

My Testimony - Part 1

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As told to Angelika Selle

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I Was Born In South Korea In the mountains of Kang Won Province, where our family had a farm by a beautiful river. Except for my father, who worked as a government official, my whole family was Christian. When I was young there was no church in my hometown. Then when I was 10 years old a minister came from what is now North Korea to my hometown and built a church together with us, centering on my family. I went three times a week to participate in the services there.

I had many opportunities to discuss the Bible and the life of Jesus with the minister. I asked him a lot of questions about God's providence, but his answers were not clear enough. I wanted to know how I could see God. The minister told me that having so many questions meant that Satan was occupying me; I should just have faith and follow the Bible's direction. I didn't feel that way; I had to see and to know - then I could trust. One day after service he made an announcement about me to the congregation saying that Satan was controlling me because I was bothered by so many questions. That kind of

faith was no good, he said, but I could not accept that. By the time I was 12 I had developed some resentment toward Christianity.

Sometimes as a child I would go fishing and catch and kill frogs. I worried that if fish and frogs had spirits I might be unable to go to heaven. No one could explain clearly to me the difference between animals and human beings. My schoolteacher said that the Lord of the Second Advent would come on the clouds. I just couldn't believe that.

"How can I see you, God?"

I used to like watching the sunrise and sunset. I would go to the hills and look at the changing sky and the rainbows. My heart cried out, "Heavenly Father, how can I see and hear you?" I would run to my own special place with all my desires, but I had no one to teach or guide me.

So many denominations were fighting with each other. The congregation I belonged to was Presbyterian, but later they decided to become Methodist. I felt I didn't belong to any denomination. After primary school I went to Seoul to continue my education, and I went home only during summer and winter vacations. My cousin and my brother and I decided that we did not want to be limited to any one denomination; rather, we wanted to belong to the worldwide Christian church. On Sundays I would visit one church, and on Wednesdays another. I continually sought God's voice and God's will.

When I graduated from high school I wanted to attend law school in Seoul. However, I failed to pass the entrance requirements. This was the first failure of my life. I returned home and for about three months I did not go outside once. My embarrassment and shame were so deep that I even tried to commit suicide.

Later I returned to Seoul and started college at Chung Ang University. Every Sunday for several months I wondered which church I should visit. At that time my niece, Woo Chong-soo, who attended Ewha University, was already a Unification Church member. One Friday morning she met me at school and said that she wanted to talk to me.

The next day she came to my place and talked about the Bible and the Principle for a few hours, but I still wasn't completely satisfied with some of her answers. Finally, she asked me to visit the church. I had heard a lot of bad rumors about it but I thought, "Okay, I'll go, because I don't belong to any one church." On May 24, 1957, when I visited the CheongPa-Dong church for the first time, Father spoke.

He was so young! He looked very healthy and his face was tanned. President Eu, a very good-looking gentleman at the time, was sitting in a chair, while Father knelt on the floor. At first I didn't know which of them was Rev. Moon, but I knew when he began to speak. I had heard many ministers give sermons, but I had never heard anyone speak so sincerely about the liberation of God's heart with so much sweat and so many tears as Father did!

An unusual power

There was only one problem: I heard Father's sermon, but I couldn't hear his prayer at all. When he prayed my ears just shut down! It was very strange. Yet through his sermon I had gotten a warm, homely feeling, and my heart continued to move with an outpouring of unusual power even while my ears were closed. I didn't hear any details and I didn't make any commitments, but after I attended another evening sermon my mind completely changed; I no longer had any questions and I just naturally joined our church.



Early Korean leaders being trained by Father on the beach in Pusan in 1970.

Three weeks later my ears opened and I was able to hear Father's prayers. My whole complexion and countenance began to change and I started to smile all the time. In my eyes the old people in the church looked like angels; they seemed like noble and important people. I was quite humbled in my attitude toward them, and I felt so much like a sinner that I couldn't even talk to them. I marveled at them for having joined the church before I did. That feeling stayed with me for many months.

My friends noticed my new smiling face and asked me what had brought about such a good change in me. I began witnessing to them and also to ministers. For about three months I studied the Principle without attending my classes; I would just read the Principle and shed tears all night long. My confidence that it was the truth grew and grew. I also made fasting conditions, and I witnessed so much that people began to think I was crazy. I would speak out to people for days at a time, run out of material, realize the limitations of my understanding, and go right back to studying the Principle.

On October 14, 1957, the church members celebrated the anniversary of Father's release from Hungnam prison by holding a ceremony and hiking to a scenic spot in the mountains. When Rev. Kim Won-pil gave a testimony on the mountainside about Father's sacrifice in prison, I cried the whole time, because I hadn't known until then how much Father had sacrificed for his mission.

From that time on my spiritual senses opened, and whenever I prayed about Father my ancestors would come in my dreams and guide me. Once they guided me to a beautiful palace and opened its 12 gates, which revealed a young master inside. They said that this young man was the son of God and that God had given him all power and authority to accomplish His will, so I bowed down before him. I didn't see the young man's face, but after I had this dream for three days, I realized it was Father. My ancestors helped me in this way. I became so sensitive spiritually that for three years, whenever Father spoke at Sunday service, I could only cry.