

### Sang Ik Choi, the First Unification Church Missionary - Part 3

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*Father singing holy song with members during a Sunday service in Japan*

June 17 - The island of Tsushima, Japan, which I had long waited for, now loomed before my eyes. At any rate, one thought stopped bothering me. I had left Korea and made it to Japan, and so I would be vindicated in front of Heaven.

During the night, I couldn't tell who was who, but now in the morning I saw that there were lots of people, and women and children as well. Now I was concerned that this definitely wouldn't appear to be a ship trading with Japan. As we approached Tsushima, the risk of danger grew, so everyone hid inside the ship. It sailed safely past Tsushima, and on toward mainland Japan. From about noon, we could see the mainland, and by night, we safely entered Kokura Harbor and docked about 9:00 pm. I wanted to go on land right away, but I had purchased goods on the ship for much money, so I couldn't leave until that was resolved. I didn't want Satan to get away with God's precious money.

June 18 - We were not permitted to disembark, so at about 4:00 pm, the ship departed for Iwakuni. Although we weren't allowed to disembark in Kokura, I had quietly put my foot on the land, praying, "Lord, I've set foot on Japanese soil." I was full of joy, but from now I would face problems.

June 21 - Around 11:00 am, we set sail now for Kure, arriving at Hiroshima at 1:00 am. Again we were not permitted to land, so we started for our next destination, Kure. We left at 2:00 pm, and on the way, around 3:30 pm, a Kure Coast Guard patrol boat came to escort our ship.

June 23 - An investigation by the Coast Guard began the next day. I was also summoned to appear, voluntarily, and I did. The head of the investigation tried to get me to say a lot because I was a Christian, but I didn't respond to anything. At about 7:00 pm, I was officially detained on charges of smuggling myself into the country (illegal entry). As a child of God, I believed that Heaven would protect me if I had come on Heaven's mission, and went into custody with peace of mind and confidence.

June 24 - I was examined again. I didn't speak. He took me to the storage room and beat me. He pulled my hair and my head was slammed against the ground. I felt like fighting back, but thought about my mission of loving and witnessing to the Japanese people, and endured. I thought this was part of the course of restoration through indemnity that I would have to go.

Of course such violence by Japanese authorities couldn't be permitted, but I believed Satan was also making them do this, and accepted the violence. The questioning was severe, but I answered all the questions using my wisdom. This was an extremely important, heavenly issue. My heart raced as I thought I should become free as soon as possible to witness, to fulfill my mission. As a child of God, I

wanted to be stronger than anyone, and fight with dignity. But I wanted to quickly free myself as a weak patient, and decided to act in that way. (Now I feel some regret about that when I think about it.)

At night, I was locked up in detention. There was no way to escape, but I trusted that things would be resolved and rested for the night. I was also grateful to be able to rest on land.

When it was time to be examined, he approached me gently at first. I'd hoped to tell him a part of the Principle, and that he would understand about the Last Days. But he could not, and as expected, he rebelled against the child of God.



*President Osami Kuboki of Japanese church carrying recyclable materials in a handcart in the 1960s*

June 25 - About 10:00 am, I was sent to the public prosecutor's office. I thought I would be released, but I was sent as a suspect. There was a preliminary examination at the prosecution, and about 4:00 pm, I was transferred to Yoshiura Prison, and began to be treated like a suspect. I received a strict physical exam and became prisoner number 60 in room 2 of the second barracks. I gave myself the name Kwon Soon-nam. There were two men my senior. One was a murderer and the other was a thief, but as people neither seemed so bad. I had no choice but to wait patiently, as I prayed for the day of the restoration of Japan.

As I came from the cramped detention room, I felt as if I had more freedom, and people to talk to now. But that wasn't the issue and when I thought about my important mission to witness, to restore Japan, I couldn't sit still. I just had to take the bitter cup of agony and entrust my fate. When I thought this was also a result of my lack of wisdom, the indemnity of my sins, I was terribly sorry.

June 29 - Examination by the prosecutor began. They knew my real name through my fingerprints and I thought I should honestly speak about my past, so I admitted my real name, and asked that they take my circumstances into consideration. I thought I should convey the Word to the prosecutor also, and spoke about the Last Days. But he did not listen.

I was hoping to be released at the end of that confinement, but in the end I was indicted, along with the captain and several important members of the crew. I prepared myself to drink the bitter cup and go to trial.

August 31 was the 40th day since I had been detained. I resolved to fast for four days in order to prepare for my trial on September 4.

The first hearing on September 4 concluded simply with the confirmation of my identity, and the court announced that we would reconvene on September 18.

During the hearing on the 18th the prosecutors asked for a sentence of six months in prison. After three delays, the sentencing was held on October 9, and contrary to my expectations, the court sentenced me to six months in prison, just as the prosecutors had requested. I had been given the harsh sentence of six months<sup>[1]</sup> because I had been carrying a Bible and Explanation of the Divine Principle.<sup>[2]</sup>

On October 12, I was transferred to another prison and on October 14, I was moved to Yoshijima Prison in Hiroshima. A month later, I was transferred once more to Yamaguchi Prison.

I had entered prison with just a jumper and pair of pants. I had lost all my possessions, and I didn't have a cent to my name. I originally had had some money, but the ship staff used my money to buy seaweed to sell, and they divided the money among themselves. I was penniless. This was the precious money of God, Heaven's funds, but I, a child of God, had nothing, while evil people divided it up to buy various things. I couldn't buy anything, and my hand baggage, Divine Principle book, and so on, had all been stolen by those on the ship. The child of God only had the clothes on his back.

The others in the same room received food, clothing, allowance, all daily supplies from their families. There was nothing for the child of God. It was a new start from point zero. When another inmate, Matsuda, offered me some food from time to time, I thought gratefully I would definitely repay him later for this. This child of God was truly in a miserable state. I had nothing. My towel was torn, I had no toothbrush.

I offered prayers before Heavenly Father and the Lord three times a day. Before getting up in the morning, before going to bed and in the middle of the night. I studied the Bible and English in the room. On Sundays, I did not take breakfast and thinking of the Lord's heart, I faced the direction of Seoul at the time of morning worship service. I sang holy songs quietly, prayed and considered it my time for Sunday service. Even if my body was incarcerated, my heart was free, I prayed for the holy grace of the Father and the Lord with tears, and sang hymns. "I am loved, and I will go as a loyal patriot of Heaven. Until the day of restoration of the cosmos, my heart will not waver. Satan, try to shake me more strongly. Try to strike me. I will not change, I will not surrender. Look at this son, with the heart of restoration of 6,000 years!"

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<sup>[1]</sup> Seemingly this time included the time of incarceration since his indictment.

<sup>[2]</sup> Wolli Haesol, published in Korean 1957; this work was not translated into English