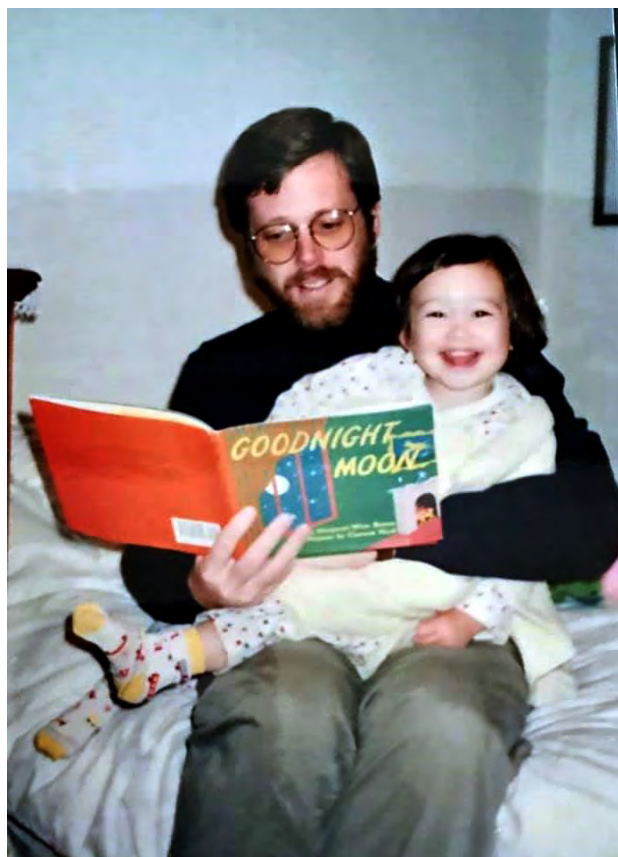


## My Unificationist Memoirs Chapter 19

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We purchased a home in Del Mar, North County San Diego, and began to settle into our new routines. Though pregnant, Cindy was busy in her radiation oncology practice and simultaneously setting up a "gamma knife" clinic with a conglomerate of neurosurgeons and radiation oncologists. In 1993, this cutting edge technology was new to San Diego but Cindy had been trained in it at UCSF. I immersed myself both in my law practice and local Republican politics.



However, as quickly as things developed, they began unraveling. As I worked on the Milberg Weiss case, I realized that our firm represented both the law firm and the "representative plaintiffs" from the Imperial Savings and Loan litigation, in the bankruptcy trustee's lawsuit against Milberg Weiss, in which the lawyers were accused of fraudulently settling their class action to avoid bankruptcy jurisdiction. The interests of the plaintiff class and the law firm were not the same, and the representative plaintiffs needed to have separate counsel. Other red flags appeared the more I dug into the documents and researched the law. I raised the issue with one of the partners, but was summarily dismissed. It reached a point where I felt I needed outside legal advice. I contacted a friend who had worked on the Hill for Senator Metzenbaum (Dem. Ohio) as a lawyer on the Finance Committee, and had moved from government to a successful lobbying practice. He knew law practice in a worldly wise way. In our conversation, he agreed that there were substantial ethical issues but "that's why they pay you the 'big bucks.'" However, if I really felt exposed to legal sanction, he suggested I write a detailed "CYA" memo to the partners handling the case. I did and

all hell broke loose. By this time, I had been working at the firm for more than a year, and I had good relations with key partners. I had done my work well, so there was no immediate danger to my job. However, I had irrevocably strained my relations with the partner who "owned" the Milberg Weiss case. He stubbornly ignored my ethical concerns and the advice I had set out in my memo. Ten years later, several of the Milberg Weiss partners would be prosecuted and sentenced to prison for the very concerns I had raised in my memo.

The world of San Diego politics, both impressed and disappointed me. In our downtown chapter, I met a good many forward looking Republicans, interested in expanding the conservative voting base by reaching out to the Black and Latino communities. We did this quite successfully through our voter registration drives. In particular, one Marine reservist, a Hispanic Staff Sergeant completing his degree at San Diego State, threw himself into the work energetically. I felt very much that I was implementing True Father's vision of a politics that transcended racial divides. On the other hand, there were truly reactionary elements associated with the California Republican Assembly (CRA). The chapters in east San Diego County were dominated by the John Birch Society. I found their conspiracy theory politics delusional and viscerally racist. When our club met, and they set up their book table, I very quickly realized that my vision for the club diametrically opposed theirs. I felt confident that I was better positioned to direct the course of our county politics.



Then Lyn Nofziger came to visit. I picked him up at the airport and the two of us drove out to the Rancho Santa Fe Inn, where he was staying. A few years earlier, he had a difficult falling out with the Reagans over the board of the Reagan Presidential Library. Nonetheless, he remained quite loyal to Reagan and to the conservative cause. Caustic and profane, his sense of humor and delicious wit were entertaining. As we lunched, we discovered he knew my sister Catherine well, and had probably heard briefings by my brother. He asked about my personal political ambitions. I explained what I had been doing with the CRA with voter registration, and expanding the conservative base. He then advised me not to waste time with the state

government, but just run for Congress when the opportunity presented itself. That evening we gathered in the home of a wealthy donor in Rancho Santa Fe. I had managed to include a number of Black conservatives, who represented our expanding base. The evening was going well as Nofziger held forth and warmed up the crowd, that is, until he told a racially charged joke. I can't even recall if he was making a larger point. If so, it was lost on me. I looked across the room into the eyes of a distinguished Black businessman, and I could see his deep sense of betrayal and disappointment. His feelings mirrored my own.

My revenge was to redouble my efforts at minority voter registration. My final victory was, upon leaving San Diego, I engineered the election of the Hispanic Marine reservist to be my successor as CRA president.



Cindy gave birth to James, our second child, on December 5, 1993. Though we no longer had Ông and Bà to care for our children, Cindy's parents, Tom and Misa, stepped up and began to assist us. Like Bà, Misa possessed a deep heart and was a wonderful caregiver. During this time, both children formed vital connections of love with their Japanese grandparents. We lived True Father's rich vision of a three generation family.

While our family flourished, Cindy's work began to show signs of trouble. Four younger doctors had joined the radiation oncology practice within the year. Typical of these medical practices with a technical component, the older doctors established a separate corporation which owned the buildings and various radiation and imaging machines. The medical corporation leased the buildings and machines from the technical corporation. The new doctors were all hired by the medical corporation and held no interest in the technical side. As an incentive to work productively, they were to be given a bonus each quarter from the profits of the medical corporation. As the quarters passed, the new doctors began to lose confidence in the honesty of the owners, as they felt the bonuses they received didn't in fact reflect the volume of their work. During a conversation with one of the owners, one of Cindy's new colleagues caught a glimpse of a spread sheet indicating a substantial increase in the rental payments flowing from the medical to the technical corporation. He asked the older doctor to see it. He refused and hurriedly put it under lock and key. Based on what he had seen, the owners were substantially underpaying the new doctors by hiding medical profits in the technical corporation.

Since my expertise was fraud litigation, the four new doctors came to me for advice and assistance. In polite conversation, we asked the owners if we could look at the books. They politely declined. In a letter

we demanded an accounting. They sent back a hard refusal. Conditions at work became adversarial. The owners basically said, "Take us to court!" As a litigation veteran, I counseled the new doctors to take a different approach. Litigation was costly in time and money, and the actual dollars at stake didn't warrant that investment. Revenge was not a sufficient reason to bring a lawsuit. Moreover, they would always be known as the doctors who sued their own practice, a reputation which may discourage a potential future employer from offering any of them a contract. Instead, I suggested they look for new jobs, and then resign simultaneously. They agreed and did exactly that. The reputations of the new doctors remained intact and the medical community immediately understood what had occurred.

All that we had envisioned, all of our hopes of settling close to family in San Diego, vanished like morning dew under a summer sun. While we were both experiencing disappointments and coming to be dissatisfied with our employers, God had been planning something much better for us, a development which we could not have anticipated, or sought out by ourselves. But first of all, it seems, God had to sever our attachments to Egypt.