that such a troupe could bring wonderful results and took the initiative to found it. I was still working at the Washington embassy when he sent me a message that he was concerned about the future of the country and that he intended to create a children's dance troupe whose role would be to let the world know about Korea's rich traditions in both dance and music. He said it was important that this group be able to travel throughout the world and that he wanted me to create a base for this in the United States.

I completely agreed with his proposal. More than anything, I was moved by Reverend Moon's deep patriotism and his desire to restore Korea's image in the world. There was part of this proposal that I couldn't understand, however. "Why," I asked him in a letter, "does this have to be a troupe of children? Are you sure you want me to take a group of runny-nosed children and put them on stages around the world?"

Reverend Moon's reply was very inspiring. He said: "Children symbolize peace. All the people of the world love children. Children can transcend differences of race, religion, and ideology. Jesus said, 'Unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.' [Matthew 18:3] The Book of Isaiah [11:6] says, '...and a little child shall lead them.' The purity and honesty of the children is what the world needs. They're not after money or glory. They're not caught up in relations with the opposite sex. They just dance and have fun. They are the best symbol of the Kingdom of Heaven. No one can express Korea's love of peace better than our children."

I have accompanied the Little Angels on tour around the world for the past thirty-some years, and I have seen again and again that Reverend Moon prophesied correctly. There has been no place in the world where the Little Angels were not welcomed with open arms. These young angels truly have been the messengers of peace.



The author with Queen Elizabeth II after the Little Angels' command performance.

We discovered that the Little Angels possess incredible power: the power of love and beauty. They have been able to break down every barrier. No one has been able to keep their hearts from melting. The Little Angels were invited to the White House many times. President Richard M. Nixon invited them to perform at a state dinner held in honor of British Prime Minister Edward Heath. All the dignitaries present were spellbound by the children's playfulness, their singing, and their dancing. They completely upstaged the main attraction of the evening, which was the "David Frost Show."

The General Assembly Hall of the United Nations Building is rarely used for performances, but the Little Angels are the exception that proves the rule. They performed in this hall—despite objections from the Soviet Union. The traditional Korean melodies echoed in the General Assembly Hall as the music of peace.

Queen Elizabeth II invited the Little Angels for a command performance. Afterward, all members of the troupe were invited to a royal reception. This was unprecedented. After this, the Little Angels were flooded with invitations from heads of state and royal families of European countries.

Even the Iron Curtain could not stop the Little Angels. At a time when the Republic of Korea and the Soviet Union had not yet established diplomatic relations, Soviet First Lady Raisa Gorbachev invited the Little Angels to Moscow for a historic performance. The performance hall was packed with dignitaries.

During more than three decades of world tours, the Little Angels have performed in sixty-seven countries. Their more than three thousand stage performances and more than three hundred television performances have substantially raised the world community's respect for Korea and its culture. Their accomplishments are unprecedented in Korean history.

In 1967, the Little Angels performed at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. At the finale, the audience of journalists and other media people went wild with applause and cheers. Afterward, Mrs. David LeRoy, wife of the president of the National Press Club, came backstage and said as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "I've never regretted the fact that I am not rich more than I have this evening. If I were rich, I would devote all my wealth to send the Little Angels around the world seven times. Then our world would become a world of peace."

I have seen many people weep as they watched the Little Angels perform. These are not tears of sorrow. People are often busy and lonely as they go through their lives in this spiritually polluted world, but when they see our pure and beautiful young angels, their original nature is stimulated and tears well up from deep within them, tears of joy. The Little Angels are innocent and adorable. People feel like they are experiencing something that is not of this world. They are getting a taste of the Kingdom of Heaven.

This is the power of the Little Angels that I often talk about: the power of natural beauty, purity, and love, a power that builds rather than destroys.

However, the beginning of the Little Angels was neither grand nor illustrious. We rented a humble house in Seoul—the roof leaked every time it rained—where about a dozen children of Unification Church families received dance lessons. No one imagined then that these children would reach a level where they could perform around the world.

I met these youngsters for the first time in 1964, after my return to Korea following my assignment at the Korean Embassy in Washington. Miss Soon Shim Shin, the founding president of the troupe, was waging a lonely battle armed only with his faith that the impossible could be made possible. I stood before the children and declared that they would make their first tour of the United States in the following year, that is, 1965, as the first project taken on by the newly established Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation. It sounded unbelievable, but it inspired the children to put all their effort into their lessons. I simply trusted my own faith and the words of Reverend Moon. I did not want to disappoint Miss Shin and the children, who were carrying on a lonely struggle.

Even though we had no money, a miracle happened and the tour became reality. On September 20, 1965, after flying halfway around the world, the Little Angels visited former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, honorary chairman of the KCFE. The Little Angels' first performance on American soil took place in the garden of the Eisenhower residence in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

President Eisenhower applauded and smiled his famous "Ike smile" throughout the performance. At the end, he praised the children saying, "The angels in heaven are in big trouble because of you angels from Korea. The angels in heaven are going to have to work hard to keep up with you."

The next day, the Little Angels officially opened their American tour at the Washington Hilton in Washington, D.C., with a performance before an audience of dignitaries associated with the KCFE.

The Little Angels' first American tour was a tremendous success. They performed in a number of cities around the country and created a sensation. Reverend Moon's judgment had been correct. The reason the children were so popular everywhere they went was that they were undefiled girls and boys—actually, the boys were very few—between the ages of eight and fifteen. Once they got onstage, however, they demonstrated total mastery of their repertoire. Being children, they had unlimited energy. At the same time, they demonstrated a high level of accomplishment in their dancing skills.



A delighted President Dwight D. Eisenhower receives a gift from one of the Little Angels after a special performance at the former president's home in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

The children enjoyed themselves throughout the tour. When they were not performing, they were usually laughing and singing. They helped each other as though they were real sisters and brothers. They usually stayed five to a room in hotels, and the older ones were responsible to watch over the others. Even when bus trips lasted many hours, they were never bored. Our buses were always filled with the sounds of

the children talking, playing, and singing. Eventually, they would get tired and fall asleep.

We started a tradition of praying together onstage immediately before each performance. It was a simple prayer, but the sound of the children praying was beautiful: "Our Father in heaven, thank you very much. Our Father in heaven, thank you very much. We pray in the name of our Lord, amen."

Then the curtain would go up. The bright stage lights would shine on the children, their faces carefully made up. Their beauty was not of this world. In fact, the word "beautiful" does not even come close to doing them justice. There was a sense of sacredness about them. As I watched them perform, I felt as though I was in God's presence.

At every performance, the Little Angels excited and inspired the audience. The children were happy and put all their energies into each performance. There were never any feelings of regret following a performance. They did not care about money or fame. They weren't interested in impressing members of the opposite sex. They danced and sang solely for the honor of Korea and the glory of God.

At the end of a performance, the audience would always give a standing ovation.

This is how the children planted a different view of Korea in the hearts of everyone in the audience. They were impressed in a way they were unlikely to ever forget.

Once the curtain was down, a kind of controlled chaos would break out. We had to pack our gear as quickly as possible and load it all in the luggage space in the lower section of the bus. While this work was going on, everyone had to be fully involved; it didn't matter if a person was old or young, man or woman. Even the elderly musicians who played classical Korean music on traditional instruments had to work. Nor were exceptions made for the youngest children on the tour. Everyone would work together, and we would finish loading in a half hour.

They were better than the most well-trained army—and they were not being coerced. As they rode the bus through the night, the children would still be excited from all the applause that they had received. They would start singing as soon as the bus began moving.

Heaven and Hell in the American Tour

The children referred to me as their "American daddy." For as long as they were touring America, they were my sons and daughters, and I truly loved, served, and taught each of them as I would my own son or daughter. I tried to teach them three basic principles.

"You can dance beautifully," I would tell them, "only if you have a beautiful heart. You can sing beautifully only if you have a beautiful heart. You can have a beautiful face only if you have a beautiful heart." These words were easy to understand, but they contained profound philosophical meaning. I was telling them that art is an expression of a person's inner character and that they should first be people with beautiful hearts.

To have a beautiful heart, I told them, they had to practice honesty, kindness, and service. They could build a wonderful character for themselves by concentrating on those three virtues. Beautiful hearts take root and sprout in the child who is honest, kind, and serves others. In the terminology of the Divine Principle, this is the practice of true love.

Later, when the Little Angels Performing Arts School was established, these three words became the school motto. For high school students, a fourth word was added: "purity."

The Little Angels on tour were a tiny community that lived by these principles, and for my wife and me it was always like living in heaven. My wife was busy fulfilling her role as their "American mommy." She worked to prepare many jars of kimchi, and she made sure that the *bulgogi* [marinated beef] was cooked well. She prepared a party for each child who celebrated a birthday while on tour.

However, once the children completed their journey around America and returned to Korea, my wife and I went straight from heaven to hell. Why hell? As long as the Little Angels were with us in America, my wife and I did our best for them without any regard for finances or other issues that might come up after they went home. As far as we were concerned, they were royalty, little princes and princesses who were visiting America from Korea. The performances did not bring much revenue, however. Since they were supported by the KCFF, it was up to the foundation to provide financial

support. The foundation itself, though, had only just been created. Funds were extremely limited.

So as soon as my wife and I saw the children off on their flight to Korea, we found ourselves buried under a mountain of debt. There are few things more painful than the suffering caused by worries over money. Creditors in various parts of America would start demanding that we at least pay the interest on our debts. My wife and I just threw up our hands in resignation.

By the time the Little Angels finished their autumn tour, stores and neighborhoods would be decorated with Christmas lights, and Christmas carols could be heard everywhere, but my wife and I found it hard to enjoy the holiday spirit. Our hearts were too heavy. How could we repay the debts that the Little Angels had left behind?

I wrote a letter describing our very difficult situation and sent it to twelve people among the many dignitaries who had formed a relationship with the KCFF. The letter included a sincere request for financial assistance in carrying out this very worthwhile cultural project. No one had replied. My wife and I were completely discouraged.

One day, we decided to treat ourselves to a meal at a restaurant as a way to give ourselves some encouragement. We each ordered a simple dish and were about to start eating when the restaurant manager came and told us we had a phone call. We both assumed it was another creditor demanding money, and this thought immediately ruined our appetites.

I took the receiver and was surprised to recognize the voice on the other end as that of my secretary at the foundation office. "Mr. Pak," she said, "an extremely important piece of mail was just delivered. It's from Mrs. Wallace." Lila Acheson Wallace, co-founder of the *Reader's Digest*, was one of the twelve people to whom I had sent letters.

"Really?" I told her. "Well, open it and read it to me."

I held my breath as I waited. The secretary cut the envelope open and then let out a cry. "Mr. Pak, it's a check. It's a check. It's a check for twenty-five thousand dollars! And there's a note. It says 'Merry Christmas to the Little Angels.'" I couldn't help but burst into tears. When I returned to our table

and told my wife, her head slumped down against her chest and she began to cry, too. God had not been unmindful of our situation after all. In tears, we prayed together in gratitude.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was a lot of money in 1965. It was enough for me to pay all the expenses for the tour, including the airfare owed to Northwest Airlines. I later told Mrs. Wallace, "You saved the Little Angels Performing Arts Troupe."

From then on, Mrs. Wallace became a backer of the Little Angels. Every year, she would make a donation of \$25,000. In large part, it was due to Mrs. Wallace's generosity that the Little Angels were able to continue their American tours during the early years.

Later on, Mrs. Wallace attended a performance and commented, "I have helped a lot of cultural projects, but none has given me as much joy as supporting these angels. These little angels are angels of peace."

Who would have thought in these early days that the Little Angels would eventually play a direct role in the rapprochement between North and South Korea. How this came about is described in Volume Two.

The Voice of Freedom Echoes Across Communist Asia

For the second project of the KCFF, I called out to the people of America that we needed to penetrate the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain with the truth. I told them that only the truth could liberate the communist bloc, and the best way to deliver the truth to the most remote areas of communist countries was to broadcast it over the airwaves.

Europe already had this type of broadcast in Radio Free Europe, but there was no similar broadcast in Asia. The KCFF decided that it would begin such a radio broadcast service as its anti-communist activity, to be called Radio of Free Asia. However, the foundation didn't have the financial resources to create an operation on the level of Radio Free Europe, so it was decided to contract with the Korea Broadcast Service and lease a powerful short-wave transmitter by the hour.

Programs were prepared in three languages: a Korean-language broadcast targeted at North Korea, a Chinese-language broadcast targeted at mainland China, and a Vietnamese-language broadcast targeted at Vietnam.

The foundation initiated a major fund-raising effort to support this operation. We called on all Americans to strengthen their resolve against communism, become members of an anti-communist struggle that relies upon the truth, and support Radio of Free Asia. Tens of millions of letters were sent out across America. For the most part, my family and I did this mailing by ourselves.

We were successful in gaining broad support from the American public for our fund-raising effort. It was truly by God's blessing that we received support from former Presidents Eisenhower and Truman, major figures in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and even some unexpected support from famous Hollywood movie stars. John Wayne, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Charlton Heston signed the fund-raising letter, and the American people responded by sending their contributions to help this meaningful anti-communist effort. We received contributions from hundreds of people every day.

The fund-raising requests all went out by direct mail, and this meant that we had to handle hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail every month. It was not an easy task. I set up a factory in the basement of our house—a "letter factory." One machine pasted the address labels on the envelopes, another stuffed envelopes, another put the stamps on the envelopes, and another separated the envelopes according to the addresses.

My wife and I were the head technicians of the mailing service. We trained our children to be technicians as well. It was a family operation that employed the most highly developed technology. Everyone worked late into the night, and it became no big deal for us to send out one hundred thousand envelopes in a day.

During the day, our children would go to school and I would go to work at the office. My wife would use a computer to print out address labels and a sophisticated machine made by a company called Cheshire to paste these labels

onto the envelopes that were stacked like a paper mountain in the basement. This operation required a lot of skill, which my wife mastered. She was the real head of our factory. My wife would cook our dinner and afterward we would all go down to the basement and the factory would go into full production.

When we were done for the day, I would load bags of direct mail envelopes into our Volkswagen and take them to the central post office near the Capitol. Each bag weighed about as much as a big bag of rice, and a few dozen of these had to be taken to the post office each night. By the time I finished, my body would ache all over. Everyone was just as tired, though, so I couldn't complain. Instead, I would thank them for their work and do what I could to ease their pain.

I was particularly grateful for my wife's dedication to helping me in my work. Her health was somewhat frail to begin with, however, and the work she did made matters considerably worse. For years she has suffered from a chronic asthma condition, and I'm sure that it was exacerbated by the physically taxing schedule she kept to help send out these mailings. At first, she kept telling me that it was just a cold and that I shouldn't worry. I regret now that I didn't have the wisdom to take the necessary steps then to correct her condition.

I would tell my children, "I bet you don't realize right now how important the work that you're doing really is. But when you grow up, I think you will see how the work that kept you up so late was really important in undermining communism and in saving the lives of a lot of people.

"So, you letter factory technicians, today is a special day. Let's all go out for a treat." The children shouted: "Wow, Daddy. Great!" And we would all go out for ice cream or a McDonald's hamburger. Today, these have become beautiful memories.

Through such efforts, the KCFF and Radio of Free Asia prospered. At its height, more than one hundred thousand Americans were full members of the foundation and supported the project through their donations.

Radio of Free Asia broadcasts reached North Korea, China, and Vietnam—the major communist countries of Asia—during

a thirteen-year period from 1965 to 1978. Particularly during the 1970s, when the war in Vietnam was at its peak, a great deal of effort was poured into Radio of Free Asia. As a result, we finally succeeded in realizing our dream of becoming a self-supporting broadcast station with our own transmitter.

Naturally, the liberal forces that were gradually gaining strength in America were not pleased with our success. In 1976 and 1977, the Tong Sun Park incident attracted the attention of the American public. Park was a Korean businessman who was indicted in the United States for using bribery to increase the Korean government's influence on the U.S. Congress. Congressman Donald Fraser, chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations, tried to use this incident to help him in his run for the Senate. Congressman Fraser accused Radio of Free Asia of being an agent of the Korean government, claiming that the radio was using funds received from the Korean government to influence public opinion in the United States. He launched a full-scale attack, trying to undermine the KCFF's anti-communist and victory-over-communism activities and the activities of the Unification Church.

I had once recommended to Korea's President Park Chung Hee that he send a letter of thanks to the patriotic anti-communist Americans supporting Radio of Free Asia. President Park was so moved by this that he wrote the letter himself on his official stationery.

The KCFF never received so much as a penny of funds from the Korean government. Yet, in 1978 I was subpoenaed to testify before the Fraser Committee. This became a serious battle for the survival of the KCFF and the Unification Church. Congressman Fraser's ultimate purpose was to use this as an opportunity to brand the Unification Church as an agent of the Korean government, take away its status as a religious organization, and expel it from the United States.

I faced this battle with my honor and my life on the line. I describe it in detail in Chapter Thirteen. For now, I would like the reader to understand that Radio of Free Asia, which had been developing at an amazing pace with the full support of the American public, was forced to stop broadcasting as a result of this unjust investigation.

Radio of Free Asia contributed to the end of the Cold War and the fall of the Soviet empire. It represented the most exalted work of free people. It gives me great comfort to know that the efforts of my family and myself through Radio of Free Asia ultimately were not made in vain.

Reverend Moon's First American Visit

In 1965, Reverend Moon visited America for the first time. Unbeknownst to most of the world, this was the most important historic event of that year. It had great significance both for Korea and the United States and was extremely important in the providence of God. Heaven's representative, the master of Christianity, had come to the United States, a Christian country.

Why was it so important that Reverend Moon came to America? To understand, let us look at America's history with regard to religion.

America is basically a Christian country. Freedom of religion is at the core of its democratic ideals. The First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution states that the government cannot make any one religion the state religion, nor can it place limits on the freedom of any religion to carry out its activities. America has always been a haven for those seeking religious freedom.

If we look a little further back in history at some of the events that led to America's founding, we see that after the Protestant Reformation, Europe went through a long period of religious warfare that transformed the continent into a huge bloody battlefield. It was against this background that certain Protestant believers who were suffering under the oppression of the established authorities of the Catholic and Anglican churches chose the American continent as a place where they could escape the dark world of persecution.

At the time, America was an unexplored world, and no one could be certain of being able to survive there, assuming one survived the journey. Crossing the Atlantic using the still primitive navigational technology of the time was extremely dangerous. Going to the New World was undertaken only by devout believers who were prepared to risk their lives to worship the way they wanted. The Puritans' absolute faith gave

them the courage to put their lives on the line for the sake of religious freedom. Their voyage on the *Mayflower* was the beginning point for spreading the gospel to the American continent. It was from here that America began to take shape as a Christian nation.

Later, the American continent came to represent a new land of hope not only for Europe but also for people throughout the world. Immigrants came to America from every corner of the globe, creating a nation of immigrants. However, the tradition of Christianity continued to exercise a decisive influence. This made America a melting pot, a miniature version of the world as a whole. It became the world's first Christian, multi-ethnic country.

All these events did not come about by some coincidence, but clearly took place within the context of God's providence.

America is the land of milk and honey. It is the world's greatest power. It is a wealthy country. How are we to interpret the fact that this land remained unknown to the world at large until the 1600s? Would I be wrong to assert that God kept this land in reserve to be used in the Last Days for His very important and terrible providence? If that is the case, then it is only natural that the nation He established on this land be founded on the Christian faith. From this perspective, it seems obvious that the world's Christian countries have been established to prepare for the Second Coming during the Last Days.

Until the time of Jesus, Israel was the chosen nation. After Jesus' time, the chosen people were Christians around the world who carried on Jesus' teachings. They are the ones who are to receive the Lord when he comes again. That is, they are the "Second Israel." The Lord of the Second Advent returns to his home, which is the earth, and Christians are the people to whom he initially comes.

In this situation, Korea stands in the position of the "Third Israel." Korea is the country that physically receives the Lord, who comes in the flesh. It also means that Koreans have the first opportunity to follow the coming Lord. I have already testified that this historic event of the Second Coming has already occurred.

Now let's look back at the history of Christianity. After Jesus' physical body was lost on the cross as a result of the chosen people of Israel's disbelief and persecution, Christianity placed the resurrected Jesus at the center of its faith. It raised the battle flag of evangelism and stormed the Roman Empire, which was the center of the world at the time.

This daring strategy succeeded only because it was carried out by Christians whose faith in the resurrected Jesus was absolute. On the foundation of this faith, Christians formed a barehanded and fearless heavenly army that endured all manner of hardships and martyrdoms until it succeeded in conquering Rome after four centuries. The Christian conquest of the Roman Empire exemplifies God performing miracles through those who are ignorant and weak in order to embarrass those who are wise and powerful.

During the Middle Ages, Christianity acquired absolute power and, in stark contrast to the age when it itself was persecuted, succumbed to corruption. Those who held power in the church establishment carried out horrific persecutions in the name of God. Certainly, this was not an age when God could send His son back to earth.

Eventually, there was another revolution in Christianity. This was the Protestant Reformation that began in 1517 with Martin Luther's "Ninety-five Theses" and spread throughout Europe. From this time, God's providence moved from Catholicism to Protestantism. This was the beginning of a period of some four hundred years in which Protestantism prospered in order to prepare for the Second Coming.

America is the place where this prosperity has come to full bloom. It is only natural, then, that the Lord who appears in Korea would sooner or later come to America and make this country the center for a worldwide movement to build the Kingdom of Heaven.

Reverend Moon first stood on American soil on February 12, 1965. What could be called the advance party that had been sent out to prepare for his arrival consisted of only three people: Professor Young Oon Kim in San Francisco, Mr. Sang Chul (David) Kim in Eugene, Oregon, and myself, who had just arrived back on the East Coast. Professor Kim, of course,

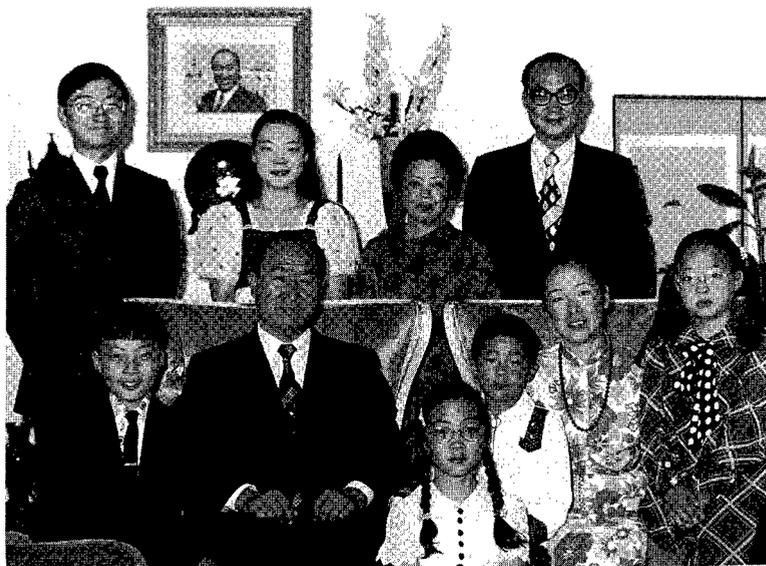


*Reverend Moon with three of the Pak children
during a stay in the author's home.*

was the former Ehwa University professor who led me to the Principle. David Kim later became the first president of the Unification Theological Seminary. The number of American members in 1965 was still quite small, but they welcomed Reverend Moon with tremendous excitement.

The first task Reverend Moon undertook in America was to tour all fifty states by car and establish a "holy ground" in each state capital. At each holy ground site, he buried stones and soil brought from Korea and offered a special prayer. Then he and his party would jump back in the car and continue their grueling journey. Amazingly, Reverend Moon covered all fifty states and the District of Columbia in just over forty days. I was fortunate to participate in this historic course.

Reverend Moon then traveled around the world, establishing a total of 120 holy grounds. Thus, he linked the land of Korea to the lands throughout the world.



Reverend and Mrs. Moon pose for a commemorative photograph with the Pak family during their stay in the Pak family home. (Back row left to right: Jun Sun, Na Kyung, Mrs. Pak, the author. Front row left to right: Jin Sung, Reverend Moon, Hoon Sook, Jin Kyung, Mrs. Moon, and Yun Sook.)

An Unforgettable Three Months

Before continuing his world tour, Reverend Moon spent about three months at the Washington Church, that is, my family's home in Arlington, Virginia, from the end of March 1965 to July. During these months, he spent a great deal of time with our family.

Having Reverend Moon, the messiah returned, stay in my home was the greatest experience of my life. It is something that is beyond the dreams of any Unification Church member.

During this time, our children became quite familiar with Father. When he appeared in the morning, our second daughter, Hoon Sook, who was two years old, would wave to him and say, "Hi, Abonim." Then, Father would pick her up and hold her high above his head. Much later, Hoon Sook married into True Parents' family as their second daughter-in-law. Today, she is renowned throughout the world as the

principal ballerina and general director of the Universal Ballet Company.

From this time, our home became Reverend Moon's second home. He would stay with us whenever he was in the Washington area. Once, Reverend Moon took a photograph with three of our children on his lap and another time one with our entire family. These photos are eternal treasures of our family.

When Reverend Moon first arrived in America, our home was still serving as the Washington Church. (Quite a few people had been led to the church during my diplomatic assignment.) According to U.S. law, a family residence could serve as a church. We created a church meeting hall in our basement. What had once been a letter factory for Radio of Free Asia was now the sanctuary of the Washington Church. Reverend Moon led services here on a number of occasions.

People who had heard of Reverend Moon came to these services from near and far. For Reverend Moon, this three-month period was primarily a time of meditation in which he devised his strategy with regard to the Americas and the world.

For me, it was an important time in which I could complete my English translation of the Divine Principle under Reverend Moon's supervision. Every day, Reverend Moon spoke to me about the deep meaning of the Divine Principle and about God's strategy for the world. I can never forget this time.

Looking back, I can see that the blueprints for all that the Unification movement has done in America and the world during the past thirty-plus years were drawn during this period in our home. Every evening, I would listen to Reverend Moon speak, and it was as if I was looking through some special looking glass as God's strategy for the world was being unfolded. I also gained a clear understanding of what part in this strategy would be my responsibility to fulfill.

The plans of Heaven that back then seemed like some far-off dream have been brought to reality today. In fact, even more has been accomplished than what I heard then. The past thirty years have been an incredible time. I plan to testify to the events of this period one by one, beginning in the next chapter. My worry is that my words may not be sufficient to allow the reader to comprehend these incredible works of God.

It is not my intention at all to attempt to write the standard historical text on the course walked by the Lord of the Second Advent. All I can do is testify the best I can to the miraculous works of God that I have witnessed as a humble disciple.

The first item in God's strategy for the world was to organize the Victory Over Communism movement throughout the world. The ultimate goal was to liberate the Soviet Union, the headquarters of communism. Reverend Moon said that communism represented the final satanic force that stood in the way of the messiah. Only the returning messiah, he said, could defeat communism. He saw the defeat of communism as his first responsibility. Reverend Moon said communism, a system of thought based on atheism, could be subjugated and defeated only by means of "Godism," a system of thought that enables people to know the reality of God's existence. It is the messiah, that is, the Lord of the Second Advent, who brings Godism to the world.

The second item was to transfer the World Mission Headquarters from Korea to the United States. The movement created by Jesus eventually moved its headquarters from Israel to Rome. In the same way, the holy work of the Second Advent would be carried out on the Korean peninsula during the early stages, but its central focus would eventually have to be moved to America. Reverend Moon set the timing for this move as five years from the time he was speaking. The most important and decisive condition for this move was for Reverend and Mrs. Moon to acquire legal status as permanent residents in the United States. Without permanent resident status, it would be impossible for Reverend Moon to carry on his religious activities freely and push forward God's worldwide providence.

The third item in God's strategy to save the world was to foster the unity and revival of the Christian church in America. Reverend Moon said that the Christian church in America had the most important role to play in the providence of God centering on the Lord of the Second Advent. In contrast to what happened with the first Israel, it was important that Christianity as the second Israel receive the coming Lord. This was the only way to correct the mistake of putting

Jesus on the cross two thousand years ago. It was the only way that God's ideal for a Kingdom of Heaven on earth centering on the Lord of the Second Advent could be brought to completion. In the Divine Principle, such a process of returning to an original state by indemnifying past sin is referred to as "restoration through indemnity."

The fourth item was to establish absolute values. Only values centered on God's eternal and unchanging love can themselves be eternal and unchanging, or absolute. All the problems of the world arise from the confusion in values. Humanistic values have become pervasive throughout the world. For this reason, at the end of the twentieth century the moral corruption of youth around the world has reached a level that would have been hard to imagine just a few decades ago. Adam and Eve were about sixteen or seventeen years old when they committed the Fall in the Garden of Eden, and so it is to be expected that in the Last Days illicit sex and promiscuity will be common among teenagers. It is impossible to resolve this confusion in the world unless a new system of values is established that can be the basis for educating our youth.

The coming Lord establishes a God-centered system of values, which is Godism. The moral recovery of the world's youth will determine whether we go in the direction of hell or heaven. This moral recovery can be accomplished only through the thought system of the coming Lord.

The ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth implies bringing about a world of righteousness. Each person is to become a temple where God will dwell. The Kingdom of Heaven on earth is any place where such people gather and live. It is only God's true son who can accomplish this.

Reverend Moon spent those three months meditating and speaking about these matters. For me, it was a precious opportunity to get a glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven. It was certainly one of the high points in my life.

Reverend Moon visited America again in 1969 as part of another world tour, and in late 1971, on his third world tour, I was selected to accompany him and his wife. My memories of this tour alone would be enough to fill an entire volume.



Chapter Eleven

The Flames of the Holy Spirit Spread Across America

The day finally came, December 18, 1971, when Reverend Moon came to America and moved the World Mission Headquarters to this country. I think of this day as comparable to the arrival of the Puritans from Europe, which marked the beginning of a new history of the American continent. This time the moving force came from across the Pacific, rather than the Atlantic, and instead of founding a new Christian country that would in the future receive the Lord, the Lord himself was here. Nearly four centuries earlier, the Puritans had made their trip across the ocean, but the Lord came to America by air. This seemed to symbolize the greatly increased speed of God's providence.

I did my best to give Reverend Moon the warmest possible welcome as he disembarked at Washington National Airport. It had been ten years since I first arrived in Washington as a diplomat. I had done my best during that time to fulfill the role of the advance guard for the returning Lord. Yet, it pained my heart to know that we were receiving the most precious person in history without having made the necessary social and political preparations. Perhaps this is what was meant in the biblical prophecy, "I will come like a thief." [Revelation 3:3]

I did find comfort in one thing: The Little Angels were in Washington for a performance at the Kennedy Center, and they were all at the airport to greet Reverend Moon as their founder. The pure and innocent boys and girls of this troupe were the best qualified to greet Reverend Moon. As he came down the steps, the Little Angels sang the song "Oh Joy, the Savior Has Come." One of the girls presented a bouquet of flowers to Reverend Moon. He was extremely pleased with this unexpected welcome from the angelic children.

That evening, diplomats and other distinguished persons were in the audience for the Little Angels performance, and Reverend Moon's party was seated in the central VIP area. More than a hundred senators, congressmen, and other notables were there with their families, including Sen. J.W. Fulbright, Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, and several other cabinet-level officials. There were ambassadors from around a hundred countries. It was a gathering that is rarely seen even in Washington.

The Little Angels performance that night to the sold-out crowd of 2,200 people represented an important victory for Korea in the area of cultural diplomacy. In a symbolic sense, the Little Angels' invitational performance was a welcoming banquet held in celebration of Reverend Moon's arrival in America that day. That was the underlying reason we were able to gather such a highly distinguished audience, including many of the top figures in government and other fields. It could also be said that Reverend Moon was the real host of that performance.

As the children made their way through the prepared program of dances and songs, the audience became more and more excited. After the final chorus, the audience called out, "Encore! Encore!" The troupe didn't know what to do, because they had already sung all the numbers they had learned. The cries for an encore would not subside, though, so they finally decided to sing the Korean folk song "Arirang" and "God Bless America." And they repeated these songs again. The final time they sang "God Bless America," the entire audience stood up and joined them.

When they had finished, I went out on the stage and spoke to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very

honored to present to you the founder of the Little Angels, Rev. Sun Myung Moon, who has just arrived in Washington today. Would you kindly join me in welcoming him with a round of applause?"

When the audience heard these words, they turned around to face where Reverend Moon was seated in the balcony and gave him a thunderous applause. Reverend Moon smiled and stood up to acknowledge their applause by waving. In that instant, the performers and the audience were completely united, and their applause grew to a crescendo. Everyone gave the highest praise to the person who had created these beautiful "angels of peace."

I hadn't been able to introduce Reverend Moon as anything more than "founder of the Little Angels." Yet, from God's viewpoint, the leading figures from all walks of life in the United States were receiving the Lord for the first time and, symbolically, were giving him an enthusiastic welcome.

Speaking to America

It was natural that Reverend Moon's arrival marked the beginning of a time when the winds of the Holy Spirit would blow through America like a storm. Reverend Moon said we would need to establish a headquarters in New York, the gateway to the world, to carry out worldwide evangelism. He purchased a large estate located along the Hudson River in Westchester County, New York, and made this the World Mission Headquarters. The estate was named "Belvedere," and it has become well known throughout the world in the years that followed.

Reverend Moon declared that within three and a half years he would start a movement for truth that would sweep the country like a whirlwind. America in the late twentieth century is suffocating from the pollution of materialistic culture, he said, and it must be revived. He also said that this new movement for truth must at all times be centered on Christianity.

Up to this time in Korea, Reverend Moon had never held an event for the general public. His public silence had caused some to wonder whether he might have some dislike for standing before the general populace. Reverend Moon's reason, however,

was something completely different. He had been planning for a long time that his first declaration of God's "Completed Testament" should be made in America, a Christian country that also symbolized the modern-day Rome.

In February 1972, less than three months after his arrival, Reverend Moon directed us to plan a gathering in New York where he would speak publicly. He said we should rent the best and most famous hall in New York City. What really shocked the American members was that he also directed that tickets be sold for the event.

This was unheard of in America. It was not the custom to sell tickets to a religious revival or other religious event in the same way one would sell tickets to a concert. If people attended and were inspired by the sermon they might give a monetary offering or donation, but it was unheard of to pay money for a ticket before the event. Reverend Moon, however, was insistent.

"People pay huge sums of money to buy tickets to secular events that have nothing to do with their eternal lives, and yet they expect to be admitted free when they are going to hear God's truth." He said a new culture of giving attendance to God needed to be established in America and refused to budge on the matter of selling tickets.

He had one other reason for insisting on selling tickets. He knew that people who paid money for a ticket would be much more likely to come, and to get their money's worth, they would stay to the end of the program and listen carefully to what he had to say. So his decision was also based on an understanding of the way Americans think.

This decision meant the Unification Church, as the sponsor of the gathering, would have to deal with some difficult problems. First of all, few people in America at this point had ever heard of Reverend Moon. People could be expected to ask, "Who's Reverend Moon?" And if they were told, "He is the second coming of Jesus," then they would be certain to say, "Are you kidding?" and walk away.

In the 1990s Reverend Moon often preached in English, but at this time he spoke almost no English. We didn't know how much of the message could be conveyed to the American audience through an interpreter.

Even more fundamentally, even we members ourselves had no idea what Reverend Moon's talk would be about. He used no prepared text and spoke according to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. We had no choice but to follow him in faith. This was the first instance in which the American Unification Church learned that the messiah is not constrained by the customs and practices of the world.

It was decided that this first gathering would be held at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center, one of the most respected forums for the arts. The title would be "Day of Hope Rally."

The American members in New York put their whole heart into preparing for the Day of Hope Rally. All-night prayer vigils were held, and it was common for people to fast a week at a time. They worked from morning to night, going door to door to sell tickets.

At first, no one knew what to say. People just followed Jesus' teaching—"Do not be anxious how you are to speak or what you are to say; for what you are to say will be given to you in that hour" [Matthew 10:19]—and bravely knocked on people's doors.

Then something began to happen that was totally unexpected. We started running into people who would say, "I've been expecting you." Some people would tell our members, "Last night, I dreamed of an old man dressed in white. He told me you would be coming today." In some cases, a person would say right from the start, "This is about the famous minister from Korea, isn't it?"

Our members were flabbergasted. One after another such miracles were recounted at meetings held each evening to report on the day's work. It gave everyone a hundred times more courage. We realized we were not inviting people to an ordinary lecture. Instead, it was a rally for the declaration of the word of God. God was working with us, and spirit world had been mobilized. From then on, the sale of tickets increased dramatically.

So the first declaration of the word in America took place in the middle of New York City before a full house. The title of Reverend Moon's address was "The Crisis of Christianity and the New Hope of America." Rev. Young Hwi Kim, an

elder member of the church who had come with Reverend Moon from Korea, acted as interpreter.

The success in New York spread throughout the rest of America in a similar pattern. Philadelphia was the next city where Reverend Moon spoke, and Baltimore was the third. That was where I had my first opportunity to translate for Reverend Moon, which I continued doing for the next twenty-five years. “The mouth of Reverend Moon” is my most cherished nickname.

Impossible Translation

Because Reverend Moon was not using prepared texts, there was no way for a translator to prepare for one of his speeches—except to pray. Honestly speaking, the first time I translated for him, at the “Day of Hope Banquet” in Baltimore, I doubt that I was able to convey even as much as half of Reverend Moon’s message. I could not stop sweating.

Reverend Moon’s speaking tour next took him to Washington, D.C., where he was to speak in an auditorium at George Washington University. As the event drew near, I became more and more afraid. A full day before the event, my body was shaking. I had no confidence to stand as Reverend Moon’s interpreter.

Reverend Moon tended to speak quickly and in long paragraphs, without any regard to the needs of the translator. It was all I could do just to keep half of what he said in my head, yet I also had to put all that into English. I could not take any time in doing this, either. Before I could finish my translation of what he had said, Reverend Moon would start speaking again. I thought I would die.

I honestly didn’t see how I could keep doing this job much longer. It would be difficult even for someone who had studied in America and received his Ph.D. here. I told myself. “Is this the cross that I must bear? If so, then how can I successfully complete this mission?”

That night the world seemed to go dark before my eyes. I couldn’t eat. I couldn’t get to sleep. “I’m in real trouble. I’m in real trouble. What am I going to do?”

My despair deepened as the night wore on and I tossed and turned in my bed. Finally, as the dawn drew near, a kind of revelation flashed into my mind. I had come to an important realization: I needed to translate according to a fundamentally different principle.

At the United Nations General Assembly, scores of translators sit in dark booths where they can hear only the words being spoken at the dais. They listen and render a technically accurate translation of these words into a different language. There is no emotion or soul in their translation, and they don't concern themselves with the heart of the speaker. They are required only to translate the words accurately one by one.

The revelation I received was that I should not try to translate for Reverend Moon in the same way as if I were working at the U.N. Instead, I should concentrate on translating his spirit and his soul. The word of God consists of words of life, so if the life in those words is not successfully conveyed to the listener, then the translation is a failure.

The other point that came to me was that I should translate the culture. The word of God had appeared in the context of East Asian culture, and I needed to convey this in a way that Western people could understand.

"Didn't Father send you to America ten years in advance of his arrival so that you could prepare? Didn't you know that God's intention was to have you learn American culture?" This was the meaning of my revelation.

From that moment, I began to feel a sense of hope welling up within me. I actually began to look forward to the next event. I was no longer afraid. My body no longer shook. It wasn't because I was confident. Instead, it was because I had entrusted everything to God.

I told myself, "I am a 'spiritual interpreter' who translates Father's spirit and soul." In a translation such as this, it was most important that I come to embody Father's heart through my own experiences. My heart had to be on the same wavelength as Father's. Thus, prayer was the most important part of my preparation.

When we arrived at George Washington University, the auditorium was jam-packed. I followed Reverend Moon up onto the stage and stood on his left. I tried to listen not so

much to each and every word he spoke but to the cry of his spirit. Then, I mustered all my strength to re-create Father's spirit in the English language.

I let Father's emotions wash into me, along with his words. When he raised his voice to emphasize a point, I also raised my voice. When he pounded on the podium, I pounded. When there was anger in his voice, I also expressed anger. Sometimes he shed tears and was overcome with emotion. Then, I cried alongside him.

At times, Reverend Moon would dance around the stage to describe what heaven was like, so I would dance, too. When that happened, Reverend Moon's lectures turned into a kind of performance, a kind of art. The audience would be drawn into the speech and never grow tired of listening. At times, Reverend Moon would pat me on the back as he spoke. Then, during my translation, I would also pat him on the back. If he kissed me on the cheek, then during the translation I would do the same to him. The audience would begin to laugh. This is how I became the only man ever to kiss Reverend Moon on the cheek.

Sometimes, Reverend Moon would tell a joke. Now, there is nothing more difficult than translating jokes, as I had learned to my great discomfort translating for American generals fifteen years before. Then it was the American jokes that didn't come across in Korean, but some Korean jokes are not funny at all to Americans either. This is where the translation of culture becomes necessary. I would take Reverend Moon's jokes and translate them into a similar American-style joke.

The Washington event was a smashing success. I thanked God.

The Day of Hope banquets, seven in all, were a tremendous success. Every place we went, Reverend Moon spoke to capacity crowds. The auditoriums were filled with the Holy Spirit. The audiences were enveloped in an atmosphere of excitement and fun. As long as I was standing next to Reverend Moon as his translator, I was an extension of his body and his spirit. We became one. By the end, the audience felt like they were understanding Reverend Moon in Korean. I as an interpreter disappeared.



*The author translating for Reverend Moon
at the Madison Square Garden rally in 1974.*

The Great Battle at Madison Square Garden

During my twenty-five years translating for Reverend Moon, the most memorable and the most difficult speech for me was the one he gave at Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974. This rally was a part of the strategy to break through in New York City. After this rally, everyone in New York had at least heard of Reverend Moon.

As the Unification Church went on the offensive, certain Christians who viewed us as heretical mounted an unprecedented effort to oppose us. On the day of the rally, sixty thousand people came to Madison Square Garden to hear Reverend Moon, even though only twenty-five thousand could be admitted. The majority of the people, therefore, were turned away without even being able to enter. However, a group of people opposed to the Unification Church used the ploy of obtaining a large number of tickets in advance and seating themselves in strategic sections of the stands.

Once the performing arts part of the program was finished and Reverend Moon took the stage, the opponents in the stands began a huge demonstration, shouting, "Heretics, get out!" and "Anti-Christ, get out!" The entire hall was thrown into confusion.

At first Reverend Moon tried to deal with them calmly, but the demonstrators' intention from the beginning was to

make it impossible for Reverend Moon to proceed with his remarks. In an effort to quiet the hecklers, Reverend Moon said, "I would like to sing a song for you."

Most of the audience welcomed this with applause, but the opponents kept shouting, "Unification Church heretics, get out!" "Go home"

What was most disappointing for me was to see that the majority of the demonstrators were Korean-Americans. Americans of other ethnic origins in the audience didn't know what to think. Soon, scuffles began breaking out among people in the audience. It looked as though the situation might deteriorate into a general riot.

I saw Reverend Moon shed a tear as he watched this situation, but soon, his tears changed to anger. He shouted in Korean, "Everyone, please calm down. America is a country that recognizes religious freedom. If you would like to oppose me, then you are welcome to do so after you have heard what I have to say. First, I ask that you hear me out. You are being very rude to the thousands of people who came to hear me today."

I translated these words with anger, and most of the audience supported Reverend Moon with a loud round of applause. From that moment on, Reverend Moon pressed on with his speech and refused to give in to the opposition. He spoke with such force that sometimes it reminded me of huge ocean waves crashing against a rocky coastline. Other times, his words were like the wind and rain in a typhoon. Father stood his ground with God's authority and began to declare the word of God. He gave no thought to the fact that his life could be in danger. He just poured out every ounce of his spiritual and physical energy and brought the audience under control.

Soon, Reverend Moon began to overpower the crowd of twenty-five thousand with his bold delivery and thunderous voice. The hecklers found the wind taken out of their sails and began to lose heart. The atmosphere was such that it seemed they were in danger of being struck down by God. By the time Reverend Moon had spoken for about half an hour, the audience was completely quiet. From then on, some of the people began shouting out in agreement, saying, "You are right! You are right!" and "Amen! Amen!"

During his two-hour speech, Reverend Moon walked all around the stage, moving left and right, back and forth, and all around. He gestured strongly to emphasize his points, adding to his authoritative manner. Reverend Moon showed the same heart and forcefulness as Jesus when he overturned the tables of the moneychangers in the temple. He was letting the anger of Heaven explode through him. The words he spoke, however, contained no malice. Instead, they were words of love. I could tell that his heart had been torn apart by the sight of members of the Korean community in America acting in such a wrong-headed way.

By the time he neared the end of his speech, everyone was intently concentrating on his every word. The audience was completely silent. They had come expecting a standard religious revival, but they were witnessing something entirely different. They had experienced both the anger and love of God.

I had to interpret for Reverend Moon during this entire incredible process without a single page of prepared remarks. Was I able to convey even one-tenth of what he said? I poured every ounce of my being into trying to convey both the wrath and love of God in Reverend Moon's words. I clung to the attitude that I had learned through my revelation and rode out this fierce battle according to Heaven's principles of translation.

When it came time for Reverend Moon to give his final greeting to the audience, my legs suddenly felt weak. Reverend Moon finished his speech and left the stage, but I found myself unable to move my legs. A couple of members in the wings saw that I was about to fall down and quickly came out to help me off the stage and into a room. I immediately wanted to congratulate Reverend Moon on his great victory. Then I wanted to beg his forgiveness for not having the ability to fully translate his words for such an important event. I still have the program that Reverend Moon signed for me that day.

It took another twenty-four hours before I regained enough strength to stand on my own. Even though I couldn't get up, my heart was overflowing with joy. I was filled with gratitude and happiness. At the same time, I felt like crying. These were tears of gratitude—gratitude that God had made it possible for me to complete my mission—and tears of regret. I very much regretted that I had not been able to prepare better for this day.

I am told that some people in Korea refer to me as “the best English speaker in Korea.” This is not the case. I have never studied at an American university, nor have I earned any academic degrees in America. There are many Koreans in America now who have received their doctorates in American and English literature. I think the reason that people have taken to referring to me this way is that I received a very special kind of training. I had to devote my whole body and soul into translating Reverend Moon’s spiritual words. I doubt that anyone else in the world has had the experience of translating for twenty-five years for someone such as Reverend Moon, who is a profound religious teacher and philosopher.

The total amount of sweat that I perspired while translating for Reverend Moon would probably fill several large barrels. At the end of each rally, my shirt would be so soaked in sweat that water would flow out in a stream when I wrung it out.

By meeting the challenge of translating in such intense situations, over and over again, I gradually learned the best ways to express my feelings in English. This is one of the precious gifts that Reverend Moon has given me.

This training served me well a few years later when I was unfairly made the target of an investigation by the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations and was forced into a face-to-face confrontation with Rep. Donald Fraser. The story of that showdown and how I became known as “the proud Korean” is told in Chapter Thirteen.

Fifty-State Speaking Tour

Reverend Moon began his first speaking tour in America at New York’s Lincoln Center on February 3, 1972, and completed his seven-city itinerary on March 11. He then traveled to London to speak at a Day of Hope rally there on March 22. On the 30th, he spoke at a similar gathering in Essen, Germany; the new wind of God’s word was beginning to blow in Europe as well. After returning to the United States, Reverend Moon spoke in twenty-one cities from October 1, 1973, to January 29, 1974, on the theme “Christianity in Crisis: New Hope.”

Reverend Moon initiated a new pattern beginning with this twenty-one-city tour. When he went to a city, he would first invite the dignitaries and other leaders of the city to a "Day of Hope Banquet." The following day he would hold a "Day of Hope Rally" for the public at large in the largest hall in the city. History is certain to record that during these series of speaking tours America welcomed Reverend Moon with open arms. The people of America did not make the same mistake as was committed two thousand years ago by the Jewish religious establishment and the people of Israel. They did not yet know that Reverend Moon was the returning Lord, but across the country they welcomed this prophet from Korea as an honored guest.

Mayors and governors all over the country came out to present Reverend Moon with honorary citizenships, keys to the city, and certificates of welcome. It's difficult to tabulate the number of such awards precisely, but Reverend Moon received at least fifteen hundred awards and welcomes.

Mayors, including the mayor of Los Angeles, sometimes issued an official statement declaring the day Reverend Moon was scheduled to speak in their city as a "Day of Hope" or "Rev. Sun Myung Moon Day" so that all the citizens could celebrate this day together.

On February 1, 1974, Reverend Moon met President Richard M. Nixon in the White House and discussed an important matter with him. I will touch on this in the section on the Watergate incident.

Then during an intense nine-week period from February 15 to April 21, Reverend Moon held a whirlwind tour covering thirty-two cities, which means sixty-four events. Reverend Moon spoke every day during this tour, with the exception of the one day he spent traveling to Hawaii. I wonder whether anything like this has been done before or since in the history of America. Thus, Reverend Moon covered all fifty states in America, devoting his whole heart and energy to let people know that God loves America and to reveal America as His chosen nation.

That was not all that Reverend Moon did that year. On May 7, he traveled to Tokyo, to speak to seventeen hundred people at a Day of Hope Banquet held at the Teikoku Hotel.

Numerous members of the Japanese Diet and government ministers attended this gathering. It was here that Mr. Takeo Fukuda, who was then the minister of finance and would later become prime minister, made the historic pronouncement that Reverend Moon was “a great religious leader born of the Orient.” Former Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi was the honorary chairman of the hosting committee for this memorable banquet. Mr. Kishi was deeply moved by Reverend Moon’s Victory Over Communism movement and held direct discussions with him. Until Mr. Kishi’s death, the two men continued a deep bond of friendship.

After Tokyo, Reverend Moon returned to America for the victorious rally with twenty-five thousand people at Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974, described above. He made this the starting point on a tour where he successfully held large rallies in eight cities across America.

On October 8, Reverend Moon was invited to speak at the U.S. Capitol to a gathering of senators and congressmen. Here, he again praised the history of America as God’s chosen nation and also gave a stern warning regarding the confusion that was rampant in modern-day America.

The elite of America were so struck by Reverend Moon’s remarks here that they invited him to the Capitol a second time, on December 18, 1975. This time, a much larger number of senators and congressmen came to hear the “Korean prophet” speak. They listened as Reverend Moon pointed out the weak points in America society and called on America to “return to God,” and they asked themselves “Who is that man? He’s saying things that no minister in America could say.”

Translating for Reverend Moon in the Capitol Building was a particularly inspiring experience. The U.S. Congress corresponds to the Roman Senate of Jesus’ time. At the time, Rome controlled the world, and the Senate stood as a symbol of Roman power in the world.

In the twentieth century, America was the modern-day Rome and was in control of the world, making the U.S. Capitol a symbol of America’s power in the world. What would have happened if Jesus had not been killed but had survived, gone to Rome, and been invited to speak to the Roman Senate? What a difference that would have made in

the course of history! But instead Jesus was placed on a cross at Golgotha and died at the young age of thirty-three after a Roman soldier pierced his body with a spear.

Now, two thousand years later, the returning Jesus, Reverend Moon, not only came to America but spoke on two occasions to an audience of senators and congressmen who applauded him warmly. One member of Congress said, "I feel as though I have seen God today. I received a new stimulus." How happy God must have been to hear him say this, and how much of Jesus' grief was wiped away.

A Philosophy to Defeat Atheism and Communism

Let's look for a moment at the message Reverend Moon carried with him as he rushed from place to place in America. His message had two basic points.

The first was that the free world was in crisis. He cried out for the free world, and America in particular, to awaken. The free world needed to understand that the battle against communism was a matter of destiny and that this battle was essentially one of ideas and philosophies.

Communism cannot be explained simply as a dictatorship of one individual over a country or of one country over others. The rise of communism was rooted in a certain historical necessity. It is a force that humankind had to experience and eventually overcome in history. The root of communism is none other than Satan, who denies God.

Karl Marx (1818-1883) first formulated the ideology of communism, and in 1917 Vladimir Lenin (1871-1923) used it to take over political power in Russia. From then on, communism mercilessly fought to fulfill its ambition of world domination. Within a half century following its victory in Russia, communism managed to conquer fifty-three sovereign countries covering 39 percent of the earth's land area and 42 percent of the world's population.¹

This was a truly surprising achievement. The Gospel of Christianity made its debut in the world two thousand years ago with the birth of Jesus and eventually became the largest religion in the world, claiming a quarter of the world's population among its adherents. But it took two thousand years.

On the other hand, communism, this incredible religion of Satan, espouses, "There is no God," "The only truth in the universe is material," "The soul and life after death arise out of the delusions of weak human beings," and "Religion is the opiate of the people." And, as if to laugh at what it took Christianity two thousand years to accomplish, it swallowed up half the human population in just fifty years.

What is even more difficult to accept is that the religions founded by the four great saints of history—Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, and Confucius—were active in the world during this time but were powerless to stop the growth of this terrible thing called communism. In fact, certain Christians went so far as to kneel down to communism in submission, championing "liberation theology" and "Christian socialism" and turning themselves into the advance guard of communism. In Latin America, the communist revolutionary Che Guevara (1928-1967) is revered as a hero to the extent that some refer to him as the "new Jesus of the twentieth century." And many Catholic priests have become his peons.

How can such circumstances be explained? Rev. Sun Myung Moon has made the reasons very clear. Wherever I traveled with him, I heard him talk of matters that no one had ever heard before. When they listened, there was no one who did not react with amazement and agreement.

The Divine Principle teaches us very clearly that the answer lies in the very beginning of human history. Adam and Eve, our original ancestors, were growing up in the Garden of Eden when the archangel Lucifer drove God's only daughter, Eve, into a state of confusion, seducing her and using her to make Adam commit the Fall as well. In the end he succeeded in taking the world for himself. Ever since, human history has been under the dominion of evil, or Satan.

For His part, God's unchanging goal has been to bring salvation to all humanity and accomplish His original goal of creation. Over the course of providential history of six thousand years—in biblical time—God has called leaders and righteous people such as Noah, Abraham, and Moses. Through such people God worked to establish a "foundation of faith" on the earth and finally sent Jesus Christ, His only begotten son, as the messiah or savior.

Even though Jesus died on the cross as a result of the disbelief among the chosen people of Israel, Christianity eventually became a worldwide religion. It is on this global foundation of Christianity that humankind has now received the Second Coming, which is the final chapter in the fallen history of the world.

Satan was well aware of what God was trying to accomplish through His providence. Satan could not help but realize that his dominion of evil was growing smaller and smaller and that the end was coming for his sovereignty of evil. To counter this, Satan devised a strategy aimed at maintaining his position and continuing his satanic sovereignty for eternity. This satanic strategy appeared in the world in the form of communism.

What, then, is communism? Essentially, it is a philosophy that says, "There is no God." In addition to denying God, it denies all forms of spiritual existence. It says there is no soul, spirit, spiritual world, or heaven. Although Satan, too, is a spiritual being, he devised a philosophy that denies even his own existence (how can one defeat an enemy that does not exist?) and uses materialism to maintain his hold over the world.

There is only one person who understands Satan's strategy completely: God's living son, Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Why is he the only person who knows Satan's strategy? The only person capable of destroying communism's claim that there is no God is the one person whom God has sent to the world.

During the 1960s, when Western countries were failing to understand the true nature of communism and communism was expanding rapidly over the globe, Reverend Moon stood alone in calling out for "victory over communism." He also systematized Victory Over Communism Thought. VOC Thought sees through the hollow reality of communism, reveals its falsehood, and lays out a counterproposal. It comes as an application of Godism, which is the messiah's philosophy. Fundamentally, VOC Thought critiques and defeats communism and Marxism from a position that affirms God's existence. It makes clear that communism, which managed to fool intellectuals around the world, is composed of

lies. Communism is a lie that masquerades as truth. This is what VOC Thought makes clear. Then it goes on to explain what is really true.

Reverend Moon came to America armed with a weapon called VOC Thought. He knew that the only way communism could be defeated was to rearm America philosophically, and that is why he traveled around America explaining VOC Thought to Americans.

“Wake Up, America, and Return to God”

The second basic point of Reverend Moon’s message during these speaking tours was a call for America to return to God. Let’s take a look at the founding spirit of America. In its origins, America is a Christian country, and its roots are firmly connected to God. From the history of the *Mayflower* to the Constitution’s description of God-given rights, to the words “In God We Trust” appearing on our money, everything illustrates that this country in its infancy was in tune with God. I have already discussed the fundamental nature of America, pointing out that America truly is “one nation under God,” built by God for a specific purpose.

However, in just two hundred years, America has forgotten its origins and fallen victim to humanistic materialism. Instead of leading the world to defeat communism, the people of this country are busy enjoying themselves. Because Reverend Moon sees this from God’s standpoint, wherever he went, he cried out, “Wake up, America, and return to God!” People across America were deeply moved to hear this religious Korean man describing the history of their country and testifying to them in tears that America is God’s country and that they are God’s chosen people.

Reverend Moon’s first point was about VOC Thought, and the second was to wake up America from its spiritual sleep. This was the basic content of his speeches as he spoke sometimes for up to four hours, referring to the Bible frequently and pouring out his heart and soul to his listeners.

Reverend Moon was almost completely unknown when he first arrived in America, but within three and a half years he became quite well known throughout the country. He

had ignited a new spiritual awakening. The flames of this fire burned higher and higher, and good people in all walks of life began to participate in this movement.

Thus, Reverend Moon came to represent America's hope for the future. The Day of Hope speaking tours had led to a new hope for America.

The Rally at Yankee Stadium

On June 1, 1976, an unprecedented revival was held at New York's Yankee Stadium. Reverend Moon called this the "God Bless America Festival" because 1976 was a historic year in which America celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its independence. His intention was to make 1976 a turning point in the reawakening of America as God's chosen country.

Among the many arenas in the New York area, Reverend Moon chose Yankee Stadium as the venue for this rally. This baseball stadium has a rich tradition, and many important events in the history of America have been held here. It is an all-American venue.

The stadium had just been reopened after being closed for repairs. It was as if the newly refurbished stadium had been specially prepared for the great celebration that Reverend Moon was about to hold there.

Reverend Moon had become quite well known in New York in 1974 because of the Madison Square Garden Rally, and now again the metropolitan area caught fire with "Reverend Moon fever." Unification Church members from around America, and from overseas as well, came to New York as volunteers for the preparations. They set about pouring their heart and spirit into taking Reverend Moon's message to the ten million people in the metropolitan area. It was as if New York City had come under siege from Heaven's army.

Jesus told his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation." [Mark 16:15] In the same way, the members of the Unification Church, though they could not possibly bring every New Yorker to the rally, made sure they covered every house and apartment so that there would be no one who did not know about the evan-

gical gathering that Reverend Moon was planning. This was the goal of the hosting committee.

“Down to the last New Yorker!” was the rallying cry that symbolized the determination of the young people working for the event. The streets of New York were covered with advertisements for the God Bless America Festival. The colorful posters brought life to the normally drab New York streets. Visits were made to all Christian churches in the area, and tens of thousands of ministers received invitations. Whether they would actually attend or not was up to them. Our mission was to let them know that the Lord had come.

The volunteers of the Unification Church were burning with a fervor that was even hotter than that of the early church pioneers. They were not welcomed everywhere they went, however. Whenever a new age dawns in history, those who consider themselves part of the old age feel threatened by the ideas and prophets of the new age. When new ideas appear, those who seek to maintain the status quo denounce them as heresy. Thus, pioneers of a new age are always forced to walk a difficult path.

Members of the Unification Church are also pioneers of a new age. Although we are sometimes cursed and chased away, we are confident in our role as trailblazers who are leading the world from the New Testament Age into the Completed Testament Age.

Finally, it was June 1, the day of the rally. As with all large events, there is only so much preparation that can be done. In the end, success or failure is in Heaven’s hands. This is especially true with outdoor rallies, where the weather is a major factor. In the morning, the sky was clear and the temperature was comfortably warm. Weather reports, though, mentioned possible thunderstorms later in the day, and this made me uneasy.

A large stage had been constructed in the middle of Yankee Stadium, and the stadium was decorated beautifully in red, white, and blue. In the stands behind the stage, the words “God Bless America” were written in large letters.

The celebration was scheduled to begin at 4:00 p.m. The famous New York City Symphony Orchestra performed a piece from Beethoven, and we were just getting ready to

declare the official start of the celebration. Suddenly, a strong wind began to blow and a pitch-black cloud blocked the sky, putting the whole stadium in a shadow of darkness.

Then the wind began to swirl around the stadium in powerful gusts. In just a few moments, the carefully prepared decorations were ripped apart and strewn across the stadium, reduced to trash. The huge "God Bless America" sign was picked up and slammed down, shattered into tiny pieces.

Then the rain started, pouring down in buckets, and the tens of thousands of people in the stadium ran every which way looking for cover. It was as if the stadium were under enemy attack in a time of war.

I was astounded. I couldn't understand why God would allow such a thing to happen. I told myself, "This rally is a failure." My heart was crushed.

"God, why are You doing this? Have you forsaken us?" When I looked up at the darkened sky over the stadium, I felt like cursing.

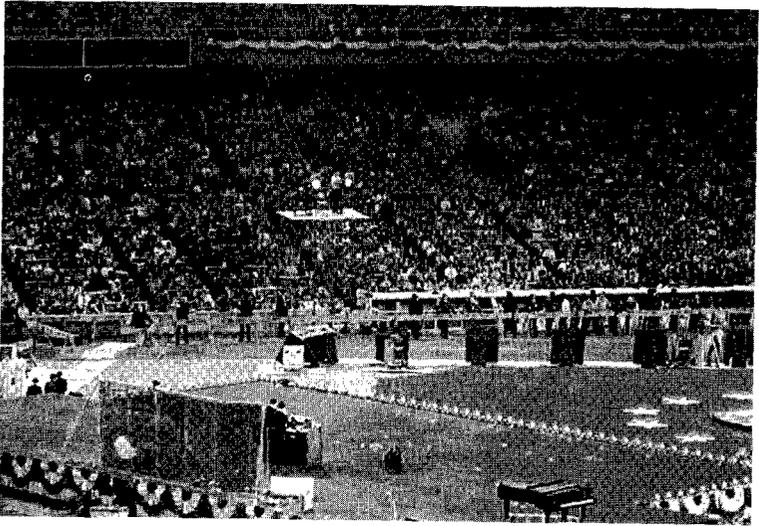
Grand Chorus in the Rain

I quickly went to where Reverend Moon was waiting and told him what was happening outside. Only he could make the decision on whether the rally should be postponed to another day.

I watched his expression carefully. He was completely unperturbed. He looked at me and said, "Don't worry. The rally will start as scheduled."

I wondered how we were going to begin the program in the midst of all the wind and rain, but I left him and hurried back out, trying to think of a way to keep the audience from leaving the stadium.

When I got outside, I received the shock of my life. Not only were the people not leaving, they were standing up in their seats and singing! What had brought this miracle? Later I found out that some of our members had started singing "You Are My Sunshine" up in the stands. Then one courageous and determined brother, Tom McDevitt, jumped on top of one of the baseball dugouts and started leading the crowds in front of him.



*The "God Bless America" festival at Yankee Stadium
in New York, June 1, 1976.*

Soon everyone in the stadium joined in, many waving little American flags. They were singing at the top of their lungs, as if to make sure that God could hear their prayer.

I was so moved by this spontaneous unity of the audience that I could hardly hold back my tears. I knew that I was witnessing the power of faith and the underlying strength of the Unification Church. Their singing was a confident appeal for the sun to break through the clouds overhead. The crowd—members and guests alike—was united in beseeching God for light. Everyone was standing, getting soaked by the rain as they sang, but no one was disheartened. In fact, they seemed to be feeling a special kind of joy as they sang in the rain.

There was no longer any question about how a gathering blessed by God could be disrupted so severely by the weather. From the response of the audience alone, the rally could already qualify as a victory. In the end, the violent weather only served to make the Yankee Stadium Rally that much more memorable, that much more a symbol of strong faith, and give it that much more historical significance.

Soon, the pounding rain lightened up and then stopped altogether. The wind died down as well. The storm passed, and the sun began to shine.

Praise be to the almighty God! How great is the power of the Lord. The heavy summer humidity had been blown away by the storm, leaving the air cleaner and lighter.

The crowd of tens of thousands went wild with joy. The Unification Church members who had worked for a month going to every street in New York shouted in triumph. They laughed as they cried and cried as they laughed. People were wiping tears from their faces along with the raindrops.

“God is with us.” Though they may not have said it in exactly those words, this was the thought on everyone’s mind.

I could see members looking up to heaven and repeating “Thank you, God” over and over.

Soon the New York City Symphony Orchestra began to play Beethoven’s Third Symphony. No day could have been more appropriate for this symphony to be played in praise of God’s glory. It seemed that this symphony had been composed specifically for this moment.

When the performing arts section of the program ended, it was time for the main event of the day.

After a strong introduction by Neil Salonen, then president of the Unification Church in America, Reverend Moon smiled broadly and strode confidently to the podium. I followed him out on to the stage with a translated copy of his prepared remarks in my hand.

“Respected people of New York and beloved Unification Church members,” he began. “In order to make this bicentennial celebration of America’s independence even more holy, God has used the wind and rain to purify this historic stadium.”

The crowd stood up and cheered.

As Reverend Moon spoke, there was a vibrant strength in his voice as he delivered words that would resurrect America, words that brought joy to the American ancestors in spirit world.

As I stood beside Reverend Moon and translated for him, I could feel the soft evening breeze gently reviving me in body and spirit. I wondered whether I was experiencing a little of what it would be like to live in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The crowd reacted more and more enthusiastically as the speech went on. Everyone was inspired and revitalized by his speech.

I later thought to myself that America had celebrated its bicentennial by receiving the Lord of the Second Advent in Yankee Stadium, even though the significance of this event is hidden from the majority of Americans. When Jesus entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and the crowd welcomed him with cries of "Hosanna" [Matthew 21:1-11], how many realized that Jesus was the promised Messiah? I am confident that history will someday reveal to all the true identity of the man who led the Yankee Stadium Bicentennial Celebration.

Dr. King and Reverend Graham

The "Rally to Revive the Founding Spirit of America" that was held on the Mall near the Washington Monument on September 18, 1976, is another event that should feature prominently in America's history. This was one of the largest bicentennial events held anywhere in America. After his success at Yankee Stadium, Reverend Moon immediately organized this rally as a second powerful salvo.

Washington, D.C., as the capital of the United States, is in effect the capital of the world. Viewing the United States as a microcosm of the world, the significance of Washington becomes even greater.

To gain perspective on Reverend Moon's rally, let's look at the history of religious rallies in Washington. There were two great religious rallies held prior to 1976. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., an African-American, held one of these, a demonstration demanding civil rights for African-Americans. Rev. Billy Graham, a white man, held the other, a patriotic rally calling for a victorious conclusion to the Vietnam War. Reverend Moon, who is neither black nor white but of the yellow race, held the third. The fact that Reverend Moon's rally was the most successful of the three helps us understand even more deeply that the hand of God is behind Reverend Moon's work.

The civil rights movement, in which Dr. King played such a major role, changed American society in the 1960s. Racial

discrimination was still rampant in the South one hundred years after the South was defeated in the Civil War and President Lincoln declared the emancipation of all slaves.

The school I first attended in America was in Georgia, so I had many opportunities to witness the terrible injustice of racial discrimination firsthand. This was in 1952. Every place I went, I saw that public facilities had different areas reserved for black people and white people. When I looked for a restroom in a department store, I saw there were two, one marked "White" and the other marked "Colored." There were also two drinking fountains and two waiting rooms in the train station.

One thing that confused us Koreans at first was that the restrooms for black people were not marked "Black" but "Colored." Since Orientals are also people of color, we wondered whether this meant we were being told to use the toilet for black people. We thought we were also being targeted, and we were upset by this. Then an employee of the department store came over to us and said, "People from the Orient should use the toilet for whites." I clearly remember the apologetic tone of his voice when he said that.

One example of the discrimination that African-Americans had to endure was the segregation practiced inside buses. Though they could ride the same buses as whites, African-Americans had to sit in the rear of the bus. It didn't matter that there might be open seats in the front. These were reserved for whites.

A seemingly insignificant incident occurred in Montgomery, Alabama, on December 1, 1955, one that eventually would shake the foundations of American society.

That evening, an African-American woman named Rosa Parks was on her way home from work, and she sat down in the row immediately behind the seats reserved for whites only. As more people got on the bus and the seats filled up, the driver yelled at her to stand up and move to the back of the bus. She was not sitting in the seats reserved for whites alone, but whenever the bus became crowded whites were allowed to take the next row of seats as well.

Mrs. Parks didn't move, and the driver became agitated and yelled at her again and again to stand up and move to

the back of the bus. She continued to ignore him. In the end, the police were called and she was arrested.

In a country where murders, robberies, and other violent crimes are everyday occurrences, you wouldn't expect this incident to have much impact. Yet, it became a catalyst for the rapid expansion of the movement against discrimination and in favor of civil rights for African-Americans. In the 1960s, this movement shook all of America and eventually led to Dr. King being martyred for the cause. In that sense, the incident on the bus holds truly historic significance.

News of Rosa Parks' experience angered the young Martin Luther King, Jr. He felt strongly that the time had come for black people to stand up. With the Rosa Parks incident acting as the fuse, Dr. King ignited a bus boycott and emerged as a major leader of the civil rights movement. In 1957 he was prominent in the fight for desegregation in Little Rock, Arkansas; 1960 brought the new tactic of "sit-ins," and in 1961 he organized the "freedom riders," who toured the southern states demonstrating against discrimination at bus terminals. In 1963, he organized a large-scale demonstration and protest march in Birmingham, Alabama.

Dr. King was one of the greatest orators in American history. His fiery words and oratorical skill moved the hearts of many good-hearted people in America, and Christian congregations around America took a stand.

Many conscientious white ministers and lay believers began to take part in this movement. Dr. King decided the ultimate demonstration would be held in Washington, D.C. On his way to Washington, he was jailed a number of times, but each time he became even more popular and the number of people willing to come out and support him grew larger.

More than two hundred thousand supporters gathered in the Mall area between the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial on August 28, 1963. This was the historic "March on Washington." Here, Dr. King stirred the blood of many Americans with his famous "I Have a Dream" speech:

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers.

This was brilliant oratory that will be remembered for generations to come.

Afterward, Dr. King met with President John F. Kennedy in the White House, and eventually a new civil rights law was passed and came into effect (July 1964). It is said that the heart of the people reflects the heart of God. Certainly, in the America of this time, no politician could stand opposed to the civil rights movement for equality among all people.

Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated on April 4, 1968, in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was preparing a march to demand improved conditions for African-American sanitation workers. He was just thirty-nine years old.

The night before his death, Dr. King spoke at a gathering at the Mason Temple. He concluded his remarks with dire words that, in hindsight, seem to suggest that he sensed he might be about to die.

We've got some difficult days ahead. But it doesn't matter with me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop. And I don't mind. Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you

to know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the promised land. And I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

I watched this speech in Washington on television, and I was deeply moved. It was a powerful speech that compared the liberation of African-Americans through the civil rights movement to the Israelites' exodus from Egypt. It also had some characteristics of Moses' dying statement. Just as Moses got as far as Mount Nebo where he could see the promised land that he was not able to enter, Dr. King was saying that he had "seen the promised land," but that he "may not get there with you." I don't know what made Dr. King make such a statement. It is clear, though, that he believed with absolute certainty that the day would come when black people would be free.

Dr. King was a true American hero. He left a huge footprint not only in the history of America but of the world as well. By his tragic martyrdom at the age of thirty-nine, Dr. King came to live eternally in the hearts of people. Today, his birthday is celebrated in the United States as a federal holiday on the third Monday of January.

The second major Washington rally was Rev. Billy Graham's "Honor America Day Rally" in 1970. Reverend Graham is probably the greatest Christian revivalist in twentieth century America. In my youth, I was a great admirer of Reverend Graham. This was particularly so after I began studying English in earnest. I discovered that his oratory had an intoxicating effect on me. His "Hour of Decision" radio broadcasts were extremely useful for me as English texts. I listened to his sermons hundreds of times in order to master English debate and oratorical techniques.

Perhaps it would be presumptuous of me to give a comparison of Dr. King and Reverend Graham. I would, however, like to list a few points that impress me about these two men whom I respect so much. They are among the greatest people to have lived in the twentieth century. Each was a highly skilled public speaker. In fact, I doubt that one could name anyone in America who could surpass either of these two men, one black, one white, in public speaking.

Dr. King was a spokesman for African-Americans who had been pushed into a corner. He endured all kinds of suffering. He was chased by police dogs and doused with water from a fire hose. His home was bombed, and his life was often in danger.

Once, Dr. King was attending a book signing at a department store in Harlem when a mentally disturbed woman stabbed him with a knife in the left side of his chest. It was a close call, but he survived the attack. Fortunately, the knife missed cutting the artery by just a fraction of an inch. This incident inspired Dr. King's famous statement, "If I had sneezed at that moment, I would have died." Dr. King found humor in it, but it was God who stopped him from sneezing so that he could live.

Dr. King's oratorical style had a way of grabbing hold of the hearts of his listeners and not letting go. He had the power to bring people to the point of tears. Every time he spoke publicly, he seemed to be giving his final will and testament, almost saying, "This is my last sermon." Because of this, his words seemed to have the power to move even rocks and trees.

On the other hand, Reverend Graham grew up in a prosperous family and traveled a relatively smooth course on his way to fame. He graduated from a well-known university and received his doctorate. From the time of his youth, he had little experience with adversity and was welcomed by people wherever he went. He dashed through the wide-open road to success. By the time he was thirty-three years old, he was already a world-renowned revivalist.

Reverend Graham's voice, speech, and gestures were among the best in the world. His oratory certainly may have been more polished than that of Dr. King, but, in my opinion, he was still no match for Dr. King when it came to being able to shake people's souls. The differences between the two men seem to arise from the fact that one led a life of suffering and the other did not. Reverend Graham was a white man in a mostly white society who had a relatively easy course in life. It may be the difference between a person whose cries were received with standing ovations and a person who cried out at the risk of his life. The first could inspire, but the second could go even further and stir the soul.

Reverend Moon, representing the yellow race, comes from an environment totally different from either of these two men. He went through a hellish course under a brutal and evil communist regime. Certainly, Dr. King also spent time in prison, but his experience there cannot be compared to Reverend Moon's. For Reverend Moon, each day was a struggle to overcome death and stay alive. It was amid such incredible adversity that Reverend Moon's steel-like fighting spirit was forged. He was able to understand God's suffering heart through the harsh reality of his own daily experiences. God uses adversity to train people. The more adversity and suffering they have to undergo, the greater the mission that God gives them.

Reverend Moon's sermons do not just move people, and they go beyond shaking people's souls—they are filled with the power and inspiration to re-create life within those who hear him.

Reverend Graham's religious rally in Washington was held against the backdrop of the Vietnam War. The anti-war movement in America was surging. Public opinion was divided like in no other time in its history. The anti-war efforts of many young people reached the point of being anti-state activities. Reverend Graham was concerned for the future of America.

He chose to hold his rally on the Fourth of July, 1970, praising America's founding spirit and emphasizing that this spirit was rooted in God. Reverend Graham's motives were pure in calling for self-control and an awakening in America. The general opinion, however, is that the reaction from the American people was lukewarm, at best.

Reverend Graham's fame was enough to gather 100,000 people, but there was a strong impression that the government was heavily involved in the sponsorship. The rally did not generate an explosive fervor. It didn't have the kind of excitement that was evident in Dr. King's marches.

Phenomenal Washington Monument Rally

It was against the backdrop of this history of large rallies in Washington that Reverend Moon planned his phenomenal event.

He was not even a citizen of the United States but in the position of a guest. He did not plan his event as a part of a human rights movement, nor was it a movement to inspire patriotism. He was trying to accomplish something completely unheard of up to that point: "a movement to liberate God." No one had ever called for the liberation of God. What does it mean? Reverend Moon is saying, "Let's liberate God from His suffering and sorrow." These are words that can only be spoken by someone who truly knows how God is in agony to see how human beings suffer in evil and sin. What will end God's suffering? Seeing His children delivered from the scourges of immorality, humanism, and godless communism.

Some three hundred thousand people gathered for the "God Bless America" Festival. This was far beyond the 100,000 who attended Reverend Graham's rally and the 200,000 who attended Dr. King's rally. It was the largest crowd to assemble in the history of America. The phrase "Let's meet at the Monument" became a common greeting among people in the summer of 1976.

The Washington Monument is a 169-meter-high obelisk honoring George Washington, the first president of the United States. I had visited the Monument in 1952, during our three-day whirlwind tour from Georgia. Someone took a photograph of me looking up at the Monument with my mouth wide open in amazement. At the time, I thought this photograph would one day help me tell my grandchildren about the one time in my life I visited Washington. It was beyond my wildest dreams in 1952 that I would someday return to Washington. It would have been even more implausible to think that I would learn English and eventually stand before a crowd of three hundred thousand people and translate the words spoken by God through Reverend Moon.

Reverend Moon spoke on the topic "God's Will for America," and his words were infinitely profound.² He said God had chosen America and that the only path for America was the path leading back to God. He said it was up to America to protect the world's peoples from communism and eventually to liberate the communist world. He warned that America would not be able to accomplish either of



Reverend Moon delivers his address at the Washington Monument Rally, September 18, 1976, as the author translates.



Some 300,000 people attended the rally.

these responsibilities in its current state and that it needed to receive a new expression of God's truth. He said that he had come to America carrying such an expression of truth, and America needed to find new values and new spiritual power from this truth. This new expression of truth was called "Godism."

Thus, the rally at the Washington Monument became an opportunity for Reverend Moon to declare Godism on a worldwide level. The crowd of three hundred thousand people responded to Reverend Moon's message with loud cheers.

It bears remembering that Reverend Moon's great victory at the Washington Monument Rally came as a dreadful surprise to the forces in America who were opposed to him. Many people in the American government found more than enough reason in this event to feel threatened by this "righteous man from the East."

In terms of Jesus' course, the Washington Monument Rally was comparable to Jesus' entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. After entering Jerusalem, Jesus was betrayed by his disciple Judas Iscariot, tried in the court of the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, and crucified on a cross on the hill of Golgotha.

As I will describe in Volume Two of this book, Reverend Moon was later put on trial in a New York courtroom and entered a federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut—the twentieth-century Golgotha. That was not his downfall, though. He was resurrected and went on to win great victories on the worldwide level.

The Washington Monument Rally was the last large-scale rally that Reverend Moon held in the United States. Immediately after this rally, Reverend Moon designated October 4 as the Day of Victory of Heaven and made another surprising declaration: "The next rally will be held in Moscow."

Moscow! None of us could believe our ears. In 1976, such a statement seemed absurd in light of the world situation. I couldn't help but think, "The Soviet Union is surrounded by an Iron Curtain, and they say it's difficult even to get a single spy in the country to gather information. So how is Reverend

Moon, who is known around the world for his anti-communist views, going to go to Moscow, the heart of the communist world, and hold a rally?"

I felt that this time Father had gone too far. I looked around the room and saw that the other leaders gathered there also had expressions of incredulity. The skeptics among us even seemed to doubt whether Reverend Moon was still in control of his senses.

I myself could not believe what Reverend Moon was saying. Even as I translated his words, I was thinking, "That's impossible." That is my honest confession.

I decided that I would accept Reverend Moon's statement in terms of faith, leaving aside all practical thinking. I said to myself, "Lord, let your will be done." I felt that his words were a test of my faith.

How did it finally turn out? Oh, you of little faith! This Moscow rally came about on April 10, 1990, when three major providential organizations founded by Reverend Moon met simultaneously in Moscow: the third meeting of the Summit Council for World Peace, the ninth international meeting of the Association for the Unity of Latin America, and the eleventh World Media Conference. Many of us had thought only in terms of gathering three hundred thousand people, but this conference was attended by forty former heads of state and government and by prominent journalists and other leaders from sixty-five countries around the world. As a group, they had much greater impact than three hundred thousand members of the general public. In fact, their impact was probably greater than a rally of three million people.

God works in mysterious ways! This conference of world-wide importance was held in the capital of the Soviet Union behind the Iron Curtain. That was not all. On April 11, Reverend and Mrs. Moon took a group of former heads of state and government to the Kremlin. They met with President Mikhail Gorbachev, who was then at the height of his power. Then President Gorbachev met privately with Reverend and Mrs. Moon in his office.

From this, it has to be said that the Moscow conference was the greatest rally in history.

How is it that we have such little faith even as we attend the one sent by God? We were given a clear example of how shortsighted we are in our thinking. The private meeting between Reverend Moon and President Gorbachev provided a historic turning point that made it possible for the Cold War to come to an end without a hot war breaking out.

I acted as translator in this meeting. As such, I am the only person, besides Reverend and Mrs. Moon themselves, who can testify to the true content of the meeting, which is recorded in detail in Volume Two.

In closing this chapter, I want to give the reader one important piece of information. Our members did something that moved the citizens and municipal authorities of New York and Washington after our two rallies in New York (Madison Square Garden and Yankee Stadium) and the Washington Monument Rally.

Prior to each rally, we plastered our posters on just about every available surface around the city. Many people looked at this disapprovingly, thinking that it would be at least three years before all those posters were gone. On the day after each rally, though, people went into the streets and noticed that somehow the city seemed darker. They soon realized that this was because every last brightly colored poster had disappeared during the night. The posters had not been torn off, either. Each one had been removed with water, and the surface underneath carefully cleaned.

What amazed authorities even more was the sight of the Washington Monument grounds on the morning after our rally. Normally, a crowd of three hundred thousand people will leave so much garbage on the Mall that it looks like an abandoned refugee camp. On the day after our rally, though, there wasn't even as much as a single scrap of paper remaining. It was as if there had never been a rally at all. There was just the green grass where people could enjoy some peace and quiet.

The authorities couldn't believe their eyes. "Who are these people? I don't know who Reverend Moon is, but this is an incredible group of people. They have unlimited constructive power. Reverend Moon may be someone who will change human history."

Even from this minor incident, the authorities and the citizens of the two cities could see Reverend Moon's leadership. As soon as each rally ended, Unification Church members—men and women, even children—worked through the night to clean the rally venue and the city streets, leaving them cleaner than they had been before the rally began.



Chapter Twelve

Waves of Persecution

Just before he began his thirty-two-city tour, Reverend Moon was invited to the White House on February 1, 1974, to have a private meeting with President Richard M. Nixon.

President Nixon had won reelection to a second term in 1972 by an overwhelming margin over the Democratic Party candidate. With his reelection, Mr. Nixon stood ready to join the more fortunate presidents in U.S. history who served two full terms. His second inauguration was held in January 1973 in front of the Capitol. President Nixon was at the height of his power, and it appeared as though no one could challenge him.

There was just one problem, one that wouldn't go away, like molasses that keeps sticking to the fingers. During the 1972 reelection campaign, some overzealous elements of the Republican Party were arrested during an attempt to break into the Democratic National Committee headquarters on the sixth floor of the Watergate Hotel and place listening devices in the office. Initially, it was handled as a simple incident of breaking and entering. Gradually, however, an investigation by the FBI and persistent reporting of certain media revealed that the White House was involved, and the incident came to represent "criminal acts by the president."

All the news media in the United States, like sharks who smell blood and attack a prey together, latched onto the issue

with full force. The White House continued to deny any involvement in the incident and even went so far as to say the press had concocted the whole thing. The president and his advisers believed that if they maintained this position, the problem would eventually go away.

In fact, the situation kept getting worse for the White House. The *Washington Post* adopted a clearly confrontational posture. Day after day, the newspaper hit the Nixon administration with front-page articles on Watergate. The newspaper claimed there was evidence that President Nixon and the White House had engaged in an illegal eavesdropping operation to gain information it could use against their political opponents.

This is what has come to be known as the Watergate Incident. If President Nixon had moved a little more quickly to reveal the truth about what happened, severely punished those who were involved, and issued an apology to the nation, the incident would probably have ended there.

Nixon, however, was arrogant. He was buoyed up by his overwhelming reelection victory.

Looking back, the break-in at the Democratic National Committee headquarters was not, in itself, a serious incident. The involvement of the White House was fact, but there was no clear evidence that the president himself directly ordered the break-in. The reason the situation became so serious was that President Nixon and the White House carried out a cover-up, hindering the investigation and destroying evidence. This ultimately led to the president's downfall. He himself made the situation much worse than it was. He dug his own political grave.

By 1974, Watergate was no longer just a battle between the White House and the news media. Anti-Nixon sentiment swept the country. Congress, under the control of the Democratic Party, joined the strident opposition and began discussing impeaching Nixon. The political flood waters around the White House reached dangerous levels.

America was boiling over, and it became difficult to carry on the affairs of the country without first bringing the Watergate incident to some kind of clear conclusion.

An added difficulty was that the Vietnam War was at a crucial turning point. America had invested huge amounts of materiel and military force into this war. The war was bigger than the Korean War and nearly as costly as World War II. Yet, America did not have a winning strategy. Anti-war demonstrations grew more feverish by the day. Public opinion was split down the middle. Military morale was at a low ebb.

The Paris Peace Accord signed on January 27, 1973, brought about a temporary cease-fire. U.S. forces completed their withdrawal within sixty days. President Nixon believed that even after U.S. forces withdrew he could continue military support to the government of South Vietnam, and there would be no problems as long as North Vietnam kept to the terms of the agreement. In the event of an emergency, the president expected that he could redeploy combat forces and resume the bombing of North Vietnam to stop a North Vietnamese advance against the South.

That was not how the situation played out, however. Congress cut military assistance to South Vietnam by half. Communist forces in the North violated the peace accord by sending massive amounts of weapons, ammunition, and soldiers to the South over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They built strongholds and prepared for the final showdown.

This serious crisis demanded that the president of the United States make some difficult decisions to bring an end to the war. If U.S. forces were to be redeployed to Vietnam in a major way, President Nixon needed to adopt a decisive stance that could unite public opinion. On the other hand, if the policy was to make North Vietnam stop its violations of the peace accord and establish peace firmly, this, too, would require that the president exercise strong leadership and diplomatic skill. Yet, the White House was like a house on fire. President Nixon couldn't even put out the fires that were burning under his own feet.

There was still another problem. North Vietnam was backed by the Soviet Union, a country whose ambition was to bring the entire world under communism. Soviet strategy was to support North Vietnam in its war of attrition against the United States, thus dividing U.S. public opinion and draining America's strength. Then, while America was mired in

confusion, the Soviet Union would move to take over all of Southeast Asia.

From the standpoint of this Soviet objective, the paralysis of the entire American political machinery brought about by Watergate was an unexpected windfall. Already, fierce fighting was under way in the countries surrounding Vietnam, such as Cambodia and Laos. Anyone could see that a U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam would inevitably lead to a bloodbath in the Southeast Asian region and that the death toll could even exceed ten million innocent lives.

In the midst of this confusion, Reverend Moon made a major decision.

“Forgive, Love, Unite”

First, Reverend Moon wanted to save America. He saw that if the situation were allowed to continue, it would lead to much more than just the downfall of President Nixon. Ultimately, it would enable the Soviet Union to take over the entire world. Reverend Moon came to see clearly America’s “crisis of spirit.” He reasoned that for America to be saved from this dilemma, it had to return to the spirit of Christianity, which is forgiveness and love.

Second, he saw that the downfall of President Nixon in this particular time would lead in the very near term to a bloodbath throughout Vietnam. And, considering the expansionist and warlike character of communism, it was not likely to end there. Communism would conquer Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Then it would go on to subdue Thailand, Malaysia, and Singapore. From there it would extend its evil hand toward Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan, New Zealand, and even Australia. It was terrible to think how many millions of people would lose their lives in this process.

Reverend Moon proclaimed a bold plan to save America, fully aware that he would bring upon himself the severe criticism of all the news media in America. Reverend Moon called out for Americans to forgive President Nixon in the spirit of Christianity. He took out full-page advertising space in the principal newspapers in all fifty states and published a proclamation that called on Americans to “Forgive, Love, Unite.”

The American media world was dumbfounded. Who would dare defend President Nixon in such a time? Who is this Reverend Moon? All eyes were turned on Reverend Moon.

Christian leaders in America were also dismayed by this proclamation for a very different reason. They saw Reverend Moon as doing something they should have done themselves. Their fear of being criticized by the secular world for taking such a stand had kept them silent. Now, though, they saw that a minister from Korea had boldly taken a stand on the basis of the spirit of Christianity and had spoken up for God's viewpoint. In their hearts, they were ashamed and, deep down, they knew that Reverend Moon was right. Forgiveness, love, and unity were the way to bring life to America and to prevent communism from taking over the world. Even more importantly, they saw that this was the way that all Christians must follow.

To ensure that Reverend Moon's words are accurately represented here, I am quoting his proclamation in full as it appeared in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and other newspapers on November 30, 1973.

Ever since I was 16 years old, I have constantly encountered the presence of God. I have been able to share with the world numerous insights that He has shown me. On January 1, 1972, God spoke to me again in my prayers. He told me to go to America and speak to the American people about hope and unification.

In obedience to God's call, I came and began the Day of Hope tour. In 1972 I took this message to seven American cities. The current nationwide speaking tour began in Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 1, 1973, and will go to 21 American cities, declaring a message of hope and unification.

After New York, I spoke in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, Dallas, Tampa, and Atlanta. The kind welcome I received in these great American cities deeply moved me. I am especially grateful to the mayors and other officials who responded by proclaiming "The Day of Hope and Unification" in their communities.

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STATEMENT BY THE REVEREND SUN MYUNG MOON AMERICA IN CRISIS ANSWER TO WATERGATE FORGIVE, LOVE, UNITE

Ever since I was 16 years old, I have consciously entrusted the presence of God. I have been able to share with the world numerous things that He has done for me. On January 1, 1972, God spoke to me again in my dreams. He told me to go to America and speak to the American people about hope and salvation.

In accordance with God's will, I came and began the Day of Hope tour. In 1972, I took this message to seven American cities. The current nationwide speaking tour begins in Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 1, 1973, and will go to 21 American cities, declaring a message of hope and salvation.

After New York, I speak in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, Dallas, Tampa, and Atlanta. The last weekend I received in these great American cities deeply moved me. I am especially grateful to the mayors and other officials who responded by presiding "The Day of Hope and Liberation" in their own cities.

My travels in America have shown me a troubled land. The moral and spiritual decline is tragic and shocking. Many people are no longer proud to be Americans. The American nation seems morally wounded in spirit and soul by the magnitude of Watergate. We are witnessing a crisis probably unprecedented in American history. The situation is very serious.

Remembering that God will not give grace to the corrupt soul. The crisis is the problem of the man in the White House; it is a crisis for all of us.

On November 10, 1973, I had two weeks out from my tour and returned to Korea. I spent that time for prayer and meditation in a desperate search for an answer and new hope for America.

Today we face so much about America's problems—that is wrong and how to fix it, what should be done and what cannot be done. A vicious situation is being a daily struggle in the American ideal. I heard God's voice and I know the answer is



our deliverance. "If we want God to forgive us, we have to forgive each other first." The Watergate is a test of America's faith. How will this nation stand before God in the wake of moral crisis? Can this nation, which was founded 130 years ago based on the Christian tradition, uphold that same tradition today? Can this nation prove its spiritual worth and stand before God? "Get it done." This is the test for the American people. Long ago the American nation on the New England shores made many great mistakes. But with their trust in God they came through many crises. They could then lead America to progress.

The Bible speaks of the tree the scabbard

Let us unite in the spirit of forgiveness. Unite in the spirit of love. Now is the time for national repentance. Love is the power to unite. America once knew how to come together to create a powerful nation for posterity upon the face of the earth. America is a beautiful land to be rich, a nation of all nationalities, all races and all religions united together into one working whole. The same of power has been love and faith in God and in one another.

The crisis in American can be overcome. We must rekindle our faith in God and realize ourselves as love. America's destiny is inseparable from the destiny of the world. America's well-being affects the plans of God. God shows His nature as His keeping in His modern day dispensation. With the bicentennial celebration five years away, God is testing America through the Watergate problem. America must demonstrate unity in love and forgiveness. Let us renew our faith in God for this has been the wellspring of America's power. America must love the will of God. She has no alternative.

"Whoever is loyal to the American people" I am not even a citizen of the United States. Let us Korea as a race.

However, I do this because I love American as much as my own nation. This is a nation God loves and I love God and He is our Father in Heaven. Wherever God my Father dwells, there is my country. Indeed, the Father's concern is also the same. America belongs to those who love His Father. I am so concerned for America's well-being for my soul. This is the foundation of my message to speak on this issue.

Furthermore, I want to thank King I participated that some great American spiritual leaders everywhere would unite America around God about the Watergate as this country and spreading the

However, there has been no American spiritual leader speaking out for unity. I heard no alternative.

A full-page ad carried in major newspapers in all fifty states during the Watergate crisis.

My travels in America have shown me a troubled land. The moral and spiritual decline is tragic and shocking. Many people are no longer proud to be Americans. The American nation seems morally wounded in spirit and soul by the tragedy of Watergate. We are witnessing a crisis probably unprecedented in American history. The situation is very serious.

It is more than a political, social, and economic crisis. It is a crisis of the human soul. This is not only the problem of the man in the White House; it is a crisis for all of us.

On November 10, 1973, I took two weeks out from my tour and returned to Korea. I used that time for prayer and meditation in a desperate search for an answer and new hope for America.

Today we hear so much about America's troubles—what is wrong and who is to blame, what should be done and what cannot be done. Vicious accusation is becoming a daily staple in the American diet. Hatred and bitterness are killing the human soul. Some people cry out "Impeach the President." Opinion is divided, and the people talk on. Should the President remain in office? Should the President resign or be tried?

We were all witnesses to America's assassination of her President, John F. Kennedy, in 1963. But today, without many realizing it, America is in the process of slowly killing her President once again.

A bullet killed Kennedy, yet the nation united in a common feeling of sorrow and repentance.

This time the "bullet" of hatred and accusation is capable of destroying not only the President, but the nation with him. In a war of hatred, no one is the winner.

All thinking American people feel grave concern for the future of their country. Some even believe America has been struck a fatal blow. However, at this critical moment in American history it is disappointing and strange that no one is asking, "What is the will of God?" If America was conceived as "One Nation Under God," then the answer must come from Him. Have we stopped asking?

I bend my head and place my ear upon the heartbeat of America. I hear no one seeking the solution from above. We keep on criticizing, and the nation sinks—we criticize some more and the nation falls even farther, deep into greater peril. Now is the time for America to renew the faith expressed in her motto "In God We Trust." This is the founding spirit that makes America great and unique. God blessed America because of this spirit. Furthermore, America is fulfilling a vital role in God's plan for the modern world. God is depending on America today. Therefore, the crisis for America is a crisis for God. An answer must come from above, from God, from

the one who has the answer. I have prayed to God earnestly, asking Him to reveal His message.

The answer came. The first word God spoke was "Forgive."

America must forgive. Whatever wrongs have been done, whatever mistakes are being made, America has a noble deed to perform. America must forgive. The Watergate affair is an error: not only the error of a few men, but the error of humanity, the error of the American people. The Lord's prayer says, "Forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors." If we want God to forgive us, we have to forgive each other first.

The Watergate is not merely a test of the President. The Watergate is a test of America's faith. How will this nation stand before God in the midst of moral crisis? Can this nation, which was founded 200 years ago based on Christian tradition, uphold that same tradition today? Can this nation prove its generosity and mutual forgiveness? Can it love? This is the test for the American people. Long ago the American settlers on the New England shores made many grave mistakes. But with their trust in God they came through many crises. They could then lead America to prosperity.

The Bible speaks of the time the scribes and Pharisees tested Jesus. They brought him a woman to be stoned. She had been caught in the act of adultery. Mosaic law demanded retributive justice. But Jesus' message was forgiveness. "He stood up and said to them, 'Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone at her.' ... But when they heard it, they went away, one by one, beginning with the eldest, and Jesus was left alone with the woman standing before him. Jesus looked up and said to her, 'Woman, where are they? Has no one condemned you?' She said, 'No one, Lord.' And Jesus said, 'Neither do I condemn you; go, and do not sin again.'" [John 8:3-12] Nobody dared to cast the first stone!

Who among you will be the one to cast the first stone? This is no time to cast stones upon your leader. This is no time to cast stones upon one another.

I have been praying specifically for President Richard Nixon. I asked God, "What shall we do with the person of Richard Nixon?" The answer did come again. The second word God spoke to me was "Love. It is your duty to love him." We must love Richard Nixon. Jesus Christ loved even his enemies. Must you not love your President?

What do you do when a member of your family is in trouble? Do you criticize him and tear him apart? Of course not. You guide him. You comfort him. You love him unconditionally. You belong to the American family, and Richard Nixon is your brother. Will you not then love your brother? You must love the President of the United States.

This nation is God's nation. The office of the President of the United States is, therefore, sacred. God inspired a man and then confirms him as President through the will of the people. He lays his hands on the word of God and is sworn into office. At this time in history God has chosen Richard Nixon to be President of the United States of America. Therefore God has the power and authority to dismiss him. Our duty, and this alone, is that we deeply seek God's guidance in this matter and support the office, itself. If God decides to dismiss this choice of His, let us have faith that He will speak.

I continued in prayer, and the third and last word God spoke to me was "Unite." America must unite.

Let us unite in the spirit of forgiveness. Unite in the spirit of love. Now is the time for national repentance. Love is the power to unite. America once knew how to come together to create a powerful nation for goodness upon the face of the earth. America is a beautiful land to behold, a nation of all nationalities, all races, and all religions united together into one working whole. The source of power has been love and faith in God and in one another.

The crisis in America today can be overcome. We must rekindle our faith in God and reunite ourselves in love. America's destiny is inseparable from the destiny of the world. America's well-being affects the plan of God. God chose this nation as

His champion in his modern day dispensation. With the bi-centennial celebration a few years away, God is testing America through the Watergate problem. America must demonstrate unity in love and forgiveness. Let us renew our faith in God, for this has been the wellspring of America's power. America must live the will of God. She has no alternative.

Who am I to say this to the American people? I am not even a citizen of the United States. I am a Korean, a guest.

However, I do this because I love America as much as my own country. This is a country God loves. And I love God and He is our Father in heaven. Wherever God my Father dwells, there is my country. Indeed, the Father's country is also the son's. America belongs to those who love it most. I am as concerned for America's well-being as for my own. This is the foundation of my courage to speak out on this issue.

Furthermore, I waited. I waited long. I anticipated that some great American spiritual leader or evangelist would rally America around God above the Watergate at this stormy and depressing time.

However, there has been no American spiritual leader speaking out for unity. I heard no articulate voice in the wilderness crying this to Americans. By this time, God spoke to me again, "Fear not! Remember Jonah in Ninevah. Speak out!" and I obeyed.

And this is why I am doing this.

As Founder of the Unification Church International, I have declared the next 40 days, starting December 1, 1973, as a period of prayer and fasting by our members all over the world.

In this we are determined to awaken our nation to this national emergency. America must unite in her Christian tradition of love and forgiveness in the face of the grave crisis created by the Watergate. We hereby launch this National

Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis as the only way to heal and unite this nation.

This is indeed the day of dismay and moral crisis. Yet, this is also a great opportunity for America, an opportunity in which the American people can demonstrate America's true greatness in faith and courage. Historically, great peoples have proved their greatness not during normal situations but in crises.

This is the time the American people must act as a great people who put trust in God. Then this day will be a day of new hope and unification.

"In God We Trust." In these four words lie America's key to survival and prosperity. America must live the will of God, and God's command at this crossroads in American history is Forgive, Love, and Unite!

(signed) Sun Myung Moon, Founder, Unification Church International

Reverend Moon's plan went further than just putting advertisements in newspapers. He took action. Prayer vigils were organized around the country. Young people who were members of the Unification Church took turns fasting a few days each, and called on people to "forgive, love, and unite." They didn't pray for President Nixon alone. They prayed for all of America's political leaders.

The movement to save America through forgiveness, love, and unity spread across America. Many religious organizations responded and joined in the prayers. Young people who had previously marched in anti-war demonstrations were now participating in this movement of prayer.

Reverend Moon and President Nixon

It was only natural that this movement would catch the attention of the White House, which was paying close attention to anything having to do with Watergate. President Nixon had been backed into a corner, and he came to place his hope



Reverend Moon and President Richard M. Nixon pose for the camera after their meeting in the Oval Office in 1974.



Members of the Unification Church carry photographs of individual congressmen as they conduct a three-day fast in support of President Nixon.

in this prayer movement. He wanted to receive personal advice directly from Reverend Moon. This is how he came to invite Reverend Moon to a personal meeting in the Oval Office.

On February 1, 1974, President Nixon's deputy special assistant, S. Bruce Herschensohn, guided Reverend Moon on a tour of the White House and gave him detailed explanations about the Cabinet Room and other historic points. Then he ushered Reverend Moon and me into the Oval Office.

President Nixon stood to one side of the entrance and warmly greeted Reverend Moon as he entered. The two men embraced and greeted each other. In person, President Nixon was a larger man than I had expected. Despite the whipping he was receiving day after day in the newspapers and on the airwaves, he looked in excellent health.

After the greetings, President Nixon took a seat in a chair in front of his desk and Reverend Moon sat down next to him. Mr. Herschensohn was the only other person in the room. The atmosphere seemed prepared so that Reverend Moon would feel free to say anything he wanted.

Reverend Moon's first words were surprising. He said, "Let's begin this meeting with a prayer." He then offered a fervent prayer in Korean. I did not translate this, believing that Reverend Moon's heart would best be understood intuitively.

Reverend Moon closed his prayer, and the president said, "Reverend Moon, you are a great messenger of God. Even aside from my own political fate, I am deeply moved by the movement going on around the country now to revive the Christian spirit. I admire the courage you have demonstrated in your words and actions in trying to save America. I am completely in agreement that this is the way for America to accomplish her mission and stop communism from taking over the world."

President Nixon paused, and Reverend Moon began to speak.

"At five o'clock this morning, when you were probably still asleep, I came to the vicinity of the White House. I circled around and offered a deep prayer from a place where I could see your bedroom.

“The fate of the whole world, not just that of America, is resting on your shoulders now. I hope that you will be able to overcome the crisis you are facing, lead America down the right path, and protect the world from the threat of communism.

“Mr. President, if you make a mistake now, America will be defeated in Vietnam, and that will mean that more than ten million innocent people in Southeast Asia will lose their lives. The lives of all these peoples are resting on your shoulders.

“I cannot bear to see so many innocent people suffering and dying. So I prayed very deeply to God, and in that prayer I received His revelation. I have been waiting for a chance to have this important meeting with you so that I could give you my recommendations based on God’s revelation.

“You may find my words somewhat shocking and abrupt. Can I ask you to listen to me with an open mind?”

President Nixon responded, “Yes, of course, Reverend Moon! In fact, I really need that.” And he settled himself to listen to Reverend Moon’s words respectfully.

Reverend Moon began to speak in a tone that was both stern and sincere.

“Mr. President, please don’t think that you can overcome this difficult period with wisdom that is squeezed from the minds of the people on your staff.

“Mr. President, you have to rely on God. You must place your trust in Him completely. To do that, you must get down on your knees before God and repent in tears. You must ask His forgiveness. Then, with a completely reborn heart, you must set aside all political objectives and private concerns to humbly apologize to the American people in tears. You must place yourself in a position where you are an offering before the American people, and people must feel that you are only trying to act in the interests of America, to bring about peace for all humanity, and to accomplish the will of God.

“Mr. President, you need to move the hearts of the American people. Then you need to receive their forgiveness. The American people are a great people of God. Once they understand your true intentions, they will forgive your past mistakes and give you their fervent support.”

President Nixon listened earnestly to Reverend Moon's every word. I employed all my abilities in English and all my spiritual strength to translate these words from Korean to English. I felt that the life and death of all humankind depended on my translation. I had to convey not only Reverend Moon's words but also his spirit and love.

Reverend Moon took a deep breath and began again.

"President Nixon, I received something about you in a revelation from God. May I tell you this?"

The president seemed to realize that Reverend Moon was about to say something really important. He changed his posture as if to say, "Please, please."

Reverend Moon began to speak again.

"Mr. President, this country has faced several crises in its history that challenged American presidents to make very courageous decisions. Probably the most serious was the Civil War. The country was divided. Brothers were killing brothers. Both the North and the South were suffering tremendous casualties. The nation was in mortal danger of splitting in two.

"At that time, President Lincoln's heart was heavy. He had to find a way to unite the people and renew their faith in the government. He took the bold step of declaring a national day of fasting and prayer, asking people to repent and renew their faith in democratic principles.

"Mr. President, more than one hundred years later America has come to a similar juncture of history. You must do something extraordinary. Just a simple apology to the people will not do. May I suggest that you declare a week of repentance and fasting. You can begin yourself and set an example. The hearts of the American people will be moved, and millions will follow your example in the spirit of forgive, love, and unite, which I declared in my Watergate statement.

"I will support you in this endeavor with all my power and with the help of my movement in America and around the world. The voice of repentance and fasting will shake the planet. There will be prayer and fasting on the steps of the Capitol and the White House. Let the people hear the sound of prayers from every hill and valley in America asking God to directly intervene in the affairs of this nation.

"If one week is not enough, extend it to two weeks or three weeks, even as Moses endured forty days of fasting before he finally received God's message."

President Nixon seemed to think deeply for a moment about what Reverend Moon had just said. Then, he made his promise.

"Reverend Moon," he said, "that sounds like a great idea. I will consider that option."

The president continued. "I know that you are not thinking only about this country but also the world in making this unconventional suggestion. Please continue to pray for me. Right now, I need your prayers more than anything else. Please continue to pray for this country, too."

Reverend Moon responded as if to prod the president. "Mr. President, you already have my prayers," he said. "Even if you pray, God cannot work unless you take action courageously and decisively."

"Please have courage. The Bible says, 'Whoever seeks to gain his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life will preserve it.' [Luke 17:33] Be brave, and make your decision. You need to carry this out within the next three days. After that, it will be too late. Please don't forget that ten million innocent lives are at stake. If you are not courageous, many people will die. You can save this country and save the world, but you have to have the spirit that you are prepared to sacrifice your own life, if necessary, for that purpose, Mr. President!"

Reverend Moon spoke with overpowering intensity and authority. If the public had witnessed this scene, many would have been reminded of scenes in the Old Testament where a prophet gives God's command to a king.

President Nixon made a clear promise.

"I understand," he said. "I will do that."

The two warmly embraced each other again, and Reverend Moon left the Oval Office with a feeling of great exhilaration. He was happy that he had accomplished an important mission.

However, despite his firm commitment, President Nixon failed to take any decisive action within the next three days. In the end, people concluded that the president had obstructed the Watergate investigation and engaged in a cover-up.

President Nixon's impeachment was only a matter of time now. On August 8, 1974, seven months after the meeting with Reverend Moon, he wrote a short letter of resignation and removed himself from the presidency to avoid being impeached by Congress. He thus became the first president to resign midway through his term.

Soon, the Vietnam War became a "war of disgrace" for America—the first war in history to end in a U.S. defeat. After the withdrawal of U.S. forces in compliance with the Paris Peace Accord, the communist forces of North Vietnam worked to increase their military strength. They reinforced their personnel and supplies within South Vietnamese territory and bided their time. In March 1975, they staged a major offensive, based on their judgment that there would be no redeployment of American forces to South Vietnam.

At the end of April, Saigon fell and the war came to an official end. And then the days of terror began.

The winds of purges and massacres blew across Southeast Asia. The whole Southeast Asian region was turned into a living hell. From communist Vietnam, well over a million refugees, the so-called boat people, escaped to sea. Laos became a colony of communist Vietnam. In Cambodia, the pro-U.S. government was replaced by the Pol Pot regime, and no one knows for certain whether it was two million or three million people who were massacred by this fanatical communist regime. Reverend Moon's prophecy had become a reality.

Bruce Herschensohn, President Nixon's special assistant who later ran for senator in California, once said:

"Reverend Moon was a great prophet. He was the only person who correctly understood the situation at that time. I only regret that President Nixon was not able to act exactly as Reverend Moon had advised."

If President Nixon had done as Reverend Moon suggested, he likely could have avoided the tragedy of his own resignation, and the situation in Southeast Asia would have gone in a fundamentally different direction.

Reverend Moon had stressed so strongly the importance of President Nixon taking decisive action. Yet, in the end, President Nixon did not have courage. His failure to take action led him to tragedy.

Aside from Reverend Moon himself, only Bruce Herschensohn and I have direct knowledge of his meeting with President Nixon. I have decided to make these historic facts public so that they may be available to future historians.

Character Assassination

The historic White House meeting between Reverend Moon and President Nixon thus ended without the desired result. That did not mean, though, that the meeting had no effects at all. In fact, it produced substantial negative results. Following this meeting, Reverend Moon and the Unification Church were attacked by wave after wave of persecution.

There is an old Korean saying that sparrows cannot be expected to understand the intent of the phoenix. American journalists couldn't be expected to understand the profound implications and motivations of Reverend Moon's words and actions. Following President Nixon's resignation, the American news media turned their attention on Reverend Moon as the one person who had gone against the prevailing tide of public opinion to call on people to forgive Mr. Nixon.

Journalists reported as if Reverend Moon had given his support to an unethical politician and declared that Reverend Moon's actions had been rooted in political ambition. They conducted an aggressive campaign of character assassination throughout America.

"Forgive, Love, Unite"—is this not the cry of true Christians? Do these words not represent the spirit of Jesus, when he called on people to love their enemies? When Reverend Moon spoke these words, was he not doing so out of concern over the lives of more than ten million people in Southeast Asia and the possibility that communism could grow to dominate the entire world? "Sparrows" could never understand such profound intentions.

America had showered Reverend Moon with praise, commemorative plaques, and keys to their cities. The power of the media, however, was truly amazing. Within a short time, they created an image of Reverend Moon as a right-wing extremist. They claimed he "brainwashes children" and "destroys families." Christian churches that had not taken

the opportunity to study the Unification Principle in detail suddenly were confronted with shocking reports that the Unification Church was claiming the Second Coming had occurred and that Reverend Moon was the incarnation of Christ. They responded by ridiculing the church and Reverend Moon as the “chief of all heretics.”

Was the world about to see the same result as two thousand years ago, when Jewish believers, Pharisees, and Sadducees ridiculed Jesus as the “chief of all heretics”?

The American media derided Unification Church members by calling them “Moonies.”

The Unification Church in America continued to move forward, but only by resisting the force of a strong headwind. Even in the midst of this storm, Reverend Moon and the Unification Church marked the bicentennial of the United States in 1976 by holding the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies, in full view of the public and under the critical eye of the media. Despite this, Reverend Moon and the Unification Church accomplished total victory.

Anyone familiar with how much the media of that time detested the Unification Church will have some idea of how difficult it was to successfully stage these rallies. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Billy Graham enjoyed the support of American public opinion, the media, even the government. Yet they had to be satisfied with results that fell far short of Reverend Moon’s rally.

America’s attitude toward the Unification Church after September 18, 1976, was one of shock and dismay. Politicians, journalists, religious leaders all began to look seriously at the great revolutionary movement that was sweeping across America. This led to their experiencing a new kind of emotion toward the movement—they began to feel fear. They feared the leadership of Reverend Moon, who had demonstrated that he was capable of holding such large rallies of historic proportions even in the face of great opposition.

They asked themselves, “If Reverend Moon can accomplish this much within five years after his arrival in America, imagine what he will do in ten years if he is allowed to continue unchecked. In twenty years, he will be a serious threat. He might even become powerful enough to take over

America. Even if he doesn't go that far, he is sure to develop into a force that exercises major influence in this country."

Liberals in America, especially those who sympathized with international communism, felt particularly threatened by Reverend Moon's appearance on the national scene. They feared that Reverend Moon could become a major threat, and so they came together to form an anti-Reverend Moon movement.

This was during the height of the Cold War. The Soviet KGB was spending hundreds of billions of dollars annually in an attempt to defeat America in an ideological battle. Soviet spies and sympathizers were using huge financial resources to penetrate every level and every aspect of American society.

After President Nixon's downfall, a little-known politician whose primary selling point was that he was "clean" appeared on the stage of national politics. He used President Nixon's disgrace as his stepping-stone to success and was elected to the presidency in 1976. This was none other than President Jimmy Carter.

Carter was a weak and ineffective president who was ignorant of communism. He placed the total withdrawal of U.S. forces from Korea in his election platform, so he was a man who would move the communist objective of world domination one step forward. The election of President Carter was certainly good news for the communist bloc.

Thus, left-wing forces enjoyed their heyday in America following President Nixon's resignation. Any political force that might be interpreted as anti-communist went into hiding, and it became almost taboo in American society to speak out against communism. If even "anti-communism" could not be proclaimed, then Reverend Moon's "victory over communism" was even more out of the question.

It was in this context that the so-called Tong Sun Park incident occurred in 1976. It later came to be known as "Koreagate," and people remember it as yet another political scandal that occurred soon after Watergate.

A brief summary of the allegations in this scandal were that the government of the Republic of Korea, in order to carry out lobbying activity in the U.S. Congress, gave businessman Tong Sun Park special privileges in the import of

U.S. rice to Korea. Mr. Park was said to have used the exorbitant profits he made in the rice trade to bribe members of Congress in an attempt to have legislation passed that was in Korea's national interest.

As a result of this incident, the image of all Koreans, not just that of the Park Chung Hee administration, suffered a severe blow. Ethnic Koreans in America sometimes had stones thrown at them as they were walking down the street, and it was difficult for anyone to stand up in a public forum and say, "I am a Korean."

The Seoul government sent Mr. Park to testify before the U.S. Congress. America's three major television networks competed to broadcast his testimony live. As a result, the chairman and members of the congressional committee holding the hearings became television stars overnight. It was the best possible publicity for politicians and an effective means of campaigning.

One congressman saw how much political benefit could be reaped from such hearings and decided he would use this strategy to achieve his own political ambitions. This was Congressman Donald Fraser. He had been elected eight times from his district in Minnesota and enjoyed status as an important member of the Democratic Party. He planned to run for the Senate in the 1978 elections. At 54, he was still young. If he were elected senator, he could use that as a stepping-stone to take a leading role in the Democratic Party. He may even have dreamed of the White House.

Congressman Fraser played a leading role in a Congress that was dominated by liberals. He had strong sympathies for communism, and he had been a strident opponent of the Vietnam War. He fully supported President Carter's policy to withdraw U.S. forces from Korea, and he enjoyed the president's confidence.

It goes without saying that he was opposed to Reverend Moon. Fraser saw how the chairman of the House Ethics Committee became a star as a result of the televised Koreagate hearings, and he must have said to himself, "Yes! This is it! I can do that, too."

"I am the chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations," he must have thought. "What's

to stop me from holding hearings, too. If I investigate how the South Korean government is using the Unification Church to further its interests in relation to the U.S. government, then I can ride the wave of Koreagate. I can destroy the Victory Over Communism forces and the Unification Church that are growing day by day in America. I can even undermine the anti-communist policies of the South Korean government. This is a fantastic opportunity. It's a great opportunity for some publicity that I will be able to use in my Senate campaign. That Senate seat is as good as mine."

Fraser must have smiled to think how well things were about to go for him.



Chapter Thirteen

Testimony Before the U.S. Congress

After Reverend Moon's rally at the Washington Monument in 1976, Congressman Donald Fraser, who was chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations, formally decided to launch an investigation into allegations that the government of South Korea had conducted illegal operations against the government of the United States. He began recruiting investigators and put together a team.

From the beginning, the primary target of this investigation was the Unification Church. As soon as he announced his intentions, the American media praised and supported Fraser. The media knew who Congressman Fraser was after, and they waited for the coming battle with great anticipation, as if it were a fight for the world heavyweight boxing championship.

In 1977, Congressman Fraser requested that I present myself to the committee as a witness. I had no intention of cooperating with the investigation because I could clearly see his underlying agenda. I refused his request.

Congressman Fraser held several hearings and called many witnesses. They were all supportive of him, and they praised him even to the extent of referring to his having taken a "heroic stand."

Some Koreans were among these witnesses. The most notable among them was Gen. Hyung Wook Kim, who participated in the 1961 military coup d'état along with President Park Chung Hee and at one time enjoyed considerable power as head of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA).

General Kim's testimony was certainly worth watching. In a word, he sold out his country, his compatriots, his government, and finally even his own soul to save himself. He built up Congressman Fraser as a messianic figure who would save his forty million South Korean countrymen from the evil grasp of a dictatorial regime. He talked in detail, as if it were a movie script, about the evil deeds of the president and government that he had formerly supported.

General Kim had been head of the KCIA and was a key member of the military coup, so he had many secrets to reveal. But in most cases, these were misdeeds that he himself had performed by throwing his weight around as head of the KCIA. In his testimony before Congress, he used these as weapons with which to convict President Park and the Korean government of many crimes. His testimony was reported prominently in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and other major newspapers in America. The three major television networks made his testimony the lead story of their evening news broadcasts.

Congressman Fraser's expectations had been right on target. In fact, the situation was going even better than he had hoped. I'm sure it must have been difficult for him to keep from laughing out loud. As a modern-day dragon slayer, he became the star of the seven o'clock news.

An Unwelcome Subpoena

Congressman Fraser's stature and confidence were growing by the day. The Koreans called to testify before his committee were like putty in his hands. They showed no resistance and allowed him to lead them wherever he wanted. When they were called to testify, they acted as though their only wish was for the committee to spare their lives. They chose whatever words they believed the chairman wanted

to hear. Congressman Fraser could not but look on Koreans with an condescending attitude. I'm sure he must have thought, "These Korean crooks, I can do whatever I want with them."

Congressman Fraser built up his momentum and then turned his attention to the Unification Church. He established a clear strategy to first attack Bo Hi Pak and then take the investigation all the way to Reverend Moon. He must have been familiar with the old saying, "Before attacking a general, first kill his horse."

At this point, Congressman Fraser launched a barrage of attacks against the Unification Church. He charged that the church was an agent of the Republic of Korea government and that it amounted to a lobbying organization for the Korean government. By attacking the Unification Church, he wanted to undermine the position of the Seoul government and, at the same time, bring an end to the Unification Church. He was out to kill two birds with one stone.

He first confiscated all documents related to the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation, which I had established. He took all papers going back more than ten years. He was interested in any document that had to do with finances. He particularly detested the anti-communist activities of Radio of Free Asia and believed that the world tours by the Little Angels had been financed with dirty money from the Korean government.

Congressman Fraser was certain that the KCFF was secretly receiving money from the Korean government. From where he stood, there was no other plausible theory. The truth was that our foundation never received so much as a penny from the Korean government. Truth, however, was of no use. Once a lie is reported in the media, it takes on a life of its own. It doesn't matter how egregious it may be. They latched on to the fact that Radio of Free Asia was paying money to KBS, Korea's government-owned broadcasting company, for use of its transmitter. As far as they were concerned, this made ROFA an agent of the Korean government.

Congressman Fraser was brimming with confidence, and he kept up the pressure. He issued a subpoena for me to appear before his committee on March 22, 1978.

The year before, he had asked for me to testify voluntarily. This time, he issued a legal subpoena. It meant that he could take legal action against me if I refused. His strategy was to grill Bo Hi Pak in order to incite the American media into helping him destroy the Unification Church. That would set the stage for him to drag Reverend Moon onto the witness stand. He had to be careful about attacking a religious leader. If he wasn't, the American religious community, which holds freedom of religion as sacred, might sympathize with Reverend Moon.

It became apparent that a showdown with Congressman Fraser was inevitable. I had no problem with appearing before the committee. It pained me, though, to think of how the media in America and around the world would use my appearance to condemn the Unification Church. I knew that my battle was not with Donald Fraser, but with the news media of the world. I could guess what the irresponsible and sensationalist media would write, and that made me sad.

"Don't You Know That You Are David?"

A few days before my first appearance before the congressional subcommittee, I visited Reverend Moon at his home in New York. I wanted to apologize deeply to him.

"Father, I am truly sorry," I told him. "It has finally come to the point where I am to be called before Congress to testify. If I had been more of a filial son to you, we could have avoided this tribulation. What should I do? I don't care how much I may be scorned and despised in the media, but it makes me shudder to think how the honor of our church and your honor may be injured as a result of this situation brought about by my incompetence and my mistakes. Please forgive me, your inept son."

As I spoke, I couldn't stop the tears from welling up. I cried tears of repentance from the bottom of my heart. It made no difference that Congressman Fraser and others were attacking our church out of impure motives. In the end, it would be Reverend Moon who would have to carry the heavy burden of persecution. It filled my heart with sorrow to think that I could be the avenue by which so much trouble could come to my spiritual father.

I sat on the floor in front of Reverend Moon, my head bowed and tears pouring from my eyes. Suddenly, I jumped as Reverend Moon began scolding me at the top of his voice.

"You, Bo Hi! Listen to me!" he said. "How do you expect to go into battle with such a weak heart?"

"Don't you see that God is giving you a tremendous opportunity? Don't you see that I have been waiting for the day when we would be able to fight like this? God always takes a crisis and turns it into an opportunity. How can you expect God to perform a miracle unless you first have the faith to go off the edge of the cliff? God's plan is for you to stand and fight the American government so that He can use you to speak the words He wants to speak. You've been chosen as Heaven's brave warrior, but how are you going to live up to God's expectations with such a weak heart?"

"Don't you see that if the American government is today's Goliath, then you have been chosen by Heaven to be David? When did David ever fight with his own strength? He stood up to Goliath in the name of God. You have to stand up to your Goliath, the American Congress, in the name of God and in the name of the True Parents. But what are you doing now?"

"Both Heaven and I have been waiting for this day. I want you to go to the Congress in the name of God, with strength and courage. Do you understand?"

I felt as though I had been struck by a bolt of lightning. There wasn't even the trace of a tear in my eyes now.

I felt a strange feeling of joy and confidence enveloping my body. In that moment, it was as if someone turned on an electric motor inside me. Suddenly, I began moving with boldness and confidence. I felt like a young boy about to set out on an adventure to Treasure Island.

"Yes," I told myself. "I've been chosen to be Heaven's warrior. How can I possibly be defeated in this battle? That's right! I'm a modern-day David. I'm going to go to Congress with the spirit of a martyr. Even if I were to collapse in front of Congress while testifying for Heaven, what could be more glorious than that?"

"That's right. I have to create an uproar. I'll create such an uproar that it will attract the attention of all America. I will

create an uproar of goodwill. Then, with all of America watching, I will testify to my faith, my spiritual master, and my homeland.

“Yes! I am David. Let’s see if Congress, my Goliath, can withstand the force of my stone.”

I wrote my first day’s prepared statement right there and signed the cover of the statement, “David Bo Hi Pak.” Then, looking at Reverend Moon straight in the eyes, I said, “Father, your son David Bo Hi leaves now for the battlefield. I know that I will not be fighting with my own strength. I will fight in the name of God and True Parents. Please remember me, your childish son. I will not put a stain on God’s honor.”

Reverend Moon took my hand with a strong grip.

“Now that you have made such a strong determination, I have nothing to worry about. Fight with all your passion. God will always be with you.”

I left East Garden feeling as though a new heaven and earth lay before me. Everything seemed new and refreshed. My heart was bursting with vigor and zeal. I could hardly wait for March 22.

The First Round of Testimony

Finally, the day arrived. I left for the hearing room an hour early. My wife and I wanted to arrive before everyone else so we could pray in the hearing room.

We entered the Rayburn Building, which had been designated as the site for hearings by the House Subcommittee on International Relations. The white marble building looked down on me with an imposing air. I refused to be intimidated.

My wife and I entered the hearing room, and I took my seat at the witness table. My wife sat in the front row of seats reserved for family members of witnesses. I made sure I was fully prepared and began my prayer. I was so focused that I lost track of time. Soon, I began to hear noises around me, so I opened my eyes and lifted my head.

My lawyer, John Bray, sat in the chair next to me at the table. Finally, it came time for the room to be opened to the public, and the almost five hundred seats in the room were quickly filled. There was hardly even any standing room.



Bo Hi Pak prays prior to testifying before the House Subcommittee on International Organizations.

In the seats reserved for journalists, there were reporters from the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and other major American newspapers. The Associated Press and United Press International were there, too. Also, reporters from major Korean newspapers sat in the media seats wearing tense expressions.

On the opposite side of the room, the major American television networks had set up their equipment. There were so many cameras and lights that it looked like a grove of bamboo trees. The cameras from the three major networks, NBC, ABC, and CBS, dominated their surroundings.

The atmosphere in the room gradually intensified. Would I be going too far if I said it was as if the spectators in the Coliseum of ancient Rome had come to watch the lions rip Christians to shreds? Congressman Fraser stood in the position of the Roman emperor, and I was fodder for the lions.

I could also see in the audience some of my fellow believers from the Unification Church. I could tell that they were praying fervently that I would not be eaten by the lions, and this knowledge gave me even more strength.

The time came for the hearing to begin. Congressman Fraser led the way as the subcommittee members and their staff entered the room carrying stacks of papers. I saw Republican Congressman Edward Derwinski of Illinois. I knew him to be a righteous man who had pointed out the misguided nature of the subcommittee's investigation.

Congressman Fraser had scheduled former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to testify that morning. This was a way to add to the credibility and authority of the hearing. I don't think it was by accident that he scheduled my testimony to begin at one o'clock, right after Dr. Kissinger.

As chairman, Congressman Fraser sat in a chair that was elevated in the center of the room like a judge's bench. When my turn came to testify, he first had me stand and swear an oath: "Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give to this subcommittee will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" I answered "I do," with my right hand raised. If I testified falsely, I could be charged with the crime of perjury.

Congressman Fraser read a prepared text, describing the process that led up to that day's hearing. He said the hearing was being held for the purpose of investigating whether it was true that Bo Hi Pak and Radio of Free Asia of the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation, managed by Bo Hi Pak, had received funds from the government of the Republic of Korea and become involved in operations against the United States government.

Then it was time for me to give my opening statement.

"I Am a Proud Korean"

I began in a calm tone. The following is a somewhat shortened version of my opening statement.

Mr. Chairman, Honorable Congressmen, Members of the Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I would like to make it clear that I have been resisting this investigation adamantly. Why? Not because I have something to hide—not because I am afraid of any exposure—but because of the way this investigation was motivated and conducted, and because of the lack of objectivity and sensitivity to what kind of impact this investigation is having upon many innocent people, not only in this country but around the world. ...

On June 1, 1950, I entered the Korean Military Academy, equivalent to the U.S. West Point, for four years of high-caliber military training. ... I was 20 years old at the time, unmarried, and burning with zeal and hope as a young cadet that one day I would become a general. This dream, however, lasted only twenty-five days. On June 25 this young cadet found himself in the middle of war without even knowing how to handle an M-1 rifle. Communist North Korea attacked that day, and the military academy cadets were the first troops committed to stop this overwhelming invasion. Within three days of battle our 330 classmates were reduced by two-thirds. Of my classmates, 220 died without ever receiving even a rank or serial number. ...

In 1951 the Red Chinese army ... launched what has come to be known as the Spring Offensive of 1951. Our division was totally outnumbered and instantly smashed by the enemy. Most of our division combat team had no time to escape and were left behind enemy lines. Along with a few other soldiers, I was hiding in enemy territory and believed that the end had come. ... We hid in the mountains without food or a means of communication for many days. Then one day we saw a long line of enemy soldiers retreating back to the North, many of them wounded and limping. I instantly knew something was happening. I saw my first glimpse of hope. A couple of days later I heard a roar of tanks from the South coming closer and

closer and there they were. The U.S. Third Division had been pursuing the enemy to the North with tanks. God saved our lives. ...

I thanked God and thanked the saviors of my life-U.S. comrades in arms. This was my first personal encounter with the United States of America. America had become the savior of my life.

Since that time my respect, love, and admiration for this great nation have continued to grow. ... I pledged to God that someday God would give me the chance to repay America for saving my life. ...

Today, I am indeed a citizen of the Republic of Korea and I am an immigrant to this great nation of immigrants. ... Certainly, I have a loyalty to my heritage of Korea, but I owe my life to America. My loyalty to America is just as strong as that to my own country.

I became a follower of Rev. Sun Myung Moon in 1958. Since then I have been a faithful disciple to him and a member of the Unification Church for over twenty years. Reverend Moon opened up a totally new area of being for me. He gave me rebirth and a purpose in life. Because of his teaching, God was made real in my heart and I know life is eternal. Through him I also gained vision and hope for the world in which we live. The teaching of Reverend Moon can be summed up in two words: "love and sacrifice" for God and humanity.

In addition, through Reverend Moon my love for America was amplified and deepened, and my heart bypassed national boundaries. In fact, as I learned of Reverend Moon's vision of America as the chosen nation to be a champion of God in this age of world crisis, my loyalty to this nation became absolute and my desire to serve this country was lit with burning zeal.

So, Mr. Chairman, the motivation of my actions comes from an inner desire to serve God, humanity, and my two beloved

countries of Korea and America. From this same strong sense of service the seed for KCFF was born and founded, ROFA was launched, the Little Angels were organized, and schools were built.

From this same strong sense of service to God and humanity I witnessed and preached the gospel of Christ and love of God as revealed through Reverend Moon. ...

Here I am today, in the United States Congress, summoned by this august Subcommittee on International Organizations, headed by you, Mr. Chairman. I stand here not as a proud witness, but more as the accused-accused as an agent or spy of a foreign country, accused as a KCIA agent, accused as the running dog of a foreign government. Nothing could be further from the truth. I know I have been none of those things. Then why am I here today? Why am I singled out?

I do know one thing clearly. I am here today because I am a Korean, a disciple of Reverend Moon and a member of the Unification Church, and a dedicated anti-communist. "Korean" is a dirty word these days and everything "Korean" is suspect. Also, to be a "Moonie" in this country is very unpopular and the cause of anti-communism is practically dead now. Yet, I am all of those unpopular things. I may look like a fool, even be treated as a fool. Yet, Mr. Chairman, I will not recant any of those qualifications. I am a proud Korean, a proud Moonie, and a dedicated anti-communist and I intend to remain so the rest of my life.

This morning I fervently prayed before I came here, and I thanked God for giving me such inner peace and tranquillity during these last two years of suffering, harassment, and persecution by your subcommittee. Yet, Mr. Chairman, though I am at peace with God and myself, too many innocent people are being hurt and damaged. Too many good works are being hampered. This must be stopped for God's sake. Now let me report to you how much harm has already been done.

Turning Allegations Into "Facts"

For more than two years the Subcommittee on International Organizations has been ostensibly pursuing a probe of the KCIA. However, in those two years this Committee has given the impression to the world through the press that the United States Congress is investigating the Unification Church of Reverend Sun Myung Moon. The *Washington Post* stated this clearly in an article on March 19, 1977, that the Fraser Subcommittee "plans to examine further ties between the South Korean government and the Unification Church of the evangelist Sun Myung Moon."

This subcommittee has allowed unsubstantiated allegations and so-called evidence to receive wide press coverage, while the sworn testimony indicating the innocence of Reverend Moon and the Unification Church has been totally ignored. By taking this openly prejudiced position, this committee has publicly discriminated against the Unification Church and has needlessly damaged the worldwide work of the Unification Church. ...

You say that this Committee is going to honor absolute individual rights based on the First Amendment of the Constitution. However, once allegations of this committee have leaked out and reached the public via the press, the allegations become a matter of fact rather than allegations. Out there, in the eyes of the public, I am already condemned as a KCIA agent. ... I am indeed one of the victims of this committee. ... My honor and my livelihood have already been destroyed without my having even gone to one trial.

Yet that is not all. I am particularly anguished over the fact that the noble work of a man who came to this country to preach the Gospel has been so misunderstood and mistreated. Rev. Sun Myung Moon preached in every state and most major cities of America numerous times in the last several years. I believe his work is unparalleled by any religious leader in this country. His vision ignited so many disillusioned American youth, and he became a symbol of hope to them. But now his divine work has suffered under this

unfounded, vicious attack. The damage is all the more serious because since it is happening in America, its impact is not confined to America alone. American news travels everywhere. Reverend Moon's disciples and missionaries in 127 countries are being falsely accused due to these false accusations.

Millions of innocents around the world, known as Moonies, are looked upon today practically as KCIA agents as they try to bring witness to the world of their religious faith. ... It is a testimony to their faith that they remain members through all of this. ...

March 15, 1978, just a few days ago, was a disastrous day for the Unification Church. This committee made headlines from Seoul to Washington by releasing U.S. intelligence reports from 1970. I was utterly dumbfounded when I read in one report that the Unification Church was founded in 1961 by Jong Pil Kim, director of the KCIA, as a political tool of the Korean government. You know deep in your heart that this is not true, Mr. Chairman.

Reverend Moon received a revelation from God in 1936, about twenty-five years prior to the creation of the KCIA. That was the spiritual founding of the Unification Church. The Unification Church was officially chartered in Seoul on May 1, 1954, by Rev. Sun Myung Moon, seven years prior to the time President Park and Honorable Jong Pil Kim came to power in 1961.

I myself joined the church in 1958. By then we had our church established in Japan, and in 1959 it was established in the United States. The early members of our church struggled long and hard, at great personal sacrifice. The first missionaries to America came here, as I have said, in 1959, years before the world ever heard of Jong Pil Kim. ...

A noted theologian and scholar, Dr. Frederick Sontag, recently made an in-depth study of the Unification Church for the Methodist publishing house, Abingdon Press. ... Let me quote here from his book *Sun Myung Moon and the*

Unification Church. Speaking of the foundation of the Unification Church in 1954, Dr. Sontag writes: "In my travels, study and interviews, I came to firm conclusions: The movement is genuinely spiritual in its origins..." (page 195). And, "As nearly as I could determine from my tour in Korea, the story of humble origin, imprisonment and suffering is substantially true" (page 78). ...

Why is this kind of lie unleashed to the world without checking its validity? Do you have any idea how much damage this kind of lie does to the Unification Church and each and every one of its members? The very next day after you released this material newspapers all over the world made front-page headlines similar to the *Washington Star's*—"Moon's Church Founded by Korean CIA as Political Tool, Panel Says." ...

Now, just look at what the *New York Times* did to us in an article on March 16, 1978, by Richard Halloran titled: "Unification Church Called Seoul Tool—House Panel Releases Documents Linking Sun Myung Moon to Korean Lobbying Efforts." It says: "A House investigating subcommittee today released intelligence reports asserting that the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church was founded by a Director of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, Kim, Jong Pil, as a political tool in 1961." ...

[The story] was carried in papers like the *New York Times*, which has never treated Reverend Moon objectively; the *New York Times* is quoted throughout the world like the Bible, thus giving the reports legitimacy. All the papers of the world need to print is one line, "The *New York Times* said."

Crucified in the Media

Mr. Chairman, how much more must we suffer because of this committee? ... The U.S. Congress literally christened us as KCIA tools. When any genuine religious organization is associated in the public eyes as a tool of the KCIA or any CIA, that is the ultimate blow—there is nothing more you can do to try and destroy it.

On March 15 you nailed Reverend Moon's name and the Unification Church to the cross. ... Reverend Moon and I prayed as Jesus prayed: "Forgive them for they know not what they do." Yes, we genuinely prayed. Now one week later I have come here to resurrect his name. Reverend Moon must be resurrected and the Unification Church must be resurrected. This is apparently the right season for it since Easter is coming in a few days.

But even Jesus did not have to deal with the *New York Times*. Today our job of resurrecting the name of Reverend Moon is infinitely more difficult because of papers like the *New York Times*, which have crucified Reverend Moon on a worldwide level.

Mr. Chairman, the Unification Church was founded by God, not by man. Reverend Moon is just his chosen instrument. Just as Jesus flourished even more after the resurrection, and the Christian Church became stronger than ever, so will the Unification Church. The Unification Church is founded by [God], and God and His truth are eternal and no man can put them asunder. ...

I, as a person, and members of the Unification Church as a whole, resent and abhor this lack of courtesy toward one of the great spiritual leaders of our time. ...

Reverend Moon obeyed the message of God to come to this country in 1971 and ignite the hearts of the people of this nation and openly proclaim the message of the Kingdom of God on earth. ... Reverend Moon, being a prophet of God, speaks God's truth without fear. He demands repentance, as God demands. His message is painful to accept, but therein lies salvation. America has rejected, yet some have accepted. Yet, one thing is sure. Reverend Moon has created a whirlwind in this country, rekindling the American dream. And many notable theologians have been compelled to admit about the Unification Church, as stated by Dr. Sontag: "We have witnessed in our own lifetime the birth, growing pains, and we will see the maturity of, a new religious movement."

Is it conceivable that this man, Reverend Moon, is a KCIA agent? Can you imagine such a man working on the payroll of any government? ... Besides, God has already contracted his services. ... "If you really want to use the word 'agent'" I said to one reporter, "I will help you. You can call him 'an agent of God.'" ...

So far I have spoken in defense of Reverend Moon and the Unification Church. Now let me dwell on the defense of Korea and my own activities in the Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation.

Mr. Chairman, I brought with me a simple map of the Far East. I thought it would help explain more clearly my feelings. The red areas represent communist countries and the red dots indicate heavy communist population. The Korean peninsula is primarily bordered by Soviet Russia, the vast country of Red China, and of course half of Korea itself is under what is probably the worst kind of communism, headed by the Kim Il Sung regime.

Outside this perimeter is the island of Japan. As you know, Japan has no self-defense capability and the communist parties are strong in the Japanese congress. North Korean factions are also quite strong in Japan.

Little South Korea, with a population of thirty-five million people, stands imprisoned in the midst of all these overpowering communist forces and is just trying to survive. After this map was completed, I showed it to my children and asked them: "How would you feel if you lived on that blue dot, Seoul?" Their spontaneous response was "scared!" This is precisely what we Korean people feel, "scared." We are scared of communist takeover. We fear this happening so much that we would give our very lives to stop it. We saw our small country practically overrun by communists in 1950. I fought in that war. We have had millions killed or taken to the North. We cannot afford to have the same situation happen again. Too much blood, too much tragedy. Our hearts bleed as we remember such things. No matter how much sacrifice is necessary, we cannot allow another invasion from the North.

With the above situation, the Korean government must have been concerned and irritated by the planned withdrawal of U.S. troops, announced in 1970. Of course, the Korean people were disheartened by the prospect of a U.S. withdrawal. The government, as well as the people, know that the U.S. presence is vital for our national security. Both the government and the people have become very desperate, and they want to do something about it. This is the natural instinct for survival.

Let me, at this point, share with you a very short heartrending story. I had a secretary, Lynn Doerfler, who mastered the Korean language when she was in Korea. She once told me this story as a testimony of how Koreans feel toward the United States. One day she was taking a walk with another American along the outskirts of a Korean town. They came upon two small Korean children, about seven and five years old. When the children spotted the tall Americans approaching them, the younger was slightly scared and this little boy said, "Big nose people coming!" (Americans are nicknamed "big nose people" in Korea.) Then the older boy said to his little brother in a reassuring tone, "No need to be scared. Big nose people are good people. Without them we Koreans all die." This was the word of a seven-year-old in the countryside of Korea.

Lynn was utterly amazed. Of course, the children had no idea she could understand their conversation. She told me that this one encounter explains more of Korea's true heart and appreciation toward the U.S. presence in Korea than any amount of speeches could possibly convey. I tell you, that feeling is universal throughout Korea, whether you are seven years or seventy years old.

Korea is possibly still the only country in which you have yet to hear the slogan "Yankee go home." In 1960, during the student uprising in Seoul, the city was in total chaos. Yet you would always find flowers in front of the statue of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The Korean people were careful to show that this outburst of anger should not be interpreted in any way as anger toward the U.S. presence.

When the U.S. withdrawal became definite, everybody jumped on the bandwagon to do something to hold the friendship and attention of America. Practically a hundred different public relations campaigns were launched, not only by the government, but by many private organizations that have some connection to the U.S. There may have been some misjudgments; there may have been some overzealousness. But to me the tragedy of the so-called Koreagate is that it is a result of overzealousness and misjudgment.

Some businessmen saw an opportunity. They enjoyed a field day. All they had to do was show to the Korean government their power of influence in the U.S. Some officials might have clutched at this the way a drowning man clutches at straws.

The objectives of the Korean government are said to have been to secure the support of the U.S. Congress to support the reinforcement of the twenty thousand troops that were withdrawn in 1971, to prevent any further withdrawal of U.S. forces from Korea, and to lessen criticism of the Korean government as an "authoritarian regime."

I don't know what they actually did, but I do know one thing: I do not condone any illegal activities; my principles will not permit me to resort to methods such as buying influence with money. So I have never engaged in such activities.

Guilty of Promoting Goodwill

But promoting goodwill and friendship between Korea and the U.S. on a people-to-people level, yes, I certainly did, and did my utmost best. I believe in it. That was the sole purpose of KCFF and projects like the Little Angels. I genuinely wanted to see a closer tie, closer cooperation, closer friendship on a people-to-people level between Korea and the United States. I brought the Little Angels, a Korean children's folk dance troupe, to this country eleven times. That was one of the most beautiful examples of promotion and goodwill between two countries. ...

[O]ne U.S. senator wrote this to us in 1976: "The program was beautiful. It was well done and it was inspirational. I am sorry that it wasn't produced on television so that every citizen of my country could have seen it. I want to thank you, your country, and all who were involved in this wonderful performance."

One of the high officials in the State Department wrote: "On behalf of the Department of State and the American people I wish to thank you for bringing your group to America and giving us such a fine salute to our Bicentennial."

A secretary on Capitol Hill wrote: "The perfect voices which sang 'God Bless America' brought tears to my eyes. It was so meaningful for me to know that the Korean children knew one of America's most patriotic songs, singing it with such joy. I have had the opportunity to hear many choirs, but my ears were never so fortunate as to experience the precious voices of the Little Angels."

Also the Australian impresario for the Little Angels wrote after the Little Angels' first tour in Australia in 1972. "I can think of no better way of trying to promote peace and goodwill amongst all nations than to have the Little Angels taking their message to the four corners of our globe."

Then, I was surprised one day to receive a letter from the U.S. ambassador to Australia: "In my opinion, this performance did more for Korean-Australian relations than anything the Korean Embassy has done. ... Since this was sponsored by an American foundation, I have been wondering whether anything comparable is available from your foundation or any other organization in the United States."

In 1971 the Little Angels were invited by the queen of England for a command performance in London. The delighted Queen Elizabeth invited all the troupe to a royal reception after the performance, which had never before occurred in British protocol. The Little Angels have given sixteen hundred live performances on the world's stages, appeared on two hundred

television programs and appeared before over thirty heads of state as their guests.

Radio of Free Asia was organized in the same spirit—to promote goodwill and friendship based upon the common spirit of freedom and to provide some critical service via broadcasts to the oppressed millions behind the Bamboo Curtain. From the very beginning, ROFA set out to be a citizens' radio for freedom, seeking no subsidy from any government except moral support. General Eisenhower gave us the slogan for ROFA—"Bridge of Truth." ROFA has broadcast truth about the free world to victims behind the Bamboo Curtain from transmitters leased from Korea, the Philippines, Laos, and Vietnam before the fall of Saigon.

When the United States put the first man on the moon ROFA made sure people behind the Bamboo Curtain knew about its historical achievement. When the POW/MIA plight became great, ROFA launched a spectacular humanitarian crusade to arouse world protest against inhumane treatment of POWs. And ROFA made sure North Vietnam knew about angry world opinion through 225 special programs broadcast into North Vietnam. Many senators, congressmen, government and civic leaders, and POW/MIA families voiced their anger from the ROFA microphones. It was one of the most righteous humanitarian crusades in modern history. And we received "king size" thanks from the families of the POWs/MIAs.

Understanding our goal, the Korean government and people supported this program of ROFA. They believed in our sincerity and knew our objectives were good for both the U.S. and Korea. I said "support," but not monetary support, and not control. They gave us their blessing, they gave us their moral support, and we were flourishing until the State Department zeroed in on us as part of a predetermined plan to destroy ROFA and KCFF as a whole.

In 1971 hell fell upon ROFA and myself. Upon the insistence of the State Department, a full-scale investigation by the FBI and the Justice Department was launched. They literally brought me

before the judgment seat. Simultaneously the IRS launched its full-scale investigation.

Mr. Chairman, no one could survive such investigations by two of the most powerful federal agencies, the FBI and the IRS, and the pressure of two mighty departments, State and Justice, all at the same time. If I had done anything at all wrong or illegal, however slight, I would not have survived the 1971 ordeal. And if I had not had faith in God I would have been broken during those judgment days. Then after a yearlong investigation what did they find? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I was cleared by the FBI, the IRS, and the Justice Department. The IRS found nothing and sent me this letter of a "clean bill of health" referring to KCFF:

(Dated September 29, 1971) "After reviewing your activities and examining your financial records for the above year(s) we find that your Federal tax-exempt status continues. The return(s) for the year(s) indicated are accepted as filed." —District Director

On March 16, 1972, Acting Attorney General Richard Kleindienst wrote a final letter to Secretary Johnson of the State Department.

"... [Y]ou advised that the Department of State would have no objection to the Federal Bureau of Investigation instituting a full-scale investigation of the organization known as Radio of Free Asia. ...

"The FBI investigation of that organization has been completed. Based on a review of the information made available by the CIA, the Department of State, and the FBI ... the evidence is insufficient to constitute Radio of Free Asia as an agent of a foreign principal. ... It has also been determined that there is insufficient evidence to establish a violation of the statutes on fraud or the mails or any other federal law which I am chosen to enforce. ...

"This Department is contemplating no further action in the instant matter." —Richard Kleindienst, Acting Attorney General

The case was dropped. I, KCFF, and ROFA all survived the worst test and were proven innocent. Mr. Chairman, today you are rehashing the same old material and trying to make a scandalous new case out of what has come to be "old hat." If this poor Korean man had committed even one single wrongdoing, one illegal act, or any trivial amount of fraud, I would be in jail now. I would never have survived such total bombardment. ...

For God's sake, what more could these agencies legally and ethically do without constituting harassment or even a witch-hunt? After all, you cannot squeeze blood out of a turnip. ...

Special Bond Between U.S. and Korea

Mr. Chairman, in conclusion I would like to make one final plea. Anything I have said today, however slight, that disturbed your peace, please forgive me. I said I have nothing against you personally.

The next time I meet you, you may very well be a U.S. senator. So my plea to you today goes beyond the realm of the Subcommittee on International Organizations. I am making this plea today to a human being who may well become an important leader of our time with a vision toward the future.

For a moment, let's forget about this investigation. Forget about the KCIA. Forget about Radio of Free Asia. Let us think for a moment about destiny, the destiny of two countries, the United States and Korea. It has been a special destiny. America liberated this one small peninsula from the hand of foreign imperial powers in 1945 and gave birth to a new nation in 1948. In 1950 the U.S., in the person of Harry S. Truman, committed to the defense of Korea from North Korean communist aggression. In three years America lost more than thirty thousand gallant men and many more tens of thousands were wounded. America invited fifteen nations to join together under the banner of the United Nations to defend this seemingly insignificant peninsula in the Far East.

All these years since 1945 America has invested \$160 billion in war and peace. Indeed, this indicates a special destiny. It is truly beyond human comprehension and no man could have mapped out this course. It is a God-inspired and preordained destiny.

In the meantime, the U.S. and the world suffered tragedy in the name of Vietnam. America lost 56,571 lives in combat and civilian personnel; another 303,650 were wounded. Over \$200 billion was poured into Vietnam. Today it is a lost cause and America's sacrifice was made in vain. This infamous war constituted America's first war defeat in history.

Korea is different. She has not only survived the ravages of war, but in just one decade she performed a miracle in building a nation right in front of the hostile enemy. Exports surged from a meager \$30 million to \$10 billion in a little over ten years. Korean people are confident that this nation of thirty-five million people is now emerging as one of the most industrialized nations of the world.

America's thirty-year-old child is becoming strong, self-reliant, and is now ready to share world responsibility with the parent, America. After all, the son has grown up strong and ready to give a genuine "thank you" indeed.

On the other hand, there are international forces dedicated to see to it that Korea becomes another Vietnam. There are people and nations who are dying to see free Korea destroyed. These people are not just sitting around waiting, doing nothing. They are doing everything possible to guarantee this will happen. Ambassador Graham Martin, testifying before a congressional committee in regard to some of the anti-war leaders in the Vietnam era, stated they have already mapped out the global strategy, saying they "clearly indicated that the next target would be Korea."

If they should ever succeed, Korea would become another Vietnam. This would be a tragic day for the U.S. and for the world. Yes, Korea cannot survive without the U.S. because

Korea's enemy is not just Kim Il Sung, but Russia and Red China as well.

But ultimately, the U.S. would not survive without Korea either. Why? For two reasons. Korea is in a geographically strategic position and essential to the future freedom of the world. If Korea turns into a second Vietnam, there would be a third Vietnam and that may very well be Japan. Then who would be the fourth Vietnam?

Second, Korea exists as a microcosm of the world conflict. What happens to Korea will happen eventually on a worldwide scale. The destiny of the United States and that of Korea are interlocked. I believe one cannot survive one without the other. I say this not because I am trying to just save Korea, but I speak this as one who sincerely wants to see God's will succeed with the least amount of bloodshed and suffering as possible.

It is God's will that His Kingdom come on earth. As Jesus said: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And God cannot bring His kingdom through communism. God has strategically placed Korea in such a position interlocking the destiny of Korea and America. God devised this way; it is not man-made.

Mr. Chairman, this special investigation of Korean-American relations is very much like a two-edged sword. It can do a lot of good in contributing toward future Korea-America relations, or it can do great harm. We have been gaining tremendous lessons through this investigation. Both governments and people alike will become much wiser. Through these common lessons the bonds of the two countries will be stronger.

On the other hand, this investigation has a quality to be used and exploited by our potential enemy and it might permanently cripple the relationship of the two nations, thus pushing Korea one step closer to another Vietnam. And you are holding that two-edged sword.

Mr. Chairman, there is an old Korean saying that goes, "In trying to pull off the horns, you may kill the cow." And there is an American saying: "You may win the battle but lose the war." For God's sake, please uphold the God-inspired destiny of our two nations. I plead with you that you must win the battle and the war. Don't kill the cow while pulling at the horns.

Thank you very much, sir, for your kind attention. I am ready for your questions, or judgment. I am at your disposal. Once again, thank you, Mr. Chairman.

This was my opening statement at the hearing. As I was delivering it, sometimes my voice would begin to quiver and it became difficult to hold back the tears.

As I spoke, there was a lot of commotion in the spectator seats. At times, I could hear members of our church weeping. Congressman Fraser's face grew pale. It seemed that my statement was not what he had expected.

Perhaps he had hoped that I would be another witness who would be intent on saying whatever he wanted to hear. He may have expected that I, in the pattern established by the Korean witnesses before me, would lie down in front of him and beg his forgiveness to save my own life and ensure that my church could continue to operate in America.

If that was what he expected, then my statement must have come as quite a surprise. Congressman Fraser had never known a person of true faith. He had never studied the heart of a martyr. He had no idea how terrifying a person can be once he has overcome his fear of death.

The remainder of the hearing that day was like a glass of beer that had lost its fizz. There was a question-and-answer period, but the subcommittee failed to make me retreat from my resolute stand. The chairman must have thought that it would be best to end this day's proceedings quickly and try again another day. He soon adjourned the hearing for that day and stated that the next hearing would be on April 11.

Before the adjournment, I created one more incident. It made the chairman's heart shiver. Just before the adjournment, I said: "Mr. Chairman, you are a Christian, and I am also a Christian. I am aware that the U.S. Congress begins its business



Congressman Donald Fraser, chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations.

each day with a prayer. I think it would be appropriate if there was prayer in this hearing as well. Please let me pray to close this hearing.”

Although the chairman was a veteran of many battles, he seemed taken aback by this sudden proposal. If he were to answer, “Go ahead,” then he would be forfeiting control of the hearing to a single witness. If he answered, “No, you may not,” then he would appear small-minded in front of the reporters and television cameras.

For a few moments, he didn’t know what to do. As an experienced politician, however, he had the ability to choose the best course quickly. He finally answered, spitting out the words, “If you want to pray, go ahead.”

I stood and said in a loud voice: “Ladies and gentlemen, let us join in prayer.” It was as if I was a minister leading a congregation. Congressman Fraser, too, had no choice but to bow his head and at least give the appearance that he was praying.



*The author passionately delivers his testimony
in the Fraser hearings.*

I began to recite the Lord's Prayer, which I knew would be familiar to most people. This was a prayer that I often recited in English.

Our Father, Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors.
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power
And the glory forever.
Amen.

For a few moments, the hearing room was transformed into a place of worship. My fellow members of the Unification Church and many others joined together for a loud "Amen" at the close of the prayer.

Congressman Fraser seemed irritated. He made a clucking sound with his tongue and left the room in a hurry.

I gave thanks to God.

The Korean reporters covering the hearing came up to me to shake my hand and to tell me they had been moved by the proceedings. This told me that I had been victorious in this first round of testimony.

In the car on the way home, my wife and I sang one of our church's Holy Songs.

The Lord into His garden comes,
 The spices yield a rich perfume;
 The lilies grow and thrive,
 The lilies grow and thrive.
 Refreshing showers of grace divine
 From the Father flow to every vine,
 And make the dead revive
 And make the dead revive.

The first day of testimony was over.

Second Round of Testimony

The day arrived for my second confrontation with Congressman Fraser. It was April 11, 1978.

Congressman Fraser had been waiting for this day. During the first round of a witness's testimony in a congressional hearing, it was normal practice to let the witness have his say, and the chairman had no choice except to listen to the opening statement. Beginning with the second round, however, the normal practice was to go right into questions and answers. The questions, though, were a kind of show. The chairman could manipulate the content and manner of the questions so that he would come out the winner no matter what answers the witness gave.

Through his questions, the chairman could reveal whatever information he wanted to reveal and lead the witness. Eventually, a trap would be set for the witness. I knew this strategy well. Congressman Fraser and his allies were not concerned with the truth. Their intention was only to mobilize the media so that they could have an American-style kangaroo court.

I could not allow myself to be trapped by them. To avoid that, I had to go to the hearing with a bold strategy. That strategy was to stay on the offensive and not let the chairman put me on the defensive. I would say what I wanted to say at the beginning of the hearing. The question was, how was I going to do that?

I decided to prepare another opening statement.

As we had for the first round, my wife and I left home early to have time to pray in the hearing room before others arrived. By the time the hearing was scheduled to begin, the room was filled with even more spectators, reporters, and camera crews. They must have expected that this would be the show most worth watching that day.

As soon as the hearing was called to order, I spoke up, saying, "I have a statement to make."

Congressman Fraser said, with a rather puzzled expression, "You already had an opportunity to give a statement last time. Today, we will go right into the questioning."

I refused to give in. "If you do not let me give my statement," I said, "I will not answer your questions."

My stubbornness made the chairman explode with anger.

"What are you saying?" he said. "Do you know where you are when you say that? This is not a debating hall. This is the United States Congress. I am conducting this hearing according to the rules by my authority as chairman. There is no opportunity today for you to made a statement."

I felt that this was the right time for me to exercise the spirit of a martyr. The New Testament says the person who seeks to lose his life will gain it. I felt that this was the time for me to try and give up my life. I responded to Congressman Fraser in a calm voice.

“Considering the damage and libel that you have brought upon Rev. Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church, it wouldn’t satisfy me even if you were to allow me one hour for my statement. Still, I am prepared to take your situation into consideration and read just a short statement. Why are you trying to stop me from saying anything in this country that recognizes freedom of expression? Are you so afraid of what I might say? Until I have read my statement, I will not answer your questions. Mr. Chairman, do whatever you please.”

Congressman Fraser became so angry that his hairs seem to stand on end. He probably felt that his authority as chairman had been denied and that he had been insulted.

The chairman has enormous power. If a witness refuses to testify, he can declare him to be in contempt of Congress. If Congressman Fraser were to exercise this power, I would surely be taken away by the guards. I had already made up my mind, though, that I would create an uproar of goodwill. I had made up my mind to create a news story that would be reported nationally.

I was hoping that Congressman Fraser would become so angry that he would pick up the coffee cup in front of him and throw it at me. If he did, I was not going to do anything to avoid being struck by the cup. In fact, I was going to do everything I could to put myself in the path of the flying cup. If the cup hit me in the forehead and I began to bleed, then all the cameras in the room would capture this scene. When that happened I was going to face the cameras and read a three-minute statement. I was carrying such a statement in the inside pocket of my suit jacket.

“Three-Minute Statement Delivered in Blood”—this would surely be a news story that would be reported all over America. I wanted to speak to all the people of America in any way that I could. Somehow, I had to create an opportunity for this.

The prepared text of this three-minute statement was an expression of my anger. It was a cry intended to resolve Reverend Moon’s resentment for being treated so unfairly and with so much dishonor. If necessary, I was prepared to go to this extent to tell the American people the truth about what was happening.

I imagined that the Korean patriot Yi Chun's feelings in 1907 must have been something similar to what I was feeling. In 1907, as Korea's Yi dynasty was coming to an end, Emperor Ko-jong sent Yi and two other emissaries to the Second Peace Conference in The Hague, Netherlands. Their mission was to appeal to the major world powers for protection from Japan's policy to usurp Korea's sovereignty and make it its colony. After the emissaries' request to be seated at the conference was denied, Yi expressed his outrage by the only means he felt was available to him: committing suicide on the stage of the conference room The Hague by cutting his stomach open with a sword.

Fortunately—or unfortunately, I don't know—the coffee cup was not thrown. After all, Congressman Fraser was an experienced politician. He suppressed his anger but decided to exercise his full authority as chairman. He started to say, "You are in contempt of Congress. By my authority as chairman, I declare that you are guilty of contempt."

Just then, though, something incredible happened. Just as the chairman was about to point his finger at me in full anger, all the lights in the hearing room went out. The electricity had gone off.

The room had no windows, so it was thrown into complete darkness. In the two hundred-year history of the U.S. Congress, there had never been a case where the electrical power was cut off.

The spectators, who had been watching the proceedings in a very tense atmosphere, let out a loud gasp at this sudden turn of events. I think everyone in the room must have felt a shiver down their spine and had goose bumps. They must have wondered if some mysterious power was at work. Some may even have felt a sense of fear.

I felt the power of God in my body. God was enveloping me with His protection, and He seemed to be saying, "Bo Hi, I am here. You have nothing to worry about, because I am here with you."

Tears flowed uncontrollably from my eyes.

"Thank you, God," I prayed. "Thank you, Father."

In less than a minute, the lights were back on. The atmosphere in the room, though, had changed completely. Everyone

in the room could not help but feel God's judgment. Congressman Fraser's face was as white as a sheet. He no longer had the courage to declare me in contempt of Congress.

Struggling to speak in a normal tone, he said, "Someone up above must be telling me to shut up."

Then, instead of holding me in contempt, he declared a fifteen-minute recess and quickly left the room. The spectators cheered and clapped. It was a gratifying moment of victory for me. It was a moment when I could see that God was working.

"You Are an Instrument of the Devil"

When the proceedings resumed, I made my statement, revealing in detail the way in which certain people in the U.S. government had worked to undermine Radio of Free Asia, which was one project of the Korea Cultural and Freedom Foundation. I said that if Congressman Fraser truly seeks to protect human rights, then he should investigate these blatant human rights violations by the government.

I expressed my anger and indignation as follows.

I had originally planned to conclude my protest and plea here. Then I read the *Chicago Tribune*, March 27, 1978. I was momentarily consumed with anger.

I must give you hell, Mr. Chairman. Let me quote a couple of paragraphs from the *Chicago Tribune*, March 27, 1978: "Moon Church Traced From Sex Cult: Once-secret government files released by a House subcommittee traced the so-called 'Moonie' church from its origins as a small-time Korean sex cult to a worldwide organization operated by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency."

I quote further: "Diplomatic cables said that the church patriarch, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, headed a Korean cult that 'interprets the Bible in sexual terms...'"

Still more: "The author of the cable quoted Thomas Chung, president of the Korean Students' Association in Washington, as saying: 'Colonel Pak was in trouble because

he had attempted to initiate into his church (i.e., to have sexual relations with) the wife of a visiting ROK (Korean government) official (either the minister of national defense or the chief of staff). According to Chung, the matter had been hushed up but only with difficulty, and Pak had nearly lost his job because of it.” ...

Who is the author of this horrendous information? Rep. Donald M. Fraser. When you published this book of “unevaluated” information you put your name on it and became the author. This book will haunt you clear to your grave. Mr. Chairman, when I read this article my mind and body were consumed with anger. ... I never claimed to be a perfect individual, without fault or error. I am subject to honest mistakes and misjudgments, just like anyone else. But there is one subject on which my conscience is absolutely clear. I have always lived in direct accordance with my moral principles. ...

I have lived a chaste life and I swear this before God in heaven. My wife knows this and she is my first witness. My children know this and they are my second witnesses. My church members and friends in Korea and the U.S. know this and they are my third witnesses. This is the pride of the Moonies. Chastity is the absolute core truth of Reverend Moon’s teachings. In fact, in the same *Chicago Tribune* article the writer admits this, and I quote: “Church members and investigators who have infiltrated the church in recent years say that Moonies live by a strict moral code that forbids sexual activity outside marriage.”

Yes, even negative investigators who have infiltrated our movement had to admit this. That is why Reverend Moon, with his principle of purity and chastity, ignited a moral revolution in this country and around the world. Reverend Moon is strictly enforcing God’s morality through this revolution. The teachings of the Unification Church abhor sexual sin, adultery, lust, and immorality more than any sin under the sun because God abhors these sins most. In fact, because of these lustful sins Sodom and Gomorrah were judged and destroyed with brimstone and fire. Today



The hearing room was filled with media and observers during each day of Bo Hi Pak's testimony.

America is not far away from a similar fate as Sodom and Gomorrah due to the same lustful attitudes.

And I am Reverend Moon's disciple. Although I am an imperfect disciple, there is one thing that is absolutely certain: I do live by God's moral code and principles, taught by Reverend Moon, and I shall continue to do so for the rest of my life. This I know.

Yet my honor has been destroyed. You did it! What right do you have to destroy me? Is that your human right? Then where is my human right? Since I do not believe in "an eye for an eye," all I can do is pray for you. You shall surely reap what you have sown. ...

You did this to the man who came to America to do the work of God and save, yes, save, this country from immorality. I cannot help but believe that you are being used as an instrument of the devil. Yes, "instrument of the devil." I said

it. Who else would want to destroy a man of God but the devil? ...

Jesus came to this earth as the Son of God and the world treated him as a Prince of Demons—180 degrees the opposite. Reverend Moon comes as a prophet of God, living and teaching God's highest moral principles. Now the world is trying to portray him as a man of immorality—180 degrees the opposite.

Satan always uses this tactic to discredit the man of God by accusing him of being that which he condemns. History proves this does not work. Satan could not destroy Jesus with this tactic and so will it be with Reverend Moon.

Innocent Blood Has a High Price

Mr. Chairman, you paint yourself as a champion of human rights and have held hearings on human rights in Taiwan, Iran, Cambodia, and many other places. But what about the human rights of the oppressed people in your own backyard? What about the Moonies, or don't they deserve human rights? What about innocent Koreans here in America? What about the innocent Asian people? Somebody is becoming popular and gaining national news coverage on television at the price of the livelihood, honor, and blood of innocent people. You love this golden opportunity to cash in on Koreagate and turn it to your own political advantage. But it will not work. The American people are wiser than you think. They will see through this machination to your selfish ambition.

Mr. Chairman, indeed this subcommittee has become a witch-hunt, a kangaroo court. You see an opportunity to make a killing for your political campaign. You needed a target; Reverend Moon and the Unification Church and struggling South Korea have become the ideal targets.

Do you think that you can become senator at the cost of the blood, honor, and lives of innocent people? You will find innocent blood very costly. I say to you what Saint Thomas

More, who had been brought to trial on the charges of treason by Henry the VIII for sticking to his own religious convictions, said to Sir Richard, who had perjured himself in testimony against Saint Thomas in order to advance his own career even as the cost of a saint's blood.

Quoting Jesus, Saint Thomas said: "For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and forfeits his soul?" For this he was beheaded. Mr. Chairman, I know it is easy and popular in the short run to persecute new religious groups. So it was for Nero. So it was for Julian the Apostate. But does history remember them for their social reforms or foreign policy or human rights? No! It remembers them as the great persecutors in history. And so history might remember Donald Fraser, if it remembers him at all. You may get my scalp, Mr. Chairman, but never my heart and soul. My heart and soul belong to God.

"The Lord is my shepherd ... Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. For Thou art with me." [Psalm 23] Thank you.

As I quoted from the Twenty-third Psalm, I felt so much sorrow that it gave me a sharp pain in my stomach. I managed to keep my emotions under control just long enough to finish reading the statement. As soon as I finished, I buried my head in my arms on the table in front of me and cried.

These were pure tears, and they flowed for two reasons. First, they welled up from a sense of pity and sorrow for the suffering that God and Reverend Moon were having to endure. There was no reason that God should have to suffer so much. Why couldn't the world see the truth? How was it possible that these people couldn't understand the pureness of heart with which Reverend Moon had battled against evil his entire life? The tears were tears of outrage.

Second, these were tears of gratitude. I was grateful that God had worked through such an unworthy person as myself to communicate these precious words of testimony. They were also tears of wonderful victory, because I had succeeded in saying all that I had wanted to say.

A movie production team of the Unification Church captured the entire scene of my testimony on film. They later excerpted the highlights to create a thirty-seven-minute documentary. It has been translated into many languages and shown all over the world. In Korean, it is titled, "I Am a Proud Korean," and the English version is titled "Truth Is My Sword." It may have been seen by more people than any other documentary film in history.

I have seen many people of many nations and cultures start to shed tears during the scene where I am exploding with righteous anger. I have seen the film several hundred times in many different languages, but I always have trouble holding back my tears when I watch that particular scene. I can never believe that is me sitting at the witness table.

I was merely God's instrument. Perhaps it can be said that I was acting as God's mouthpiece or that I had been possessed by God's spirit and was crying out as His messenger. I am not confident that I could do the same thing if I were faced with the same situation today. This is because I know that it was not by my own abilities that I did this.

As the hearing adjourned, I stood up again and called out, "Ladies and gentlemen, let us pray." I then recited the Lord's Prayer. I had already received the chairman's permission during the first hearing, so I didn't think it was necessary to ask him again.

Congressman Fraser gave a very disapproving look, but there was nothing he could do about it.

After this victory in the second hearing, my wife and I returned home together. That morning I had told her, "I may not be able to go home after today's hearing, but don't worry. I'm sure someone will take care of me." I was prepared to go to prison. My wife, though, shook her head.

"What are you talking about?" she said. "God will protect you."

In the car on the way home, I felt very happy to think that I would be eating dinner at home that day after all.

Third Round of Testimony

The third round of testimony was held on April 20, 1978. Prior to each of the two previous rounds, I had expected that that day's testimony would be the most important battle. I felt the same way about the third round. Congressman Fraser had suffered two defeats, and I could expect him to come out in full force in a desperate counterattack.

I decided to use the same strategy as before. "No defensive strategy is superior to an attack"—this was what I had learned in the military. The more I think about, the more I realize that this is an eternal truth.

At the opening of the hearing, I asked to be given time to read my prepared statement. I stood my ground that I would not answer any questions until after I had said everything I wanted to say. I had come fully prepared that day to reveal information about Congressman Fraser's Red conspiracy and bluntly asked to make another opening statement.

Congressman Fraser raised his voice and demanded: "How long a time are you speaking of, colonel? How much time?"

I responded, "I know time is of the essence. The prepared statement is twenty-three pages. However, I have made a conscientious effort to shorten it as much as possible down to fifteen pages. I even brought a stopwatch to measure the time. It took me 19 minutes 45 seconds. It is imperative for me to have this 19 minutes. I would like to ask the chairman to have this opportunity to register my side of the feelings and my side of the story as I see it. Just answering your questions does not bring out the truth as we see it."

Congressman Fraser was furious. "Colonel, I'm sorry if your answers to the questions don't produce the truth, but that's all we're trying to get at."

The difference from the previous round was that he never threatened to find me in contempt of Congress. In an almost pleading tone, he said, "We'll give you five minutes, and no more. If you can make whatever point you want in five minutes, we'll be delighted to hear you."

I did not give in.

"Mr. Chairman. I plead to you once again that I would like to have this 19 minutes."

“Colonel, we’re quite prepared to have your entire statement put in the record. You can just make your principal points in five minutes,” he said.

“Yes, I do know it can be put in to the record,” I said. “But the reason I want to read is that I’m not only just speaking the words. I’m expressing my soul, and heart, and anguish. These things cannot be entered into the record.”

“Colonel,” Congressman Fraser said with a sharp tone, “if we don’t have an agreement on the five minutes, I think we will simply proceed to the questions. You can have your choice. If you want to take five minutes, that’ll be fine. Otherwise, we’ll just go directly to the questions.”

This time, I gave some ground and asked that I be given 15 minutes, if 19 minutes was impossible.

“I’ll ask for 15 minutes, sir,” I said.

Congressman Edward Derwinski of the Republican Party, who was sitting next to the chairman, leaned over and whispered into Congressman Fraser’s ear. My guess is that he told the chairman that if the chairman would let me have my say then Congressman Derwinski would defend Congressman Fraser.

Congressman Fraser looked at the clock, and said: “All right, Colonel. I’ll tell you what. We’ll split the difference. How’s ten minutes?”

I was not going to give any more ground, however.

“Mr. Chairman, I will stay an hour longer [than scheduled] or even until midnight [to answer the subcommittee’s questions]. Could you kindly give me five more minutes? I said 15 minutes. Even though it takes it takes me 19 minutes 45 seconds....”

Congressman Fraser cut me off in midsentence and said, in a tone of resignation, “All right, Colonel. Start your stopwatch, and we’ll go for 15 minutes.”

The following is a somewhat shortened version of my statement:

Mr. Chairman, at stake in these hearings are not only my own reputation and future, but more importantly that of my religious leader, Rev. Sun Myung Moon, founder of the Unification Church, as well as believers and religious people everywhere. Yet the outcome of these investigations will

have even greater ramifications. It will, indeed, influence the course of relations between this great country of America and my homeland, Korea. In the balance may be the fate of the free world, which so greatly hinges on the security of Korea.

I do not know why God has put me in this position, but if this is my destiny I will not shirk my responsibility. I will speak what I know to be true. Then let the world decide what it must do. It is imperative then to review the history of these hearings and put them in the proper perspective. ...

Why are you, Mr. Chairman, so determined to destroy Reverend Moon and his church? ...

[W]hat does Reverend Moon stand for?

Number One: He stands for God and a God-centered ideology. Also, Reverend Moon absolutely opposes communism, which is the enemy of God and man.

Number Two: He stands for a strong anti-communist Korea and a strong God-centered America. Reverend Moon believes that Korea and America should stand united in a common cause against the forces of communist tyranny.

These then are two of the most important things which Reverend Moon stands for. You, Mr. Chairman, are absolutely determined to destroy him and everything he stands for. Could that mean that you stand for the opposite? Does it mean that you seek to destroy Korea, perhaps create a second Vietnam there, and disrupt Korean-American relations?

My answer: I do not know. This is not proof, but it suggests a direction for us to look. And when we look in this direction we find startling evidence, evidence which suggests that you, Mr. Chairman, are indeed using these hearings to accomplish your own secretly held design, which benefits no one but the enemies of the United States of America; evidence far better and more concrete than the evidence you have presented to prove your case against us. I draw no con-

clusions. I make no allegations. Let the evidence speak for itself.

Ignoring Human Rights Violations in Communist Bloc

According to reliable press accounts, shortly after the fall of Vietnam you circulated a "Dear Colleague" memo to your fellow congressmen that expressed your satisfaction that our involvement in Vietnam had finally drawn to an end. You suggested further that the time had come to review our involvement in Korea as well. Is this the beginning of your campaign to "get" Korea? How else can we explain the things you have done.

Why, for example, would you have given your support to illegal activities of anti-government American churchmen in Korea? On May 20, 1975, you held a luncheon on Capitol Hill in honor of Father James Sinnott, who had been expelled from Korea for engaging in illegal anti-government activities, even after warnings from the Korean government to desist. Evidently, Mr. Chairman, your concern for the fine points of church-state relations extends only to those who support Korea or with whom you disagree. While visiting Korea you even met Father Sinnott, evidently to show your solidarity with him. Does that make Father Sinnott and all his flock agents of the U.S. Congress, Mr. Chairman? ...

Since 1973 the Subcommittee on International Organizations under your leadership has conducted hearings on the human rights violations in at least twenty-four countries, yet twenty of them are anti-communist allies and only four of them communist. No one has more contempt for human rights than communists. How could it be that you have spent more time looking into human rights violations of non-communist countries than communist ones? Let us take a case in point.

This subcommittee Mr. Chairman, has spent, so far, thirty-four months and over a half million dollars investigating alleged wrongdoings of the Korean government. Yet you devoted only one and one-half days investigating the genocide in

Cambodia, one of the most terrible human rights crimes in history. After the fall of Cambodia to the communists, over one million men, women, and children were exterminated in less than eighteen months, often in the most barbaric, brutal way imaginable. Meanwhile the world and this subcommittee still look the other way. Where is the justice of this, Mr. Chairman? ...

On July 26, 1977, a top-level Vietnamese defector told this subcommittee that he had some information that American POWs were still alive in North Vietnam jails. He requested an Executive Session of this subcommittee to disclose more details concerning this fact. Here was a golden opportunity to come to the rescue of the American soldiers unaccounted for to this day. More POWs and MIAs are yet to be found. What did you do, Mr. Chairman? You brushed the testimony aside. You told the witness that you had no quorum and therefore could not arrange a closed session to hear his story. Somewhere in North Vietnam there are American soldiers waiting to be rescued. Their families live daily in prayer that their loved ones someday, somehow, might return. You have betrayed them and taken away what little hope they still have....

“Are You Not a Soviet Agent?”

An article on September 23, 1976, in the *Congressional Record* reports on [a] Socialist Workers Party front which you, Mr. Chairman, lent your name in support of: the Political Rights Defense Fund, set up to coordinate Socialist Workers Party lawsuits against the FBI. The report mentions one lawsuit which you support charging the FBI with illegal surveillance of the Socialist Workers Party. It seems strange to me that you condemn the FBI for surveillance of a known communist and potentially violent organization and say nothing about the U.S. government’s illegal surveillance of the Korean Blue House, which is a clear violation of Korean law and the human rights of the Korean people. ...

The most serious allegation against you, Mr. Chairman, was made by a former Polish communist intelligence operative, Janusz Kochanski, who defected to the United States. Walter

Riley reports in a 1977 *Dateline Washington* that Mr. Kochanski, the defected head of several Polish intelligence networks and director of the Department of "Poles Living Abroad," testified under oath that Rep. Donald Fraser works as an "agent of influence" on Capitol Hill for the Soviet Union. He reported:

"He [Kochanski] was furnished by the KGB key names of the Soviet Intelligence Network. The list included Soviet agents, couriers and a special group called 'agents of influence' ... The studio crew, guests, and this reporter were stunned by the names exposed by Dr. Hanff and Kochanski ... The congressional names left everyone astounded. Rep. Donald Fraser is also connected with the 'bad guys'. Kochanski identified Congressman Fraser as an 'Agent of Influence' on the Hill."...

Who is actually the greater threat to the security of our democratic and free society? You or I? Seoul or Moscow?

Suppose the Korean government and KCIA had taken extraordinary steps, involving hundreds of agents, to win influence in the U.S. Congress. Then we must ask, why would they do it? What would be Korea's purpose and ultimate goal? To subvert America? To destroy or defeat America? Absolutely not! Korea is motivated by the most simple human instinct—survival! That is the bottom line. Korea wants to survive, not at the expense of America, but together with America. Without American support, Korea's national security would be in jeopardy. It would be overcome and swallowed up by the communists. You know that, yet you continue to seek to destroy that relationship. Why?

Korea has no notion, not even the slightest, of hurting America in any form or fashion. Two members of your own subcommittee made this same point on March 15 this year:

"'Outright subversion' on the part of Koreans, we submit, was a strong term for the majority to use. South Korea did not attempt the 'overthrow or destruction' or 'to turn from beneath'—these are Webster's preferred definitions of subversion."

The Korean people want to march side by side with the American people, sharing the burden of safeguarding the security of the entire free world. Korea is America's best ally, an alliance cemented by a special bond built on the blood we shed and the freedom we fought for together on the battlefields of Korea and Vietnam. ...

Today in this subcommittee hearing room we have raised portentous questions that demand answers. What if, as the evidence suggests, you, Mr. Chairman, are secretly working to undermine Korean-American relations? What if you are an ardent supporter of the Trotskyite-Communist Socialist Workers Party? What if you have been a fellow traveler of the Communist Party? What if you are an "agent of influence" for Moscow here on Capitol Hill? If these things are true, then the government of the United States is itself in grave danger. America's very survival and the security of the free world are at stake.

If these allegations are true, you are a traitor, a second Benedict Arnold, an enemy of this nation and all free nations.

I am a man who loves Korea and America as one. Mr. Chairman, you have become the enemy of both, not because of what you have done to me, or my church, but because you have given "aid and comfort" to the communist cause, which is the enemy of both Korea and America. Worse, you have become God's enemy because God is counting on Korea and America and leaders like Reverend Moon to turn the tide against the satanic forces of communism.

Reverend Moon has come to this country, not for his own sake, but to awaken America to the threat of communism, and through America to awaken the whole world. In opposition to the God-denying ideology of communism, Reverend Moon is proclaiming a God-centered ideology. His only goal is to inspire others to work together to build God-centered families, nations, and a God-centered world.

Since I believe in God Almighty as the only creator and ruler of the world, I do not worry about myself. But I do worry

about and pity you, Mr. Chairman. I pray for you as Jesus prayed for his persecutors, "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do."

My final plea, not just to you, Mr. Chairman, but also to all the people of this chosen nation of America is this: Do not throw away this nation's heritage or fail your God-given mission. It is a plea we must heed for the sake of our children and all future generations. It is the plea of Jesus Christ to the people of Israel, which echoes through the centuries and which is being proclaimed by Reverend Moon today: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

This was the statement that was read before reporters and camera crews from America's major news organizations. It was as if a prosecutor was reading out the list of charges against a defendant in a courtroom.

Congressman Fraser thought that he could sit high up on his pedestal and judge me. In the end, though, he was the one who received judgment.

Truth is a sharp instrument. It accepts no excuses. I presented evidence supporting every point, and there was no way for him to deny the charges. I felt certain then that Congressman Fraser's dream would crumble and be destroyed.

His strategy to use these hearings to become a popular political star completely backfired. Many daily newspapers in his home state of Minnesota reported on my testimony. He was forced to acknowledge that the hearings brought about a completely different result from what he had expected.

I got a good look at Congressman Fraser as he retreated from the hearing room that day. That day's testimony turned out to be a comedy, but he had no reason to laugh.

Congressman Fraser must have known that I would try to end the hearing with a prayer again. As chairman, this was an unbearable indignity. At the end of the hearing, Congressman Fraser suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the time. I'm already fifteen minutes late to go to the airport. I'm taking a charter flight today to go do some campaigning. I have to leave right now."

He grabbed the stack of papers in front of him and started for the exit. Unfortunately for him, though, there was a considerable distance between his seat and the exit. I could use the microphone as my weapon.

I took the microphone and stood up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "Let's all pray for the safe flight of our chairman as he goes campaigning."

The spectators responded with loud laughter and applause. I boldly began to recite the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father, Who art in heaven, ... For Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever, Amen. Amen. Amen."

Everyone joined in for the Amens, and it sounded as though they were giving three cheers.

I offered a silent prayer to God: "God, You have worked a miracle through me, Your unworthy son, to bring victory. God, You are great! Thank you, God."

For several minutes, I didn't move from the witness table. I was too busy thanking God with my head bowed in prayer.

Aftermath of the Fraser Hearings

All the major daily newspapers in Korea reported the goings-on at the Fraser Hearings based on coverage by their Washington correspondents. The Korean correspondents found my testimony both refreshing and inspiring. This was something they had not expected. Their excitement was evident in the language of their articles.

The following is one example of stories that appeared in Korean newspapers:

"Chairman Fraser, are you not an agent of the Communist Party?"

It was amazing to see how the words of one man could completely resolve the righteous anger felt by so many people.

Bo Hi Pak (48)—this is the Korean man who on three occasions castigated Rep. Donald Fraser, chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations, who had been using Koreagate to sharpen his political knives. Congressman

Fraser is the man who, over the past two years, has been using the Koreagate incident to drive Korea and all Koreans into a corner. ...

Congressman Fraser had come to be known as a "Korean killer," but he made an error that proved fatal to himself when he called Bo Hi Pak to testify. Pak came well prepared to strike at Congressman Fraser's weaknesses, reveal Congressman Fraser's lies, and humiliate him totally.

I am just one Korean person. I am not an ambassador, a member of the national parliament, or even a government official. But I don't think there was another instance in the history of Korea where a simple civilian did such an amazing job of resolving the anger felt in common by Koreans.

All Koreans at the time felt unspeakable anger for the way that America was using Koreagate to attack our government and humiliate our people.

How could America do such a thing? America is supposed to be our brother and our ally. How is it possible that it could treat us this way?

No one, not the government or anyone in society, knew how to deal with this situation. They were just overcome by a sense of frustration.

Korea's MBC television network broadcast scenes from my confrontation with Congressman Fraser, and I am told that many people shed tears when they saw me collapse in tears. No one could deny that somehow I had become a spokesman for the feelings of the Korean people in this instance.

Who made it so?

The answer is that God did. Rev. Sun Myung Moon, my personal savior, made it so. The Principle of the Unification Church made it so. Together, they made it possible for me to take a stand and declare, "I am a proud Korean."

On April 28, eight days after the third round of testimony, I returned to Korea.

Everything seemed different from before. More than ever, I felt the preciousness of my homeland. Until then, I never really appreciated how wonderful it is to have a homeland and to be a member of a particular people. I felt grateful to Ahn Joong-

keun, Yoo Kwan-soon, and other patriots who gave their lives to preserve this country.

I went to the Ahn Joong-keun Memorial Hall on Namsan, a small mountain in the middle of Seoul. One of the exhibits was a calligraphy that Ahn wrote just prior to being executed by the imperial Japanese authorities. The calligraphy reads: "It is the first duty of a military man to offer his life for the good of the nation." Tears came to my eyes as I read his dying words.

I also visited the birthplace of Yoo Kwan-soon in the city of Chon-An and offered a prayer at the chapel built there in her honor. She was just a young girl of seventeen who still had her whole life in front of her. Yet, she resisted the Japanese imperial police even to her death. She was imprisoned in the Seodaemoon (West Gate) Prison and tortured. Until her dying breath, though, she refused to stop shouting, "Long live the independence of Korea!"

My resistance and my breaking down in tears in the U.S. Capitol were insignificant in comparison to the cries of such patriots as Ahn and Yoo. My visits to their memorials were an opportunity for me to redouble my determination to fight for the prosperity of my homeland.

On the way back from visiting the monuments at Yoo's birthplace, I noticed a stone marker inscribed with the words, "Homeland of Loyalty." This was the area where I had grown up, not far from the memorial to Adm. Yi Soon-shin who saved the country in the sixteenth century by defeating an invading Japanese forces in a series of naval battles. I attended the Agricultural School in Chon-An, not far from there.

My homeland is the "Homeland of Loyalty." As a young boy, I attended Yum-Ti Elementary School, and we would sometimes visit Baembat village, where the memorial to Admiral Yi is located. I remember as a young boy trying to pick up a large battle sword actually used by Admiral Yi. It was too heavy for me to lift, and I remember thinking, "How did he fight with such a heavy sword?"

When it comes to loyalty, I doubt that anyone compares to Admiral Yi or patriot Yoo.

I humbly bowed my head before the spirits of these great ancestors born in the same area where I grew up. Unworthy

as I am, I made my determination to live the rest of my life as a "proud Korean."

Congressman Fraser notified me that the fourth and fifth rounds of my testimony would be held in closed session. This clearly signified his retreat. It was none other than his acknowledgment of surrender. Instead of reaping political benefit from these hearings, he had suffered tremendous damage. He finally realized that these hearings, far from helping him to realize his political ambitions, had in fact become a threat to his political life.

Congressman Fraser no longer wanted to have the hearings open to reporters and cameras. In fact, he did not even attend the fourth and fifth rounds of my testimony. He left the proceedings up to his aides. He had finally hoisted the white flag.

It was a chance for me to learn through my own experience that righteousness always wins.

An Unexpected Defeat

On September 13, 1978, the Minnesota Democratic Party held its primary elections for a number of posts, including U.S. senator. I watched this election race with keen interest.

Congressman Fraser had publicly stated that the race for the U.S. Senate was "in the bag" for him, and most experts agreed with that assessment. Having served eight consecutive terms in the House of Representatives, he was an experienced politician. The Democratic Party and President Carter were at the height of their power, so there was no reason to expect that he might lose the primary.

Congressman Fraser's joining the Senate would have been unfortunate for me and for the Unification Church and the Republic of Korea. As a senator, it was clear that he would pursue policies intended to undermine the Republic of Korea and block the work of the Unification Church. If he were to set out to take revenge for the humiliation he received as chairman of the Subcommittee on International Organizations, there would be a great deal of suffering in store for many people, especially the Unification Church.

On September 13, I flew from Korea to America to watch the election results. On landing at Los Angeles International

Airport that evening, I immediately called Jim Gavin, who was responsible for our church organization in Minnesota.

Jim told me that Fraser was leading in the Democratic primary against businessman Bob Short by some forty thousand votes. About 70 percent of the votes had been counted. Only about fifty-five thousand votes remained to be tallied. It didn't look good at all.

It saddened me to think that my battles with Fraser appeared to be just beginning.

Jim added that Fraser's election headquarters had already held a press conference to declare victory. They had opened the champagne and started their victory celebration.

After hearing this report, I boarded an all-night flight to Washington. Normally, I would get a good night's sleep and wake up refreshed as the plane was approaching Washington. This night, though, I couldn't sleep at all. This may sound silly, but it is a fact that during that flight I prayed to God this way: "God, I am using this plane to get just ten thousand meters closer to you. I am begging You, please. Somehow work Your miracle tonight." It was a very difficult night.

I arrived at Washington's Dulles Airport at seven-thirty in the morning. I called Jim in Minneapolis from the car on the way to my home in McLean, Virginia.

This time, Jim sounded excited. "Dr. Pak, Dr. Pak," he said. "It's incredible. Bob Short has been catching up all night, and now he's only three thousand votes behind. Ninety-five percent of the votes have been counted. He only needs a little more, but it's going down to the wire."

As soon as I got home, I called Jim again. This time I asked him to put the telephone mouthpiece next to a radio. I wanted to hear the news directly.

The radio gave the weather report, followed by a number of commercials for Coca-Cola and other companies. It was as if nothing of any importance were happening.

The decision of victory and defeat was in God's hands, and I was now waiting to hear God's verdict. Time just kept passing with no news. Still it was just one commercial after another.

It must have been about eight-thirty. I was almost ready to give up. But then, an announcer came on the air and started speaking in an excited tone.

"We interrupt the regularly scheduled broadcast to bring you a special bulletin," he said. "Just now, the Minnesota Democratic Party headquarters issued a special announcement. Bob Short has won the Democratic primary race for the U.S. Senate by a small margin, in an upset over Rep. Donald Fraser. This is an amazing development. Bob Short has won. This is a political miracle of historic proportions."

The announcer continued in an excited tone, repeating the same news over and over.

It brought tears to my eyes to hear this news.

"Thank you, God," I said. "You were with me throughout the hearings, and now You have brought about this final victory. Thank you, God."

I just kept thanking God out loud over and over. I picked up the telephone and called Reverend Moon, who was in London at the time.

"Father," I said to him, "it's a victory. It's a victory. Fraser has been defeated in his election race."

Reverend Moon, though, scolded me, saying: "Don't be so excited. You should pray for Fraser in his defeat."

Reverend Moon is a saint after all. When he heard the news of his victory, his immediate reaction was one of sympathy and love for the person who had made himself Reverend Moon's enemy.

"Yes, sir," I said, and hung up the phone.

How could such a miracle happen? I asked Jim to explain the situation in more detail. I discovered then that some unusual weather patterns had brought about a "judgment by storm," much like the flood judgment in the time of Noah.

Minnesota has a high concentration of Catholics. Particularly in rural areas, nearly all the people are Catholics, and they did not approve of Fraser's ultra-liberal politics, especially his support of an amendment that would provide government funding for abortions. This did not sit well with rural Minnesotans.

Normally, rural residents did not have much interest in politics. In a Senate primary race, typically only about 10 per-

cent of voters would bother to come to the polls. On this day, though, there was a storm, and farmers could not work in their fields. Instead, they stayed home and watched television. As the afternoon wore on, they were probably getting restless. This may be how it happened that more than 90 percent of the conservative rural Catholic population voted that day. This was a historically high percentage. Most of those votes were cast against Congressman Fraser.

The ballot boxes in these rural areas had to be transported long distances to where the votes were being counted, making them the last to be counted. Most of them were for Bob Short.

So who was it that made Congressman Fraser lose the election? It was God. Heaven took a stand for righteousness. I decided to refer to this victory as the "judgment by storm."

Each year ever since, I have celebrated September 13 as my day of victory. Some may say I am being superstitious, but I think of "thirteen" as being my lucky number. Many good things that happen to me seem to be connected to the number thirteen, as are many important projects. When I check in to a hotel, I try to get a room on the thirteenth floor, and I try to sign important documents on the thirteenth of the month. In Christian tradition, thirteen is supposed to be an unlucky number. I have restored the number back to God's side. This is because I live in the Completed Testament Age, and I am attending the Lord of the Second Advent. The Lord of the Second Advent restores all numbers that were associated with unfortunate events at the time of Jesus. Thirteen has been given to me by God as a number of blessing.

Donald Fraser never returned to Washington politics. For a time, he was mayor of Minneapolis.

After Fraser's primary defeat, I once paid a visit to Congressman Derwinski to thank him for the kindness he had shown me during the hearings. In our meeting, I expressed my sincere gratitude. He welcomed me and asked me many questions. Before I knew it, the conversation had gone on for a full hour.

I looked at my watch, and said: "Congressman Derwinski, I'm sorry to have taken so much of your time."

As I stood up to leave, the congressman said there was one more thing he wanted to ask me and invited me to sit back down.

“Dr. Pak,” he said, “how did you turn off the lights in the hearing room that day?”

He was referring to the mysterious blackout during the second round of testimony that saved me from being found in contempt of Congress. I was surprised that he thought I had something to do with the lights going out, and I was moved that he still remembered what happened that day.

“Congressman,” I said half-jokingly, “I always thought you turned out the lights in order to help me. Wasn’t the switch on the wall behind you?”

“No,” he said, throwing up his hands emphatically. “I had nothing to do with that.”

“Well, then, there can only be one explanation,” I said. “God must have worked a miracle to save me from being found in contempt of Congress. He must have had one of His angels turn the lights off at that precise moment.”

“I really believe that God is helping you,” he said, and we ended our conversation.

I honestly do not know how the lights went out that day. I have no doubt that it was a miracle that God worked on my behalf. The Lord is truly my shepherd.

<p>This concludes Volume One of Dr. Pak’s memoirs. The editors asked Dr. Thomas Ward to write the following introduction to Volume Two.</p>

Appendix A

Introduction to Volume Two

Among the significant responsibilities that Reverend Moon charged Dr. Bo Hi Pak to fulfill following the Fraser hearings described in the last chapter of this volume of *Messiah* was the creation of CAUSA International, which Dr. Pak describes in Volume Two. CAUSA was an educational organization that shared Reverend Moon's critique and counterproposal to communism with all levels of leadership in Latin America. Eventually CAUSA's work extended to North America, Europe, Asia, Australia, and Africa.

In December 1980, Dr. Pak brought the founding members of CAUSA International to meet with Reverend and Mrs. Moon in Irvington, New York, just prior to our departure for the first seminar that we were to conduct in La Paz, Bolivia. We had spent many weeks preparing the seminar and a long period developing the content for the lectures. When we met with Reverend Moon, however, he did not speak about our proposed curriculum as we expected. Instead, he focused on our spiritual attitude, recommending that we pray three hours for every one hour that we lecture.

During the years of working with Dr. Pak that recommendation given by Reverend Moon became a part of CAUSA's standard operating procedure. Everyone, including Dr. Pak, took Father's direction quite seriously. My own experience was that such preparation made one sense what Moses must have felt as he descended from Mount Sinai after his time of prayer and fasting. I felt very uncomfortable if I had not visited "Mount Sinai" before doing a presentation.

Over time, I came to recognize that, in his role as a teacher, Dr. Pak was very different from me. I noted that he could hop from a car or a plane and proceed directly to a

lectern in any part of the world and electrify the audience, filling them with hope and aspirations. He was so effective in touching the deepest recesses of people's hearts that, over and over, I heard people pay tribute to him by saying, "Dr. Pak, thank you, thank you, thank you. Now I know that we are not alone." Indeed, that is the remarkable aspect of Dr. Pak's person. He has the ability to awaken what has remained dormant in a person for years and even decades. Through him people come in touch not with who they were but with what they aspire to be.

What explains this remarkable aspect of Dr. Pak? First of all, after having followed Reverend Moon for more than four decades, Dr. Pak's life itself has become a prayer. There are no longer just episodes in the prayer room, as in my case. Dr. Pak has inherited from Reverend Moon the ability to live and walk side by side with his Creator.

In this first volume of Dr. Pak's memoirs, I have discovered new aspects of the man that I already knew well. I certainly never knew that Dr. Pak had actually been a pig farmer, nor was I sufficiently aware of the remarkable mother-son relationship that existed between Dr. Pak and his mother. Dr. Pak has often spoken of the vocation of a teacher. Through this book we discover that from his earliest youth he has pursued that vocation. He has been able to inspire and captivate his audiences whether he is teaching elementary school children, instructing soldiers in the assembly and care of an M-1 rifle, or educating vast audiences about God's heart and the Kingdom of Heaven.

One often hears stories of how the Korean people suffered during the years of Japanese rule. It is remarkable to learn of Dr. Pak's friendship with the Japanese storekeeper. Dr. Pak is the kind of person who does not forget kindness, such as her putting aside bicarbonate of soda for his sick father. This anecdote helped explain to me his warm relationship and unusual rapport with Japanese people.

Dr. Pak's early experiences in America also have had an indelible impact upon him. Dr. Pak awakens sentiments of patriotism and love of country in Americans who may have forgotten such feelings for decades; it is especially touching to witness the interaction that he has with U.S. veterans. Dr.

Pak's description of being with the American soldiers returning from Korea and seeing them fling their hats into the air as the transport ship passed under San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge is more than words. It is a verbal painting or video that stirs us.

I met Dr. Pak for the first time in Paris, France, in 1972. As he translated for Reverend Moon at that time, I was amazed by his polished English. I was struck by the fact that he did not just translate Reverend Moon's words but his soul. He also conveyed Reverend Moon's great spiritual power. My second encounter with Dr. Pak was in 1974 in Alaska when I had to take him from the meeting hall where he had translated for Reverend Moon to the Anchorage airport with virtually no time to spare. What moved me on that occasion was Dr. Pak's calm even in the midst of great pressure. He absolutely trusted that we would get him there on time. I found none of the nervousness and anxiety that one might have anticipated under such hectic circumstances. Dr. Pak exuded peace even when he had but a minute or two before his commercial flight was slated to take off.

Most of this reader's experiences with Dr. Pak date from after 1978. I have seen Dr. Pak handle himself remarkably under some of the most difficult circumstances. As a confirmed Francophile, I know how difficult it can be to reach a French audience, especially when one does not speak French. Yet despite the language limitations, Dr. Pak has the ability to inspire even the most reclusive and xenophobic of French citizens. I have seen over and over his ability to charm audiences of all backgrounds and win their hearts.

Dr. Pak's work over the past two decades goes far beyond being a great speaker and teacher. It has included playing a central role in defending Reverend Moon at a time when the American judiciary seemed destined to crush him. It is amazing to think that a young man who began his career as a Korean pig farmer would play a central role in the development of an array of major national-level organizations in the United States that dealt with issues such as religious freedom (Coalition for Religious Freedom and the World Council on Religious Liberty), racial injustice (Minority Alliance International), civic awareness (American Constitution Committee and the

American Freedom Coalition), voter registration and education (Christian Voice), and the problem of communism (CAUSA International and the American Leadership Conference).

It is even more amazing that such a person would play a central role in fulfilling Reverend and Mrs. Moon's vision of creating an organization of heads of state and presidents (the Summit Council for World Peace), a sophisticated media network (*Washington Times*, *New York Tribune*, *Noticias del Mundo*, *Ultimas Noticias*, and Atlantic Video), and a World Media Association that advocates ethics in journalism and balance in press coverage. And it seems most unimaginable that such an individual would play a pivotal role in the meetings between Reverend and Mrs. Moon and Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev and later with President Kim Il Sung of North Korea.

When David prepared to meet the giant Goliath, there were those who questioned the qualifications of a shepherd boy in comparison with those of an accomplished and mammoth warrior. Yet David countered his skeptics by explaining that, though only a young shepherd boy, he had done battle successfully with a bear and with a lion. When David engaged Goliath, his past experiences served him well. With humility and efficacy, he confronted and struck down his towering opponent. Like David, Dr. Pak had also slain his bear and lion before he took on the Goliaths that he would face in the 1980s and 1990s and that he describes in Volume Two. As in the Irish folktale *Billy Beg and the Bull*, Dr. Pak would join Reverend Moon in facing at least three multi-headed giants in the 1980s. The first of these would be a Western world that had tired of anti-communism and lost appreciation of its religious roots. The second would be the Soviet Union of the glasnost era. The third would be North Korea in a still pre-glasnost era.

Over the years Dr. Pak has earned a number of nicknames. One of them is "Mr. Bubbling Enthusiasm." Those who have worked with him know that Dr. Pak has been endowed with great energy and enthusiasm and, not only that, his enthusiasm is contagious. Another nickname that Dr. Pak has earned over the years is Mr. "To Make a Long Story Short." For every experience in Dr. Pak's life there seem to be

anecdotes. Inevitably such anecdotes begin with Dr. Pak's imprimatur: "And to make a long story short..."

In the past I have laughed when it has been suggested that instead of referring to Dr. Pak as Mr. "To Make a Long Story Short," we should refer to him as Mr. "To Make a Short Story Long" because of his tendency to be expansive. However, after reading the first part of Dr. Pak's life, I realize that indeed there is a wealth of experience that Dr. Pak has not shared. We can feel grateful that this time has finally come.

Personally I look forward to Dr. Pak's second volume that promises to provide unprecedented testimony about

- the miracle behind the 1980 presidential election,
- the founding of the *Washington Times* and its impact on national and world events,
- Reverend Moon's unjust conviction and imprisonment—the "crucifixion" of the twentieth century,
- Dr. Pak's kidnaping from the streets of New York City in 1984, and
- the remarkable trajectory that led Reverend Moon to meet and literally embrace, first, Mikhail Gorbachev and, later, Kim Il Sung.

The American people, indeed all free people, owe Reverend Moon a debt of gratitude for all that he did to halt communist expansionism and end totalitarian rule. I believe that Dr. Pak's second book will help us to understand that the debt involves more than dollars. It originates in a profuse outpouring of righteous tears, sweat, and blood.

—Thomas J. Ward

Dr. Thomas J. Ward is vice president for international programs at the University of Bridgeport in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He formerly served as the executive director of the American Leadership Conference and as executive vice president of CAUSA International.

Appendix B

Brief Chronology of the Life of Dr. Bo Hi Pak

BIRTH	August 18, 1930
PLACE	Chung Nam Province (100 miles south of Seoul), Korea
PARENTS	Dong Hyun Pak (father), Pyung Chun Han (mother)
SIBLINGS	No Hi (brother); Ahn Hi and Eun Hi (sisters)
MARRIED	Ki Sook Yoon (November 29, 1953)
BLESSED	Blessed by Reverend and Mrs. Moon in the 36 Couples Blessing (March 1, 1961)
CHILDREN	Na Kyung (Grace), November 11, 1954; Jun Sun (Jonathan), May 30, 1957; Jin Sung (James), March 23, 1962; Hoon Sook (Julia), January 25, 1963; Yun Sook (Yunny), May 25, 1964; and Jin Kyung (Samuel), January 28, 1966

EDUCATION AND TEACHING CAREER

1937-1943	Yum-Ti and Do-Go Elementary Schools
1943-1946	Chon-An Agricultural School
1947-1950	Elementary school teacher, Do-Go Elementary School and Do-San Branch School
1962-1964	Studied part-time at the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

MILITARY CAREER

- 1950 June 1: entered Korean Military Academy as a cadet; participated in combat as a cadet when the Korean War broke out twenty-five days later.
- 1950 October: graduated Korean Military Combined School and commissioned as a second lieutenant in Republic of Korea army.
- 1950-1952 Assigned to the Twenty-eighth Regiment, Ninth Division; served as platoon leader and company commander in combat during the Korean War.
- 1952 March-September: studied in the United States at U.S. Army Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia.
- 1952-1955 October 1952 returned to Korea and served in Korean Army Infantry School as instructor until 1955.
- 1955-1956 Studied English at the Army School for Military Attachés.
- 1956-1957 Received advanced training, U.S. Army Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia.
- 1957-1959 Served as Special Assistant to Chief of U.S. Military Advisory Group, Seoul, Korea.
- 1960-1961 Served as Special Assistant to Vice Minister of Defense, Seoul, Korea.
- 1961-1964 Served as Assistant Military Attaché, Korean Embassy, Washington, D.C.
- 1964 Honorable discharge from military service with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

PROFESSIONAL CAREER

- 1965 Appointed as missionary to the United States; founded Unification Church of Washington, D.C.
- 1965-Present President, Korean Cultural and Freedom Foundation, Inc., Washington, D.C. Principal sponsors of Radio of Free Asia, The Little Angels, and Children's Relief Fund.

- 1969-Present Chairman and President, Korean Cultural Foundation, Inc. Seoul, Korea, which produces the Little Angels and the Universal Ballet Company in Seoul, Korea.
- 1971-Present Appointed and served as special assistant to Reverend Sun Myung Moon, founder of the Unification Church.
- 1973 Principal, the Little Angels Arts School, Seoul, Korea.
- 1974 Principal evangelist and director general of the Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade.
- 1976-1988 Chairman, Sun-Hwa Educational Foundation, Seoul, Korea.
- 1976-1990 President and publisher, the *News World* daily newspaper in New York City (later renamed *New York City Tribune*).
- 1977-1991 President, Unification Church International.
- 1977-Present Member of the Board, Unification Church International.
- 1978-1995 President, World Media Association.
- 1980-1992 President and Publisher, *Noticias Del Mundo*, New York Spanish-language daily newspaper.
- 1981-Present President, CAUSA International.
- 1982-1992 President, the Washington Times Corporation.
 - *The Washington Times* daily newspaper
 - *Insight* weekly magazine
 - *World & I* monthly academic journal
- 1982-1997 Chairman of the Board, the Washington Times Corporation.
- 1983-1997 Chairman, Association for the Unity of Latin America.
- 1986-Present President, Universal Ballet Foundation, corporate sponsors of the Kirov Academy of Ballet in Washington, D.C.
- 1987-1997 President, Summit Council for World Peace.
- 1990-Present Chairman of the board and chief executive officer, Panda Motors Corporation in the United States, Hong Kong, and China.
- 1991-1994 President and publisher, *Segye Ilbo* daily newspaper, Seoul, Korea.

- 1991-Present Co-Chairman, Federation for World Peace.
1996-Present Co-Chairman, Federation of Island Nations for World Peace in Japan.
1997-Present Chairman emeritus, the Washington Times Corporation.
1998-Present Honorary chairman, Asian People's Federation, Tokyo, Japan.
1998-Present Chairman, Kumgangsan International Group, Seoul, Korea.

HONORS

- 1951 August 15: Awarded the Hwa-Rang Medal for Meritorious Service in Combat.
1953 June 25: Awarded the Gold Star Hwa-Rang Medal for Meritorious Service and Bravery in Combat.
1971 For Outstanding Service and Contribution Made in the Cultural Field, the Government of the Republic of Korea decorated him with the National Medal, Dong-Baek.
1984 In recognition of Meritorious Service to Humanity, La Plata Catholic University of Argentina conferred Honorary Doctorate Degree "Honoris Causa in the Humanities."
1990 For Contributions to International Peace, honored with the Investiture of "Academic" by the Mexican Academy of International Law.
1991 Man of the Year by Who's Who in U.S. Business Executives and nominated for Who's Who in International Business Executives for outstanding accomplishments as a business executive.
1992 The Order of Liberty and Unity by the Association for the Unity of Latin America for Contributions toward Hemispheric Unity and the Promotion of Intercultural Exchange.

Notes

Chapter One

1. In Korea, family names are traditionally written first (Pak Bo Hi). Here, however, the Western style is used (Bo Hi Pak), except where the person's name is best known internationally in the Korean order (e.g., Kim Il Sung, Park Chung Hee). Also, first names are sometimes hyphenated (Bo-Hi), but the non-hyphenated style was chosen for this book.
2. Written by Chou Hsing-szu sometime between 507 and 521 A.D. One excellent English-language edition is that edited by F.W. Paar, with calligraphy by Fong-Chih Lui, published by Frederick Ungar in 1963.
3. *Ondol* is a heating system using heat from the kitchen fire. Hot air and smoke are funneled through a flue under the floor of adjacent rooms to the far end of the house. In its modern form found in most Korean homes today, the system uses hot water or steam.
4. Heaven in traditional Korean usage means God, although not related to a specific religion. Its meaning also includes spiritual world and ancestors. In this book, the word "Heaven" when capitalized means God, and lowercase "heaven" refers to the highest spiritual realm (as opposed to hell).
5. A plaque, often made of wood, inscribed with the name of the person who had died.
6. In Korean and Japanese, different pronouns are used to address persons of different station, to show respect and proper relationship.
7. The Japanese called World War II the Great East Asian War because of their ambition to be masters of East Asia.
8. It is common among Korean clans to have such a mythological tradition concerning the clan's founding ancestor.

9. The fourth king of the Yi Dynasty. He ruled 1418-1450.
10. These deal with relations between ruler and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, elder and junior siblings, and elder and junior friends.

Chapter Two

1. This was the term used at that time to refer to the Pyongyang government and its representatives, including members of its armed forces.

Chapter Three

1. This was a triangular piece of territory located along the 38th Parallel in the middle of the Korean peninsula. The towns of Cholwon, Geumhwa, and Pyong-gang marked the three points of the triangle.

Chapter Four

1. The traditional costume for women that includes a short blouse tied across the front and a long skirt.
2. The four pillars are the year, month, date, and time of day of one's birth. Even today, it is common for a man to provide this information to the family of the prospective bride so that a numerologist can be consulted on the wisdom of the match.

Chapter Five

1. This person's name has been changed to protect his privacy.
2. A text that circulated widely in Korea during the late Yi dynasty (1392-1904). It prophesied the fall of the Yi dynasty and the coming of a new age.
3. Bible quotes are from the *Harper Study Bible*, Revised Standard Version, Zondervan Bible Publishers, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Chapter Seven

1. Professor Kim published a number of works. In particular, her book *Unification Theology* discusses the significance of Unification Principle in terms of its relationship with traditional Christian theologies.

Chapter Eight

1. P.S. Funderburk, et al., "New Purity Education in the Age of AIDS" North, South, East, West National Coalition for Unification Movement, 1994
2. This is its name today. At the time it was Yeonhee University, and it was for men only.
3. A collection of testimonies and media articles pertaining to the Ehwa and Yonsei University incident, Reverend Moon's arrest, and other instances of persecution against the early Unification Church has been published in Japan under the title *Junan no Genba (The Scene of Suffering)*.

Chapter Nine

1. The same location today has the address of Sangsa Ri, Dukeon Myun, Jungju Gun, North Pyongan Province.
2. In keeping with Korean tradition, she did not change her name after marriage.
3. © Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity.

Chapter Eleven

1. *Time* magazine, March 13, 1978.
2. The full text of Reverend Moon's message is available in *Day of Hope in Review*, part 3, vol. 1, 1976-1981.