

A man wearing a white visor and a brown jacket is shown from the chest up, looking out towards the right. The background is a bright, hazy sky over the ocean. A portion of a blue and yellow striped pole is visible on the right side of the frame.

MY LIFE WITH  
REV. SUN  
MYUNG MOON

DAVID KASBOW

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# PREFACE



I am getting older. As I check the news on our church website, I am seeing reports almost weekly of early members of our unification movement who have passed away, members who I have known and worked with over the years. I think about the value of their lives and our work together.

I thought about these early members again when I walked into our church the other day and saw the flags hanging from the ceiling of our social hall. It is not uncommon for churches to have flags displayed. They usually represent the countries where a church has sponsored missions. But ours represent not mission countries but countries where the members of our church were born. In our congregation we have flags from over sixteen nations. The members all have stories of how they joined our movement and found themselves here in America, and how we worked together with Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Yet as I read about those who have passed from this earth, I am not seeing that they have written an account of their lives in this movement.

Since I have been blessed to have had a host of experiences following Rev. Moon, experiences in forty-seven of the fifty states, in seven nations as a front-line follower for forty years, I cannot leave without sharing them. This is all the more true now that Rev. Moon himself has passed from this earth. The experiences we had with him as he went through the trials and tribulations of establishing this movement in America and around the world will never be repeated. They are invaluable for our children and for Americans in general to know about.

What Americans do know about him comes from the media, but it was

a media that usually stood against him. Journalists were quick to interview people who disagreed with us. They exaggerated the difficulties our movement went through and blacked out news of the good we did, so much so that a fair picture has been almost impossible to ascertain. They were reporting about my life, and they did not report my life accurately.

I never imagined myself as an author; however, Rev. Moon's autobiography, *As a Peace-Loving Global Citizen*, changed my mind. As I looked through it, I saw that he wrote it as vignettes of his life. As I read it, I said to myself, "I can do this." So I am. I dedicate this effort to Rev. Moon who gave me so much and to Mrs. Moon who now leads our movement with a care and concern that Rev. Moon would be proud of.

# REV. MOON'S MINISTRY AND MISSION



Central to Rev. Moon's ministry was the pursuit of peace: peace within the human soul, peace within the family and in the world. From the time he was a child, he longed for it, prayed for it, and sought it. His prayers were answered on an Easter morning when he was just fifteen. Jesus appeared to him and began to guide his way. Jesus visited and taught him for years to impart the knowledge he would need for his future mission.

As he was guided, Rev. Moon learned that God had an original plan for a peaceful world. God's plan, God's hope, is laid out simply in Genesis 1:28. There, it says that God blessed his children to be "fruitful," we are to grow and mature to experience God's heavenly, pure, tender, deep, and intoxicating love as a living reality in our personal lives. And there is more.

We are to create families so that we can experience this heavenly love more fully; we are to "multiply." God longs to participate in and enhance the varieties of love that flow between parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, grandparents and grandchildren, and the other members of the extended family. As the ultimate place where love and peace must dwell, the family is the root of a heavenly culture. The core of Rev. Moon's ministry centered on revealing the way to create peaceful God-centered families.

Further, we are to have "dominion"; we are to create an environment conducive to such families. To this end, Rev. Moon fostered a peaceful spiritual environment by seeking harmony between the Christian denominations and

among the world's religions. He also sought to integrate the internal world of religion and the external world of science. These things he pursued through an almost infinite variety of conferences, assemblies, seminars, and service projects.

To enrich the cultural environment for peaceful, loving families, he developed projects in the arts such as the Little Angels, the Universal Ballet Company, and the New York City Symphony. In sports, he created the World Peace Cup Soccer tournaments. He fostered projects in education, business, the media, and more.

To bring the world's families together, he proposed a system of international highways that would connect the continents. To feed the families of the world, he sought ways to bring food from the ocean. He educated the world on these matters for some seventy years with messages and sermons now recorded in hundreds of volumes.

I will touch on these ministries and projects as I encountered them in my life. I will not be going into great detail on their many facets as information can be found in other sources. My aim here is to share my life with Rev. Moon.

In order to understand my connection to his life, we have to understand not only that he created ministries and projects but that he had a mission, a mission to vanquish evil, to turn people toward the good, to create peace. It was a duty given to him by God so that the ministries and projects he created could flourish and grow.

In order to accomplish this, he had to discover and reverse the evil that our ancestors Adam and Eve unleashed. Rev. Moon led the way, explaining the principles that govern the restoration of goodness and putting them into practice. In this book, I will focus on one of the principles Rev. Moon taught that is central to this process: the principle of Cain and Abel.

In the Bible, the book of Genesis tells the story of Cain and Abel, two brothers who were sons of Adam and Eve. In the seemingly simple story of enmity in which an elder brother, Cain, kills his younger brother, Abel, we find archetypes of good and evil. We also find a paradigm for human history that helps to explain the rise and fall of peoples, cultures, and nations.

We see the elder brother's eyes looking at us not just from the Garden of

Eden but throughout history through those of countless murderers. From Cain to Hitler, dictators and thugs have threatened the world as they wielded power. They have mercilessly dominated, plundered, and subdued those around them.

And we see the younger brother as well in the eyes of those we call saints. During their lives, saints are usually unrecognized, mistreated, maligned, misused, and often forgotten. But in some mysterious way, they are more powerful than Cain nonetheless.

We see Cain and Abel today in our cultural psyche: in superhero movies we find the Cain-like Joker against the Abel-like Batman, Darth Vader against Luke Skywalker, the Lizard against Spiderman, Lex Luthor against Superman.

Despite the listing of so many Abels together with their Cains in the book of Genesis: Shem and Ham, Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau, Perez and Zerah, Joseph and his brothers, there is no biblical explanation for the appearance of these couplings; none. Rev. Moon taught that there are two rules regarding their relationship: One, Cain is always the one who attacks; and two, Abel always wins. And Rev. Moon discerned that God's ultimate goal for these brothers is for them to reconcile and create peace centered on God.

It is easy to see that Cain attacks, but how is it that Abel wins? Abel wins through offerings given for the sake of God, such as the Israelites' offerings through the tabernacle and the temple, and the offering of Jesus in giving his life. God uses the offerings of good people and on their foundation moves the providence forward. With this said, we have a framework for understanding a crucial part of Rev. Moon's mission.

# THE MISSION UNFOLDS



Cain was the first born, and in the twentieth century, Cain was born not as an individual but as a nation. This nation, the Soviet Union, the first communist state, was launched on October 25, 1917. This regime and the worldwide movement it fostered had the same brutal nature as its ancient ancestor. The Soviets were atheists and embraced murder as a way of dispatching their opponents. As communists gained territory throughout the world, dominating one nation after another, many millions lost their lives.

Abel, the younger brother in this Cain-Abel relationship, is Sun Myung Moon, who arrived a few years later on January 6, 1920. Chosen by God, he came as a lone individual from the countryside in the northern part of Korea.

As the Cain communist world grew into an aggressive atheistic international power, Rev. Moon's work was to have grown into an international movement that marshalled the forces of the Abel Christian world into unity to face the elder brother. Just as Billy Graham rose quickly in the late 1940s, Rev. Moon was to have risen as well.

In Rev. Moon's case, God raised up a Korean Christian leader who was to have prepared the way for him. This pastor had direct ties to the religious, social, and political leadership of Korea. If this pastor and his church had united with Rev. Moon, Rev. Moon's foundation would have quickly spread throughout the Korean Christian community and beyond to the Korean nation. With the support of Korea, he would have come to America on a strong foundation with a solid reputation preceding him.

His voice could have reached American churches and American society as a

whole. Then, on the basis of his work in America, he could have been received by the world's leaders. The U.N., the Vatican, and presidents and prime ministers around the world would have heard his message of unity and peace. If Rev. Moon had received this welcome and built a foundation of unity, it would have been the offering God needed. Faced with a united free world, the communist world would have stopped expanding and eventually weakened and declined. Then the free world would have been able to embrace the former communist nations just as America embraced Japan and Germany after World War II. A way would have been opened for an age of peace.

It was for such a time as this, in the late 1940s, '50s, and early '60s, that God prepared a group of world-class leaders: Billy Graham from the Protestant community, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. from the African-American Christian community, Pope John XXIII from the Catholic community, Dag Hammarskjold of the U.N. community of nations, President John F. Kennedy, and many others. God chose them and prepared them to work together for peace and to accomplish it.

Unfortunately, the prepared Korean pastor and his church rejected Rev. Moon. The other less prepared Korean churches then rejected Rev. Moon, too. Following the failure of the Korean churches, the foundation on God's side slowly fell apart. One after another, Dag Hammarskjold, President Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr. faced tragic, untimely deaths. Americans, representing world Christianity, began to degenerate into corrupt lifestyles. The U.N. was diminished by competing national interests. As this occurred, the communist world gained strength and advanced. Rev. Moon was left alone with essentially no foundation to stand on. He called this period beginning in 1945 his "wilderness course."

In the wilderness course of the Israelites, which is recorded in the Bible (Numbers 14), the Israelites suffered an extended forty-year period in the wilderness as a result of their faithlessness. Rev. Moon was to suffer a forty year wilderness course as well because of the lack of faith of those prepared to work with him.

He had to start from scratch to rebuild what had been lost. First, he made

an offering of his life. In 1946, he was asked by God to go to Pyongyang in the northern part of Korea, which was under communist control, and preach the word of God. As communism had advanced, the North Korean dictator, Kim Il Sung, had attacked the Christians in North Korea. Where Pyongyang had been called the “Jerusalem of the East” because of its strong Christian culture, its churches now were ransacked, burned, and closed.

As Rev. Moon began his mission in the north, he was alone and completely unprotected. He gathered followers. Soon, however, he was imprisoned and tortured for teaching about God. When his captors believed that he was dead, they threw his body outside the prison. His life was hanging by a thread. Fortunately, his followers found him. He survived and continued his mission.

Not long afterward he was again arrested and was ultimately incarcerated in a communist labor camp, a death camp in Hungnam. Rev. Moon was sentenced to go there in 1948 and spent nearly three years in this camp where the average lifespan of the prisoners was six months. There he again gained followers. Our church has its spiritual roots in the hell of this camp and in the suffering Rev. Moon bore in North Korea.

# GAINING FOLLOWERS



As the Abel Christian foundation collapsed, God prepared an alternate plan. In 1950 when Rev. Moon escaped from the camp thanks to U.N. forces, he made his way south. There on May 1, 1954, he hung out a small sign on a tiny house in Seoul that read Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity. This was the church the world has come to know as Unification Church. He had to create his own church, something he said over and over that he had not originally intended to do.

Members joined, and he could finally send the first missionaries to America in 1959 to prepare for his arrival. That small group in America began the process of finding members, not the Christian leadership as originally planned, but people on the street, one-by-one, who could understand Rev. Moon's message and work with him. Who were these people? The baby boomers, the young people of the '60s who were "dropping out" of society, traveling, and looking for "peace."

This is where I come into the picture. I was one of these young people, found, in my case, on the campus of Wayne State University in Detroit. So, upon Rev. Moon's arrival in America in 1971, when he should have already been working with the top religious and political leadership of the country, he had us, a motley crew of hitchhikers, drop-outs, and college kids with long hair and backpacks.

In San Francisco, our members would stand on Fisherman's Wharf and at bus stations to harvest the young people who were just walking around searching. But the key point is that despite our often having used drugs and lived immoral

lifestyles, internally we were prepared by God. There was something about the young people of that era; we were traveling looking for truth and love. We were idealistic and had some intuition that love and peace could be attained. In biblical terms, we were a “remnant.” In folklore terms, we were the Hobbits of *Lord of the Rings*, the Ewoks of *Star Wars Episode VI: Return of the Jedi*, an unexpected group who entered into the fray of battle to help bring victory.

Rev. Moon educated us and raised us up. At one of our large meetings, he asked all those who had taken drugs before they joined the church to raise their hands. When ninety percent of the hands went up, he laughed but then said clearly, “I did what your parents could not do, what your churches could not do: I turned you into virtuous young men and women who can now serve God and other people.”

Shaped up and educated, our adventure began as we started from scratch to lay the groundwork for this movement. We had no money so we earned it selling flowers to buy our headquarters building, open our seminary, and start businesses. We had no people so we found them by witnessing on the street. We had no churches so we held church in rented or purchased homes and traveled in vans to spread the message. We were not the chosen ones, but we became the ones God chose to rebuild the foundation God meant Rev. Moon to have. We worked to create a base so that churches and political and social leaders could be connected to him and his movement as God originally planned.

Since we had no foundation at first, we looked like a strange group of outsiders. Every move we made was attacked through the media, by some of our parents, or through the government. Accusations spread that we were brain-washed members of a cult lead by the antichrist. These flourished and were widely repeated by a willing media. Rev. Moon told us to weather the storm because eventually, he said, we would come out of the wilderness and be successful. We did and we were, time and again.

# MY EARLY LIFE



I come from an ordinary family. I have an ordinary twin brother, an ordinary younger brother, and ordinary parents. We lived as ordinary Catholics in an ordinary house on the northwest side of Detroit. My twin and I attended Catholic school from first to third grades until my parents could not afford it anymore. From there we went to public schools.

My dad was an auto mechanic; my mom worked as a waitress at Kresge's, the forerunner of K Mart. When we came home from school, we played outside with our friends living up and down the block. We were never a part of a little league team or any other club or group except for my one year stint as a Boy Scout. We never really went anywhere except to the town of Uby in the "thumb area" of Michigan where my dad had some relatives. We spent most Sundays driving to the east side of Detroit to visit my grandmother after church.

None of us did anything outstanding. I never managed any great achievement; never won an award in school. The only way I can account in any way for the extraordinary experience of being in the Unification Church is that "ordinary" can be good. We had a stable family: my dad worked long hours and my mother was usually home from work shortly after we got home from school. My parents did not drink, smoke, or go out much.

I did lean in the direction of being religious as a child. I remember going to church and being bored with the service but enjoying the light coming through the stained glass windows. I took note of the statue of Mother Mary in our backyard. I felt somehow that our house was in good hands with it there. But even with that, I could never have imagined that God could be looking at my life or

guiding me in any way whatsoever. In Rev. Moon's autobiography he relates that he asked himself, "Why me?" I was surprised at that from him, but the question surely does apply to me.

Still, looking back now I see that God did guide me in ways that would make it possible for me to connect to Him and become useful for Him. I really cannot account for why it is so, but I was always interested in things that were on the "cutting edge."

My favorite filmmaker was Ingmar Bergman. I had a friend in my life who introduced me to Bergman's films as well as creative books, events, and ideas. It was this friend, John, who took me to the Maple Theater in the Detroit suburb of Birmingham, to see Bergman's films *Persona*, *Hour of the Wolf*, *The Seventh Seal*, and more. We saw these films more than once and talked about their meaning.

This interest in the new and creative carried over to my studies in high school and especially in college. I looked into what was the latest or most interesting in the subjects I was studying, into what was breaking new ground. In the field of psychology, it was Carl Jung. For theater I traveled to Kent State University in Ohio to attend a seminar and performance by the Polish director Jerzy Grotowski and his avant garde theater group. I was fascinated by the Bread and Puppet Theater that I saw on a PBS TV special. And, I attended Peter Brook's radical production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* when I was in London.

In religion, too, I was interested in reading things that were out of the ordinary. I read the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, the *I Ching*, the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, the classic Jewish Kabbalah texts, books on astrology, Hinduism, the spiritual world, and more. Whatever the reason was that I was interested in these things, I can see now that when the unification movement came along, I was ready for it. It is anything but ordinary. It is the cutting edge in the world of religion.

Looking back there were several events that changed the direction of my life in a way that led me to the movement. One was taking drivers ed. Being Catholic, my twin brother and I went to catechism classes each week. I remember going to these classes after school in our public school during my elementary years. Later, in high school, we attended them at our church on Wednesday evenings.

It was at this time, when we were fifteen years old, that we signed up for

drivers ed. It just so happened that the classes were being held at exactly the same time as our catechism classes. The choice for me was obvious and easy. I started drivers ed and never looked back. In fact, it was a good excuse to get out of the catechism classes. By this point I had so many questions the catechism teachers couldn't answer that I knew it was time to go.

So I forgot about church and spent my time being a teenager. With my anchor cut, being a teenager in the '60s meant engaging in the world offered by the culture at hand; the world of "drugs, sex, and rock and roll." My friend John was, as I said, looking into new ideas and ways of thinking. He embraced "hippie" culture, and I wandered in as well.

From his older brother, he got discount tickets to the Grande Ballroom where he and I and our friends hung out and saw the latest '60s bands as they toured the country. Before the show, it was our custom to smoke "grass" we bought from other classmates. My house had a back door leading into the bedroom that my brother and I shared so I could sleep it off without facing my parents.

Fortunately, I didn't get into any real trouble so they trusted me. So high school went and then college. I went to Wayne State University in downtown Detroit, got a job in a clothing store to help pay for it, and with John and my other friends explored the music, books, movies, and events the late '60s.

In the midst of this came another event that changed the direction of my life. One day, one of my other good friends confided in me something that made me rethink the lifestyle I was living. He was really into the dating world; he started going steady with his first girlfriend when he was thirteen. So when we sat down, I thought he was going to talk to me about his latest breakup. What he told me was that he had had sex with his girlfriend's mother the night before. This hit a nerve. I just looked at him. We were just having a good time with the music, the books, and the marijuana, but this was so out of bounds that it shocked me. In less than a second I concluded, "I'm not going that way." I stopped the drugs, the drinking, and the dating and in one moment, I guess you could say, I grew up.

My interest in the arts, culture, and the thinking of the time continued, but now I started consciously looking into what this world was about and what I was

going to do in it. I was majoring in psychology. In the summer of '71 after my first year at college, I hitchhiked to California and back. It was an adventure but not profound.

The next year I took the spring semester off and traveled to Europe with a friend who had grown up in a military family. He was a professional traveler. I saved money from work and we flew to Amsterdam, bought a VW van, and traveled for three months from Amsterdam to Marrakesh, from East Berlin to Galway in Ireland. I went to as many of the great museums and historic sites as I could find and took in as many cultural performances as I could afford: the ballet in Paris, opera in Italy, Shakespeare in London. I decided to add theater as a minor to my studies. Psychology could understand people; the arts could move them.

Back at school I took a world religion class and began my tour of the great religions as well. This was easy because everyone was there on campus; the Divine Light Mission, the Jesus People, Hare Krishna, Campus Crusade for Christ, Buddhists, Hindus, Native Americans, and more. Each group had programs and events that I attended.

I avoided the Christians, though. I had been taught that the Catholic Church was the one true religion. I figured that if the Catholics couldn't figure it out, the other denominations probably weren't doing so well either. So I was looking, having a very interesting time but not really doing much better than when I was a Catholic. I remember going to a program on Buddhism. I took home the booklets and got a headache trying to figure out what exactly they were saying.

It was now the autumn of '72. When I had breaks from my classes, I sometimes did my homework at the Detroit Institute of Arts, which was just a block from the campus. Here a young man came up to me as I was sitting on a bench studying in one of the exhibit halls. He asked me if I knew Jesus. I said, "Yes, I was raised Catholic." He said, "Yes, but do you know Jesus?" I felt annoyed, embarrassed, and awkward at the question. As I have already mentioned, I was avoiding the Christian groups on campus. I almost told him to leave me alone but decided to let him talk.

We talked for awhile about my experience being a Catholic, and he then

invited me to “receive Jesus.” I felt more awkward and embarrassed, but I repeated his words, asking Jesus to come into my heart. I had no profound experience from this, but the fact that I happened to be sitting in an exhibit hall filled with ancient Christian sculptures was not lost on me.

Maybe, I thought, I should give the Bible another chance. Being Catholic, I had read some of it in church but had never read it for myself. As I looked through it, I disliked the bloodshed of the Old Testament and couldn’t figure out why the stories of Jesus kept repeating themselves in the New Testament. But then I tried the Book of Revelation. Now this was interesting. I must have read it a dozen times. The imagery was excellent.

“Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse. And he who sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and makes war. His eyes were like a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns. He had a name written that no one knows except himself. He was clothed with a robe dipped in blood, and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, followed him on white horses” (Revelation 19:11-14).

The end of the world was really going to be exciting. Indeed it has been. Let’s begin.

# JOINING THE CHURCH



In April of 1973, I was twenty-two years old and in my third year of college at Wayne State University. As I was walking from the Student Center across the mall, a person came up to me. This young man asked, “What do you think about unity?” I said, “It’s great.” That afternoon I was on my way to a theatrical lighting class, a requirement for the minor in theater I was working on.

As we walked, we talked about how people can come together. He said his group was having a lecture on this topic back at the Student Center and asked me to come. I told him I was on my way to class, but when he told me more about the people he was with, I got more interested. He had a German accent and explained that he was traveling with a group of young people from Europe. Having had a great experience in Europe, I decided to go with him to meet these people and hear what they had to say.

When we got to the Grossberg Religious Center on the third floor of the Student Center, we sat with some other students. A young lady was standing at a chalkboard and began a lecture entitled the “Principles of Creation.” Over the next forty-five minutes as she drew diagrams on the chalkboard, she explained God’s ideal for creation. She said that Adam and Eve, our first ancestors, were created to share God’s love as God’s children. They were the first human beings to have eternal souls and were thus the first people with human responsibility. She laid out God’s plan for a good and peaceful world that would have unfolded had Adam and Eve fulfilled their responsibility and not sinned so disastrously. I was intrigued by the ideas she was presenting.

One question after another came out of me, and she answered them all. She

was connecting the dots between ideas, concepts, images, and teachings that I had all over my brain. I was indeed in a lighting class but not in the theater department. This was the beginning of my journey.

As our give and take wound down, they invited me to come to their church center to hear more. The next day I drove over for dinner and to hear the next presentation. The church, I found, was a large house on the north side of Detroit on Parkhurst Pl. with a sign on the front saying “Unification Church.”

As I came in, others were arriving as well. By the time the preparations for dinner were finished, about thirty members and guests like myself had gathered in a large open living room. We were talking and sharing about our day. Then one young woman tuned her guitar, and we made a circle. They handed me a songbook, and we sang songs. Some I knew and some they told me were written by their members. They concluded by praying for the meal. We sat in groups on the living room floor, the front porch, and the back porch and ate together.

After dinner, I heard a lecture entitled the “Fall of Man” that plausibly described the origin and nature of the evil that undermines our true original nature. From then on I came over during breaks in my classes or on my way home from school. One by one I heard the lectures in the series they called the Divine Principle or the Principle for short. I continued to be enthralled and enlightened. I felt that what I was hearing was true.

It was now May 3rd. At the church center, the lectures were usually given by the group’s team leader or by the leader of the church center. However, the last lecture in the series was given by Leo, the person who had met me.

He presented the “Parallels of History.” He drew two parallel lines on the board: one for Judaism and one for Christianity. He then broke down the history of Judaism and Christianity into six segments each and showed the parallels between them. The parallel periods were remarkably close in length and the highlighted events were surprisingly similar, too. I was taking this in step-by-step.

The roughly four hundred years that Christianity suffered persecution before it became the official religion of the Roman Empire in 392 A.D. paralleled the

four hundred years of slavery of the Israelites in Egypt. The four hundred years of the church patriarchs paralleled the four hundred years of judges in Israel and so on, step by step. The last four hundred years of Judaism before the coming of Christ was the period beginning with Malachi. Based on the whole time line, Leo showed that in Christian history, Martin Luther, who emerged in 1517 A.D., was the person who paralleled Malachi.

In the end, he said, from these parallels between Judaism and Christianity, we could expect that since Jesus came four hundred years after Malachi, that the time of the second coming would be about four hundred years after Martin Luther, somewhere around 1917 (1517 plus 400). This meant, he said, that the coming of the messiah was not something to be waiting for but something that had already occurred. I couldn't have been ready for this.

I just sat there taking this in. I don't know why, but my first question was, "Have you met him?" He said, "Yes." My first thought was, "I am sitting in the same room with someone who has met the messiah." It was about 4:00 P.M. I closed my eyes and sat there quietly. Tears welled up as the meaning of this sank in and I thought to myself, he is here now, and I am connected to him. A wave of warmth came over me as I experienced the closeness of God.

As I drove home that night, the whole world looked different. I kept pondering. He's here now. There is a God, and He is moving and working now. He has actually been watching my life, guiding me and this world. These feelings have never left me. To be on the earth at the same time as the messiah is the most incredible thing. It was for me then, and it still is now that I have worked with him all these years

I was the first among my friends to hear the Principle. Because of my minor in drama, I was involved in theater projects in and out of school. Earlier in the year, I had auditioned to be in a play at the Civic Center in Southfield, a suburb of Detroit. It was called *The Drunkard: or The Fallen Saved*. Later the director decided that he didn't like this name, so he used only the play's subtitle, *The Fallen Saved*.

I was rehearsing this play when I met the church. After I heard the Principle, I started inviting the other cast members over to the center to hear the

lectures, too. After we rehearsed, we went out for coffee and talked about the church, its ideas, and the people. On the day the play was performed, the whole traveling group who had met me came to see it. The change in the play's name seemed especially appropriate. Out of the ten cast members, four of us joined the church; the "fallen saved" we were.

I also invited my best friend, John. He, after all, was the one who had led me to so many interesting books, movies, and ideas. I called him and said, "I found something great. Come over with me to the center." He didn't sound excited, but he came. After the first lecture, I asked him what he thought. To my surprise and real shock, he was negative. He said it sounded like a communist group or something. We went out to talk about it, but he just couldn't get it. At this time he was planning to get married. Maybe he was satisfied with where he was.

I brought my mother, too. She loved it. She talked with the lecturer for what seemed like hours. As a teenager, she had almost decided to become a nun. She had lots of questions about the Catholic Church, spiritual world, saints, ghosts, Mother Mary, and so on. She knew from the beginning this was a good thing for me. My father didn't care to listen, but he saw that I was happy so he was OK with it.

I signed membership in May, moved into the center in June near the end of the semester, and became a full-time member. That June, three of my friends from the play also moved in. Others were joining as well. One by one, we welcomed young men and women. We were a motley crew: in addition to me from Wayne State University and my friends from the theater group, one brother who had been a salesman and one girl who had just graduated from high school joined soon after I did.

We cleaned ourselves up internally and externally. One by one, new members threw away their cigarettes and left their drugs behind. Jon Schuhart, the church center leader, took the brothers, and Sandy, Jon's wife, took the sisters to get new clothes if they needed them and haircuts as well. A few could not give up their old lifestyles. They stayed for a while and then headed on. As for me, what I had now was way beyond the campus culture I was connected to. It was great to be around good people or at least people who were trying to be good. We had a vision and hope as we began our life in the church together.

# THE TOURS



**F**rom the time I joined the church, I thought of Rev. Moon as my spiritual father so from this point on, I will call him Father Moon.

As I said, in 1959 Father Moon sent the first missionaries to America from Korea. Through the 1960s, they slowly but surely built a foundation for the church. Father himself came for the first time in 1965. He toured the country setting up Holy Grounds, sections of land that are blessed and dedicated to God and used for prayer. Then, on December 18, 1971, a year and a half before I became a member, he, Mother Moon, and their children moved to America.

When Father arrived, the American movement went into high gear. Father's strategy to revive the Christian spirit in America was speaking tours. For him America represented a melting pot of the world so these messages given across America would be messages to the world. But they were more. Tour by tour he saw each event as an offering made to move God's providence forward. Through his offerings he steadily worked to secure America to God's side so God could continue to use it. He called these the "Day of Hope" tours. His first message was given at Lincoln Center in New York on February 4, 1972.

A year later, in 1973, preparations began for a second tour, this time a 21 City Tour. I had moved into the church in June. In September, they needed help on the 21 City Tour so a group of us from Detroit headed out. The message Father Moon gave on this tour was called "God's Hope For America."

Once again, Father began in New York City, this time at Carnegie Hall. The group of us from Detroit were assigned to go to Baltimore, the second city on the tour, to help with the preparations there. From the time I had joined, I had

worked with our local Detroit church. I had learned how to fundraise, witness to people, and take care of guests, and I was beginning to learn how to lecture the Divine Principle. Going to Baltimore would be my first experience on the front line in a major church activity. It was a real learning experience and gave me a taste of what was to come. We loaded up the van with our suitcases and sleeping bags and off to Baltimore we went.

The number of members coming to help on the tour grew daily. They came from different church centers around the East Coast. In each city of the tour, a prep team looked for places where team members could stay, such as school dormitories, former convents, motels and such while we conducted the campaign to bring people to the event.

In Baltimore, we stayed in a Catholic church dormitory. By the time our group arrived, the beds were already full, so we went to the only place available, the basement. We looked around and decided this would be it. We spread out our sleeping bags on the cement floor and went to sleep. There is a saying about getting in on the ground floor of a new enterprise; in my case it was literal.

This experience in Baltimore was the “gold standard” of sorts for my life on the tours and in the end served me well. Over the years, to this day, no matter where I have slept, in campgrounds, motels, hotels, dormitories, in vans, cars or trucks, in tents, in living rooms and bedrooms across America, Asia, Russia, Israel, and South America, I could always say, “At least it’s not a cement floor like I slept on in Baltimore.”

For the work in America, Father Moon was bringing hundreds of Japanese, Europeans, and young people from elsewhere around the world. For the tours, he mixed these young people into teams called International One World Crusade teams (IOWCs). A major unexpected task, I think for all of us, was dealing with the mix of nationalities. Working in these teams was like being in a little U.N. It was heaven and hell at the same time.

Most of the Japanese didn’t speak English. Nevertheless, being from the Orient they knew that they had the correct spiritual traditions for how to do everything from praying, to eating, to witnessing. The Europeans, on the other hand, could speak English all too well. The Germans had their own very exact

system: they also let us know exactly how the movement should be organized and run, how we should organize our days, how to do our mission, how we should do everything.

When they were upset at us, as Americans we would tell them, “Relax! Everything’s going to be OK.” They hated this. Since the tours happened to be taking place in our country, we Americans felt some ownership so we argued our points as well, mostly on the practicalities of how we were going to actually be successful in these tours.

All of this, of course, got back to Father Moon and he had great fun with it. He met with us every morning. He would go on and on laughing about the differences between the East and the West. A motion of the hand up and down in the West means “goodbye” but in Asia it means “come here.” In the Orient, they slurp their soup and drag their feet, which are both considered uncultured in the West.

Father helped us laugh at ourselves and each other. He said that we were like rough stones. “When stones rub up against each other, they smooth each other out,” he would say. I thought to myself, “Yes, if we don’t kill each other first.”

All the cultures had their strong points but looking back, I have to hand it to the Japanese. I must say they are a remarkable people. Even with little English, when we fundraised, they made the most money; when we witnessed for the programs, they brought the most people.

Food was a big issue. I will never forget coming to breakfast the first morning in Baltimore. It was my first direct encounter with Asian culture. On the table was fish, a big pot of hot rice, and a dish with raw eggs. Not quite what I had expected. The Japanese explained that we should scoop hot rice into a bowl, crack open the raw egg over the rice and add some soy sauce. It wasn’t bad once I got used to it.

Lunch was another story. We were out by 9:00 A.M. inviting people to the program. The Japanese sisters lovingly made sandwiches for us to take for lunch. At about noon, we gathered back at the van and passed out the lunch. I bit into mine and tasted ... mush. I looked inside. It was mashed potatoes. Sitting in the van we looked at each other and laughed. How could this have happened? My

friend and I both knew the answer. The Japanese sisters who were working in the kitchen apparently had not quite gotten the concept of a sandwich yet.

We were not the only ones suffering, however. It went both ways, of course. I remember Japanese sisters having their first Big Mac and strawberry shake at McDonalds and promptly throwing up. When we stopped for drinks, they asked us to please try to find something that was not sweet.

Now that I was in the thick of this work, it began to dawn on me that I wasn't just on the front line of a speaking tour. I was on another front line as well, one in which I was experiencing the ins and outs, the highs and lows, the struggle of creating a new movement to bring revival to Christianity and unity between cultures.

And, we were giving people the chance to find out about it. As we went door to door, in teams of two, some were interested and some were not. Some invited us in for coffee and thanked us for what we were doing, some argued theology, and some told us they had their own church.

No matter how many difficulties we went through, on the team or with the people, we knew it was worth it when Father walked out to the podium. He had important things to say about God's vision for America and its future. Even when the hall was half full, as it was in Baltimore at the Lyric Theater that night of my first event, he poured his heart out to the American people. It was a special night for me because it was the first time I saw Father Moon in person.

As the night began, I sat in the audience hoping for more people to enter the half empty theater. Then Dr. Bo Hi Pak, who was Father Moon's translator, came out to introduce the program. There was entertainment by the New Hope Singers, a team of our members who had formed a choir, and the Korean Folk Ballet, an adult version of the Little Angels Children's Folk Ballet of Korea that Father Moon had founded in 1962.

After the entertainment, Dr. Pak introduced Father Moon. As he walked out, he looked very serious. My first impression was that he was not happy with the size of the crowd. I felt bad about that. However, once he started speaking, he really lit up. He joked about the poor man standing next to him who had the difficult job of translating from Korean to English. He thanked everyone for

coming, and even before he started his message, he expressed how much God loves this nation.

Then even though the hall was half full, he spoke as if to a stadium. He got right to the point saying what America needed to hear: “Today America is retreating.... The spirit of America has declined.... Unless this nation, and the leaders of this nation, live up to the mission ordained by God, many troubles will plague you. God is beginning to leave America. This is God’s warning.”

In my first encounter with him, I started to get to know Father Moon personally that night. He was serious and loving and funny and, as a prophet, very strong. I thought, yes, people need to see him and hear him directly. As I worked on the front line, the scope of this mission was sinking in, but now also on a personal level, I could really connect with my task of bringing people to these talks.

From Baltimore, we went to the third city on the tour, Washington, D.C. We prayed to do better in this important city. We knew that the leaders of the nation could be watching. The program was to be held at Lisner Auditorium on the campus of George Washington University.

As we set about inviting people to this program, I also started to personally get to know the “elder brother,” communism, as well. The leftists on campus soon realized who we were. Father Moon had already established the Freedom Leadership Foundation in Washington, D.C., in 1969 to educate Americans, especially the leaders, on the failures of the communist system and lies of the communist doctrine. The leftists knew us and tried to shout us off campus. They protested outside the program, but it was of no use. We were polite, and Lisner Auditorium was packed.

The tour went on to eighteen more cities. Since Detroit was one of them, we members from Detroit left Washington D.C., and headed home to prepare our city to welcome Father Moon.

Our experience in Baltimore and Washington D.C., helped me and the rest of the Detroit members to be ready when the international team arrived at the beginning of October. We worked together well but in the end we could not fill the hall at the Masonic Temple. However, in each city on the night before the talk, there was a banquet. The banquet in Detroit went very well.

A representative of the mayor's office came to welcome Father Moon. He presented him with a proclamation welcoming him to the city, and Father hugged him in return.

The next day Father told us that through this gesture he was giving a blessing to the city. The mayor's representative was an African-American. I remember that after this at least twelve African-American brothers and sisters in a row joined our church in Detroit. Some of them have gone on to be leaders of our movement.

Days after our program on October 9th, we were again back on the front line in a very different providential activity, dealing with Watergate.

# PRESIDENT NIXON



As we went about conducting the 21 City Tour in the autumn of 1973, national events were occurring that would affect us. In October and November of 1973, the Watergate scandal was growing in importance daily. The media continued to dig up information pointing to President Nixon's involvement in the cover-up of the break-in at the Democratic National Headquarters in the Watergate complex. The president continued to fiercely deny any wrongdoing. Pressure for his impeachment was growing as the controversy flared.

We were surprised that Father Moon would get involved in this political battle, that is, until we knew his viewpoint on it. For most, it was a partisan political battle over breaking the law to gain political advantage. Father Moon, however, knew it was much more. He understood that if President Nixon were to be forced out of office, America would be weakened in the eyes of the world, especially the communist world. The leaders of Cain's world were keenly aware that Nixon understood their ideology and strategies and had the will to fight them. Father knew that with Nixon gone, they would gain ground and millions particularly in Southeast Asia would suffer.

Many Americans considered the Vietnam War to be over in January of 1973 when the Paris Peace Accords were signed. However, that was not the end of the story. The North Vietnamese were flagrantly violating the Accords sending massive amounts of arms and soldiers south over the Ho Chi Minh trail. While Americans were thinking of a peaceful settlement, the North Vietnamese were preparing for a final victory through a massive assault on the south. The United

States needed strong leadership to deal with these violations and prevent a bloodbath in the south.

However difficult the situation was, Father Moon told us that there was a way to resolve the crisis so that tragedy could be averted. His first action was to call upon Americans to “Forgive, Love, and Unite.” He published his “Forgive, Love, and Unite Declaration” in newspapers in all fifty states on November 30, 1973.

His words surprised the public, and they surprised most of us as well. The majority of our members, including me, had just joined the church within the last two years. A lot of us had joined on college campuses across the country. This meant that what most of us had been busy doing over the previous four years was protesting Nixon and the Vietnam War.

I was one of those students. Just months before I had joined, in my public speaking class, I had given a speech critical of Nixon and had also taken part in an anti-war protest on campus. When we members talked it over, some of us struggled with Father Moon calling on us to forgive and love Nixon. But in the end, when we read Father’s declaration, we knew he was right. His message came from the deepest roots of the Christian spirit. If President Nixon and America could digest it, a solution centered on God instead of bitterness and politics could come about and lives could be saved.

Rereading Father Moon’s “Forgive, Love, and Unite Declaration” now, I am surprised to see that it applies to America today as much as it did then. Father Moon said, “Today we hear so much about America’s troubles -- what is wrong and who is to blame, what should be done and what cannot be done. Vicious accusation is becoming a daily staple in the American diet. Hatred and bitterness are killing the human soul ... We must rekindle our faith in God and reunite ourselves in love.”

Further, Father Moon told us that for the problem to be solved, he wanted to meet Nixon personally to guide him through the crisis. We set out to make this meeting happen.

In the Declaration, Father Moon called for a period of forty days of fasting and prayer. We took part in these prayers and fasts in front of the United States

Capitol building and across the country. These helped set the stage for one very interesting evening in Washington, D.C. It was December 14, 1973, the night of the National Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony held on the ellipse behind the White House.

Our group was there in full force, hundreds of us, and we cheered the president as he came on stage for the program. He couldn't help but notice us. We stuck out like a sore thumb because we were, aside from a scattering of individuals who agreed with our "Forgive, Love and Unite" message, the only ones in the country standing up to express support for him. We planned to get a message to him at the ceremony that Father Moon would like to meet with him. However, due to his security, the message did not reach him.

The program ended and people left, but we didn't. We gathered together. We had a message for the president, and we hadn't accomplished our mission. Neil Salonen, the president of our church at the time, had an idea. We went around to the front of the White House. It must have been about 10:00 P.M. by then. We gathered in Lafayette Park, faced the White House, and began to sing Christmas carols and patriotic songs. As the time passed, we hoped for some sign that the president would respond to us.

It was nearing 11:00 P.M. We decided on one more song and a prayer and then to go home. We sang, we prayed, and then those of us on the edges of the group began to disperse. Just as we started to walk back to our vans, a cheer rose in the distance. We turned around to see something happening at the White House. President Nixon was coming out to meet us in Lafayette Park. We gathered around him and cheered. President Salonen spoke with him, gave greetings on behalf of Father Moon, and presented Nixon with Father Moon's request that they meet. President Nixon in turn thanked us for our support.

Our efforts were successful. Soon we heard the news that Father had been contacted and had an appointment to meet President Nixon. At this meeting Father Moon guided the president with God's words about the scandal. Father asked him to repent before God and humbly apologize to the American public, tell the truth, ask for forgiveness, and further to declare a week for repentance and fasting. Father told him that if he did these things sincerely, the American

public would support him.

Dr. Bo Hi Pak, who translated for Rev. Moon during this crucial meeting, has written a complete account of what was shared there in his autobiography, *Messiah, My Testimony to Rev. Sun Myung Moon*, published by University Press of America. We know that during the meeting, the president agreed to follow Father Moon's advice. However, in the end he did not.

Father Moon later said that if President Nixon had listened to him, he could have saved his presidency and put the Watergate incident behind him. Further he could have changed the outcome of the Vietnam War and saved millions of lives in Southeast Asia. How often history repeats itself: the prophet speaks to the king, but the king does not listen. We know the sad consequences when this happens. In President Nixon's case, it meant leaving office in disgrace under the threat of impeachment.

And worse, it meant that America was weakened and our moral and political authority in the world was damaged. Father Moon was right. Tragically with Nixon gone, communists took advantage of the situation. In less than ten months after Nixon's resignation, communist genocide ensued: Vietnam fell into the hands of the Viet Cong while Cambodia was taken over by Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge. Millions died needlessly.

# THE 32 CITY TOUR



After we returned from our mission in Washington D.C., we went about following up with those who had come to our program in Detroit. Meanwhile the 21 City Tour was continuing on and concluded just before Christmas in Los Angeles. At its successful conclusion, Father announced the next phase of our work. This time he would speak in thirty-two cities and the tour would begin in February 1974.

To prepare for this, each state sent more people to this frontline mission. I was hoping I could take part and was grateful when Jon and Sandy chose me to go out from Detroit. In mid-January, they held a farewell party for me at the church. Then I flew to my assigned location: Providence, Rhode Island. There I met up with others who would be working on the IOWC team led by a church elder brother, Rev. Ken Sudo.

After my experience in Baltimore, Washington, D.C, and Detroit, I was ready for the task. Some of the German members who were still working together on one team actually cried when they were separated from their German leader and put under the direction of this mild mannered, simple, but spiritually deep leader from Japan. I lovingly think of Rev. Sudo as the “Yoda” of the Unification movement. He is about the same height and has a similarly unique style of language.

The German members were depressed for weeks under this “weak” leader. However, when our programs, one after another, were some of the most successful on the tour, they began to change their minds. By the end of our time together, not just the Germans, but all of us were in tears as we said goodbye to

Rev. Sudo and went on to other teams and other missions.

Some of the best moments on the tour with Rev. Sudo were when we got settled into our motel rooms at the end of the day. He would invite everyone to his room for singing, stories, and testimonies. We packed in all over the bed and floor as we shared our day and talked about the people we had met, celebrated birthdays, and sang songs from different countries.

In each of the thirty-two cities, Father and Mother Moon stayed in homes that we either bought or rented and then fixed for them. Father's strategy in this was to leave behind a good home for the church to be used by the pastor or as a church center for lectures and meetings. I remember in South Carolina, our team was helping in the final preparation for the home. We were really late in getting it done, so much so that just as Father and Mother Moon were walking in the front door, the last worker was climbing out the back window, breathing a sigh of relief that the home was finished.

In each city, on the morning following the program, we would all cram in to hear Father talk about the event, about the spiritual history of the part of the country we were in, and its significance in the providence of America. And we shared songs and a celebration cake.

The way the tour was planned was for each of the five IOWC teams to hopscotch across the country to prepare cities for the event. The schedule was timed so that we would have two weeks in each city to visit VIPs, give out flyers, and alert the media. Our team took care of Providence, Rhode Island; Columbia, South Carolina; and Little Rock, Arkansas. Then we went up to Chicago and out to Casper, Wyoming, and had the special blessing of being responsible for Honolulu, Hawaii.

Father joked that the crowds got warmer the farther we went. Indeed they had. Although there was a big storm the day of the event in Honolulu, by 5:00 P.M. the sun shone and so did the people. The Asian-based culture in Hawaii really welcomed Father and Mother so warmly. We had a big celebration at their home afterward and the next day hit the beach. For me, the 32 City Tour in the spring of 1974, ended wonderfully and blissfully under palm trees by the surf and sand.

# MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



When our IOWC team returned from Hawaii, some members went on to other missions but most of us went to Madison, Wisconsin, to continue to grow the movement through witnessing and workshops. It was here in June that we heard about the plan for Madison Square Garden. We were well trained in bringing people to events by this time, but the halls on average seated five hundred people. When we heard the news that Father would have an event in Madison Square Garden, we could not imagine it. “How many seats did you say?” one brother asked. “Twenty thousand,” said Rev. Sudo.

Father Moon was completely confident. He said this would be our “D-Day” event in America. The media laughed at us. They were confident that Rev. Moon would fail, be embarrassed, and go home to Korea. They saw us traveling around and were making fun of us. One magazine article said that we, “looked squeaky clean, like people out of an Ivory soap commercial.” They were referring to us being clean shaven, well groomed, and wearing shirts and ties. They had no idea how some of us, including me, had looked before we joined.

We began preparing for the event. In August, we headed in from Wisconsin and joined other members who were coming from across the country and from Europe as well. When the campaign began, we met every morning at the Paris Hotel. Father would speak to us about the importance of this event and the importance of America in God’s providence. We would then head out to the streets. We simply could not lose this battle. Even with national and international help, we were still a small group compared to the seven million New Yorkers. We needed some strategy to make an impact on the city.

Our strategy was posters. Father Moon chose a 2' x 3' poster to announce the event. It read, "September 18th Could Be Your Re-Birthday." The strategy was to put these posters up, not one by one or two by two but by the hundreds, lined up in rows sometimes ten feet high and a hundred feet wide on construction sites, abandoned buildings, wooden fences, anywhere with a flat surface. This got people's attention. TV stories began to feature our unconventional advertising. These days, you often see groups of posters lined up across any surface in New York; this method came from us. We made a big splash and Father Moon loved it.

Another tactic we employed was to be seemingly on every street corner in the city. We set up folding stands featuring a poster of the event. Changing corners every day made us appear to be everywhere. Teams of two would hand out free tickets to the program. The stand had a fold-out table where people could write down their names, addresses, and phone numbers when they received a ticket.

Then in the evening, we called the people we had met and thanked them for agreeing to come to the program. If they confirmed on the phone that they were coming, we counted them as guests. Day by day, we added up the confirmed guests. We calculated that half of them would actually come to the event.

Some New Yorkers began to get uncomfortable with our strong presence in the city. The news stories began to be negative. Who was this Korean? With his wealth (Father had been purchasing buildings and properties in New York since he had arrived in December 1971) he must be just a businessman scamming these young people and the people of New York. With his devoted followers, he must be a cult leader. Stories out of Washington, D.C., claimed that he was an agent of the Korean CIA. One thing was for sure, everyone was talking about this man Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Father loved that, and so did we.

As we neared the night of the program, we calculated the confirmations. On paper we had enough people to fill Madison Square Garden, but we really had no idea what would actually happen. The day came. Protesters gathered outside the building with megaphones warning the people not to go in. But in they came, by the thousands. And they kept coming. And coming.

Once inside we could see the great arena filling up. To our great delight and relief, it was full. It was absolutely filled to the brim. The church president, Neil Salonen, took reporters around with him and challenged them to report correctly that Rev. Moon had packed Madison Square Garden. And they did report it.

Actually, we had no idea how successful we had been. Thousands were outside who could not get in. And the protesters, well, they waited too long. Those who had planned to go in and disrupt the meeting could not get in either.

After entertainment by the New Hope Singers and the Korean Folk Ballet, Father Moon came on stage. People did not know what to expect. He was overwhelming. He proclaimed the Divine Principle point by point clearly and with incredible energy and authority. He pounded the podium and spoke from the edge of the stage as Dr. Bo Hi Pak translated. That evening every TV station covered the story. The next day Father Moon's photo was on the front page of every paper in the city. It was now clear to everyone that Rev. Moon's thinking, his movement, and his vision were a force to be reckoned with.

Father Moon had pledged to New York that all the posters would come down, and they did. After the program, we worked all night and down they came. After we left New York, the plan was for us to expand this success across the country to seven more cities. We later heard reports that some people in New York missed us. One lady said the streets had seemed safer when we were there.

The morning after Madison Square Garden, we gathered at Belvedere, Father and Mother Moon's home in the village of Tarrytown, north of New York City. After Father's message and a celebration meal, he had us line up. He set about personally choosing who would continue on the tour. I closed my eyes and prayed, "Please, I want to go, I want to go." Sure enough I felt him tug on my sleeve. I was in.

Soon we headed to Philadelphia and then on to Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Our team was uniting more and more as we went. This was good because the media was also uniting more and more against us. After Madison Square Garden, they began to take Father

Moon seriously. On the rest of the tour, they went after him, and us, with a vengeance. It didn't matter to us though because we knew that Madison Square Garden had been a success. New York had responded. Rev. Moon's offering was successful, and there was nothing the media could do to take that away.

# GLOBAL TEAM



**I**t was now December 1974. On the foundation of the success at Madison Square Garden and the rest of the 8 City Tour, we had arrived in Los Angeles ready for the next leg of our mission. The tour had finished successfully the evening before, and we gathered to hear if the rumors were true that we would be going to Japan.

Father Moon thanked us for our work and went on to explain that we must now connect the success in America with Japan and Korea by conducting a 10 City Tour in each county. We were elated. We were now a team of two hundred, and we would meet up with Japanese members when we arrived there. We flew to Tokyo on January 15, 1975. In Japan, we became four hundred.

I will never forget our first morning in Japan. We arrived at our church training center in Tokyo in the evening and woke up to bright sun streaming through the windows. As we looked out the window, we were so moved. There it was, the icon of Japan, Mt. Fuji, in the distance. It was shining, gleaming white with new fallen snow. My first lesson on Japan: it is gorgeous.

The Japanese do not have central heating. They use only kerosene heaters which they light when everyone wakes up in the morning. When we woke up, our room was rather cold. The church members taking care of us lit the heater and then brought something to warm us up. As they handed out the cups I saw it, the deep chocolate color and two big marshmallows on top. Wow, what a treat, I thought, hot chocolate! These people are great. Then I tasted it. Funny, it didn't taste like hot chocolate. With the spoon I scooped up one of the marshmallows. It was, heavy? And, it chewed like, rubber? What the heck is this?

The Japanese members started laughing. Our interpreter explained to us that this was a hot sweet-bean drink with rice balls in it. Their kids love it. This was my second great lesson on Japan: not everything is as it appears. When we went down to breakfast, though, I felt like a pro. I could help the newer members on the team with the hot rice, raw eggs, and fish because of my experience on the IOWC teams in America.

We were here for a ten-city tour. In our usual routine for the tours, we divided up into teams. As we had done on the 32 City Tour, we planned to set out to go to different cities and hop-scotch across the country to prepare the events. As we had done in America, we started off with a major program. In Japan, it was at Bodokan Hall, the Madison Square Garden of Tokyo.

What about speaking the language, you may ask? Well, we learned that on the bus. Each day on the way to our area, our translator taught us some simple sentences in Japanese to invite people to the event. “Kibou no Hi Festival,” Day of Hope Festival; “Watashi no namae wa David desu,” my name is David; “America kara kimashita,” I came from America. With our limited sentences and vocabulary we hit the streets. If we got stuck, he instructed us not to worry, that whatever people said to us, we should just smile, bow, and say, “Arigato,” thank you. We learned that it is impossible to be too polite in Japan.

In 1975, I would say that the majority of the Japanese people had never met a western person so we, with our western style posters and program, were a curiosity. We attracted a lot of young people who had studied some English in school. They came to meet us as we waited for them in the lobbies of the hotels we were using for the talks. We made a lot of friends and filled the huge Bodokan Hall. Tokyo was a success. Then our teams spread out across the country. Our team headed for Sendi, Osaka, Nagoya, and Fukuoka.

In these “Day of Hope” programs, one of the most interesting differences between our experiences in America and in Japan was the reaction of the audience. In America, some applauded, some were curious, and some branded us as heretics. But in Japan, we could not figure out what the audience reaction was. It was not just a language difference. The Japanese are, as I said, extremely polite and do not show their feelings. At the end of the programs, they were

simply quiet.

It would be the day after our programs that our Japanese tour leaders would explain to us how people in this or that city reacted to our message and program. Generally they welcomed this international group of young people, but since it was a Christian message in a country that is only one percent Christian, they could not relate so well.

Not relating well also had something to do with the messenger. Father Moon is Korean and the Japanese and Koreans have historically not had good relationships with each other. In the early twentieth century, Japan occupied Korea for forty years, withdrawing only after losing World War II. When Japan occupied Korea, the Japanese predictably looked down on the Koreans, so there was some residual sense that Koreans are inferior.

One of the great cultural institutions in Japan is the hot-spring public baths. As we traveled from city to city, we were excited to try these out. Traditionally families attend together as a night out. One side of the hot pool is for men and the other is for women with a wall between them. Our guide taught us to first wash sitting on a stool in front of the spouts along the wall using a basin of water. After cleaning ourselves in this way, we went into the hot pool.

Of course, everyone was together and naked. Being with the men was fine, but we were surprised to see, perched above the wall in a kind of booth, a grandmother type of lady who was overlooking both sides. Our guide explained to us that the Japanese see themselves as one big family.

“Well, OK,” I thought, “it is a cultural learning experience.”

One thing is for sure, by the time we were done in the hot baths, I felt cleaner than I have ever been in my life, and I was also more relaxed.

# KOREA



Our teams finished the 10 City Tour in Japan and met up in Fukuoka. Now came the moment we were really waiting for: we were off to Korea, the “Fatherland.” It was on March 26th, my twenty-fourth birthday that we took a ferry across the Sea of Japan to Busan. As we approached the dock, there seemed to be a thousand people waiting for us. They cheered and waved thousands of hand-held international flags as we got off the boat.

Years earlier when Korea was ravaged by war, Father Moon had said that in the future, people from all over the world would come to their country. Now his promise to the Korean people was coming true. They themselves told us that they could not believe it. We were here!

It was very clear from the beginning that this was a different world from Japan, almost the opposite. These people were not quiet, not very polite, and very expressive. And, in 1975, one cannot imagine how much they loved us. General MacArthur was still fresh in their minds. They were so grateful for his help and for the help of all of the sixteen nations that under the U.N. had come to their aid in the Korean War. From the moment we got off the boat, we were celebrities, cared for, given gifts, and honored.

After we landed in Busan, the first thing they did was give us a tour of the city showing us some of the historic sites important to our movement. We heard the story of how Father had escaped the labor camp in North Korea when it was bombed by U.N. forces; how he had found one of his disciples, Won Pil Kim; and how, bringing one wounded man with them, they had made their way south to Busan as refugees along with thousands of others escaping the

advancing Chinese army.

Our guides related the story of how people were packed into the city covering every hill, so packed that there was barely room to set up any kind of shelter. However, the top of one hill was open because the people were superstitious and would not go near the cemetery that was up there. They were superstitious, but Father Moon was not. He and his disciple, Won Pil Kim, went up there and built a little house out of rocks, mud, and cardboard boxes discarded by the U.S. army. Here Father Moon began his first church. He said it was so small that one could hardly lie down in it. Won Pil Kim later said that spiritually it had felt like a palace to him.

We visited the site climbing up the hill following a spring that flowed down. We could sit in the house and see the oil lamp and writing utensils Father Moon used to put the Divine Principle on paper for the first time.

It was here that Father and Won Pil Kim invited people to come and where Father would tell them fantastic stories of how, in the future, Korea would play a central role in God's providence and have a glorious future. At the time, with the country in shambles, with hundreds of thousands living as refugees, and with every tree cut down for fuel, they thought he was out of his mind. We had heard this story before but now being here, I could get a sense of what Father had accomplished. It put our mission in perspective.

I deeply appreciated seeing the house in person. I appreciate it even more now because I was able to go back thirty years later in 2005 to find the sight enclosed in a museum. Though the spot was saved and honored, the area has been built up over the years and the original hillside is unrecognizable now. Fortunately the museum offers people a chance to see a replica of the house on the spot where it was built and learn about this chapter in Father Moon's life and about this time in Korean history.

It was in the morning that I had first experienced the beauty of Japan seeing Mt. Fuji out of our window. I had a similar experience in Korea when we visited Cheong Pyeong. This is an area northeast of Seoul that Father Moon began to buy up in the late '60s with a plan to build a world level cultural and educational center. He took us there in the early morning, and we climbed to the top of one

of the low mountains.

As we looked out over the peaks of other mountains in the distance, the quiet and stillness was moving. It was so quiet and still that you could feel it. The motto of Korea, “the land of the morning calm” is well deserved. I have been to the Alps and the Rocky Mountains, but I have not experienced anything like this sense of peacefulness. Nestled in the valleys, the area now includes a center for the spiritual education and training of church members, a hospital where western and oriental healing are practiced, a seminary, and other buildings. Each time I have been fortunate enough to return, I have always climbed up the path to the place where Father Moon took us to experience this feeling again.

Although the physical land of Korea is calm, the political landscape was not. This was a nation still at war. On November 15, 1974, four months before our arrival, a tunnel had been found that had been dug by the North Koreans under the DMZ. It was large enough for two thousand soldiers to pass through in one hour. This sent shock waves through the South and heightened the already tense situation.

The conflict had been ratcheted up even further when, on March 19, 1975, just days before our arrival, a second tunnel had been discovered. All signs indicated that the North was planning to attack. The South was preparing to respond in earnest. Even in the southern most city of Busan where we had arrived, Korean and U.S. troops drove through the streets and security personnel were everywhere.

Father directed the church leadership to educate us about the reality of Korea, so in the middle of all this, we were taken to visit Panmunjom, the site that is at the very center of the division between North and South Korea. As we neared the area in our buses, we saw barbed wire and lookout stations along the Han River and troops in each of the villages we passed through. When we reached the border, although it was spring, the atmosphere of hostility around us was bitterly cold. We drove past many U.N. troops lining the road to the site. We were warned before we left that as we neared the site, we were not to take any photos, not to say anything, not to make any gestures, or have any expressions on our faces.

When we arrived at the south side of the 38th parallel, they showed us the statue of Kim Il Sung in the distance in the North. It was huge. We had binoculars, but we could see it with the naked eye. Then they took us to the little “house” where negotiations between North and South take place. Just how severely divided the two sides are was indicated by a string running under the table cloth. It precisely delineated the division between North and South.

We were now at the spiritual and physical center of the Cain-Able providence of the cold war. Here the quintessential Cain and Abel brothers were staring at each other across a table. We could not pray there, but I did silently as we got a tour of the room with security personnel watching our every move. We returned to Seoul with much to think about. We had to be back before the nightly curfew set in at dusk. The streetlights were off, and the curtains in our hotel rooms had to be drawn.

This was the atmosphere in which we conducted our 10 City Tour. The tour was very different from the tours in America and Japan. Here we were definitely putting on anti-communist rallies. Father Moon’s message in every city focused on faith in God as central to avoiding war. To hold the events in these ten cities, we did not break down into separate teams as we had done in America and Japan but converged on each city as a whole. And we moved quickly. Tension was high; the people were looking for hope and so they responded easily. It took only days instead of weeks to prepare for each event.

The Koreans, as I mentioned, were grateful for America’s help during the Korean War, and they were grateful that young people had come from around the world to support them now. They filled not halls but stadiums, one after another, as Father Moon sought to give confidence and guidance to the Korean people.

In the tour of these Korean cities, I had the great privilege of being able to work with members who went out as our public relations team. We visited the political and social leaders of each city to inform them of Father Moon’s vision of the country and his plan for peaceful unification between North and South.

In Korea, age is an important social delineation. The Korean language even has a special title a younger brother uses when he speaks to his older brother.

So with us being in our early twenties, we wondered if the elder Koreans would listen to us. Father said not to worry. He said Jesus was relating to the Jewish leadership when he was twelve. He said God was interested in our hearts not our age.

So off we went ushered around in cabs to hotel meeting rooms, and the homes and offices of congressmen, as well as business, religious, and social leaders, telling them boldly that Korea needed Father Moon's vision and wisdom. We asked our Korean guides what these people thought of us. They told us these leaders were honoring us as the children of those who had come to fight for them.

As the 10 City Tour concluded, Rev. Moon made another announcement: we would hold one more rally, but not like the others. This would not be in a stadium but in a huge plaza, and it would be for one million people. We were surprised but not as shocked as we might have been. We saw how people were turning out as we traveled across the country. We saw how they responded to the message, so we planned and prepared for an historic event. Father said the way to prevent war was to show the North Koreans that the South was united, and for the South, it was important that they not be just united but united centered on God. With the success of this rally, we could move the nation in the direction of peace rather than war.

So again we set to work. Father chose the plaza on Yoido Island for the event. This is the political and social center of Korea. It is the location of the Korean government's capitol building and the president's residence, the Blue House. Immediately a full scale media campaign began. There were commercials on TV and radio, ads in the newspapers, ads on the sides of buses and in all the available publications. Our PR team set out to visit the highest level congressmen and leaders to gain their support, and they did support us. Even the Christian churches that had rejected Father Moon for years supported this rally. And the people came. The public buses even made special routes to the plaza.

On June 7, 1975, before a sea of 1.2 million people, on a huge stage were representatives of our Global Team from sixty countries. Nations that did not

have members already on the team flew in a representative. To begin the program, each of the sixty nations was introduced. Our choir sang. Dignitaries gave messages of support. Young Korean men were inspired on their own initiative to jump on stage to write their determination on sheets of paper in their own blood.

Father Moon spoke to the nation, both South and North, on the need for God to guide each side to peace. South Korea came together under God that day. And the North was watching. Their rhetoric died down. They received the message that the South was united and supported by the world. We also hoped that they would get the message that the South meant no harm to the North. With the rally's success, we were relieved and Father was elated.

With the rally successfully behind us, we got a chance to experience more of the Korean culture and people. There are cultural encounters that can't be put into words. One was our encounter with the children of Korea. You cannot describe how cute the Korean children are. Father Moon knew this when he formed the Little Angels children's folk ballet. These children have lit up the lives of audiences around the world. People just can't stop hugging and embracing them as they travel the continents representing Korea. There is an innocence and purity in them that is precious and infectious.

The sparkle in the eyes of the older people is also precious to behold. Even without speaking a common language, we could sense their humor and their heart. In fact, if there is one word that I could use to describe Korea, this would be "heart."

Korean food is another story. There is nothing cute about it. The kimchi is so hot that until I got used to it, it made my eyes water and my body sweat. Ginseng tasted like dirt the first time I drank it. Korean food has an earthy side to it. Kimchi is fermented in huge pots sunk in the ground. Ginseng is a root. Some dishes are served in earthen bowls and appear "down to earth." I am not saying that Korean food is not good or not healthy; it is both.

# PRAYERS FOR ANCESTORS



As I have already mentioned, my part on the Global Team in Korea was to work as a member of the PR team. We visited VIPs with elder church members guiding us. Then one day, our schedule included a remarkable visit to another kind of “VIP.” We were brought to the home of a “halmoni” (a grandmother) who was a spiritualist. The ten of us gathered on the floor around her in her small apartment. She began to tell us about her life and also about her experiences in the spiritual world. She told us about her visits with angels and about visits to different realms of heaven.

She then began to explain her reason for inviting us to meet her. She was going to give us the opportunity to have our ancestors liberated. She explained that just as we have a physical lineage, we have a spiritual lineage. She said that our ancestors are tied to us and tied to those who went before them as well and that the behavior of the ancestors tends to be inherited and repeated over and over by their descendants.

She explained that there was a ceremony that she would like to conduct for us that would help our ancestors to be free from their past sins and mistakes. This would help them and help us by relieving the pressure on us from their influence to do evil. To start she asked us to put the palms of our hands together in a prayer position. Then she directed us to pray for our ancestors to come to us. This was the first of two experiences with ancestor liberation that I had in Korea. This one was thought-provoking; the second was extraordinary.

She said that when our ancestors were with us, a sign would be that our hands would move back and forth, toward our chins and then out again. She

said that when our hands started to move, we should come forward, and she would pray with us.

“Well,” I thought, “this is interesting.” I already knew that Koreans are extremely spiritual. The country has a long tradition of spiritual healing and mediums, especially women. So I began to pray. I thought I was supposed to liberate my good ancestors, so I prayed for Uncle Joe and Uncle Tom, my grandfather Joseph, and others that I knew to be good people who had passed on. I looked down at my hands, and, well, I wasn’t sure if I was imagining it, but maybe they were moving a bit. So, I went up to her. She touched a piece of paper to my hand and gave me a number. The number, the translator said, was seventy-six. I did not know what that meant, but I went back to where I was sitting.

Others were now going up to her one by one. When the ten of us finished, I asked our translator what the number meant. He said it meant that I had liberated seventy-six ancestors. “Wow,” I thought, “I was only praying for a few people and somehow got seventy-six.” Later I found that, for Koreans, lineages are more clear and homogeneous, so they often liberate several hundred at a time.

And the paper? She explained that it was a “ticket.” Father Moon had touched this paper, so when she put it in our hands, it allowed the ancestors to connect with Father through us. Through an offering of heart, effort, and repentance on their part, they were forgiven and thus, liberated.

Later, we had a second chance to have our ancestors liberated. This time the ceremony was held for the whole Global Team. She conducted this liberation in groups of one hundred twenty at a time. We were at our training center in Seoul after the 10 City Tour and the Yoido Rally were completed. The halmoni again gave her testimony. This time, however, I understood that we were supposed to pray for our evil ancestors. I thought, “OK, let’s do it.” This time as the ceremony began, I prayed for my evil ancestors, even though I didn’t know who they were. I prayed for anyone in my ancestry who might be causing problems.

Well, this time I didn’t have to guess if my hands were moving or not. They began to swing wildly up and down, going way over my head and down again.

And with this, the most incredible longing came over me. I felt like begging for forgiveness and had a yearning for freedom as if I wanted to get out of jail. I was ready to go up to her soon but this time there were so many people in the room that I had to stand in line to get to her. I stood there with my hands going up and down. I count this as my first real spiritual experience.

When I got up to her, I had such a strong feeling that I felt like diving at her. I controlled it, put my hands in hers and touched the paper. She gave me the number one hundred twenty-five. I then went back to my seat to rest. It had been quite an experience.

But that was not all. At some points in the session, she stopped everyone to have us look at certain individuals and their behavior. Some people instead of swinging their hands up and down were acting in different ways. One person was lying down on her back with her hands stretched out over her head. The halmoni asked if anyone could guess what her situation was. When no one could, she said an ancestor of this sister had been bound, raped, and killed. This ancestor was trapped in this situation in the spiritual world. And, the halmoni said, because of it she was likely to cause her descendants to feel as miserable as she felt.

Ancestors such as this come to their descendants to try to free themselves from the pain. The halmoni later explained that people often go to counseling and use alcohol or other methods to free themselves from the depression caused by a situation such as this, but these methods do not get to the root.

She pointed out another person who was just sitting with one hand opening and closing. Again the halmoni asked what might be happening here. She then explained that an ancestor of this person was holding a gun. His hand opening and closing was his act of pulling the trigger to kill himself. In the spiritual world, he was stuck in the moment of his suicide. It was possible that if this person was not liberated, his presence might influence others in his lineage to identify more with suicide and possibly even kill themselves.

She gave one more example. She pointed to a person who had his hands moving together like he was flicking something on the floor. This person, she explained, was a miser counting money who was stuck in that realm.

Well, it was one remarkable afternoon. I could never look at people in the same way, realizing that they and I, behave in ways that are affected by the spiritual world.

When we came back to America later in the year, I remember that when I talked about this experience we had in Korea, I would still get the same longing inside of me as I had that day. I again felt the warmth and yearning in the hand and arm that the halmoni touched with the ticket.

When the movie *Ghost* came out in the early '90s, I was surprised to see that the writers caught the same kind of behavior in the movie that we had witnessed in the session. In one scene, a spirit derelict in a subway car jumps into a passenger who is smoking to relieve his yearning for a puff on a cigarette. Other films have delved into this theme as well, movies such as *Ghost Town*. The Bible references this spiritual condition in Exodus 20:5.

Ancestor liberations have since developed to a much higher level in our church under Father Moon's guidance. Now, at our training center at Cheong Pyeong, directed by Hoon Mo Nim, the leader there, up to two hundred ten generations of ancestors can not only be liberated but also educated and blessed in marriage in the spiritual world.

During that summer in Korea, we worked with our local churches to follow up on the people who had come to the Yoido Rally. Then with both sides in tears we had to say farewell to our Korean members and head back to America. I was to take a break from touring for a while.

# BISMARCK



**W**e returned from Korea in August 1975. At the end of September, I attended a 120 Day Training Session to study Divine Principle as well as leadership and church organization skills at our new seminary in Barrytown, New York. At the conclusion of the training, we were sent out to “pioneer.” This involved going to a town by ourselves and setting up a church.

To choose our town, the names of a hundred and fifty cities across America were put into a hat. By lottery we chose a city and then planned to be out in that city by God’s Day, a church holy day we celebrate on the first day of the new year.

To start our churches, we were to use the skills we had learned in teaching, witnessing, and earning money. The witnessing part was crucial because Father had already decided upon another rally in New York. This time it would be at Yankee Stadium, and it was scheduled for June 1976. Based on our results from Madison Square Garden, we calculated how many members it would take to conduct a successful campaign to fill Yankee Stadium, and it was a lot.

One of the joys of the 120 Day Training for me was to be reunited with Rev. Sudo. We, in fact, had a mini reunion of some of the members who had been with him on the 32 City Tour who were also taking part in this training. Besides being a successful IOWC leader, Rev. Sudo is one of the best lecturers in the movement. I immensely enjoyed the time of study and fellowship with him and the other students. The training was now coming to a close in the last week of December, and we had the drawing for which city we would pioneer. I got Bismarck, North Dakota.

My friend Steve drew a city in Florida. Aside from me overcoming a bit of

jealousy, what is important about this is that he had received a pair of snowmobile boots for Christmas. Since he would not be needing them in Florida, and since I would be needing them in North Dakota, he gave them to me. With me, there were two others who had chosen cities in North Dakota, one brother got Jamestown and another got Grand Forks. Together we looked at a map to see where these places might be.

Well, we made it out of New York on New Year's Eve and landed in Fargo in the late evening. The airport there was not much bigger than a McDonalds. We were picked up by members of the church. We celebrated God's Day together at the church center, and the next day we were on our way. Jamestown was on the way to Bismarck so two of us took the bus together. I will never forget the sight of this brother getting off the bus in the dark in Jamestown. There was nothing there but piles of snow. As the bus started up again, I could see him walking off into the darkness, and I pondered my fate.

Later I arrived in Bismarck. I, too, walked out into the darkness between piles of snow. Fortunately, I found a small rooming house still open. The next day I set about finding a place to stay. I rented a basement apartment from a nice lady. I could rent by the month so I signed up for three months. This was my church. I set myself up and made a plan.

I walked downtown the next morning. Bismarck was small, quiet, and cold. I wondered how I would ever find any members there. We had learned how to street preach in our training so I planned to use this to get some attention. I chose the main intersection downtown, the one with the streetlight. On the corner across from me was a Christian bookstore. I made a "condition," (an offering conducted for a certain amount of time) to stand at that street corner every morning at 10:00 A.M., face the Christian bookstore and teach a section of Divine Principle.

Eventually I drew some attention. A woman came up to me one day and said her whole church was divided over me. She said some thought I was crazy and should be stopped and some thought I had the right to free speech. This was inspiring. Standing there on the street, I could not see that I was making any difference at all, but her comments made me realize that I was having an impact

on the community.

My routine was to street preach for twelve minutes and then set out to witness to people. It was so cold outside, usually below zero, that I made a plan to meet people by going restaurant to restaurant. I would start out at Kresge's. I would find someone sitting by him or herself and ask if he or she would like to know something about God. Some would say "yes."

I chose this approach because God is something most people can relate to and because, in the 120 Day Training, Rev. Sudo gave a great presentation on the Divine Principle explanation of the nature of God. I loved the way he had presented this lecture so I gave it to people over and over. If people liked it, I invited them to my "church" for an evening lecture and to our two-day workshop in Fargo which we held each weekend.

So this was my day: get out by 10:00 A.M., street preach, and then witness to people going from Kresge's to KFC, to the coffee shop, to the donut store, then down to the restaurants in the small mall in a rotation. I would take a break for lunch, set out again, and go home at 5:00 P.M. If I had a guest for the evening, I would have dinner and then give the person a presentation in my apartment church.

With the approaching Yankee Stadium rally on my mind, I was pretty serious, so I not only did a condition of street preaching, but I fasted and did late night prayer conditions as well.

To witness to people, I thought I should also try public programs. I rented a meeting room in a downtown hotel and handed out flyers for a week. The program was entitled, "Rev. Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church: Who, What, When, Where, and Why." I didn't think it was the most creative title, but it got the point across.

The day of the program there was a huge blizzard. I thought of canceling but even though the snow was piling up, I decided to go ahead. I am from Michigan and felt a kinship with the North Dakotans' attitude toward winter. Like we say in Michigan, they say, "This is North Dakota. It snows here." In the end, only two people came. However, it turned out that the two who did were both pastors. We had a lively, intense discussion. They had more training in theology

than I, but I had the Divine Principle which stands on its own. They disagreed with many of Father Moon's conclusions, but they had to admit that he is a serious contender in the world of theology. The discussion gave me a taste of what I would experience in my later missions.

To earn money, I planned to fundraise with candy. I set off to the candy wholesaler, bought a brand called Candy Nips, and set out. On the way to my area, I saw a bank message sign that told me that the temperature was minus eighteen degrees. I went door to door. Some invited me inside. The only part of me that was not cold was my feet. Those snowmobile boots were the best designed boots I have ever owned. I remember walking home at the end of that day. Although I was stiff with cold, my feet were warm. I have to say that it was those boots that got me through my mission in North Dakota. They were good friends. It is one of my regrets that I did not save them to show to my descendants. After I thawed out, I counted up my fifty-five dollars, thanked the people, and offered it to God.

One day I overslept and got mad at myself for breaking my condition and my routine. I finally got out to my street corner at 11:00 A.M. As I was street preaching, a girl walked up asking what I was doing. I told her and invited her to listen to my lecture. We went to Kresge's and sat down. Her name was Cindy and she was great. I taught her several lectures, and she agreed to come to Fargo. The next Friday, the center leader drove out to pick us up.

Cindy loved the Divine Principle, and she loved us. She joined the church and has been a steadfast member ever since. She is now back in Fargo with her German husband and three wonderful children. It is interesting to note that the day I met her was the day I broke my condition. If I had been there at my usual time, 10:00 A.M., I might not have met her. As they say, "God works in mysterious ways."

Cindy later told me her side of the story. She had been on her way to support a new teacher who was giving a lesson to her church youth group when she saw me on the street. She felt sorry for me because she thought I might be handicapped. Since she was late, she hesitated until she remembered Jesus' words in Matthew 5:41: "...whoever compels you to go one mile, go with him two." She

stopped and went with me to Kresge's wondering if she could help me. After she heard my presentation, though, she realized that it was I who was helping her. She had been praying for answers to questions she had about the Bible. I had answered them.

About this time, each state was invited to send one person to Belvedere for the Parents Day celebration, a church holy day held in the early spring. I was invited by the state leader and happily accepted. I flew to New York arriving in the evening.

Father Moon spoke to us in the morning as we began the celebration. Then we had a great Korean bulgogi (a classic Korean marinated beef dish) and kimchi lunch which brought back warm memories of my time in Korea.

After the morning celebration and lunch, there were a variety of activities to take part in. One was a Divine Principle lecture contest. I decided to enter. I was to give a five minute Divine Principle presentation from a section of the book of my choosing. Of course, mine was, "The Nature of God." I could give this lecture in my sleep by now. It went well and I won. My prize was a *Divine Principle* book autographed by Father Moon and presented to me by him.

Cindy and I and the other members from North Dakota left the state in April just as the ice and snow were melting. We set off for New York to begin preparations for the great Yankee Stadium event. As I left, I knew that Bismarck, North Dakota, would be forever engraved in my heart.

# YANKEE STADIUM AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT



**I**t was April of 1976 and America was looking forward to celebrating its bicentennial. Father Moon had announced that we would go back again to New York, this time to Yankee Stadium. Madison Square Garden had looked huge to us when we started to prepare for that event, but it was small compared to Yankee Stadium. Still we went forth confidently.

After all, we had been successful at Madison Square Garden, and those of us who had been on the Global Team had the success of the Yoido Rally under our belts. This was America's birthday, and people were in the mood to celebrate. Ours would be the first major celebration of the bicentennial because we were scheduled for June 1st. We felt confident that people would come out.

In 1974, the posters for Madison Square Garden made a big splash. We put up posters again to be sure, but we wanted to do more. We knew how. One of the biggest complaints about New York at the time was how dirty the city was. If you look at 42nd St. today, it is hard to imagine that in the '70s, it was just a row of boarded up buildings and porn theaters. The streets of the city were filthy. We took this on. Whatever corner we were working on that day, we first cleaned it. Then we went about inviting people to the program with flyers and tickets as we had for Madison Square Garden.

We wore distinctive white uniforms with big round bicentennial logos on them that Father Moon had designed. We held rallies on Wall Street, in Central Park, and at other locations. As for the posters, this time they were designed

to fit together side by side. A waving flag flowed behind the picture of Father Moon. When seen in the distance, the posters appeared as a sea of red, white, and blue waves across the building, fence, or whatever surface they were on. They looked great.

Again, the day of the program came. This time we were confident that we would fill the stadium. The doors opened at 5:00 P.M. and the people poured in. However, that was not all that poured. At about 5:30 P.M., the sky darkened and the wind picked up. A full scale storm hit us head on. The wind blew so hard that the decorations were torn to pieces and strewn across the field. In Father Moon's waiting room, his framed picture crashed to the floor.

Then rain set in. With thousands of people covering their heads and taking shelter to stay dry, we were desperate. We are not sure who initiated it but suddenly some of our members jumped up on their seats and began singing to God: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray..." Members around the stadium quickly joined in this prayer, singing at the top of their lungs. Some were hopeful, some were defiant, some were crying as we together poured out our hearts to God in that song while confronting the storm.

After what seemed like hours, the wind began to die down. It actually stopped raining. We cheered. Then we jumped onto the field and began to pick up the mess. By the time the program was scheduled to begin at 7:00 P.M., the show was ready to go. The marching band played, the entertainment was delightful, and Father Moon delivered his message, "God's Hope for America" which included his statement, "I came as a fireman to save the burning nation of America."

Still the trouble wasn't over yet. The rain had stopped, program went on, but we did feel like we were in a burning building. Although we had a large audience, we also had drawn some young troublemakers. Unlike the contained space of Madison Square Garden, the old Yankee Stadium had cavern-like hallways, and in these were gangs of kids roaming around shouting, laughing, and throwing bottles from the upper decks.

By the end, we were exhausted, confused, and divided on the outcome of

the night. Some said we had failed. Others said it was a success. We would have to wait until the next day to hear Father Moon's assessment.

We went up to Belvedere the next day and spread out on the lawn. A Korean lunch was served to us and then we gathered to hear Father Moon. As he came out to speak, he looked happy. He went on and on about many things joking and laughing. We couldn't figure it out.

"OK, OK," I thought to myself, "but what about last night?" He finally got to the topic of the event. He gave a lengthy explanation of God's providence and the many difficulties that have been faced and overcome by those who made offerings to God. At the center of our offering, in Father Moon's eyes, was the determination of our members. When we sang, "You Are My Sunshine," we had shown our faith and our love for God. He said that was the offering, the victory. We were relieved.

But that was not all. Father Moon announced that our next event, our third major American rally, after Madison Square Garden and Yankee Stadium, would be at Washington Monument. He had originally planned to wait longer before holding this rally, but based on the success of these first two offerings, he was moving the date up, and he predicted it would be a splendidly victorious event. We would have a rally at Washington Monument for three hundred thousand people, and it would be held just weeks away on September 18th. We were surprised, excited, and stunned all at the same time.

The authorities in Washington, D.C., were surprised as well. Usually groups prepare at least a year in advance for these types of events. Literally, there are events in Washington, D.C., on a daily basis. The park police were surprised to discover that there was nothing scheduled for September 18th. We got the permit. Then planning went ahead at breakneck speed. Since Washington, D.C., is a rather small town, (at least compared to New York City) a plan was designed to invite people from up and down the East Coast. For this, buses were essential. Teams began to rent buses in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and other East Coast cities.

As for me, I was on Baltimore's poster team for this campaign. We slept days and got up at night to decorate the city of Baltimore with big beautiful posters

that read, "Meet Me at the Monument." Meanwhile armies of young people up and down the east coast were going door to door and out on the streets with flyers and tickets for the event and the buses. We could sense what was coming when we began to hear news that whole churches and community groups were signing up for the trip to the capital to celebrate the bicentennial. On the day of the event, the New Jersey turnpike was a sea of buses. Buses by the hundreds were lined up in caravans coming down from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore heading for Washington, D.C.

Rev. Moon's predication was accurate. On the day of the event, in front of the Washington Monument, there was a sea of people estimated at over three hundred thousand. It was a gorgeous day. We watched the entertainment as the setting sun cast a warm glow over the Lincoln Memorial. Those of us who had been at Yankee Stadium could really appreciate the beauty of the moment.

Then Father Moon came out to welcoming applause and delivered a message entitled "America and God's Will." In one key moment he declared, "We must free the communist world." At the time, communism was at its height. However, Father had been teaching for some time that if the Christian world could unite centered on God, the Cain elder brother, communism, would not last for more than seventy years from its inception in 1917.

One encouraging sign that few people noticed that day was that the funeral for the brutal communist Chinese dictator Mao Tse-tung took place on the same day that the Washington Monument Rally was being held. Father Moon later said that it was most providential that Mao had been laid to rest while he was raised up at the Washington Monument event.

For the people who came to the Washington Monument rally, and for us, the icing on the cake was the fireworks that concluded the program. Rev. Moon had promised the public that we would have the grandest display ever, and the fireworks were, in a word, spectacular. They were a great celebration of America's bicentennial. And for us they were a celebration of even more.

Madison Square Garden had successfully taken place exactly two years earlier. Sitting on the grass at the Washington Monument that evening was one of the best moments in my life. We had done it. Through the Madison Square

Garden, Yankee Stadium, and Washington Monument events, Rev. Moon together with the people of America had made an offering on the national level.

On the foundation of these three events, we now moved to a new level. Father had said years earlier that someday we would go to Moscow. At our celebration of the Washington Monument event a few days later, he made it official. He declared, "The next goal is Moscow." As we talked it over amongst ourselves, we had no idea how we would go to Moscow without either being arrested or killed, or both. But for the moment, we could relax and enjoy.

After this excitement and heartwarming success, I traveled back to Vermont where I had been assigned to be the state leader by Father the day after the Yankee Stadium program. There a different kind of excitement was waiting for me.

# VERMONT



The day after the Yankee Stadium event, Father Moon set about choosing new leadership for some of the states. He had all those who had completed the 120 Day Training the previous year gather together. Rev. Sudo was assisting Father Moon in this. As we stood in a group with Father, Rev. Sudo looked down the list and said, “Vermont.” Then he looked up and said, “David, Father is looking at you.” Father pointed at me and so began a new chapter in my life in the church.

Vermont has to be one of the most beautiful states in the country. In autumn, the whole state turns into a postcard of classic autumn scenes. In the rolling hills, red, gold, and orange leaves surround white church spires reaching up to the sky. With covered bridges dotting the landscape, it looks like heaven. And, I found that it was as eccentric as it was beautiful. When I arrived, there were hippies, an assortment of crafts people, Benedictine monks, and various other groups in the hillsides creating communes and other endeavors.

One of these groups had been a source of joy in my college days. As I said, while I studied theater in college, I caught on our public TV station a performance of one of the most creative and interesting theater groups around, the Bread and Puppet Theater. Even the name was cool. In an interview, the founder said that theater should be entertaining, but it should also “provide bread for the soul.” I loved it. They used puppets from one foot high to thirty feet high in styles historic and modern from the East and the West with all styles of music and pageantry.

I had first arrived in Vermont in the middle of June after Yankee Stadium. I

had just been settling in and getting to know the state when, on the Fourth of July, 1976, the two-hundredth birthday of America, our members and I took the day off. We went out in a park in downtown Burlington.

Over on one side, I saw a performance going on. As I got closer, I saw people in masks and costumes. I asked someone what this was. When they told me, I couldn't believe it. It was the Bread and Puppet Theater. I then recognized them in a second but was surprised because I had just assumed that the group I had seen on TV lived in New York. They told me later that they had a farm in northern Vermont that they used as a headquarters and performance center.

Well, I had to attend one of their performances. I thought it would be an interesting cultural experience for our members as well. So we found their farm and attended one of their productions. However, to my surprise as I watched the program, set outdoors in a beautiful valley, I realized how much I had changed since those days when I was taking theater classes. Their art was wonderful, but now the group's leftist political message irritated me. It was not "bread for the soul"; it was cynical and negative. I had moved on. Seeing them reminded me that the real bread for the soul comes from God. Jesus brought it (John 6:35), and I had found it.

I would need a good helping of it, too, because I was about to be confronted by another interesting group in Vermont, the state legislature. As I returned to Vermont after the Washington Monument Rally, full page news articles were reporting on hearings going on at the state capital, Montpelier, conducted by some who were trying to get our church kicked out of the state. Articles were coming out about this almost daily.

The move was spearheaded by a lawyer, a Mr. Schuppin. He had kidnapped his daughter Tammy from our movement and tried to have her "deprogrammed," (a process of breaking a person's faith in order to get him or her to leave the church). His daughter had escaped from her confinement and returned to the church. He was angry, and we were soon to receive the brunt of his attack.

To help the political and social leadership of Vermont get a clearer picture of our church, we had one good resource come out of nowhere. A book about Rev. Moon and the church called *Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church*

had been written by a well-respected scholar, Fredrick Sontag, and published by Abingdon Press.

He had studied our church and, to our surprise, had penned a fairly balanced account of Rev. Moon and his work. I remember seeing the book prominently displayed in a bookstore in downtown Burlington. I decided to bring copies of it to the state legislators, the U.S. congressman, and the U.S. senators. When one of the U.S. senators was in town, I went to meet him. When I did, he turned out to be completely negative. He would not even receive the book.

Things had been so difficult and the news reports so bad that I had great hope the book would be of some help. When he did not accept the book, I was depressed. I walked back to our humble church center, a modest home on Saint Paul St., went up to our prayer room, and prayed in tears. Right in the middle of my prayer, the phone rang. I composed myself and answered it. It was a teacher at a local high school. He invited me to have a debate with Mr. Schupp in at his school. I felt this was an answer to my prayer. I said, "Yes, of course. We would be happy to come and represent our church." If people would not read the book, at least they could hear from us directly.

The day arrived. I and three others from our church went. I was very nervous as we entered the school auditorium and even more nervous when we saw hundreds of students filling the seats. We had brought some material about the movement to give to them. When I asked the teacher if we could hand it out, he said strongly, "No, no proselytizing!" I said, "OK, no problem." But he said we could put our material on a table and if the students would like to pick it up they could.

When Mr. Schupp in arrived, the teacher laid out the ground rules for the debate. Mr. Schupp in was ready to attack, and right off the bat he started with one accusation after another. He described how his daughter had been "brain-washed" by us, how we used sleep deprivation to convert people to the church, and how Rev. Moon was using us to make himself rich. Basically my response was to give my testimony of how I joined the church, relate my experiences, and share the teaching.

Though Mr. Schupp in was a well-trained lawyer, as he went on and on, he

became more upset. The more upset he got, the more accusations he shot at us. He even accused us of Satan worship. It started to become interesting. We just stayed calm as he became more outrageous. By the end I could see the audience was taking our side. The students focused more on questioning his accusations than on questioning us. I knew it was our day when, as it ended, the students came down and picked up all of our literature. We shook hands with Mr. Schuppin and never saw him again.

There was a secret to our success in this debate: fundraising. People criticized us for this activity, but fundraising had given me a lot of training in how to handle all kinds of people and keep my cool. No matter what people said or how they treated us, we would always try to keep a good attitude, thanking them for their time and going on our way. In the debate, these experiences paid off big-time. We stayed calm and polite and had won. Eventually the whole mess in the state capital fizzled out.

In those days Father had regular meetings with the state leaders. On the first weekend of each month, I would take the train or bus and head down to Belvedere. I had some memorable times at these meetings.

I had come to Vermont after working in Bismarck, North Dakota, where, as I said, I had been pioneering by myself. In Bismarck I was so serious to find people who could understand the Principle and join our church that I was often fasting and sometimes praying through the night. I continued the same spiritual routine in Vermont and just assumed the members there had been doing the same and would, of course, join in this with me. I was surprised when they were not exactly jumping on board.

It was about this time that I had to go down to New York to one of the state leaders meetings with Father. At this meeting, he was going through the business of reports, testimonies, and so forth. Suddenly he had some of the state leaders stand up. I was one of them. One by one, he spoke to each of us personally. Seemingly out of nowhere, he said to me, "You need to go out and have a snowball fight with your members." After this he had us sit down, and I thought to myself, "Hmm, I wasn't expecting to hear that."

When I reported this to the members back in Vermont, they turned their

eyes to heaven and said, "Thank you, Father!" At the next state leaders meeting, the others kidded me, "Got that snowball fight done yet?" Actually we had, and through it I had become more balanced in my approach to leading members.

At another one of these meetings, Father suddenly finished and left. Mr. David S.C. Kim, the president of our seminary, who was interpreting that day, said, "Father is taking you to Macy's to buy suits." So in buses we headed down to New York City. Mother was with us, too. It was interesting to watch her as she guided each of us to a suit that looked good on us. To me she said, "Light colors look best on you." So, of the two suits I had picked off the racks, I tried on the light-colored one. "Yes," she said, "that's a good choice." I still have this suit in storage -- something to pass on to my son.

I was the state leader of Vermont for about a year and a half. It was a pleasure and an honor to be in this position. It was wonderful to go to New York once a month to meet with Father and Mother. During this time, however, Father was moving members around a lot.

This was his style of leadership training. He taught that true leaders are those who, like most of the godly people of the Bible, remained faithful to God no matter what situation or position they found themselves in. So at the meetings each month, one or two of us would be sent off to the Mobile Fundraising Teams (MFT) and members who had been through the MFT experience took their places.

Father was doing this across the movement. Just months earlier he had surprised the first graduating class of our new seminary. When they were expecting to be put in positions of leadership, Father sent them fundraising. I knew my time was coming. Sure enough, one evening in November 1977, the call came. "You are being sent to MFT."

# MOBILE FUNDRAISING TEAMS



In general, life on the front line was divided into two activities: witnessing and fundraising. In the average church center, members would spend Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday witnessing to people and bringing them to lectures and evening programs, and then, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we would go out fundraising to support our activities. In larger cities and states, they would have teams that focused on one or the other, witnessing or fundraising. On the national level we had Mobile Fundraising Teams that fundraised full time to support the national church.

On the most practical level, Father Moon once said that if we could fundraise, at least we would know that we would never starve. On a deeper level, he taught that fundraising helps develop a Christian lifestyle, a heart to love people. It also gave us the chance to relate to many kinds of people: I have fundraised to fishermen and governors, to street people and millionaires.

In the mixture of people we met were those who had, to put it politely “difficult characters.” We got a lot of practice in dealing with people who were nasty, arrogant, or angry. We let their comments roll off, saying, “Thank you and have a good day,” moving on to the next person. We could relate to Jesus here. Matthew 5:44 was a daily living reality: “Bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you,” This is where some real spiritual growth took place. Some of the guys on the team compared it to weightlifting, “No pain, no gain.”

After I got the call, I took a plane from Burlington to Boston’s Logan Airport.

I was being sent to the New England MFT. The region had a reputation. Fundraisers would say, “If you want to make money, go to New Jersey. If you want to grow, go to New England.” Of course, this meant that if you were in New England, you were going to have a hard time and not make much money. God bless the New Englanders. We can thank them for founding America, but they were not the most joyful or generous folk.

I was picked up in an MFT van at the Boston airport and driven to the MFT center outside Boston. The next morning I was up and out in the van with ten other brothers and sisters. For the next four years, this was my life.

We worked in all kinds of environments. The most common were parking lots, door to door in neighborhoods and apartments, and shop to shop in retail areas. More specialized areas were beaches, drive-in movie theaters, parades, really anywhere there were people.

I joined MFT in November. This time of year, just before Christmas, was the best time to make money. Each year the MFT held a national fundraising contest during this time. I got there just as it began. Totals were calculated daily and sent to headquarters. The top in each category of member, team and region got a prize. We pushed ourselves during this time, staying out later and raising our goals. We worked hard but in the end, our region came in last. And in our region, I came in last. So far the only positive thing in my MFT experience was that I realized that the only way I could go was up.

Some aspects of MFT culture were new to me. Many members had the philosophy that concepts were made to be broken, which took me a while to understand. When the team captain put me out in a shop to shop area that had been done just that morning by one of our team members, I would think, “This is crazy. These people were just asked to give this morning; they are not going to give again to me.” But they did. When we went out on Christmas Day, I thought, “We can’t disturb people on Christmas.” Yet there were people who were in the Christmas spirit and were happy to see us. When my team captain put me out in a town where someone had been kicked out for fundraising the day before, well, of course, I had something to say. My team leader replied, “David, you think too much.” I grudgingly went out in that town. And, what

happened? I met nice people and had a great day.

So my personal motto on MFT gradually became, “Don’t think, just do it.” Actually this worked surprisingly well. One day we went out with a new product to offer as a “thank you” gift for the donations we received, copper-colored metal music boxes. I sat on a park bench for almost an hour. “No one is going to want these,” I thought.

Finally I got up, decided not to think about it, and walked across the street to an office building. I went up to the third floor. When I walked into an office with my product, the first words I heard were, “Oh, those are so cute.” I made a hundred dollars in that office. The message finally sank in.

We had our challenges, too. One evening in late November, we were going door to door as usual. A lady invited us in so she could look at the pictures that were our product at the time. She and her husband were looking at them when suddenly the police opened the front door and came in. It took me a just a moment to realize that her husband had set us up. Ninety percent of the time we never had any problem with permits. If anyone did complain, officials would just ask us to stop, and we would be on our way. Tonight was different. We were arrested. Off to jail we went.

We spent the night in jail in a big cell with other criminals. They asked us what we did to end up in there. When we said, “Fundraising,” they laughed and laughed. “Fundraising, you’re in jail for fundraising? Hey, Joe, they’re in jail for fundraising!” They called the guard, “Do you know these guys are in jail for fundraising? Haven’t you guys got anything better to do than pick up fundraisers?” We were quite the celebrities. They actually turned out to be a good bunch of guys.

The next day we became media celebrities. It turned out that in this town, the jail was next to the courthouse. When it was time to go from the jail to trial, they put handcuffs on us and walked us to the court. It must have been a slow news day because TV cameras showed up. I hope we helped their ratings, but I rather doubt it. We went before the judge, paid our fine, and were on our way.

Every year before Christmas, some members did malls. We would set up kiosks to sell different gift items. When we got back from our time in jail, we

were assigned to a mall. Where? Of course, in the same city where we had been arrested. “We can’t go back there, we were on TV!”

“Sorry,” my team captain said, “it’s the last opening we have, and by the way, it’s a good mall.” Again, I had to go into my “don’t think, just do it” mode. Off we went. It actually was a good mall. No one recognized us, and we were doing well.

Then one evening, my partner suddenly said, “Hey look.” I took a quick glimpse and sure enough, it was the guys from the jail coming down the aisle. We ducked down and they went past. We kept a low profile for the rest of the evening. It probably wouldn’t have been a problem to say hello to them. Still we wanted to avoid comments in the mall like, “I know those guys; they were in jail with us.” In the end, we did do really well at that mall.

It was clear to the team that when we fundraised day by day, our result told us something about our hearts. In my case, my result was uneven. I would have a great day and do really well but then the next day I would struggle and not make anywhere near my goal. I wanted to become consistent.

Each team had its outstanding fundraisers. One sister on our team was very consistent at making a high goal of three hundred dollars a day. No matter what the product was or what area she was in, she could make money. My captain decided to have me fundraise along with her. As I did, I couldn’t believe what I saw happening. When we walked into the shops, people were already putting their hands into their pockets. They were giving her money even before they knew what the product was or why we were there. Sometimes ten shops in a row would give her money. When I fundraised, I was lucky if it was one in ten. She saw part my problem when she said, “David, relax, you’re too stiff.”

OK, so I tried to loosen up. However, underneath I knew the real issue: I missed Vermont and wanted to go back there. When I told her this, it helped. We talked about it for awhile. Being more honest with myself turned out to be a key to improving my result. It improved my prayer life, too. I shared my feelings about MFT with God and found that being honest really helped me spiritually.

I found other things, too. When I stopped by a bookstore, just looking at the books revived me after people had said “no.” I happened onto a little

treasure, *The Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, a small book of devotions so well written and on the mark that I carried it around with me so that I could stop from time to time to refresh myself by reading it when I felt tired or rejected.

One of the fundraising partners who I happened to go out with occasionally also turned out to be invigorating. Peter was a bird watcher. As we ate lunch together or walked to our area, he would point out birds here and there. On our team, he reached his goal of finding two hundred different birds in New England. Although I could not always see them as he pointed them out in the trees, I did learn a lot about the world of birds. Did you know that the barn owl can swallow a whole rat, digest it, and then cough up its bones? I learned all kinds of things from Peter. My world was enlarged, and it took my mind off the work on difficult days. Today I have a greater appreciation for the birds in our backyard because of him.

Over the next three years, my result did gradually go up. As it did, the thought began coming to me that I might be able to make the result that would be for me a dream come true, three hundred dollars. Finally, one day, I felt it coming. Each run went well. The captain counted my money. He kept encouraging me and at 9:00 P.M. at our last pick up, I had two hundred ninety-eight dollars. The team sat in the van as I went out in front of a diner and sure enough, a man came out, got a flag pin, and gave me two dollars. Everyone in the van cheered. Wherever this man may be, I will always remember him and be grateful for his donation.

I knew that whatever happened from there I had conquered MFT, so it was interesting what did happen. Headquarters had a whole new product for us to try out. We got laser prints, 16" x20" framed photographs of all kinds of scenes produced with an intense quality and clarity. Our captain asked for volunteers to try these out as a product. I raised my hand along with two other brothers.

I had not especially identified with any of the other products we had used. Whether it was candles, flowers, peanuts, thin mints, cookies, music boxes, balloons, stick pins, cartoon pins, Christmas ornaments, flag pins, or jewelry, nothing stood out for me as a particularly attractive reward for a donation. The

one exception was laser prints.

We three brothers set out as our own team. Suddenly I was in a new world. I like art so this was one product I could enjoy carrying around. The challenge was that we were asking for a larger donation than we had before; we were asking twenty dollars. We went out and tried some office buildings. Within twenty minutes, one person wanted one and then another. This was it. I knew I could do this.

A few months later, one day I came back to the van with a thousand dollars. At 8:30 P.M. that evening, I had walked into a restaurant where the owner had decided to decorate his whole establishment with our pictures. That day I had the highest result in the country. In my time on MFT, I had now gone from the bottom to the top. I felt that I had not only conquered MFT, I had conquered myself. I could finally relax, I felt confident and at home in the mission.

The rest of the year went pretty well. Autumn and then winter came. It was the end of the year again and since we were in New England, one blessing we had was the opportunity to attend church holidays at the New Yorker Hotel on 34th St., which Father had recently purchased to be our church headquarters. We headed down for the celebration of God's Day.

We drove from Connecticut the evening before and stayed at the New Yorker. Then we gathered at 7:00 A.M. in the Grand Ballroom to hear Father Moon's message. Father was in fine form that day. He happened to have Mr. David S.C. Kim as his translator. Father and Mr. Kim both have a great sense of humor so the talk was great. As Father pulled Mr. Kim around the stage by his suit coat, Mother, their children, and the whole audience were laughing so hard. It was a great beginning to the year.

After our celebration lunch of traditional Korean food, there were Korean yute games and lecture contests. Then in the evening, there was entertainment on a grand scale in the Manhattan Center, a full scale Broadway-style theater complex that adjoins the New Yorker, which Father bought when he purchased the hotel.

Father and Mother Moon went up on stage to conclude the entertainment by singing together with each other and with their children. This was entertaining

as Father had fun with the songs and the audience. He loved to sing, and, as I indicated above, he could be quite a ham. He would encourage Mother to sing some beautiful Korean ballad and would then join in singing but do it off key. Everyone would laugh as she persevered until Father came round joining in with the correct notes. Finally, Father led everyone in a grand finale waving the microphone as a baton, leading the performers on stage and the audience in his favorite Korean folk songs.

Then, on this holiday at the very end it happened: Father made an announcement. He said that tomorrow he was inaugurating the *Washington Times* newspaper. He then said that anyone, no matter what their mission was now, could take part in the project. There would be a meeting the next morning in the Grand Ballroom, and anyone who would like to attend could do so. I sat back in my chair. Could this be for me?

After the entertainment, I walked up and down 34th St. pondering the prospect of going to that meeting. The next morning I decided to go. Dr. Bo Hi Pak was leading it; he would be the president of the paper.

He first asked for graduates of our seminary to sit up front and for the others who would like to be in this project to stay but sit in the back. Since I had not yet attended the seminary -- that would come later -- I sat in the back. He spent much time with the seminary graduates asking them what their undergraduate majors were and what experience they had in writing.

Then he said to all of us, "OK, you are all in. We will leave for Washington, D.C., tomorrow." So, it was true. I had a new mission. I couldn't believe it. My team captain couldn't believe it either. He was not so happy, but in the end he realized it was my time to go.

# MARRIAGE



**B**efore I get to my life at the *Washington Times*, I have to pause for a moment here to tell the story of my marriage. My engagement took place in 1979 while I was on MFT, and I was married in 1982 while I was working at the *Washington Times*.

Certainly one of the most interesting topics of discussion about our movement is the style of our marriages. Almost everyone has heard about, or seen pictures of our mass marriages, called by one news program, “Rev. Moon’s Patented Weddings.” These are interesting in themselves. Of course, people ask us why we hold them as a group. In short, we hold them as a group to, first of all make a statement. We declare that marriage is the way to go, a concept that is not at all clear in our culture today. Second, since our marriages are often intercultural, we show that people from different cultures and races can live together. If we can do it, others can as well.

But what piques people’s interest even more is when they hear that Father Moon chooses our spouse for us. People ask me, “How could you let anyone pick your wife for you?” For some it has been a sure sign that our group is a cult and we have been brainwashed. For others, for example, those with oriental backgrounds, it is not much of an issue because arranged marriages are still fairly common in the Orient and in some other areas of the world.

Be that as it may, for Americans is it unusual. I heard about this practice when I joined the church so I looked around at people who were already matched and married by Father and Mother Moon. The marriages I saw looked pretty good so I was open to the idea of the matching. But still the question is,

why does he do it?

There are two points to understand. First, our life is a product of both a physical and a spiritual lineage. The physical lineage is easy to see. Still more important, however, is the spiritual lineage. As I have already said, we are connected to the life and works, the good and the evil of our ancestors. Father Moon explained to us that he can see this lineage and by choosing the right partner can create a balance in the relationship that can offset some of the negative influences we may have from our ancestry. So, I put my trust in him that there is a spiritual benefit to be gained from a particular partner that we may not have with another even though on the surface they both look like good matches.

Second, this movement is a movement of restoration. Father Moon explained to us that our marriages are not just for ourselves. When he chooses our partners, he is sometimes purposely choosing people from backgrounds that have been in conflict. Our marriages are a step in the process of restoring the contentions between races, cultures, nationalities, and religions.

He told us that he knew the restoration involved in our marriages would not always be easy, but it was our mission to go this course. When we succeeded, we would gain a victory for God, a foundation that God could use to further the creation of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Further we would give an example to the world that great lifelong marriages can be achieved even when the partners are from countries or cultures that are, or have been, enemies.

The marriages have generally worked out. Most of the older couples that Father matched in America have celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary; the early Korean and Japanese members have been together even longer.

On the morning of May 12, 1979, I was on MFT fundraising in Connecticut when we received the call, "Father has announced a matching in New York. You have to get down there now!" We were in a motel preparing to go out for a day's fundraising when we literally dropped everything. We threw our stuff in the van and took off. The same thing was happening all across America as the word went out. As we headed to New York on this spring day, many of us were in our mid-twenties and had been in the church for six or seven years, so this

was something we had been hoping and waiting for. Fortunately, New York was close by so we made a beeline for the New Yorker Hotel.

The next morning, May 13th, we were at the spiritual center of the American movement in the Grand Ballroom of the New Yorker Hotel. Seated on the floor on one side were about five hundred young men and across the aisle were about five hundred young women. Father and Mother Moon were up on stage.

Father began by explaining the significance of these matches. Then he started the matching process with the most difficult types of relationships. First was interracial marriage. He asked for those who were black or white who volunteered to be matched interracially to stand up. He explained that these unions would be difficult but at the same time, they would be some of the most blessed marriages. In 1973, years before President Obama came to office, Father Moon predicted that an interracial president would be elected in America before much longer. That did not seem possible when Father first said it, but in 2008, as we know, it happened.

Father began matching those who had volunteered. He came down from the stage and walked up and down the aisle to see who would be good partners. For some he could not find the right match so he went on to the next category, enemy nations.

A large group of members in this category were those from the former enemy countries of Japan and America. He asked the brothers, "Who would like to marry a Japanese sister?" About eighty percent of the young men held up their hands.

I was not one of them. I did not feel sure that I was prepared for an international marriage. I do have a Japanese wife, but that story is coming up. When Father got to the category of, "I will marry anyone Father chooses for me," I raised my hand. For some of these matches, Father was looking for members who could shoulder a variety of unusual circumstances.

As Father walked up and down the aisle, he made comments about what he was doing. He explained that the face of a person can tell something about them and how they would complement another person. He would have one sister stand up and then have different brothers stand next to her. He asked

some questions. Mother Moon also made comments as Father worked.

Eventually he had one sister stand, looked at me, and motioned for me to come forward. My moment had come. The sister explained to Father Moon's assistant that she had a child from a previous marriage. Father told me, "She is a good mother." I was inspired by this comment.

The next phase of the matching was for the matched couple to go up to the balcony of the ballroom and talk together to see if they both agreed to the match. Up there were translators for several languages and some counselors if couples had an issue they would like to talk out. So up to the balcony we went. We both spoke English, but I detected that my match had a slight accent. She explained that she had been born in Europe and had moved with her family to America when she was a child. I asked her how her son was doing. She said that he was doing well.

We continued talking for awhile to get to know each other better, but as we spoke, what I kept going back to in my mind was Father's comment that she was a good mother. Really, when I had heard him say this, I was in. After we talked for awhile she was in, too. We had both agreed to the match.

After we agreed, the custom was to go downstairs and present ourselves to Father and Mother Moon. We bowed to them together and then registered our match with a person keeping records. Couples who did not agree with their match went back in the room to try again.

There are some interesting stories from our matching. One brother was a driver just helping to bring in the lunch for everyone. He was not in the matching because he was not quite old enough. As he was walking down the side of the room, Father pointed at him. He got the surprise of his life to find himself matched.

The next day we gathered again as couples to take part in the second stage of the matching and blessing process, the Holy Wine Ceremony. This is a communion that husband and wife share before the marriage ceremony. When the couples drink from the same cup, the anointing expands from an individual level to the level of a couple.

After the matching, we went back to our missions. We spent the next three

years getting to know each other. In the meantime, Father continued to conduct matchings in '80 and '81, both in America and in Asia. In the end, he had matched over eight thousand couples for our Blessing. Those who could not physically get to the matching, Father matched by photo. These faithful men and women met their match by receiving a photo in the mail or by fax.

The next question we all had was when would the big day be? Father finally announced that for couples in America, the marriage Blessing would take place on July 1, 1982, in Madison Square Garden. For couples in Asia, it would take place later on October 14th. I would be going to Madison Square Garden. It had been eight years since I was first there for the big rally. I was coming back.

On the big day of the wedding, two thousand seventy-five couples gathered at Madison Square Garden. My parents came from Detroit. As I said, they were both pleased by what they saw in the church and my growth in it, and they were pleased when they met my future wife. The press from dozens of nations covered the event. The couples filled the main floor and the rear seats of the stadium while guests sat along the sides. Our voices rang out in unison as we said, "Yes" to each of the four vows in the ceremony: to be faithful to God, to our spouses, to the nation and the world, and to create the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Over the next few days, the couples again said goodbye to each other and went back to their missions. What occurred in Madison Square Garden and later in Korea on October 14th was that a significant part of our movement changed at once from being single to being married. After the Blessing, there began a gradual process of couples coming together and embracing new locations and missions as they, one by one, began their family lives.

For our couple, things seemed to be going fairly well until one day a few months after the ceremony, my wife called on the phone and said that she was sorry but that she felt it had been a mistake to get matched. She said she really thought it best for her to stay single and raise her son. I thought she might change her mind but over time she was clear and consistent in her view. So I agreed, worked through the disappointment, and vowed to prepare myself for the next matching.

At this time I was at the *Washington Times* newspaper working in the accounting department. The members around me were gradually getting together with their spouses and starting their families. Since I was still single, I thought I might as well make good use of my time so I decided to go back to school part time to finish my degree in psychology.

George Washington University had a good program and took my credits from Wayne State University so I attended there. I began to help members with the counseling skills I was learning. I also took up skiing and had major dental work done that had been put off for years. A rabbi once told me, “You can only see God in the past.” When I look back on this time now, I realize that God was working in this situation to prepare me for what was to come.

I finished my B.A. in psychology at George Washington University and decided to move on from the *Times*. I moved to Baltimore to work on an M.A. in clinical psychology at Loyola College. I rented a room from an elderly lady whose house was right next to campus. I dove into my studies with a plan to do most of the coursework the first year so I would have time to earn money while finishing the degree the second year.

At the end of the first semester at Loyola I felt great. I finished my finals and went back to my room to relax. I turned on the TV and happened to tune in to the first episode of a mini-series called *Shogun*. As a kid, I had seen the star of the show, Richard Chamberlain, in the TV show *Dr. Kildare*. I made myself comfortable and watched the program. It was about a sailor who was shipwrecked off the coast of Japan. He had made his way to shore and was helped by a Japanese lady who was able to speak English. One dynamic of the show was their discussion of the contrasts in cultures between East and West which came up as she helped him adjust to life in Japan.

Since I had been in Japan and had worked with many Japanese members in our church, I was familiar with the issues the show covered. Our Japanese members would say, Americans are so “horizontal” (our church term for world-centered) and we in turn would point out that they are so “vertical” (our word for exclusively spiritual and hierarchical). Of course, both sides have a point to make. I was hooked. I watched the whole series.

It was right at this time almost seven years since my match had broken that the call came again. Father would be having a matching and wedding ceremony in early January in Korea. All right, I thought, my time has come again. I was going to prepare spiritually really well this time to try to ensure success. I started a prayer condition that I determined to keep until the day I was matched. I kept it each night at 10:00 P.M.

I heard about the wedding just before Christmas and had to be in Korea on January 10th. The marriage ceremony would take place right at the beginning of the new semester at Loyola. I told my professors that I would have to take about a week off from classes because I was going to Korea to get married. This led to some interesting conversations with my Catholic professors some of whom were priests.

So off I went. The matching and wedding were to be held in a small town outside of Seoul. Those of us who were coming from America landed at Kimpo Airport and boarded buses that were waiting for us. It was nighttime as we drove through the countryside. Since I was doing a prayer condition each night until the matching, I continued this on the bus as we drove.

It was nearing 10:30 P.M. when we approached our destination. Since it was getting late, I assumed that we would go to our sleeping quarters and take part in the matching in the morning. I was wrong. Much to my surprise, as we pulled up to the dormitory buildings, a person jumped on the bus and announced, "If you need to be matched, Father is doing it now!"

He continued with some directions, but I couldn't hear anything as I bolted out of the bus. I located the nearest restroom, changed into my suit in about three seconds and found my way up to the third floor of our conference center where the matching was taking place.

In New York, there had been a thousand brothers and sisters at the matching, so when I got to the third floor and entered the ballroom, I was surprised to see just a handful of people with Father far off in a corner. I approached, made a slight bow to Father, and sat down to try to figure out how things were going.

I had hardly had time to sit down when Father pointed at me to stand up. He asked me how old I was. "Thirty-seven," I said. He motioned me forward.

He looked around a pillar in the room and beckoned to a sister to stand. He pointed her to me and off we went. That was it. I could not have been in the room more than three minutes.

It is important to know my wife's side of the story as well. She had gotten there much earlier in the day. Father had asked her age, looked around, and then told her he did not have anyone for her. So, she had just been sitting there for the whole day until I walked in. Our birthdays are only a month apart. And, yes, she is Japanese.

Somehow God had used some of the contents of the mini-series along with so many other experiences in my life to prepare me. Even my mother was part of this preparation. When I had called and told my parents I was off to Korea to be matched again, my mother had said to me, "Why don't you ask for one of those nice Japanese girls?" Well, my mother was right.

When I saw my future wife, my spirit went, "Whoosh." That is the only way I can describe it. This was the one. I am grateful for my wife's faith. Others might have given up, but she stayed in the room those long hours until I arrived. That was twenty-four years ago, and my spirit feels the same today as it did that night.

The next day we took part in the Holy Wine Ceremony. The day after that on January 12, 1989, we were in a marriage Blessing Ceremony as one of twelve hundred seventy-five couples held in the same room where we had been matched. A few days later, my wife headed back to New York City where she was working, and I headed back to Loyola College. From there, we began to make plans to start our life together.

In July, after my studies were finished, I went to Detroit from Baltimore, and she came in from New York. Before my parents and my brothers and their wives, we had our legal marriage performed at a local city hall. My twin brother and his wife hosted a reception for us as they welcomed my wife into the family.

Over the years, my wife and I have discovered many ways in which we complement each other. To take a small example: I am not good at music. Recently my wife suddenly pulled out a harmonica and played at one of our holidays, and she was quite good. I was surprised. It was a reminder that we should never take our partners for granted. There are always things to learn about each

other. Father's view is that if a couple complements one another and serves one another, the love will grow. Over the years, we have found that it has.

Fast forward twenty years to January 31, 2009. I was in New York City in the Manhattan Center for a grand occasion on which Father and Mother Moon were honoring God as the King of Kings and holding a marriage Blessing Ceremony. I was waiting for the event to begin and just looking through the program. I happened to glance at the back cover where I saw a list of those who had given ten thousand dollars or more in honor of the event. I glanced down the list and my heart stopped. There she was, my first match. A flood of warm feelings came over me. It was now thirty years since we had been matched in 1979. She still had the same last name. She really meant it, I thought. She really didn't want to be married. My second thought was, congratulations to her on her success. I stopped and prayed for her and her son wishing them both well.

# THE *WASHINGTON TIMES*



**N**ow, to return to my life at the *Washington Times*: As I have already mentioned, as an MFT member I had the good fortune of attending the evening entertainment on God's Day of 1982. It was at the conclusion of this event that Father Moon made the announcement that anyone, no matter what their mission, could become part of the newspaper project. The next day, I officially left my mission on MFT and joined the *Washington Times*.

On August 7, 1981, the *Washington Star* newspaper had closed and Washington, D.C., had become a one-newspaper town. Conservatives, especially, said there needed to be another voice to balance the liberal perspective of the *Washington Post*. Yet anyone who studied the business prospects of this project and crunched the numbers came to the conclusion that it was not financially feasible to open another newspaper that would be profitable in Washington, D.C.

Father Moon waited for someone to step forward and then in the fall of 1981, began making preparations to do just that, open a daily paper in the nation's capital. He brought in consultants. All of them advised him not to go ahead with the project, giving him a list of reasons why it could not work. He went ahead anyway. A newspaper with an anti-communist voice was needed.

At this time in God's providence, a group of world leaders who understood the evil of communism had emerged. Pope John Paul II was named pope in 1978, Margaret Thatcher was elected Prime Minister of England in 1979, and Ronald Reagan became President of the United States in 1980. Father Moon wanted a newspaper that would support their anti-communist views to be

published in Washington, D.C., and he wanted it as soon as possible.

The group of us who had gathered in the Grand Ballroom in the New Yorker on January 2nd headed off to Washington, D.C. Dr. Pak set up offices on the bottom floor of the National Press Building. There we gathered to hear the news that Father Moon had directed Dr. Pak to begin publishing the newspaper on March 1st. The journalists who were coming over from the former *Washington Star* and other professionals who were just beginning to be hired rolled their eyes. Even we who knew Rev. Moon and had been through these kinds of experiences before rolled our eyes, too. Still, we knew that Father was serious and had a good reason for the rush. Based on our previous experiences, we knew that somehow we would make it work.

Dr. Pak and the professionals who were coming on board made a proposal to Father. They would publish by March 1st, but it would be a prototype newspaper that would start out as a weekly publication. Father accepted this plan. Then Dr. Pak met with the church members to share news on the progress of our endeavor. He said that we had already received three blessings from God. First, a vacant building had been found on the outskirts of the city that would be just the right size for us. Second, the trademark for the name *Washington Times* was open. Third, in Germany, a printing press had been built for a customer who had later canceled. We could buy it. He said he had reported all of this to Father, and Father was delighted. So were we. We were on our way.

We set about learning the newspaper business. Reporters from other papers came in to give us seminars. Each morning the fax machines printed out pages of press releases. We started to go out in teams to cover stories and then come back and write them up. The best were printed in the weekly prototypes. As more and more professional reporters were hired, we gradually sorted ourselves into jobs fitting our abilities.

Those who wanted to be writers, especially the seminary graduates, continued to develop skills in reporting. Others, like me, ended up in different departments. When they heard I had done some bookkeeping while I was on MFT, I was assigned to the business office. I started to learn what I needed to know about different aspects of the accounting department and get adjusted to

having a nine-to-five job. We church members who worked on the paper rented apartments, townhouses, or homes together, and I began to live the beginnings of a normal life, going to work in the morning, coming home tired at night, and shopping for groceries.

There was talk all over the journalistic world about Father Moon's paper. The professionals who joined our staff were the ones who could see and agree with the mission, the need for a conservative anti-communist paper. Still many of them had misgivings about the church connection. They confided in us that they had some fear from the rumors they had heard about the church. We told them that they were victims of the media just like everyone else.

One reporter said he knew we were OK when he was in the newspaper's kitchen with us and saw us eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. He said it somehow made us look normal. This went both ways. We had been so mistreated by the media that we had our own ideas about them. As we got to know each other, a good deal of respect developed on both sides.

One of the reporters, Carlton Sherwood, had in fact joined the paper's staff with a secret plan of doing an exposé. He had come to dig up dirt on the "Moonies." He was hired in 1982 just as Father Moon was being accused of tax evasion by the federal government. Sherwood studied our church, took an interest in the case, and stuck with it. He ended up writing a book that was completely the opposite of his original intention. The book, *Inquisition: The Persecution and Prosecution of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon*, was published by Regnery Gateway in 1991. It uncovered the government's deceitful actions to try to get Rev. Moon convicted and thrown out of the country.

Very quickly our debut issue was published. On the morning of March 1, 1982, the first copy of the *Washington Times* appeared. The circulation department got the paper out to newspaper boxes all over the city and suburbs. It made big news around the country: Rev. Moon was serious, and he had done it. Washington, D.C., was a one-paper town no longer.

We moved into newly renovated offices on New York Ave. in April. Soon after we had arrived in Washington, I had visited the space we were now occupying. Where I had seen a dark dirty cavernous cement shell of a warehouse,

we now walked in to see polished marble, gleaming brass, and huge floor-to-ceiling windows in the newsroom streaming in sunlight through the vegetation of the National Arboretum on the adjacent property. The printing press arrived in early May. The circulation department was selling subscriptions. Salesmen were out selling ads. It was becoming a full-scale operation.

The first day of daily publication was May 17th. Father held a banquet to celebrate, inviting journalists, politicians, and academics from all over the world. He told the audience he had not come to America to make money. On the contrary, he was investing millions in the country to save it and save the world. This newspaper, he said, was just one example. Its purpose? Communism was raging across the world. Someone must stand up for the truth about the evil it spreads, he said.

In the meantime, the *Washington Post* was practicing its own brand of journalism, putting out stories on Father Moon's business dealings in a series of attack articles. The *Washington Times* editorial page stood up and responded by featuring an editorial cartoon depicting the *Washington Times* as David versus the *Washington Post* as Goliath. Father loved it. An enlargement has hung in the editorial department's offices ever since.

The first Christmas party was a huge affair. Food came from a company that catered White House galas. There had been many ups and downs during the year, but as it ended, the paper was gaining in circulation and gaining in reputation for being strong, fair, and fiercely anti-communist. What had been seen as impossible was becoming a reality. The building was beautifully decorated for the party; there was a DJ, dancing, and a gorgeous spread of food. It was a great celebration of the first year.

The next Christmas in 1983, we had another great Christmas celebration. However, for the members of the church, this celebration ended differently. Just as we were getting home, about 11:00 P.M. on December 18th, phone calls started coming in. "Did you hear that Father Moon's second oldest son, Heung Jin Nim, was in a car accident?" Our hearts fell as the rumors were confirmed. He was in the hospital in a coma and one of his two friends who had been in the car with him had been hurt as well.

The next day we began to get the details of the accident. The friend who was unhurt described how Heung Jin Nim had been driving them home on Route 9, a two-lane road that goes up from New York City past Tarrytown to Barrytown where we have our seminary. On the icy road, a truck had slid across the lanes and hit their car. The friend said in tears that Heung Jin Nim had steered the car sharply to the right taking the brunt of the hit himself while protecting his friends.

Father and Mother Moon were in Korea at the time. They rushed home to see their son still in a coma the next day. Heung Jin Nim barely held on. God's Day was coming soon. Some of us in Washington made sure we were there at the celebration to support Father and Mother.

The Grand Ballroom of the New Yorker Hotel was packed, and somber compared to the usual joyful air that accompanies this special celebration. We waited to hear what Father would say.

We were hushed as he began. It was God's Day and Father Moon focused first on God. To hear his message, you would not know that anything had happened at all. He said, "This year will bring many new dimensions to our providential work for God as well as great progress and prosperity to our movement." It was not for another hour that he said, "At this moment, the life of Heung Jin Nim is hanging by a thread..." At this we could hear members shedding tears in the audience.

Heung Jin Nim did pass hours later in the early morning of January 2rd. This date became a new day of observance in our church, the Day of the Victory of Love. Father Moon described Heung Jin Nim's accident and its spiritual and providential meaning in his message, "The Necessity of the Day of Victory of Love" given on January 15, 1984. Love had been victorious on many levels, from the choice Heung Jin Nim made when he saved his friends by taking the brunt of the crash, to the unswerving love Father and Mother Moon offered to God despite losing a son they loved so dearly.

Heung Jin Nim was the second child lost to Father and Mother Moon. Two more would follow. With the news of Heung Jin Nim's death, we drove back to Washington, D.C., with heavy hearts. However, this was not the only difficulty

facing Father and Mother Moon that year. The court case against Father for tax evasion was coming to a head.

The IRS was moving against Rev. Moon because, unbeknownst to him, some church members had banked their local church money under his name. Father offered to pay the taxes he ostensibly owed to the IRS when he found out about it, but the IRS rejected his offer.

Other churches began to worry and speak out. The African-American churches in particular responded to this injustice. Our headquarters received letters of support from churches all over the country. We began to invite pastors to Washington D.C., to help defend Father Moon. The clergy created an organization called the Common Suffering Fellowship, which protested at the White House and to Congress.

When Father Moon was eventually convicted in 1984, it sent shockwaves through the religious community. Black and white, left and right, all spoke out. Rev. Jerry Falwell of the right and Rev. Ralph Abernathy of the left both commented that it was only Rev. Moon who could get them together on the same stage. They agreed that a significant injustice had been done. On July 20, 1984, Father Moon was sent to Danbury prison where he spent thirteen months in confinement.

When Rev. Moon was released on August 21, 1985, over fifteen hundred clergy welcomed him at a banquet held in his honor in Washington, D.C. I was at this event. Seeing fifteen hundred clergy welcome him with a standing ovation was a sight to behold. Our relationship with the clergy developed from this point. Father invited them to visit his homeland of Korea for seminars on the Divine Principle and tours. Between 1985 and 1988, over seven thousand clergy attended these programs in Korea.

On one level, Father was finally freed from an injustice, but for us there was a deeper significance. Father's forty year wilderness course that had started in 1945 when the Korean Christian churches rejected him had culminated successfully. In 1985 that failure had been restored by the American clergy. Father walking out to the podium with fifteen hundred clergy standing on their feet welcoming him, cheering him, was a kind of resurrection.

It was a whole new beginning for the movement. On the foundation of the offering of the Washington Monument Rally, the support from the Christian community for Father, and his completion of the forty year wilderness course, Father could now fully take his place as an Abel on the world stage.

In that position, he began to prepare for the end of the evil of the Soviet system. Even before his release from prison, he had asked Dr. Morton Kaplan, Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, and head of the movement's Professors World Peace Academy, to hold a conference on the future of the Soviet Union. It was titled, "The Fall of the Soviet Empire: Prospects for Transition to a Post-Soviet World," and it was held on the world stage in Geneva, Switzerland, in August 1985. Because of the name Rev. Moon had chosen for the conference, some scholars objected, but Rev. Moon stood firm.

Communism did begin to fall just two years later in 1987 as Father had said it would. Gorbachev had introduced glasnost and perestroika in 1986, and these policies were having an effect by 1987. The seventy year time period was up. Eventually I would have the good fortune of taking part in a new activity that was the result of its collapse, Divine Principle seminars held in the former Soviet Union.

# TUNA



I can't leave my time in Washington D.C., without recounting a good fishing story. I had been at the *Washington Times* for three years when I heard about the fishing going on up in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Members were going out on boats that our church fishing business had built to catch tuna as part of Father's Ocean Challenge program. Father loved fishing and said every member should experience it. I had never been fishing in my life so I thought I would give it a try. I took a week of vacation time and headed for Gloucester.

As I flew to Boston, memories of my fundraising days in New England came flooding back. A staff member picked me up at Logan Airport, and we drove past many places I remembered as we headed up the coast. This time, though, I was here for a very different adventure. We got to Gloucester and met members from other states who were also coming to be part of the program. Some had been there for days; others, like me, were just arriving.

We didn't waste any time. We settled into bed early, and the next morning we were up at 4:00 A.M. and on the boat by 5:00 A.M. The staff told us to dress in layers for the cold of the morning and the heat of the day. Everything else I needed to know I would learn on the boat.

About ten of our fishing boats were lined up on the dock. Father had named these boats "Good Go," so we had Good Go #1, #2, etc. These open boats were twenty-eight feet long, and each had a crew of three people. When our boats were packed with equipment and supplies, we all started heading out just as it was beginning to get light.

I made it very clear to everyone that I knew nothing. They said not to worry;

they would show me what I needed to know. I sat in the back of the boat as we sped out from the harbor. The sun began to rise. We had just gotten outside the harbor when in the silhouette of the rising sun, shooting straight up from the water came a whale, arching, and then disappearing down into the water again. It was awesome and beautiful. I thought to myself that this was already worth the trip.

As the sun rose, the harbor faded in the distance. We went miles out to sea with our captain watching the scanner for activity down below. We stopped at an area where it showed there were fish. This would be our spot. Numerous other boats were now heading to this area, too.

The captain and the other brother on my boat kept asking me if I was all right as we ate some granola and yogurt for breakfast. I finally realized that they were checking to see if I was seasick. I didn't know enough to even think about it. Fortunately, I was fine.

Gradually as they began to set up, they showed me what to do and how to get ready for the day. I was beginning to learn the ins and outs of catching fish at sea. They used "chum," leftover dead smelly fish, to bate the hooks of fishing poles for the first phase of catching tuna.

We were after "dog fish," as our Japanese members called them. Really they were small sharks and were not hard to catch. Almost as soon as we let the lines down we had one. The brother pulled it in and quickly got a cleaning brush that had a big flat wooden handle and, to my surprise, began to beat the fish on the head until it was knocked out. Then he chopped the head off. Not only had I not gone fishing, I had never intentionally killed anything in my life. I inhaled and thought to myself, could I really do this? They showed me how to cut the fish so it could be used for bait to catch tuna. I will never forget the feeling of holding down that fish as I cut it into pieces; the nerves were still so alive that it was moving in my hand.

Then they told me to take a piece of the fish and push it onto one of the huge six inch hooks used for tuna. I fumbled around with this fish, which was still moving, and somehow got it on the hook. I showed my baited hook to the mate, and he said it was good enough. These hooks were then attached to

massive ropes that were coiled up in baskets at the back of the boat. We let out each of the baited hooks from the three baskets into the water. Once the ropes were let out, large plastic clips were used to clip the ropes to the edge of the baskets. We then set about the task of “chumming,” throwing small pieces of the old dead smelly fish into the water to entice the tuna to come near the boat.

With all the basics in place, we could settle down and get to know each other. I told them about what was going on down at the *Times*, and I got to know about their situations. One brother, the captain, was from California. He said that he came to Gloucester every summer to help with the Ocean Challenge program.

The other brother, who was Japanese, was working with Father’s fishing and boat projects full time year round. He filled me in on Father’s projects in Gloucester and also about the fishing going on up in Alaska. We spent our time talking about all kinds of things. The captain would occasionally talk with the other boats as well: were their sonars picking up anything? I asked a lot of questions to get to know how the whole operation worked.

The sun gradually grew hot as morning shifted to afternoon. As we chummed, it was mostly quiet except for the waves lapping against the boat. In the distance, we heard the radios of boats that belonged to fishermen who were not from our church playing music. Occasionally, there was chatter between the boats. We watched the other boats to see if there were any signs of tuna taking the bait that everyone was sending down to them.

Then all of a sudden the quiet was broken by a yell coming up from one of the boats. A hit! It was like a bomb going off. We could hear the captain yelling orders as the crew members scrambled to get everything right to catch the tuna. We and the other boats nearby cooperated by pulling up our lines. Sometimes in the confusion, lines could get tangled. Sometimes there was a false alarm. But when it was real, it was a thrill just to watch the team work with the tuna bringing it in a little at a time until they had it. Then they tied it to the side of their boat and headed in.

On the third day, it was our turn. I had been sleepily chumming as the sun beat down and the boat bobbed in the water. As I was grabbing a drink from the

cooler, we heard it, SNAP!! The rope in one of the baskets had pulled from the clip. The rope raced out the back. We had one on the line! Our captain yelled to the other boats to pull in their lines.

He put on gloves and let the line fly through his hands as the tuna raced through the water. The tuna moved from the back of the boat to the side and swam back and forth trying to free itself from the hook. When the time was right, the captain began to pull it in though the tuna still played the line. Each of us took turns pulling it. It was like a choreographed dance of activity as we followed the tuna around the boat while it circled this way and that over the next twenty minutes or so. As it tired, we pulled it nearer.

We could feel it was ours. I will never forget this moment. When it got close enough, the captain grabbed the harpoon, leaned over the side and jabbed the fish in the gills. The water turned bright red as blood spread out around the boat. Then, just as this was happening, up came a whale to watch the scene. A spout of water shot up from his blow-hole and then his huge tail came up and slid down again into the water. The tuna had now suffocated. We tied it to the side of the boat and headed in.

On the dock, our tuna was taken off the boat and hooked up to be weighed. Over a thousand pounds! To look at it towering over our heads, I couldn't believe it. My first fish! I couldn't stop thanking the captain and our mate for giving me the honor of being a part of that experience. Nor could I stop thanking Father internally for creating that opportunity. I finished up the rest of the week of fishing and then headed back to work carrying photos of my summer vacation. I was never the same after that experience. It was a kind of relationship with nature that I had never had before.

# UNIFICATION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



As soon as Father Moon came to America in 1971, he began buying up buildings needed for the movement to grow and expand. One that he purchased in 1973 was a former Catholic high school on the shore of the Hudson River in Barrytown, New York, a gorgeous area near the Catskill mountains.

By 1975, under the direction of President David S.C. Kim, this became the Unification Theological Seminary, an interfaith seminary. The first class studied for a Masters in Religious Education and graduated in 1977. The school later offered a Masters in Divinity and a Ph.D. program as well.

I did not especially want to go to seminary. I had already been through Catholic catechism which I had studied when I was younger, and after being berated and attacked by fundamentalist Christians during my time in the church, I had little interest in studying their theology either. Even more important, I felt the Divine Principle stood on its own; it was theologically elegant and included an excellent systematic study of the Bible. However, Father requested that all members who had earned a four year college degree attend.

After finishing my B.A. in psychology at George Washington University and an M.A. in clinical psychology at Loyola in the summer of 1989, I was now one who should go. I said goodbye to the wonderful lady who had been my caring landlady, packed my car that I had bought while I was at the *Times*, and headed north to the state of New York.

The environment at Barrytown is beautiful. You could see the Hudson River

during the day and the Milky Way at night. You could also see statues of Joseph and Mary, the Archangel Michael, and other angels perched on the school and around the grounds. Unlike most churches that buy older church buildings and remove the sculptures and paintings that do not represent their unique beliefs, Father had left everything as it was. His policy at this religious institution, as well as at all the others we have bought, was to honor the tradition of the religious faith that came before us.

Once I got into it, I enjoyed my time there. I began an internship in counseling based on my degree from Loyola, studied the Korean language which Father wanted all members to learn, and used the skills I had gained way back at Wayne State University to put on a full-scale theatrical production of the Broadway musical *Godspell* for our graduation celebration.

I learned from the rich array of faculty that Father had gathered. In fact, what we experienced at the Unification Theological Seminary is a clear example of how the criticism of our church from the outside has little to do with the reality inside. While the media were writing that we were brainwashed and secluded, we were studying under religious educators from a host of faiths. I learned the Pentateuch from an Orthodox Rabbi, the gospels from a Trinitarian, church history from a Greek Orthodox priest, Islam from a practicing Muslim, hermeneutics from a Methodist, and psychology and philosophy from Catholic professors.

Not only that, when Father Moon hired these men and women, he told them to challenge his members. He told them to teach us their courses of study from the perspective of their traditions and not from the perspective of our beliefs. Most seminaries would not allow this and could not handle or digest it. Father Moon could, and we came out with a better education for it. The professors challenged the Divine Principle. We challenged them and the Divine Principle as well. It was a stimulating and lively place.

Conferences were held for theologians. One professor had taken a teaching position because he had finally received the answer to his questions about John the Baptist from Father Moon. He told us he had come to hear Father at Madison Square Garden and then read *Divine Principle* himself.

But most importantly, it was while I was there that I, with the rest of the world, witnessed one of the truly great moments in history. It was in the late morning of November 9, 1989. Suddenly through the building we heard the cheers and shouts of students in the lounge watching TV. As students and professors gathered around, we witnessed the live broadcast of the Berlin Wall coming down. There were streams of East Germans jumping over and through it to the cheers and hugs of West Germans on the other side. Millions of people were freed from communist repression that day.

Father Moon had worked for this moment since his ministry began. Now the time had come and within months the effect would be felt at our seminary. The vehicles that opened the way for Rev. Moon to visit Moscow were his work in the arts and the media. He had invited Soviet journalists to America the year before to visit the *Washington Times*. Now he was invited to Moscow to host a media conference. He brought the Little Angels with him.

During our spring semester, on April 11, 1990, Father and Mother Moon traveled to the Kremlin. Father held a media conference and personally met Mikhail Gorbachev. Father let go of the hell that communism had created in his own life and for the world and embraced Gorbachev in a spirit of reconciliation. Father had stood against communist ideology and practice but not against the people. Father and Mother Moon with Gorbachev and his wife attended a performance of the Little Angels together. Together they discussed ways for the Soviet Union to make a new start.

Father Moon's first suggestion and request of Gorbachev was that he allow freedom of religion in his country. Another proposal Father made was to have college students study the Divine Principle so that they could come to know God and gain a new vision for their country. When Gorbachev agreed, our members began visiting university presidents around Moscow. When the program was introduced to the rectors, they embraced it. Hundreds of students began signing up to take part in these programs.

The plan was for the first groups of students to come to America. One of their stops would be our seminary. When the spring semester finished, we began to prepare. In the summer of 1990, two hundred Soviet students arrived. This

program developed under our movement's student organization, the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles (CARP). When these seminars were successful, more were planned. As we returned to school for the fall semester, seminars were beginning to take place in Moscow.

I graduated with a Masters in Religious Education in 1991. I did think of going on for the third year to get a Masters of Divinity, but I felt that after more than six years of full or part time studies, I had had enough school for the moment. It was time to get back to the real world. And back to the real world I went with a thud. On the day our class graduated, July 1, 1991, Father Moon announced that it was time for our members to move to their hometowns. This meant I was going back to Detroit.

# GOING HOME TO DETROIT



**D**etroit! I was going back to Detroit? Maybe I heard Father wrong. In his morning message on July 1, 1991, he announced that the basic providential foundation for the movement was now established. He was awarding us the title of “tribal messiah,” an appointment to take on the role of Abel, and was sending our couples to the husband’s hometowns to take care of our families and restore our communities.

I did hear it right. I had joined the movement to save the world, to build the kingdom of heaven on earth, and now I was being challenged to go back to Detroit, one of the most dangerous, dirty, corrupt, and crumbling cities in America.

The event that had ultimately led to Detroit’s undoing was a riot that had exploded on July 23, 1967. It began when the police raided an unlicensed after-hours bar. By the time the riot had ended, forty-three people were dead, over a thousand were injured, more than seven thousand had been arrested, and two thousand buildings had been destroyed.

From this point, the city’s decline was rapid. By July 1991, one talk show host called the city a “hell hole.” There were even articles in the paper about how relatives were having their deceased loved ones who were buried in the city dug up and moved to cemeteries in the suburbs. And I was going back.

As much as the thought of this depressed me on a personal level, there was no question that it was time for me to go. My mother had called in May to tell me that she had cancer. My brothers and father had done their best to help her pull through, and we all had prayed, but she had not made it. My father was now by himself.

My wife and I talked it over and decided that I should go back first to check out the situation and see what was the best thing to do. So, I went to Detroit and found that the best thing, for my dad, for my brothers, and for us as well, was for my wife and me to live with and take care of my father.

We set about doing this. I rejoined my wife in New York. Together we fitted a U-Haul trailer on our car and brought our meager belongings to Detroit. As we drove into the city, I explained to my wife what it used to look like when I was young, how vibrant it was, how proud we were that Detroit put America on wheels. Now the city looked more like a war zone. I took her past the home where I grew up to find it boarded up.

I took her to our former church, the house on Parkhurst Pl. where I had joined, to find it burnt out and broken down. These homes that had been full of life were now empty shells. Considering the state of the city, I had expected to see them ruined. I had tried to prepare myself as we drove to them. Still as we sat in the car in front of our church center, the reality sank in and I cried. Now I was faced with digesting two deaths, the death of my mother and the death of my city as well.

Still we were doing the best thing for my dad and, regarding the city, I gradually began to pull myself together and do what our church was designed to do, restore things. I resolved that I would take care of Detroit.

After we moved in, I thought I'd better show my wife the big picture so she would not be too depressed to be in this place, so we took a tour of the state. We visited lighthouses that dot the shore of Lake Michigan, the old windmill in Holland, and took a ferry boat to Mackinac Island. It was good for her and reminded me that however bad the situation might be in Detroit, Michigan is still one of the most beautiful states in the country. Upon visiting our church, I was encouraged to see other members who were originally from Detroit returning as well.

The way I was to begin to care for the city had been made clear by Father at our seminary graduation. Each graduating class is given a mission. Father assigned our class to campus ministry. So I drove down to Wayne State University, walked across the campus past some new buildings, and came to the spot

where I had first met my spiritual father eighteen years earlier. I prayed at that spot. I was back. I had come full circle.

I set about learning about the ministries of the other campus ministers and how our ministry could benefit the university. I taught Divine Principle to students in the same room where I had heard it years earlier. I invested in and loved the university as a way of saying “thank you” for the gift it had given me when I had met the church there years ago

In the economic and professional area, I fulfilled the requirements for my Masters level Limited License in Clinical Psychology. With this accomplished, I began working in a clinic practicing short term behavioral therapy and psychological testing. Taking care of my dad, working on campus and at the clinic, I was settling in to our life in Michigan.

In the first week of December 1991, good news came. We got the report that Father and Mother were in North Korea. They had visited Father’s home there where he was born and raised and had met with dignitaries and been taken on sightseeing trips. The world movement had prayed for this trip and for a meeting with Kim Il Sung that we all now hoped would take place. On December 6th, it happened. We got the report that as the two men met, Father embraced Kim Il Sung, the man who had put him in Hungnam labor camp to be killed, with a hug and a smile.

Yes, Father embraced Kim Il Sung, but the day before, at meetings with top North Korean officials, Father had also spoken quite clearly and directly. In front of these leaders, Father Moon had declared that God exists and further that atheistic communism is fundamentally flawed and would never work. Dr. Bo Hi Pak was Father Moon’s assistant on this trip and heard him speak to these leaders of North Korea. Dr. Pak reported to us that Father Moon spoke so strongly against their ideology that he felt they might never get out of North Korea alive.

However, Kim Il Sung was impressed with Father’s spirit. And once Father had proclaimed the truth, he sat down with Kim Il Sung and together they planned many projects. Those projects: a resort area, a car factory, an industrial complex, and even a peace center have developed over the years. One further

agreement they made was to allow families separated by the division of the country to meet. These meetings began the next year. Like Father's meeting with Gorbachev, this was Jacob meeting Esau, the elder brother, and embracing him.

Then came the icing on the cake. Broadcast around the world on Christmas Day 1991 was the incredible news that the communist flag had come down over the Kremlin. It was the best birthday present anyone could have given the Lord Jesus. For the first time since 1917, Jesus' name and his teachings could be freely shared throughout the former Soviet bloc. It was more than a dream come true.

On the foundation of Father Moon's years of work, his offerings, his sacrifice, and his embrace of the elder brother, Father as Abel could see the fulfillment of a key part of his mission on the world level. In folklore terms, Mordor had collapsed. By the Soviet Union's peaceful submission, countless lives had been saved the world over.

# SEMINARS IN RUSSIA AND UKRAINE



**B**ased on Father Moon's agreements with Gorbachev, our work was bearing fruit. Students were having a great experience in the seminars we were holding around Moscow and in St. Petersburg. When the Soviet Union collapsed, our work there exploded. Now students from one end of the former Soviet Union to the other were signing up.

It was more than our movement could handle. Seminars were being held in Moscow and St. Petersburg and in Ukraine, Hungary, Latvia, and Lithuania. Students were traveling twelve hours by train from Kazakhstan and the other eastern former Soviet nations to attend. In each location, a series of one-week seminars was held for between a hundred and five hundred students at a time. Our headquarters sent out word that all available members were encouraged to come help.

I and other members around the country answered the call. In February 1992, those of us assigned to the workshops at the Black Sea in Ukraine headed to New York. From there we flew to Helsinki and then boarded a Russian Aeroflot plane to Yalta, the site of several of the seminars. Since there were no seat numbers on our tickets, we asked the stewardess where we should sit. Her comment was, "We are free now; you can sit wherever you want." This was my introduction to the new Russia and to Russian humor.

We arrived at a Black Sea resort area where our programs had been set up in beautiful facilities ironically used in the past solely by communist party officials.

The group I arrived with spread out to help with the seminars going on in Yalta, Sevastopol, and Odessa.

For me it was personally exciting because I was in Ukraine, the home of my mother's side of the family. My mother's maiden name was Stacey. For years I wondered if this might mean my ancestors came from England, or maybe Ireland. My mother straightened me out when she explained that when her father came to America, he shortened his name. The original was Steshanevitz. It was not English; it was Slavic. And, maybe just to make the point, or maybe just to welcome me, I dreamed of my mother on the second night I was there. In my dream, I saw my mother, who had passed away two years earlier, coming down the stairs at the dormitory where we stayed.

So I was happy to be there personally and mission-wise as well. I can't describe how impressed we were with the young people we met. Our students were from the top universities in Moscow, St Petersburg, and Kiev. Their English was impeccable. Many could speak several other languages, they all could play an instrument, they were up on world affairs, and they loved America. Most surprisingly, they were for the most part sexually pure. Their lives were in stark contrast to the sexual degradation we were finding in American young people. It really hit me how much the sexual revolution has damaged young Americans.

We had a strict moral code for the participants, and, for the most part, they adhered to it. However, they did have one real problem. One of the prohibitions was abstaining from alcohol. It was not allowed, but some of them did drink.

What they lacked most was any knowledge of God. A few did have some spiritual foundation and their stories were interesting. We heard more than once how an elderly member of their family, usually their grandmother, would occasionally bring out a hidden book in their home, a Bible. These grandmother heroines kept faith alive through the dark years of Soviet oppression.

The job for most of us coming from the States was to be team leaders. We each took responsibility for about ten students. The seminars were structured to have forty-five minute lectures with fifteen minute discussions afterward. We led the discussions, and they were fascinating.

These students loved to study. They took notes in the lectures and had a

lot of questions. They could easily grasp the value of a moral code such as the Ten Commandments and Jesus' teachings on service and forgiveness. But they questioned why God would be necessary for these moral codes to exist. And if a creator did exist, why would love have anything to do with it? This led to some long discussions on the nature of God. One thing that kept them probing was that they knew Americans believed in Christianity, and they were fascinated by everything American.

Aside from the few who had learned to pray at home, prayer was an aspect of the program that was difficult for them. Since they had no experience looking inward, we tried several practices to help them such as relaxation and visualization techniques with music. Over the week, some had good internal experiences.

Each of the one-week seminars concluded with an entertainment night. These cultural nights were a treat because the students were very creative. They put together skits based on the material they had heard, shared their traditional dances and songs, and performed classical music. We often exchanged gifts and addresses at the end of the programs. We American members came home with all kinds of Soviet era memorabilia: medals, hats, jackets, etc., as that was what they had to give us. When they departed to their homes, they and we were often in tears. One group after another asked us to please not forget them. I never will.

I stayed for a three week rotation of these seminars and then had time to go to Kiev to help with local church activities there. After a long train ride north, I arrived. Kiev became Christian all at once in 988 A.D. with a mass baptism by St Vladimir in the Dnieper River. Despite its history of warfare and Soviet repression, the city still retains the spirit of its Christian heritage and its cultural heritage as well.

Here we met with students who had returned from the Black Sea seminars. We began to take care of them through evening programs and Sunday services. It was a joy to get to know and help nurture these young men and women. We held American style evening programs of dinner, entertainment, and lectures for them, and now their friends who they were bringing over to meet us.

They loved showing us around their city. They took us to the Kiev Ballet, the art museum, and the famous Monastery of the Caves. The white buildings of this monastery are topped with beautiful golden, glistening onion-shaped domes. Beneath this monastery is an underground cemetery where the mummified bodies of monks rest in coffins lining the walls of the caves.

I went home at the end of March and returned again in the summer. This time, I went to Lithuania where they also needed help. The Lithuanian seminars were at an agriculture school just outside Vilnius. This time I could connect with my father's side of the family, almost.

Our family name is Kasbow, and I did know that my father had created this shortened version from our original family name, Kaszubowski, which is of Polish origin. When we got to Vilnius, I could see on the map that I was not too far from the Polish border. I was, naturally, hoping, planning, and thinking about how I could get to the border and step inside. Alas, it was not to be. The team couldn't work out a private excursion, so this one project remains on my "to do" list.

Since our students came from the local area, we had the privilege of being able to visit some of their homes. They were so excited to have Americans come to visit, and we were happy to connect to the heart of the people in the area. They, too, gave us gifts, mostly their beautiful folk art. There were no Soviet souvenirs to be seen here. They were happy to be free of that.

Gradually, the Orthodox Church in Russia became concerned about Father Moon's activities. It began to complain to the government that "foreigners" were teaching false doctrines to their young people. In America, some Christians were concerned about our activities in the former communist countries as well. Upon returning home, I happened to be listening to a Christian radio station in my car. The guest was complaining that the "cults" were already in Russia while they were just starting to organize their own work there. Unlike Father Moon, they were caught off guard by the fall of communism. Since they did not know the signs of the times, they were late in taking advantage of the door God was opening.

As they scrambled to get started, we established our student organizations

in universities across the former Soviet Union. We also developed curricula for high school students to use in their schools and held seminars for the high school teachers on this curricula. Father Moon once said that the unification movement is such that a million people could join in one day. In the former Soviet Union, we got a taste of what could be coming in the future.

# SHIGEKO'S FAMILY IN JAPAN



In the winter and summer of 1992, I had helped with the seminars in the former Soviet Union. Upon my return, my wife, Shigeko, and I continued to settle ourselves into our life in Detroit. We were taking care of my father. I was working as a licensed psychologist in a counseling center and my wife was working at a Japanese company. Shigeko was getting to know my brothers and their families in Michigan. One thing we had yet to do was to go as a couple to meet her family in Japan. It was time.

My wife's family lives in a small town near Kochi, which is on the southern island of Shikoku in the string of islands that make up Japan. This is the spot where the visionary Sakamoto Ryoma lived who in the 1860s led the way in modernizing Japan and opening the nation to the West.

We arrived at Tokyo's Narita Airport and then transferred to a plane for Kochi. I was delightfully surprised when we came off the plane to see palm trees and flowers in front of the airport. We were greeted by a host of relatives: my wife's mother and sister, uncles and cousins, and some of their friends. I felt like quite a celebrity.

Since I had been in Japan on the Global Team, I knew what to expect with regard to the basic customs and etiquette. Their hospitality was impeccable and heartwarming. I bowed and bowed, and bowed some more. As far as language goes, because I remembered little Japanese vocabulary from my previous trip on the Global Team, I had taken a course in Japanese a few months before our visit.

On our way home from the airport, my wife's mother and sister and a few

other relatives took us out to dinner in Kochi. Then we headed to my wife's hometown of Hidaka-mura. Shigeko's mother and sister live together in her mother's traditional-style apartment. I love the smell of tatami mats and enjoyed sitting on the floor with the rest of the family members who came to visit.

Everything was fine until bedtime came. Being a traditional home, there were no bedrooms, just the open floor and a long cupboard along the wall filled with bedding mats and futons. They laid out the mats and futons next to each other on the floor, and I tried to stay relaxed and nonchalant about sleeping next to her mother and sister. They didn't even seem to notice.

I had some help unwinding because the bedding was incredibly comfortable. On the Global Team, we used standard commercial bedding which was fine. However, this time I was on a traditional Japanese futon. I must say that of all the places I have slept, even on occasion at fine hotels, nothing can compare to a Japanese futon. If sleeping on the cement floor in Baltimore was my worst sleeping experience in the movement, this was my best. The down feather covers and pillow provide a level of comfort and warmth that is unsurpassed.

My wife's mother has several brothers and sisters so there were many visits to make. Shigeko had prepared an endless supply of gifts from America, almost a suitcase full. She and her mother decided who would get what.

The first stop was her uncle's house. It was an old traditional home complete with a moss garden and cherry trees. Here I had the treat of meeting Shigeko's grandmother. If Rev. Sudo is Yoda, then Shigeko's grandmother could be Yoda's sister. At ninety-six years old, she was small but bright and lively and delightful to be around.

From there it was door to door visits. We proceeded through the crooked paths between houses, up and down hills to one family after another. Everywhere we were served tea and cakes as Shigeko explained to her relatives, friends, and neighbors how she came to be married to an American and about our church's style of marriage.

We already knew that some of her family had a hard time accepting that Shigeko was in a church started by a Korean. When they heard that I had no problem vacuuming the floor and doing dishes, however, the women anyway

had to rethink their position. Since it is still uncommon for Japanese men to do these household jobs, they considered her to be lucky to have such a husband.

The other relatives we visited were those who had passed away. Their graves were nearby. In the countryside, there are no cemeteries. Here people who have passed on are cremated and each family has an ancestral plot of land where there are markers for each person. As we walked up the path behind her uncle's home, we passed many such gravesites. We walked through bamboo groves and finally were high enough that we could see the whole town below us. Here we honored, among others, her great grandfather and great grandmother and Shigeko's younger sister who had passed away from asthma at a young age.

The next day we had a chance to meet some of the town folk at the small café run by Shigeko's sister. It is right in the center of town and is a popular meeting spot. Then we added in some sightseeing. We saw Kochi castle, a classic Japanese castle in the center of town, several Buddhist temples, and the ocean. And I had another chance to visit and relax in a hot springs public bath.

The high point of our trip was a dinner that Shigeko's sister organized to celebrate our marriage. It seemed like the whole town came. In a restaurant meeting room, long tables filled with every kind of Japanese food awaited us. There was sarachi, a famous style of sushi from Kochi served on huge, round, and beautifully decorated dishes. Everyone was very kind in not pushing me to eat the raw fish delicacy, sashimi. The celebration went on long into the evening with songs, speeches, and a lot of alcohol. They also kindly respected that we do not drink.

After ten days of visits, sightseeing, and relaxing with my wife's mother and sister, it was time to leave. We headed home with many gifts for us and for my family. Seeing Shigeko's family helped me to get to know her on a deeper level. In our church, we sometimes take the international nature of our movement for granted, but visiting Japan with Shigeko helped me appreciate her challenges living in America and dealing with a language and customs that are so different from hers.

# BECOMING PASTOR



Here I was in 1995, four years into our life in Detroit, minding my own business, doing my campus ministry work, working in a clinic, and helping out with church services and programs when suddenly our pastor asked to come over to visit.

After dinner at our house, he told me that he felt called to do mission work in Africa. I congratulated him and wished him well. That meant, he said, that I should become pastor. I was very clear: “No thanks,” I said. He was asking me to move into the old house we were using as a church, which would mean a more than public life, going back to fundraising, and leaving my dad by himself in our house. I thanked him again but said I was very happy being a campus minister, taking care of my family, and working at the clinic and in the community. He suggested that we have a church meeting where it could all be talked out. I agreed.

We had a town hall style meeting at the church. What we came up with was a plan for me to take on the position of part-time pastor. The plan called for the creation of a church board that would meet weekly to take responsibility for various aspects of the church. I agreed to this.

Our church had a sendoff for the former pastor and made a new beginning. With tribal messiah couples and families gradually moving to the area, we had decisions to make including reorganizing our church service and Sunday school and getting more room for it all. Getting more room was our first order of business.

Our church center was an old farmhouse that a state pastor had bought back

in the early '80s. It was now clearly too small for us. We had to decide what to do. Should we build on the land that we had behind the house or find a different building?

We had committees look into both options. In our meetings, we made a simple plan for what kind of building we would need if we were to build it. At the most basic level, we wanted a sanctuary and a social hall with a dividing wall between them plus some classrooms and a kitchen.

It turned out that putting up a new building would be too expensive at this point, so we invested our time in the search for a building to buy. We enlisted the help of a real estate team of two brothers who focused on church real estate. One after another, they showed us churches and other kinds of buildings that were too big, too small, too expensive, or too far away. It was now Christmas, and we thought we might go to a third option of renting space in another church or office building.

Then the morning after Christmas, the phone rang. One of the real estate agents said hesitantly that he didn't know if we would like the place he had in mind, but he was calling about an old school building that he thought might work. We set a time to go look at it.

The building was being used as a day care center. I laughed when I saw it. I could see why he was hesitant to call me. There were giant paintings of cartoon characters on the front of the building. Inside there was a mural of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs on one wall; the other walls were pink, bright blue, and orange. Children were everywhere. The minute I walked in, however, I knew this was it. There it was, just what we had planned we would need. There were two large rooms with a dividing wall between them. On the other side of the building, there was a kitchen and classrooms, too.

I reported the visit to the members on Sunday. The building was just two miles away, so after church we drove over there. The first member who walked in said, "This will never be a church." I asked everyone to calm down and, sitting in a circle, we reviewed our plan and how this could fit our needs. We voted and it passed. We spent a lot of money on paint and gradually with new carpet, lights, and some remodeling, it became our home.

Our new building gave us room to develop and grow. It was good timing because the providence was gradually speeding up. This was affecting my situation as well. Our work with other church ministers was expanding, and more and more conferences and meetings were being held nationally and internationally.

At the clinic I increasingly had to take days off to attend these meetings representing the Michigan church. It got to the point where by the year 2000, it was clear I could not do both the clinic and the church work. The church talked it out and I knew where my heart was. I stepped aside from the work at the clinic and became a full-time pastor and the state leader. Once I had made the decision, I knew it was the right thing to do. God might have had this in mind all along, but I thank Him for allowing me to come to it in my own way and time.

As part of my mission as state leader, I again was called to go to meetings at Father and Mother Moon's home in Tarrytown as I had done years earlier when I was the state leader of Vermont. Now, however, I was going to their newly built home called East Garden. Their former home, Belvedere, was being used for other projects.

On one occasion, I was very late. My journey included the flight from Detroit to New York, a bus to Grand Central Station, a train ride up to Irvington, and then a half mile walk to East Garden. When I finally arrived, I found the room so crowded that I could only squeeze into the back. I stood next to an archway that leads to the rest of the house. Father had left the room. I stood there for about ten minutes listening to the meeting. Someone was giving a report when suddenly, BOP! I got hit on the head. I turned and was surprised to see Father standing right next to me smiling. I smiled back, and off he went to the front of the room. "That was interesting," I thought. Though I was late, I felt it was a small sign that Father appreciated my heart and effort in getting there.

# ADOPTING OUR SON



**B**y the time we moved back to Detroit, my wife and I were both forty years old. Since we were an older couple, we were interested in having children right away. As one, two, and then three years went by, we became concerned that might not happen for us. We began a prayer condition to seek God's guidance and help.

Then we began to deal with the situation from the practical side. We went to the doctor to see if my wife or I had any medical problems. When the doctor did not find anything physically wrong with either of us, he suggested we try fertilization procedures. This was 1995 and we were both forty-four years old so we knew conception was a long shot by any means, but we gave it our best. In the end, nothing came of it.

We sat down, talked, and began to gear ourselves up for our next option, adoption. In our church, we have a beautiful tradition that embodies true love in a way that few people have experienced it. Some members of our church have felt called to help couples who are childless experience the joy of having children by offering a baby to them. It is a very moving tradition that kind of takes your breath away. The offering couple conceives the child specifically for the receiving couple so the baby is in a way always theirs.

But even with this established custom, where does one start with this kind of thing? One cannot go around asking families, "Can you conceive a child for us to adopt from you?" We began by talking with couples who had offered children and with couples who had received a child to adopt. With this information, we contacted a sister through our church headquarters who was matching

families together as a mission. She gave us helpful advice. She also put us on a list of couples who needed children. It was long.

We kept praying. One couple heard about us and called to ask about our situation. Nothing came of that. However, we felt hopeful that at least someone had called. Then another brother, John, called from Ohio to ask about us. He and his wife had offered a child to another couple, and he wanted to encourage others to do this as well. We thanked him for his concern, but we did not hear anything after that.

Meanwhile the church activities continued. In December 1996, Father Moon called state leaders to celebrate God's Day in Uruguay. This was a surprise. Father was developing our movement in South America at the time. I booked a flight and headed for Uruguay. We were told to bring a fishing pole if we had one. We were also told to bring a tent and, of course, the customary sleeping bag. Since it was the beginning of summer in Uruguay, the plan was for us to camp on the slope of a hill in front of Father and Mother Moon's home outside of Monteverde.

I didn't have a fishing pole, but I did connect with another brother who had a tent. We arrived and set up. Well, we set up quite a nice tent city. Then the second night we were there, it poured. The slope became a river. People and tents slid down the hill. Fortunately since it was the beginning of summer, the days were quite warm so we could dry out, reorganize, and set up again.

The next day was God's Day, and we had a great celebration. Father gave his morning message. Then we headed to the Atlantic Ocean to fish off the beach with the huge twelve foot high fishing poles that they use there. We were after the prized cordova fish. We also had sports competitions on the beach and some swimming so it was a good day.

In the evening, we headed home for dinner. We didn't have many fish to cook, but they served us some of the finest beef in the world grilled over an open fire. The people of Uruguay are very proud of their beef, and its reputation is well deserved. That night we had entertainment on a colorful stage and then Father began to speak. He loves to set records and do things we will never forget. At about 9:00 P.M. he began his message and just kept going. Soon it was

2:00 A.M., then 3:00 A.M., and then as the sun was rising, he concluded.

What does all of this have to do with our adoption? I went home and continued my church mission and our prayers for a child. Then a week after I got back, it came, a phone call that I will never forget. We were completely surprised when, seemingly from out of nowhere, a brother named Jeff from Wisconsin phoned us and said, “We feel called to offer a child to you.” God has His ways. It turned out that the trip to Uruguay was central to this happening. I had gone to represent Michigan. John, the brother who had called us from Ohio, had come to represent his state, and his friend Jeff had come to represent Wisconsin. I did not meet John or Jeff in Uruguay, but they met each other and talked about our situation.

Our two families prepared for the adoption together. We went to visit them at their home in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, several times over the nine months of this journey. My wife went there to be with his wife, Toyoko, two weeks before the baby was due. I stayed in Detroit to prepare the house.

I was awakened at 6:30 A.M. on Oct. 26, 1998, with a call. I knew this must be it. I picked up the phone and heard that our son had been born and everyone was fine. I hit the road running. I got a ticket for the 9:30 A.M. flight to Milwaukee. It was a wonderful flight. As the plane traveled over the clouds, I looked out the window and for some atmospheric reason, I saw a rainbow around the shadow of our plane as it glided above puffy white clouds. I felt like God’s spirit was surrounding us. I sat with tears in my eyes thanking God for the blessing we were receiving.

When the flight landed in Milwaukee, I jumped into a rental car and took off to Sheboygan. It was a beautiful sunny autumn day with gold and red leaves shining on the hillsides. I found the hospital and went upstairs to their room. After thanking Toyoko and greeting my wife, they had me wash my hands and handed him to me. It was true. There he was, snoring so cutely. Soon he woke up and looked at me and the rest, as they say, is history.

A better son than our son, Adam, one could not hope to have. In the Bible, an angel prophesied to the high priest Zachariah about his future child, John the Baptist, saying, “He shall be a joy...” (Luke 1:14). And our son, Adam, was

and is. Among his gifts is an ability in language. From the beginning, my wife spoke to him in Japanese, and I, of course, spoke to him in English. He did really well with this. At four years of age, he could translate for me when I was having a conversation with a Japanese person.

The reason I am bringing this up is that Korean is the mother tongue of our church, just as Latin is for Catholics. Father Moon's sermons and writings are in Korean, and he always encouraged members to learn the language. I took two years of Korean while I was at the seminary. For me it was difficult to learn, but quietly I placed my hope in Adam. I knew he could do it: he could become fluent in Korean.

Our movement has a language and culture school in Korea for just this purpose. The program is designed for middle school students, which means entering in seventh grade at twelve years of age. Since we could see Adam had the ability, we hoped that he might like to attend. We began to set aside the money we would need for this. Then as he finished sixth grade, I was called to Korea to a special event Father Moon was having at our church facility at Cheong Pyeong.

I scheduled my return flight so as to have a couple of extra days in Korea thinking I might have a chance to visit the school. I did have time. I found my way on the bus from Cheong Pyeong to downtown Seoul. Then with the help of a few kind-hearted Koreans, I got on the correct subway to the school.

The couple in charge of the dormitory gave me a tour. I told them that my wife and I were thinking of having Adam come the next year. The wife, Sybil, said, "That's great. We still have a few openings for next year." She began asking questions about his passport, application papers, and medical exam.

The next school year would start in September. It was now the middle of July. It took me a moment to realize what she was saying. "You mean you want him to come six weeks from now?" I told her we had been thinking of the following year because he was only eleven years old. He would turn twelve in October. She said he would be the youngest student in this class, but that eleven year olds had attended in the past and they had done well. She said to anyway think about it and talk with my wife and Adam.

Well, I called home right away. We began to pray about it. The key element was Adam. We asked him, and he was up for it. He had been to Korea a few years earlier. When my wife had taken him to visit her relatives in Japan, they had made a side trip to Korea to visit our training center for the annual Azalea Festival which takes place in the first week of May. He had enjoyed himself.

It turned out we could do it, and we did. I was still worried about him being only eleven years old, but my wife was confident and he was confident as well and looking forward to going. Fortunately he would be traveling with four other students from Chicago who would also be starting at the school. So on Labor Day, we were at O'Hare Airport in Chicago to see Adam and the others off.

Thank goodness for skype; we skyped three times a week. In October, we celebrated his twelfth birthday with a cake on our end and one on his. His new friends gathered around the screen to wave hello. He loved the dorm. Being an only child and being very social, he liked to be with friends. Now he had thirty classmates to play, hang, and study with from morning to night. They were from all over -- Africa, Canada, Europe. Fortunately Korea is a safe environment. They could take the subway around Seoul without fear. My son was so proud when he found the only Taco Bell in Korea at E Tae Won, the shopping district in Seoul for westerners.

Adam came home for Christmas break for a whirlwind of sleepovers, visits, and outings and then went back for the second semester. The year went well enough that he decided to go back for the second year of the program. It happened that I could go visit him for a couple days after a conference I had been called to attend in Cheong Pyeong.

By this time I was getting better at getting around Seoul, and I found my way again to the dorm. Adam took me out for a Korean dinner at his favorite restaurant. I met his teachers and staff. Then the next morning he took me on a tour around the school. He showed me Children's Grand Park which is right next to the school. He took me to his favorite little neighborhood grocery stores. We visited his friends in the neighborhood and went up to the main road where the major businesses were.

Then it hit me. This area was so similar to the neighborhood that I had

grown up in. I had lived next to a park. My school had been at one end of it. I had played with kids up and down the block. There had been small candy stores in the neighborhood and up on the main road, there was a grocery store and shops. It was uncanny. For a year Adam had been living in an environment that was so much like that of my early life. It had been great for me, and it was good for him, too.

# THE ROLE OF THE CLERGY EXPANDS



Over the years, Father Moon was never happier than when he was meeting with the clergy. Those who had fought in the Korean War had, directly or indirectly, helped save his life from the North Korean prison camp. Those who came to Washington D. C., to support him in the tax case comforted him to no end. As I said, the clergy really began their association with our movement in 1983 when they rallied to support Rev. Moon, who had been falsely accused of tax evasion by the IRS.

One pastor in Detroit who had supported him was Rev. Mozie Lee Smith of Huggins Community A.M.E. Church. I asked her once how she came to know Father Moon. She said she had never heard of him at that time, but when she saw on the news that he was in trouble with the government, she knew she had to help. She and some other A.M.E. pastors drove from Detroit to Washington, D.C., to support him. She later went to Korea and has since become a strong supporter of Father Moon's work.

As the tax problem faded away, so did some of the pastors who had supported him. Among those who remained as friends, there was an especially large number of African-American pastors. Father Moon noted that among the providential figures in the story of Jesus was the African Simon of Cyrene, who had carried the cross for Jesus on the day of his crucifixion. Father Moon said that like Simon of Cyrene, people from Africa have suffered carrying the weight of God's providence throughout history. However, he explained, due to this,

they are in a position to be greatly blessed and to be a blessing to the world as well. Among the seven thousand pastors who went to Korea to attend interfaith conferences after Rev. Moon's release from prison in 1985, a majority were African-American pastors.

As we began to fellowship with them, our international members from Europe, our Japanese members, and our white American members had little experience with the African-American church. Of course, our own African-American members helped us out, but mostly Father Moon encouraged us telling us to just go, serve, and learn. We did. We walked into African-American churches and took part in their Bible studies and prayer meetings. As we did, we found that both sides gained and grew from these experiences.

In Detroit, we were touched by the depth of the musical culture in the African-American church that gave rise to Motown. It seems that everyone in the church can sing and play music. I especially notice and appreciate it because, as I said, I am not good with music at all. For years, the pastors have been trying to help me loosen up and have a little soul. I tell them I'm a lost cause, but they are very patient with their "white soul brother."

In 2000, the clergy of all faiths who had formed a friendship with Rev. Moon and supported his interfaith work formally organized the American Clergy Leadership Conference (ACLC). The pastors together with our members created a ten point "Statement of Purpose" that clergy of all faiths could unite around.

Our work together went into high gear at the ACLC True Family Values Banquet in Chicago in December of 2000 when Father Moon made a surprising announcement. He said before a thousand clergy that he would soon begin a fifty state speaking tour that would be conducted in fifty days. Our ACLC leadership asked Father Moon if they had heard him correctly. They had, and the scramble began as it had so many times before. How could we organize a major program in a different state each day for fifty days?

Throughout January 2001, the whole movement, including the pastors, organized and prepared. The tour began in the middle of February and actually lasted for fifty-two days, one day for each state including Alaska and Hawaii,

plus one for the District of Columbia. Then Father gave one more speech in Harlem as a “thank you” to the African American clergy who had supported him through the years and through the tour.

In Detroit, we went to our friend Rev. James Holley, pastor of Historic Little Rock Baptist Church. He had been to Korea, and we had worked together on different events. His church was of the size we needed to host the program. He said he would be happy to do it so we were on our way. Our program, the thirty-second on the tour, was held on March 21, 2001.

One pastor who was dying to see Father Moon was Rev. Mozie Lee Smith. Although she had gone to Washington, D.C., to support him in the tax case and to Korea for the conferences, she had never personally met Father. She very much wanted to do that. The night of the program she was ready. Seven pastors sat in a row of chairs on the altar to welcome Father and Mother Moon as they entered. Rev. Mozie Lee Smith was one of them. She held the gift the pastors had prepared. As she handed it to Father Moon, she reached up and gave him a big kiss on the cheek. Father in turn took her in a bear hug and lifted her off the floor to the laughter and applause of the audience. She has told this story numerous times, how she kissed “daddy” and how he swept her off her feet.

# WORLD TRADE TOWERS



Our movement held a major blessing of marriages in 1997 at RFK stadium in Washington, D.C., and then another in 1998 at Madison Square Garden. In 2001, another was scheduled for Madison Square Garden near the end of September. This program in 2001 would be primarily for pastors and their congregations. I again headed to New York City to help with preparations.

At this event, clergy from all denominations and religions would be formally coming together to rededicate their marriages to God and to affirm their support for God's desire that all of His children live together in peace as one family under God.

The timing of the event happened to work well for my family. My wife was already scheduled to go to Japan to attend the one-year anniversary of the death of her mother. She took Adam with her, and we arranged for my younger brother in northern Michigan to take care of my father. So, on September 4th, I said goodbye to my wife and son at the airport and drove my father up to Cheboygan, Michigan, to my brother's house. I then packed and prepared to head to New York.

I left Detroit on September 6th. I had reserved an evening flight from Metro Airport to LaGuardia. The night was crystal clear as we approached New York City. We could see the city lights and the buildings shimmering in the night. For some reason, our flight came toward the city from the south.

As we drew close to Manhattan, the captain pointed out the Statue of Liberty on the left side of the plane. Then as we reached Manhattan, we slowly flew directly over the World Trade Towers. From my seat, I could look straight down

and felt as if I could touch the tops of them. The glass on the buildings looked like crystal. It was a breathtaking view. I recalled how my wife had worked in the North Tower at a Japanese language school when I was at seminary. I had been to her office several times high on the ninety-sixth floor.

When we landed, a member picked me up at the airport. He had come from a church service not far away in Queens. He asked if I would like to go back there with him. When he said that Rev. Michael Jenkins, the current president of the church, was there, I said, "Of course, let's go." We got there just as the service ended. I could meet the pastor and Rev. Jenkins. I asked what the plan was for this event and where I would be helping. Rev. Jenkins said I would be working at our church offices on 43rd St., so off I went.

I stayed in the dorms on the upper level of the building and attended meetings to help organize the event. On the third day, I asked Rev. Jenkins if I could change my mission from this office work to visiting churches with a group of members who had just arrived and were working in Brooklyn. He said OK, so I got my suitcase and took the subway to Brooklyn.

I arrived at a bustling church center on the evening of September 10th. The members there had come from Los Angeles and were getting settled in. We organized small teams, transportation, and maps of the area. My team of three was to visit the churches and synagogues in the southern part of Brooklyn to invite them to take part in the marriage blessing.

The next morning was Tuesday, September 11th. We had our morning service and breakfast and then at 8:30 A.M., we headed out to our area. As we were driving down one of the main roads in Brooklyn, we suddenly heard sirens behind us. We slowed and pulled over to the side of the road to see a whole line of fire engines, trucks, cars, and police cars whizzing past us. It seemed like something big had happened so I turned on the radio. That was when we heard that the World Trade Towers had been hit. We listened in shock and then we talked over what to do.

I heard that other teams had headed home after they heard the news. We did not. We decided to go to our area. I figured the best thing we could do to answer this atrocity was to do a work of goodness. We met several pastors and

talked with them about what we were doing and about the attacks, and at each church we visited, we and the pastors prayed together. We stopped only when one church secretary was so agitated that she could not listen to anything we had to say.

On the way back, we heard on the news that all national and international flights in and out of America had been canceled. The reality of my situation began to sink in. My wife and son were in Japan, my father was in northern Michigan, and I was in New York City. None of us had a way to get back together. I realized that I had better call to make sure my family knew I was OK. I called my brother in Cheboygan and told him that although I was in New York, I was fine. Later in the evening, I called my wife.

We went back to the church center and watched as the horror unfolded on the news. Again I remembered my wife working in the North Tower on the ninety-sixth floor and my visits up there. As I pictured the offices and hallways, I prayed for her co-workers and all the others in those towers who had lost their lives in the literal hell of that day.

We found out later that when Father and Mother Moon heard about the attack, they went into seclusion to pray and fast for three days. For us in New York, the mission changed. In response to the immediate needs of the city, the ACLC leadership gathered pastors to go to Ground Zero as chaplains to help the recovery workers. Then Father redirected the mission for the upcoming event. Instead of a marriage blessing, at this time we would hold a national level interfaith prayer service. Father sent a message saying that Christianity must love Islam more, and he set the example by providing a venue in Indonesia for a world gathering of Muslim leaders to come together to deal with the crisis. From Detroit, Imam Qwazini from the Islamic Center of America attended that meeting.

Since our prayer service would be a national event, we were to go back home to our cities and invite clergy to attend. On the third day after the attack, the planes were still not flying so I had to find a way back to Detroit. Fortunately Greyhound buses were running. The subway from Brooklyn into Manhattan was running, too, so I made my way into the city. It was the most eerie sight

walking down 42nd St., crossing Broadway and 7th Ave. and then 8th Ave., to see no cars on the road. It was almost apocalyptic to see the city mostly vacant.

I boarded my bus that evening and made my way home. After crossing under the Hudson River into New Jersey, we could turn in our seats to see huge flames coming up from Ground Zero, a fire that was burning twenty-four hours a day. The flames lit up the night sky for miles around. What a difference from the last time I had seen the towers from the air just days earlier.

The bus drove through the night to Detroit. When I got back, I picked up my father from my brother's house. When planes started flying again, Shigeo and Adam made it back as well. When we all were home, we prayed in gratitude for the simple blessing of just being able to be safely together.

I set about inviting pastors to attend the prayer service in New York. Many pastors would not fly. We did not push them but just encouraged those who felt called. Ten pastors flew back to New York with me the next week. Again it was eerie seeing the airport and the planes still mostly empty.

Two thousand clergy from all faiths gathered in New York at our Manhattan Center. We recognized those who had gone to Ground Zero to assist, remembered all who had been lost, and prayed for God to help and guide this nation and for healing between Christians and Muslims.

# RECONCILED IN JERUSALEM



As the Iraq invasion began in March 2003, Father Moon became quite ill. Since he was almost never sick, we were concerned. He entered the hospital on the first day of the conflict and was there for almost three weeks. It was at this time that he announced his plan to work directly for peace in the Middle East. He explained that the root of the conflict between the Muslim world and the West was the conflict between Israelis and Palestinians and that now was the time to act to resolve it. Peace in the Middle East is spiritually an extremely heavy mission, and we felt that Father Moon's illness was connected to shouldering that task.

After Father came out of the hospital, he announced that the first interfaith pilgrimage to the Middle East would take place in May. He asked for members of the American Clergy Leadership Conference to go to Israel to meet with both Jewish and Muslim leaders.

As always he stressed that we must embrace both sides in this conflict, in this case between members of Abraham's family, the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael. For our interfaith group to be able to do this, he asked the Christian pastors who wanted to attend to set a condition, to make an offering. Father asked them to take down the crosses from their churches and to exchange their crosses for a crown for the Lord Jesus. Many pastors were shocked and even offended at the thought of taking down their crosses. We were criticized harshly by some churches.

However, Rev. Moon taught strongly that the cross is not a symbol of the victory of Jesus' resurrection. Rather it is a symbol of Jesus' agony. For those

who were strict adherents to the letter of the biblical word, he reminded them that there is no scriptural passage where Jesus said to use the cross as a symbol of his church.

Some pastors understood. They got it and did in fact have ceremonies on Easter Sunday 2003, to take down the cross from their sanctuaries. Father invited a hundred and twenty of these pastors to go to the Middle East. To prepare them for the trip, he invited them to meet with him in New York.

At this meeting Father Moon gave more explanation for his request. He explained that not only does the cross cause pain to Jesus, it also causes pain to Jewish people. For two thousand years, they have been accused of killing Jesus, and the cross is a reminder of this to them.

Just about this time, I had an experience with this very issue. I was visiting an interfaith group in a Detroit suburb that was planning to have a program at a local synagogue. The rabbi said everyone was welcome to attend but he had one request, "Please do not wear a cross when you come." Some pastors objected, but I supported him and explained Father Moon's viewpoint at this meeting. Their responses were similar to what we had experienced, some got it and some did not.

In Israel when the rabbis heard that a group of American pastors were coming who had taken down the cross from their churches, they became very interested in our group and the upcoming conference we would be having. When invited, they began to sign up. When the ACLC members arrived, these rabbis welcomed them. During the next three days as they realized the American Christians were not trying to convert them, their hearts were calmed and opened up to dialogue and reconciliation.

At the end of the third day, these rabbis along with the leaders of the Christian and Muslim groups signed an historic document, the "Jerusalem Declaration," where each repented of sins against the others. This included the repentance of the Christian pastors for Christian persecution of the Jews and for the crusades against the Muslims. The Muslim imams repented for the Muslim attacks on both Jews and Christian. The rabbis repented for their ancestors crucifying Jesus.

Father Moon was encouraged by the outcome. He said it was the beginning of the spiritual foundation that was needed for peace to come in the Middle East. He directed the American clergy to go again in September.

I deeply missed not being on the first trip, but I went on the second one together with three pastors and an imam from our area. On this pilgrimage, the work expanded. Conferences were convened in both Jerusalem and Ramallah. We held a prayer walk through the Christian, Muslim, and Jewish quarters of the old city of Jerusalem. We were allowed to visit the Dome of the Rock. Step by step, our group was gaining the trust of both Muslims and Jews in the Holy Land.

Father directed a third pilgrimage to be held in December. For this pilgrimage, clergy of all faiths, congregation members, and Unification Church members were gathered from over thirty countries. From Detroit we brought twelve clergy and over twenty of our church members. Altogether more than three thousand people traveled to the Holy Land. Father Moon had something in mind.

Once there we prepared the nation of Israel for a very special event, a public reconciliation on a national level. Clergy visited the religious leaders of all sects and branches of faiths. I and other members of our church handed out flyers door to door and on the street printed in Hebrew on one side and Arabic on the other.

At 3:00 P.M. on December 22nd, we met for an outdoor rally at Independence Park at the center of Jerusalem. The program was called "Heart to Heart: The Healing of the Holy Land." Some of the best Jewish, Christian, and Muslim performers entertained. The former mayor of Jerusalem and other political, cultural, and religious leaders gave greetings leading up to the main event, a public reconciliation between Christians, Muslims, and Jews.

Ceremonial gifts were prepared for each religion: a candelabra for the Jews, a beautiful robe for Mohammad, and a crown of peace for Jesus. Before a crowd of over ten thousand people who had gathered in the park, and as Father Moon watched via the internet, on the huge stage, the robe was presented to a representative of Islam by a Christian and a Jew; the candelabra was presented to a

representative of Judaism by a Christian and a Muslim; and a representative of Judaism presented a crown to Jesus and a robe to the Holy Spirit, who were represented by two chairs at the center of the stage. After the presentation of the crown to Jesus, the Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Michael Jenkins, proclaimed, "Welcome home, Jesus! Welcome home!"

With the Jewish and Muslim faiths loved and honored and with Jesus publicly crowned prince of peace and welcomed home after two thousand years, Rev. Jenkins proclaimed, "All is reconciled!" A complete foundation for reconciliation had been attained.

It was a great accomplishment and, later we found out, life threatening. Rev. Jenkins explained that the original plan had been to hold the ceremony in a hotel. Father Moon had said, "No, it must be done in public." As the staff changed plans and prepared for a public ceremony, bomb threats came in from a Palestinian armed group that did not want to see reconciliation among the three faiths. This was reported to Father Moon. He responded by saying to absolutely go ahead with the public program.

Father said that reconciliation had to be accomplished among the three faiths, and Jesus had to be welcomed publicly on a national level so that peace could come to the Middle East. The spiritual foundation had been laid. The American Clergy Leadership Conference has continued to build on that foundation with over forty more pilgrimages. Peace among the world's religions is critical to peace in the world.

# SUNDAY IN EAST GARDEN



**T**he ACLC holds pastor conferences about three times a year. Some of our core pastors in Detroit wanted to attend the conference held in April 2005, at the Princess Royale Hotel in Ocean City, Maryland. Eight of us drove to this conference. It was great being right on the beach with ocean views from our rooms and prayer meetings around a bonfire at night. We studied and discussed Divine Principle and heard presentations on best practices in youth and family ministry and church development for four days.

The evening before the close of the program, I had dinner with Rev. Jenkins, who had become the national chairman of ACLC, and with Archbishop George Stallings, the co-chairman, and the organizer of the conference. At dinner Rev. Jenkins mentioned that Father Moon was inviting pastors who could make it to join him for Sunday morning service at his home in Tarrytown the next day.

After the program concluded on Saturday with lunch, we packed the van and prepared for our return to Detroit. As we headed out on the highway from Ocean City, I casually mentioned, "You know Father Moon invited pastors to his house for service tomorrow morning." Rev. Hatcher and his wife were available. Mrs. Hatcher said, "I think it's a great idea. What an opportunity. Does anyone have to be back in the morning?" Bishop B. H. Weeks and the others agreed. Their Sunday service was covered. As we talked, I was approaching the exit on the highway marked "North" to New Jersey. "OK," I said, "we're coming to the exit we would have to take." Mrs. Hatcher said, "OK, let's go." I made the turn and off we went.

We headed up the coast through Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey, and

across the George Washington Bridge into New York City. From there I knew the road like the back of my hand. Many times I had driven up from our headquarters in the New Yorker Hotel to East Garden. We made our way up Route 9 and then took the turns needed to get to my favorite hotel.

As we drove, I prepared them for the next morning. I told them that the doors to East Garden would open at 4:00 A.M. Being there when they opened would assure us a seat in the front of the room. There would be no chairs so we would be sitting on the floor oriental style. Father and Mother would enter at 5:00 A.M., and we would pray. An assistant would then read one of Father Moon's speeches, Father would speak, and there would be a report on our conference. I told them the service probably wouldn't be too long by Father Moon's standards, about three hours. They were ready.

Sure enough we were up at 3:00 A.M. and in front of the gate at East Garden by 4:00 A.M. After we entered and parked, we walked in the quiet darkness across the grounds through the wet grass in the cool morning air. We could see the Hudson River in the distance with the lights shimmering on it from the Tappan Zee Bridge. We took off our shoes at the entrance and entered the large carpeted meeting room. We were the first ones except for Rev. Jenkins. He warmly greeted the pastors and showed them where to sit.

Soon the room began to fill. At 5:00 A.M. with the room packed with members and other clergy coming from the conference, Father and Mother entered along with some of their children and grandchildren. As Father and Mother sat in their chairs at the front of the room, in Korean style, the children first made a full bow before their parents and then the grandchildren did the same.

A sister read one of Father's messages from the 1970s. In this tradition, as his message is read, Father usually makes comments on the contents. With clergy present, he never missed the opportunity to guide them and point out the immorality in America and their important responsibility in correcting it.

When Father finished speaking, there were reports. Rev. Jenkins reported on the clergy conference, which stimulated Father to exhort the clergy further to deal with the state of the nation. Rev. Jenkins invited one of the clergy to report on the conference as well.

Other reports about activities in America and around the world were given. Another common aspect of these morning sessions was the sharing of songs. This morning a Japanese sister and then an American brother sang. About this time, some of Father Moon's grandchildren started to peak their heads in asking for Grandpa. Sure enough at about 8:00 A.M., Father closed the session. As everyone stood and bowed, he returned a bow and the service ended.

Rev. Jenkins informed the pastors that Father Moon had invited them to have breakfast in his dining room. One exceptional feature of East Garden is that it was built into the side of a hill. The side wall of the dining room is composed of the exposed rock of the hill. It is dramatic, with a flowing stream cascading down over the rock into a pond with golden koi at floor level.

It was indeed a sign of Father's respect and love for the clergy that he invited them to his dining room. We took photos and had a memorable morning as the staff prepared and served a great American breakfast of pancakes, sausage, and eggs for us and the other clergy who were there. We headed back to Detroit afterward on cloud nine.

As our children have gotten older, we have tried to give them the chance to have the experiences with Father and Mother Moon that we had. In his last years, Father was only occasionally in America. Once when he was here, we Detroit members took our children on a pilgrimage to one of Father's daily 5:00 A.M. services. We loaded the van with our young people and drove the twelve hours from Detroit to Tarrytown, New York, where we stayed in a hotel. Then, just as we did with the pastors, we got up at 3:00 A.M. to be over at East Garden by 4:00 A.M. so we could be in the front row for the service. Father and Mother loved seeing our children, and our children have the memory of sharing a church service with Father and Mother Moon in person.

One thing our young people did not experience that day, however, was the length of some of Father Moon's talks. In the early days of the church before it was customary to read one of Father Moon's earlier speeches at service, Father Moon often spoke for most of the day. If he began to speak at 7:00 A.M., he would later check his watch and say, "It's 10:00 A.M., and I haven't even started my message yet. You must be getting hungry. Should I stop?" Inevitably we

would shout out, “No!” and he would keep going. When it got to be 11:00 A.M., we knew he was going for noon. As soon as noon passed, he would say, “We have gone over the hill,” and he would eventually wind down. But not always. I attended one meeting where he spoke for twelve hours. For a while his record was sixteen hours. Later it became twenty-three hours. This long speech was given when he was in his eighties.

# THE PEACE PALACE



I was in Cheong Pyeong in 2003 for a retreat when I heard about plans for a Peace Palace to be built on the mountainside above the training center. One afternoon we had a chance to go up to the site which was just being leveled and prepared for the building. The hundred of us in the program walked the road that zigzagged up the side of the mountain to the plateau where the future palace, which is called Cheon Jeong Gung in Korean, would be built. At this level we were now looking over the other mountains in the area. There the leader of the project showed us drawings of the new building. It looked magnificent with tall pillars, a beautiful dome, and a courtyard in front with a fountain.

The contractor for the project explained it would house a chapel, a conference center, banquet rooms, a museum, and Father and Mother Moon's home. Hoon Mo Nim, the director of the training center, explained to us the meaning of the location. She explained that in ancient times, this was a religious site, and more recently it was where Father would often come to pray. In terms of the geography of Korea, the site, she said, is located at the center of the country, half way between the east and west coasts and half way between the top of North Korea and the bottom of South Korea. Thus, she explained, the physical center of Korea was to become the spiritual center for peace as well. I remembered seeing Father's mud hut in Pusan years earlier and thought about how far we had come to be planning a building like this.

Three years later in 2006, I was fortunate enough to be invited to its dedication. I took a flight from Chicago and at the airport met my friend Chris who was also going. Those of us who came from America stayed in the training

center upon our arrival. The next morning, June 13th, we were up at 4:00 A.M. The dedication ceremony would start at 10:00 A.M., and we wanted to be sure to get good seats. Even at this hour, there already were people waiting in lines for the buses to take them up the side of the mountain.

I saw Chris as we were walking to the buses. Standing at the end of the line, we talked it over. I told him that I had heard that the buses would not start going up for quite a while, and I had made this walk once before, and it wasn't bad. So, as the stars twinkled above and the sun began to rise, we headed up the road together toward the mountain.

It was one of the most pleasant walks I've ever taken. The gravel road I had trudged up before was now paved and the sides of the road were landscaped. To my surprise, there were sculptures along the way and even a rest area with a garden and pagoda. Also along the way were other members making the walk. We met friends we had worked with over the years. We met old teammates whose faces looked familiar. As we met, we tried to figure out on what campaign or project we had worked together. We took pictures as we gradually walked high enough to be able to see the training center in the distance below us.

The last leg of the road passed directly below the palace. At the end, we made the sharp right turn into the gate, and the building appeared before us. Where I had seen a flat plain of mud years earlier, there was now a fountain to the left and white granite archways to the right. We passed under an archway and past tables where our Korean members were passing out water and small Korean style celebration cakes.

The courtyard opened before us, and we saw a vast staircase going up to the main building with a tree on either side. The tree on the right, an usher explained, was Father's tree. It was under this tree that he often came to pray. The usher explained that the building was actually designed to include this tree. In the early days, Father told the members with him that this area would one day be a holy site. Now here it was, and here we were.

We looked over the railing around the plaza to the mountains below. The sun was still rising behind us, and we could see mist on some of the other mountains and Cheong Pyeong Lake in the distance. Neither of us had tickets

for the VIP section, but we were happy to find front row seats in the section for the general audience at the foot of the steps. This turned out to be a good spot because once the program began, the procession went right past us.

Promptly at 10:00 A.M., a band began to play. Then a procession of flags representing a hundred and twenty nations began to enter. Attendees carried the flags up the stairs and lined up across the front of the palace on the stage. Next a procession of crowns came by, each one again representing one of one hundred twenty nations. Attendees carried the crowns up the stairs into the main doors of the building.

Father and Mother Moon and their children then appeared to applause from the audience. To open the program, Dr. Yang, the president of the Korean church, gave the invocation. Then Father Moon offered the dedication prayer in which he spoke of God as the King of Eternity, the King of Kings of Love, and the Master of Masters who governs with sovereignty and authority. He offered the Peace Palace saying that it had been constructed with joy to serve the Kingdom of Heaven wherein all can live eternally receiving God's love in the embrace of God's bosom.

Father then gave his message describing the life a person of heaven should lead. In short, he said people should live for the sake of others, have dominion over their physical bodies, establish good families, be guided by their consciences, and be obedient to God's word.

After his prayer and message, he and Mother Moon gave gifts to representatives from each of the five continents. There were messages of congratulations from national and international dignitaries, and there was entertainment by Korean and other international musicians and dancers.

Next on the schedule was a banquet lunch for the VIPs hosted by Father and Mother Moon in one of the banquet rooms inside the palace. Following the ceremony, I had one personal item on my mind. To help pay for the Peace Palace, the church had collected contributions from members around the world. If a family made this donation, their names would be engraved on a wall in the building. My wife and I wanted to be a part of this so we had sent in our donation. Now was my chance to see our names in person. Chris's family had

also given so he wanted to see his family's names as well.

We asked one of the ushers where we should go for this. He directed us to one of the side doors. We entered into the museum section of the building. In display cases were the gifts of artwork given to Father and Mother Moon from their world tours. Gorgeous tapestries from England, pottery from China, a wood sculpture by Native Americans in Alaska, and more were on display. We took some of this in until we saw the room we were looking for. There through the doorway we could see walls of marble with names listed. Many members were already in there.

The names were organized by country and by marriage blessing. Since Chris and I were from the same country and in the same Blessing, we found our section. And yes, there, about seven feet up the wall, were my family's names written in gold lettering on the white marble: David, Shigeko, and Adam Kasbow. Chris found the names of his family as well. I took pictures for my family and other families from Michigan who were listed but were not here for the dedication. As we took in the rest of the artwork on display, I imagined and hoped that one day my great grandchildren would come to see this place and the names of their great grandfather and great grandmother and their grandfather as well.

# THE INTERNATIONAL TOUR



In October of 2006, Father asked the clergy to take part in a world speaking tour of a hundred and twenty nations. He invited a hundred and twenty clergy from America to take part. They would begin by touring Japan and Korea. On October 12th, ten clergy left Detroit. This group included our good friend Rabbi Mordehi Waldman of Beth Tephilath Moses Synagogue in Mt. Clemons. We met up with others from different cities after we landed in Chicago and then we all headed to Tokyo together. The pastors were scheduled to speak in a hundred and twenty cities and towns in Japan and then another hundred and twenty in Korea.

Our assumption was that when we arrived, we would all meet at a hotel in Tokyo, rest for the night, have an orientation meeting the next morning, and then begin the tour. It did not work out quite that way. We came out of airport customs into a dark night and pouring rain. Instead of a bus taking the pastors to a hotel, we were greeted by a line of Japanese members each holding a placard with a particular pastor's name on it.

To our shock, as we came through the doors, these members were finding their pastor and were one-by-one whisking them away in cars, taxis, and vans. We had no time to prepare the clergy for anything. I could barely shout out "It's OK, they will take good care of you," as our pastors disappeared into the night and as I, too, was whisked away. I hoped and knew in my heart that they would be OK. We found out later that some were taken just a few miles away while others took bullet trains half way across the county.

We all reached our destinations and got settled into our hotel rooms. The

following morning, to the credit of the incredible organizing ability of the Japanese, each and every pastor gave Father Moon's message of peace at a designated church or hotel at exactly the same time, 11:00 A.M. in the morning. Again, I can only shake my head in awe at the Japanese. Only they could pull this off. From the reports we heard when we finally saw each other again a few days later, the clergy, almost to a person, did indeed have good experiences with their hosts and in giving their messages to the Japanese people.

I was taken to Hiroshima. There I gave the message in a hotel to two hundred members and guests and afterward attended a special lunch for some of their VIPs in attendance. We visited more friends of the church throughout the day.

The next day I had the great honor of visiting the historic sites of the city. The most significant of these memorializes the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. We visited Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park and Atomic Bomb Dome, one building left standing as a memorial to the hundred and forty thousand people who lost their lives immediately or by radiation soon after the explosion. We prayed there for them and for peace to come to this world.

The next day all those who had gone out around Japan gathered for final farewells to our Japanese hosts and then we went on to Korea. We had a similar experience there in that we were treated with the best hospitality. In Korea, we went in teams, taking turns giving the messages, traveling together to two or three locations in a day.

At the conclusion of these two tours, some pastors were chosen to continue on to other countries. Rev. William Revely, pastor of Holy Hope Heritage Church in Detroit was chosen to speak in eight nations in Africa. Rabbi Waldman went on to ten nations in Europe. To his amazement and delight, he was able to go to Albania, the birthplace of his great grandfather.

# THE LAST TOUR



**W**e continued to work with the clergy in local and national events in America. In September of 2011, Father Moon called them again to the world stage. We didn't know it, but this would be the last time for most of them to be with him. He called one hundred seventy-two clergy to go to Korea for two weeks.

Five of us from Detroit were part of this group. Detroit being the departure city for this flight, we met over a dozen pastors from around the East Coast who flew in and joined us at Metro Airport for the flight. After thirteen hours in the air, we landed in Korea at 5:00 P.M. This group had the privilege of staying on the grounds of Cheong Pyeong. It is the case that every time I go back, there is always a new building going up there. On our way into the grounds, we drove past what would soon be the Chung Shim Peace World Center, a twenty-five thousand seat convention center. Our lodging was just above it on the hill at the Chung Shim Youth Center.

The next day we were off in buses to the southern coast of the country. Father had invited the pastors to join with him to dedicate what he called the Ocean Peace Palace on Komon Island off the southern coast of Korea. When we reached the city of Yoesu, we stopped for the night. In the morning, we boarded a ferry for the two hour ride south to the island.

We landed and walked through the small fishing village and over a bridge. Then as we came around a bend in the road, we saw it, a palace on the hill overlooking the harbor. It was not as large as the original Peace Palace at Cheong Pyeong but was no less dignified and stately as it faced south toward the East

China Sea and the Pacific Ocean beyond. At the dedication ceremony, Father explained that he had built this palace to honor those who had died at sea and to anoint the ocean as a life-giving force that in the future would be a major source of food for the world.

After the dedication ceremony, a catered banquet lunch was served on the lawn overlooking the bay. He invited the pastors who would like to stay on the island for the night to join him in the morning for his 5:00 A.M. service and fishing after that. The pastors who chose to remain were treated to a real taste of Korean culture. We stayed in small motels in the village that had Korean style bedding. Some of the pastors were surprised to walk into their rooms and find no beds. We explained to them that in the closet were mats, blankets, and pillows. Each motel had rooms upstairs and a restaurant below. After laying out our bedding, we went downstairs to a dinner of kimchi fish soup, rice, and plenty of Korean style side dishes. Some of the clergy were surprised that the soup was so good and the bedding, so comfortable.

At 5:00 A.M. we met with Father and Mother Moon for service in the Ocean Peace Palace where Father Moon continued to explain to us the importance of our coming to Korea, the providence of the building we were in, and America's mission in the world. After a western style breakfast, we headed out for some fishing. Whenever Father Moon was near the water, whether it was in Kodiak, Alaska, New York, New Orleans, Hawaii, or on the coast of Korea, he went out fishing. Occasionally at services and gatherings, he would speak about it. Once he said that fishing teaches us that a God-centered life causes the creation to respond to us. When you love the ocean, your boat, and the fish, they will respond to you and even come to be caught by you.

The mist over the water was beautiful as we headed onto the boats. On board were sailors who taught those who needed help how to bait hooks and the routine of catching fish. The mist began to lift as we moved away from the island. Most of us caught something. As we headed in, we took photos of each other's catch.

At the conclusion of our fishing trip, we returned on the ferry and then boarded our buses to go back to Cheong Pyeong. We now prepared for a

ceremony that was the centerpiece of the clergy's mission on this trip to Korea. Father called it the "Cheon Il Guk Registration" or "Heavenly Registration." Father's plan was for each pastor to receive the name of one of the Korean clans and through this become part of their family. Father explained to us that by the Western families being connected to Korean families, this ceremony would contribute to breaking down the barriers between East and West. It would help open the way to fulfill God's desire for the world to become one family.

The next day, by lottery we picked a particular Korean family clan name. I picked the Jae clan, Rev. Hatcher chose Choe, and so on. Then the following morning, we prepared ourselves to meet with a representative of the clan we had chosen. We each received a certificate of registration with both names saying that we were now registered with that Korean family's clan. Our pastors were honored and our Korean hosts were quite proud.

Although most of the Korean representatives could not speak English, with the help of interpreters, we took photos and exchanged name cards and email addresses. I could not speak much with my new friend, but we showed photos of our families, figured out what work each of us did, and I got the name of his children who do know some English.

The next stage of the mission was a speaking tour. We were divided into groups and traveled to different sections of the country to share Father's peace message with the Korean people. Our team of six pastors headed south to the city of Ulsan. We arrived in the evening.

The next morning we prepared for our first message. At a community center in the center of town, Bishop Raphael Williams of Greater Faith Assembly in Detroit represented the group and gave the first message. As he spoke, a Korean translated to the one hundred Ambassadors for Peace who had gathered. These Ambassadors for Peace are business, political, and social leaders and locals who are friends of our movement and support the ideals Father Moon has taught. After lunch with some of the Ambassadors for Peace, we headed to a local historic site and then on to our next presentation later in the afternoon.

This program took place in quite a unique setting. We gathered in a nature center that included an arboretum, sculpture garden, and small zoo. This center

belongs to an Ambassador for Peace named Mr. Kim who is a Buddhist and has known Father and Mother Moon for many years. Rev. Moses Fasanya from Minneapolis gave the message to this group, which included some of Mr. Kim's family and friends who he wanted to introduce to the movement. After the message, we took a tour of the gardens. Mr. Kim surprised and honored us by having us dedicate a Peace Tree with an engraved plaque honoring the occasion of our visit and our work. We finished the day with dinner in the nature center's cafeteria.

The next day was Sunday so we had the opportunity to visit one of our local churches in Ulsan. This time Rev. William Revely of Holy Hope Heritage Church in Detroit, gave Father Moon's message. This service became a unique international event and a real treat for all of us but especially the Koreans. They had the chance to hear African-American style Baptist church music. The whole room was on its feet as Bishop Raphael Williams and his wife, Pastor Patricia Williams, of Greater Faith Assembly in Detroit, led the congregation in gospel songs.

On our side, we could listen to some of the Koreans who knew American songs. One older gentleman shared the story of how he had learned American folk songs from an African-American soldier he got to know during the Korean War. This reunion between him and the African-American pastors moved him so deeply and all of us along with him. Some of our pastors also shared testimonies of their time in Korea during the war, and the Koreans shared their appreciation for the pastors' support for Father Moon's work.

Following the service, we were again treated to a great Korean lunch. Guests at this lunch included local congressmen, city council members, and local businessmen. These gatherings gave our pastors insight into the nature of our movement in Korea. Here it is not the clergy who are working with Father Moon. The Korean Christian church in general does not support his work. However, Father Moon's Ambassadors for Peace program is very substantial and includes people from every walk of life. Our church leaders explained that the attraction the Ambassadors for Peace program has is Father's vision for the peaceful reunification of North and South Korea.

The following day we headed back to Cheong Pyeong where we heard testimonies from pastors coming back from around the country. They shared their experiences giving Father Moon's message and meeting our church members and the Ambassadors for Peace.

The next day we had another memorable experience at our world headquarters church in the center of Seoul. There we attended the dedication of a sculpture honoring the great religious leaders of history. Father Moon's youngest son, Hyung Jin Moon, has a heart for interreligious work. He spent time in both a Buddhist and a Christian monastery before going to Harvard Divinity School to earn a doctorate.

In many messages, Father Moon has honored four great religious leaders: Jesus, Mohammad, Buddha, and Confucius. To also honor them, Hyung Jin Moon commissioned a sculpture of the four of them standing together with their arms outstretched in friendship toward one another. Due to the custom in Islam against making images of their leader Mohammad, he is depicted by the Koran displayed on a pedestal.

We took a tour of the church and then gathered in front for the unveiling of the sculpture. Hyung Jin explained that he had commissioned it on the basis of Father Moon's explanation that these religious leaders and others are now in harmony in the spiritual world. He said it is only a matter of time before their members on earth come into harmony as well. He said he hoped the sculpture would inspire people to feel that this unity can come.

Another central mission we took part in while we were in Korea was a pilgrimage to the border between the North and the South. By now twenty years had passed since Father Moon had met with and embraced Kim Il Sung in 1991. We were hoping for a new development in the relationship between North Korea and South Korea. The clergy went to the DMZ to pray for this.

The site we traveled to was the Bridge of Freedom at Imjingak named because thirteen thousand prisoners crossed to the South when released by the North Koreans and gave a cheer for their freedom. At this site hang thousands of ribbons with prayers for peace written on them. Here we held a prayer service and also wrote prayers on ribbons and hung them on the fence that closes

off the North from the South.

The very full two weeks also included some sightseeing and time for study of the Divine Principle. A final ceremony was held at the conference center at Cheong Pyeong where we were presented certificates in gratitude for our achievement. Then on the last morning, Father invited us to the Peace Palace to give some final guidance and have a photo taken with him and Mother Moon. In this session, he again guided us on America's important responsibility to God and the world. With these final words, this would be the last time most of the clergy would ever see Father Moon.

A few weeks later, on November 9, 2011, the twentieth anniversary of the meeting between Father Moon and Kim Il Sung, his son and successor, Kim Jong Il, invited Hyung Jin Moon to a special ceremony in North Korea marking the twentieth anniversary of their fathers' meeting. Together the two sons honored the friendship their fathers had established. Only two days later, on November 13th, Kim Jong Il suddenly and unexpectedly passed away. Hyung Jin again went to North Korea and made international news by being the only person from South Korea to attend Kim Jong Il's funeral. Our movement will continue to pray for reconciliation as the providence passes on to the next generation.

# WOMEN'S U.N.



**M**other Moon established the Women's Federation for World Peace (WFWP) on April 10, 1992, at a rally for women in the Seoul Olympic Stadium. At the inaugural, she and Father Moon declared that the advent of the global era of women had come. Based on WFWP's foundation of twenty years of work as an NGO of the United Nations, Father announced the establishment of a new world level women's organization on July 16, 2012.

On that day, twenty-five thousand women from a hundred and twenty nations gathered at the newly built Chung Shim Peace World Center at Cheong Pyeong. Rev. Priscilla Tucker, Executive Director of the Metropolitan Christian Council of Detroit-Windsor, and I came from Detroit. We traveled together with four women leaders from Chicago to attend the inaugural rally of what Father and Mother Moon called the "Abel Women's U.N."

We arrived at Incheon Airport in the late afternoon, jumped on the bus taking us to Cheong Pyeong and just made it to the program in time to hear Father proclaim the establishment of what would be the last organization he founded on earth. He explained in his message that the United Nations, founded in 1948, could not live up to the ideal God had intended for it due to the secular, atheistic influences in the organization. Because of these influences, too many of the member nations were now excessively focused on their own national self-interest instead of the good of the world. He therefore called the U.N., "the Cain U.N."

To rectify this, in 2005, he established the Universal Peace Federation (UPF) to function as an "Abel U.N." He designed UPF to be an interreligious

body that, centered on God, could address conflicts between faiths and cultures and at the same time be a moral compass for the world's political leaders.

Now on this day, he was establishing an Abel "Women's U.N." so that the voice of women could be heard and honored in the peacemaking process as well. At the end of the program, together he and Mother Moon hit a gong as the official signal of its creation. With the Universal Peace Federation and the Women's U.N. both now established, the U.N. has a much greater potential to function as a true peacemaking organization.

The next morning Father came to the Cheong Pyeong Training Center where he met with women leaders and church members gathered from around the world. He spent seven hours with us talking, laughing, and guiding the group. It was Rev. Tucker's first experience with him. Along with the head-phone translation, I helped her understand his style and the meaning of his message. At his conclusion, we gave him a round of applause as we had done so many, many times before. It was the last time I saw him alive.

When we talked about his message later, her reaction was interesting. She said the first thing she noticed was that no one left the room. I asked her what she meant. She said that usually in church meetings like this, in her experience, people were always coming and going, walking in and out of the program. Here she was impressed that no one left, that everyone sat attentively listening. Second, she noticed that the children who were there with their parents were well behaved.

With members present from around the world, it was a good opportunity for everyone to be updated on the world activities of the movement. So for the next day, we heard reports and testimonies. That evening the event concluded with entertainment. Each of the five continents was represented by songs, dances, and music of all kinds.

One talented musician treated everyone by playing national anthems from around the world on the piano. As he played each anthem, the members of the nations stood and sang along as their anthem was played. It was very enjoyable to hear everyone singing in their languages.

This was nice, but I wasn't prepared for what came next. He began to play

the national anthem of the United States. As it started, I and the others from America stood and sang, but then, to my amazement, the whole audience of nearly seven thousand began to stand and sing along as well. When I looked around the room, it really sank in how much America means to the world. We take ourselves so much for granted, and there is so much criticism of our country, that I for one had not realized that the world still respects us and looks to us for hope.

I will never forget that moment. On the way home on the plane, it was that moment that I thought about. And I thought about Father Moon's investment of over forty years of his life in America. It reminded me that he knew what he was doing investing his time and money in America. Members and women leaders were going back to many areas of the world, and I was going back to America. I reminded myself that I have both a blessing in this and a responsibility.

# LOSING FATHER



One subject I did not expect to have to cover in this account is the story of Father Moon's sudden passing on September 3, 2012, at the age of ninety-two.

As I mentioned earlier in the book, Father Moon had been quite ill once before at the time he began his mission to bring peace to the Middle East. Now in August of 2012, he was sick again. We expected that like last time, he would go through the illness, probably this time brought on by the importance of setting the right conditions for Foundation Day, and then recover.

He had declared that the coming Foundation Day would mark the beginning of a horizontal development of the heavenly kingdom. We were preparing for that day: January 13, 2013, by the lunar calendar and February 23, 2013, by the solar. It was now less than two hundred days away.

His illness began with a cough in the weeks after he returned to Korea on July 16th from a trip to Las Vegas, a city he was working to redeem. He went into the hospital for ten days but wanted to come home again. So, with a doctor attending him, he did come home. We heard later that he was not getting better and that while at the Peace Palace, he visited every part of the building. Then he asked to be driven around the Cheong Pyeong complex. He was driven past each building that makes up the campus. He never explained why he was doing this, but everyone sensed that he was saying goodbye and giving his blessing to the ministries he had developed over so many years. He did this and then began to get worse so he was taken directly back to the hospital.

At this point, we began to get daily reports of his condition. Though we were

hopeful at first, as his illness lingered on over a two week period, we began to really worry. We prayed for him and waited anxiously for the daily reports on his condition. The gravity of the situation finally hit me when I saw the report on August 29th saying that Father's kidneys had stopped functioning. Sitting in my chair looking at the computer screen, a shock of anxiety went through me like a bolt of lightning. He is not going to make it, I thought.

We began fighting for hope. Mother Moon sent out a message. In part of it she said, "Hope for a miracle but whether it is granted or not will be up to heaven." It also said that Mother had asked one of her daughters to go meet with the members in America. When we heard the message this daughter brought, we realized that we were being prepared for the transition of having Mother Moon lead the movement.

Then it came, on Sunday, September 3rd. At our Sunday service, we had watched Father's message recorded in Las Vegas on the occasion of his tour proclaiming the honor of the Ascension Ceremony for his friend Alexander Haig and others. The Ascension Ceremony is the Unification ceremony honoring the life and ascension to the spiritual world of a deceased person.

I was still at church at about 1:30 P.M. when I got a call from a brother who said he had heard from Korea that Father had passed. I just sat there, numb. I called our regional leader to confirm, and he said, "Yes, it is true." After some moments of letting this sink in, I knew I had better start calling our families. News traveled fast. After reaching five or six families, they began telling me they already knew.

I had one question, "Why now?" We knew that since Father Moon was ninety-two, his transition to the spiritual world was coming eventually. We knew Father was in the process of passing on the leadership of the movement to his wife and others. However, we still had Foundation Day to celebrate. We still had huge problems in North Korea and the Middle East that had not yet been resolved. I myself had expected that after Father had accomplished breakthroughs in these conflicts, he could then pass peacefully into the spiritual world.

There were days of announcements in preparation for Father's Ascension Ceremony. As I planned to travel to Korea to attend, I couldn't get this question

out of my head. Why now? Why so early?

Once in Korea, I connected to one hopeful thought. I and the co-chair of our local ACLC pastors' group were in Korea for the viewing and the Ascension Ceremony. We were waiting our turn for the buses to take us up to the palace to view Father and pay our last respects.

In line for the bus, one member said that he had calculated it would be fifty days from the day of Father's passing to the beginning of the Women's Federation for World Peace conference in Las Vegas on October 27th. Mother Moon had been scheduled to speak at this event for months. We already had invitation letters out. I got out my daytimer and counted the days on the calendar pages. Sure enough, the start of the conference was indeed the fiftieth day after Father's passing. Maybe there was a hopeful sign here. Perhaps just as in biblical history when Pentecost took place fifty days after Jesus' passing, this might signal a new beginning as Mother Moon stood before the public for the first time as the leader of the movement.

Now it was easier to get on the bus going up to the palace to say farewell to Father. Sitting on the bus, going up the hill, I just thought and thought about what God might be doing here. How would this unfold? Later we realized that the course of Father's mission, from the time he met Jesus in 1935 to the time he passed, was seventy-seven years. The fact that this is a significant heavenly number also gave us some comfort and hope that God's hand was in this.

Nestled in the side of the green plush mountains of Korea, the Peace Palace, which is made of white granite, is beautiful. As I mentioned earlier, I had come up there for the first time in 2003 when it was just in the process of construction and again for the dedication ceremony in 2006. Today we were ushered in to see Father for the last time. We waited in line at the bottom of the steps to the second floor. Then we came up the steps past a gold statue of a couple holding hands and up to the third floor where we waited again. We were now on the top floor of the palace. Here we could see the dome of the palace up close and the paintings of Father's life around the inside.

As we waited, we could see others exiting from the room where Father was laid. We entered the room and lined up in rows of about ten, one behind the

other. As we entered and formed our line, and then turned to the front, I was hesitant to look up. There was Father. I had seen him last just weeks earlier on July 16th at the inauguration of the Women's U.N. I remembered the following morning when Father had spoken to us for almost seven hours. And now, here we were saying goodbye.

Now, resolved in my heart that God was somehow present in all this, I could be calm and, as we waited for our turn to approach, take time to reflect on my life with Father Moon. It had been a great forty years: the tours, the holidays, the leaders' meetings, the laughter and the tears, the victories and the failures. I wouldn't trade it for the world. I mused remembering the first time I had seen Father and the hundreds of other times since then.

We bowed and spent some moments in prayer. Then our line turned and went to the side of the room to be greeted by Rev. Moon's daughter Sun Jin Moon and her husband. In the Korean style, we all gave a half bow. She said, "Thank you" in English, and we did the same.

Our line then turned to exit out the back door. I stopped just before I went out to see if I could catch one last glimpse of him between the heads of those who were waiting to approach. I caught it, just a glimpse, and then left. We went down the marble winding stairs to the floor below where other groups waited in line to come up. We passed by them and exited through the huge front doors of the palace into the rain outside.

The world did not pay much attention to Father Moon's passing except for news stories on the day it was announced. Some dignitaries from America and the world did attend Father's Ascension Ceremony. However, from God's point of view, Father received a most important tribute: Kim Jong Un, Kim Il Sung's grandson and the present leader of North Korea, presented Father Moon with a peace award from the people of North Korea. Hyung Jin Moon went to North Korea to receive it. He met with Kim Jong Un and humbly and gratefully received the plaque that honored his father's work for peace between North and South. This was an important offering on the part of the North in the process of creating unity and peace. It was a signal of hope for the future reunification of Korea through the younger generation.

# FOUNDATION DAY



I hope this account of my life with Father Moon has conveyed something of the spirit and adventure of the unification movement, the heart of Father and Mother Moon, and an understanding of their methods and accomplishments toward bringing peace to this world. In our efforts to attend them, we failed often but succeeded enough that we could arrive at the day when we could celebrate Father Moon's last planned providential event, Foundation Day.

The morning after the Foundation Day Ceremony, Mother Moon announced the beginning of a seven-year course of providential expansion. She called it "Vision 2020" as 2020 marks the year of Father Moon's hundredth birthday. It will symbolically conclude a full span of Father's life.

For his hundredth birthday, Mother Moon hopes to offer to him in heaven the present of his long cherished dream, the unity of North and South Korea that he worked so hard to achieve. If South Korea can learn from Father Moon's example and love North Korea as Father did, then peaceful unification can be achieved. This will inspire the world as a model for how peaceful reconciliation can be achieved that other nations, peoples, and religions in conflict can follow.

In our movement, Foundation Day also signaled the torch being passed to a new generation. It was our job as the original followers, the first generation, to join with Rev. Moon in tackling the restitution of the past and to create a foundation upon which a new world could be created. Our children, the second generation, and the upcoming third and fourth generations, are now in a position to inherit the foundation we have laid, to make it their own and develop and build upon the ministries Father Moon established to create peaceful

families and a culture of peace for them to live in.

For me personally, Foundation Day came as I neared my fortieth anniversary in the movement, a full cycle of spiritual work. As I said, Father Moon's ministry spanned seventy-seven years. I do not expect to achieve this length of service, but I do hope to live as long as possible to assist our young people and all others joining in this effort.

Father Moon lived as a true example of one who created peace. May it be truly said of us as well that we lived the way of service and reconciliation with all those around us; that we created peace within ourselves, in our families, and in the world. May God bless you, your family, America, and this world.

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