

# 4<sup>th</sup> International World Tour for World Peace

## Tour Reflections by Rev. Jorg Heller

True Parents called for 120 American ministers to go on the 4th World Peace Tour around the 14th of October. I found out on October 17th that I would be going on the tour with the 120 ministers. The Tour was to begin on October 21st in the USA and take us to 120 nations around the world, and end on December 20th in Canada. When I told my wife Ayako that I would be participating in the tour, she got very excited. She felt that my being on the tour and speaking in Japan could liberate her ancestors and inspire her family. Her mother and three sisters are members but there were others she wanted to connect to the church. Her elder brother was especially on her mind. He had been struggling with our movement and with the fact that his sisters and mother were members of our movement. Hopefully, my wife thought, this could make a condition for him to bring about a change of heart.

However, I told her that I was not scheduled as an “Official Speaker” in Japan, Korea or in Europe. I was there to support Dr. Yang and Rev. Jenkins, to handle communications and generally see to it that everything ran smoothly. I was excited to be part of this historic tour.

For me, the tour began in Harlem where my wife and I visited three churches on Oct 21st.

### Saturday, Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> – Harlem

Rev. Bruce Grodner, the District Director of New York, asked my wife and me to be the Blessing Officiators for the three events that were held in Harlem. The first event was scheduled for Rev. Dyer’s church, the Church of Illumination, on 120th Street at 10:00 AM. He and his wife supported the event. Rev. Dyer read the speech with confidence and dignity and represented True Father well. Unfortunately none of his church members were able to witness his honorable effort.



My wife and I (on left) Rev. Dyer’s Church



An inspired Rev. Mann

The next stop was Rev. Arthur Mann’s church. The event was to take place in the Baptist Temple Church Inc. on 116th Street at 2 PM. We had to wait for him for a while. When he finally did come, he had forgotten to bring the key to the church, so we still had to wait a little while longer. Eventually his wife arrived with the key and only then could we

prepare the church and set up for his event. Rev. Mann had just recently had an operation and had been released from the hospital not so long ago. He was still somewhat weak. Though this did not stop him, due to his illness, he had not had the chance to practice delivering the content of the speech. As a matter of fact, he had not read the speech prior to stepping up to the pulpit at the actual event.

Rev. Mann had some difficulties with the new words and terminology used in the speech so it was not so easy to listen to him. However, as he really got into the speech, he became more and more excited. “Did you hear what I just read? This is the undeniable truth! Listen to it! Did you hear this? Don’t miss this!” He said this many times over. And even though the speech took him almost 1½ hours to read, we were all inspired to see Rev. Mann so excited about the words of our True Parents.

The next event was held at Rev. Harvey Kendricks’ church, the First Grace Baptist Church, located on Fredrick Douglas Boulevard between 148th and 149th Streets. Of course we were running a little late since we were coming from Rev. Mann’s church; however, it did not pose a problem. Here we held our largest event with about 50 people in attendance. Rev. Kendricks is the founder and pastor of the First Grace Baptist Church, and he proudly proclaims that he has been “with us,” our movement, since 1982.



Event at Rev. Harvey Kendricks’ church

The event went quite smoothly. Rev. Kendricks captured the essence of the speech well and read with strong conviction. He had volunteered to be one of the 120 ministers who were to travel to every continent on the tour, beginning with Japan on October 23rd and ending with Canada on December 20th. Rev. Kendricks and I were scheduled to depart on the same plane the next morning. He and I would travel together and we looked forward to be going on this mission. It promised be an exciting adventure with our Heavenly Father for the both of us.



Rev. Kendricks’ “kidnapping” at Narita Airport

**Sunday, Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup> – Departure from JFK – AA 137 – 11:25 AM**

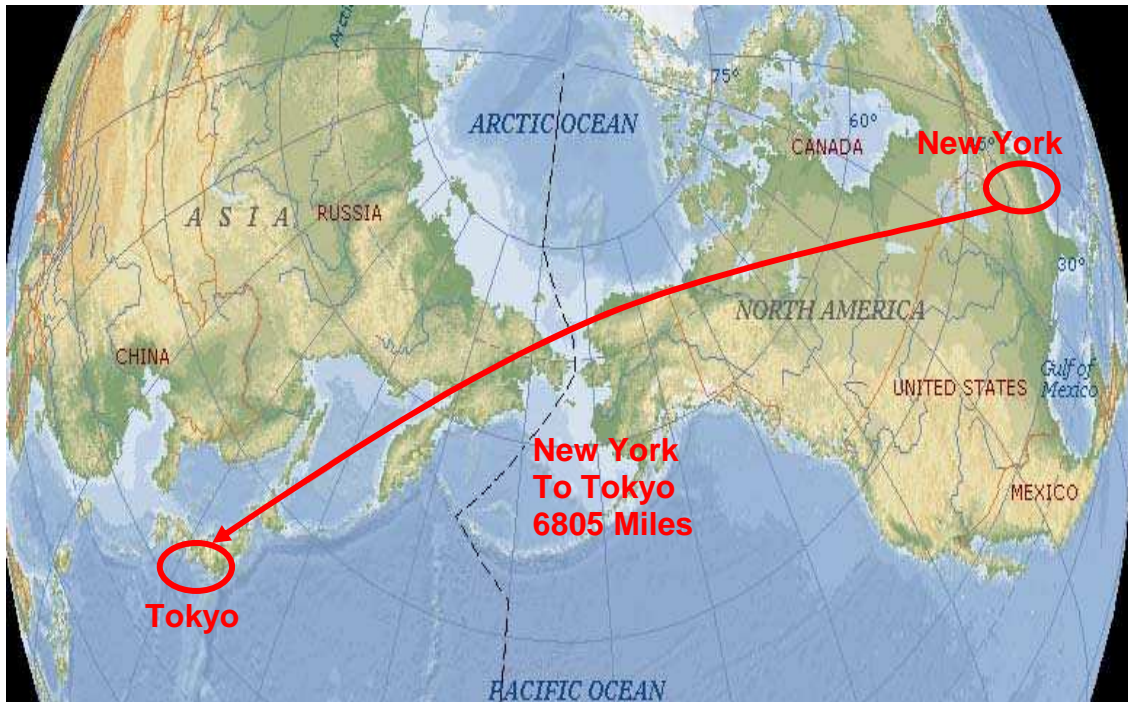
Rev. Adachi and Rev. Harvey Kendricks arrived at my home to pick me up at 7:45 AM. Since we shared the

same flight and lived in the same general area, we could go to the airport together. We arrived quite early and to kill some time, I read the speech to Rev. Kendricks.

Shortly thereafter, other ministers, arriving from Boston, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, joined us. There were about 20 of us on the same flight. Everyone looked so excited to be on this tour. One minister from Boston confirmed what I had also felt. He told me that he had never been a part of anything as exciting as this tour in his entire life.

### **Monday, Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> – Arrival in Japan**

After a little more than 14 hours of flight, we arrived in Narita Airport at 2:30 PM on Monday afternoon. I had practiced the speech, read it out loud twice on the plane. No one could really hear me since the noise of the engine drowned out most of my voice. It



helped me very much to get more comfortable with the speech and prepare myself for the time ahead.

Here we were greeted by many brothers and sisters holding signs with ministers' names on them in search of the minister assigned to their home town. There were friendly smiles and hugs everywhere. A video crew filmed all the action and cameras were flashing non stop.

The ministers were “kidnapped” and taken directly to the town they were to speak in the next day. Some went by car, others by train or bus and still others boarded another plane to get to their destinations. There was a beautiful atmosphere created through the meeting of east and west, the Japanese brothers and sisters and the American Clergy.

## Urayasu – One Heart Special Education Center

I had hoped that I would be assigned to speak somewhere in Japan; however, I had not been considered to speak in any city. I had no idea what I would be doing other than taking care of the ministers and make sure that everyone was happy. The photographer, Ken Owens, also had not received clear directions. We did not know where to go. And it wasn't until after calling Rev. Jenkins that I could somewhat sort things out. Eventually Ken and I took a bus to some hotel and from there, a cab to one of our church's facilities. There we had a wonderful dinner with the staff of the "One Heart Special Education Center" in the city of Urayasu.



Left: Rev. Robert Upton, Dr. Paul McClure and Rev. Derek Purser. Right: Bishop William Pugh, Archbishop G. A. Stallings, Rev. Mark Abernathy (in pink) with two staff members

Since the lobby of the One Heart Center was set up for wireless internet, I chose to get connected to the rest of the world. I checked in at home to let the family know I had arrived safely. When Dr. Chang Shik Yang walked into the lobby, I asked him if there was any place that I could present the speech. To my surprise he said "yes," I could be the "pinch hitter" and bat for a minister who did not feel comfortable in reading the speech since he suffered from dyslexia. That was very exciting news for me. Rev. Jenkins asked Tossa, his assistant, to come along with me. We would be going to Hamamatsu and Tossa and I looked forward to our adventure the following morning.

A group of Pentecostal ministers also came to Urayasu and worked out of the One Heart Special Education Center. Bishop William Pugh, Rev. Mark Abernathy, Dr. Paul McClure, Rev. Derek Purser and Rev. Robert Upton stayed with the Tour through Korea. We shared some joyful times together in the sauna and hot tub that were available to us for the two nights we were there.



## Tuesday, Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> - Hamamatsu, Japan

A local brother drove Tossa and me to the Tokyo Grand Central Train Station. Tossa, who speaks some Japanese, got us the tickets and we took the train at 6:30 AM to be on time for the event which was to start at 10:00 AM. We traveled on the Shinkansen Super Express which whisked us along at a top speed of 300 km per hour. It took a little over two hours to cover the 150 miles to get there, since the train unfortunately stopped at almost every station. However, when compared to the Acela train in the U.S., I believe the Shinkansen is a much better train. We were picked up at the train station and



Left – Rev. Heller speaking at the Hamamatsu Grand Hotel



Right – with sister-in-law Yoko

immediately taken to the Hamamatsu Grand Hotel, where the event was being held. The Grand Hotel is the most famous hotel in the city of Hamamatsu. Here the members of the Japanese Royal Family stay whenever they come to town. It was a very beautiful hotel indeed. The event took place in the Crane Ballroom, a grand hall with a capacity of about 300.

I was taken to the “green room” and I met there with Rev. Ken Marshall who was supposed to have read the speech. Since he did not feel confident to do it, he had called for backup. And I was that backup. We were then briefed and taken to a holding area next to the event room. The program was already in full swing. Soon Rev. Marshall was asked to give his inspirational speech and introduction to the event. I would be “on” after him.



Hamamatsu victory lunch

The Crane Ballroom was a beautiful place. It was filled to capacity. I felt that I delivered my speech well. The program ended with the Blessing Ceremony and three cheers of Ok Mansei! As everyone was ready to leave, Rev. Marshall and I

were asked to stand at the exit door to greet the people. Everyone wanted to shake our hands, from the little old ladies, who were all smiles, to the youngsters and everyone in

between. It was very beautiful and Rev. Marshall and I felt very much loved and appreciated.

Then, suddenly and surprisingly, my sister in law, Yoko-san, stood right in front of me to shake my hand. I was shocked and had to catch myself for a moment before I could give her a big, long hug. I immediately thought about my wife's wish and desire for me to give the speech in Japan with one of her relatives present. It was absolutely incredible that I could meet my sister-in-law here. Heavenly Father had to have set up this entire scenario. To me, my meeting with Yoko was truly nothing short of a miracle.



Victory banquet and party in Japan

Of course my wife had prayed for me to be able to speak somewhere in Japan and meet one or more of her relatives there. There had not been much of a chance for that to happen, however, since I was not on the "speakers list." When I reflected back on this, it became so much clearer to me that the whole event had to have been set up by Heavenly Father based on the prayers and concerns of my wife for her relatives.

First of all, I did not get my speaking assignment until late evening the night before. Second, what were the chances for the minister assigned to that city to be dyslexic and not confident to read the speech? Third, I also had no idea my wife's sister lived in or around Hamamatsu. I had never even heard of the place. It became very clear to me that it truly had been a heavenly "conspiracy" to have me speak in Hamamatsu and meet Yoko-san there. My wife's prayer was truly fulfilled by the grace of Heavenly Father.



Japanese victory banquet group photo

### **The Japanese Victory Banquet and Party**

On the evening of that day we had a big victory banquet in one of the major hotels in Tokyo. When we, the ministers, walked into the ballroom everyone stood up and clapped. There must have been about 200 people present giving us the VIP

treatment. This went on for about five minutes; it was quite an overwhelming experience for everyone and it set the tone for the rest of the evening. All the ministers received gifts and certificates. I myself received a beautiful, sleek Nikon 7.2 mega pixel digital camera.

The spirit was very high. There were several testimonies from ministers and we could feel the sincere excitement and joy in their voices. Second generation choirs brought another level of excitement and joy to everyone. The group of Pentecostal ministers also got inspired and stirred up the atmosphere even more with word and song. There were joyful and happy people everywhere. I could undoubtedly see, feel and understand that this 4th International World Peace Tour was guided by the desire, inspiration and joy of God. I could unmistakably feel His love and power. Every minister I talked to was also deeply inspired about their experiences in Japan. The banquet concluded our first stop on the World Tour. Tomorrow everyone would be on their way to Seoul, Korea.



**Wednesday, Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> – Korea**

All the ministers flew from their event cities in Japan to Korea on Oct. 25th. Several ministers and I departed from Tokyo. The flight took an hour and forty-five minutes, covering a distance of about 740 miles. Some of us got to travel on the top level of the 747, first class, which was kind of nice. This

was the first time I got to travel in first class. The seats were very comfortable and had lots of leg room. There was even a stewardess and a steward to take care of our every need.

We arrived at the hotel in the evening. The main Opening Banquet was held at the Olympic Park Hotel. Since there were not enough rooms in the Olympic Park Hotel,



Opening Banquet at the Olympic Park Hotel in Seoul, Korea

many of us, including myself, were put up in the Lotte Hotel. We all had to scramble from the Lotte to the Olympic Park Hotel to make it in time for the banquet. However, no matter how much I rushed, it did not matter. I could not get into the banquet room. My name, for some reason, was not on the list and thus I could not sit at a table. It was a real time for me to practice patience and humility. Anyway, I did not need to eat or even be in the ballroom. It was not a big deal. While standing around somewhat lost, a Korean man came up to me and told me to go up to the 4th floor to get measured for a suit and dress shirt.

Oh, yes? How so? Was that a sales trick of sorts? I did not understand initially. However, soon it was explained to me that True Parents were the source of this blessing. Every one of the 120 ministers received a \$350 suit and a dress shirt to go with it. I got measured without any problems. My only worry was that possibly I had gained too much weight



As the representative for all ministers on the Tour, Rev. Marilyn Kotulek received the Commemorative 4th World Speaking Tour Crystal Plaque from Rev. Eu, the President of the Japanese Church.

over the last few days and my suit would turn out to be too big when I got back to my normal weight.

All of the ministers received a crystal plaque. Inscribed on it was the name and a thank you note for participating in the 4th World Peace Speaking Tour. It was a very nice gesture, arranged by the Japanese family. Eventually I could join the other ministers in the banquet hall and participate in the activities. Here already ministers were assigned to their event cities for the next day. I would not be speaking in Korea since I had to resolve



True Parents arrive for Hoon Dok Hae at the Peace Palace and Museum.



many logistical issues. There was not much for me to do after that, so I grabbed the first shuttle bus back to my hotel and get ready for the next day.

### **Thursday, Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> – Korea**

I moved from the Lotte Hotel over to the Olympic Hotel early the next morning. I had a meeting with Rev. Jenkins at 6:00 AM. There was no doubt that this would be a “Day at the Office.” I was working on lists and troubleshooting all day and well into the night. At least now my laptop was set up for the internet. I was now able to communicate with HQ in D.C. and the rest of the world. All the other ministers had been leaving during all hours of the morning to make it to their Event Cities. I dug myself into the office and made sure that all was well.

An onslaught of itineraries to arrange for people either to go back to the USA or to move on to Europe and continue with the tour, came my way. For the next 14 hours things became very hectic and at times confusing. So much information was passed on that it was sometimes difficult to keep track of it all. At last, with the help of others, of course, I was able to solve the major problems. Even though it had been quite hectic, I was able to escape for a moment to take a walk in the Olympic Park nearby. I really needed it in order to straighten out my heart and mind and find my bearings again.

In the evening the ministers returned from their “tour of duty” excited, brightly beaming and with smiles of joy on their faces. It was amazing to see the transformation that took place in the Christian ministers after the first two events reading True Father’s speech. None of them will ever be the same again by the time they get back to the USA. But now we needed to prepare for the next day. We encouraged everyone to turn in early for the night since we would be getting up at 3:00 AM to have HDH with True Parents at the Palace tomorrow.

### **Friday, Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> – Korea – The Peace Palace**



Hyun Jin Nim and Hyung Jin Nim entertaining the ministers at the Peace Palace

Today we would follow a very tight schedule. We were to rise at 3:00 AM and be on the bus by 3:30 AM. It would take us a little less than 1½ hours to travel to the Cheon Jeong Gung Peace Palace and meet True Parents for Hoon Dok Hae. From there we would go to the Demilitarized Zone that separates North and South Korea. After that, we would return to the hotel, check out and get ready to move on to either Europe or the USA. Only 40

ministers would go on to Europe. The rest would return to the USA. Some of the ministers had early flights to return to the USA. We made sure they brought their luggage along to the Palace. They would be taken to the airport directly from the Palace or the DMZ.

We were able to leave on time and everyone was excited with high expectations to see True Parents and the Peace Palace. Most of us had not seen it in real life. We arrived in plenty of time. The Palace looked very “palatial” and impressive. We were rushed through the Front Gate and through many hallways, up an elevator and more hallways until we eventually arrived at the hall where we would meet the True Parents.



True Mother singing “Edelweiss”

Everything was so beautiful and it felt very special to be there. The hall itself was of breathtaking beauty. Chairs were set up and the atmosphere was calm and orderly. Everyone found a seat and soon True Parents entered the hall. True Father and True Mother looked very strong, healthy and young. Everyone did a standing bow and Rev. Kwak started to read the “Tour Speech” as well as the testimonies from the Spirit World of Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad and Confucius. That took about two hours.

True Father then talked briefly to us, giving us encouragement to be strong and confident. I felt he was very happy to see us and excited about the condition we were making for the Providence on this tour. He told us actually that, if he had had 120 ministers like us with him 20 years ago, the world would be in much better shape than it is in today.

Hyun Jin Nim and Hyung Jin Nim also attended and True Father asked them both to sing. Hyun Jin Nim brought the house down with an Elvis song, “When I Can Dream.” Hyung Jin Nim sang a very beautiful



Final group photo on the Peace Palace steps

and heartistic song I had never heard before. At one point True Father asked True Mother to sing. She sang her favorite song, “Edelweiss.” Finally True Parents sang a couple of songs together. It was all so beautiful.



The Front Gate of the Peace Palace



Above the Clouds of Heaven

There was a very heavenly atmosphere and we all felt very much loved and taken care of, especially since there was a gift bag prepared for everyone. I received a tie and a belt.

The belt happened to be the correct size and it is very elegant. Also in the bag of goodies were a jar of ginseng extract and a box of instant ginseng. That was all for the physical side of things. On the more spiritual side we received a binder with the new “Tour Speech.” Father added a few more pages to the speech we had read in Japan. From now on we would read this new speech.



Peace Rally at the DMZ

From the “HDH Reading Hall” we went to a lower floor. Here we found a “cafeteria” that looked like a huge library hall. There was every imaginable breakfast food from the western and the eastern worlds spread out over rows and rows of tables. It was really amazing, absolutely astonishing. It was impossible to even just try a little bit of everything. There were too many different foods offered here. Needless to say, everyone enjoyed their breakfast. I ended up eating more than I should have, the food was just too difficult to resist.

Soon it was time to move on to our next appointment – the DMZ. But before we left, we gathered on the steps leading up to the Palace for a group picture. The Palace was built on one of the highest



Peace Doves – Let My People Go

mountain tops in the area. Thus we had a spectacular view. The sun was shining brightly and we were above the clouds of heaven looking down into the valleys below. It was so very beautiful, impossible for me to describe in words.

As difficult as it was to tear ourselves away from such beauty, we eventually had to jump back into our buses and move on to our next assignment – the Demilitarized Zone – DMZ for short. This is the landmass that separates the Communist North from the Democratic South of the once united nation of Korea. This would be the second time 120 ministers from the United States of America came to this place to make conditions and pray for peace. In the year 2000, 120 ministers of the newly formed American Clergy Leadership Conference took a stand for peace here for the first time.

It was about a 70-minute drive to the “Zone.” We came prepared with a bullhorn and a large banner and with an even larger desire to “make peace happen.” Of course, things are not that simple, but everyone gave their whole heart to make this event a pure offering that heaven could use. We, the physical people, can talk all we want and the



One Dove seemed to have found her Peace.

response will not necessarily be so great. However, if we create a condition for the saints in the spiritual world to step in and give them the opportunity to influence the leaders in the central positions here on earth, then results could come quite easily and quickly.

I can see that happening more and more, especially with what I have experienced so far on this fourth World Peace Tour. The saints and sages and good ancestors and angels are so much more active and free to help us than ever before. It is really exciting to witness all this positive spiritual activity.

We sang a song and several speeches were made and several prayers were prayed. The most exciting external highlight came when the doves were pulled out of their cages and released. At one command these “peace doves” were freed and they seemed to be happy to have gained their freedom. Only one dove was a bit confused as she decided to settle down on one of our minister’s shoulder.



Model of the DMZ separating North and South Korea. The blue area represents the DMZ.

From here we went to the Observation Point which doubles as a museum. It

contained the whole history of Korea's separation into North and South. From here we could see directly into North Korea. There was no movement of any kind on the other side. It was a rather interesting place to be, but at the same time somewhat depressing when one realizes what is actually happening to people in North Korea.

Two days after we had our rally at the DMZ, the news came to us that the "six nation nuclear talks" would be picked up again soon. They had been suspended for some time because of North Korea's stubborn and selfish attitude. Everyone was inspired about that and felt that the condition we made at the DMZ had certainly helped to get everyone back to the negotiation table.

Then it was time to get back to the hotel and prepare for the departure of everyone to either the USA or to London, England.

### Saturday, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>

The day began at 6 AM. At this point my main mission was to make sure that everyone went to where they were supposed to go. Forty ministers would be going to Europe. That was the easy part, since everyone would go to London together and be taken care of by the European HQ.



The bigger challenge was to get everyone back to his or her correct destination in the USA. That was not necessarily an easy task. It became more difficult if the minister had to make a connection to a domestic flight in order to get home. Rev. Jim Flynn and Mr. Joe Wakaria worked from their AFC office in Washington, D.C. with Go World, our travel agent in New York, to make sure everyone would get home alright. They carried most of the burden to get everyone home safely. What would we have done without the internet? It would have been a hopeless situation. By late evening all problems had been worked out for at least that day. However, there was another day just like it ahead of me tomorrow.

Today the tailor delivered the suits for everyone. I picked up my suit and shirt from the late in the evening. The suit fit well and the quality of the fabric was great. However, I had gained some weight which I know I will lose again, but it should not make that much of a difference; the suit should still fit me well in my “skinnier state.”

### **Sunday, Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>**

Many people left today quite early. Rev. and Mrs. Jenkins also had an early flight. She was going back to the USA; he was on his way to London to prepare the way for the ministers traveling to Europe. I was to have gone with him; however, there were still too many things to resolve with the departures to America. The main body of the European Ministers Team was leaving later in the afternoon.

My experience for the day was similar to that of the previous day. Getting the right itineraries for everyone was again challenging. However, there were fewer arrangements to be made, and fewer tickets to be changed, so it took less time to complete all travel arrangements. Finally everyone’s itineraries were taken care of. Now I was ready to move on to the next level myself – Europe.

We saw off the members of the “European Team,” a total of 38 people who would be speaking all throughout Europe. They would be traveling to Tokyo, Narita Airport, stay for one night and fly from there the next morning to London. Rev. Torres and I would fly out the next day directly to London and meet everyone at Heathrow Airport. Our planes would arrive at Heathrow at almost the same time.

Everyone was very excited and ready to move on to a different continent. It was good to see the very positive heart of all the participants. It is somewhat miraculous considering where we have come from in the last few years in our work with the ministers. There is no doubt that God is real and really behind all of this.

We had found flights for most of the ministers who returned to the USA today. However, we had been unable to find flights for all of them. A substantial number of people would be leaving on the 30<sup>th</sup> and 31<sup>st</sup> of October for the USA. Their situations had also been cleared up and all were ready to move on. Rev. Larry Krishnek, the Director from the Seattle District, also had a flight on the 31<sup>st</sup> so he could take care of everyone on the 30<sup>th</sup> and the 31<sup>st</sup>. Rev. Carlos Torres and I definitely had to leave for London early Monday morning.

### **Monday Morning, Oct. 30<sup>th</sup>**

I had an early breakfast meeting with Dr. Yang and Rev. Dong Woo Kim concerning the situation of the remaining guests. The plan was to take everyone to the best hot bath in Seoul and to other sightseeing adventures. I got up early that day to make sure I could pack without having to rush. I now had so much more “stuff” than when I first left the U.S. The only thing I lost was my battery charger. It was not made for the type of electrical current that is being used in the Asian countries. I will have to get back to regular batteries in order to keep my digital camera going.

Right after breakfast, Rev. Carlos Torres and I went to the airport to depart for London. I had some extra luggage since a few ministers of the “European Team” forgot some of their clothing. Rev. Coaxum had forgotten his leather coat in the restaurant where we had breakfast. He called me from Japan about three hours after they had left. Luckily the coat was still there and I was able to return it to him. There were a few more items that I would find the owners for in London. Some sisters did not even know that they had left some of their personal belongings behind.



The spirit at Lancaster Gate was high.



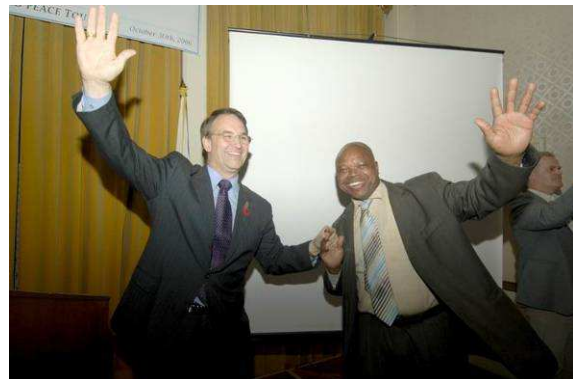
Rev. Robert Pyle gave a spirited mini sermon.

Rev. Torres and I had a comfortable flight to London on Korean Air. Their service seems to be nicer than the other airlines I have been on. At London’s Heathrow Airport we met up with the rest of the European Team.

### **Monday Evening, Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> – England – Lancaster Gate**

From here we boarded a bus and were taken to Lancaster Gate, the HQ of the European movement. We were received well. Everyone there was very excited to meet us. After we went through the reception line, we were guided to the second floor where a beautiful banquet room was set up. The spirit was incredibly high. Some ministers gave great testimonies and even mini sermons. At the end of it all everyone, well almost everyone, danced to Beatles tunes that our brother Rev. Bernard Chellew sang and strummed so well on his guitar.

When all was said and done we were taken to our assigned hotels to prepare for the next day. The schedules had been given out to everyone. Now was a time to prepare, and all



Sharing, preaching, singing and dancing – the spirit was high at Lancaster Gate

were excited and serious about going to their assigned cities to give True Father's speech. Six of us went to Bromley, about one hour away from the center of the city. We arrived around midnight and bunked down in the Livingston House, a beautiful place the church had bought some time ago. It had been built by the explorer David Livingston.

Rev. Ike Artis, Jr. from Newark, NJ and I were roommates for two nights. We got along very well. I was happy that Rev. Artis had no problems sharing a room with me. I was inspired by his heart and attitude. Generally ministers insist on having their own, single room, which, since we are usually sponsoring most of them for our events, almost doubles the cost for accommodations. In most cases ministers do not realize that the money to sponsor them is coming from members of our church, who live just at or above poverty level.

I had a lot of things to catch up on. Most importantly I needed to figure out how to set up the global phones we had purchased. USA HQ bought 10 of them for the team leaders of the tour. Eight had been given out. I needed to make sure of the most basic functions to assure that we could use them effectively. I called the 24-hour hotline and got all my questions answered. I made myself a little manual in case I had to answer questions about the phones from the field. I eventually got everything done and got to bed at 2 AM.

### **Tuesday, Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>**

Today is "Event Day." Everyone will go out on their speaking missions today. Most of the events would take place in the evenings, so the six of us in the Livingston House, and, I am sure, the other ministers in their respective downtown hotels had the opportunity to sleep in as well. It was a good break after the hectic schedule we had kept up to that point.

We had a beautiful breakfast at 8:00 AM. After that the ministers had some time to relax and prepare for their event. I was not scheduled to speak in Europe. My mission was to be the anchor point for communications in case anyone got lost or needed help in some way. I would work together with Peter Staudinger, the point man for the Europe I and Europe II Regions, for this operation.



Last group photo at Lancaster Gate before we all went our different ways



I went back to my usual “stuff,” troubleshooting whatever problems came up related to the tour and helping everyone with their questions. One of the first issues to resolve was Rev. Calvin Kelly’s situation. His wife called saying that the American government was asking him to come back to the USA. He was the main witness in some important court case. However, Rev. Kelly was having such a good time on the tour that he did not want to go back; but, he had really no choice in that matter. So heavy-heartedly he decided to return to the USA.



The Livingston House in Bromley, my home/office for one week

I told Rev. Kelly and his wife that the UPF would not be able to pay for his return ticket to the USA. He had made a commitment with us and if he wanted to break it, he would be on his own. Anyway, if the American government wanted him back in the

U.S., then they should provide him with the ticket. He was expected to be in the U.S. on November 7th.

My negotiations were only with Mrs. Kelly. She also expected us to pay for the ticket, but I did not budge. Eventually the American government agreed to fly Rev. Kelly home. Rev. Kelly wanted to stay on the tour as long as possible, so I suggested to Mrs. Kelly to fly her husband out of Brussels, Belgium on November 6th since he would be speaking there on the evening of the 5th. He hoped to be finished with his government business in time to join the Africa segment of the tour. I am not sure whether or not he actually did manage to rejoin the tour.

Another situation arose with Rev. Kay Anderson, a highly spirited Latter Day Saints’



Hideo and Joyce Suda , keepers of the Livingston House. They took care of us well. Right: Together with Peter Staudinger we enjoyed some “authentic” English fish and chips.

Elder. His wife called with some concerns about her husband. When I got him to call his wife back she told him that his superior Elder in the Mormon Church was very much concerned about him being with the FFWPU, Rev. Moon's organization. The Elder was worried that Rev. Anderson's presence here would not look good for the Mormon Church. He even wondered whether or not he still was a member of the Church. Rev. Anderson calmed his wife and explained to her what a wonderful time he was having here with us. He called his Elder and left a long message on his voicemail, explaining that all was well with him on this trip and that he was having the greatest time in the Lord. Rev. Anderson stood strong and went on to finish the European Tour.

### **Wednesday, Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>**

I had Pledge this morning with Rev. Song, his wife and two sons as well as the staff of the Livingston House. Of course we read the Tour Speech. After Hoon Dok Hea, we had breakfast and then sent off five of the ministers who had stayed with us for the last two nights. They all had been assigned to the Scandinavian countries. Rev. Kelly, Rev. Anderson, my roommate, Rev. Artis, Jr., Rev. Sapp, and Bishop De la Rosa left in high spirits.

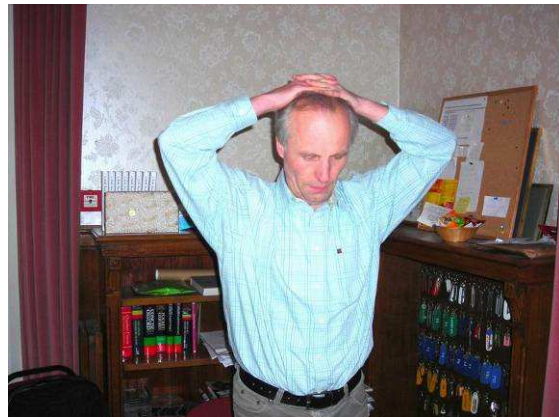
Jim Flynn and I struggled to get the list for Africa together. It was still not clear which of the ministers would be going to Africa. I only knew for sure that I would be leading a team to go there. There were a number of ministers who had gone to get their yellow fever shots yesterday, so it was clear that they would be going as well. But still the list was not complete. Since I had not gotten my shots yet, I decided to do that today.

To travel in London for me was quite an adventure. I had to take a train and the subway. I walked from the Livingston House to the train station called Elmstead Woods. It was about a 15-minute walk. Mrs. Suda suggested that I buy a day pass. With it I could get on and off the train and the underground (subway) as often as I wanted. At £5.40 English pounds (at \$1.96 US / pound that equals \$10.60) I thought it was quite expensive. But it was also convenient, so I went ahead and bought the ticket.

The trains are quite nice; they even have upholstery on the seats. That is something that could not happen in the U.S., at least not in New York. Those seats would be cut to pieces in no time. I had no problem finding the right underground. The subway train is actually quite small. It feels like one is traveling in a submarine. It's very narrow, very low and curved at the top. But it was overall an interesting experience. The underground



Left: Peter and I in Livingston House 24-7



Right: Loosening up after long hours at the computer

seemed to be maintained well and it was very clean. There was no graffiti to be seen anywhere.

The downtown area where I had to go to was not so pleasant. Most buildings were quite run down and in need of maintenance. I exchanged some dollars into pounds and at the rate of \$1.96 per (£) pound, I did not get much back for my money. I wanted to find a nice fish and chips place to have lunch. I had heard so much about how good the English fish and chips were compared to what one could get in the U.S. When I asked the lady who gave me the shot, she told me that there were no real good places in the downtown area anymore where one could get good fish and chips. I decided to give up on the project, grabbed some French Fries and a chocolate bar on the run and went back “home.” The whole adventure took about three hours.

I was pretty wiped out when I returned and I had to rest for while. Later in the evening I worked with Jim to finalize the Africa list. Sixteen people will go directly from the USA to their assigned countries in Africa. There will be five teams of eight going to five central nations in Africa from where they will fan out into other nations to give the speech.

**Thursday, Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>, Friday, Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>, Saturday, Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>**

Peter and I were pretty much chained to our desks during these days. We were working to resolve issues related to the travel of the ministers. Every day someone would miss their connecting flight because of weather or slowdowns of another kind. Usually two or three ministers went through such an experience every day. But no matter what happened during the day, usually the ministers were redirected and put on other flights. Most of them would make the event they were scheduled to speak at that day.



Buckingham Palace and the London Bridge

One minister, Rev. Andre Jackson, got delayed by a snowstorm in Stockholm. He was unable to get to his event hall. But he felt the fire of the Holy Spirit and he determined that he needed to give the speech anyway. He was in a subway station at the time with no place to go, so he pulled out his speech folder and started to read the speech right there. Many people started listening to him and were very much moved. Especially the young folks were inspired and some of them were crying. Rev. Jackson was also moved and

started crying himself, but he continued reading. A listener came over to wipe away his tears. Some people missed their train in order to listen to the message.

What a powerful experience that must have been for Rev. Jackson as well as those who listened to him. I myself was very inspired just listening to his testimony. I really believe that the Holy Spirit and the direct power of God are present with the ministers as they go around from country to country. I am sure that each one will have many special stories to tell at the end of the tour.

### **Sunday, Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> – Sightseeing in London**

After Pledge Peter took me “sightseeing” to downtown London. We also had something to drop off at Lancaster Gate. Of course there was not much time and we could not park anywhere in downtown London so we literally just “drove by” the most famous sights in London. Whenever I saw a place I found interesting enough to take a picture, I asked Peter to just slow down a little. I took my pictures Harlem, late 1980’s style in “drive by shootings.” We spent about three hours doing that before we returned to the Livingston House. It certainly had been nice to get out of the house for a while.

I attended the Sunday Service that morning. The rest of the day was just a regular day with the regular problems to solve. In the evening there was a World Peace Speaking Tour Event in the Livingston House. I was asked to give an introduction and the invocation. I felt somewhat awkward but it was good for me to have at least directly participated in one of the official events in Europe.

### **Monday, Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> – Preparations to Leave Europe**



The European Tour is winding down today. Tomorrow, some ministers will return to the USA while most of them move on to Africa. Five teams of eight ministers were assigned to cover as much of Africa as possible. Some ministers will fly directly from the USA to join those from Europe in their designated countries.

The USA office prepared a package for each team with the contact information of the local members who were to direct the events in each nation. Jim Flynn wanted to also make sure that each team leader would have some emergency money. Some

countries required visas and of course those visas cost money. But not only that, there had to be some money available for whatever situations would come up. For this reason it was decided that every team leader should receive at least \$1000 “emergency money.”

We had to improvise to pull all of this off since we could not gather the ministers together in one place to hand out the money. The only way to do this was to ask the local



church leaders to provide the ministers with the money and a printout of the information package. The financial arrangements were for the local churches to give the minister the money. We made some complicated arrangement between the local European churches, the USA financial office and the European financial office

to pull this off. And with Heaven’s grace everything worked out well. Every minister received the money and their information packet. Peter Staudinger did a great job; he was instrumental in successfully coordinating this operation. By the time the day was over, all had received their tickets to travel to their assigned countries in Africa tomorrow.

**Tuesday, Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> – Africa, Kenya, Nairobi**

Yesterday the tour ended in Europe and today everyone was either on their way back to the USA or on the way to Africa. Those going to the USA departed without any difficulties. However, for some ministers going to Cameroon, Africa there was one problem. The invitation letter we received from Cameroon did not state that the UPF guaranteed the return flight of the ministers. Since we had only booked one-way tickets for everyone, one airline refused to let them board the plane because they did not want to be held responsible to have to fly them back out of the country in case of some emergency. This situation was eventually corrected but it delayed two ministers for a couple of days before they could join their team in Cameroon..

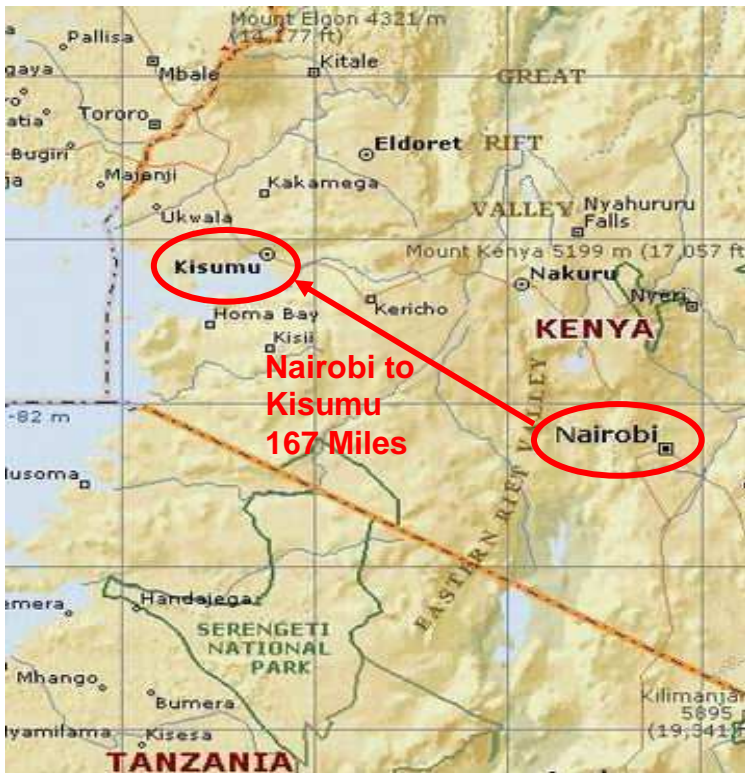
I was finally released from my Livingstone House “confinement” and on my way to Africa, Kenya to be specific. I was looking forward to an adventure that would most likely change my life. Five teams of eight ministers were created and assigned to cover 30 nations in Africa. I was assigned to be the team leader of Group One with Kenya as our central nation. From there we would fan out to Tanzania, Rwanda, Uganda, Burundi and Somalia.

The ministers on the team were Bishop Henry Coaxum, Bronx, NY; Rev. Robert Pyle, Harrisburg, PA; Rev. Harvey Kendricks, Harlem, NY; Rev. Carlos Torres, Los Angeles, CA; Rev. Marilyn Kotulek, Oklahoma, OK; Rev. Carolyn Sampson, Cary, NC; and Min. Carolyn Parker, Atlanta, GA. We would meet up in Nairobi, Kenya on Nov. 7th and 8th.

Brother Bernard drove me to Heathrow Airport. President Song and Mrs. Song were kind enough to see me off. I left the Livingstone House at 6:15 AM. My plane was scheduled to leave at 10:05 AM and five other team members were to fly into Heathrow to join me on that flight. Only Bishop Coaxum and Rev. Torres made it, however. Rev. Carolyn Sampson, Minister Carolyn Parker and Rev. Robert Pyle for some reason could not make the flight. Rev. Kendricks and Rev. Kotulek were to arrive the next day in Nairobi.

Our flight was uneventful and we arrived on schedule after an 8-hour plus flight and 4,235 miles. We were picked up by the Regional Director, Rev. Tokonu, and his assistant. The African Regional HQ was located in Kenya and Rev. Tokono is the “Archbishop” the president in charge of the region. When we arrived at our hotel, the Kenya Comfort Hotel Suites, we were briefed and immediately assigned to a city where

we would speak the next day. The name of the city I was assigned to was Kisumu. We would be returning to Nairobi and to our hotel in the evening after we completed our assignment. This was convenient because I would not have to carry my entire luggage with me. I would only take my “portable office” along, my computer bag. It contained my laptop, the speech folder, my Divine Principle Book, a Bible and all my valuables that I did not want to leave out of my sight.



**Wednesday, Nov. 8th –  
Kisumu City**

We had to get up early to catch our flights to our

destination cities. My flight left at 7:45 AM. Rev. Fred Wakhisi drove the three of us to our respective airports. Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Coaxum were dropped off first at a local airport. Each of us had received a book of tickets the night before covering all our air travels in Africa. From here Rev. Wakhisi drove me to the Nairobi international airport. It did not take long for the to board my plane and as the plane lifted off the ground my “speaking tour adventure” in Africa began.

In the seat next to me sat a young man from Nairobi named Mohamed. He worked as a manager at a petroleum company and was on his way to a meeting in one of their branch offices in Kisumu. We soon started talking about deeper things and I found out that he was a Muslim with a very broad mind and with a heart to embrace and love everyone he comes in contact with. I felt that he truly was a person who made a sincere effort to practice his religion.

I explained to him about the UPF and its founders in detail. He had never heard about “Rev. Moon” before in his life. He was quite inspired by what I had to say and was



Japheth and I in Kisumu

interested in learning more. However, Kisumu was only 167 miles away and it took us just 35 minutes to get there. We really had not enough time to share more deeply. But during the time we did have, we became quite close and exchanged our business cards.

At the Kisumu airport my pick-up person had not yet arrived and when Mohammed saw me waiting around, he offered me a ride into town. He had a car with a chauffeur at his disposal. However, since I actually had no idea where I was going, I declined his generous offer but asked him if I could

borrow his cell phone to make a call. Since I had only a name and not a number to call, I called back to Nairobi to make sure that my designated host would come to pick me up.

Arthur, and his friend Japheth arrived after about 30 minutes and took me to a restaurant somewhere in the city. Arthur soon excused himself saying that he had to go to the venue to prepare for the event. I had thought that we were at the venue where the event was to take place, but I was told that it would be at a different location. I started to wonder what I was doing here in this hotel; it would have been better for me to be in the hotel where the event was held. Anyway, I did not want to interfere with their plans; I was sure they had good reason for me to be here.

Japheth and I had some time to spend together and he taught me some phrases in Swahili which I could use to open my speech with. “Habari Zenu Nyote” (“How are you?”). And the more informal way of saying the same thing: “Jambo Nyote.” The answer to that

would be “Mzuri Sana” (“Thank you, very good”). At the closing I would say “Asenteni Sana” (“Thank you very much”).

Well, that was all good. Japheth then proceeded to talk about daily life and the difficulties people had to make a living. People could get by living on 100 shillings a day, which is about \$1.25. But even that amount of money was not easy for people to earn and thus they could not eat well.

He also told me that they had difficulty providing refreshments for the 210 guests they were expecting. There was not enough money to even buy some drink for everyone. Of course, I felt quite sympathetic for their situation but I did not really know how to respond to what he was telling me. I found myself in quite an awkward and strange situation.

It now was around 10:30 AM and I had not been asked if I wanted some breakfast, some drink or food to eat. It was strange, but I certainly did not want to bring up the subject myself. I had been given some money by Rev. Wakhisi at the National HQ to give to Arthur to take care of whatever expenses he would incur on my behalf. I had given that money to Japheth, who was, as he told me, the person in charge of hospitality.

By now, according to what Japheth told me, I realized that the budget for their event in Kisumu had to be very low. They seemed to be really struggling to provide even the most basic refreshments for their guests. In order to help them out, I told Japheth that he did not have to spend any money on me. He could use the money that HQ sent him to cover my expenses. I did not need any breakfast, lunch or dinner. I would be happy to fast the whole day if that would help their cause.

All during our conversation, Japheth received and made calls on his cell phone. I assumed that he had a very active role in the preparations for the event. At one time he told me that he only had 3 minutes left on that cell phone and that afterwards he would not be able to use the phone. Since I thought that he was a major figure in the planning and the success of the event, I gave him \$10 US to make sure he had enough “talking time.”



Our venue, the Museum View Hotel

After he had received one call, he told me that Arthur had called and he was desperate. He did not have any money to buy refreshments for the guests. He was asking if he could come over to talk to me about it, and if I could maybe help in some way. I agreed to listen to him and see if I could help out.



Arthur came to join us about 20 minutes later and he brought his wife, Maria, with him. He was really humble and he explained his situation to me. They were expecting 210 guests. In order to give them the basic minimum refreshments they needed about 150 shillings per person. This was about \$2.10. So, for the 210 guests they were expecting, they would need around \$440.

Well, I told Arthur, Maria and Japheth quite frankly that I did not have that kind of money, but that I would be quite happy to give them a \$30 donation to help out with the event. Again, I told them, “Don’t worry about me. Please do not spend any money on my lunch and dinner. Please use that money for your guests as well.”

Arthur and Maria left with my donation and Japheth and I still sat around and talked. It was now around 11:00 AM and I suggested we go to the venue where the event would be held. It was scheduled to start at 2 PM. I was more interested in connecting to, and meeting the members. I would be happy to even help out with the setup of the event. I was told that the venue was about 2 ½ kilometers away. Japheth suggested that we could take a taxi to go there. I suggested to him that we should walk to save some money. Two and a half kilometers would be easy to cover and I would get some feeling for the city and at the same time get in some sightseeing.

The streets in the city were quite rough and the sidewalks in most cases were just paths along the sides the road. Closer to the center of the city things improved somewhat and it became easier to move around. I carried my “office” with me wherever I went. I had my Divine Principle book, my Bible, my laptop, and everything else that was important for me to have on this tour in my bag. Of course, money was in there as well. It was quite heavy, but it did not matter. I would not let this bag out of my sight. Japheth had suggested that we leave it behind the counter at the hotel, but that was not an option. I would keep it with me wherever I went.

The sun was very hot. Japheth estimated the temperature in the sun to be between 95 and 100 degrees. As we were walking by a group of Kenyans sitting under a tree, one woman looked with me in amazement and shouted, “Muzungu, Muzungu.” Japheth explained to me that this meant “white man.” I may have been the first real live white man she had seen in her life.

We arrived at our venue, the Museum View Hotel, at around 12:30 PM. The access road to the hotel looked too hazardous even for cars to travel on. The hall was not so big. Around 140 “lawn chairs” were set up which were later reduced to around 100. I wondered what happened to the 210 people Arthur told me he was expecting. The hall was not big enough to seat this number of people to begin with. The podium was a regular table with a couple of milk cartons on top covered with some type of tablecloth. It was quite a simple setup but effective enough for our event here.

Another group of Christians were meeting in the hall next to ours. They looked like a lively group and I asked Japheth to find me the leader and introduce me to him. The leader came and I explained to him what I was doing and asked him if I could give the

speech to his group. He was very friendly and agreed that he could set up something for me at around 5 PM. However, that was too late for me since I had to be at the airport by that time to catch my plane back to Nairobi.

I thought that our event went quite well. Arthur gave a good introduction to the UPF and what we were doing. He explained about his own parents who had both died of AIDS. This made the HIV problem that Africa is experiencing very real and brought it very close to me. Everyone in every community must be affected by that curse. I could only imagine what Arthur must have gone through in his life, losing both parents to the disease.

The Holy Wine Ceremony took place smoothly, but as in many of these ceremonies, the real meaning and purpose was not clearly explained. Even though some people did not want to drink the Holy Juice, everyone remained and listened to the speech. The delivery



The Kisumu Event



Arthur and his wife Maria in the back and some guests and I seated in front

of True Father's Speech went well. I certainly had a very attentive audience. There were many questions based on the speech and I decided to open up a Question and Answer period after the event was officially completed. Here one strong Christian leader who knew our movement and had certain feelings toward True Parents stood up and spoke his mind quite strongly.



Q and A period after the Speech

He said that he believed all of what we were saying, but did not want to get blessed under the auspices of the UPF and its founders. He was initially quite verbal and loud. However, the other attendees quickly reminded him that he was at a peace conference and that he was not acting in a very peaceful way. He soon relented, quietly sat down and continued to listen. I could really feel that here was a higher level Spirit World at work.

None of us Church leaders had needed to get involved to resolve the situation.

Many others came up with questions and comments that showed that people had listened very closely to the speech. One participant suggested that we should arrange a seven-day seminar since there is so much to discuss and learn. Another participant agreed that a minimum of three days would be necessary for something serious to get started.

All in all, the event was quite successful. The challenge now is how to keep track of all the people who really want to continue with the peace dialogue. The follow-up for us has always been an issue. Here also, there are not enough members to take care of all those who had shown sincere interest in our work. Arthur and his wife had come all the way from Nairobi to take charge of this event. It seemed to me that there was no qualified member in Kisumu that would be able to take on the leadership role in Kisumu.

Now it was getting late and I had to make sure that I would not miss my flight. I pushed both Arthur and Japheth to get me to the airport. Both made several phone calls to get a taxi for me. They received promise after promise, but no one showed up. I got somewhat nervous, but I had my ticket so I was sure that I could get on the plane if I got there just in time before its departure at 6:45 PM.

Finally the cab arrived and we raced to the airport. I got there by 6:30 PM. When I tried to check in, I was told that my seat had been given to someone else, the plane was sold out, and that I had to come back the next morning. Well, that was certainly a bit disappointing. I did not know what to do and Japheth my host had already returned to the city. I had not even taken his cell phone number, so I would not be able to reach him.

I just had arrived too late to check in at the airport and my seat had been sold to someone else. These were the facts and nothing could change that. I explained calmly to the officer in charge about my need to get to Nairobi tonight, but he could not really help me. There was no use to complain and argue with the people from the airline. There were several other people in a similar situation who were quite upset and quite verbally explained their dissatisfaction. They took their anger out on the poor secretary, a young lady who really had no fault in this situation.

As I watched the people vent their anger, I could very well understand their pain. I felt the same way, but complaining about things would not make things any better. I remained calm and wondered how the Holy Spirit would deal with me in this situation. I tried several times to call Kenya, using my global phone, but I could not get through.

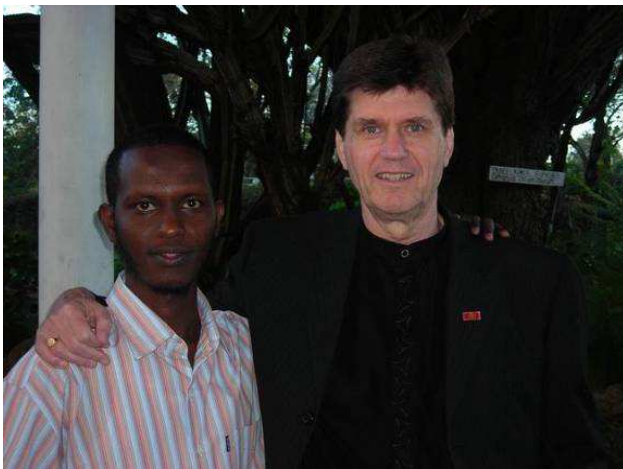
When everyone had exhausted themselves and things calmed down a little bit, I approached one of the men who had most clearly and vehemently argued with the airline manager about his plight and asked if I could borrow his cell phone. I had to call “home base” in Kenya since I did not have any way to contact Japheth or even Arthur.

When I called the Kenyan HQ numbers I had, no one picked up. The gentleman and his friend were very friendly and made a special effort to help me. I introduced myself to them and learned that their names were Austin and Francis. While Austin still tried to call

the Kenyan HQ numbers again, I asked Francis, his friend, if I could use his cell phone. I had decided to call Mohamad, my friend from the early morning flight, to see if he had a solution to my problem. But, as soon as the phone started to ring, I decided against it and hung up before he could answer the call. I thought it would just be too much to expect him to help me. It would not be fair to put him in such a position.

I decided to wait a few more minutes and then call the Kenyan HQ numbers again. In the meantime I entered into conversation with Austin. His last name was Kapere. He works for the Kenyan Ministry of Education and was on his way with his friend and business partner Francis to an important meeting in Kenya. Francis Imbo worked for Austin. He is a school principal and entrepreneur who worked for Kisumu Polytech.

They asked me what I was doing and since we seemed to have a lot of time, I explained in detail. Both of them were very religious people and were quite impressed by my work and agreed with the basic principles of the UPF. By now it had become very much clearer that we were not going anywhere except back to Kisumu that evening. Austin, who was Francis' superior, invited me to go back with them to the city. They had a car with a chauffeur waiting outside and were ready to leave. I was somewhat cautious of their offer, because it came so easily and naturally. They were so friendly and it seemed that the two were just too good to be true.



With Mohamad outside the Sunrise Hotel

But after some quiet prayer I relied on my intuition and faith in God and believed that He had set this all up to get me out of this mess. So, I decided to accept Austin's offer and go back with him and Francis to Kisumu.

Right after I made that decision, Mohamad, my friend from the early morning flight, called Francis' cell phone, wondering who had called him earlier and why. He had figured that there had to be a reason for someone to call him even though the call had been

cancelled. I explained to Mohamad what had happened. He was quite concerned about my safety and offered to come with his chauffeur and car to pick me up and take me to a hotel.

I told him not to worry, but he would not take no for an answer. I did not want him to go out of his way just to help me. So, when I stayed strong in my decision to accept Austin's help, he insisted that he wanted to at least talk to him and find out what his plan was for me.

Only when Austin identified himself clearly and explained to him where he was taking me was Mohamad satisfied and convinced that I would be alright. However, he stated

that he would come to visit me at the Sunrise Hotel where I would be staying for the night. I was surely surprised about all the help and care I was getting. Heavenly Father truly wanted to make sure that I would be alright. I was grateful to Heavenly Father and all his good Saints and Angels He had mobilized in the Spirit World to look after me. But this would not end here.

The ride to the Sunrise Hotel took about 20 minutes. I was truly grateful to both Austin and Francis and happy to have met them. We had exchanged business cards earlier and I was determined to stay in touch with them. We shook hands goodbye and I made my way to the hotel lobby. To my surprise both of them followed me right into the lobby.

Here Francis took command and told the clerk that he needed the best room available for me, his guest. The front desk staff knew both of them. It seemed that they or the company they worked for had an account with the hotel. Francis got me a room and he paid for it in cash. He would not allow me to pay. Then they sent me off to my room and told me to take my time and have a shower and when finished come down to the lobby and meet them for dinner.

I was just so amazed at how they treated me. It was just incredible. They told me they would be waiting for me in the lobby until I had finished my shower and was ready to join them. Who were these people? I mean, were they for real? So far they had been demonstrating our principle of living for the sake of others – me, mainly – and I was grateful to them and Heavenly Father who must have set all this up. I went to my room and settled in for a moment. I did not even harbor the thought of having a shower while these two gentlemen, saints, angels, were waiting for me to join them for dinner.

I went down to the lobby as quickly as I could. Francis was right there sitting at a table waiting for me. I was still trying to figure out why they went so far out of their way to serve me like they did. It could only be the inspiration and power of God that allowed

them to so freely and happily want to take care of me.



With Austin (left) and Francis in the restaurant

Austin had to do something back at his house, Francis told me, but he would be back soon. Francis decided we would go ahead and start dinner. We walked over to the restaurant where soon Austin came to join us. Minutes later, to my surprise, Mohamad walked in and greeted us with a big smile.

We asked him to stay with us and have dinner. However, he was unable to do so. He just wanted to come and check on me to be sure that I was alright. Wow! I was again taken aback by the concern and love this person showed me even though I had not spent even a total of one hour with him in my life. Mohamad then told me that he would come tomorrow morning with his car and driver to make sure all three of us would make it to the airport in time.

Francis seemed to be eager to order some dinner. Of course, I was also very happy to eat something, since, other than some crackers on the plane in the morning I had not eaten anything that day. Francis asked me what I wanted to eat. I told him to order me the same dish he would be having. He did so and I had, without a doubt, the best fried fish dinner ever in my life.

There was a lot of time to talk over dinner. Both wanted to tell me so much about their lives. Both in the late 50's or early 60's, they reminisced back to their childhood. They had been brought up in a very strict Catholic school environment. Both were very religious and wondered how religion could ever have enough influence to stem the immorality, breakdown of marriages, corruption and atheism that is prevalent in the world today. They were truly concerned but at the same time helpless to do anything about those concerns.

This was just a perfect platform for me to start teaching the Principle. I began with the Spirit World, then the Fall of Man, and eventually ended with the Life and Mission of Jesus. I had extremely good listeners. They seemed to hang on every word I said. I was able to touch on every point that especially Austin had had questions about his entire life.

When we were done, I felt that the three of us had spent the most inspiring and uplifting dinner of our lives. My two friends were so amazed at what they had heard from me and I was so amazed at how God had set this all up and then spoken through me in such a clear way to witness to them. I have not had such an experience ever, where the word of the Principle rolled so freely off my tongue. I myself was inspired listening to myself. It was truly God speaking. He was witnessing to Austin, Francis and Jorg about the power of His word. It was truly remarkable. I promised Austin and Francis to send them both a Divine Principle book as soon as I returned to the USA.

To my surprise, just when we were about to call it an evening, Japheth, my host from earlier in the day, walked into the restaurant. Earlier in the evening at the airport I had



At the hotel



Right: Breakfast at the airport restaurant: Mohamad, Jorg, Austin, Francis

called Peter Staudinger in London to see if he could get through to the Kenyan HQ to let them know that I was in need of help. Well, he did not get through, so he decided to call Jim Flynn in the USA. Jim eventually got hold of the Kenyan office. They then called Japheth and by the time we had finished dinner he came walking into the restaurant.

I introduced them and it seemed that things came to a full circle. Japheth had done some artwork for one of Francis' schools and they already knew each other from that time. So I could connect the two with Japheth and encouraged them to explore more of the Divine Principle with him.

#### **Thursday, Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> – Morning Kisumu**

The next morning, Mohamad was there at 7 AM with his car and chauffeur as he promised. At 7:10 AM Austin and Francis rolled in with their chauffeur-driven car.

Japheth and I jumped into Mohamad's car and our two cars arrived in good time at the airport. Austin directed me to a table under a large tree about 100 yards from the airport "terminal." I had not noticed it but the group of tables located at a small distance from the airport terminal was actually part of a restaurant. We had something similar to a full American breakfast. A man from the airline came and collected our tickets and a short time later he came back with our boarding passes.



Relaxing before our departure to Nairobi

It was all so smooth. We had a lively discussion about U.S. politics as well as religion. I had some more opportunity to inject DP into our conversation. Everyone was happy that the Democrats gained ground on the Republicans. President Bush was not a popular man here. We had a great time together. When it was time to get on the plane, I promised Mohamad and Japheth that I would stay in touch.

A 33-minute flight took me back where I started from about 24 hours earlier. It will be a period of time I will not forget, ever. The love I experienced, from Heavenly Father directly, and from the "strangers," Austin, Francis and Mohamad, had truly been amazing.

It had not felt good missing my flight, but looking back it became very clear that Heavenly Father had planned this from the very beginning. I have made some wonderful friends with whom I will be in contact for the rest of my life, God willing. Thank you very much, Heavenly Father.

#### **Thursday, Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> – Morning – Nairobi**

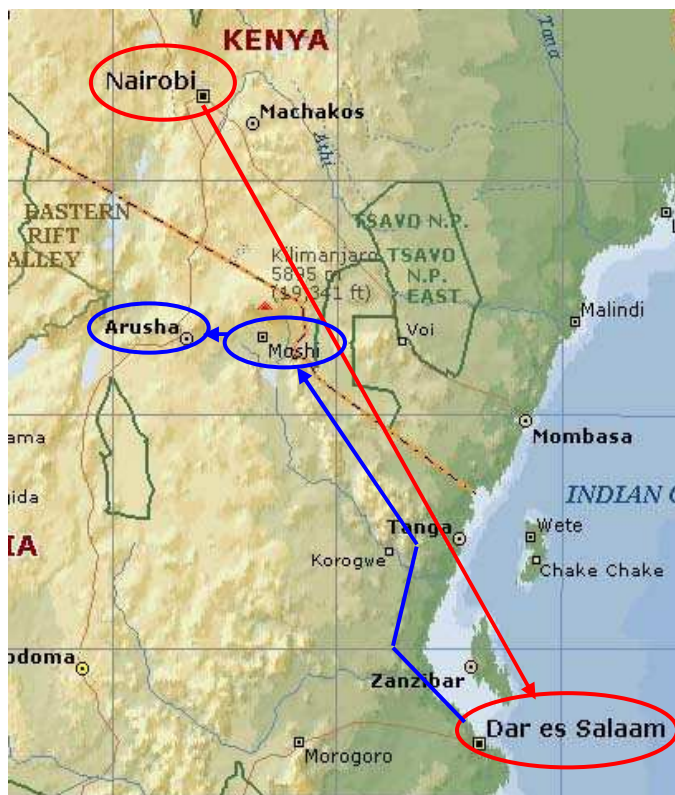
When I arrived back in Nairobi, I had to wait a while for my pick up. Austin was still worrying about me and he wanted to make sure that everything was alright. I assured him

that all was well and we finally parted ways. He and Francis had become my good friends and I would miss them.

While I was waiting for Rev. Wakhesi to pick me up, a young man was watching me curiously. His job was to collect the empty luggage carts and put them in their proper place. I smiled at him and felt I should talk to him, but before I could do so, he came and asked me if I was a minister. I told him, “Yes, I am!” “I thought so,” he answered. “You look like one.” It turned out that he was very religious and interested in learning more about the Bible. We had some time to talk and I explained to him that I was a “new age” minister who was teaching a new understanding of the Bible. By this time Rev. Wakhesi had arrived and I introduced my new friend to him. He invited him to a DP introductory lecture the next Monday which he said he would be happy to attend.

Bishop Coaxum and Rev. Torres had successfully returned to Nairobi from their event cities on Wednesday evening. They were able to meet the rest of our team that night. Rev. Robert Pyle, Rev. Carolyn Sampson, Rev. Carolyn Parker, Rev. Harvey Kendrick and Rev. Marilyn Kotulek arrived in Nairobi at about the same time the three of us left on our missions that Wednesday morning. The new arrivals had a day to settle in and meet everyone, except me, of course, for dinner that evening.

I missed a high-level prayer breakfast the next morning. On top of that I had to rush from the airport back to the Kenya Comfort Hotel Suites to pack up and meet the rest of the team for lunch somewhere. We would be leaving for our next country, Tanzania, in the late afternoon.



Rev. Wakhesi took me to a spectacular restaurant of international fame, so I was told, by the name of “Carnivore.” Here I met the rest of the team and for the first time since coming to Africa we were all together in one place. The Carnivore carried all kinds of “wild beef” and all types of delicacies of Africa. I just had a good old piece of fish filet and fries which were very delicious and satisfying.

It was good to see everyone together and “our being together” was a joyful experience. However, there was not much time and we had to hurry somewhat to get back to the airport to catch the next plane. For the first time we were



all traveling together. It felt good, like a real team, a heavenly army going out to battle. We caught our flight at 6:45 PM from the Nairobi airport, going on Kenya Air to the capital city of Tanzania, Dar Es Salaam. The city was located right at the Indian Ocean. We arrived at 8:00 PM into a very hot and very humid climate.

### **Thursday, Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> Evening – Tanzania**

It took about 1 hr. and 20 minutes and 415 miles to get us to Dar es Salaam. We had to purchase visas to get into the country. When the Tanzanian customs agent saw Rev. Kendricks' name in his passport, "Reverend Harvey Kendricks," he realized that he was a minister and told him that he could not give any sermons while in the country. Rev. Kendricks told him not to worry, he was just on vacation.

We were greeted by Rev. Leonaard Mkonongo, the national leader of Tanzania. We packed one van full of our luggage and sent it off to our hotel. We had to wait for another van to pick us up. It took a little time and while we were waiting, Bishop Coaxum got all excited and started preaching his understanding of the Gospel as revealed by Rev. Dr. Sun Myung Moon.

Finally the van came and took us to our next destination, the Hotel Karibu. The driver took us on a wild ride that had us all shook up, literally. The roads were really in bad shape; however, that did not seem to stop the driver from racing along. We were happy to arrive in one piece.

After we all settled in, we had a little reception snack and meeting with Rev. Leonaard, who was our host in Tanzania. The first issue we had to resolve was "who would go where." Rev. Leonaard explained that four events would be in or near Dar es Salaam. Two places would be quite far away, Arusha and Moshi, about an 8-hour bus ride. Two ministers together would be going on the same bus. I volunteered to go on the long ride and I asked Rev. Parker to come along with me. She was happy to do so, she liked to "hang out with me."



Arriving at Dar es Salaam Airport

Another two cities would be about a 5- and 6-hour bus ride away. Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Coaxum volunteered to go to those cities. That left Rev. Sampson, Rev. Kotulek, Rev. Torres and Rev. Pyle to take care of the locations nearby. It was a good situation for Rev. Kotulek since she needed to rest her ankles which had been swollen and bothering her for some time.

We were also greeted by Marilyn Johnson. She was one of the missionaries True Father sent out in 1975. She had been

working in different countries in Africa for many years. Now she was employed by the U.S. embassy in Dar Es Salaam. We all were quite surprised to meet this white English-speaking sister in this far corner of the world.

To make sure that we were all clear about what we were expected to do, I drew up an itinerary for everyone. Rev. Parker and myself would be going on the same bus. She would be speaking in Moshi and I in Arusha. Of course we had no idea where that was,



Dar es Salaam bus depot



Our bus to Moshi/Arusha

but since local members would accompany us, there was no need to be concerned. The itineraries for the four who stayed behind were quite clear. They had a day to rest up or even get some sightseeing in, an opportunity that had not presented itself on this Africa Tour. Everyone was happy to jump into bed, especially the four of us who had to go on an early bus ride tomorrow morning. Before we broke up, Rev. Kotulek and Rev. Pyle asked to talk to me.

Rev. Kotulek had had some ongoing difficulties with her ankles. They had been swollen for some time and made it difficult for her to walk. She had mentioned to someone earlier that she was considering returning to the USA if her situation got any worse. Rev. Pyle,



Rev. Carolyn Parker on the bus to Moshi/Arusha

who had been working with her and taking care of her, volunteered to return home with her since she might need help on her return. They informed me that they had decided that it would be best for them to return to the USA on Sunday, when we returned to Nairobi after finishing up in Tanzania. That was somewhat of a shock for me, but I could understand their hearts. I told them that I would make the arrangements for their return flights.

I had a global phone with which I could call America and other team leaders in Africa. That was very helpful in communicating

and reporting to HQ in Washington, DC during the trip. However, the cost could be as high as \$4.99 per minute or as low as \$1.49. This is a substantial amount of money, so I used the phone very sparingly. Actually in many nations I could not get a signal for the phone, so it was useless for most of the tour in Africa. My main way of communication was through the internet. Skype “computer to computer” was totally free, and Skype “out” where I could call from my computer to a regular phone or cell phone was as little as 2.1 cents per minute for a call to the USA. Again, here in Tanzania I had no signal for my phone.

Luckily Marilyn offered to take me to her home and let me use the internet there. This was truly great. I had not been able to “get on line” and report to HQ for quite some time. The Johnson family lived in a house provided by the U.S. government. It was quite a palace when compared to the houses of the local people.

The internet was somewhat slow but I could at least Skype with a few people. I reported to Rev. Jim Flynn, who was in charge of the overall tour organization at our HQ in Washington, D.C., about Rev. Pyle and Rev. Kotulek wanting to return to the USA.

He was somewhat disappointed but agreed that we needed to take care of the ministers’ health and general wellbeing. However, he pointed out that it was very unfortunate for the team and the Providence in Africa for three reasons.

1. My team would lose two members who could not be replaced in time to fill in for the void they would leave behind.
2. Two events would have to be cancelled for four nations, Rwanda, Uganda, Burundi and Somalia, at a great disappointment for the members who had worked hard to set up those events.
3. We would lose money on the cancelled tickets as well.

It was an overall no-win situation for our team and the work that needed to be done. I



Some of the better dwellings we could see from the bus

promised Jim that I would talk to them again to see if possibly they could at least finish the Africa tour. Both initially had signed up for the whole tour.

By the time I returned to the hotel it was already close to midnight. Everyone was already fast asleep. I had a dilemma at hand. It would not be a good idea to wake Rev. Pyle and Rev. Kotulek and discuss this matter with them. I would not catch them in the best of moods to discuss the problems associated with their departure.

However, I would also not be able to speak to them the next morning since the four of us would be leaving very early in the morning. That would leave only one way for me to do this, and that would be to call them from the bus.

### **Friday, Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> – Arusha**

I had requested a 5:30 AM wake-up call from the hotel. I understood that my three minister friends had also done so. The ministers were truly a responsible group and like me they were constantly learning to adapt and adjust to any situation that they encountered up to this point. This tour was surely a growing experience for all of us. Therefore I was not too concerned about their ability to get up and leave on time the next morning.

I woke up around 4:00 AM and could not get back to sleep. I prayed and meditated but I could not feel at ease. I knew that something was not right, so I asked straightforward,



Tip of Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest in Africa



Rev. Parker on her way to the Moshi Event

“What’s up, Lord?” The answer came quickly and clearly. “Get up and read the Speech!” I was a bit surprised and not really prepared to do this but the Holy Spirit kept nagging me. So, I eventually realized that I just had to be obedient and do as requested. By now it was 5:00 AM, so I got dressed and started reading the speech.

On page five the next message came to me again quite clear: “Go and make sure that everyone is getting up on time.” While reading I tried to digest that direction. I was sure that everyone was going to be up in time. It had been taken care of and I did not have to worry about it. I felt it was more important to do the condition of reading the speech. But the voice got louder and louder. It eventually got so loud that I had to stop, go to the front desk, and call everyone. It turned out that I had to wake them up. I realized then and there that, if I had not done that, we would not have been able to leave on time and possibly would have missed our buses.

I was thankful and grateful to my Heavenly Father and felt quite happy that I was able to respond to heaven's call and thus avoid a situation that could have complicated or even hindered His Providence. I went back to my room feeling good about knowing that the Spirit World was right here with me, keeping an eye on me, and helping me to do my job.



The mom-and-pop hotel in Arusha. The brother on the right did a good job ironing my suit.

As soon as I walked into the room, to my surprise, I got the next direction. "Continue reading the Speech!" By now it was around 5:40 AM. I was already packed so I did have some time before I had to be in the lobby at 6:00 AM. Well, I had to listen, so I started to read again. I had read about half a page when the next message came, just as loud and clear as the first one: "Write a letter to Rev. Pyle and Rev. Kotulek and explain the problems that would arise if they went back to the USA on Sunday!"

There was not much hesitation in my heart now. I knew that God was concerned and directly taking care of this situation. I did not have much time so I wrote just one letter addressed to both and put it under Rev. Pyle's door. I knew that both loved True Parents very much, that they were deeply spiritual and responsible people. I felt confident that



The hotel in Arusha – nothing fancy, but a functional mom-and-pop place

our Heavenly Father could work with them and inspire them to do what was most important. I mentioned in the letter that I would call them later that day from the bus on the way to my event city.

Again I was happy about the clear direction I had received from the heavenly realm. It felt good to have someone watching over me to make sure all went well with the Providence of God. Even though my prayer life had not been up to par, Heavenly Father had found a way to reach me

and make sure that I would do the right thing. From now on I promised to be more sensitive and prayerful in my daily activities during this tour and beyond.

We all got in the van on time and soon were on our way to catch our buses. The traffic was just tremendous. At 6 AM there were people walking everywhere. There was a rush-hour type of situation on our way to the bus depot. We were worried that we might miss our bus, but eventually we got there in time. At the bus depot we experienced more traffic congestion. There were people and buses everywhere. The place was totally alive. Swarms of vendors with their boxes full of goodies were looking to make a quick sale. They were just about everywhere. Everything seemed to be so disorganized and none of the official bus company employees wore uniforms of any kind, so it was difficult to figure out who was doing what.

Leonaard had gone ahead and purchased our tickets. Bishop Coaxum and Rev. Kendricks went on two different buses. Minister Parker and I would travel together on the same bus. She was going to Moshi, 330 miles from Dar Es Salaam and I would travel past her city to Arusha, 375 from here. It should be an exciting trip to get to our event cities.

We said “So long” to Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Coaxum at their respective buses and went on to board our own bus. Our luggage just barely made it into the luggage compartment. We were surprised to find out that all the seats on the bus were reserved. The bus was totally sold out. Of course there was no air-conditioning, or bathroom; however, there were a couple of TVs installed for possible entertainment purposes.

The bus driver was absolutely remarkable. How he inched his big bus through the cars and smaller buses, which seemed to be parked everywhere, was truly a masterful achievement. Finally we hit the open road and started moving at a faster pace. I was proud of Minister Carolyn Parker who kept her cool well during the very confusing and hectic times as we were trying to find and board the bus. Of course without Leonaard there we would have been at a total loss. I was the only white man around and seemed to have “sucker” written on my forehead. Leonaard and his wife Winis would accompany me to Arusha, and another young lady would escort Rev. Parker to Moshi, her event city.

There was reserved seating on the bus which Rev. Parker and I initially did not know. We had picked some nice seats out front, but had to move again because those seats belonged to someone else. There even was a stewardess on board, a young lady who made sure everyone was alright. She also operated the on-board DVD player and TV. As we started moving, she put on a traditional African soap opera which



Rev. Leonaard conducting the Holy Burning Ceremony

ran for the whole trip. The roads for the most part were in miserable shape. It was the bumpiest ride I ever experienced.

Rev. Parker took everything in stride. She slept through the early portion of the trip. After about two hours the bus stopped somewhere in the middle of nowhere. When some people got off the bus and disappeared in the bushes, it dawned on us that this was a bathroom stop without the bathroom. Rev. Parker dubbed it a “Grass Station Stop” as compared to the “Gas” station stop we are used to in the U.S. We got a good kick out of this whole situation. There would be a couple more of these “official” stops along the way before we reached our destination. The bus driver would even stop for any one person if so requested. And there were quite a few requests on this long trip.

Soon after we were on our way again, Leonaard handed me his cell phone. Marilyn Johnson was on the line. She was calling from the Karibu Hotel where the rest of the team was staying. She said, “Hold on, I have someone who would like to talk to you!” It was Rev. Pyle. “Hello, Rev. Heller, we got your note and Marilyn and I have decided that we will continue on the tour. I thought to continue would be good for me and help me build character! Would you like to talk to Marilyn?” I was happy to talk to her. “Do not change our tickets. We have decided to stay on the tour and go all the way!” she told me. She actually sounded excited about it.

What a difference of attitude and heart from the night before. God somehow touched both their hearts and enabled them to continue on the tour. I was grateful to heaven that now we could continue as a full team as scheduled. I became emotional and I could not stop my tears. I felt that truly God was showing me how much He loved us. I was so happy to know that Heavenly Father and the entire good spirit world watched over the team and me so well.

It took 10 hours for us to reach Moshi, the city where Rev. Parker would have her event. We said goodbye for now to her and continued on for one more hour to reach Arusha where my event would be held.



Adam speaking in Swahili and I in English

The scenery had not been very exciting. Dry grassland with scrubby looking trees here and there was our view for most of the journey. If there were any dwellings at all along the road, they were mainly huts made of some sort of cement and mud mix, some tin huts and, very rarely, buildings built with bricks. There was not one building I remembered seeing that was nicely painted. People were just standing around having seemingly nothing to do. It was a pretty depressing sight. In some places things looked so bad I did not want to take pictures. I was too

embarrassed to do so, being the only white man on the bus taking pictures of people living in poverty and misery. I was concerned what people might feel about me taking pictures of their misfortune.

Even when we passed through some of the larger villages the same was true. How difficult must it be to live in such a situation? It is something that anyone outside this society would never understand.

We finally arrived in Arusha and checked into the hotel that ran the Conference Center where the Event would be. The rooms were shabby at best. Five minutes after I walked in the electricity went out. Leonaard had planned for us to have a nice dinner at the hotel. However, I told him that we did not have to have dinner there. We could grab something cheap from the vendors on the street. When he realized what I meant and he understood my heart, he decided we would go ahead and leave the hotel altogether. It was just too expensive and he could find a cheaper place.

We checked into a mom-and-pop type of hotel about a five-minute walk away. The Miami Beach Hotel was a one story square-shaped building with a courtyard in the middle. The rooms were much nicer here and I felt a little more comfortable. They had about fifteen rooms. I bedded down there for the night in preparation for the Event the next day.



Sisters waiting obediently to receive the Blessing



Final group photo

### **Saturday, Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> – Event Day Arusha**

I slept in a bit today. There was not much for me to do. The set-up team consisting of Leonaard, his wife Winis, Adam, the local Church leader and his wife, had everything under control. I offered my help, but they told me nicely that I was really not needed. I felt they did not want to burden me with all these details. So I went back to the hotel room to relax, pray and practice the speech.





I went back in time for the 3 PM event. Actually I walked into the Event Hall at five minutes before three and I was the first one there. We waited another 40 minutes and by that time about 15 people had gathered. That was enough people for us to start the program. Brother Adam, a seventh grade school teacher, was the MC and translator. As the program went on, more and more people arrived. By the time I started the speech we had almost 40 guests in the room.

It was incredible how obedient the guests were. Many people came up to participate in the Holy Burning Ceremony and everyone took the Holy Wine. We had no option other than to read the speech in English and Swahili at the same time. I had Adam use the PA system to read the speech in

Swahili, and I just read with a low voice the English version. It somehow worked out and we made it through alright.

After the official program was completed, we had a question and answer period. Someone asked a question related to the Fall and I spent about 15 minutes explaining about it. That started some interest and several other people got involved and wanted to know more. One guest suggested that we have a regular program to explain our teachings in greater detail. Many gave us their names and addresses. The challenge here again was how to follow up with everyone.

It is astonishing, and one really has to give the Spirit World the credit, how eagerly people signed up to learn more about us. I have only seen this during the events on this



Members seeing us off in Arusha



Our bus to Nairobi

tour. There is a very special blessing and power connected to our work here. It amazed me to see such a thing happen. My collection of business cards is growing every time we have an event. It will take some effort and determination for me to follow up with everyone.

### **Sunday, Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> – Nairobi – “Akuna Matata”**

We decided to take a bus going to Nairobi. Even though we had plane tickets to fly from Dar Es Salaam to Nairobi, in order to get to DES, we would have had to get back on that bumpy bus ride and we really did not want to do that. Also, we would not have made it in time for our departure there, so we opted to catch a bus to Nairobi instead. I had asked Rev. Parker to come from Moshi to join us in Arusha so we could travel together to Nairobi. This time the bus was smaller; but it was also filled to capacity and some people had to even stand in the aisle.



Paperwork at the Kenya–Tanzania border

The ride was just as bumpy but far shorter, only 165 miles. The scenery did not change much and the poverty was still everywhere to be seen. We arrived at the Tanzanian–Kenyan border after about a two-hour ride. We filled out an immigration card to “check out” of Tanzania and then walked to the other side of the fence into Kenya. Here we had to go through the same procedure only in reverse. We filled out an immigration document to “check in” to Kenya.

On the way back to our bus, Carolyn, who was with me during all this time, and I got “attacked” by a group of what I can best describe as fundraising grandmothers on a mission. They were literally pushing to sell anything from wood carvings to necklaces to bracelets. They were absolutely relentless. I was surrounded by at least five of them and Rev. Parker was in a similar predicament. These grannies would take my arm and put



The Pride of Kenya – “My” Granny at the Kenyan–Tanzanian Border – “Hakuna Matata”

several bracelets on it and say, “Akuna Metata, for you, it’s alright. Just take it. You can keep it. Give me one dollar each.”

Well, I did not want them. I took them off and wanted to give them back. However, they refused to take them back. Finally I put them on the ground and walked away. In the



Leonaard and Rev. Parker at African HQ in Nairobi

meantime I found another collection of bracelets on my other arm. It was just incredible. Eventually we got free. Rev. Parker had bought some stuff and that got everyone even more excited. I took a picture of the one granny that was most insistent with me. She certainly was a proud lady. After I took the picture she told me that I now owed her one dollar for the privilege to have taken her picture. I had to admire the granny. She was a powerful fundraiser. I gave her the dollar and she went happily off to find her next “victim.”

We made it to Nairobi alright. The bus station was a mess. There were people everywhere. It had just rained and the ground was muddy. Somehow Leonaard put us in a taxi that looked like it could fall apart any moment. But we made it to the African Continental HQ safely. Here Carolyn and I spent some time waiting for the rest of the team to arrive. I had some time to get on line and catch up with what was going on in the rest of the world.

We were invited to dinner by Rev. Kililo. There were only seven of us. Rev. Kendricks had missed the plane from Dar Es Salaam. On his way back from his event, a serious accident happened on his “highway.” The road was blocked both ways and no one could move anywhere. He had to stay on the road, in the bus, for that night. Only in the morning was the bus able to continue.



Buffet dinner in Nairobi the evening before leaving for Rwanda

We went out to a very posh hotel with a beautiful restaurant that served a wonderful buffet. Everyone was happy to be together again after having been separated for three days. It felt good to be together again. We were developing much closer relationships with one another and it felt more like we were family rather than just a “team.” We truly were an incredible group no matter from what angle anyone looked at us.

We felt honored that we had the blessing to be part of this historic Fourth World Tour. There are so many “so called” big and successful ministers in America and around the world who could have much more of an impact than we had to change the world. But here we were, doing the mission that God needed to get done at this time. We were the ones who had the guts and determination and the concerns for God’s Providence to respond to the call.

However, even though we were great in answering the call of Heaven, it did not mean that there were no problems. Here were eight personalities who had been asked to travel and work together to carry out a mission for God in foreign countries halfway around the world. Most of us had never met before and if we did, it was only in passing. Now we needed to establish heart-to-heart relationships and become the internal example and force of peace for all those whom we would meet on our journey. It was challenging but everyone was sensitive about being a person of peace to each other and all those with whom we came in contact.



Sometimes strong opinions, convictions and egos seemed to disrupt the harmony of our group. That did not happen much, but when it did, I could only pray silently to diffuse the “disturbances.” And it usually worked quite well. Not because of my prayers alone, but because of the Holy Spirit who worked so strongly in everyone’s heart.

I was able to establish good relationships with everyone on the team. However, I was especially close to Rev. Carolyn Parker. She was in good spirits most of the time and always had a big smile on her face. She somehow attached herself to me through the attention and support she gave me. We became good friends during the trip and we could talk very freely with one another. She did not hesitate to tell me what was on her mind. I was surprised, one morning, to see her sitting at a table having breakfast by herself. I asked her to join the table where all of us were sitting since we needed to make plans for

the day. However, she did not want to do so. We all tried several times to have her join us at our table but to no avail.

After we had completed our meeting I joined Rev. Parker. I asked her what had upset her so much. She hesitated to tell me at first. But finally she gave in and explained that she did not feel that the other ministers respected her enough. She had different reasons for why she believed each minister felt that way. She also felt discriminated against by some because of her color.

I tried to calm her down and told her that I appreciated and respected her. She told me, “Yes, that’s true, but you are different.” I mentioned to her that I had not observed that anyone discriminated against her or treated her disrespectfully. But she could not be consoled.

We kept talking for a while and I finally reminded her about the reason why we were here. We came here to give love and set the condition for peace to come in the future. Father Moon, in his speech, encouraged us, as Jesus did, to even love our enemies. I felt we had a close enough relationship for me to speak strongly to her. I asked her to change her attitude toward the members of our group. The way she was behaving was not representative of who we were and who we represented. I was strong, but I looked straight into her face and smiled at her. She looked at me and seemed to be very surprised and upset to hear me speak like that. But then her face lit up and she smiled back at me and said, “I understand and know that you are right, but it is not easy for me. However, I am working on it and I will do my best to love everyone.”

I am working on it! That was the magic word. We were all working on it to become God’s children. We all made determined efforts to develop and express our divine character. From this point on when I saw that there was a strain in Rev. Parker’s relationship with another minister, I just made eye contact with her and smiled and she



Welcoming party at our arrival in Kigali, Rwanda

understood that something was not right. She would ease off, look back at me and let me know that “she was working on it.”

We were put together into a “pressure cooker” where we had, in a short period of time, to face and overcome more things than we normally would have done in possibly even one lifetime. What a blessing it is to be trained in this way and to succeed here and be victorious on all levels.

I mentioned to Rev. Pyle one day when he seemed to be a little bit more quiet than usual that we find ourselves in an astonishing situation. What we will experience here in the two months on this tour would be probably the equivalent of 20 years in someone else's normal lifetime. He agreed with me and told me that he had thought about this himself and that this realization gave him the courage and inspiration to keep going.

One thing was sure. No matter what internal difficulties we may have had, when it came for us to do what we came to do, that is, reading True Parents' speech, there was no obvious struggle or hesitation, only serious determination and conviction that this was the most important mission we had ever had in our lives. All of us knew that we were participating in a spiritual war that would eventually contribute to change the world. Heavenly Father must have felt proud of all of us. I certainly felt proud of these ministers and proud to be part of this group.

Everyone expressed how grateful they were to be chosen to participate in this tour and how much of a blessing it was to do this work. This was a mission unparalleled by any mission that any follower of Christ had had the challenge to fulfill ever since the time of Christ 2000 years ago. There was just nothing out there to compare this with.

However, we did have a serious moment where we discussed issues about our safety and security. We had a lively discussion around the dinner table concerning safety. Yes, of course it was challenging for everyone; however, God walked with us step by step. There were sometimes situations where it was not safe for a lady pastor to be walking around without the proper escort. Safety was a big issue to consider.

A suggestion was made that maybe at times it would be good if we could double up just for safety's sake. Here I interjected that this might not be possible to do. There were only eight of us and wherever we were going, to whatever country we would travel, there would be eight events scheduled per day. By doubling up, we would not be able to fulfill our mission and the calling of God.



Rev. Kotulek with two Ministers of Parliament



VIPs greeted us at the Kigali Airport.

Everyone agreed that they had come here on faith to serve God and humanity. If any obstacles arose, then surely God would help us to overcome them. Since the plan was for

eight events to take place every day, we, the ministers, should strongly unite with that direction. Determination to be obedient to God's call and to unite with the planning of the organizers would be better than any sacrifice that could be made otherwise. And, by doing so, the Heavenly Forces would be with us and protect us all the way. We were walking by faith with confidence to bring glory to God and victory to our True Parents.

We all agreed and after some reconsideration, it was suggested that the HQ make sure that the local escorts were chosen more carefully and educated properly so as not to put us into any potentially dangerous situations. The dinner was great. It ended with a positive note, we had a good time together and we became even more closely knit as a group. We had to leave early the following morning to fly to Rwanda. Of course we had heard about the genocide that took place there some 13 years ago, so we wondered what it would be like to work there. We had been assured that it would be totally safe to travel to that nation.

### **Monday, Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> – Kigali, Rwanda**

Looking at Rwanda from the air, I could see that it was a very beautiful country. We arrived in the morning at around 10 AM at the Kigali airport. It took 1 hour and 40 minutes and 475 miles to get us there from Nairobi. I felt comfortable there right away. The Spirit was very clear; the airport was bright and clean. There was a much better, clearer, more peaceful spirit compared with what I had experienced in Tanzania.

The drive to the city also was a pleasant surprise. The streets were beautifully paved; sidewalks in most cases were laid out in stone or some other type of pavement. The streets were very clean and the houses looked beautiful. Some expressed that they felt they were in Hawaii; others said that this looked like Jamaica. I myself felt that Rwanda even had a European flavor to it.

Everyone was pleasantly surprised. After all we had heard about Rwanda and the Genocide that took place there in the early 90's, we were expecting something much different, something much darker, and spiritually suppressed. However, it was the total opposite. People were friendly, intelligent and eager to meet us everywhere we went.

One sitting and one former minister of the Rwandan government and many church members and their children came to greet us. It was a very joyful meeting. I was very impressed with the kindness and hospitality that was shown us. Our hosts took us directly to the hotel where some of us would spend the night.

At the hotel, I met with Edwin, a brother who had traveled with us from Nairobi and who was assigned to assist us in this predominantly French-speaking country. At the request of our hosts, I was asked to make a decision as to what locations we should send the ministers. Everyone was scattered about, in their rooms or talking with some of our hosts. Since there seemed to be an immediate need for the information, I decided very quickly who should go where.



Traveling in Kigali



View of the city

The situation was similar to what we had experienced in Tanzania. Four events would be in and around the city of Kigali and four events would be about a 6-hour drive away. I suggested that Rev. Torres, Rev. Sampson, Rev. Pyle and I should do the traveling. Our hosts requested that Bishop Coaxum do the main Event. There were two prominent bishops attending that event and they wanted Bishop Coaxum to meet and take care of them. Rev. Parker, Rev. Kotulek and Rev. Kendricks could work around the city of Kigali.

When I announced the assignments, everyone seemed to be okay with the assignments except Rev. Pyle. He told me that he just could not travel. He did not trust the drivers, the roads were too bad and he felt that it just was not safe enough to travel. He had a minister friend die in a car accident some years back here in Africa and he did not want to meet the same fate. I could understand his heart because I knew what he was talking about. He was quite correct about the drivers and the roads. However, we were all in the same “boat” and someone would have to do it. I asked him to pray on it and then make his final decision later on that afternoon.



Bishop Coaxum presented flowers at the Genocide Memorial.



He agreed to this but must have changed his mind again because a short time later I heard him talking to Bishop Coaxum. He asked the Bishop to let him do the main event. “I’ll owe you one if you let me do it,” he told the Bishop. However, I would not let it develop any further. I stepped in and made it very clear to both of them that we needed Bishop



Coaxum to do the main event. I made sure Bishop Coaxum would not give in to Rev. Pyle and that he clearly understood that he should be responsible for the main event.



Traditional African Music/Dance Reception Rev. Pyle and Rev. Kotulek connecting to the culture

By now we had to rush to our next appointment at the Genocide Memorial. We came prepared with a basket of flowers that we offered in honor of the victims of the Genocide. It was not an easy place for us to be. We entered the museum where a guide took us through the halls filled with pictures, pieces of clothing of the victims and the weapons that were used to commit the crimes. Videotaped testimonies of survivors and witnesses told clearly of the horror that took place. It was quite an experience to see all the pictures and evidence shown and to understand how this happened.

The guide gave us a detailed explanation about it. She explained that the whole thing started in the early 1900's with the Belgian government evaluating and psychologically testing the two tribes that lived in Rwanda, the Tutsis and the Hutus. They found that the people of the Tutsi tribe were more mature and intelligent and thus more capable of functioning in a working environment. The people from the Hutu tribe were found to be inferior to the Tutsis. Thus, the Belgian government focused all their attention on the Tutsis, giving them the education and jobs and training them to help with the governing of the nation. Of



Buffet and African Traditional Dancing

course, over a period of time, resentments developed and over the decades the divide between the two tribes became greater and greater. It eventually exploded in an all-out civil war in which more than 1 million people died. A tragic situation, one that shall never happen again, as many signs throughout the city state: "Genocide - Never Again."

A local TV station filmed our visit to the memorial. They wanted to interview someone, so I suggested that Bishop Coaxum do it. I asked our hosts to secure the videotape from the station and send it to me in New York.

But now it was time for our next appointment. We were going to our very own New



Mrs. Annonciate Npoga, standing in white; Mrs. Rugema, sitting with head covered, Mr. Saidat, on far right wearing traditional clothing; and other supporting members

Hope Technical Institute. Built with donations from the Japanese missionaries, the foundation for this building was laid shortly after the Genocide ended and completed within three years. The beautiful redbrick building was laid out on a square foundation with a beautiful courtyard in the center. A one-story building, it is used as the HQ of the FFWPU and the WFPW as well as a technical training center.

We were greeted by song and dance. Eight young women supported by drummers and a choir of more young people danced their way into our hearts.

In their traditional costumes they danced their way to the main room where a lunch buffet was set up for us. It was very touching and the young ladies challenged each one of us to dance with them. We all obliged and tried to “shimmy” in imitation of the dance steps the young ladies were trying to teach us. It was a wonderful experience for everyone and our hearts were opened up to a new dimension of life in Africa.

We were all having a good time, the food was good and everyone wanted to meet with us. The only difficulty arose when Edwin told me that he had changed Rev. Pyle’s speaking assignment. I found that hard to believe. How could Edwin even think about doing that without checking with me? Rev. Pyle had also been out of line, having directly asked, and well, pressured may be the better word, Edwin to change his assignment without consulting with me.

Anyway, however it may be, Rev. Pyle just could not handle this aspect of the mission right now. Not a problem, we were a team and we could cover for each other. I just wanted to make sure one more time and so I asked him again. He looked very distraught and the answer was very clear. He was not able to go on the trip.

I told him, “It’s alright. Please do not worry. There is no problem.” I told him that he could stay in town and attend the main event with Bishop Coaxum or any of the other four scheduled events here in the area. “Please do not worry; everything is going to be alright.” He was happy to hear that and I was happy that he was alright.

Since I knew Rev. Parker quite well and we had already been through thick and thin together, I ventured to ask her if she wanted to come with me on the trip. She grudgingly agreed, but I felt that she was definitely not happy about her new assignment. By the time we returned to the hotel, she also changed her mind. She told me that she had a bad back and that she really needed some rest. I understood her completely and told her, “No



problem.” It was fine for her to stay in town and do her regularly scheduled event if she was well enough to do so.

I gave Edwin directions to take care of Rev. Pyle and Rev. Parker to make sure that they had everything they

needed. I did not think that there would be any problem. I was sure that both would find the inspiration to do what is right the next day. God is a living God and both Rev. Pyle and Rev. Parker were very sensitive to the spirit of God. He would find a way to touch their hearts.

There were three main people who were in charge of all the events in Rwanda: Mrs. Annonciate Npoga, a blessed member of our church. She is the director of the New Hope Technical Institute and the General Secretary of the WFWP, Rwanda. She was supported by the Honorable Mukanoheli Saidat, a Minister of Parliament with the Political Affairs Committee, and his wife, actually his second wife, Mrs. Rugema Ramadhan. She also



Planning Breakfast and visit to a local government office with Mr. Gilbert Rukazambuga

worked with the government in some capacity. They were not actual church members but by the way they supported our activities one could think that they were with us fulltime.

They are practicing Muslims and I really got to know and appreciate their hearts. They treated us with love and respect at all times.

Next, those of us assigned to the outlying events were off to a place near the Congo border. We had two vehicles to get us where we needed to go, a mini bus, and a 4 wheel drive SUV. The mini bus was a rental and the SUV belonged to Mr. Saidat. Rev. Sampson went in the SUV. Rev. Torres and I climbed into the mini bus. A total of 28 people boarded the two vehicles and at around 5 PM we got on our way. By the number of people going with us, I figured that this would be a major operation. I looked forward to the adventure ahead.

I soon realized that we were in for a long ride – 5 hours and about 150 miles on a long and winding road full of bumps and potholes of rather large dimensions. However, the scenery was very beautiful and we enjoyed it while it was still light. We went through the National Park which spread along our road covering about 50 miles of our trip.



The first Event Hall in Gihundwe

Finally, we arrived at our destination at what seemed to be a vacation resort. We had a late dinner and made plans for the next day. One of us would have to cover two Events. I left it up to our hosts to determine who should do it.

### **Tuesday, Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> – Event Day**

We began planning for the day at our 7 AM breakfast meeting. I was not told who had to do the two places, but it did not matter since we would just get things done no matter what. Wherever we went, whatever nation we visited, the first thing I told the organizers was that they had full control of our time. Whatever they wanted us to do, wherever they wanted us to go, we would go. It was our mission to do so, no questions asked.

We went in three cars in three different directions. I squeezed into the SUV with Mr. Saidat, Mrs. Rugema, Rev. Sampson and Annonciate. We drove around the area for a while. The landscape was very beautiful. There were rolling hills with lush, deep-green vegetation and trees everywhere. It was very, very beautiful. I was very impressed. This would be a great place to retire, if Unificationists would actually retire, which I understand they don't; well, at least I am not planning to.

Finally we stopped at a small village and pulled up before a one-story building. It could have been a grocery store; however, it was an office of the local government official. Mr. Gilbert Rukazambuga is the Executive Secretary of the Kamembe District. Almost everyone in Rwanda has a long and not so easily pronounceable last name. Mr. Saidat

was the only person I met who was the exception to the rule. Mr. Gilbert greeted us warmly and we explained to him why we had come to his country. He seemed to be happy about our presence and I hope that somehow this will help him to understand and support our church activities long into the future.

### The First Event - Gihundwe

After the visit with the government official it was time to get to my event. It was to take



Excitement ran high, especially among the young people of the church as they presented their songs.

place in the next village about a 15-minute drive away. We arrived at a two-room one-story building which was set up to be used as a church. About 25 feet wide and 40 feet long, the place was packed. I was led to the front via a side hallway. People were sitting on wooden benches and even on the wooden floor. There was not much room to move around.



Interview on "Slippery Ground"

Everyone seemed to feel pretty good and there was much singing. Eventually the pastor of the church got up and gave a speech. I did not get any translation so I did not know what was going on. Then Annonciate got up to speak for about five minutes. When she was done, she waved to me to come on up to the pulpit. I started to give my regular testimony before the speech, but somehow I got carried away and started talking about Harlem and why I chose to live there. I also got into family values and talked about one husband having

only one wife. Annonciate was translating for me.

I had learned that I would be doing two Events today. That meant we had to cut this event somewhat shorter. We did a select reading of the speech. I read in English and Annonciate read the same text in French. After we were done, we just wanted to run out to our next event; however, the young children had prepared two songs that they wanted to sing for us, so we stayed around until every song was sung.

A young lady reporter who was working for a local radio station received her Ambassador for Peace Certificate. I met with her after the service for a brief interview. She was quite nice and I took her contact information. I will follow up with her and see how she will respond to the DP. I have lecture outlines for the Principle of Creation, the Fall of Man, the Mission of Jesus and the Parallels of History. I promised to email her one or more of those outlines depending on her interest.



Truly a Mountain Top Experience at Isha



Group photo at the end of the Event

It had rained heavily during our service. I had to walk cautiously because the ground, consisting of hardened sand or loam, was very slippery. I worried about slipping and falling and thus messing up my only suit. I did not want to show up at the next event with my clothes covered in dirt. But all went well and soon we were on our way to the next event location.

**The Second Event – Isha (meaning Antelope)**

The presiding bishop of the first church and some other people joined us in our mini bus. The bus was filled to capacity. We drove through the beautiful countryside and I enjoyed the wonderful view. We also hit a stretch of well-paved roads which was a nice change.



Looking down from the mountain top into the valley



Group photo with the youth in the valley

After about a 30-minute ride we turned off the main road into what could not really be called a road. I wondered whether or not we were heading for a “Grass Station” stop. But

no, we kept on going down a steep hill on the hard packed soil of an area cleared from trees but with deep rifts cut into the soil by the constant rainfall and with large boulders strewn all over the place.

I sat next to the driver and I have to say that it was quite an experience for me to watch him navigate his way down the steep hill. I expected the mini bus to get stuck in one of the more muddy sections of the “road” or have a tire punctured by one of the sharp-edged boulders that seemed to “live” everywhere. However, slowly but surely we made it to the bottom of the hill into the valley without any damage to the bus or the tires. I wished now that I had had the presence of mind to take a picture of the trip down this steep hill.



More photos with the youth in the valley



Another view from the mountain top

The driver parked the bus at the bottom of the hill in a little valley surrounded by other hills, just like the one we had come down. Everyone got off the bus and proceeded on foot up the next hill. I could see the top of a tent and the tin roof of a house next to it. As soon as we started walking up the hill, a hundred fifty voices on top of that hill started to sing their songs of joy and worship of God. It was an overwhelming and powerful experience for me and I assumed for all of those who were with me.

A special reception area had been set up under the tent. I was ushered into the seat of honor. The singing went on for quite a while and it sounded good. Everyone looked very excited and they put all their heart into the songs they sang. Finally I was introduced and I could start giving an introduction to the speech. Of course I had to speak through a translator. I had been informed that it would not be possible to read the speech in its entirety because of time constraints. But John Paul, my translator, now advised me that it would not be possible to read the speech at all because bad weather was heading our way. He told me that I had about 15 minutes until it would start to rain heavily.

I wondered how he could be so sure that it would be raining in exactly that time. However, I united with him and switched gears. I started to touch on the main points of the speech, speaking from my heart. Sure enough, after about 15 minutes the sky opened up and it started to pour. I mean it began to really, really pour. I had not experienced anything like it. The noise of the falling rain onto the tent roof was so loud that I had to scream at the top of my lungs to be heard. Some of the brothers used sticks to push up the

tent roof to drain the water from it to prevent it from collapsing. I realized soon that there was no point in continuing and I finished quickly.

Everyone sought shelter in the wooden house next to the tent. We were squeezed in like sardines. The floor in the house was very muddy but that did not stop anyone. The Bishop, with the help of our members, settled everyone down and organized them in order to continue the program. Annonciate proceeded with the blessing and several AFPs were appointed.



With the Presiding Bishop of the churches



With Mr. Saidat and his wife Rugema

The rain had stopped by now but the ground was muddy and slippery. We all gathered outside for a final group photo. I received a gift from one of the ladies. I don't know how to describe it. Woven out of some kind of material, it was somewhat of a trophy that said in Swahili "Imana Ibahe Umugisha!" "God Bless You!"

Walking down the hill was not an easy task. John Paul asked me if he could carry my bag, my "portable office," for me. I usually would not let anyone carry it even though everyone offered to do so. I would tell them, "Thank you very much for your offer, I really appreciated it, but it is 'my job' to carry it." The bag was quite heavy and I did not want anyone to be burdened with it. I also did not want to be seen as a "white man" taking advantage of "black labor."

But this time I gave in to John Paul's request. I was sure I would not make it down the hill with that bag on my shoulder. My shoes were very slippery as well. With the help of several people I slid and slipped safely down the hill. I was reminded here once again that I should start exercising more to get into better shape.

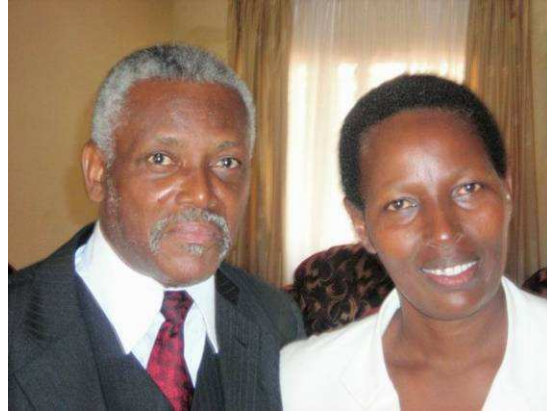
The young people had already made it down the hill and they wanted to take a picture with me. Everyone gathered around. The atmosphere was very high and there were happy, smiling faces everywhere. More and more youngsters came down to join us and we took a bunch of pictures to accommodate everyone. It was difficult to say "goodbye," but finally we were back on the bus and on our way to the hotel. I had asked John Paul how we expected to get back up that hill again, especially after the rain had made everything so slippery. He did not seem at all worried; he told me that there were enough rocks on the road to give us the traction to get up that hill.



I got his point, and certainly I had seen enough of those rocks of all sizes on my way down the hill. It was amazing to me how the bus was able to take this type of punishment. We made it up the hill without any problem and arrived back at the hotel at around 5 PM. Rev. Torres and Rev. Sampson had already arrived and were there to greet us as we drove in.



At the Saidat's home: Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Coaxum with the Saidats



Rev. Kendricks and Annonciate, our Central Figure in Rwanda

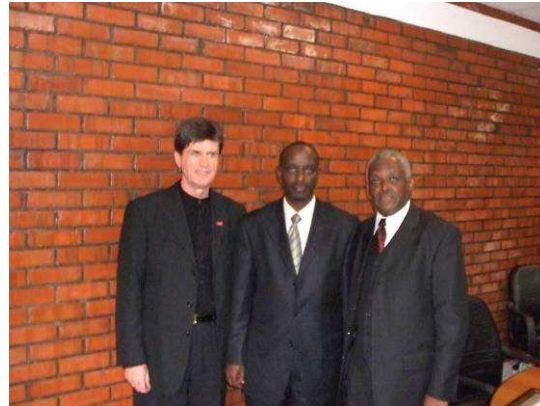
My shoes were a total mess. My pants were covered with mud. I hoped that I could get them cleaned somehow before the next event. I saw John Paul washing off his shoes in one of the puddles in front of the hotel. I thought he had a good idea and joined him in that puddle. Soon my shoes looked acceptable again. I had brought a shoeshine kit for these types of situations and after my shoes had dried, I could give them a nice shine. There was nothing much I could do for my suit pants, however.

There was a celebrative atmosphere in the air. The faces of Annonciate, Mrs. Rugema, Mr. Saidat and all the members were shining brightly. They seemed to be very happy with the result of the four events. Everyone gathered for dinner and then prepared to go back to Kigali and rejoin the other half of the team.

At a quiet moment during our dinner celebration Mrs. Rugema Saidat pulled me over and explained to me that she could not quite agree with the principle of one man for every woman, one wife for every husband, not two or three or even more. I had made that point very strongly at the first event in Gihundwe. She went on to explain about the situation here in Rwanda where most of the men were killed in the Genocide, leaving many women without the possibility of getting married. She also told me that many of the Muslims in this country would also not agree with only one wife for every man. She then went on to explain that she was the second wife of Mr. Saidat. They had been married for many years and the three of them lived quite peacefully together. But, she admitted that she initially felt very jealous of the other wife. Now, however, she had overcome that and she is at peace with herself in this relationship.

The Genocide had wiped out most of the male population which was surely an interesting situation. I mentioned to her that I was sure God would make special provisions for those marriages that were affected by this tragedy. Our belief about what marriages should be

like did not interfere with Mr. and Mrs. Saidat's relationship with our movement. They still loved us up every chance they had.



The Rwandan President's Special Envoy receiving his AFP Certificate from Bishop Coaxum

The ride back was bumpy and tiresome. We had about two hours of daylight so at least we could enjoy the beauty of God's creation for a while. We arrived at around 11:30 PM at our hotel in Kigali. It had been a rather full day, to say the least. Edwin was there waiting for us. He had gone out to buy us some hamburgers and french fries. It took a little while until they found a room for me. Finally I was able to settle in but I was not really tired, so I reflected on the day and wrote in my "diary" as I try to do every evening. I wanted to keep a good record for history, for brothers and sisters in the USA and beyond, and for my family and myself.

### **Wednesday, Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> – Kigali in the morning – Entebbe, Uganda in the evening**

We met the next morning for breakfast. Everyone seemed to have had good experiences. I asked Rev. Pyle about his day and he said it was great. He had gone out to one of the events and had been preaching. I was happy to hear that. He is a powerful preacher and when preaching he really is in his element. Rev. Parker had also had a good day and everyone was happy and in a good mood. Bishop Coaxum also had a success story to tell. The two bishops he met at the Main Event invited him to come back next year for a week-long revival. He was very excited about that. When I asked him how he planned to

fund this endeavor, he said that he would probably need \$20,000 which he said he could raise quite easily.



Outside the Rwandan President's office

After breakfast we visited the home of Mr. Saidat and his wife Rugema. Mr. Saidat had scheduled a visit with the President of Rwanda, Paul Kagame, for us later that morning. We spent some time at his house until the time of our appointment with the president. Their house was quite nice. We shared some memories of our experiences and had some refreshments. I had a good time just relaxing a bit in the comforts of a

private home. Naturally we also took a lot of photos until it was time to go to the President's office.



Second Generation dancers and some old folks faking it

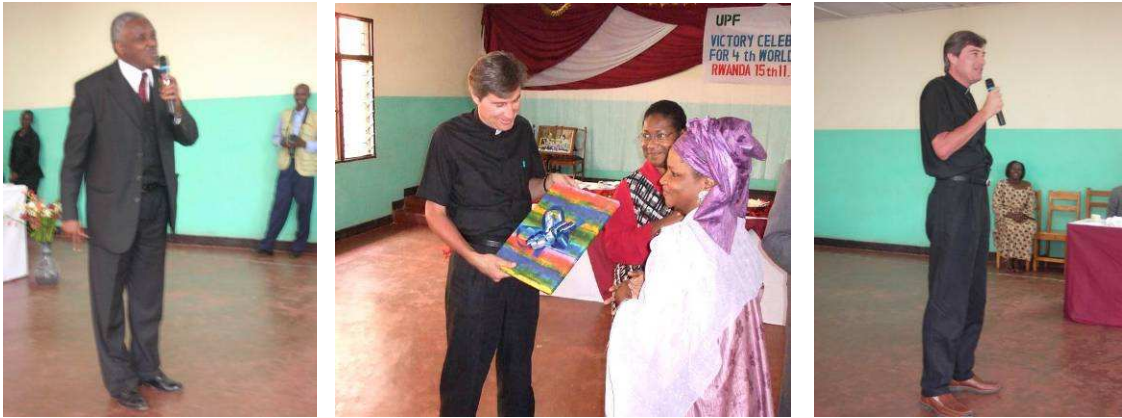
However, unexpectedly the president had left for an economic summit in China the day before. We would have to meet one of his assistants instead. When we arrived at the office, the security was really tight, but the guards tried their best to be nice to us.

Dr. Richard Sezibera, a special envoy of the president, received us in one of the president's conference rooms. We were asked to sit around a large conference table big enough to seat about 30 people. He introduced himself and then asked each one of us to do likewise. There was a microphone at every seat which we were asked to turn on when ready to speak and turn off when finished speaking. Everyone had the opportunity to explain where they were from and what they were doing. I took the opportunity to explain about True Parents, the purpose of the World Tours and the purpose of the UPF.

It was a very friendly meeting during which Dr. Sezibera explained to us the difficulties the country had to overcome because of the Genocide. People killed their neighbors or their friends during the all-out war. Some of the people who supported the killings were now living freely among the relatives of those who had been killed. They have to live with the guilt of their actions as they meet the relatives of those who were killed. On the other hand, there are those who still live in anger against those who committed or supported the crimes and are now living freely among them. How to reconcile these two groups is not an easy task. They had established a "National Unity and Reconciliation Commission"; however, there is no easy solution to the problem.

The greatest challenge, Dr. Sezibera pointed out, is to find a way to return the concept of Justice to the nation. He said, "What shall we do? Should we give amnesty to everyone or should some form of revenge be the rule of law? There are 100,000 potential death-row inmates living in the country. We have not found the proper way to judge this situation. We even have sought out lawyers from other countries and asked for their advice. There is just no precedent for what happened here in Rwanda. This is the only country where those who killed had to live with the families of the victims. Our prisons are filled with long-time prisoners who are in prison for their own protection from those who want

revenge for the crimes they have committed. It is understandably a very difficult situation.”



Victory party: Rev. Kendricks and Rev. Pyle preaching/entertaining and gifts for all from the hosts

Dr. Sezibera was appointed an Ambassador for Peace. I had a good feeling about him and his government. They were all young people and were determined to build a better nation. Compared to what we had experienced in preceding countries in Africa, there seemed to be a better functioning government here in Rwanda, with less corruption and more public-minded endeavors. After the picture taking we went on to our next appointment.

Bishop Coaxum and others had shown interest in importing coffee to the USA, so Mr. Saidat suggested we see Mr. Pierre Claver Uwimana, Deputy Director General for Export Promotions. He received us cordially and showed us a video about the Rwanda Import-Export procedures. We each received a promotional package when the meeting finished and then we proceeded to the next meeting.

Lunch was scheduled to be at the New Hope Technical Institute. When we got there, we had a déjà vu experience. We were greeted again by the young lady dancers with their energetic traditional African dances. This time they were more aggressive and pulled each one of us onto the dance floor and had us dancing. We tried to do our best, but it would take some more practice to make our moves look acceptable. Everyone had a wonderful time.



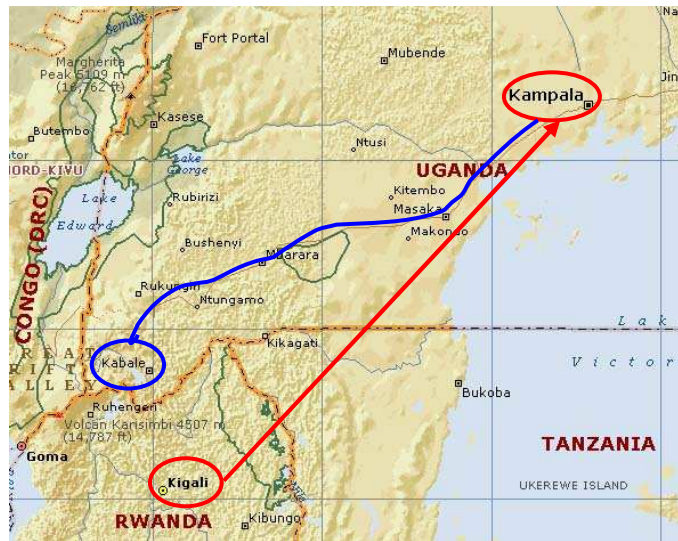
Cutting the Victory Cake



Final group photo

We again had a great buffet lunch. The spirit here was very high. Many people had gathered to join us and the hall was packed. This would be our last public appearance before we had to catch a plane to Uganda later that evening. We received some gifts from our hosts and of course many pictures were taken. The members and especially those who had been planning our tour were very happy. The tour was a total success and of course a lot of hours of prayer, care and worry had been put into bringing this victory. So it was a relief for everyone that finally it was over on a very victorious note.

We were asked to cut a big Victory Cake. There was enough for at least one piece for everyone. Everybody wanted to shake our hands and take pictures with us. We also shared email addresses with those who wanted to stay in touch. Finally, however, we had to tear ourselves away. We had to get back to the hotel, pack and make sure not to miss our plane. On our way to the airport I reflected on the time we spent in Rwanda. I came to the conclusion that our experience



here had been the most exciting and rewarding one in Africa so far. We got to the airport in time to catch our plane and soon we were in the air and on our way to a new adventure.

**Wednesday, Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> – Evening – Uganda: Entebbe, Kampala - Kabale**

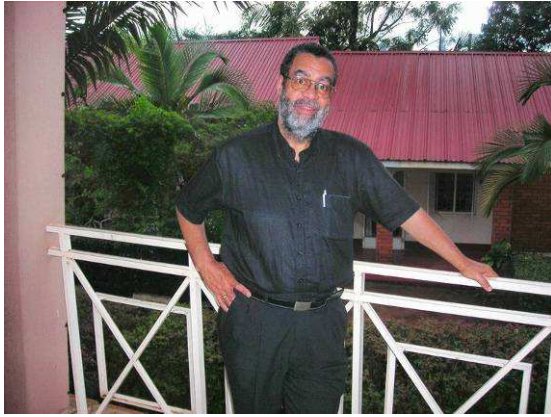
The Rwandair Express took us to Entebbe, Uganda in about 40 minutes. We covered a distance of about 235 miles. As usual we were greeted by our friends at the airport. Kampala, the capital city was about 20 miles away. Our flight had been delayed somewhat and when we finally arrived at our hotel in Kampala, the Tal Cottages – Rubaga, it was already 11:15 PM. By the time we all got settled in it was almost midnight. The leader asked to meet with me to determine who should go to what city tomorrow.



Rev. Kendricks with his “Private Airplane”

Almost everyone had turned in for the night, except Bishop Coaxum and Rev. Torres. We discussed the situation and made our decision. We tried to balance the travel times of everyone carefully. The ministers who had had to travel long distances the last time would be given shorter travel times this time around. The only exception was me; I would always take the long road. My city would be Kabale, about 227 miles and a six-hour drive away. Everyone else was either four or three hours away or right around Kampala.

My travel situation was quite interesting. I had traveled by air from Kigali to Kampala which was around 235 miles. Tomorrow I would leave Kampala and travel to Kabale about 220 miles away. Kigali was around 50 miles further from Kabale, so I almost would go full circle. Maybe it could have been planned somewhat differently, but for the



Rev. Torres on his cottage balcony



Rev. Parker and Rev. Pyle all smiles

sake of keeping everyone together it was probably better to be arranged this way.

It was now way after midnight, but I still needed to wash some of my under shorts. I also continued, as I did almost every evening, to write in my diary. Some evenings it was just too difficult to stay awake, so I am usually two or three days behind actual time. As soon as I sat down in front of my laptop, my eyelids became heavy and I could not get much work done that evening.

### **Friday, Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> – Kabale**

I got up in time for a seven o'clock breakfast. My underwear was still not quite dry enough, so I gave it a little help with the hairdryer. I was the first one down for breakfast at the open-air kitchen in the basement of the main building. I had some funny-colored scrambled eggs and French toast. The food did not look so good, but it tasted alright. Soon Rev. Pyle and Rev. Parker joined me and we had some good give and take.

Rev. Pyle was okay about traveling to his event city about three hours away. It looked like he had lost his fear of traveling on these terrible roads and, according to him, with these terrible drivers. Either that or he knew how to cover up well. My feeling about him was that Heavenly Father really got in touch with him and helped him to resolve whatever was bothering him. He looked like a different person to me, actually. Prayer works all the time. Hallelujah! He was very happy this morning; some walls definitely had come down. I got a good photo of him and Rev. Parker. Usually they were not in such a "smiley" mood when they were together.

I was the first one to depart to my event city that morning. My scheduled departure was 11 AM. However, I got word from my host, Julius, that he wanted to leave as soon as possible. That was fine with me and I got myself ready as quickly as I could, but it was "a

hurry up and wait situation.” Julius worked as an accountant for a local newspaper in Kabala. He drives a small Japanese car; I can’t remember what make it was. It looked like it was in fairly good shape. Kalinda Simon, a young CARP member, also came along to help out.



Tropical cottage, home for a few hours      Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Coaxum crossing the Equator

We piled everything into the trunk and the backseat of the car. My luggage, the speech books, banner, Holy Wine, everything we needed to pull off the event came with us in the car. Finally the packing was done and at around 10 AM we started off for Kabale.

Simon got into the back seat and Julius and I were up front. In Uganda everyone drives on the “wrong side,” the left side of the road. So, I was sitting in the left front seat without the steering wheel in front of me. It felt somewhat odd and it took me a little while for me to get used to it. What took me a much longer time to get used to was that we were traveling on the left side on very narrow roads. Many times I thought that we were on the wrong side of the road and in a head-on collision course with an oncoming car or truck. Until the last moment it was almost impossible to determine whether or not we would miss one another. It was nerve wracking at first, but soon, with the help of a lot of prayer, I got used to it.

After two hours of driving on fairly nice roads we stopped for a quick lunch. However, from that point the roads got progressively worse. I had never seen or experienced anything like it. We encountered potholes of all sizes and some of them were quite deep; it was just unbelievable. On top of this, Julius liked to drive very fast. He had no fear of the potholes. At high speed, sometimes more than 60 miles per hour, he would swerve to avoid a pothole. A few times we almost ended up in the bushes on the side of the road.

The high point of the trip was when we crossed the equator. As time went on, the roads became worse and worse. Another big obstacle were the speed bumps that were everywhere within a city, town, village or even where there were just a few houses grouped together at the side of the road. There were three different kinds of speed bumps. One kind of speed bump was as high as two feet and about six feet wide. Another kind was about a foot high and about three feet wide. The third kind was like a washboard, several ripples about six inches high and one foot wide. In most case there were about four to six of those bumps about two feet apart.



The Queens Hotel  
I stayed in the room at the far end on the left.



Simon with his brand new suit and shiny new shoes, ready for the Event

You could find any one of those three types anywhere from about 80 to 100 yards apart on the main street of every city, town, village, or group of houses on the side of the road. Passing through the larger towns would mean having to navigate twenty or more of these obstacles. But that was not all. The stretches of road between those bumps were much of the time in horrible shape. Vehicles would zigzag from right to left and left to right in order to find the safest and smoothest way to get through the town.

We had no choice but to travel at a snail's pace. If we went too fast, the car would have to suffer for it. Countless times we heavily scraped the bottom of the car. It was really no fun to travel this way. The sales people were also always around offering all kinds of goods: bananas, apples, oranges, all kinds of food and even household goods. It was a most discouraging way to travel. But finally we got closer to our goal. The landscape changed from flat, dry land to fertile land with the same green, lush vegetation I had experienced in Rwanda. Actually we were getting closer to Rwanda. Kabale was only about 12 miles from the Rwandan border and about 50 miles from Kigali.

Kabale has about 50,000 inhabitants, I was told. The city was not kept up very well. The roads were mostly dirt roads and the main roads, paved as they were, were full of potholes. Even though the landscape was just like that of Rwanda, the spirit was so much more third-world country. The spiritual atmosphere was quite low. Julius checked us into the Queens Hotel, another mom-and-pop hotel, quite simple, but I was happy with it. He got me a room and Julius and Simon checked into a second room.

After we settled in, Julius took me to meet the senior blessed central family in Kabale. The husband's name is Aggrey Arimaitwe and he teaches 7th grade at the Bubaare Secondary School. His wife, Toppyster, runs a beauty salon. They were blessed in the 30,000 couple Blessing. The store doubles as their home as well. They live in the room behind the store. It was divided by a curtain to provide some sort of privacy. They have one child and one on the way. Two more blessed couples, blessed in the 360 million



Blessing, lived in Kabale. Between the three couples they had four blessed children and one on the way.



Reading the Speech to an attentive audience

Here I also met Maureen, Julius' wife. She had come up a few days earlier from Kampala, where she and Julius live, to help prepare for the Event. There was no electricity when we arrived in Kabale. I only realized it when we visited Toppyster's beauty salon. The hotel had used a generator to provide basic power, so there things looked "normal." Electricity was hard to come by in Kabale. It was allocated during particular hours of the day. The "power schedule" was made public, so people knew to prepare for the time the power was off. But there was no real guarantee that during the scheduled hours the power would actually come on. Sometimes, even during the scheduled time, electricity was not available. This is certainly not an easy way to live, but people, especially our members, can adapt to any type of situation and still move forward.

We had some good give and take and the time went by quite fast. We were all pretty tired after the long drive up from Kampala so we decided to call it a day and return to the hotel. It was an interesting experience to drive through a pitch-dark city; there were no people on the streets and it was very quiet. It almost felt like I was driving through a ghost town.

### **Saturday, Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> – Kabale Event Day**

I had breakfast with Julius at the Queens Hotel, a service that comes with the room. The room cost around 34,000 shillings per night which is less than \$20. Simon had already left to help with the preparation of the Event Hall. I asked Julius if I could be of any help, but he declined my offer.

I spent most of the morning in my room writing my diary and practicing True Father's speech. There was so much power coming from these words. Whenever I felt unclear and unable to focus properly, I would read the speech. That would usually straighten me out very quickly even if I just read a few pages. I made it a point to read the speech out loud at least once the day of the actual Event. To increase my focus I recorded my reading in

order to help me reach the goal of zero mistakes, slip-ups or mispronunciations. I never quite succeeded but I came very close to reaching that goal.



A gift of flowers



With Julius, his grandmother, and his wife Maureen

Julius was supposed to pick me up at one o'clock so that we could have lunch together. The event was to start at 2 PM. However, he did not make it; instead Simon showed up. He came to change into his "event clothes." He had bought a new suit and new shoes which he would be wearing for the first time. While we were waiting for Julius to come, the heavens opened up and we experienced a major rainstorm. It lasted for about 40 minutes and when it rains in Africa, it really rains. I was sitting outside my room under the roof watching nature's powerful display. The courtyard of the hotel began to flood and the staff made desperate efforts to unclog the main drain. But as sudden as the rain started, it also ended and the waters receded without causing any damage.



With Simon

Julius came to pick us up around 1:30 PM. He wanted to go for lunch, but I told him that I did not want to eat before the event. The three of us went to the event hall and helped with the guests that were gradually trickling in. The rainfall certainly had discouraged some people from attending the event. Kabale was Julius' hometown and his 86-year-old grandmother lived in the mountains nearby. He had invited her, but now, after this heavy rain he was not sure if she could make it. Her simple home was only accessible by a narrow mountain trail, and after that kind of rainstorm it would be pretty much impossible to travel on it.

We finally started the event at 3:30 PM. About 70 people showed up and to Julius' surprise, his grandmother had also made it. The event went very smoothly. The burning ceremony went well, and everyone seemed to be very happy to take the Holy Wine. I was received well and I

had very attentive listeners. The Blessing Ceremony itself was very beautiful mainly because of the hearts and attitudes of the attendees.

Two influential ministers also attended which of course was very important. For one minister this was his first experience with our movement. Father Balthazar Ndyomugabe, who heads the Christ the King Parish in Kabale, came quite late and missed the speech altogether. Even though he came late, for him to show up at all was considered a great victory by our hosts and he was given special attention. He was very interested in what we are doing and he wanted to be appointed an Ambassador for Peace and receive his Certificate. He asked several time to make sure that he would get the certificate. Since he came so very unexpectedly, no certificate had been prepared for him. Julius promised him that he would deliver it to his church later on that evening.



With Julius' Grandmother – Father Balthazar Ndyomugabe who insisted that he get an AFP certificate

Of course then we went on to the picture taking. Julius' grandmother came over and hugged me so strongly. She said "Very good, very good" over and over. She was only about five feet tall, I had to bowed down so we could hug better. She did not want to let go of me for some time. She must have really felt God's love through me. I was pretty certain that it was not me she was hugging. Many guests came up and wanted to take pictures. The members and their relatives and friends all seemed to have a good time. This is truly a testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit and the foundation our True Parents had laid.



Blessing Vows and Declaration



The Arimaitwe couple (center)

Many new contacts had been made. The challenge again was how to take care of these new friends. Julius and his wife would be returning with us to Kampala that evening. It would be a great challenge for the three remaining families to switch gears and begin

really to live for the sake of the new friends. Nothing like this had ever happened in Kabale, where that many people actually were interested to know what our movement was all about.

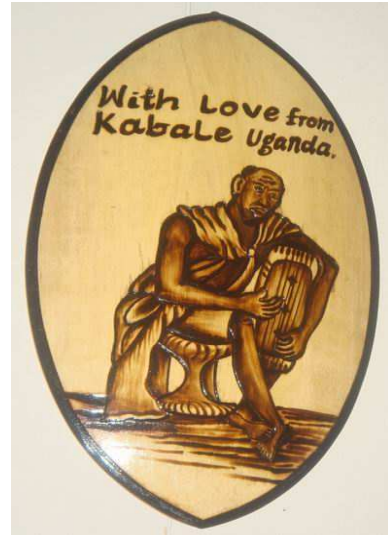
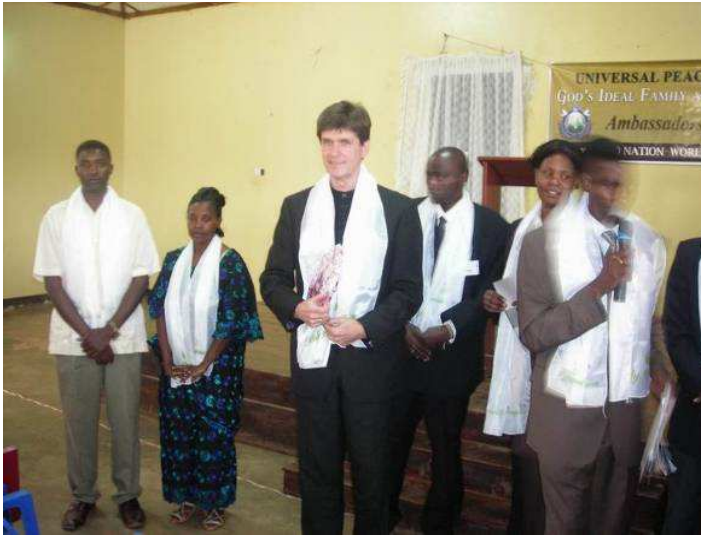
While brothers and sisters cleaned up and put things away, Julius, Simon and I went back to the hotel to check out. By now it was already 6:30 PM and other people were waiting to check in. We quickly changed clothes, checked out and returned to the Arimaitwe Beauty Salon. All the Blessed families and friends had gathered there. We had somewhat of a victory party without the cake, without food and drinks and without electricity. Julius was framing the AFP Certificate for Father Balthazar Ndyomugabe by candlelight. Before we left, the elder blessed couple in Kabale asked me to come and pray with them. They were such a faithful couple with great challenges ahead of them if they wanted to take care of all the new people that showed interest in our church.



New Ambassadors for Peace appointees: Left: With Father Balthazar, on the left, shown with a “blank” Certificate. Right – Julius, Maureen, and their minister friend

Finally we were ready to leave. Julius and his wife Maureen, Simon, another sister and I got into the car. With everyone’s luggage in the trunk and backseat, the car was heavily laden. The bottom of the car was much closer to the ground now than it had been when the three of us came to Kabale. That worried me somewhat because of the hundreds of speed bumps we had to go over on our way to Kampala. It had not been easy coming here, and it would be much more difficult with the greater weight to go back. But finally we were on our way back to Kampala – well, almost. There was one more mission to accomplish and that was to deliver the AFP Certificate to Father Balthazar Ndyomugabe at the Christ the King Parish as was promised.

With that accomplished we finally were on our way to Kampala – well, almost. Julius remembered that I had not eaten since breakfast and he suggested that we have some dinner first. I told him to please not worry about me, I would rather just get going. It would be a long trip for us and there was no time to waste. But since no one else had eaten dinner, Julius decided that we would buy some takeout food and “eat on the run.”



With a gift and two of the three Blessed Central Families who live in Kabale

We pulled up to a restaurant that Julius knew would serve good food. Simon went in to order and soon delivered the meals. There was only one problem. The restaurant did not have any plastic spoons, forks or knives. No problem, we could use our fingers. Julius was the first one to dig in. It is not unusual to eat with your fingers in Africa, I was told.

We cheered Julius on to eat quickly so that he could get on with the driving. I was not really that hungry and did not feel like eating. However, I did not want to disappoint the others in the car who seemed to be eagerly waiting to see me eat with my fingers. I did not want to let them wait too long, so I got right to it, not a problem at all. When the food became too soft, I fashioned the cardboard lid to serve me as something like a spoon. When that became too soft to use any more, I just stopped eating. I really did not need any more food anyway.

Now I could keep a better eye on the road. We had thus far moved quite slowly because of the hilly countryside. With five people and our luggage in the car the going was pretty slow. However, this trip would become something that seemed to transform me into a different world, a different dimension, a level of Hell that I will never forget.

As the landscape became flat, Julius, who loves to drive fast, took full advantage of the horizontal territory and he squeezed all the speed he could out of his car. He had proven that to me on the way up. Swerving to avoid a pothole at a high speed can land you in places where you do not want to be. Well, that was then, during full daylight. Now it was almost the middle of the night. No moon, no stars in the sky. No lights on the road. It was really dark, and I mean it was pitch black. The headlights of the car gave us about 100 to 120 feet of vision up front, if that much, I was not sure. There were no lines on the sides of the road. It was hard to determine where the road ended and the wilderness began. To drive off the road could mean a drop of 4 to 8 inches into the grass, rocks, sand or a hard loam surface. We were never sure what lay beyond the actual road surface.



Final Group Picture in Kabale

For 90 percent of the time there was no center line on the road as well. It was difficult to drive under these circumstances for sure; however, it did not seem to worry Julius. He drove as if we were driving under the best of road and light conditions. I have to say that he was a very good driver and he knew what he was doing. However, he took calculated risks that, to my belief, were not necessary to take.

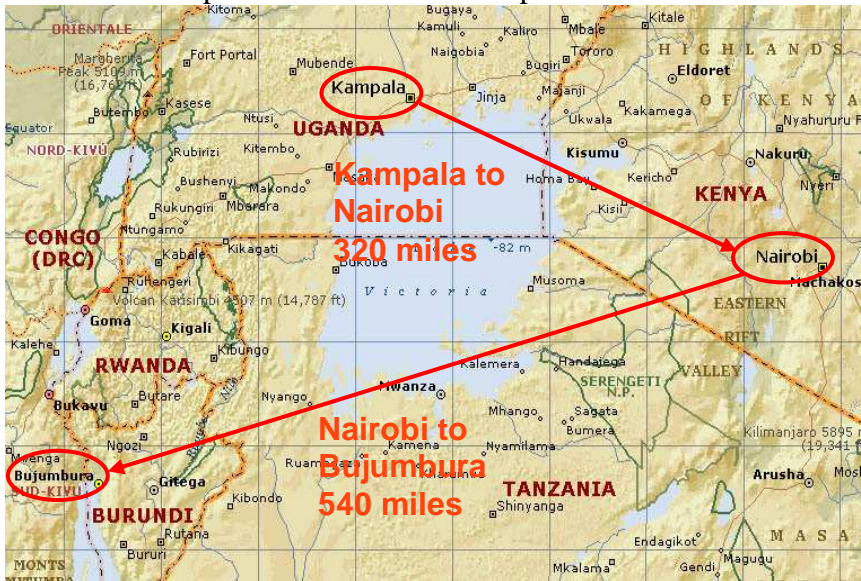
There was not much other traffic going our way. The challenge was how to deal with the oncoming traffic. Almost all of the vehicles were medium- to large-size trucks. Most every vehicle had headlights that would never pass a road test anywhere in the western world. Some had only one headlight and it took some time for me to realize which side of the truck we needed to avoid. The fuel these trucks used caused an incredibly bad smell and the smoke emitted from the exhaust was enormous. It could totally block the view of the road for what I felt was too long a time.

It was a surreal ride for me. However, to everyone else in the car this experience was nothing out of the ordinary. Two were sleeping in the backseat and thus had to feel quite safe. I had said my prayers for the driver as well as the car. My prayer was that the car would at least hold together until we got back to Kampala. My plane to Nairobi and from there to Bujumbura, Burundi was departing from Entebbe tomorrow morning at 8:30 AM. This was about in ten hours. As long as I made my flight, I had no worries.

When I had offered this ride back to Kampala up to Heaven, I could sit back, relaxed and watched the “drama” unfold in front of me. One time an oncoming truck came so far over to our side that we were forced off the road. The left side of the car dropped about 6 inches and the bottom of the car scraped on the pavement for about 30 yards before Julius could recover and get back on the road.

Somehow the left rear tire must have been punctured or cut when we swerved off the road because soon after that it went flat on us. Honestly speaking, I did not expect for Julius to have a functioning spare tire. However, I had underestimated him. With a tiny flashlight and the lights of a couple of cell phones the flat tire was replaced with the spare. In less than 30 minutes we were back in the car and on the road. I thought that maybe Julius would slow down somewhat, but not a chance. We barreled along that road as if the devil was chasing us. Well, there was a good chance that he was.

Twice we hit a pothole real bad and I expected the worst. But the car withstood the punishment and we kept on moving forward. At one point we passed by a group of people who were standing in the middle of the street around a bundle wrapped with leaves. As we came closer we could see that it was a man, possibly dead, because there was so much blood on the street. The



people standing around the body looked at our car as if expecting something from us. I thought it was wise of Julius not to stop. It could have been a trap of some sort, and if there was a real problem, well there were enough people to take care of it.

About 70 miles from Kampala it began to rain. I had never seen so much water fall from the sky. It was just amazing! Where did it all come from and how did it stay up there that long to suddenly strike us with such a force? Amazing! However, no matter how badly it rained, it could not stop Julius and his moving machine. He got us back to our Cottage Hotel in one piece by 4:40 AM. I had to praise his confidence, determination and driving skills to get us where we had to go. He did a great job driving his car through the “war zone” we had just come through. Heavenly Father must have assigned a special army of Angels to watch over us. Thank you very much, Heavenly Father.

I was told that everyone else had made it back in time. I was happy to hear that. We would have to leave for the airport by 7:00 AM. If I was lucky, I would be able to squeeze in a couple of hours of sleep.

### **Saturday, Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> – Kampala to Nairobi to Bujumbura**

Everyone met early for breakfast. All were in good spirits. We boarded three different vehicles and raced to our destination, the Entebbe airport. The traffic was pretty heavy and our driver drove like he was on a mission to break every speed record in the city. I asked him if he was in a hurry, but he said no, this is his normal style of driving. Every driver I had met in Africa just loved to put the pedal to the metal.

Our plane would take us to Nairobi. There we would have a layover of about two hours and we would say goodbye to Rev. Carolyn Sampson and Rev. Carolyn Parker. They would remain in town and have one event each addressing the Somalia communities who were strongly represented in Nairobi. Somalia at this point was very unstable and it would not be safe for us Americans and probably everyone else in the world to travel there. We arrived in Nairobi after an hour and a few minutes' flight. Our sisters were picked up by Rev. Kililo who would take care of them for the next two days. The rest of us waited for our connecting flight to Burundi.

Our plane had been delayed for an hour. Our friends were waiting eagerly for our arrival. I fell in love right away with Bujumbura and Burundi. The spirit was very much like the



Mme. Leocaedie taking care of our entry into Burundi



Our whole crew

spirit we experienced in Rwanda. We were asked to go to the VIP lounge. We were met by our hosts, Rev. Mwololo and his wife, Mme. Leocaedie. Leocaedie took care of all the practical things and she got us into the country without a hitch.

Our hosts asked us to be quick in order to be in time for a special meeting that had been set up with the former president of Burundi. Our drive to the hotel was pleasant. The countryside was just like Rwanda. I felt that this was the twin country of Rwanda. The same people lived here, the Tutsi and the Hutu. Both countries have had serious internal problems with genocide and civil war. Hundreds of thousands of people were killed in both countries. Substantially more people were killed in Rwanda, though. I wondered what spiritual condition existed with the Tutsi and Hutu for such tragedies to happen. The



same people, in two different countries, just about 10 years apart, fought against each other like animals. That is not easy to rationalize or understand. Whatever those spiritual conditions were that had caused these tragedies, now they had been removed, so it seemed. The spiritual atmosphere in both counties was very clear, the people were very nice and God-loving, and their desire and longing for true peace were almost tangible.

From the airport we drove through the beautiful countryside and arrived at the Novotel Hotel at around 2 PM. According to the Bishop this was the best hotel in the country. It was very nice after having stayed in the mom-and-pop style hotel in Kabale. We had to quickly change from our “travel clothes” into our “event clothes” in order to be presentable to the former President.

Rev. Albanus Musyoka Mwololo and Mme. Leocaedie Ntahonkuriye, a 30,000 Blessed Central Couple, organized our stay in Burundi very well. They are an extraordinary couple. She speaks four or five languages. They had seven children already, all boys, one of whom she offered to another couple. Now she is pregnant with her 8th child which she also is offering up.



Left: Rev. Albanus Musyoka Mwololo and Mme. Leocaedie Ntahonkuriye, the leading Blessed Couple in Burundi. Right: The whole team with Bishop Nzishura Simeon (next to me) at the front door of our hotel on the way to visit Former President Sylvestre Ntibantunganya

They are good friends with Bishop Nzishura Simeon, of the African Protestant Evangelical Elim Church. He is also the head of the Union of Christian Churches. Without a doubt he is a very influential Christian leader. The president and he are related in some way as well. The three of them oversaw and guided all of our activities. They did an exceptional job.

We were to meet the president in his office. To get there we had to traverse much of the city. His office was located in a hilly area; we stopped a while on the porch to enjoy the nice view before we went inside. In the office were three couches and a large, very comfortable-looking chair set up in a square. We sat on the couches and expected the president to come and sit in that comfortable-looking chair.

He soon came and greeted us with a friendly smile. He was introduced by one of his aides but I initially could not quite get his name. But not a problem, Mr. President would do fine for now. We all introduced ourselves with the help of Mrs. Leocaedie. She translated

for us whenever the president had a question. He spoke some English and understood even more.

We carried on with some small talk and I felt that things became somewhat awkward. At the first opportunity that presented itself, I asked him if I could talk about the purpose of our coming to his country. He told me to go ahead. Mrs. Leocaedie translated for me. I gave him the whole story in a nutshell.

*Teenager Moon's meeting with Jesus in 1936 – Jesus' request to carry on his work – Spending nine years with Jesus and researching the spirit world – Discovering the truth that can liberate humanity – 1945 starting his Ministry - Being seriously persecuted – Thrown out into the garbage and left for dead – Imprisoned unjustly six times – His work for more than 30 years in the USA – Persecution from high levels – Death threats – The Blessings of Marriage of Millions of Couples – Meaning of separation from Satan – The forgiveness of Original Sin – Authority to establish True Families – The Request to establish a Religious Council in the UN in 1999 – The Failure of the UN to respond – The inauguration of the Universal Peace Federation as Able-Type UN in 2005 to educate and renew the present UN – UPF established to give God a voice in the decision-making concerning World Peace.*

*The three world tours of the True Family – First World, Tour Father Moon – Second*



With Bishop Coaxum, Mme. Leocaedie and the President (in white)



Pictures of former Presidents, two of whom had been assassinated

*World Tour, Mother Moon and children – Third World Tour, Mother Moon, children and grandchildren – And now the Fourth World Tour of the Clergy from the USA. All World Tours had the purpose to announce the inauguration of the UPF and to liberate mankind by establishing True Families through the Blessing given by the True Parents. We, the Clergy, came with the authority of God and the True Parents to pass this on to the people of your nation and thus start the process of True Peace.*

I was in a somewhat other-worldly realm when I was speaking. I am not sure how long it took, I am not sure if Mrs. Leocaedie translated exactly what I said, and I am not sure how much the president understood. However, I was very sure and aware of how the atmosphere had changed. Everyone became more relaxed and joyful and free to

communicate. Of course, I was not only witnessing to the president but also to the ACLC ministers team present. Later on that evening Bishop Coaxum gave me his approval about my talk, saying that I spoke well and represented True Parents well.

The president told us about an exciting tennis match he just had watched between Roger Federer from Switzerland and Rafael Nadal from Spain (Federer won). He had noticed an advertisement, a banner or sign, from the Chinese government attached to the wall of the court that said “Thank God for Federer.” He thought it was a sign that the Chinese are becoming more religious. I was not so sure about that, but that got us talking about religion and politics for a while. The current president of Burundi, like the president of Rwanda, was also at the economic summit in China at the time. Then the president began sharing about the history of the country and the difficulties to rebuild a nation after the tragic civil war that Burundi had experienced.

We enjoyed good conversation for about an hour. The president was a very likeable man and I felt that we had bonded heartistically to some degree with him. He had supported our activities in the past and I am sure he will continue to do so even more in the future. It was getting late and it was time for us to move on. We all gathered outside on the porch to take a picture with the president.

At the first chance I had, I looked him up on my Encarta Encyclopedia and found out that his name was Sylvestre Ntibantunganya, born in 1956. He is a Hutu, who are the majority



With Former President Sylvestre Ntibantunganya (in white, center back)



Candlelight dinner at Lake Tanganyika: Rev. Pyle, Rev. Lopez and myself

in the country. He was the president from 1994-1996. His wife was killed by rebel soldiers during the uprising in 1993 when she refused to disclose her husband's whereabouts. President Ntibantunganya, during the two years of his tenure, faced escalating ethnic tensions, repeated coup attempts, frequent resignations within his coalition government, and the perpetual threat of the withdrawal of support by the Tutsi-dominated military. He was ousted in a coup by Pierre Buyoya in July 1996.

After the picture taking our hosts took us to some of the major sights in Bujumbura. Of course we went to the war memorial and had a chance to pray there. Bujumbura was a beautiful city; there was no doubt about it in my mind. We went to the beach of Lake

Tanganyika and witnessed a beautiful sunset. I remembered that I had done a school project on Lake Tanganyika when I was in the 5th or 6th grade in Germany. It also reminded me of Lake Ontario which I had visited frequently while I lived in Toronto, Canada in the late 60's and early 70's.

By now it had become quite dark and we were ready to have some dinner. We went to a beautiful seafood restaurant nearby to enjoy our meal. Most of us had the mikeke. We were told that there were two fish, the mikeke as well as the sangala, that could only be found in Lake Tanganyika and in no other place in the world. Just before dinner Mrs. Leocaedie pulled me aside in order to set the speaking schedule for everyone. Tomorrow would be our "Event Day." I asked her how she would want to do this and she told me that she already had an idea who to send where. That was good to know and I was happy about that. Now I needed to see how everyone else would be able to unite with that. I really did not think that there would be a problem, however.

When we were gathered around the dinner table, I announced that Mrs. Leocaedie



Newly appointed AFP – Prof. Ndayishimiye and Prov. Rwantabagu, on my left, who translated for me



Final group photo with the Event Attendees at the Novotel Hotel

already had a plan for each one of us for our Speaking Events the following day. I asked them if it was alright to just unite with her and accept the assignment that would be given to each of us. All agreed, as I expected. Our motto for our hosts had always been – You just tell us what to do and we will do it. This was the sentiment in our hearts and our mission to fulfill. The events were scheduled close by Bujumbura, so no one had to go on a long tour this time around. I myself got a nice surprise. I was assigned to do the main event at the Novotel Hotel, the hotel we were staying in.

### **Sunday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> – Bujumbura – Event Day**

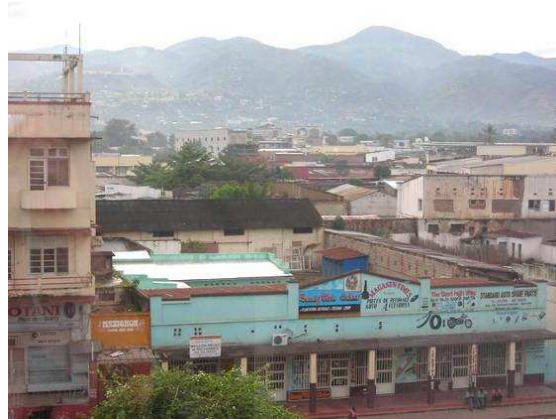
Not having to travel for the first time to my event was a wonderful break for me. My event was scheduled for 10 AM in one of the meeting rooms on the main floor. I was told that mainly people from Burundi University had been invited to this event. Professor Ndayishimiye had been assigned to translate my introduction, while Prof. Rwantabagu would read the speech with me, paragraph by paragraph, I in English and he in French.

It took us about an hour and a half to finish the speech. I was worried initially that people would get impatient and walk out, but I saw only one person do that. Everyone else stayed until the end of the speech and beyond. I always encouraged the guests to participate in a question-and-answer period after the speech. When no one would ask questions, then I requested some time to make comments about the speech.

I would usually talk about the need for the Blessing, explaining the “Fall of Man” and the



Laundry Day – shirts drying in the shower



Bujumbura – view from my hotel window

need for rebirth into the lineage of God through the True Parents. I did this here as well and many people came up afterwards to talk with me privately. There were no copies of the speech for the guests, but several people asked to have a copy. I gave my English speech to one professor who promised to copy it and pass it on to her colleagues. I thought the event was quite successful and Rev. Mwololo later on told me that he was very happy about it as well. Since I did not have to travel anywhere, after the event I had some time. I did not expect the others to return from their events for another two hours.

What a wonderful opportunity it was to wash a couple of my shirts. I had been wearing my cleanest dirty shirt for the last two days. I asked room service for some detergent and in no time I had the job done. I had bought some shirts some time before I even knew that I would be traveling that did not need ironing. They certainly came in handy now. These shirts would dry in three or four hours and would be ready to wear again. When I was done, I checked with the front desk to see if anyone else had finished their events and returned to the hotel. I was told that Rev. Kotulek had just returned. I called her up and asked her if she would like to have lunch with me.

We met 20 minutes later in the open-air restaurant next to the swimming pool. It was beautiful, the weather was just right, about 80 Fahrenheit. The air was dry, there were palm trees, tropical plants and flowers everywhere and even a couple of crested cranes were roaming the grounds. It was the perfect setting for a nice lunch and a good talk. We shared the experiences we had had at our events that day. She had a great experience where she really felt the power of God and the heart of Jesus.

Rev. Kotulek loves Jesus very much and talks about His love and the Holy Spirit all the



“Cosmic Lunch”: Rev. Marilyn Kotulek sharing with a crested crane

time. Some days ago I overheard her saying that Jesus would come back very soon. This had me wondering since that time how much she actually understood about the speech she was reading. Now I had a great opportunity to find out. I asked her what she felt about the words she was reading in the speech: “Father Moon says some incredible and almost unbelievable things here. How do you relate to this?”

*“Father and Mother Moon are the True Parents who appeared with the Seal of Heaven – Father and Mother Moon are the True Parents, the King and Queen of Peace and the substantial manifestation, the embodiment of God – Rev. and Mrs. Moon are the True Parents of humankind that came with the anointing of Heaven – They are revealing the Secrets of Heaven and are proclaiming the New Heaven and New Earth – True Families can only be established through the Blessing instituted by True Parents, Father and Mother Moon – There is no longer a need for a Messiah or Second Coming of the Lord.*

“How do you feel about these statements? They seem to be outrageous statements unless God has approved every word that was written there. If Father Moon had been wrong about this and was going against Jesus, would God allow our movement to grow so strongly and spread to every corner of the earth? Would the Holy Spirit have guided you to come to our movement? How do you see that?”

Marilyn’s answer was straightforward: “You know, I have been struggling with the speech and wondered what to do about it. I am very clear about how I came to join up with your movement. The Holy Spirit really moved me to connect with you. That is why I am somewhat puzzled about the whole thing. I cannot deny the Holy Spirit, but at the same time I have difficulty understanding everything that Rev. Moon is saying, especially about True Parents being the King and Queen of Cosmic Peace.”

I was not so sure what she understood about the Divine Principle. She is a very spiritual person and very sensitive to the moving of the spirit. She had been to at least one ACLC DP Convocation, I understood. So I started to talk about the three blessings and the four position foundation. She took that in very well. She also did not have any difficulty with the Fall of Man.

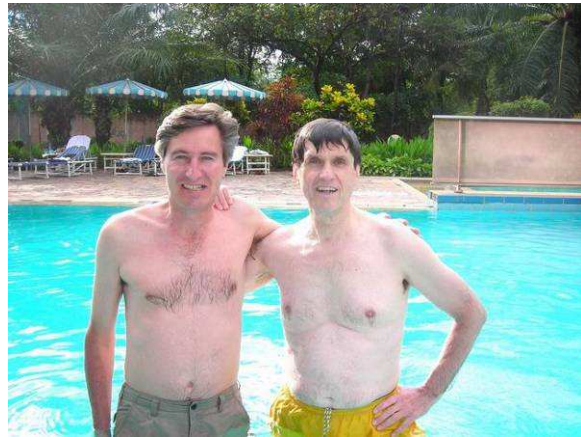
The problem started when I talked about Jesus, and that as the True Parent he was to find himself a wife and create a True Family, multiply, and take dominion of True Love over the creation, the whole universe. Jesus' death came about only because of the disobedience of the people around him, including his mother and siblings and of course John the Baptist. Marilyn stopped me a couple of times and said, "You are stretching my faith too much."

I went more into detail so she could see more clearly and cautiously continued with the second coming of Elijah which Jesus made clear was John the Baptist. That explanation was alright with her; she could agree. I continued with Jesus meeting teenager Moon on the mountainside in Korea on Easter Sunday. Here Jesus passed his mission on to the young Mr. Moon and began to teach and train him. After a course of nine years Rev. Moon was given the authority by God and Jesus to stand in the position of the Second Coming of Jesus and continue his mission with the central responsibility to create True Families through the Holy Blessing.

"Hold it, hold it there. You are really stretching me too far," Marilyn complained. So I backed up a little bit and used some more scriptures to support what I was saying. It was really amazing how she could recover so quickly. It was evident that this meeting was really set up by the Holy Spirit and surely the Holy Spirit was present at our table.



Crested cranes roamed freely in hotel yard.



Rev. Pyle and I – Swimming for World Peace

"So, what are you really saying?" she asked me. "What I am really saying," I answered her, "is that Father and Mother Moon have fulfilled, together with Jesus, God's ideal of creation. They have established the Kingdom of God on Earth and in Heaven. They, through the Holy Blessing, are creating True Families over which Satan no longer has the power he used to have. The Kingdom of God is here and the amazing thing is that you are helping to expand it."



The former president of Burundi, on the right in the blue jacket, chatting with Bishop Coaxum, in the background, at our Victory Banquet

“You are stretching my limits,” she said again, but she was not really serious or troubled when she said this. I asked her to meditate on it, pray on it and sleep on it. I was sure that the high-level spirit world would clarify everything for her.

She asked about the “New Jerusalem,” the City of God that was to descend from heaven. I suggested to her that this city would be built with inspiration coming from heaven, by

heavenly people living on earth. For all I knew, I suggested, the Peace Palace at Cheong Pyeong is probably the first city block of that new city of God. She looked at me to see if I was joking, but I was serious and looked into her eyes in a way that she could understand that I was for real.

Our conversation had been quite substantial in content but very friendly and light, with some humor thrown in. Our lunch had been a great spiritual and physical feast. Heaven had set a perfect stage for all this to happen. Even



Cutting the Victory Cake with the President – Rev. Kendricks at right, Bishop Simeon in the background

a crested crane was attracted to us and walked over to our table to get some attention. We did not disappoint the bird. He got the scraps of food he had been looking for. God was really showing us the beauty of His creation. He had really spoiled the two of us that day.

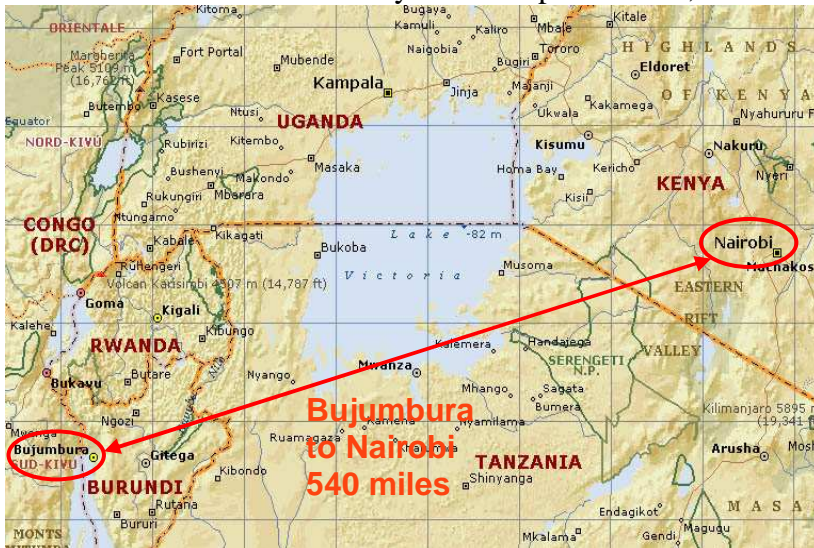


Marilyn could not deny my seriousness and the absoluteness of the statements I had made concerning True Parents and “the speech.” She also could not deny the Holy Spirit which had led her to our movement. She now had to do some homework and consult with the Holy Spirit and study her Bible and the Divine Principle to get her confirmation of what we had discussed. I was not worried a bit about her life of faith. Her ancestors would guide her well. We both agreed that this had been a very “cosmic” lunch.

As we walked away from the table, we ran into Rev. Pyle who just had returned from his event. He was all excited because he got to preach in a large church. Rev. Pyle is a spirited preacher and the Holy Spirit really works through him when he is in his element at the pulpit. He told me that he got so excited at the end of the sermon that he took his drinking water and from the pulpit and “anointed” the congregation with it. This had gotten the pastor of the church a little worried, thinking that this had a “Catholic” connotation to it. He had to be calmed down and assured that this was not the case.

There was some time before we would gather for our “Victory Banquet” later on that evening. Former president Sylvestre Ntibantunganya and his then vice president would join us at that dinner. It was really nice of him to come and participate in the send-off to our next country. But that would not be until later.

I had been planning to take advantage of the swimming pool ever since we checked into the hotel, and now was the perfect time for me to do so. I invited Rev. Pyle to join me for a swim in the pool. He hesitated at first since he did not have any swimming trunks, but then he realized he could always use his sports shorts, so he decided to come along. We



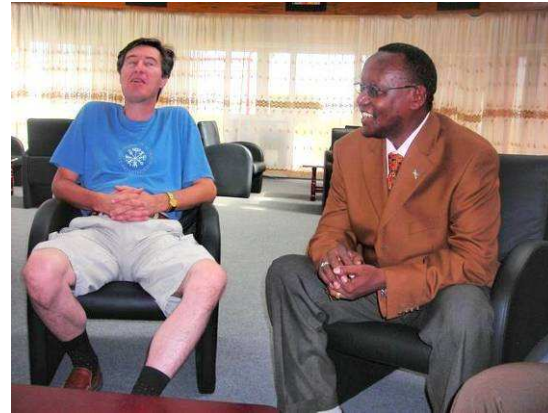
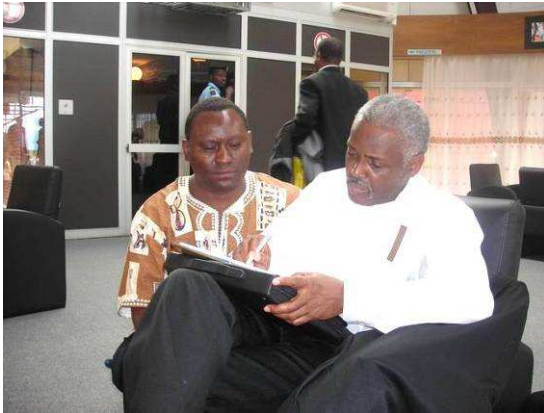
had a good swim for about half an hour. It was very relaxing and a welcome change from our hectic schedule.

Our Victory Banquet was scheduled for 7:00 PM and it would be held in the same restaurant, next to the swimming pool. A few tables had been put together to seat all of us. The layout made

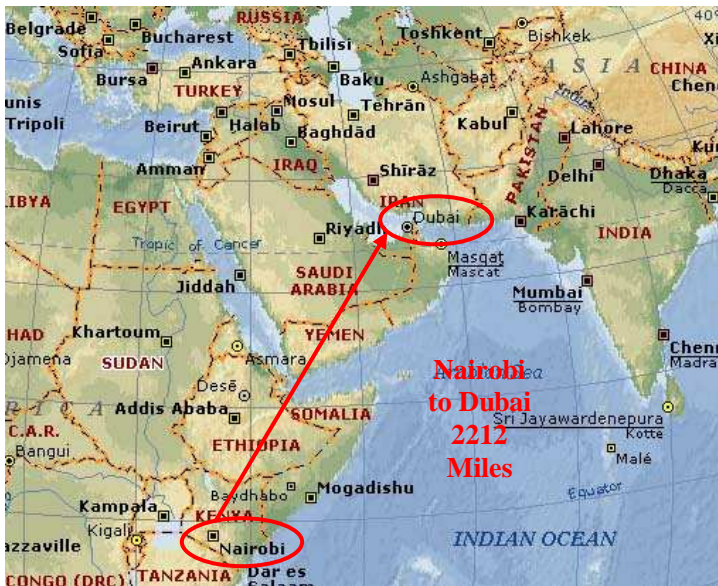
communication somewhat difficult. Everyone was asked to say few words and we all expressed our appreciation to the president and our hosts. There was a nice atmosphere and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Mrs. Leocaedie asked me to cut the Victory Cake with the president. Everyone enjoyed the evening but soon it was time to say goodbye. In every nation it seemed to be the same. One feels that one really does not want to leave all the new friends behind, but there just was no other choice; we had to move on. Of course, I collected all kinds of business cards and promised to stay in touch.

The following day we would return to Nairobi and from there travel to different countries in Asia. We had hoped that our “team” could stay together, but it did not seem possible because some of the Asian nations were really small. We had no choice but to break up. However, we would not find out which nations we were assigned to until we got to Nairobi. It was somewhat sad to leave Africa behind, but new challenges, experiences and adventures were waiting for us on a different continent. Tomorrow we would open a new chapter on the 4th World Peace Tour.

**Monday, Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> – Burundi to Nairobi**



At the airport in Bujumbura: Left – Rev. Kendricks getting a little help from Rev. Mwololo Right – The Minister of Sports and Youth having a “righteous” time with Rev. Robert Pyle



We woke up to a beautiful morning. The air was clear and the sun was shining. It was a perfect day to fly. It took about 40 minutes to get to the airport. The Minister of Sports and Youth, the Honorable Jean Jaques Nyenimigabo, was there to see us off. We were again given the VIP treatment at the airport which was nice. However, we were delayed because the president of Burundi had arrived from his trip to China. We had to wait

until his plane landed and he could be rushed safely into his limousine and taken wherever he needed to go.

We arrived in Nairobi a little after 12 noon. At the airport we were met by Rev. Kililo. He told us that Rev. Carolyn Parker and Rev. Carolyn Sampson were waiting for us at the Carnivore Restaurant where we would all meet to have lunch together. Nairobi had

become somewhat of a staging point for many of the ministers who had been working in the eastern part of Africa. Many new ministers gathered with us at the Carnivore.

**Tuesday, Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> – Travel Day – Next Continent, Asia**

Here, in addition to Rev. Parker and Rev. Sampson, our teammates, we met several other ministers including Rev. Betty Tatalajski and Rev. Carolyn Larabee from the Temple of Universality in Tucson, AZ. We also received our new travel assignments. Everyone got their itineraries and a contact sheet of our hosts in each country whom we could call in case of any emergencies.

From our team only Rev. Parker, Rev. Kendricks and I would be going to Taiwan. Rev. Larabee would be coming along with us. Rev. Sampson, Rev. Pyle, Bishop Coaxum, Rev. Torres and Rev.



Kotulek would all go to different countries. However, most of us would catch the same plane to Dubai and from there fly different routes to our assigned countries.



Our plane to Dubai, the first leg of our travels to Asia, was scheduled to leave at 00:45 Tuesday morning. However, the plane was delayed for two hours with some computer problems. This would make it difficult for some of us to catch our connecting flights in Dubai, since we all

had to leave on different planes to get to our assigned countries.

We had some time to kill, Rev. Kililo gave me some money to buy everyone a snack at the airport cafeteria. After everyone was taken care of, I realized that Rev. Sampson was “missing.” I was seriously worried about her. She had been very sick, since we left the carnivore restaurant. Something she ate had not at all agreed with her. She became so

weak that I went ahead and requested a wheelchair for her from the airport authorities. The wheelchair arrived with a security guard to take care of her. I wanted to take care of Rev. Sampson myself, but the guard told me that it was not allowed. She, the guard had to do this herself.

I assumed that the guard would just follow us around and make sure that Rev. Sampson stayed in touch with us. Obviously that was not the case here. The cafeteria we were at was at one end of the terminal. The moment I noticed that Rev. Sampson was not with us I dropped everything and started to run back to the center of the terminal where I had seen her last. It was quite a ways and it took me about 2 minutes to reach the main lobby of the terminal. To my great relief, I saw Rev. Sampson “parked” there next to one other lady in a wheelchair. She seemed to be resting comfortably and I quietly wheeled her back to the cafeteria where we all greeted her happily. Rev. Sampson was fine and we all were grateful to have her back in our midst, but also somewhat embarrassed to have forgotten about her, even just for a short time. She will be going on the same flight with Bishop Coaxum, he made sure now that Rev. Sampson would be taken care of from now on.

Rev. Parker, Rev. Kendricks, Rev. Larabee and myself had to change planes in Dubai to go to Hong Kong and from there travel to Taipei, Taiwan. We had about 40 minutes to catch our connecting flight. We had really no idea where to go, but fortunately an airline employee was there waiting for us to take us to the waiting plane. We were booked on the Emirates Airline. With his help we got on the plane in time without any problems and arrived in Hong Kong after a flight of close to seven hours. Time had moved forward by four hours since we had crossed several time zones. It was now four hours later, 9:30 PM Hong Kong time.

We had about an hour to catch our next flight; however, we again had no idea where to go. Fortunately an Emirate Airline employee had mercy on us and he took us across, what seemed to be the whole airport, to the ticket counter of Cathay Airlines, our next carrier. It looked as if we would be able to make our connecting flight here as well. I was happy about that since this would help our hosts who would be waiting for us in Taipei.



Rev. Parker and Rev. Larabee relaxing in Hong Kong

Nevertheless, we ran into a little unforeseen problem when we arrived at the ticket counter. We only had one-way tickets and the desk clerk would not allow us to fly into Taiwan unless we had return tickets. The same situation happened to some of our ministers when they traveled from Europe to Africa. They were held up for a couple of days until that issue was resolved. Well, I surely did not want to

be stuck there for any length of time. The bottom line for us was to buy return tickets out of Taiwan back to Hong Kong.

The Emirates Airline agent who had brought us there was quite concerned about us. I called the number of the contact person I was given and told him our story. However, I could not make myself clear enough to him. The agent then jumped in and offered to help. He talked to our host in Taiwan, but nothing could be done from his side. I then decided to buy four return tickets from Taiwan to Hong Kong and put the tab on my credit card. The money would have to be refunded somehow in the future. Now we were all set to go; however, we had missed our plane. Luckily they had an hourly service from Hong Kong to Taipei and we were able to catch the last plane of the day.



At the religious museum – Left to right: Rev. Kendricks, Bishop Cotton, Mrs. Chen, Bishop Teer-Hodge, Rev. Larabee, Rev. Parker, Bishop Carroll, myself and our guide.

A brother waited for us at the end of our flight, the Taipei Airport. He had been informed that we would be late; of course, he was happy to see us finally. He drove us to our hotel where we arrived at around 1:30 AM. The hotel, the Grand Formosa Regent Taipei, was very impressive, really high class; it had to be a five star hotel. This was a nice change from what we had experienced in Africa.

My room was huge, with a big king-size bed and a great view and WiFi in the rooms. I was able to catch up with the rest of the world on the internet and check in with HQ and Jim Flynn in Washington. D.C. My so-called global phone also worked here again. Oh, it is great to be back in the high-tech world. I finally got to bed by 2:30 AM. Nothing much was happening until 7 AM breakfast, so I should be alright to get at least four hours of sleep, provided I skipped HDH.

and Jim Flynn in Washington. D.C. My so-called global phone also worked here again. Oh, it is great to be back in the high-tech world. I finally got to bed by 2:30 AM. Nothing much was happening until 7 AM breakfast, so I should be alright to get at least four hours of sleep, provided I skipped HDH.

### Wednesday, Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> – Taipei

I went for breakfast at around 7:30 AM. I did not see anyone from our team, so I had to enjoy the food all by myself. The breakfast buffet was pretty amazing; it had foods from



“The Greatest Sacred Building”



Lunchtime in the “Greatest Sacred Building”

all corners of the world. But I was not too hungry so I just stuck to the “Western World” basics and then went up to my room to catch up on my diary. We were scheduled to meet in the lobby at 9:30 AM to go sightseeing somewhere. Mrs. Chen, the wife of the Secretary General of the Taiwan UPF, and her assistant gathered us together and explained that we would see a famous religious museum in Taipei.

I usually get bored in museums in general, but maybe this one would be different. My team had now changed. Only Rev. Harvey Kendricks from Harlem, NY and Rev. Carolyn Parker from Atlanta, GA, were the only one’s left from the team I had in Africa. New additions were Bishop Carroll Roslyn from Minneapolis, MN, Bishop Shirley Cotton from Atlanta, GA, Rev. Carolyn Larabee from Tucson, AZ, Dr. John Ellis May III, from Chicago, IL, Rev. Cathryn Teer-Hodge from Greensboro, NC, and Bishop Rufus Okunubi from Washington, DC. Rev. Teer-Hodge was already on a mission, while Bishop Okunubi and Dr. May III would join us the following afternoon.

We jumped into two vans and got to our destination in about 35 minutes. The place occupied the 6th and 7th floors in a high-rise office building and it was actually called “The Greatest Sacred Building.” We roamed around for about an hour or so and explored the exhibits of the many different religions. All the major religions were represented, of course, and a few others that I did not know about. I was happy when the call for lunch came. Museums just are not my thing. We went to have lunch in the cafeteria which was part of the museum.

Our Taiwanese family is pretty much on the ball. They came prepared with a beautiful banner for a nice photo op. It is always good to let people know what you are up to, especially when dealing with such an incredible Providential Event like the “Fourth World Peace Speaking Tour.”



The main Buddhist temple in Taiwan where we learned all about Buddhist worship and traditions

When we were finished there, we jumped into our vans to get to our next stop on our day trip. We went to visit the most famous Buddhist temple in Taiwan. The temple was quite impressive. There were many altars with many people crowding around them. We had a special guide who spoke English very well. He told us about the history and the different ways people worshipped around the temple. There were specific altars to pray to find a job, find a spouse, conceive a child, receive financial fortune, improve your character,

etc. Well, there was some common ground here with what we were doing at Cheong Pyeong, so I could relate to this quite well. We spent about an hour there and then went back to our hotel.

The official Opening Banquet would take place that evening and we had some time to prepare for that. I always appreciated having some time to spend on the internet to touch base with the HQ in Washington, D.C. and check my emails. I also still had to take care of some of my “regular mission activities” concerning the North American Regional Providence. The ride to the “Banquet Restaurant” was short. When we arrived, about 20 local members and leaders were waiting to receive us. We had a chance to shake hands with everyone. Mr. and Mrs. Chang who were church leaders in Queens for a long time in the 1980’s were also there. Another brother, whom I had met in the States, now lived here in Taiwan as well. He did a great job translating for us.



Bishop Cotton sharing a testimony



Welcoming Banquet group photo

We all were asked to give a brief testimony of our experiences in Africa. In the past I usually shied away from such a responsibility; however, now I could not do that so easily. Since I was the “team leader,” I should be able to set an example and thus could not say no. Actually, I started to enjoy giving testimonies since there was so much “good and exciting news” to share. I probably also picked up some of the spirit of the ministers as well. They are always eager to testify; that has been a natural part of their life. And when the ministers get going, it is not easy to stop them. Actually, I should, and we all should be that way in preaching the Divine Principle.



At the Tzu Chi Foundation

Everyone seemed to have a good time. There was so much food. Food I had never seen before I ventured to try. Maybe I should not have done that because when all was said and done, I had somewhat of an upset stomach. Back at the hotel my stomach became worse; however, I continued with my evening routine of working, writing and practicing the speech. I had made a condition not to watch any television on this tour.

## Thursday, Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> – Thanksgiving

Happy Thanksgiving! Well, I did not really know that this was Thanksgiving Day. However, somebody mentioned it to me later during the day. There was no atmosphere of any sort that would remind one that today everyone in the USA is celebrating that day. It is actually my favorite holiday. Anyway, I was on tour and nothing else mattered, really. Somehow I felt ready to go on and give the speech, but it was not to be today. Rev. Kendricks and Bishop Teer-Hodge had better luck, however. Both left early this morning for their Event Cities, Ilan City and Chongli City respectively.

The rest of us would spend the day visiting the headquarters of the Taiwanese Tzu Chi Foundation and do some more sightseeing. The Tzu Chi Foundation was founded by



New arrivals - Rev. Ellis May III and Bishop Rufus Okunubi with Rev. Larabee in the hotel lobby



Bishop Cotton and Rev. Larabee in beautiful color contrast

Buddhist Master Shih Cheng Yen, a woman who received the inspiration to practice an “Active Buddhism,” not withdrawn from society, meditating, chanting and praying which is the way most Buddhists practice their belief. No, she had the desire to proactively work with and serve the community in need.

She started out by asking women who joined her group to put 50 cents aside every time they went to the market or grocery store to buy food, then donate the money they saved to



Studying the agenda for the Prayer Breakfast



Bishop Teer-Hodge giving a testimony



the movement. The foundation grew into a worldwide organization within a few decades. They serve humanity wherever they are; you name it, and they are doing it. They are feeding people in need, training them in job skills, building housing, schools and



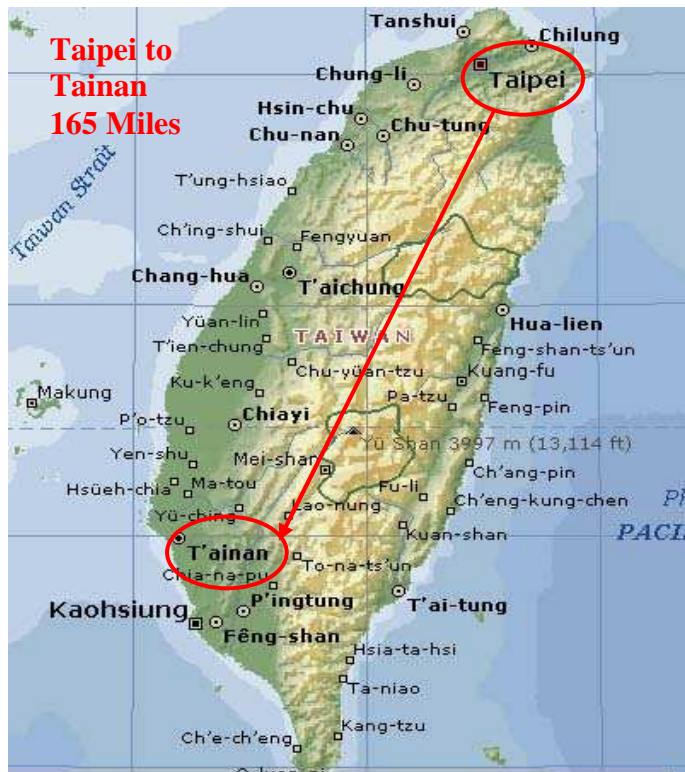
Local Presbyterian minister making his point



This is the Age of the Authority of Women

hospitals, giving health care, and participating in disaster relief. The gentleman who was taking us around was proud to point out that they had come to New York to help out after the World Trade Center attack on 9/11. They were also there to help out with the Katrina victims in New Orleans, working together with FEMA. The list goes on and on.

I was very impressed by the people we met. The atmosphere in the building was very calm and peaceful and every place we went to in their high-rise building was spotless. We had to take our shoes off and leave them at the front door. We walked around in our socks the whole time we were there, even when we went on the roof. The “guide” took us to one of the top floors to show us their very own cutting-edge technology TV studio.



Here was a highly sophisticated humble group of people serving humanity. I felt that God was really pleased with this organization. Run mostly by women, they are certainly contributing powerfully to the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. The only question would be how to connect this group to the living Messiah, the Maitreya Buddha who comes to restore all things, the True Parents. They could be so

much more effective if we could win their hearts and we could work together. For that to happen, we would have to, as a movement, grow up a little bit more to have any impact on this group and groups like it.

I could have enjoyed this day much more if it was not for my upset stomach. Luckily I had the facilities available to me to avoid disaster altogether. A video crew greeted us when we came in and a photographer followed us around during much of the time. Of course, we took a few pictures ourselves.

Usually Rev. Kendricks, with the beautiful digital camera he had received as a gift from our family members in Japan, was the most prolific photographer in our group. He would have loved this place for that reason alone. He told me that he is planning to write a book with many pictures about his experiences on the tour when he gets back home. I encouraged him strongly to do just that.

Bishop Cotton had been very outspoken about having some shopping time included into our schedule ever since she came to Taiwan. With support from Rev. Parker and Rev. Larabee she finally got her wish. After our visit to the Tzu Chi Foundation, the only things on the schedule would be lunch and shopping. I was not interested in either one. We were pretty close to the hotel so I requested to be taken back there to retire for the rest of the day. I was just not feeling so well. I went to bed at around 2 PM and was awakened by a knocking on my door.



My home while in Tainan, somewhere up there



Rev. and Mrs. Lin in the condominium

I checked the time, and was surprised to see that it was 10 PM. At the door was a lady from housekeeping. Bishop Carroll had missed me at dinner and figured that I was not doing so well. She sent a note and two pills, suggesting that I should take one pill today and the second in the morning and chances are that I would feel much better. I appreciated her concern and on faith took one pill, not knowing what it was but hoping for the best and went back to bed.

#### **Friday, Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> - Morning – Taipei**

I must have slept like a log. I felt much better when I awoke the next morning. The tablet Bishop Carroll had given me seemed to work. I held back on the second tablet to see how

things would go with me today. I would be leaving that afternoon for Tainan, my Event City in the South of Taiwan.

I managed to get packed up and checked out of the hotel. Everyone gathered in the lobby at 9:20 AM to go to an interreligious prayer breakfast. Dr. Ellis May III and Bishop Rufus Okunubi had finally arrived and joined our team. We met with some local ministers and government officials. Testimonies were given by Rev. Okunubi, Rev. Larabee and Bishop Carroll.

Someone at the Taiwanese HQ had prepared a PowerPoint presentation with a few pictures of ministers on the European Tour. I was asked to take everyone through the presentation and make some comments about the pictures that were shown. All went well and everyone had a good time being together and feeling the presence of a Holy Spirit. Finally the time came when Bishop Cotton and I had to leave to get to our Event Cities. Bishop Cotton was on her way to Hsin Chu City and I was flying to Tainan City.

I was dropped off at the Taipei International Airport and took a local flight to Tainan. It was about 165 miles south of Taipei. The flight took about 35 minutes. Looking out of the plane window I could see how beautiful Taiwan was. It had mountains across the center of the eastern part of the country with a lush, fertile countryside in the west. Add the wonderful, mild climate and you have a very pleasant country, a seemingly easy place to live.



Community hall being prepared for the Event



Tainan housewives - Dancers of the Arabian Nights

I was picked up by the local church leader and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Lin. She was behind the wheel ready to take me on my next mission. Rev. Lin dropped my suitcase into the back of the 4x4 and I hopped into the back seat. I was surprised to hear Christmas music on the radio. They were playing “Silent Night, Holy Night” and that was a little bit of a shock for me. Is it that time already? No! It could not be! There were some times during the trip when it seemed impossible to figure out what day it was. This was just such a day. I was lost somewhere in space. It was the 24<sup>th</sup> of November. Somehow the song felt totally out of place. It was certainly not the right date and more so not the right climate and location for it. At a temperature of 90 degrees with palm trees everywhere it seemed somewhat odd for someone who has spent his Christmases in the northern hemisphere all his life.

Rev. Chih Chung Lin was a friendly young man, in his early 30's. He surprised me by asking, "How are your six kids, your four boys and two girls?" "How did you know?" I asked in return. He told me that he had looked me up on the FFWPU website and found my family picture there. I liked that he did his homework and prepared himself somewhat to get to know me a little bit even before I got there. To me that meant that he cared, and that was nice. I told them that I did not need to stay in any expensive hotel. If they or any member had a place somewhere in their home, I would rather stay there. I can sleep anywhere and I do not eat much. That would help keep the expenses down. I would rather stay with some family members than in some strange hotel. But Rev. Lin told me that they had already prepared a place for me.

We drove to a high-rise complex of four buildings, each 23 stories high. Mrs. Lin explained that the first five floors were a hotel and the upper floors were condominiums. I was to stay on the 21st floor in condominium 12. The whole complex had been designed by the husband of a member's sister who owned the condo I would be staying in. He is a well-known architect in Taiwan. The couple had moved to a different condo in one of the other buildings of the complex. They had made their second condo available just for me.

The condo had a Japanese/Western style flavor to it. It had two levels and a wonderful view. It was well furnished and even had a picture of True Parents. On the lower level were the kitchen, a small living room and dining room. The upper level had the bathroom and shower as well as two bedrooms. One bedroom was oriental style with straw mats on the floor; the other was more western and came with a full size bed in it. From this bedroom the view was even more spectacular.

Mrs. Lin showed me around in the kitchen. She had stacked the fridge with almost everything she thought a western person might like to eat. There were bread and butter, cheese, sausages, jellies, juices, milk and fruit. On the shelf next to the table she pointed out the many snacks she had bought. Potato chips, dried fish and many other things I



Testimony and introduction to the Speech



The attentive audience

could not really figure out what they were. I should be able to survive well. In reality I would not have the time, desire or appetite to eat any of this except on the last evening I tried some of the orange jelly.

It was now 4 PM and I had a couple of hours to settle in before we would have to leave to go to the Event Hall where I would give my first speech in Taiwan. The first thing I usually do is unpack my suitcase. I have become quite an expert packer but nevertheless, keeping a suit jacket from wrinkling was almost an impossible thing to do. This time the jacket did not look so good. Rev. Lin had left to prepare for the speech but I had asked



Speech with simultaneous translation and the “Victory Flower Bouquet”

him to bring back an iron. By the time he came back with an iron and an ironing board it was too late to do any ironing. Anyway, the jacket didn’t look too bad when I was wearing it.

I had bought this suit about two weeks before I found out I was going on this trip for very practical reasons. I happened to be at K-Mart one day and somehow ended up in the



Eok Mansei and final group photo at my first Event in Taiwan in the city of Tainan

men’s clothing section. I needed a pair of dress pants, so I started to look around. I found a pair that I liked; it was made by “Knightsbridge.” The material was synthetic, but it felt like 100% wool, black with gray pin stripes, and most importantly, the label claimed it was wrinkle free. I tried them on and they fit perfectly. As I walked over to the cash register to pay for the pants, I walked by a rack of suit jackets. I saw matching jackets for my pants and wondered if I should go one step further and get a jacket as well. I did find a matching jacket. I tried it on, it fit perfectly and it felt good. I paid \$24 for the pants, and \$65 for the jacket. At \$89 this suit was a bargain. It certainly beat out my other cheap

\$100 suits I had in my closet at home. This suit became my favorite suit in the next couple of weeks.



When I found out later that I was going to be on the 4th World Peace Speaking Tour, I made a beeline back to the K-Mart store again to pick up another one of those suits. However, they no longer had my size in either the pants or the jacket. I was very disappointed but there was no time to search for other K-Mart stores and find another suit.

So I had to make do with just that one suit on the 4th World Tour. And it served me well. I wore this suit for every event; it became my “event suit.” I had nursed it along from Japan, to Korea, to Europe and all the way through Africa. I was sure that it would not let me down here in Taiwan as well.

I was ready to go when Rev. Lin came to pick me up and take me to the Event Hall. It was about a 30-minute drive away. We got there a little early and no guests had yet arrived. The Hall preparations were still in full progress. It did not take long until the first people showed up. A group of housewives who studied belly dancing as a hobby started to warm up the guests before the official program began.



Our venue in Pingtung



With Mrs. Fong, the leader of the I Quan Dang group

The program went off without a hitch. About 60 people filled the hall and everyone was quite attentive. All received their Holy Wine and participated in the Holy Burning Ceremony. We used radios for simultaneous translation. I read the speech in English and a young sister, Jessica, who spoke English quite well read the speech in Taiwanese. We managed okay and were able to finish the speech at the same time.

At the end, many pictures were taken and the spirit was quite high. I tried some snacks I had never seen before while I talked with the members, sometimes in broken English, sometimes through sign language, sometimes through a translator. Everyone wanted to stick around and hang out for a while. The atmosphere before the event had been quite tense, but now the members seemed very relaxed and free. They had planned and prayed

for this event for more than a month and probably made many conditions to make a good offering to Heaven. Now the event was completed and everyone felt victorious about it. Now the pressure was off and everyone was happy and relaxed.



Delicious vegetarian home-cooked lunch

Rev. Lin dropped me off at my condo at around 10:30 PM. He came all the way up with me to make sure that I would not get lost. I was glad he did as I would not have found the condo by myself. I had no internet, and even my global

phone was not working here in the southern part of Taiwan. So, I was back on my own, just God and me.

I loved the quiet times in the evening and I looked forward to them. I would meditate on what happened during the day. I started with the morning and walked myself through the day reflecting on all the things that I had encountered that day. During these times I would find out if I had done something that was somewhat foolish, or if I had said



Sightseeing in Pingtung



Some streets and homes near the venue

something that could have hurt someone. If so, then it was clear to me that I would have to correct the situation with that person the next time we would meet. I also “heard”

about the good things that happened during that day. I was getting a good education almost every night. I also “claimed” the next day and prayed that I would act in a way acceptable to God and be a good representative of our True Parents. I prayed for love and wisdom, patience and a clear mind. And, of course, I prayed for victory.

### **Saturday, Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> – Pingtung**

I practiced the morning rituals I tried to follow on every “Speech Day.” Before I leave in the mornings, I would read the speech out loud to set the right tone for that day. This did several things for me; it woke me up and elevated me into a totally different realm of heart and mind. I received so much strength and insights from it that at times it surprised me.

One brother and a sister, Erica, came from Pingtung and picked me up at around 10:30 AM. Rev. Lin introduced us and soon we were on our way. The event was scheduled for 2 PM but I expected we would be starting late. I did not have to take anything with me, other than my speech book, since I would be driven back here after the event. I told Rev. Lin not to wait up for me since I probably would not be back before 9 PM. Now I had a key to the condo and knew my way around the building complex to make it back to my place.

Pingtung was only 30 miles away, but it took us more than an hour to get there. It was located on the west coast near the southern tip of Taiwan, and the beaches of the South China Sea were just a short drive away. The sun was shining; the temperature was in the low 80’s and the road smooth as glass. We enjoyed a beautiful drive and wonderful scenery.



Left: My two “body guards” Right: The Tea Ceremony is a serious event every time tea is served.

Enjoying this ride made me think back to my experiences on the roads in Africa. This was certainly different from what I had experienced in Kenya, Tanzania or Uganda and even Rwanda and Burundi. My prayer was that the government leaders of all African countries could straighten out themselves and their governments and provide better service for their people.

We arrived at around 11:30 AM in Pingtung. Erica had received a call earlier to let us know that the Event had been pushed back to 3 PM. The Church family had arranged a



lunch for me at a popular Italian restaurant in downtown Pingtung. However, I mentioned to Erica that I would be more interested to help out at the Event Hall, meet the members and have lunch with them.



May Fan and Erica translating the Speech

She was happy to hear that suggestion. It was about 12 noon, and Erica told me that there really was no need for me to help since our members together with our hosts had everything under control. But as for lunch, she said that the Buddhist group that was hosting the event was in the process of cooking a vegetarian meal for everyone. That sounded great to me and I was happy to join in on that. It would be much more

exciting than having Italian food.

I was looking forward to being with the members and getting a feel for the spiritual atmosphere there. When we arrived, Erica and I were ushered into the VIP office of the religious leader in charge of the group. The office was beautiful and was furnished with traditional Buddhist furniture (if there is such a thing). Soon a very friendly looking lady with a nice smile walked in. She did not speak any English so, through Erica, who now became my translator, she introduced herself. Her name was Mrs. Dai Be Fong. Erica mentioned to me that she was the leader of this group, which was called I Quan Dang.

Mrs. Fong welcomed me warmly. I could feel that she was a deeply spiritual person, very calm and peaceful in her demeanor. I liked her right away. With Erica's help we got into quite a conversation. She told me that I had arrived a little bit too early. She had asked two of her senior members to come and take care of me at 1:30 PM, the time I was



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Fong proudly display their Ambassador for Peace Certificate. Right: The Holy Altar with many figurines representing religious leaders whom they respect and seek to unite

scheduled to arrive there. She had expected me after lunch. I explained to her that Erica had told me about the great vegetarian cooking that was being prepared here and I wanted to eat her food rather than the restaurant food that had been planned for me. While we

were talking, Mrs. Fong had made some tea and started to explain a little bit about the group.

The I Quan Dang group has about 5000 members in Taiwan and 200 of them were right here in Pingtung. They are Buddhists whose beliefs are similar to what we believe: wanting to unite the different religions of the East — Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism and some others I did not know about. They are very clear on marriage and family. Mrs. Fong and most of the members were married themselves. They also understand about the Spirit World and the life hereafter.



Some angels appeared on some photos. Here is one on the right just above the right UPF logo.

The call for lunch came just in time. We had finished our tea. It was served outside the office in a large all-purpose area on the main floor. We sat around a small round table filled with all kinds of vegetarian dishes. There were about 10 of us sitting on small steel stools. It was quite an intimate lunch party. Space was limited but we were still comfortable. And of course the food was great too. About 12 different dishes were spread out over the table and everyone stuck their chopsticks into the bowl of their choice and picked out whatever they wanted. It really felt like we were one big family already.

Preparations for the event hall still had to be completed. I again offered my help and was told again that there was nothing for me to do. I told Erica not to worry about me. I would go for a little walk around the area of the venue. Erica looked at me and she seemed surprised. She said, “How did you know that I was worried, ...oh, never mind,” she said and went on to do whatever she needed to do. I guess she had been concerned about what to do with me.

The weather was very nice and I could get a good feel for the city and the people there. There were no high-rise buildings anywhere in sight. Pingtung really had a small-town flavor to it. I strolled along some of the back alleys and enjoyed the “architecture” of the small homes and the beautiful plants that seem to grow everywhere.

When I returned to the hall about an hour later, two of the group’s gentlemen members greeted me and asked me what they could do for me. There was not much I needed so I told them to relax. However, they convinced me to have some tea with them. We went

back to Mrs. Fong's office where they conducted a tea ceremony. The two gentlemen took their tea making quite seriously. They had a standard ritual which they tried to explain to me, mainly through demonstrating it since we could not really talk to one another. It was fun to see them going through the motions of the tea ceremony and seeing them also have fun showing all this to me. From that point on, until we were completely finished and said "so long," they were always in reach, watching over me and coming

right to my side if they felt I needed some assistance.



Celebration Dinner in a "local" restaurant

The Hall was very well decorated and set up for about 80 people. I met with the sister who was going to read the speech in Taiwanese. The coordinator was worried that the speech would take too much time to read, so in order to shorten the program I decided to edit out some of the text so we could finish it in about 40 minutes. The sister's name was May Fan and I was surprised to hear that she was not a member. We would alternate. I

would read one paragraph in English and she would read the same paragraph in Taiwanese.

The event was carried out quite successfully. Mrs. Dai Be Fong, the leader of the group, and her husband received the Blessing. In my eyes that was very big. To me it was a powerful testimony and sign that the Spirit World would have a much stronger foundation to bring our movements together at some point in the future. Already there was a very close bond between us. I noticed that all their members treated our members with great respect and vice versa. There was a good working relationship established here already.

May Fan spoke no English at all, so Erica stood beside her at the podium to let her know that I had finished and she should start reading. I did not understand why Erica could not do the reading herself. I did not want to get involved in the local "politics," however. There had to be a good reason for this to be done in that way. I thought the three of us, May Fan, Erica and I did well. Everyone felt quite happy about the turnout and the quality of the Event. We celebrated our victory in a Chinese restaurant. I now began to realize that every restaurant we visited was a "Chinese" or "Taiwanese" restaurant since we were in Taiwan. I guess it would be appropriate to say that we went to a local restaurant and had some of the local food.

The two brothers who drove me back to Tainan were quite inspired and wanted to share a lot. We had a good talk but it was limited since I did not know any Taiwanese and their limited knowledge of English did not allow us to carry on a fluid conversation. Well, I

thought it would have been nice if we all could speak Korean, our Parents' language. My experiences on this tour make it really clear that unless we can speak the same language, it will take much longer to restore the world and for World Peace to come. I have started



Rev. Lin leading preparing the atmosphere



Beatrice translating for me at the Sunday Service

studying Korean several times, but I have to admit that I have been a total failure in the subject. But I have not given up yet. I will try and try again.

I arrived back at “my condo” at around 10:30 PM. I downloaded all my pictures from my camera onto my laptop and organized them for future reports. I also continued with my diary. I wanted to make sure that I will have a detailed record of what happened on this tour, not just for me, but also my posterity and whoever else would be interested.

**Sunday, Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> – Tainan**



Having some fun with the German National Messiah to Taiwan, Ralph Jensen



Today should be an interesting day. I would be giving Sunday Service at the Tainan Church. Beatrice, the sister of one of our members, would translate for me. She is not a member but a good Christian who, together with her husband, is looking for a church. She is married to the architect who designed the four building high-rise complex. They were my landlords since I was staying in one of the condos they owned.

All the American ministers will be giving the Sunday Service in their respective areas. I am praying to get the proper inspiration to make everyone feel valuable and loved by Heaven. I was looking forward to giving the service even though I was not clear on what to talk about. But I was sure that the right inspiration would come. I had enough material to fill at least three hours.



Sunday Service attendees in Tainan



Getting educated about jade

Beatrice is a beautiful person both inside and out. She is truly caring and concerned with the wellbeing of others and she was very concerned about me. She is a school teacher at a public school in Tainan and I thought she must be a good one. With the concern and patience she had with me, I could tell that her students are very lucky to have her as a teacher.



At the Spertz Jade and Sports Intl. Co. with the owners and new jewelry



She offered to drive me to the church since we were living in the same building complex. We left a little early in order to have breakfast together at a Korean restaurant. Her car was parked in the basement of the complex. The building had a special

elevator system with which the cars could be moved around horizontally and vertically. Her car was parked underneath another car. She moved the car above her car out of the

way and brought it up to the top, drove out of her stall and moved the other car back into its original position. Very interesting. I had never seen anything like it.



Soccer game with CARP members in Tainan



Rev. Lin and I on his scooter after the soccer game

She drove a small, elegant-looking car with special knickknacks and gadgets within and without. While on our way, I had some chance to talk to her about her beliefs and I tried to find out how much she understood about the Bible. I wanted to lead her into a discussion about Jesus and John the Baptist. Soon the chance arrived and I was able to explain. She was somewhat surprised, but in a very positive way. She was quite open and asked good questions. She wanted to get more into detail about it with her; however there was not enough time.

I promised to give her my outline from the “Mission of Jesus” lecture. She was happy about that, and I was surprised that she was so positive and wanting to know more. Her brother had been in the church for a long time. He was blessed and had two children. I would have thought that he must have shared something of DP with his sister. But then, maybe I met her at a time when she was ready to learn.



From the soccer outfit into my Event suit

The Sunday Service turned out to be an exciting event. I decided to ask people what they wanted to hear, so I basically answered their requests. I talked about my experiences with True Parents, the 4th World Tour in Japan, Korea, Europe and Africa, as well as my home church experience in Harlem. I also met Ralf Jensen, the National Messiah to Taiwan from Germany. We had met once before in Israel. I asked him to come up and

share with us a little bit. I wanted to support him and lift him up in front of the members. He is one of the National Messiahs who has been living in his mission country for almost 10 years, which is quite remarkable and commendable.

After the service we went to a nice restaurant for lunch. A local businessman, a

member, had invited us. He and his wife own a jade store downtown. They asked me to come by and visit the shop and pray for their financial success. It was a nice store to visit and I pray that what I prayed for at the store will come to pass.



Sunday evening “Round Table” meeting at the Tainan Church With some serious moments ...

While at the jade store, Rev. Hyoung-Kyu Kim, Vice President of CARP, told me he had to leave. He needed to join a soccer game the CARP students had arranged. That got my attention. My afternoon had been scheduled for sightseeing. I suggested that rather than do that, I would like to spend the time with the CARP members and join their soccer game. Rev. Chih Chun Lin, the local church leader, seemed to like that idea. However, I had no sneakers of any kind, so he decided to go ahead and buy a pair of light, not so expensive sneakers for himself and me. From the shoe store we rushed to his house. He gave me a pair of his shorts and a t-shirt and soon we were on our way to the soccer pitch.



... and mostly light ones

Our transportation this time was his motor scooter. Every family has one or two of those and you can see them everywhere in the city. They are the main means of transportation for most people and one can see whole families traveling together on one of those scooters. It looked unsafe and even dangerous the way people were cutting in and out of the traffic with them. Something like that could not happen in the USA. When those scooters were not running amok on the streets, they were parked on the sidewalks

everywhere. There were rows and rows of them on every sidewalk in the city, just an amazing sight to behold.

But I can imagine that they were fun to drive. I wanted to try one out but we eventually ran out of time and opportunities. We arrived at the soccer pitch, where everyone was waiting for us. Teams were selected and the match was underway. There were two sisters and two brothers on my team, five players per team.



Talking Peace, Religion and Harlem, NY at the Chang's condominium



Bullet hole in the 151st Street sign at the SW corner of Broadway and 151st Street

I had not done any sports for a long time. I had not done any running whatsoever and it surely began to show after a few minutes. I did not expect to be doing so well, but I did not expect to be that far out of shape. I virtually became Mr. Rubber Legs. Even though I could handle and control and pass the ball fairly well, to run with it was a different story. Anyway, my team lost, but we all had some good fun. As I write these words four days later, I still have not recovered and it may take me a while to get back to “normal.”

We had to leave quite quickly in order to attend a meeting at the church. Rev. Lin had requested that I meet with some of the members who wanted to meet with me. We rushed back to his house, had a quick shower and I jumped back into my “Event Suit.” I had to



Messy inside and out: Right: The front of my building after a riot protesting alleged white police brutality against the Afro-American and Hispanic communities. One person got killed.

Left: I had just painted the hallway three weeks earlier.



wear my sweaty under shorts and socks but they would dry in time, so I should be okay.

When we arrived at the church, around 20 members were already there. Tables were put together to set up a dining area in the center of the sanctuary. We all sat around it and let



A drug dealer was shot dead on the streets of Harlem in a territorial dispute – many have ended up this way. Right: A memorial in front of 610 West 151st Street, the building my family lives in

the spirit move. I talked about my experience in the church, how I joined, my family, kids, my struggles, etc. I was quite straightforward and honest. I did not blow anything out of proportion.

There was a nice spirit in the place. Whenever I meet members in situations such as this, I emphasize how great and important each one of them is. I explained to them how great the ministers were, that they had given up everything in a short time to be on this 4th World Tour. However, the greatest people I met on the tour were the Unificationists, our very own members. I meant all members, every member, not just the leaders.



One of the programs my wife and I held to honor, unite and encourage the tenants to “get to know your neighbor”

I hoped to instill some type of value and pride into everyone. As we all know, many members everywhere are struggling financially and are many times not appreciated enough to really be excited about doing church work. By the end of the evening we all felt that we had spent some quality time together.

I also talked about the work of the ACLC in the USA. True Father was so adamant about reaching out to the Christian clergy. Several times he had told

the members in the USA that the only reason he is still coming back here was because of

Jesus and the Christian foundation that existed here. True Father really loves Jesus. True Father blessed him in 1973 and his wife lives at Belvedere. That means to me that Jesus now has a new hometown right there in New York.

Without the Christian foundation and the support of Christianity throughout the world, restoration will take so much longer. I encouraged everyone to visit a Christian church at



A couple and their child enjoy an evening cruise.



Scooters are everywhere in Taiwan.

least once a month. However, that was a concept far from a doable reality in the minds of most of the members sitting at the table. Most did not come from a Christian background and did not know much about the religion. One sister said that one of her central figures in the past had told her that unless a Christian comes to our church first, we cannot go to their church.

Well, actually, I told her, he got this all upside down.



A relaxed but informative evening at Sampson and Beatrice Chang's home

You should go many times to his church and even join the church in order to win his heart and mind. I asked how many people owned a Bible. Only one person out of the 20 plus people present answered in the affirmative. I was a bit surprised about that.

However, this could be a good starting point to make a sincere connection with a Christian church. I encouraged everyone to buy a Bible and join a Bible study in order to learn about the Christian faith. "Christians love to teach others and they will have a good object in you.

In the meantime you can make good friends. The point here is to just listen and learn, not to teach anything. Be humble and become good friends. You do not need to tell anyone outright that you belong to the UC. However, when asked be straightforward and tell them confidently that, yes, you belong to Rev. Moon's Family Federation for World

Peace, but still you want to learn about the Bible. Connecting to the Christian churches could be a life-changing experience for each one of you,” I suggested to them.

Since visiting a Christian church was a concept that had not even been considered by most members there, I challenged Rev. Lin to pioneer the course. If he really wanted his church to grow, I suggested to him, he would need the support of the Christians and the Christian Spirit World. If he would take the challenge, then his members would have an easier time to also do it by following his example.

We had to cut our discussions short because I had another meeting with Beatrice and her husband Sampson. They had invited me over for some tea at 8 PM. Rev. Lin and I jumped on his scooter and “scootered” over to their condominium. I made sure to bring my laptop in order to give Beatrice my study notes on Jesus’s mission as I had promised her.



We all were a little bit surprised, Jessica especially, when the Buddhist lady answered my question about how she felt about what she had heard by saying she “felt she should marry me.”

Beatrice and her husband Sampson received us warmly. Their condo was nicely decorated and slightly larger than the one I was staying in. They also had a much better view than I had, even though I thought the view I had from “my” condo was very good. We had a “spot” of tea and I was told that the first tea ceremonies were not held in Japan but were held in China. Well, I had not known that and did not want to argue the point. As long as we had a heavenly time, it did not matter who came up with it first.

Rev. Lin had assigned himself to be my promoter. I had explained to him about my home church area and the work I had done there. He seemed to be very inspired by that and whenever we met some people on official “heavenly” business, he always seemed to find a way to bring the topic up, sometimes to my embarrassment. Rev. Lin again made mention of it to Sampson. I had talked about Harlem during the Sunday Service with Beatrice translating for me. She had been very interested in my testimony and wanted to hear and see some of the pictures I had taken. I had kept a pretty good picture library covering a span of about 10 years of the most challenging and difficult times in Harlem.

Beatrice and Sampson were very interested about the lifestyle of my family in Harlem. They could not imagine living under those circumstances. It was even interesting for me

since I had not gone through the pictures for a while. Certainly it brought back a whole flood of memories about events that I had already forgotten about. After we were done, I copied my notes on the mission of Jesus to her laptop. Now I could sit down with her and talk about the things that really were important.



At the Tzu Chi Foundation – I am getting a briefing from our hostess



Our tour group with a photo of the Buddhist Master Shih Cheng Yen, a sister, in the background

Unfortunately we did not get very far. We were interrupted by an incredible lightning storm that unloaded its forces over the city. So much rain, so much thunder and so many lightning bolts. I had never seen anything like it. We had a front-row seat from the balcony of the condo. It was a great show, but I would rather that Heaven could have waited a few more minutes so I could spend more time with Beatrice and Jesus. She promised me that she would study the notes by herself and communicate with me via email about her studies and possible questions. I felt it very important that Sampson also get involved, but I really could not get close enough to him in the short time we had.

**Monday, Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> – Tainan**

Rev. Lin had set up a Prayer Breakfast for 8 AM this morning. I did not have to leave the building complex. It was scheduled to take place in the restaurant of the hotel on the main level. He had invited a few Christian ministers but none showed up. Two Buddhist



Please join us for Tea – Class for proper Tea Ceremony etiquette

sisters attended and Sampson came and joined us as well. One of the sisters spoke a little

bit of English but not enough to follow an ongoing conversation. Jessica was my trusted interpreter again.

I did not know how to approach the two sisters, so I probed around a little bit. Both of them were very serious and faithful believers and totally involved in their religion but



This had to be the most exciting Tea Ceremony Class the ladies ever had. We also enjoyed it.

seemingly feeling not satisfied and still hungry for more knowledge. Both were married but lived with their husbands in a brother-and-sister relationship. She explained that to them it was spiritually appropriate to live in this way.

This opened up a path for me to talk about God's ideal for man, the Four Position Foundation, the Fall of Man, the Spirit World, Angels, and the Blessing. This took about 40 minutes and I had very interested listeners. Sampson did not comment in any way on what was said, but he also listened attentively. At the end, when I asked the lady sitting across from me what she thought of our discussion, she gave me a surprising answer.



Vegetarian lunch with a riddle to solve; three strikes you're out. More info over dessert

"The teachings were so deep and I learned so much." And then in English she said, "I feel that I should get married to you!" We were all quite surprised about her response but Jessica especially was shocked when she heard her say that.

I had to laugh and remind her that we were both already married and that one spouse was enough. She then realized what she had said and became somewhat embarrassed. I indicated to her that Rev. Lin could explain more about our Blessings to her and she could participate with her husband in the future. Hopefully Rev. Lin can follow up with the two ladies. I suggested for him to visit their Buddhist Center and hold a blessing there for them. I proposed for him to follow the example of our earlier blessings and have white sheets covering the walls and floor to create a really holy atmosphere. That should have a deep impact with everyone who would be part of it even as spectators.

Now we had to go on to our next appointment. We were scheduled to visit another religious group with which Rev. Lin wanted to establish a closer relationship. When we arrived, I realized that this was the same group we had visited on our second day in Taipei, the Tzu Chi Foundation.

I really liked the group and the people I had met there. Here in Tainan it was a déjà vu experience. We came to a beautiful building, with a peaceful and holy atmosphere and met dignified, friendly and humble people who were happy to share their beliefs with us. The only difference was that in Taipei there were five ministers but here in Tainan it was only me. That meant I got a lot of attention which was somewhat fun for me because the focus of our hostess and guide was to make sure I understood everything about the foundation. She sat us down first to brief us about the movement. Her English was very good. Here I mentioned to her that I had visited their Headquarters in Taipei. She seemed a little disappointed but I calmed her down and said that I liked the movement and really wanted to understand more.

Throughout the tour of the building, which as at the Taipei HQ was immaculately clean, members from the movement watched us curiously and respectfully from a distance. There were three guides who walked us through the different sections of the building. In



Feeding the giant Piggy Bank



One last picture with the Buddhist Master in the background

one section of the building we passed by a large classroom with many sisters inside. As in Taipei there were mainly sisters who seemed to be involved with this foundation. These sisters here were taking a class in “how to properly conduct a tea ceremony.”

Our tour hostess asked me if we wanted to stop by for a cup of tea. I checked with Rev. Lin to see if our schedule allowed it and he gave the go-ahead. Rev. Lin, his wife and I were seated at a desk-like table up front. The 40 to 50 ladies in the class were delighted to have us there. We were the perfect objects with whom to practice what they had learned about the proper etiquette on how to conduct a tea ceremony. Everyone seemed to have a good time and there was a lot of giggling going on in the class.

Through an interpreter I had the chance to explain a little bit about the 4th World Peace Tour. Of course I won everyone's heart when I said that I did not know of any woman who ever started a war. I added, "If there were more women like you around, we would be celebrating tea ceremonies everywhere and would not have to worry about war anymore."

From there we were taken to the lunch room. The lunch was vegetarian and very tasty. During lunch the hostess showed me a little container that looked somewhat like it could hold a pair of reading glasses. She asked me to guess what it was. Reading glasses? No! Maybe a pen, I guessed. No! "I will give you one more chance," she said. Well, what else could it be? A utensil? Yes! That was close enough for her. It turned out to be a



Preparing for the interview



This one is for real; we did it on the first shot.

collapsible set of chopsticks. The host explained to me that many people carried their own chopsticks in order to avoid disease. We all were the lucky recipients of one set of these fold-up chopsticks.

Our next stop was yet another room where a table had been set with very tasty desserts. We received a nice package with more detailed information about the foundation and its founder. Then it was time to leave. As we were walking out, one of the hosts put a coin into my hand and asked me to insert it into a huge piggy bank. It was the size of a 50-gallon oil drum and was covered with red cloth. It had a slit on top where I could deposit the money. I pushed the coin through the opening and added another \$10 US. Their photographers made sure that they got good pictures.

I have to say again, I liked the organization and the people. The only reservation I had was the huge and well-kept buildings they seemed to have in many major cities, at least in these two cities in Taiwan. It must be a huge expense to keep up those buildings and I

wondered if by having more humble buildings the savings could be better used to help people.

Now we had to rush back to the Church HQ. The local Tainan TV Channel 4 was expected to arrive there to conduct an interview with me. I can certainly say that I never



Jessica, my translator for the whole Tainan Tour, did the voice-over in Chinese. There was no time for practice, but with Heaven's support all went quite well.

experienced a dull moment during this world tour. We got there a little late and the reporter who was also the cameraman was already there waiting for us.

While he set up I talked to Jessica about what I was going to say. I would be taped first speaking in English and Jessica then would do the voiceover in Chinese. Of course I had no real time to prepare myself so I trusted in the Holy Spirit to bring me through. We finished in about 20 minutes and I thought it went fairly well. I understood that most likely there would be two newscasts the following day, Nov. 28th, in the Tainan early and late local evening news. I asked Rev. Lin to secure those news clips for me. He promised to mail them to New York.

Well, there was one more visit scheduled for me. That was our Ginseng Booth in one of



At the True World sales booth: After tasting all the tea in China, our Korean ginseng rules supreme.

the major shopping plazas in Tainan. The plaza was quite large and similar to what we



have in the Unites States. It was a weekday so there were not that many people out shopping. We seemed to have the mall to ourselves. Soon we found the booth. It was tucked away under a large staircase leading up to the next floor. It was very colorful and lit very brightly and was quite attractive.

A young lady, a member, was looking after the store. She was decked out in full Korean traditional dress. The booth set-up created a different atmosphere on that floor. We were



Left: A very young String Quartet entertained us well. Right: Jessica translated my Introduction and Testimony of True Parents. For this Speech we had radios for simultaneous translation.

invited to sit and enjoy a cup of ginseng tea. The sister served us with packages of new Instant Ginseng Crystals. I had never tasted them before and I have to say that they were much stronger than the ones I have been drinking in the Unites States. These crystals tasted very much like ginseng extract, with a real earthy taste. I liked it very much and was happy to accept a small complimentary package.



With the Youth and the Seniors. Right: The couple beside me has been married for more than 50 years.

Of course we took the all-important pictures and, before leaving, we stood in a circle and prayed for the success of the store. And, as I usually do, I pray that my prayers could be heard and come to pass. The next morning Rev. Lin reported to me that the sister had made a \$300 US sale soon after we left. A sale of such size had never happened on a weekday and she was so very excited about it. "It was because of you," Rev. Lin told me when he reported this. Well, as much as I would like to take credit for this, I knew all too

well, and I am sure that Rev. Lin also understood that Heavenly Father is the One pulling the strings here and handing out the Blessings.

Time surely seemed to fly. Now we were ready for the third and final event in the Tainan area. It would be held at a local government facility not so far from the church center. Again I jumped on the backseat of Rev. Lin's scooter. It was only a short drive to the Venue. It was still somewhat early and preparations for the event were still in full



Final group photo for my final Speaking Event on the World Tour

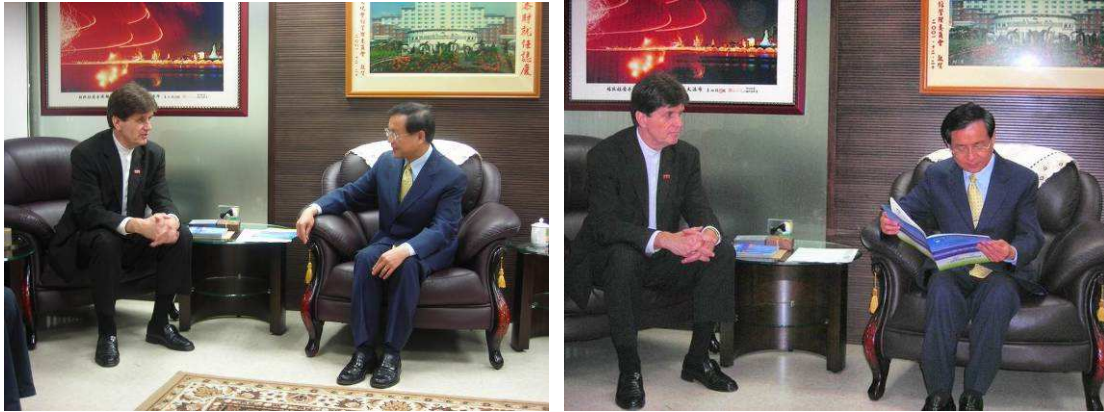
progress. I sat down to pray a little while and then went on to meet our members. I had met most of them at the first event but I wanted to greet them again and show my support.

Not so many people attended but we had a

good mix of young and old participating in the event. A young group of violinists consisting of three boys and one girl performed admirably. And, oh yes, Tainan TV station Channel 4 was on hand to tape the event. I met some good elderly people who really seemed to enjoy the event. One couple had been married for 50 years and they loved Rev. Lin and the work he was doing. They told Rev. Lin clearly, "Whenever you have some event, let us know and we will support you." It was great to hear those words.

So, finally all the events were completed in the Tainan area. This meant that this was my last evening here. I expressed my desire to Rev. Lin to meet Sampson and Beatrice before I left. That evening would probably be the best time. I asked him if he could arrange that for me. After the clean-up following the Event was finished, we were ready to return to the condo. Rev. Lin asked me if he could use his scooter to drive me home. It was alright with me but it would be a more interesting ride since I had to carry my "portable office," my computer bag, with me. It was actually quite a long ride and I had to move around a bit in order not to cramp up. But finally we arrived in good spirits and all was well.

Rev. Lin had told me earlier in the day that there was an internet café in the restaurant of the building where I was staying. I wanted to quickly get on line to send a report to the U.S. before it closed at 11 PM. I was so focused on what I was doing that I did not notice that Sampson and Beatrice had stepped into the café. I was happy to see them and thanked them for their hospitality one more time. They had really been great to me. They gave me their email addresses and promised to be in touch with me.



With Mayor Tain Tsair Hsu in his office. He was a patient and supportive listener.

Beatrice had brought a memory stick with her and she stuck it in my hand. I did not know why so I asked her what this was about. She said that she wanted to educate the children in her class about life in Harlem, USA. She asked me if she could use my “Harlem Pictures” to show to the children. I was a bit surprised, but it was alright with me. I copied most of my “Harlem Home Church Reflection Pictures” onto her memory stick and wished her good luck with the project. As we parted I gave Sampson a big hug. He is a very quiet but deep person. I wished I could have gotten to know him better. I really hoped that we could stay in touch via email.

Tomorrow a meeting with the mayor of Tainan was scheduled and after that I will be on my way back to Taipei.

### **Tuesday, Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> – Morning – Tainan**

Someone in our church knew the PR person in the Mayor’s office and she had set up an appointment for me to meet the mayor of Tainan today. Rev. and Mrs. Lin came to pick me up at around 8 AM. We had a quick breakfast together and discussed some internal issues within the Tainan Church and their family. It was a tearful breakfast and we all felt somewhat sad knowing that the time we spent together would come to an end today.

We had established a very close bond in the last three days and I felt we had been strong support for one another. Today would be my last day in Tainan and of course after I left, I would leave a vacuum behind. There had been a lot of excitement connected to this tour and life had been different from the regular everyday life for everyone who was involved with it. All this would come to an end soon and the regular, more mundane challenges of daily life would come to the forefront again. Certainly we will take care of every need of our daily lives for our families, but it was not necessarily something to look forward to after experiencing the direct love of God through this very special providence. I would certainly look back at my experience in Tainan as very special and I would never forget that city and the people that I met there.

It should be exciting to meet the mayor; I had never in my life met a mayor before in an official or even in a not so official way. I prayed for guidance to find a common base with him where we could share comfortably with one another. Of course, he basically

knew why I was in town, but it would be nice to have something else to talk about before we talked Religion and World Peace.

The meeting was set for 11 AM at City Hall. It was located at one end of a large shopping center. We got there a little early and had some time to look around. The office of the mayor was not so large and quite simple. Rev. Lin, his wife and a couple of sisters, one of them an Ambassador for Peace, were my support team. We made ourselves comfortable



Happiness all around – The Mayor was happy to give and I was happy to receive

but did not have long to wait until the mayor came to see us. His name was Tain Tsair Hsu. He was a friendly man with a big smile on his face. He was a little over 5 feet tall but what he lacked in height, he made up for in kindness and a confident demeanor. He shook hands with everyone with their cameraman and photographers shooting away.

I told him how impressed I was with Tainan, his city, the friendly people I had met here and the wonderful climate I was able to enjoy. In New York where I lived we had to



Gifts from the Mayor's Office      With the PR sister Angela who set up the meeting with the Mayor

worry about cold weather and snow storms that could slow down every aspect of life. He responded to that and said that all was not as easy as it looked here. We continued on with some more small talk on a very positive and friendly level. When I felt we had broken through the stiff bureaucratic level and established to some extent a more personal connection, I began to steer the conversation into a more spiritual direction.

Rev. Lin presented him with the speech book from last night's event. He looked at it with interest and when he was done, I started to explain about Father and Mother Moon and the four World Peace Tours. He listened attentively and said that he was grateful that I had come to his city. It was a very friendly meeting where we were able to share much joy together.

Near the end, a staff member from the mayor's office came and handed him a small plaque. The Mayor then turned around and gave it to me. It was a picture of the two of us shaking hands at our initial greeting. His staff had printed out the picture and put into a nice glass frame. We took another picture together with that gift. It seemed that this is what the mayor's office always does with special guests. They had been very efficient in producing this little memento. With it also came a set of coasters and a stuffed bird, the Black Faced Spoonbill. This bird is near the brink of extinction. The estimate is that there are only about 1,200 birds left in the world. About 70 percent of the birds' population comes to the Tainan area to spend the winter there. Its breeding area is off the rocky coast of Korea and eastern Asia. Now an effort is being made in Tainan to promote and raise public awareness about the plight of the birds in order to save the species.



Final Lunch in a Japanese Restaurant in Tainan

It was a very nice gesture from the mayor and I felt very close to him. When we were parting he told me that he would never forget me. I was happy to hear that because it meant that our meeting had been very special to him. Our visit lasted about 25 minutes. We were told that our interview would be shown the next day on the evening news.

This turned out to be the last official function that had been planned for me. We all felt victorious and a little bit relieved that now everything was finished. The pressure was off now for a little while until the next mission came along. We celebrated by having a nice lunch. Jessica's father invited us to a Japanese restaurant. He owns a small family-run jewelry store, "Ellie Jewelry Co, Ltd.," which we visited after we were done at the restaurant. Jessica's sister and mother managed the store and it looked that they were doing well. Jessica's mom asked me to pray. We all held hands and I prayed for greater fortune and God's blessings to come to the family and the store.

Now it was time to get back home and pack up. The Lins drove me to the condo. I had already packed most of my stuff so it did not take me long to be ready to go. My fridge

had been stacked with a lot of food before my arrival. However, I either did not have the time or appetite to touch any of it except for some fruit jelly. I suggested to Mrs. Lin to take it back to the kids. I had enjoyed the condo, but now it was time to leave everything behind and move on to the next challenge.



View from the hotel window – In the distance is the 101-story “Top of the World” Building, the tallest building in Taiwan.



Mrs. Kim gave gifts to all the ministers during the Victory Banquet Celebration on our last day in Taiwan. Above: Rev. Parker receiving her gift.

The national leader of Taiwan had summoned all church leaders to come to Taipei for a leaders’ meeting, so Rev. Lin was going to join me on my flight. We now were ready to depart to the airport and catch our plane to Taipei.

Hyung Jin Nim, of “*a bald head and a strawberry*” book fame, had arrived in Taipei. He wanted to meet with the leadership of Taiwan. There would also be a good chance that he would join the ACLC ministers at our victory banquet that night. The airport in Tainan was rather small. We stopped in front of a place that looked like a grocery store. Rev. Lin



Rev. Parker and I had been good friends from the beginning. Our relationship solidified during the many trials we faced together on the tour. Right: A tearful farewell from a new Friend and Sister

went to a window and came back with his airplane ticket to Taipei. Mrs. Lin dropped us off at the main terminal where we wished each other well and said goodbye.

## Tuesday, Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> – Evening – Taipei

It was a beautiful day and our short flight proceeded without any complications. We arrived at the scheduled time but had to wait for another leader who would arrive at the airport a few minutes later. Together we took a cab and went to the Formosa Regent Hotel. I had stayed there when I first arrived in Taipei and I liked the hotel. I got a room on the 15th floor with a wonderful view.

The other ministers had already arrived. Bishop Carroll was already on her way back to the United States. Rev. Kendricks had also moved on. He had caught a flight to the Fiji Islands, in Oceania, the next stage for him on the World Tour.

For the five of us who were still left, we had about two hours to prepare for our final victory banquet. We met in the lobby where our hosts guided us to our transportation and we soon arrived at the restaurant where the banquet would be held. About 40 people were



The final group photo at the Victory Banquet in Taipei, Taiwan

present. Mrs. Kim, the wife of the Regional Director, gave a nice talk and afterward all of us had a chance to give a little testimony. Then Mrs. Kim gave a little gift of appreciation to each of us which we happily received.

Victory banquets are nice but have always a sad overtone to them. For this banquet it was especially true. Here we say farewell to the hosts of our team who had

taken care of us so well and who I had learned to love and appreciate. It is never a pleasant experience to go through. But this time it was not only the host that I would leave behind. This time everyone I had worked with for the last three weeks would go their different ways. And no one knew when and if I would ever see them again.

At around 10 PM the banquet came to a conclusion. Bishop Shirley Wright Cotton and Rev. Carolyn Parker had to leave for the airport that very night to get to their countries in Oceania. Bishop Cotton was going to the Marshall Islands and Rev. Parker was on her way to Micronesia.

There was a time of uncertainty when we did not know who would continue on the tour and who would return to the United States. Rev. Parker was especially troubled by this because she was determined to continue on and complete the whole tour schedule. She told me that she just would not feel “right,” she would not feel “complete” if she could

not be on the World Tour to the very end. I really appreciated her heart and I am sure that Heavenly Father did as well. I reassured her, saying that if anyone would be going all the way on the tour it would be her. Luckily this turned out to be correct. I was happy for her



Left: The news anchorwoman at TV 4. Right: True Parents on the First World Tour. The pictures were taken by TV Channel 4 directly from the screen of the Introductory Video that was shown at my last event in Tainan.

because she had made great efforts to overcome adversity throughout our tour of Africa. “I am working on it” had been her motto for much of the time. Well, she was still “working on it” and she was succeeding.

Rev. Lin and I took Bishop Cotton and Rev. Parker to the Taipei International Airport. We arrived with plenty of time to spare at the check-in counter. That was good because there seemed to be some problems with their tickets. It took about 30 minutes to straighten out but then the two Heavenly Ladies were on their way. We waved “goodbye” until we could no longer see them.

Rev. Lin and I returned to the hotel at around 1:30 AM, just in time to get in about three hours of sleep and have Hoon Dok Hae with Hyung Jin Nim at 5 AM. I would not be able



Hyo Jin Nim and Hyun Jin Nim reading the Speech on the Second World Peace Tour

to see any of the other ministers again in Taiwan. Their flights all left very early in the morning. My flight was not leaving until the early afternoon that’s why I would be able



to attend the HDH meeting with Hyung Jin Nim. For some reason he had been unable to come to our closing banquet. It would have been nice if he could have been there. I know all of us, but especially the Christian ministers, would have appreciated his presence.

**Tuesday, Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> – Evening Newscast – Back in Tainan**

Sometime during our Victory Celebration Banquet in Tainan, Channel 4 TV played the Newscast of the interview we had taped the previous day. Of course I did not have any idea that this was going on and was not even thinking about the interview. I had already moved on to a different reality. However, I had urged Rev. Lin before I left to send me



Kook Jin Nim on the Second World Tour



Yours Truly on the 4th World Tour

the DVD from Channel 4 TV to my home. They had promised to make an extra copy for us. Rev. Lin was true to his word. Exactly on Christmas Day, we received a package from him. I was surprised that there was someone out there delivering mail on Christmas Day; it seemed unusual but of course to me it was a happy surprise.



True Grandchild (not sure who this young man is) on the Third World Tour – Yours Truly on the Fourth World Tour



I had received a lot of gifts throughout the whole tour that I could not fit into my suitcase. Rev. Lin had offered to send me by Christmas all the things that I could not carry with me. He surely hit the bull's eye. The package also included the DVD from Channel 4, Tainan.

Of course I was happy to see how it all came out. I had learned a lot just doing the interview; now, by watching myself as I was represented on TV I learned some more. I realized that my eyes wandered away from the camera at times. This could mean to some people that I was not really secure in what I was doing. I should have looked directly into the camera at all times. But anyway, the whole interview and the visit to the mayor of Tainan was a great learning experience for me. I am sure that I will be able to do better the next chance I get. What I was really happy about was the rest of the content. They had footage from True Parents' three previous world tours with the children and grandchildren. So, I was happy to be in the same news clip as True Parents, True Children and True Grandchildren.



True Father on the First World Peace Tour and True Mother on the Second World Peace Tour

I am not sure if there were two newscasts. However there were two separate videos, so I assume that possibly one was shown in the early evening news and the second in the late evening news. The first one had footage taken at our last event in Tainan. It seemed that the cameraman shot some of his footage directly from the screen of the introductory video we were showing at the last event. The pictures were not the best quality but it was still acceptable.

The second newscast had some other footage that they must have dug up from their library of earlier newscasts from True Parents' tours. The picture quality was definitely better. For both news clips they showed the same footage of my interview.

### **Wednesday, Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>**

I had invited Rev. Lin to stay in my room since we would have Hoon Dok Hae with Hyung Jin Nim early in the morning. Rev. Lin found out that Hyung Jin Nim had a suite on the 15th floor, just a few doors down from our room. At 4:50 AM we all gathered in Hyung Jin Nim's suite and had Pledge and Hoon Dok Hae. I was the only western person there. Hyung Jin Nim sat on the couch and we gathered around his feet sitting on the plush carpet. He had started to let his hair grow again. I liked it better that way. He looks much younger with hair.

Hyung Jin Nim spoke some Chinese and he was able to carry on a conversation with the brothers and sisters. HDH was conducted in Korean. Those who spoke Korean, and there were quite a few sisters and brothers, took turns reading. It was quite dark in the room so

it was not easy to get a good picture of Hyung Jin Nim since I did not want to use the flash on my camera during HDH time.

The atmosphere was light and friendly. I really felt that Hyung Jin Nim was my elder brother and that he made an effort to be that to everyone. After HDH the Secretary General of the UPF for Taiwan, Mr. Tuo-Huan Chen, invited me to join Hyung Jin Nim for a 7 AM smorgasbord breakfast downstairs in the restaurant. I was very happy to have been invited. The restaurant had prepared a special room for us. There were ten of us enjoying breakfast sitting around a round table.



Hyung Jin Nim at Hoon Dok Hae displaying a new head of hair. I took the pictures without flash in a very poorly lit room but thought they were still worth sharing.

The first order of business was to go out to the many counters packed with all kinds of goodies and pick your favorite food. And that was easier said than done; there were just too many choices. There was food from all corners of the earth. There were fruits I had never seen before and everything looked good to me. I don't exactly remember what I chose but it took some time to decide. Most people followed HJN around, but I wanted to give him the freedom to choose his food without distractions.

We sat down to eat around 8:00 AM. When I was introduced to Hyun Jin Nim he said, "Oh yes, I remember your name. Your wife sent a letter to me about your son on STF. She said that he liked my book, *a bald head and a strawberry!*" "She did??" I answered, truly surprised. I really had no idea when and how that came about. It must have happened while I was on tour. Anyway, that was very interesting. But I had no chance to ask for more details. I would have to check with my wife to find out what actually had happened. Before we all could settle down and begin eating, Hyung Jin Nim started to share some thoughts about World Peace and leadership. He was quite animated in doing so.

### **Hyung Jin Nim on World Peace**

"There are several ways to bring peace in the world. Of course, the most important means is through religion and the work True Parents are doing. People do need to be educated about God and His ideal and purpose for man. However, I believe religion is not the only way to bring peace. We can also consider some basic principles of international

economica as a means to inspire peace. Let us just focus on China and India alone. U.S. companies have invested heavily in India and China. Because they are paying fewer taxes and have cheaper labor costs in those countries, profits are higher and that was the incentive to move their businesses there.

“Of course, India and China also profit substantially having those businesses in their country and providing jobs for hundreds of thousands of people. And these numbers are growing every day. With so much money at stake, India and China would not want to start a war with the U.S. Thus economic involvement by the USA in those countries has a strong potential to make peace and keep peace just for the sake of business/economic interests.”

### **Hyung Jin Nim on Leadership Personalities**

“There are five basic leadership personalities. Let us look at the top two. The number 4 and 5 are usually associated with Fortune 500 companies. Both are successful but have different attitudes and strategies.

“The #4 leader is very charismatic and successful. He plans for the short-term success that will make him look good as long as he is in charge of the place. He does not care to plan ahead and look at the future of the company. The ‘now’ is the most important for him. He feels that he is the one who has made it possible for the company to advance and be successful. He is very proud and takes most or all of the credit for the success. When successful he looks into a mirror and sees only himself. When his company is not successful he looks into a glass window and sees the employees of the company, claiming that they are the cause for the failure.

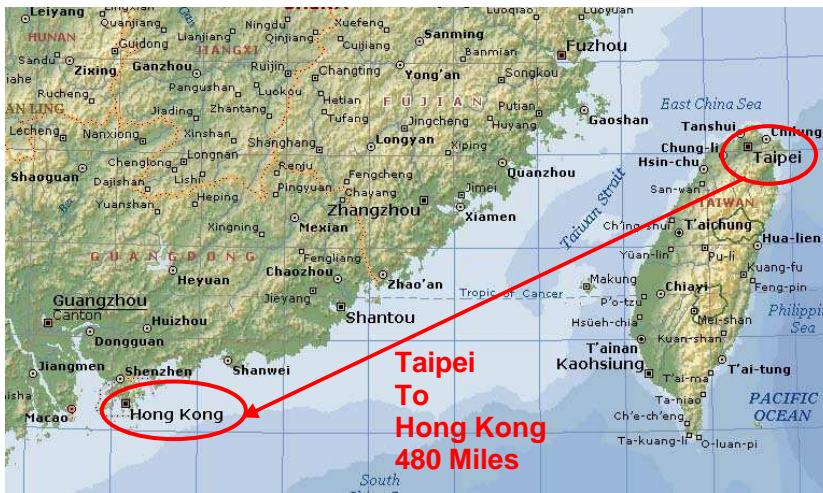
“He is what I call a ‘Yang’ type leader, strong, masculine, looking out only for himself. He plans for short-term success, and thinks that he is the greatest. He blames others for his failure.

“The #5 leader is somewhat different. He plans both for the present and the future. He is not interested in his own glory and thinks only of the success of the company. He sets up a system that will keep the company successful even if he is no longer there. He is not so charismatic and does not want the limelight. When he looks at the success of the company, he looks out the glass window – giving the employees of the company credit for the success. If he experiences failure, he looks in the mirror and blames himself for it. He is what I call a ‘Yin’ leader, humble, looking out for the company and its employees. He plans for present and the future and is willing to take the blame if things go wrong. The ‘Yin’ type of leader is the best kind of leader. True Father is that kind of leader, even though he has some of those ‘Yang’ type elements as well.”

I thought Hyung Jin Nim was quite interesting not only because of what he said, but also by how he presented it. Everyone at the table listened attentively. His “dissertation” had gone on for about 20 minutes until eventually he realized that we were not doing what we also came here to do, eat breakfast. No one had yet touched their food. He now noticed it and said, “Ok, we are not eating, so, let’s eat!”

I finished the first course of my food and realized there was no time for another. I had to go to my room, pick up my luggage, catch my ride and make it to the airport in time to

catch my plane. Hyung Jin Nim was already “out in the field” to get his second helping of food. I went to him to say, “Thank you very much. It was very nice to meet you, but now I must be on my way back to the USA.” We shook hands, I wished him well, he wished me a



good trip home and I was on my way. Meeting Hyung Jin Nim crowned off my 4th World Tour travels in the best way imaginable. It was my great honor for me to share HDH and breakfast with him.

My ride, a brother driving a van, was waiting outside the hotel. It took us less than one hour to get to the airport. He pointed me in the right direction and wished me a nice trip. I had plenty of time to check in and could relax for a while waiting for my flight to depart.

It was rather unusual for me to just sit there and have nothing to do. For the last five weeks there had never really been a dull moment in my life. There was always



something that was going to happen in a few more moments. There was always another place to go to, another person to meet, another speech to give and another challenge to

face. There was always some challenge ahead of me that I could focus my mind on and prepare for in my heart.

Now I was going home. Of course it would be great to see my wife and children again and everyone else I had not seen since I left for the tour. Yes, I could focus on that, but it was different. There was no unknown challenge to face now as there had been on the tour. I felt slightly empty inside. Until now I had not realize how totally absorbed I had been with the tour. And now that it was over, there was definitely a vacuum in my heart and mind.

I had to stop over in Hong Kong again and from there carry on directly to New York, JFK airport. The flight back to the USA was uneventful, even boring. I could not sleep and the movies were not so inspiring. I tried to read the Divine Principle but I could not focus so I stopped after a while. My mind was wandering and I felt emotionally drained. Finally I fell asleep for a little while and when I woke up I felt much better. I wondered if anyone would be at the airport to pick me up. I arrived at around 9:30 PM at JFK.

I did not expect any of my family to come and since there were no other ministers on my flight, I doubted that someone from the District would be there to pick me up. We touched down safely at JFK. I did not have long to wait for my suitcase and soon I was through the immigration checkpoint and into the main reception area of the terminal. I looked around to see if I recognized anyone in the waiting crowd but I did not see anyone.

I moved on to catch the monorail to the “A” subway train. It would take a little longer to get home, but it was the most economical way to travel. It felt rather strange to be back on a subway train in New York City but I was sure it would not take me long to get used to it again. It took more than an hour to get me to my stop in Harlem at 148th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. When I walked up the stairs with my suitcase in one hand and my



"Welcome Home"

portable office strapped over my shoulder, I realized for the first time how weak I was. My legs were shaking and I was out of breath when I reached the street level. It is usually a 12-minute walk from there to my home. This time it took me much longer.

But as I continued walking, I became more and more fatigued. It felt as if my shinbones could slip out of my knee joints at any time. I walked slowly and tried to stay calm. Eventually my building came in sight. I knew I was at home when I saw a familiar scene, our Family

Flag, flying from the fourth-floor living room window of our apartment facing Broadway. It was waving in the wind as if to say “hello” to me, “welcome back.” That was a nice experience. However, I noticed that it was time again to change the flag. The flag looked like I felt right now. It was in pretty bad shape. It was all tattered, dirty and almost half its original size. The flags we have flown in the past usually last about 12 to 18 months, depending on weather conditions. This one definitely needed to be changed. I will put on the top of my “to do” list to get a new flag. We have gone through quite a few flags since I first started flying it around 17 years ago.

There was only one slight setback. When I walked into the apartment building lobby, my luck would have it that the elevator was out of order. Not a big problem, it happens quite frequently, but it would have been nice just to ride the elevator up. We live on the fourth floor and I had come this far, I would make it up those few steps also. I was glad now to be at home.

It was now around 1:30 AM. The children were all sleeping and I had the whole bedroom to myself. My wife was on a National Kodan Fundraising Condition. She had called me while I was still in Europe to tell me that she wanted to go on that condition for two reasons. Of course she wanted to support Kodan which supports the providential activities in the USA with the money raised. Secondly, she wanted to set a condition to protect my life. She wanted to make sure that I did not die while on the world tour. I



The old tattered flag that welcomed me home after the tour gave way to this new FFWPU flag hanging out of our living room window facing Broadway at 151st Street.

knew that this would be quite a difficult condition for her since she could not function so well in the cold weather and cannot stay easily on her feet for long periods of time. But to her this did not matter. She had made up her mind that this was what she wanted to do, so she did it. I could not argue with her determination and since it was also alright with the children, she was free to go on the condition.

And of course, needless to say, her condition worked. I came back alive. Somewhat in bad shape physically, but actually more alive spiritually than when I had left about five weeks ago. Come to think of it, considering the many countries we visited and distances we traveled, it had to be somewhat of a miracle that none of the ministers got seriously sick or even died during the tour. That alone was a true testimony that God had been with us all the way.

My wife would not be back for about another 10 days. I felt weak, but I was not tired so I started to unpack my luggage and put everything in order again. I had taken three regular dress shirts with me when I left on the trip. Freshly laundered, they were still in their plastic covers the way I got them from the dry cleaners before I left for the tour. I never used them since I always wore the shirts that had what looked like a clerical collar. I had a white shirt and a black shirt in that kind of style. Both were easily hand washed and dried wrinkle free over night. On any official occasion I would wear one of those two shirts. At other times I had a couple of short-sleeved shirts that also were wrinkle free. Those four shirts got me through the whole tour. Now that the tour was done, I could get back to wearing my regular dress shirts again. If I had been wiser, I would have left them at home rather than having to drag them across several continents.

When everything was unpacked, sorted out and put away, I still was not tired. It was about 2:30 AM New York time but I was still living in a different time zone. I decided to go to bed anyway because I could not focus on reading and really had no energy to do anything else. I enjoyed time to meditate and pray with Heavenly Father in this horizontal position.

Over the years I have shied away from praying long prayers at our home altar. I go there for a quick check-in to report to Heavenly Father when I come home from work and, of course, for Ahn Shi Il and Holy Days. At all other times my prayers are done while walking, while traveling on the subway to and from work, while working in the office, while shopping – well, actually I pray all the time. I seek advice and talk to Heung Jin Nim all the time. Even while I am watching TV I am trying to resolve spiritual and substantial issues that I am confronted with every day.

This has become the natural way for me. My wife likes to spend large amounts of time in study and prayer in front of the altar. I admire her for it and I think that it is a great thing to do. And of course I join her there for special conditions we are making. But when it comes to studying, I have not had so much patience to sit down and read a book in front of the altar or any other place. I could not sit still long enough to do it. However, I am always hungry for spiritual knowledge. In 1987 I received a revelation that I should record *God's Will and the World*, a two hundred-page book with True Father's main speeches. It is still my favorite book today because it explains the foundation he had to build to start this movement and to advance Heaven's Providence.

Since I had no access to a recording studio, I did the recording at home. The best time to find enough peace and quiet to do the recording was between 1:30 AM and 5:30 AM. It took me about six months to complete the book. It filled up 23 – 90 minute tapes that



everyone in my family has listened to in our “home office” at one time or another ever since this time. I am not sure how many audio tape machines I have run into the ground by playing these tapes 24/7, around the clock, every day, every week, every month and every year since that time, now going onto 20 years. I estimate at least one machine per year. The tapes only stopped running when my tape player broke down and I had to replace it.

Now I have managed to convert most of the tapes to CDs which is a much better technology. When True Father asked us to read the “Three Providential Speeches” in early 2006, I did not hesitate to record them. Now the CDs of these speeches are being played in my home office. This has helped me very much to fulfill the condition of “reading” those speeches 120 times.

Well, let’s get back to “horizontal meditation and prayer.” It had been my ritual during the 4th World Tour. I started to “relive” my experiences on the tour and the more I thought about them, the more I became amazed and inspired. It became more and more clear to me how large and deep True Parents’ foundation is on Earth and in the Spiritual World. Wherever we went, whatever country or city we visited; there we met our faithful members. In some cities just a couple of families would be there to take care of the Will of God. They were taking care of His Providence as laid out by True Parents. Our members are truly the greatest people in the world. I felt at home everywhere because they loved God and True Parents, and because they did, they could also love me who loved God and True Parents.

Centered on the 4th World Tour, there was nothing that we could not do together. The support of the Absolute Good Spirits, Ancestors and Angels was substantial and real. I have never been received so well by total strangers, people that came to our events. There was only one guest who expressed some negativity but he soon relented because other guests around him told him to be a peace maker, not a trouble maker. We members did not even have to get involved in that situation.

I truly felt blessed because members and guests treated me, whether they did it consciously or not, as if I was the True Parent. I received so much love and attention from everyone that sometimes it became embarrassing for me. Truly, I was treated that way because of the incredible investment of heart for the salvation of all human beings and the sacrifice our True Father and True Mother and the True Children have offered to Heaven from the very early days in their lives. I was just lucky enough to be there at the right time and the right place to experience all of this.

One thing is certain; I will never be the same again. What I have experienced and learned on this tour has made me a better person, a more humble, faithful, loving and obedient person. I experienced the impact that the words of God, the words of our True Parents had in a most powerful way wherever I went. I can never forget that.

Being back in the USA, the spiritual power is gone. The special power and blessing that was given to the 4th World Tour is no longer a reality in my everyday life. However, I

remember what it felt like and the effects it had on everyone involved. Now the challenge for me is to recreate such an atmosphere where God and True Parents can be present in the same way they were on the tour. Can that be done? I will strive for that from now on. Thank you very much, True Parents. You are the greatest, truly the Cosmic True Parents and the Parents of Heaven and Earth.

Final check 4/23/2007

**04 Continents Visited on the 4th World Peace Tour:**

North America

Asia

Europe

Africa

**10 Countries Visited on the 4th World Peace Tour:**

USA

Japan

Korea

England

Kenya

Tanzania

Rwanda

Uganda

Burundi

Taiwan

35,535	miles traveled in the air
<u>2,710</u>	miles traveled on the ground
<b><u>38,245</u></b>	miles traveled total