

## Sang Ik Choi, the First Unification Church Missionary - Part 11

Bong-chun Choi

April 18, 2019

Republished by FFWPU International Headquarters May 29, 2023



February 28 - These days, my mind and body have settled down, and so each word from the Lord's sermons touches my heart. With every word, phrase I read, the longing of Heavenly Father, his perseverance, efforts move my heart and body, and I truly understand the heart and hardships of Jesus, who represented God's heart. Courage I never could feel before flowed through me. How much he must have suffered. A firm resolve came to me, "Bongchoon, you will offer yourself and fight for the Father and son, all humankind, including those in the spirit world, and be victorious. In particular, Jesus did his utmost but due to people's disbelief, God's will could not be fulfilled; even when he bore the cross following the Father's orders, he obeyed with respect, if the Father worried, he comforted his heart, and even toward his enemies, the Jewish people, Jesus' love was absolute in that he asked for mercy upon them while suffering on the cross. Understanding the heart of Heavenly Father, of Jesus, of the Lord, I also was filled with the passion to fight to fulfill my mission, and offer joy under whatever difficulties, offer comfort. Father, I will also fight as a sacrificial offering." I felt fearless.

A letter came about 10:00am. It was from Rev. Hayashi. It seemed the brothers[ / sisters] of his church were also very moved by my last letter.

March 5 - My confinement was making heaven's heart and the Lord's heart cry. I had to free myself quickly by all means to fight and resolve Heavenly Father's regrets. As a last resort, I decided to fast to get sick and be put on parole and I started this morning. Something drastic was not likely to succeed, so I was going to be careful. I cut down on breakfast, saying I was ill.

The captain brought a thermometer from the chief, saying I was sick. It showed a slight fever. We asked for a doctor in the afternoon, and I went to bed. When the doctor came, I said I had a bad heart and chest. He examined me and took my temperature, so I prayed silently. Father, may there be a bad result and they decide I'm sick, and that I can be freed. I had a minor fever of 37.2, and I said this probably comes from my illness in the chest. I said my heart was also very weak, to the team leader and chief, so they began to worry, too. I was glad that there might be a chance to become free. I was excited with hope. All would begin now. At night, they turned the radio off, saying there was a sick man, so things were going well. I just continued to sleep like a sick man.

March 6 - I asked for the doctor in the morning. As I wasn't eating or drinking, my body was rapidly becoming weak. My wish was that it would get worse. The doctor came at noon and after taking my blood pressure, he was also concerned. He said he would convey to the office that I should be

hospitalized. They spoke about going to a hospital. He was also told to escort me when I went to the toilet as I might faint.

I was to go to the hospital by 4:00pm, but there was no word. When I heard 'hospitalization' I thought "Yes!" but was now worried because they were late. Around 4:00pm, they came to put me in a welfare hospital and I went. They were being careful, too. I was examined there, and I prayed, Father, please set me free. There they somehow also diagnosed me as having a heart disease, so I was relieved. I was happy to the point of tears. But they thought I was crying out of worry over my health. For now, I wanted to fulfill my mission before Father, the Lord and brothers by becoming free asap, even if I were to die.

Entering hospital was a matter of time. The welfare hospital did not have a room, so I returned. The doctor said I should be hospitalized for about a month. The immigration office members were busy, trying to work out a guarantor for my parole. Things were finally moving in a concrete direction, so I rejoiced and gave thanks to Heavenly Father.

March 7 - The day dawned. I was filled with hope. Since last night, I'd been imagining various things, and finally the day to become free was here. But as it was a Saturday, they said if my guarantor did not come by noon, I'd have to wait till Monday, which made me impatient. The chief said that he feared I was in a critical condition, and everyone at immigration also started to be concerned. They gave Rev. Okada of the Maruyama Church in Shimonoseki a call.

About 11:00am, it was decided that I would be hospitalized. My heart danced. A while later, Rev. Okada and the chief came. It seemed that Rev. Okada had become my guarantor. As the national hospital was full, it took a little time but a bit later, they said a hospital was found, and lent me ten blankets. I simply organized my belongings.

They said I should move to the hospital. I was so happy. But I kept my guard up and was careful until the last second. A bail of 10,000 yen was given, I received the remaining 17,000 yen; each section chief was briefed, I got into a car waiting outside after receiving the parole papers. This period of procedures seemed long to me. It worried me that the parole period was written as "until the ship Geumnam departs," but one section chief kindly told me that the period would be extended until I was cured.

I was finally on parole. I left in a car with an immigration officer to the hospital. Looking at both sides of the town streets, I was so happy I cried out silently and tears came. My second period of hardship was now over as well. The suffering until now had borne fruit. I hadn't been set free, but I was perfectly capable of escaping from the hospital. Father! Lord! I wanted to shout mansei as loudly as possible. I was full of joy and deep emotion as I resolved newly to accomplish my task. How much had Heavenly Father and the Lord awaited this day.

The car passed the station, and arrived at a Kinoshita Hospital five minutes later. The officer left me. I was by myself, free. Another examination was held. My heart was ok. They examined my chest also, which was ok. The doctor was kind of cold. He asked me, what did I come for, and how long I'd like to stay. He asked me a crude question, so I told him openly, I came to study Japan's culture, that I had come on a smuggler's ship because there was no legal way to come, and that I'd like to stay for three to four months. He seemed to sympathize with me, and said alright, we will take you in, take a rest. He wrote an order for me to be hospitalized for three months. The nurse took me to room 7 on the second floor.

I was alone and it was quiet, so I reported to Father and the Lord that I was delighted to be free. Hallelujah! I wanted to let Korea know asap, so I wrote a letter and asked Mr Shimada, another patient, to show me to the post office, and also sent a telegram: "I've been discharged, free." On the way back, I entered a coffee shop and watched TV, and got a taste of society. I returned to my room, and conveyed a part of the DP to him, but as he did not know too much it seemed difficult for him. Today was a day filled with the greatest joy. Heavenly Father, Lord, thank you. I repented that I should be grateful not only for good times, but also for bad times. I was full of thoughts of future witnessing, and going to Tokyo.