

## The Righteous Are as Bold as a Lion - Part 2

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On the fourth day, I felt resurrected through Rev. Eu Hyo-won's lectures and made a donation to show my gratitude. Later, I went to meet Yun Bodhisattva<sup>[1]</sup> under Hwi-bong's guidance. Upon seeing me, Yun Bodhisattva said, "You listened to the Unification Principle through Teacher Eu. You were able to join the Unification Church because your ancestor, who lived five generations ago, was a good person. You will not suffer even in the Unification Church and will only ride in cars." He told me that I would go witnessing in the southern part of South Korea first. I was quite surprised to find Teacher Moon and teachers who had Eu and Ahn as their surnames mentioned within the Buddhist scriptures that Yun Bodhisattva was holding. I had lived in this world until the age of forty-three for my own happiness; however, I was determined to dedicate the rest of my life to Heaven and for God's will and to live my life in accordance with the church's instructions. I began dreaming of Father every day. In the dreams, golden light always radiated around Father. He wore a golden crown and white clothes. In other dreams, I thought God had appeared to me, until I realized it was Father. Thus, I could not doubt Father at all.

### **Father's messianic mission**

Two months after I joined the church, a member told me that Father is the Returning Lord. I prayed about it until late at night over two days. The following day, I dreamt of Father standing in front of a podium in the National Assembly Building with a man of small stature standing next to him. I sat in one of the parliamentarian's seats and noticed that the wife of a former Minister of Justice and Kim Won-gyu, the wife of a former superintendent of schools, were sitting in a more inconvenient position than I. Then the small person standing next to Father pointed to Father and emphasized, "This man, here, is the tree of life." Since we were looking for the tree of life, we could not doubt it at all.

One day, everyone had decided to go to Mt. Inwang during a particular event. However, I was a bit late and since I did not know the way, I ended up taking a nap at the Headquarters Church. I was quite surprised late that evening when Father came back and said, "You took a nap in the church." Since there was no way Father could have seen me taking a nap with his physical eyes, I concluded that he could only have seen me with spiritual vision. At times, I would be taken aback when Father would show that he already knew what I had dreamt of on particular days by asking me questions about my dreams.

Once during Sunday service, Father was giving a sermon titled "God's deep heart," and I somehow came to feel God's painful, sorrowful heart. I felt this surprising tug or sensation as though electricity had gone through my spinal nerves. I started sobbing. I felt so hot and warm as though my heart were on fire. In those days, people used to say that they experienced some kind of "electricity," "fire" or other phenomena that I did not truly understand until I experienced them myself. I realized that miraculous things happen when one becomes one in heart with God.

### **A solitary life of faith**

After this experience, I went beyond the level of an earthly life of faith and experienced being connected directly to Heaven. I ended up neglecting my private life. My heart toward Heaven became so intense that

I became intoxicated with the will, diligently conducting a life of prayer and even leading a life of sexual separation from my husband.

One day, I had a dream; I went to a royal palace in the spiritual world and peeked in through the gate. I saw Father wearing a golden crown and a green-colored official robe. He was sitting. Behind him was a man wearing a colorful official robe. I saw a maid wearing a jade green top and asked her, "Please let me inside the palace." She replied, "Go and purify yourself one more time." Based on this, I understood that I could not get inside. I had to go away. When I told Father about this dream, he told me, "Please be careful to whom you tell these dreams." Upon hearing this, I tried to figure things out through prayer. As usual, I slept after prayer. In my sleep, I dreamed that I heard a voice saying, "You are Heaven's daughter. Live alone." Upon hearing this voice, I soon realized what my dream had meant.



*Pour out your dedication! Pour it out, even if you are sleepy. Pour it out until you are exhausted. I kept repeating these phrases to myself. - As a Peace-Loving Global Citizen, p. 136*

After that dream, I asked for my husband's understanding in conducting a hundred-day prayer condition in order to start a solitary life. However, soon after that an issue of a magazine came out that criticized our church. My husband, started opposing and obstructing the church. Then to show him that it wasn't true, I started sleeping with him again. A few days later, I fell on the street and could no longer use my left hand. I received electrotherapy for a few months to no avail. While suffering from this pain, I had the opportunity to be treated by a member who was an acupuncturist. My hand completely recovered after two acupuncture sessions. That is when I truly realized that I should no longer live a secular life. However, as days passed by, my husband completely refused to understand me. The situation worsened to the point that he threatened to kill me. I was so terrified that I could no longer live with him. Fortunately, I had the opportunity to go to Japan when it reached this point.

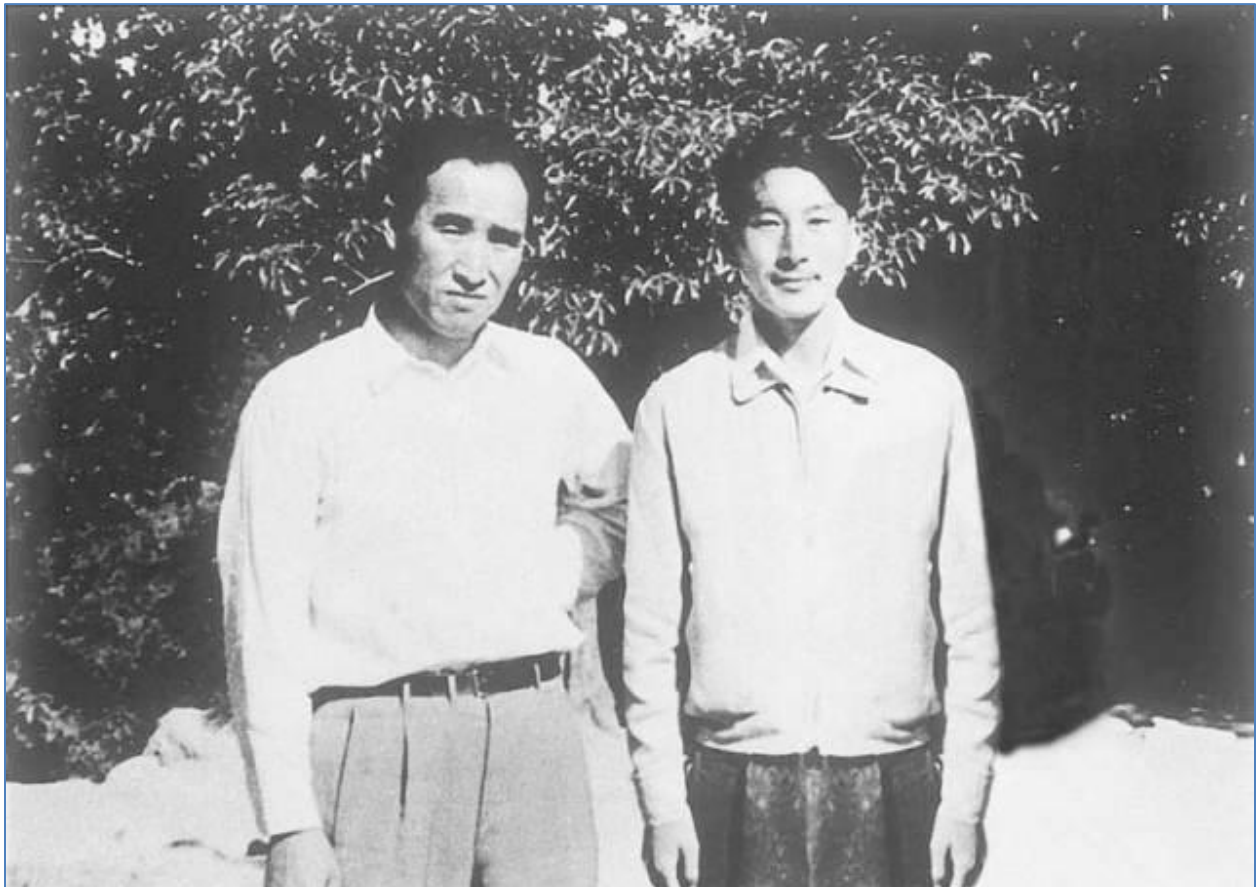
### **Conveying the word in Japan**

On May 29, 1960, I left home at five in the morning and greeted Father before leaving. Father said, "Do not worry. Leave everything in God's hands and go.... A day will soon come when we can freely come and go. When you get there, you must first witness to your family and establish pioneering churches in four places. Please help missionary Choi Bong-chun<sup>[2]</sup> who went to Japan as a stowaway two years ago."

I was able to go to Japan because my eldest son and a relative lived there. I felt that God had prepared all of this beforehand. My nephew's wife, her four-year-old son and I departed for Busan. We waited in Busan for a week before we received a telegram concerning our trip. I sent Father a letter saying, "I am going because it is God's will." At five o'clock that afternoon, we got on a small fishing boat disguised as an excursion boat and took off for Japan. Those waiting for the boat totaled fifty-three, and we were told to all squash inside the fish storage area. I could not imagine how I could fit inside, so I covered myself with a black cloth and lay flat on the deck.

One fishing boat from the direction of Japan came to us around dawn and gave us two baskets of rice balls. Afterward, they took us to an island, told us that we would be picked up the next day, and left. That

night, I walked all the way up to the top of a mountain and slept with a pillow made of rocks just as Jacob had. The next day, we starved for the whole day as we waited for night to come. Around nine in the evening, I went down to the coast and there heard the sound of an approaching boat. I ran down in joy toward the sound only to discover that it was a Japanese patrol boat. When an investigator from the patrol boat disembarked, he seemed surprised to see us. We were dragged to a police station, interrogated and sent to jail to await our trial. We were then tried, sentenced and sent to prison.



*Missionaries working in such extreme circumstances often received revelations through dreams and visions. - As a Peace-Loving Global Citizen, p. 165 (Father with the missionary to Japan that he sent Mrs. Kang to assist, Rev. Choi Bong-chun [Samg Ik "Papasan" Choi])*

On the second day of my incarceration, my son paid me a visit. I was greatly disconcerted. My son was also a stowaway and was not supposed to be going around other provinces. Knowing what I was thinking, my son told me, "Mother, I registered the day before yesterday."

When I heard that, I slapped the desk and burst out crying while shouting, "See! God is truly alive." The head of the prison himself seemed confused. He was quite taken aback because it was the first that he had heard of this, since registration had not been authorized.<sup>[3]</sup> My son filled out documents at the Immigration Bureau, through which he guaranteed that he would first go to Tokyo two days later to register as a student, take me on a sightseeing tour and send me back home at his own expense. After filling out the needed documents, a lawyer submitted them. I was released from prison with three years' probation.

From the ordeal, I recall that whenever my handcuffs made clicking sounds, I would think of Father's course, feel gratitude and consider it glory.

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[1] Apparently, he was a Buddhist fortune teller that our members favored in those days.

[2] He was born in 1925 as Choi Sang-ik. At the age of two, his family moved to Japan, returning when many Koreans were forced to repatriate in 1945, at war's end. His father gave him the name Bong-chun when he was in his twenties. He saw some significance in the name after joining our church in April 1957 and thereafter adopted it. As a missionary in Japan, he went by the name Nishigawa Masaru.

[3] Apparently, rules had changed allowing him to register, which meant his mother qualified as a legal visitor.