

We were wed in a comparatively intimate ceremony of only 1,275 couples

Sam Harley
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1,275 Couple Blessing, January 12, 1989

This is long, and I apologize for that, but some of these memories are raw and I'm not objective enough to edit them down. If it's too much, let me know and I can chop it in two parts. So here we go.....

So, I was at the seminary and trying to reconstruct my life of faith and trying to live down the very public fiasco at my second matching. It was to be several months, though I didn't know that then. There was no such thing as a blessing schedule known in advance. Perhaps those who needed to arrange the logistics knew something about it, but it was not announced in advance like it is today.

Many long walks along Father's trail and along the train tracks. Trips into Kingston to swim at the Y, train rides into the city to see Pat Detlefsen. I continued to do core energetic therapy, banging pillows and dredging up old emotions, but I was careful to pray a lot as well.

I had a lot of questions. Was it true that there was one person meant for you and if you blew that, anyone after that was secondary? Or were there other people that could step forward? Father said some people were destined to marry and divorce before finding their perfect match.

The seminary is where I also learned that, if I didn't make it up in time to go to Belvedere on Sunday morning, at least if you wore your suit to breakfast, people thought you did. Though I couldn't reproduce the highly inspired look people had when they returned from Father's speech.

At any rate, one day late in December, Dr. [Edwin] Ang made the long-awaited announcement /that all eligible members hoped for every time someone rang the bell during mealtimes, that the next matching was to be in Korea, and gave the date a couple of weeks away. Plane fare was to be \$1,000, our responsibility. For those who don't know, UTS gave everybody accepted a full scholarship, room and board included. We only had to fundraise for extra expenses, like this. And clothes, though mansei menswear was here as well. Where wasn't it? As I suspect it was whenever four or more Moonies were gathered.

I had to talk to Dr. Ang to announce my intentions to go. He asked if I thought I was readier than last time, though not in so many words. "If I get there and feel I'm not ready, I won't participate," I told him. He nodded and said "Ok".

The first step was to get my hands on \$1,000. I didn't have a regular fundraising spot, though I had done a corner in Loch Sheldrake up in the Catskills. But it wasn't going to produce \$1,000 in two weekends. So I called my father up. My parents had both met Roseanne, my first fiance, and liked her. My mother even visited her parents in Britain. They hadn't understood why we got divorced after she left the church, nor

did they understand why the church was so important to me, but my dad always accepted my right to choose for myself what path I would follow.

My mother had died the year before, at Christmastime. Literally, on Christmas Eve. That's a whole other story, even though she had cancer all over her body and we knew she was going to die, it still hurt like hell when it happened. I went out that night with our seminary team to celebrate the end of our mall fundraising campaign, without telling anyone as I didn't want to bring down the group's spirit. So I ate my roast duck and it felt like lead in my stomach.

Flew home for the funeral, and watched my dad take a nitroglycerine pill during the memorial service and I hoped I wasn't going to lose him, too. He was alone now, in the little house he'd bought after they separated a year and a half ago.

Our relationship had never been particularly close, it was hard for him and me to open up to each other. But we tried at times. I called him up and told him there was another mass wedding scheduled in Korea and that the airfare was \$1,000. He instantly got irritated. "After all the money you've raised for that organization, they're going to make you pay for your wedding?"

As is my tendency, I tried soothing him right away. "Dad, I'm not asking you to give me the money. I'm just telling you what my situation is." He grunted, we talked a little more perfunctorily and he hung up, saying he'd think about it.

I was stumped. Without the money, I wasn't going to go. I sat in the library, my heart raw from our exchange. I didn't want to beg or extort it from my family and hurt our relationship. We had a difficult and rocky past, and I wanted to steer it into closer territory.

Then, sitting in the chair by the dark windows by the newspaper racks, I had an idea. I talked to my Mom. "Mom, you are in spirit world and you can probably see the value of the Blessing better now than when you were on Earth. And you know how to talk to Dad. Can you tell him what it's worth to do this? Can you talk him round? I can tell you, there'll be a lot of merit for you if can help with this."

Later that night there was a phone message slip in my mailbox. 'I'm sending you a check for \$1,200. Please let me know if you need more.' Your father.

Way to go, Mom.

There was another thing to consider. I called my dad and told him, "There's a chance I could get matched to a Japanese sister. Will that be a problem for you?" My dad spent WWII fighting the Japanese in Burma, for the British Army. "No, that won't be a problem," he said.

***Afterwards I wrote him a letter about the Blessing. I don't remember all the contents beyond, 'we were wed in a comparatively intimate ceremony of only 1,275 couples'. He later told me he liked the humor in it and he'd sent it on to my aunts and uncles in the UK.

At any rate, next was the suit. I went to Sears in the Kingston Mall, and there were two suits in my size on the rack. One was made of navy blue winter wool, and the tag said, 'The Harley.' How long that suit had sat in Sears waiting for me, I don't know. But I knew a sign when I saw one. I bought it.

When the flight stopped in Alaska for an hour, I bought a postcard of a full moon rising over a snowy mountain and mailed it to my Dad. Under the title "Moon rising over mountain," I wrote 'Many moonies over many mountains. On my way to Korea.'

We seminarians arrived in the middle of the night, boarded a bus with tassels in the windows and very short leg space, and headed off into the holy land of Korea. The bus pulled up hours later at a factory. We stepped out into the frigid January air and were escorted up the stairs to a large meeting room where we laid out our sleeping bags, each one picking out their own space. We were the first ones there.

When we woke up next morning, there was a group of Japanese brothers who'd arrived in the night, packed tightly together like an island in the middle of the huge hall. Cultural difference number one. Many more to come.

A couple brothers and I gave ourselves a tour of the place. We watched the bottle making plant through open doors, with red-glowing bottles rattling along a conveyor belt. At the top of the stairs where the meeting hall was, there was a soda machine dispensing MacCol into paper cups for free. We drank several.

Lunch was downstairs in the building's cafeteria. Hoping for Korean food, we got some the first day. After that, as people from all over the world poured in, we started getting things like cold macaroni salad

with hot dogs for breakfast. They were trying to give us food we were used to, even as we were wanting Korean food.

By the next day, the hall was nearly full. I say nearly, because in Moonie culture you could always shuffle closer together to make room for others. There was no such thing as 'my space'.

The bottling plant was shut down, and workers were rolling out felt mats in the cafeteria at lunchtime. It turned out, this was to be the sister's quarters. Brothers were moved from the heated upstairs meeting hall to the storage area where sacks of soybeans and barley were stacked on pallets over a concrete floor, in an unheated room. Space was soon at a premium. All available cardboard was snarfed up to use as padding and insulation from the chilly concrete floor. The aisles were full of brothers in sleeping bags, and more were arriving every hour or so.

Experience taught me to look for a spot where I wouldn't be stepped on in the night, so the aisles were out. I climbed up a six foot stack of barley sacks, and laid my sleeping bag on top. 'Don't roll over, and keep your stuff close by in your suitcase,' I told myself, 'If your camera falls between the sacks, you'll never see it again.'

Waves of brothers and sisters - Germans, Filipinos, Africans, Iranians, Japanese, British, etc. - were pouring in and soon enough, clashing with each other. The Brazilians were cute when they sang Oakland songs in Portuguese in the cafeteria, with a guitar and paper cups as instruments. Not so cute when their method of finding each other (pre-cell phone era) was for a sister to stand at the door of the brothers' room and shout someone's name at the top of their lungs for 5 minutes, while jet lagged brothers from all over the world tried to sleep.

Rev. ____ from Germany went around confiscating members' playing cards, telling them "Those are from the devil. Throw them in the garbich." The Japanese leaders played poker on the plane over.

There was a shower room down the hall, with numbered cardboard boxes neatly arranged along the walls on day 1. By the next day they were soggy and numberless, or taken back to the soybean suite as personal storage, or dismembered to use as sleeping pads.

Waiting. Waiting after so many years, now waiting for the matching to begin. The reverends and leaders got together and decided it was not a good idea for thousands of members to hang around playing cards, singing songs and irritating each other. So they organized DP lectures, found translators for the many languages involved and had us sit in linguistic if not national groups.

The lectures were in English, and from where I sat I could hear a French brother from the seminary translating. At one point, one of the translators cupped his hands and shouted, "Can you please speak more slowly and clearly?" In that atmosphere, crackling with anticipation, the already matched wondering when their fiance was going to arrive and how they would find them, the unmatched with every nerve end tingling, I wonder if anybody took in anything from the lectures.

I remember looking at Rev. Martin Porter sitting on the stage, and seeing a British Army uniform on him from centuries ago, with cocked hat. Spirit world was closer in Korea.

Not surprisingly, with thousands of jet-lagged people from all over sleeping nose to toes in chilly conditions, we started catching the flu. Coughing, sore throats and runny noses all over.

David Kim sent word he wanted to meet with all seminarians. We sat in a corner of the main hall and he told us "Father might ask you questions. He turned to one sister. "Do you still have your period? How much blood? One cup, two cups? Father will ask these questions." Then he said "When Father asks you to come up, don't walk slowly, praying every step. Come quickly. If Father asks for volunteers, you go quickly. Don't wait, don't be humble, You should show you are ready to be matched."

Then we were gathered in another hall to wait for Father to come. He was matching second generation and his own children elsewhere.

The leaders spent quite some time arranging us in rows with straight aisles in between. "Hey you over there! Get organized!" Rev. ____ shouted, pointing. The group of brothers looked puzzled. I'm sure German brothers would have known just what to do.

The leaders paced up and down, demanding we sit in straight rows. When that was done, "Anyone with PhD, in the front here. Foreign missionaries in front of them. Master's degrees, over here. If you have Bachelor's degree, next. After that, high school diploma. No diploma, in the back."

Then came the direction that sank me.

"If you have a green or brown button, in the back." As part of the registration process, you filed by a table where they filled out a name tag with your name, country, mission and age. And asked, "Do you have any physical or mental problems?" I had to say yes, I wasn't going to lie about my history of depression, or my suicide attempts and hospitalization before the church. So in I went with my green circle on my name tag. At least they used colored dots instead of writing 'mental problem' or 'physical problem' on them.

When I heard "Green or brown tags, all the way in the back," my heart plummeted. I left the ranks of seminarians took my place against the back wall with all the other misfits and hopefuls. I remembered being in the mezzanine of the New Yorker, milling around with all the other matched couples and well-wishers when the doors to the ballroom opened. Father had announced the end of the matching, and a group of disappointed brothers and sisters came stumbling out, having sat through several days of watching others get matched. Some of them had obvious physical problems, difficulty walking or seeing, while others had heavy spirits. It's not something we talked about, but there were some who went to several matchings without being matched. And even if they were, they could be refused.

I did not want to come all this way to stand in the back, nor did I want to always wonder if I would have been matched to someone else if it wasn't for the green dot. My guts were churning as we sang, waiting for Father to come. Here we go again. My emotions started spiraling. I knew I had to do something, had to find a point of faith and calm or I was just going to repeat the mess from before.

Way up in front I saw President Kim, David Kim. I thought "I have to go and talk to him." 'In front of all these people?' I thought, 'everyone will be looking at me, wondering what I'm doing.' 'We have to go.' I gathered up my courage. I'm a pretty shy person, and that was a long walk up to the front. I'm sure brothers and sisters were singing and praying, and maybe some were looking at me. But I went.

Walked up to President Kim and told him "I'm really struggling over who I'm going to get matched to with this green dot." He said something like "Ahh, don't worry about that. Let's pray." He took my hands and prayed. I don't remember what he prayed, it was something along the lines of 'Here we are at the matching and here is this brother, this child of yours...'

What I do remember is what happened to me as we prayed. It was like the roof to my little world opened up to the cosmos, and then the walls fell away to let the heart of the universe in, then the floor fell away. It was like what Father did to your mind when you heard him speak, he blew away your walls and put you on a mountaintop where you could see the world and God.

Suddenly, I was filled with the molten core of why I was here. "Heavenly Father, America is crying, America is bleeding. Give me someone who can help me heal the broken heart of America. I don't care where she's from or what she looks like as long as she can help me do that."

I went from swirling around in my own little cloud of fear and shame to feeling like I could look Father straight in the eye. I returned to the back wall and sang with all my being. When Father came in at last, late at night, with his first words I winced. His throat was raw. He had the same flu we were battling, and he'd been matching 2nd gen all night and now he was here with us, not stopping for a moment.

Then came the announcement; "Father says for this matching, there is no discussion. When you are matched, you bow to True Parents and register. Then you can talk. If you stay in this room, it means you accept Father's choice for you. If you can't do this, you can leave now."

I am very glad I prayed with President Kim before I heard this.

I don't remember the beginning of the matching, except that Father seemed to be paying no attention to how many degrees people had. Then Father announced, "I need 10 American brothers."

That was all I needed. I set off for the front, another seminary brother next to me. He later said it felt like football, he even threw an elbow on the way up.

I was standing in a row with the others. I don't know if Father got 10 brothers or 15, but here we were. Father looked at the brother next to me, shook his head and said, "Too old!" Then he looked at me. I was on fire like I'd never been in my life. I knew exactly why I was there and what I was after, and I looked Father in the eye while he looked me up and down. Then he whirled around and pointed at a sister sitting down. "Where from?" "America." "How old?"

Mr. Abe leaned over to read her tag. "27!" he announced loudly, a second before she said "24!" But Father had already flicked his hands toward each other, indicating we were matched. We stood and bowed, then walked out together. Stood in front of the registration table. "Congratulations!" they said, "sign your name, country and mission here." As I signed, leaned over to see what my name was.

"Hello"

"Hello."

We decided we were both hungry. It was the middle of the night and there was a little café open. We grabbed two trays of dinner, now cold. The place was packed, so I told her to sit on the windowsill with her tray. I have a photo someone took of her sitting there in her winter coat, a roll in her hand.

I felt instantly comfortable with her. She was with CARP, and a singer and keyboard player in their band. She assured me our age difference (10 years) didn't matter. I told her she might change her mind when I was an old fart. "What did you say!?!!" "You heard me. I don't think I need to repeat myself." She later told me I reminded her of her high school science teacher. We had the same shoes.

We agreed to meet the next morning outside the sisters' room. I floated into the soybean suite, where a brother named John from New York church asked me "You got matched? Who to?" "A sister from CARP. Her name's Miyuki." "MIYUKI!!! Aw man, you lucked out! She sings like a bird!"

I climbed up my barley stack and rolled out my sleeping bag. My long wait was over. I was matched again, and soon we would be Blessed. As I tried to sleep, I started hearing a song in my head. A raw gospel voice was singing and a band was rocking. I tried to sleep, but they just kept on singing. Finally, I said "Ok! I'll write it down! Ok?"

You may think that you're forgotten,
you may feel you're all alone,
you may think that you're a fool
to want to carry on
you may think that there's no reason
that you shouldn't lay down and die
Cause no one seems to understand
No one hears your cry

But God never forgets
He never forgets
Every tear you cry
Every teardrop in your eye
No God never forgets
Every time you don't fall down
And you stay on righteous ground
He never forgets

There's all kinds of people laughing at you
On the streets of a lonely town
You're only trying to do right
But the world is driving you down
And the tears well up inside
And you want to throw your burden down
You want to throw your burden down
You know you want to lay it down

But God never forgets
He never forgets
Every tear you cry
Every teardrop in your eye
No God never forgets

Every time you don't fall down
And you stay on righteous ground
He never forgets
You may think that your just wasting your life
Everybody else is having fun
But your only trying to follow your heart
In a world that's going wrong

But God never forgets
He never forgets
Every tear you cry
Every teardrop in your eye
No God never forgets
Every time you don't fall down

And you stay on righteous ground
He never forgets

I scrawled it into my journal and finally I could sleep, though they didn't stop singing. When I woke up the next morning, I got dressed and went to meet her. When I got close to our meeting place, I saw her standing there in a white cable knit sweater with a pair of jeans on. I stopped in my tracks. I had an outfit just like that, though I wasn't wearing it at the moment. She was looking the other way. I turned around and beelined for the soybean suite, where I changed into my white knit cable knit sweater and jeans. Even the same style of jeans.

When I walked up to her again, her eyes grew wide, taking in our newly matched couple wearing matching outfits. I didn't want to let on that I'd gone and changed. She thought we just happened to dress the same way. I thought at the time, 'I must never let her know that I went and changed.' I wanted to make damn sure that she didn't leave like my first fiance did. That insecurity was to bear its own fruit later on.

However, we had both come to Korea with matching outfits.

We took a walk into the village. I bought some garlic for my flu. "Will you still accept me if I reek of garlic?" "Absolutely."

As she now had the flu, we went into a pharmacy to get some antibiotics for her, using sign language for coughing as neither of us spoke any Korean.

We went into another store to get a snack. There were bags of peanuts. She picked out something. The lady told us how much it was, and repeated it loudly when we shrugged to say we didn't understand. Then she 'wrote' the number on her palm with a finger. We still didn't get it. A man standing nearby said something in Korean. Miyuki just shrugged and looked cute and imploring but didn't take her money out. Finally the Korean man took out some change and slammed it on the counter, looking disgusted. She took her stuff and had a little self-satisfied smile as we walked out the door.

I was shocked and thought it was a horrible thing to do, but I didn't say anything. I was afraid of upsetting her and wasn't going to take a chance on losing her the way I'd lost my first fiance. This was the first of many times I kept my mouth shut when I had something to say. It wasn't a wise kind of silence, like about things that irritate you. This was just plain wrong. We were representing our church and our country. I'm sure people in that little town talked about what she did, the way people in my little town talked about anything a visitor did.

But as we walked and she quite naturally took my arm, I talked about my performing arts background and how I always felt an artist has a great responsibility for how our art affects others. We can take people deeper into the truth or we can dazzle them with illusions.

I had not dared to make a list of things I was looking for in a partner, but she fit the bill I would have drawn up if I had. Hence the words of the song that came to me last night. God knew what kind of person I liked. God was thinking about my wish list even when I wasn't.

As we mingled and talked with other couples while Father was still matching, I found out that most, if not all, of my seminary friends knew her. And that we'd been on the same stage at a Holy Day celebration. I was Simon of Legere in Small House of Uncle Thomas, a skit from the King and I. I had a dance number with "highly scientific dogs" as I chased Eliza. Gold sprayed straws on my fingers to indicate long nails and some pseudo-Siamese outfit on.

I'd watched the rehearsals from the balcony, and as a theater major I always analyzed a performance. I remember the coral colored shirts her band wore, and I remembered Reggie the male singer, and Mark the guitarist and Scott the drummer, but I had a blank when it came to the female singer.

We even both had pictures from the finale, with Joe Longo and someone else and her in one picture, while my picture taken from the other side had Joe Longo, the same someone and me in it. My picture didn't have her in it. Her picture didn't have me in it. Guess we weren't supposed to see each other yet.

Ditto the CARP convention at the Javits Center. I was in the audience and remember the Korean sister having a drum jam with a Jamaican guy, and Howard Self droning "So, do you want to start a new student movement?" and me yelling "No!" because the pace was so dead. But she sang with the band, and I have no memory of it, at all.

We did piece together that I had heard her voice once and remembered it. For UTS's yearly open house, I was in charge of the kitchen. BBQ chicken (I made the sauce myself) marinated, cooked in a steam kettle and finished on a barbeque grill, cole slaw and ice cream. Maybe potato salad too.

It was a hot day in June, and there were about 400 people there, and every 15 minutes or so a drink volunteer came in to say, "We need more lemonade!" This we made by the bucket, with packets of drink powder that went up my nose every time I opened one.

By the time the ice cream was out, served by bystanders recruited at the last minute when the original volunteers never showed up, I was exhausted. My apron was a rainbow of BBQ sauce, cole slaw dressing, splats of drink mix and bits of cabbage and carrot. My hair was wet with sweat and my nose tasted of lemonade every time I breathed in.

I stumbled out of the kitchen for a breath of cool air, and as I stood there I heard a sweet voice over the PA system on the other side of the building say "Isn't the food great? Let's give the cooks a hand." I thought "That's nice," and stumbled back into the kitchen. I didn't hear, or see, anything else that went on outside the kitchen that day.

And that was, of course, her, talking between songs as the band played. The one time before our matching that I noticed her at all.

After the Blessing, there was a trip to the Korean cultural village where we watched dances and ate in the restaurant. The Korean waitress was struggling through our grunting and pointing at the menu, and looked hopefully at the one Asian in our group, Miyuki. When she opened her mouth to speak in her Valley girl English, the waitress's face fell and her look said, "Oh God, another one."

The seminarians took a bus to Heung Jin Nim's Weon Jon, and I volunteered to channel. That's another story.

I flew back to the States and she stayed to distribute the Segye Times. Before we said goodbye, I gave her the words I'd written the night we were matched, and she turned it into a song. Quite unlike the rough gospel shouting I'd heard, her version was soft and lyrical. Here's a link. holysongcc.com/?p=2675

When we arrived at JFK, it had been a long flight. One brother who spoke only English was sharing with a Brazilian brother who only spoke Portuguese, with the time honored method of speaking loudly with great emphasis. They were agreeing enthusiastically. For hours. It was quite a flight.

I was grateful to see a customs agent with his feet up. I gave him a hand gesture to say, 'You ready?' and he gestured 'Come on' as he put his feet down. After a week of not understanding the body language, it was a relief to be home.

We piled into the seminary van, and everybody started clamoring to stop at McDonalds. Except me. I didn't eat anything, I wasn't so eager to wash the taste of Korea out of my mouth. I determined not to go to see any movies, not even the ones in the tv lounge. I wanted to remember and savor the story I had just lived.

After a month or two, one brother held a birthday party at his house (he was blessed and had started his family). For party favors he had a raffle of gift items. One was a set of passes to the movie theater at the mall. I won it. Felt like God telling me, offering accepted, now go enjoy.

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CD#2 – 08 God Never Forgets



08 God Never Forgets

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KOREA

ENGLISH

ミユキ・ハーレイ(Miyuki Harley)が作曲したこの曲は、2000年1月1日、ニューヨーク・マンハッタンセンターで開催された、真の神の日の行事で公演されました。ミユキ・ハーレイ(Miyuki Harley)が歌いました。

あなたは忘れたと思っているかもしれない
あなたは一人だと思っているかもしれない
あなたは馬鹿だと思っているかもしれない
ずっと行き続けるために
倒れて死んでも当たり前だと思うかもしれない
誰も理解してくれないようだ 誰もあなたの泣き声を聞いてくれない

しかし神様は絶対に忘れられない
あなたの泣き声、すべての涙の粒を
目からこぼれ落ちるすべての涙の雫を
神様は絶対に忘れられない、彼は絶対に忘れられない

皆があなたを嘲っている
寂しい村の通りで
あなたは正しいことだけをしようとする
しかし世の中はあなたを崩している
そして涙は心にあふれている
そしてあなたはその荷を投げてしまいたがっている
あなたはそれを下ろしたがつているのを知っている

しかし神様は絶対に忘れられない
あなたの泣き声、すべての涙の雫を
神様は絶対に忘れられない
あなたが倒れない度に
そしてあなたが寂しい地に立っている時
神様は絶対に忘れられない

あなたは人生を無駄にしていると考えるかもしれない
他の人々は楽しんでいる
しかしあなただけが、自分の心に従おうと努力している
間違った道を進むこの世界で

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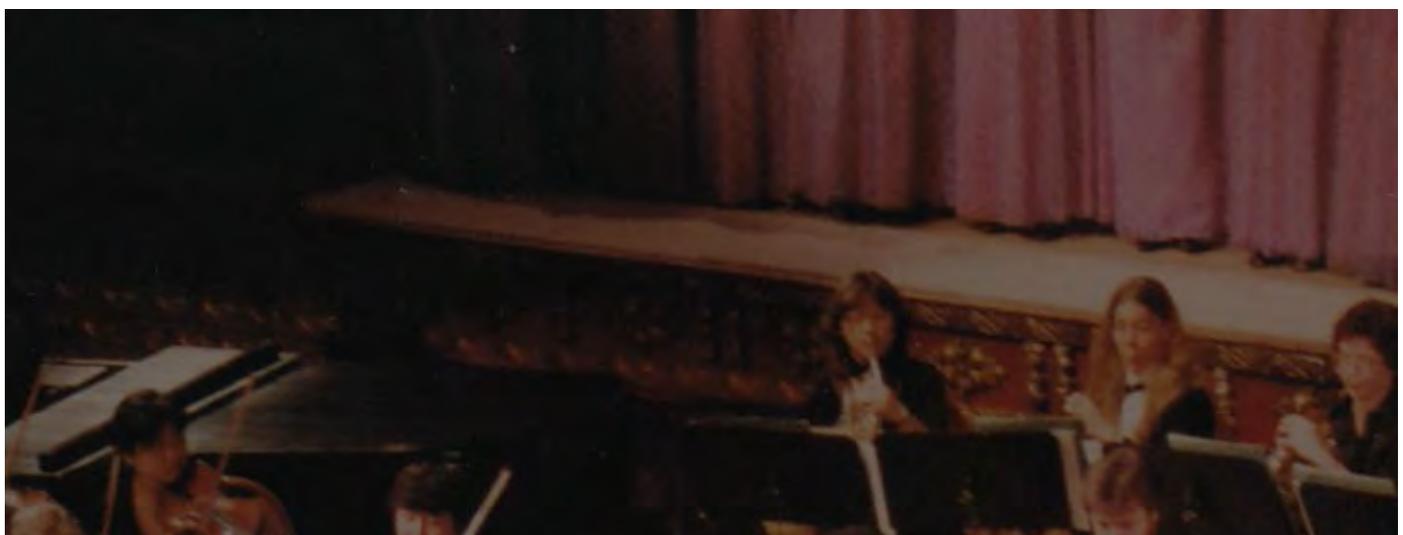
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