

True Parents' Sixth Son, Young Jin Moon, Memorialized in Reno

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Young Jin Moon, sixth son of Rev. Sun Myung Moon and Hak Ja Han Moon.

Oct. 26, 2011 marked the 12th anniversary of Young Jin Moon's ascension. Young Jin Moon passed away in Reno, NV in the Harrah's Casino after falling from the 17th story of the casino. Although the death was reported by authorities as a suicide, many believe that Young Jin Nim was murdered.

Rev. Kevin Thompson, pastor of the San Francisco Bay area Unification Church, recalled Young Jin Nim's life story at an intimate gathering in Reno on the evening of October 27, 2011. Unificationists there remembered the young man for his sincerity and passionate lifestyle. Mr. Jo Suk and Mrs. Ji Soon Seung, elder members of the church, hosted Young Jin Nim's memorial celebration.

"Reno is part of District 11 and as District Pastor, I took upon myself the responsibility to attend Young Jin Nim each year," Rev. Thompson emailed to familyfed.org. He continued: "After Young Jin Nim's passing in Reno, Mr. and Mrs. Seung determined to hold a memorial for him each year, and this comforted True Parents very much. Two years ago, before the 10th anniversary, Mrs. Seung wrote a letter to True Parents asking them to come to Reno to pray for Young Jin Nim. Just a few days after receiving the letter, True Parents did indeed come to Reno with the intention of staying for a few days. However after arriving and praying in Reno, they decided that they did not want to stay. After all, there is a lot of emotion attached to having your child go to the spirit world when so young. However, Father declared Young Jin's victory and his ascension as a victory for God."



From left in the first row: Rev. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Seung attend Young Jin Nim each year.

Young Jin Nim lived a life of a true filial son to True Parents. He was a living example of the *Divine Principle* which he read often. Despite his incredible drive and talent, Young Jin's first priority was caring for those he loved. Although he made the varsity lacrosse team in his junior year of high school, he chose to stay back and play with the junior varsity team in order to support his friend who was unable to make the varsity team.

Rev. Thompson explained that Young Jin's lifestyle motivated his younger brother, Hyung Jin Nim, to pursue a more sincere life of faith. As stated in *A Bald Head and a Strawberry*, Hyung Jin's reflective book on his journey in faith, he mentions that Young Jin Nim was a serious student. Young Jin Nim pushed his younger brother to be more sincere in his studies. It was not until after Young Jin Nim died, that Hyung Jin Nim truly took his brother's lessons to heart.



Mr. and Mrs. Seung symbolically feed the True Children who have ascended: Hyo Jin Nim, Heung Jin Nim, Hae Jin Nim and Young Jin Nim.

Everything Young Jin Nim did was motivated by his heart. He wanted to be excellent at everything he did so that he could represent his parents well. True Parents always remember their precious son, as reported by Mrs. Jin Soon Seung, a member in Carson City, Nevada.

“When we hold the memorial service, we open the door and invite Hyo Jin Nim, Heung Jin Nim, Hae Jin Nim and Young Jin Nim into the ceremony,” Rev. Thompson wrote to familyfed.org. “Each time we do that, I feel a strong spiritual presence as they enter the room and take their places. Mr. and Mrs. Seung symbolically feed the True Children, and we have a time of song and prayer. It is always a beautiful time, and the small group that gathers is inevitably feeling connected to Young Jin Nim.”

At the foot of an elaborate offering table prepared by Mrs. Seung at this year's gathering, the Reno members bowed, sang, and offered their well wishes to Young Jin Nim, and celebrated with him in spirit.

The following is a testimony by Yeon Jin Moon, younger sister of Young Jin Moon, delivered on November 23, 1999, shortly after news of his death reached his family.

In Memory of My Brother



Yeon Jin Moon, the sixth daughter of Rev. Sun Myung Moon and Hak Ja Han Moon.

I want to give you a taste of what my brother was all about. And I never want him to be forgotten...

My brother was someone not many knew. I, however, was lucky enough to spend a significant amount of time with him. He and I attended Groton School, a prep school in Massachusetts, for three years together. He was charismatic and loved by all the faculty. He was especially known for being a hard worker, who ceaselessly worked to attain all his goals. He was quiet and soft-spoken, but when he opened his mouth, only intelligent and bold opinions emerged from his lips. He excelled during his years at Groton, which, I believe, probably were the happiest and most successful five years of his life.

His room was always tidy. His books were treated like jewels. He would never throw down his book-bag on the floor after returning from a strenuous day of school; he would bend down and neatly place the bag standing straight up on the floor. He would open his books only wide enough to read them so as not to crease the edge. I could never tell which books he had read, because they were always in pristine condition.

He loved to read *Dungeons and Dragons* books, and I have yet to meet someone who knows more nitty-gritty facts about that fantasy world than he.

The minute he returned home from school every day, he would walk to the cupboard, take a new bag of Doritos, and walk to his room to start his homework. He would be in there for hours with the door closed. It was always so quiet in there that I often thought he was sleeping. But when I would sneak a glance into his room, he was hard at work. He would only emerge from his room to go to the bathroom, and he allotted himself fifteen minutes to eat dinner. Other than that, the only other indication that he was out and about was the empty Dorito bag that was always neatly placed outside his door at the end of the day. He loved Doritos.

He always tried to make me a better person. He read the *Divine Principle* regularly, and honestly tried his best to live a selfless life. He was a simple person.

He never had a thing for material possessions. Whatever money he ever had was always spent on someone else, many times on me. He was always ready to listen to my dilemmas and ready to give me advice. He never asked for anything in return. I knew deep down in my heart that his interest in my petty

life was genuine. I knew he loved me and cared for me.

He loved to play lacrosse, and he was determined to make the varsity team. I cannot remember a single day when he was not with lacrosse stick in hand. He would be outside for hours practicing his technique, slowly but surely becoming a master of the sport. That was his way. He did things to achieve perfection. There was this one brick on the chimney that he chose as his target, and he spent hours perfecting his aim. Soon enough he was hitting the brick with the ball from quite a distance. During his junior year, he made the varsity lacrosse team, a well-earned honor. But his friend and roommate, who had also tried out, failed to make the team. Thus, he resolved to give up his slot and played junior varsity for his junior year to keep his friend company. I don't think his roommate ever knew of his decision. But during his senior year, he again made the team, this time with his friend. He soon became the top scorer, and one of the most valuable players.

Not only was he amazing in lacrosse, he was also phenomenal in squash. He would spend many hours on end, perfecting his boast and his drop shot. He knew how much I loved the sport, so he often took time in his day to help me with my developing skills. He would tell me that I had it in me to someday be on the varsity team, and I would just snicker at him. He believed in my abilities. He would coach me after practice and during vacations, which I am sure held him back in perfecting his own skills. I was no way near his level of squash playing. Nevertheless, he genuinely wanted me to succeed. He, of course, made the varsity squash team. What I am sure he did not know was that I made the varsity squash team the year after he graduated. And I was elected captain of that team for my senior year. I don't think I ever really got to thank him.

During his years at Groton, he actively participated in community service at a local children's community school. He loved children, and they, in turn, loved him. He would always tell me of his mini-adventures with the children there. He helped out in the classrooms and chaperoned during recess. Many times, the children would cry when it came time for him to leave. The children loved him so much that the head of the community school wrote a letter of high praise to Groton about how great Phillip was. A couple of years later, this very same woman would write a letter of recommendation for his college applications. He was adored in this small community, and he made a tremendous difference. He, however, was never one to brag of his accomplishments. I found this out through a faculty member.

He was loved at Groton, his home away from home. Years after he graduated, his teachers and friends would still enquire about Phillip whenever they bumped into me in the hall. I would always answer that he was doing great at Columbia University. The Groton community had high hopes for Phillip; they all knew that he was brilliant, and that he was going somewhere in this world. I knew that too. He had the drive, energy, and motivation to be a great mover and shaker. He always had promise.

I wish the world could have known what a difference he made in my life as well as others. I want everyone to know what a great brother, friend, and mentor he was to me. He was always calm, composed, and extremely logical. He lived for the sake of others, and was truly selfless. He was kind and generous. I love him dearly, and he will always be my favorite brother.