



A National Movement Emerges

The Sept. 18, 1974 Madison Square Garden rally.

The New Future of Christianity

Rev. Sun Myung Moon

Excerpts from the Madison Square Garden Speech, September 18, 1974

Ladies and gentlemen, I am very happy to be here tonight. Thank you very much for coming. We are gathered together in this impressive setting of Madison Square Garden tonight in the name of God.

My topic tonight is “The New Future of Christianity.” But before I begin this evening’s message, I would like to make one personal plea. I did not come here to repeat what you already know. I have come to reveal something new. I want to share with you a revelation from God.

There is only one God, one Christ, one Bible. Today, however, in the Christian world alone there are more than 400 different denominations, all looking at the same Bible from very different points of view, with many different interpretations. What we are interested in is not the human interpretation of the Bible, but how God interprets the Bible, and what God’s will really is. Therefore, no person by himself is capable of satisfying us. That information must come from God, in the form of revelation.

And I want to share that revelation with you tonight. Since this message came from God, and since it is from God’s point of view, the content naturally may be different from human understanding. Therefore, it may be very new to you. But what we need is new ideas—God’s ideas—because man has exhausted all of his own ideas already. That is the reason for my coming to talk to you tonight. So I ask each one of you to open your mind and open your heart, so that the spirit of God can speak to you directly.

Kingdom of Heaven on Earth

If Adam and Eve had obeyed God, they would have brought the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. What would that kingdom be like? Adam and Eve were created sinless, with the potential for perfection. And they were to grow into perfection by obeying the law of God. While they were growing into fully perfected man and woman, their relationship was to be that of brother and sister. They were expected to set the true tradition of brotherhood and sisterhood.

What is perfection? Perfection is man’s total union with God. A man is supposed to be the temple of God, in which the spirit of God dwells. Such a man is divine, as God is divine; that man is holy, as God is holy. Jesus was the first such perfect man. This perfection is the state that Jesus was speaking of when he said,

Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me.
(John 14:11)

When you become one with God, His divine power is yours, and you shall be perfect as God is perfect. Therefore, Jesus set as man's goal to be perfect as God is perfect when he said,

You, therefore, must be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect. (Matt. 5:48)

God created one male and one female. Why? After their reaching the state of perfection, God wanted to bring them together into one heavenly couple, through the blessing of heavenly matrimony. God intended to begin His Kingdom with Adam and Eve as the first husband and wife.

If that had become a reality, then God's blessing to be fruitful and multiply would have been fulfilled. By having children, Adam and Eve would have become the God-centered True Father and Mother—the True Parents of mankind. If Adam and Eve had formed this first God-centered family, from them would have come a God-centered tribe, a God-centered nation, and a God-centered world ruled by God alone. Then perfection would have reigned from the beginning to eternity.

Kingdom of Hell—Paradise Lost

Then let us further examine the state of the fallen people and the fallen world. We read in John that Jesus says,

You are of your father the devil. (John 8:44)

By the fall, man was brought under the false fatherhood of Satan. Man changed fathers. We left our true father, God, and united with the false father, Satan. The first man and woman became the children of Satan. Under the false fatherhood of Satan, Adam and Eve united unlawfully as a couple without God's blessing or permission. And when they multiplied children, they all came under the same false father. They were all born as the children of sin, not the children of God. Therefore, the multiplication of sinful children from one generation to another has brought about this fallen, sinful world.

Because God is not at the center, this is a world of sin, a world of mistrust, a world of crime, a world of war. And we, the nations and societies of this world, can destroy each other and feel no pain. This is the kingdom of hell on earth.

The master of this world, indeed, is not God, but Satan. This is why John 12:31 indicates that Satan is the ruler of this world. We know this universe was created by God. We know God created us. But God is no longer the master, because people changed masters. Man betrayed God and united with a false master, Satan. This Satan became the father of mankind.

Salvation Is Restoration

Almighty God is a God of love, a God of mercy. His heart is compassionate and He grieved at the living death of His children. He knows no person is capable of breaking his chains and getting rid of sin by himself. He knows that only one power can bring people into salvation—God Himself. And God, in His mercy, is determined to save this world. What is salvation? Salvation is simply restoration. What does a doctor do to save his patient? He restores the patient to normal health. That is a cure. What would you do to save a drowning person? You would save him by bringing him out of the water and restoring him to dry land. That is a rescue.

By the same token, God's salvation of man is simply to restore man from an abnormal, deviated state to the original state of goodness. So, salvation is equivalent to restoration. God is going to restore the kingdom of hell to the Kingdom of Heaven. God made His determination clear in the Bible: "I have spoken, and I will bring it to pass; I have purposed, and I will do it." (Isaiah 46:11)

God did not say He might do it. He said He will do it, showing His absolute determination to restore man and the world to the original design. How? By the Messiah. To restore mankind, God sent His only son, Jesus Christ, into this world as the Savior, as the Messiah. Two thousand years ago, Jesus Christ came into our world as the author of life. He came to transform all sinful people into Christ-like people. He came to restore the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Therefore, Jesus Christ proclaimed as his first gospel, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matt. 4:17)

With the coming of Jesus Christ, people were truly at the threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus Did Not Come to Die

There is one historical puzzle that not been solved. For 4,000 years before the coming of Jesus Christ, God had prepared the people for the Messiah, as I explained earlier. Through His prophets, God had forewarned the people to be ready for the Messiah. God was working to build up expectation, and there was indeed great messianic fervor in Israel. And at the appointed hour, God fulfilled His promise. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, came to his own people on time.

Then what happened? History is the witness: We did not know him. We rejected him, rebelled against him, and finally crucified him on the cross. Why? The Christian churches say, "Well, the answer to that question is, simply, God sent Jesus Christ to die on the cross. The crucifixion was the predestined will of God from the beginning."

Then let me ask those Christians, "What will you do when Jesus Christ returns to you today?" All Christians undoubtedly will answer, "We will receive him! Welcome him! Unite with him! Follow him!" Let me further ask, "Will you crucify Christ when he appears?" Your answer must be, "No!" If that is so,

then what about the people of 2,000 years ago? If they had accepted Jesus—as you would today—would they still have had to crucify him? No! It was a mistake! It was in ignorance that we crucified Jesus Christ.

It was God's will that His people accept the Messiah. But we crucified him instead. And then Christians "passed the buck" by saying that was the will of God. Ridiculous! This is not acceptable to our logic. Something must have gone terribly wrong. What was it? The people did not know who Jesus of Nazareth was. They did not know him as the Son of God. If they had clearly known Jesus was the Messiah, the Son of God, they would not have crucified him.

He came to his own home, and his own people received him not. (John 1:11)

None of the rulers of this age understood this; for if they had, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. (I Cor. 2:8)

If they had only known who he was, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. It was a mistake. It was ignorance and blindness that killed Jesus Christ!

Christians of the world have not realized the truth about what actually happened in Jesus' time. If God's only purpose in sending His Son was to have him nailed on the cross, then why would God spend the time to prepare the people in the first place? It would have been much easier for God to send His son among the disbelievers, or even among savages. They would have killed him more quickly, and salvation would have come faster.

Crucifixion Brought Only Spiritual Salvation

So Jesus focused on his secondary mission, spiritual salvation. Due to the sin and blindness of the people, God permitted His son to be a sacrifice. That was the significance of the crucifixion. God allowed Jesus to die on the cross as a ransom paid to Satan. In exchange, upon Jesus' resurrection, God could claim the people's souls, though redemption of the body was not possible.

Therefore, God's victory was not in the cross but in the resurrection. The resurrection brought the salvation Christianity offers.

At Jesus' crucifixion, Christianity was crucified as well. At the hour of the Lord's tribulation, no one remained faithful. Everyone betrayed Jesus. Even Peter denied Christ.

But with the resurrection, Christianity revived as well. Then for 40 days, Jesus rejoined and cemented the shattered fragments of Christianity. That was the beginning of the Christianity of today.

Yes, our salvation does come from Jesus' victorious resurrection. This is the victory of Christ, and Satan's power can never influence it. But the body of Jesus Christ was given up as a sacrifice and a ransom. In giving up his body, Jesus also gave up the body of mankind. Our salvation is limited to spiritual redemption, because the redemption of the body remained unfulfilled 2,000 years ago. And

our world still suffers under Satan's power. Sin rages and dominates this world through our bodies.

Therefore, Paul shouted out in anguish,

Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death? Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord! So then, I of myself serve the law of God with my mind, but with my flesh I serve the law of sin. (Rom. 7:24-25)

Therefore, our great hope is the Second Coming of the Messiah. This is the hope of America, the hope of the world. America—this unique Christian nation—must awaken now and ready herself for the day of his coming.

The error was made here on earth. Sin was committed here on earth. Thus the error must be remedied and sin eradicated here on earth. Jesus asked us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Earth is the problem. That is why Christ must come back to this earth.

Many Christians believe that at the end of the world, God will destroy everything. The sun will be darkened, the stars will fall, and the earth will be burned up. A mere handful of Christians will be lifted up in the air, to spend the millennium with Christ. If God did that, then He would become a God of failure, His original will forever unfulfilled. He would be relinquishing this earth to Satan. Then Satan would actually become the victor, and God the loser. This will never happen! God is almighty. He will not give up on this earth. It was meant to be, and it shall be, His kingdom. This New York shall be His kingdom, too.

You can be the citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven if you meet the coming Messiah. He is your hope, my hope, and the only hope of America and this world. If we fail to see him, however, then Christianity will have no hope. Christianity will decline. Its spiritual fire will be extinguished. The churches will become the tombs of the old legacy. Our world then will be doomed.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have come here to Madison Square Garden tonight in obedience to God's command. The Bible says,

And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. (Acts 2:17)

We are living in such an extraordinary time, at the birth of a new age! Heaven is quite near. And if you earnestly call upon God, He will answer you. You must urgently ask Him, "How can I know if Reverend Moon is telling the truth?" Do not let me or anyone else answer that question for you. Let God answer you directly.

So go in peace, and please ask God earnestly, sincerely. Confront God in prayer. God will reveal the answer to you. The new hope for mankind is the

Messiah. And that “great and terrible day of the Lord” is at hand. It is up to you whether that day will be great or terrible. If you meet the Messiah, for you that day will be great. But if you fail to meet him, then for you that day will indeed be terrible.

God bless you. Thank you for your attentive listening.
Kamsa hamnida! Thank you, and good evening.



A National Movement Emerges

1972-74

DURING THE YEARS 1972-1974, THE UNIFICATION CHURCH emerged as a national movement in America. Not only did all the missionary groups merge by the end of this period, but national membership multiplied ten times, evangelistic crusades were held in all fifty states, substantial properties were purchased, international conferences held, and a controversial “Answer to Watergate” statement circulated in full-page advertisements bought in most of the nation’s major newspapers. By the end of this period, the church’s rapid growth had provoked controversy and confrontation. However, prior to considering that, it is important to understand how the movement achieved rapid growth, stability and prominence in the 1970s. Basically, this development was the result of the Church’s organizational initiatives, favorable conditions of American national life, and most importantly, the presence of Rev. Moon.

In terms of organizational initiatives, the three-year period between 1972-74 divides into two eighteen-month phases. The first, beginning January 1972, focused on the attainment of internal solidarity. Consisting of a series of pioneer training programs, this phase culminated in the achievement of a viable national structure in all fifty states by July 1973. A second phase, building on this national network of support, focused on the attainment of public visibility. A series of highly successful “Day of Hope” speaking crusades culminated in a full house at New York’s Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974 and a triumphant eight-city tour concluding in San Francisco and Los Angeles in December 1974.

Favorable conditions in American national life, particularly a ready supply of youth disillusioned both with American society and with the countercultural alternatives of the 1960s also contributed to the church’s development. In addition, the crisis of the Nixon Presidency afforded the movement an opportunity for national exposure. However, of far more importance for the emer-



gence of the Unification Church as a national movement was the unifying and energizing presence of Rev. Moon. Just as the early missionaries shaped the character of their groups, Rev. Moon gave substance to the national movement. In this sense, it is appropriate to date the birth of the Unification Church of America from his arrival.

*Father speaks at
Carnegie Hall.*

Farley Jones

What was very special about the period of time when I joined was the spiritual life in the center. I joined in Washington, D.C. in 1967. I heard the Divine Principle in New York City and came to the center in Washington during the summer of 1967 so I could investigate it further.

The center was led by Young Oon Kim. She was a source of spiritual light and warmth. She really created a very loving community under her influence. It was very spiritually magnetic.

After I joined and spent some time there in Washington, D.C., Dr. Kim (Young Oon Kim) on one occasion traveled across the country visiting the outlying centers. She wrote me a letter from Berkeley, California. The center had only one person at that time, Edwin Ang. He was a full time Ph.D. student, and he needed help. She asked me if I could join him. It was a few months after I joined. I drove to California in November of 1967.

Later Dr. Ang and I worked as two males, very arduously without much success. We felt we needed a female to join us. We wrote to Miss Kim and said we needed a sister to balance things out. We were doing things like eating rice and sardines as a standard fare. We taught a lot of people. Berkeley then was a very avante garde place, with a lot going on. After I joined, Betsy joined. She was between school years, the summer of '68. She was available. The three of us moved to a larger place. Together we were a very dynamic trio. People started joining and moving in. In two years, we got 21 members. Betsy stayed for the summer of '68. She was replaced by Helen Ireland who is now blessed and living in France. She helped attract sisters and brothers. We grew and we expanded from one physical center. We bought a house and rented a couple of others. It was a great time—my “church honeymoon” you might say.

Then I got another letter from Young Oon Kim and she wanted me to consider taking the position of the church president. I declined, but then it transformed from a request to a command. I was told to pack and come back to Washington, D.C. in December of '69. So if the first two years was my honeymoon, I don't know how to describe the next three except that it was the opposite. I was 26 years old and too young to serve in such a role, with neither enough life experience or spiri-

tual experience, or spiritual growth.

The great benefit of that time from 1969 to 1972 was that Father came during that time. So I had the special opportunity to represent the American church to Father. I traveled with him on his Seven City Speaking Tour. When he came at the end of 1971, I had been president for two years then and I was really in the pits. Father gave me a lot of love and encouragement which was deeply renewing for me. By the time he left I was inspired.

It was very powerful, I was very inspired and uplifted. He would look at me as representing the whole church or the whole nation. It wasn't personal attention to me but to reach larger levels. That was true of how he treated all leaders in the church.

At that point we were unknown and the persecution was minor. A journalist came and stayed with us for a few days who seemed friendly and interested. He wrote an article that was somewhat sensational but it was just the one article.

When Betsy and I were matched, we let the *Washington Post* know about it, and the unusual marriage arrangement. They wrote a very nice article about us and two other couples. We were all going to Korea together, so it was a point of interest.

Once I went to Upshur House to visit Father. I felt very inadequate for the job, so I made an appointment to see him through Mrs. Choi. His room was on the second floor. Father was on the bed, Mother was on the other bed and Mrs. Choi said that Betsy and I should sit on the floor. Then he got up and sat down on the floor with us. I was very touched by that. He was such a great man to do something so humble and extend the human touch. He extended himself and encouraged me. I asked him if I should resign, and he said no, no, don't resign. He gave me some strategies. I had a long history of affection and love with Young Oon Kim, but at that time it was very difficult. That was part of the overall difficulty I was having as church president. He suggested ways to heal the relationship.

I was a fallen-away Catholic before I joined. There was a whole process of preparation for me. My own parents had divorced, and my father had moved out. I had had girlfriends during college, for various lengths of time and various kinds of seriousness, but they never lasted. The fear that I was conscious of was that I didn't want to put my children through what I had experienced as a child with a parent leaving the home...which was very

painful for me. Having gone through several girlfriends and not having any of the pieces fall into place, I was starting to doubt my ability. I fell away from Catholicism. I thought that's what happened to people when they went away to college. I even became a confident atheist in my senior year. I felt I knew something that others did not know, that God did not exist.

I went to law school for a year after college, and then I went on a trip to California. I was on a spiritual quest, and then I had several experiences that challenged my atheistic premises. Then I got a letter from Hilly Edwards. I met her in the summer between my first and second years of law school. She was engaged but her engagement fell through and she was witnessed to by Becky Salonen. She had a conversion experience and wrote me a letter and said this is something I ought to look into. She said if I ever went to New York City there's a branch there. I had dropped out of law school and was going to New York to pick up another field of study. There I met and first studied the Principle with Barbara ten Wolde and Diane Fernsler. What first struck me was the first chapter, the conception of the man-woman relationship and the husband and wife relationship, reflecting the male and female attributes in God's nature. I thought this might be a solution for me, for the definite search I had with reference to establishing a stable family and avoiding the problem of my own parents. I was attracted to the spirit, the very loving family.

It was a scary time when things began getting negative. I was aware of all the kidnappings and deprogrammings. That was at the height. One time there was a major, nationwide NBC news program on the church. That broke open the flood tide of persecution. I helped rescue some of the people who'd been kidnapped and deprogrammed. The members would call having been kidnapped and needed help escaping. We would get secret phone calls. Mike Runyon and I went to New Jersey one night. We were outside a house, and we were waiting for someone to break out of a bathroom window. That person did escape but not where we were waiting. Even though there were no indications from my own family that they would do such a thing, I was apprehensive that I could be grabbed somewhere.

In 1972 Father inaugurated two bus teams. He sent out 40 missionaries to 40 states which did not have centers. To support those centers, David Kim and Young Oon Kim led bus teams traveling around the country. They would spend time at each of these centers witness-



Betsy and Farley Jones, 1975

ing and teaching to bring membership to the centers.

Then he held the first Science Conference at the Waldorf Astoria in 1972. He decided to change the number of teams from two bus teams to 10 traveling in vans. He sent me out as the leader of one of these vans. After the presidency, I was in no condition to lead a group of people. We were in Richmond then, and I took a leave of absence. I resolved certain things, kind of stepping back for a while and then I returned to the church center working under Neil Salonen. During the Washington Monument campaign, our part was being conducted in New York City—I was involved in the publications part of it, media outreach, and generating newspaper and TV advertising. I decided to go to the seminary. Even though I entered the seminary in 1976, right after the Washington Monument campaign, and had left the presidency in 1972, there were questions and confusion that I was still carrying with me. Some brothers and sisters go to the seminary full of faith and leave with questions, but I had the opposite experience: I came with questions and left with faith.

The Third World Tour

In late 1971, Rev. Moon returned to the United States as part of his third world tour. Accompanied by Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Won Bok Choi, Mr. Young Whi Kim (President, HSA-UWC, Korea since Mr. Eu's death in 1970), and Mr. Ishii (Director, HSA-UWC Business Enterprises, Japan), the party arrived in Los Angeles, December 11, 1971. Denied United States visas, ironically because of alleged communist affiliations, the group flew to Toronto, Canada, the following day. As a result of efforts of the three missionary groups and their contacts, the situation was clarified, and Rev. Moon was granted visa clearance extending until March 14, 1972. On December 18, 1971, he arrived in Washington, D.C.

Speaking almost every night from December 21st through the 30th, Rev. Moon assembled members for a four-day training program from Friday, December 31 until Monday, January 3. Conducted by Mr. Young Whi Kim, who "taught the Principle as it is taught in Korea," it was out of that weekend that what later became known as "the plan" emerged. As reported in Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers*, the plan was "to hold revival meetings in seven major cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Berkeley." While Rev. Moon indicated his desire to hold public meetings on his arrival in Los Angeles, it was not until the four-day training program that the plan was activated, and on January 4, 1972, a joint meeting was held with East and West Coast leaders to launch the movement's first national campaign. Since Rev. Moon had never spoken publicly either in Korea or Japan, the birth of the American movement coincided with the beginning of a new phase in his ministry.

*En route to the U.S.,
December, 1971*



The plan required not only individual commitment but also cooperation among missionaries, existing centers, bus teams, newly appointed state representatives, and itinerary workers. As David Kim put it, "This time, all groups will work together to expand our Principle Movement centering in existing chapels, centers, churches, and their members." Leaving little to chance, Rev. Moon announced that personnel from all three groups would be transferred to other places and a rotation system enforced. In any case, the seven-city tour was the first project ever carried out by the national movement. Although the plan was clear enough, it awaited implementation. Not only did pioneers have to be selected and trained, but a revival meeting itinerary had to be arranged, halls rented, a program set up, posters made, tickets printed and buses purchased. Later, state representatives had to be selected and assigned, bus teams formed and itinerary workers appointed.

The first step of preparation for the tour was the selection of pioneers for the two-week training session scheduled to begin in New York City on January 14, 1972. On January 9, Rev. Moon flew to the San Francisco Bay Area for consultation with Mr. Choi who, in David Kim's words, "still had many things to readjust to the new development of our Principle Movement in the U.S." While in the Bay Area, Rev. Moon also visited the Berkeley Center. Although Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation contributed fifteen pioneers and the Berkeley Center thirteen, of more significance was the coming together of the two groups on January 11, 1972. As reported in Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers*, "That night, history was made as the San Francisco and Berkeley Families came together at the Re-Education Center to share a meal and to hear our leader speak."

Previously, Rev. Moon journeyed to New York City where he rented the Lincoln Center for three nights (February 3-5, 1972) and charged the local center with making plans for the first of seven revival meetings. By January 8th, the New York center chose its theme, "The Day of Hope: The Day of the True Family," designed what would be the tour's official poster, and set about finding a church to rent for the pioneer training program. On January 14, 1972, the pioneers arrived. Housed in the three-story, stone and stucco Bronx center, seventy-two pioneers and staff traveled daily to St. Steven's Methodist Episcopal Church, where they were accommodated more comfortably for meals and lectures in the basement social hall. The training session focused on building solidarity, a difficult task, given the factions which had developed in the American church. One pioneer wrote:

There are about eighty of us. We come from different centers throughout the United States. We didn't know each other when we first started. Each of us had different songs, different ways of praying, and different ways of applying the Principle. It was hard to unify at first. But we knew it was necessary.

Unity became increasingly necessary as the opening revival date drew nearer. With less than three weeks to go, training moved from St. Steven's Church to the streets of New York City. It became increasingly clear that Rev. Moon's training program and style of unification were decidedly experiential. Under his direction, the attainment of solidarity within the ranks would come as a result of shared experience. In January, 1972, that meant hitting the streets of New York City in mid-winter to sell revival tickets at \$6.00 each (\$18.00 for three nights) to hear an unknown evangelist. That training was emphasized as much as visible results was evident both in that pioneers were not allowed to sell in pairs and in the rule that tickets be sold only for all three nights. One pioneer well expressed the existential burden borne by the ticket sellers:

New York City! Your streets are filled with emptiness. How much of our blood is going to be claimed by Satan? Were we really equal to the task? Then we began to try. And it didn't work. And we would pray for strength and courage.... Then we would be faced with ourselves again. Sell a ticket....we had to sell a ticket....we had to go out on the streets by ourselves....we couldn't go in pairs. People were in a hurry or would stop and tell us it was great, but they never come in the city at night. Or that we were good salesmen but they had another commitment. And nothing worked. Weren't we giving everything? Something deep inside reminded us that there was something we were holding back, something that we were yet embarrassed about or afraid to do. Then we did this thing—honestly, totally—it still didn't work. We couldn't even pray then. It was as if we were entirely deserted.... We were struggling our absolute best and losing before we had even started. It was agony... hell. We weren't "we" any longer, but lost and rejected individuals, each person in his private desperation.

While pioneers hit the streets, local center members in each of the seven cities set up speaking dates, rented halls, did mailings, printed programs, bought ads, put up posters and sold tickets wherever possible. In this sense, the tour required movement-wide coordination as well as increased individual commitment. Each revival stop featured opening remarks by local directors, music by the Unification Chorale, introductions by W. Farley Jones, President, Unification Church, U.S.A., and three nights of talks by Rev. Moon. Translated

from the Korean first by Young Whi Kim and later in the tour by Bo Hi Pak, Rev. Moon's topics were: "One God, One World Religion," "Ideal World for God and Man," and "The New Messiah, and the Formula of God in History."

Despite the efforts of pioneers and existing centers, the tour was a constant battle against anonymity and, in the Eastern cities, against the elements. In New York City bitter weather limited attendance to between 350-450 people for the three nights even though many more tickets had been sold. In Washington, a blizzard not only hindered the turnout but stranded pioneers in Frederick, Maryland, when the bus carrying them to California broke down in heavy snow. On the West Coast, the weather was not a problem. Still, it was not until Berkeley that the tour had its first full house. There were a number of reasons for the Berkeley success. Perhaps most important, it was the last stop on the tour, and the center there had the longest amount of time to prepare. Following Rev. Moon's visit to the Bay Area in early January, 1972, the Berkeley Center rented a large room (capacity: 700) at the Claremont Hotel and mobilized five committees—Tickets, Literature, Publicity, Physical Arrangements, and Follow-up—to prepare for the March 9-11, 1972, revival. Berkeley traditionally was fertile ground for new movements of various types, and prior to the tour's arrival, neutral to positive articles appeared in both the *Berkeley Gazette*

*Day of Hope Tour,
Washington, D.C.*





Family members prevent a heckler from disrupting Father's talk in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"Those people who criticize me don't know even this much of my life. They don't know of what I have been through, or the experiences I have had with God."

priority of the movement continued to be the attainment of internal solidarity. This was especially clear at a meeting of Bay Area members and pioneers in San Francisco following the Berkeley revival. In response to a question on how the San Francisco group and the Berkeley group would relate in the future, one pioneer recounted Rev. Moon's "hurricane-like fury at Satan and the division of the American family": "They are one!" he thundered. "There is no Miss Kim's group and Mr. Kim's group and Mr. Choi's group. There are no groups. They are all Mr. Moon's group. Missionaries will be recalled to Korea. Members will be interchanged, and all members will go through my training, even your president, Farley Jones."

What Rev. Moon's training called for was a three-year period (1972-74) of total mobilization. The first step in this training involved the selection and assignment of "state representatives" (SRs), "itinerary workers" (IWs), and evangelical bus team members. To coordinate these groups, an entirely new organization was born.

and *Oakland Tribune*. In addition, the tour had become more polished, and ticket prices were reduced to \$6.00 for the three nights. Finally, Rev. Moon, who had suffered with the flu during the first six cities, was in good health for Berkeley. For these reasons, the pioneers finished the seven-city tour with a "feeling of having triumphed."

Although the Berkeley stop-over was gratifying, that particular success was less an end than a beginning of the movement's active evangelizing. Far more ambitious crusades were to follow. At the same time, the first

Pioneering America in the early 70s

Laura Taylor Hayashi

In the early times in the USA movement, Father wanted to visit the members, and there was no money and no internal education about attendance. He would often just have to stay in cramped quarters together with our members. The OWC had just been changed to IOWC, and what a mess it was with different languages and cultures, all traveling around together. And of course, not much money. In one such place, there was only two bedrooms, one for brothers and one for sisters. And one toilet, which was between the two rooms.

Well, Father had gone into the bathroom, and might have fallen asleep, because when he came out, he was sort of disoriented. He went into the wrong room—the sisters room! It was morning, and everyone was half awake, in various stages of dress or undress. The tendency in this world is that a lady would scream, in such a situation, but this was our True Father! It is the joy of an original child to see their parent anytime. Thank God for one sister, who in her bra and pants marched up to Father, and said, “Good morning, Father!” He was happy. But of course, he left.

Another time, much later, we were a small group in Washington, D. C., after the Washington Monument Rally. True Parents came almost every week. It was intoxicating. They were filled with a kind of joy, which they wanted us to inherit. One time, Father was saying he had to go. I am sure he did have to go, but it also seems now that he wanted to stay more and share more with us. One sister stood up and said, “Father, please don’t go.” He beamed. His heart had been received, and returned to him. Later, he spoke many times in many places about this event. How important it was that that sister had felt that way about him, and expressed it.

Another occasion during this same period, Father was trying to make the point of self sacrifice. How when you love God, it is a joy to sacrifice and we want to take the bad things so others may have the good ones. He had been speaking like this for some time. Then he wanted a foil, and chose a sister in the front row to make the point. Now this sister had escaped from a communist country, and many of her family were suffering great hardships. They suffered both because she left, and

because of shortages in her country.

She had gotten a letter one day about a friend whose baby had died because there was no way to heat their apartment—nothing available at all. But this sister was intoxicated with True Parents, and steadfast in her understanding of why she was with us, and how she would remain for their sake. Her English seemed good, but it must have been an interesting combination between her understanding and Father’s expressions. She was enraptured when Father asked her, “So, now what kind of food do you want?” She replied ecstatically, “Good food, Father!” He drew his whole body back. She was supposed to say, bad food.

He reassessed this situation. Again, directly with some force, very close to her face, he asked the same question. She replied exactly the same, and in the same manner. Father tried one more time, but he dissolved in laughter when she replied the same. He tousled her hair and grabbed her head. We were all laughing so much. He gave up. His speech took a whole new direction, one centering on joy. It was beautiful to behold.

North Carolina

We arrived at Chapel Hill, N.C. to a small center, all of us with big hopes. Maybe there were seven of us. Soon, it was only five of us, as there were MFT teams that requested members from the states. One of the campaign requests was to help buy Belvedere.

We sold peanuts, and later, candles in the little brandy snifter glasses. Sometimes we sold ginseng. I met some wild ginseng hunters with lots of amazing stories. What a wonderful way to get to know the countryside of North Carolina. Father had told us to do strange things to get attention. I remember in Minneapolis they drilled a hole in the ice and jumped in (I think in January) just for the press. In Omaha, members did a march, not unlike the trail of tears. We couldn’t think of a lot that would work for us; we were fundraising almost the whole time. We would get together on holidays with other states. When our entire region of five states gathered, we would have a total of only about 25 people.

Witnessing on campus, we encountered much Marxist thought. *The Rising Tide* newspaper was helpful. One guest we brought was interested, but kept talking about his ideas of Marxist thought. He was a constant companion, and a bit of a pain. He made us a round table, with legs which had a hinge, so it could be used for sitting on the floor as well as with chairs. It was built as a

labor of love. He dropped out soon after, however. And I will never forget the time we were so poor, and it was so cold, we burned the legs of that table in the fireplace!

Witnessing in 1972

Then July 1, 1972, Father reorganized the whole movement. My friend Bonnie and I were to go to North Carolina. I was frantic to meet some more of my old friends in Iowa. When I first joined, Christine had taken me to visit the old group. How shocking it was for me to visit people I knew in this new context, talking about ancient controversies. Yet I felt confident that others were prepared.

The day before we left, a good friend of my previous boyfriend was outside a bar during the band's break, getting cool in the summer's evening. I told him to come visit, that the center and the Divine Principle was everything we had previously spoken about in our searches for God and integrity. The next day, we were driving along and saw him on his motorcycle. We pulled up beside him, and I yelled that we were leaving that night for North Carolina, it was his only chance, didn't he remember our talk the last night? I think he was embarrassed that he didn't remember, so that night before we left, he came to evening program. By the time we arrived three days later in North Carolina, driving my friend's little Volkswagen bug, he had joined. He went on to a foreign mission and had many great adventures of his own. And we did as well!

IOWC, early 70s

In the early 70s, we didn't know even about fundraising. It was front page news when someone broke \$50 fundraising! Our center hadn't tried it yet, and the rent was due. Christine didn't want to get a job and be tied to their schedule, and I was still mostly living at home, not fully living in the center. What to do? Christine said, "God will provide." The day that the landlord would pick up the rent, a stranger came to our door, and said, "This is for you." He gave us a paper bag. It was filled with exactly enough cash for the rent.

Christine knew I had to get more involved. The nearest center was more than 500 miles away, either in Kansas City or Omaha, NE. We decided to go to Omaha. As I was hearing the Divine Principle, my close friend was having visions of the prayer room in Omaha. When I returned, we were up together all night sharing simultaneous spiritual experiences. She never left. Three

days later, her husband came to see what was going on. We told him the conclusion of the Divine Principle and he moved in. The first Day of Hope tour was starting, and we heard the news that True Parents would stop in Iowa City, which was a four-hour drive away.

We made urgent preparations. At that time Rev. and Mrs. Moon were not called our "True Parents." We called Father "Master." I remember seeing a formal picture of them, and thinking it was too intimate for me to look at! He was touching Mother's shoulder.

Members from as far as Tennessee came. Their state leader came wearing a turban (he is not Indian) and playing a sitar! It would be our only chance during the tour to see True Parents and most of us had never seen them. They wanted to stop and visit because Klaus Werner was with us in Iowa, and they had known him since he was about 12 years old. We felt very fortunate. We invited all kinds of crazy guests, whom we had just met.

We were all so young, and had a zeal for witnessing. Including the new IOWC teams which had arrived in the United States, there were no more than 800 members in the whole country. Yet at that moment we felt so large. There couldn't have been 40 people in that humble house. I remember I was shocked that Mother wore pants. I caught myself right away; I wondered what I had expected her to wear? The thought must have come from some spiritual influence. David Kim was in fine form, dancing all around with great excitement to translate for Father. Father had to trounce him, with a smack of his hand a few times, especially when he jumped up on a chair, higher than Father, to explain a point. David Kim didn't seem to mind at all, it was funny and warm.

Father asked for questions, and we were so embarrassed with some of the strange questions that were asked by these guests. One asked why it wasn't okay to smoke. Another asked about people from other planets. I groaned inside, grateful that they weren't my guests.

But Father replied with so much love, and so wisely. He said, "When we have solved all the problems of this planet, then we will worry about life on other planets." How grateful I felt to be with our "Master." Then he initiated some games which we played into the night. Yute was one of them. We laughed and were all squashed in together. I can't imagine where we all slept, but in fact, we didn't sleep at all. We kind of sat in a corner of the hallway, with bunches of others. No one minded at all.

Pioneering the State of Louisiana

Nancy Hanna

Father gave \$500 seed money to each state leader to pioneer the church. I headed south in a van with half a dozen other pioneers. They dropped me off at a grocery store in New Orleans. I headed straight for the YWCA. I began a three-day fast and a seven-day condition to walk around the city all day picking up garbage. In my trek, I witnessed to a nun who invited me to board at the Dominican College, a women's college. Here, my roommate was going out on a date with a fellow named George Glass. It wasn't a serious relationship and as she talked about him—he had studied to be a priest—I felt that I should witness to him.

I found a tiny apartment and bought a small table and two chairs at the Salvation Army. Next came a blackboard and I was all set to teach. To support myself financially, I also got a part-time job as a cleaning lady at the LSU dental school.

I had been studying my notes from Pres. Young Whi Kim's lectures intensively. With great anticipation, I invited George, who came for a series of eight lectures—the first I had ever taught. Not amazingly, everything made a great deal of sense to him. He even took the

Conclusion in stride and simply asked, "Okay. What should I do now?"

That was lucky since the bus team headed by missionary David Kim was arriving in a few weeks and we needed to find a larger center for them to stay. By that time, I had also taught Peggy Kercz, a nurse from Boston doing social work at a clinic for the Catholic Diocese in New Orleans. Peggy and I met very early one Sunday morning on a bus on my way home from praying at the New Orleans holy ground.

We rented a New Orleans "shotgun" house (long and narrow) in the historic section on—wouldn't you know it—Harmony and 9th! Still with no furniture, Peggy and I made a large, beautiful felt banner with our movement's motto: "Let us go forth in the shoes of a servant, shedding sweat for earth, tears for man and blood for heaven."

I had already been to the city's major paper, *The Times Picayune*, which had written an article about my mission to found a church in Louisiana. Now I told the press that a very important bus team was coming—and this time the TV cameramen showed up—albeit a little disappointed at the size and humbleness of our bus team!

David Kim was incredible—energetic, supportive and fatherly. As a truly veteran pioneer, he taught his bus team and we New Orleans members to street preach and witness up a storm.

With the bus team gone, I continued witnessing,

IOWC team #5, with Father and Team Leader Martin Porter, Kevin McCarthy, Jack Hart, Robert Williamson, Gary Fleischer and Beverly Lee.



mostly on the nearby campuses of Tulane and Loyola Universities. Students would come for a two-day seminar at our house on Harmony. After each spiritual child heard the conclusion, I did a 3-day fast for them to accept DP and dedicate themselves to the cause.

George had a full-time job so I had been able to quit my lady janitor job. (This was during pre-fundraising days.) George came with a fire-engine red Pontiac Firebird and a little later Mitch Dixon joined with a fluorescent blue late-model car as well. I think we had the fanciest wheels of any pioneer center. The working members kept their jobs and by pooling our resources, we did fine financially.

From Tulane University, six students joined and dedicated themselves—five of them are still dedicated members: Mitch Dixon, Chris Ching, Peter Spoto, Mark Turegano and Donna Jean McMillan Brewer. Everyone of them left Tulane University, considered an ivy league school of the south, very shortly after hearing the Principle. (Mark had a prestigious governor's scholarship.) They were that kind of people. They understood immediately the depth and importance of the Divine Principle and the need to dedicate themselves totally to help Father.

Their parents all came to visit them. They listened to Divine Principle themselves and trusted the decision of their children, God bless them. This was before the days of the media hysteria about brainwashing. When I think of the fine families all these members have today, I know those parents are still glad they trusted their children, although it could not have been easy.

Other members who joined in New Orleans pioneering days were John Robbins, Peggy Parker Nakamura, Steve and Judy Rondino and Scott McAffey. Almost all the members who joined in New Orleans are dedicated members to this day. My faith and focus had been to fulfill 1-1-1 and with some help from the bus team, it was fulfilled our first year!

We received some special visits to our pioneering center that first year. Neil Salonen came by on a swing through the South doing anti-Communist work; George was relieved to speak to a brother. Father assigned IW's to each region and so Hilly Edwards arrived by bus one day. She stayed about a week and was a warm, wise and wonderful IW. She went out fundraising with us, witnessing with us and offered lots of love and encouragement to all of us. John Doroski visited with some members and we did a workshop together.

One day I came home to the Harmony St. house to find a small package on my doorstep. It contained a black enamel vase with a hand-painted inscription: "Let us be flowers for the Heavenly Will"—a gift from True Parents in Korea.

Fundraising was born in the form of multicolored and multi-smelling candles in glass brandy snifters. The whole movement began its first fundraising campaign to raise \$120,000 to purchase Belvedere so True Parents could have a residence in the United States. I received the candles in boxes by mail. There was no one to tell me how to fundraise. I had never done any sales work of any kind but I just walked out the door and started selling them door to door. Peggy and George joined me and this became a regular evening activity for Belvedere.

We had outgrown our little "shotgun" house. A number of our members had savings accounts, and with donations from Chris Ching, Mitch Dixon and others we were able to put together a \$5,500 down payment to buy 4411 Canal Street, a house I chose because of its central location. The wife of our Harmony St. landlord was our realtor.

In 1973 HSA-UWC was legally established in the state of Louisiana. After we pioneered about a year, Father began to spend more time in America and he began to summon us "state leaders" and HSA-UWC officers to meetings every 40 days at Belvedere. We would give reports and Father would guide us, often personally pouring out his heart. Through these conferences, he began to raise up the leadership of the American movement.

At one of these conferences there was a church holiday and Pres. Young Whi Kim asked me to organize the state leaders into a skit as part of the entertainment. We decided to do a comedy review of our experiences with Father on the speaking tour. In one of our scenes, one beefy member by the name of Gil and the diminutive Helen Chin Alexander did a hilarious imitation of Mrs. Choi translating for Father. They spoofed how Father would say strong things in a strong way and then Mrs. Choi would translate it all in a soft, feminine way. The skit was a hit, indeed hilarious, and Father and Mother were rolling in the aisles. Later, Pres. Kim told me in the nicest way that one does not do spoofs of the Messiah. Of course. I was mortified. Just like True Parents to absorb our ignorance with a big heart.

One World Crusade

One World Crusade, Inc. (OWC) was the engine of the Unification Church's evangelistic activities from 1972 through 1974. Through this structure, pioneer state representatives, bus team members and leaders, itinerary workers and existing church centers coordinated activities. The organization itself was formed during the Day of Hope revival in Los Angeles, the fifth city of the seven-city tour. Although the OWC structure included state representatives, itinerary workers and existing centers, it was especially identified with "mobile unit" bus teams. Newly appointed OWC "commanders" Young Oon Kim and David Kim, along with approximately twenty-five members each, set out in March 1972 from the Bay Area on separate northern and southern bus team routes to meet in Washington, D.C. the following August. At that time, a third bus team was formed and in December, 1972, seven more teams were organized, making a total of ten evangelical bus teams, each assigned to a specific region of the country. By July 1, 1973, forty more OWC mobile units were organized so that there was a unit for every state. On that foundation, the movement launched more ambitious speaking tours in late 1973 and 1974.

The genius of the OWC was the way in which it integrated a variety of different tasks. First and foremost, the OWC fostered evangelistic outreach. At each of their stops, evangelizing bus teams reinforced activities of newly sent out and often solitary state representatives. Witnessing actively, especially on college campuses, bus team members brought guests to evening programs, conducted workshops and left long lists of contacts for local state representatives to follow up. Seven-day crusades in each state frequently resulted in the recruitment of permanent members. Equally important, the OWC enhanced the movement's internal solidarity. The mobile units combined membership from various parts of the movement and continued the process of unification begun at the original pioneer training session. At the same time, the establishment of state representatives and itinerary workers, as well as such publications as *Pioneer's Progress* (which supplanted Miss Kim's *New Age Frontiers* from July to October, 1972), opened channels of movement-wide communication. The OWC effectively linked up disparate centers throughout the country.

In addition to evangelistic outreach and organizational integration, the OWC helped lay the groundwork for the movement's future speaking tours. Members cultivated important contacts and gained public relations experience. Actively contacting news media, local churches and civic officials, public relations teams stressed theistic principles and ethical values. These themes were reflected in "Rallies for God" on college campuses and at state capitol buildings. From March 16, 1972, when the two evangelical bus teams left San Francisco, until August 1, 1972, when they arrived in Washington, D.C., Mobile Unit #1 (the northern bus) campaigned in twenty-two cities and twenty-two states, traveling a total of 8,400 miles. Mobile Unit #2 (the southern bus) campaigned in

twenty-one cities and twenty states, traveling a total of 7,780 miles. Mr. David Kim emerged as the OWC's leading "field general." In over forty separate reports under such titles as "Marching Across This Great Land to Make It Free," "One World Crusade Is Marching On," and "Mobile Unit II Moves West Coast States," he chronicled bus team activities in 1972. In December of that year, he was named "Executive Director" of the One World Crusade. With numerous bus teams in operation, the movement was under considerable pressure to fuel the crusade. To do so, another organization was born.

Mobile Fundraising Teams (MFT)

If the One World Crusade was the foundation of the movement's evangelistic activities from 1972-74, door-to-door and street-corner solicitation or "fundraising," initially with candles, were its means of economic support. Because of the urgent need for existing centers to help support OWC mobile units and pioneer centers in the field, as well as their own activities, aggressive fundraising campaigns came to be favored over either businesses or outside employment.

Existing centers, pioneers and OWC evangelical bus units all undertook fundraising campaigns, but they became especially identified with a new institution, the mobile fundraising team or MFT. Consisting of eight or nine full-time sellers, MFTs first formed in late August, 1972. The original two teams on each coast merged into one permanent team of fourteen members in October, 1972, and expanded to three teams and thirty-six sellers by the following September. In October, 1973, a fourth team was added and by the following May, there were eight teams and eighty members. Their selling efforts not only supported evangelistic activities of the OWC but also helped the movement to purchase properties and conduct its later speaking tours.

There were several important parallels between the OWC and MFT. Both were aggressive and mobile. Both consolidated otherwise scattered local efforts. And both originally were born of necessity in response to the demands of a specific campaign. For the OWC, this was the seven-city tour. For the MFT, it was the "Belvedere Project," a movement-wide, late summer and early autumn 1972 campaign to raise the funds necessary to purchase Belvedere, a Tarrytown, New York estate, as the movement's international training center. Economic support had been a continuous and frequently divisive problem for the movement prior to the Belvedere Project. Outside employment hindered full-time evangelism, and businesses were no less time consuming and often distracting. With centers dabbling in a variety of economic ventures, members were forced to admit during 1971 they had yet "to come up with something that all the centers can do."

Following Rev. Moon's arrival and seven-city tour, the need for funds became acute. Ironically, one breakthrough came as a result of the breakdown of the seven-city tour's missionary bus in Frederick, Maryland, when members

found that they could garner donations. This realization, combined with the increased financial demands of national mobilization, led to more sustained fundraising efforts. In April, 1972, the Washington, D.C., center surpassed a goal of \$4,000 profit through door-to-door sales of candles produced in the basement of the College Park, Maryland center. Also supplied with College Park candles, the New York Center netted \$1,600 in nine days toward a three-month goal of \$21,000. In Philadelphia, the center set aside one night a week for regular candle selling.

Candle selling proliferated rapidly among the existing centers. They had, finally, “come up with something that all the centers could do.” Still, there was a lack of coordination. In his OWC reports, David Kim spoke of financial burdens and the lack of funds from headquarters. As a consequence, OWC mobile units and pioneer centers began fundraising for expenses. Thus, although fundraising became the movement’s predominant economic means, there was no center or focus.

Rev. Moon solved the problem of coordinating fundraising activity in 1972, when he directed the American movement “to find a large property in New York suitable for use as...(an) international training center.” The assignment was given to New York center director Philip Burley, who found Belvedere three days after it had been put on the market. Situated on the Hudson River thirty miles north of New York City in Tarrytown, the twenty-two acre, \$850,000 estate was described in a brochure sent to Rev. Moon in Korea, and he said to buy it. At that point, Miss Kim left her bus team to negotiate for the property. Succeeding both in committing the seller to her and in extending the stipulated thirty days payment allowance to ninety days, she faced the major problem of raising a \$294,000 down payment.

From mid-July through mid-August, 1972, Miss Kim traveled throughout the country securing personal loans. By late August, her efforts needed to be supplemented by efforts of the American movement. Because the Maryland center had success selling its own manufactured candles, it was decided to try that as a national effort to raise money for the large down payment. With forty-seven days to go until the payment was due, the Belvedere Project was launched in earnest. Miss Kim noted, “For seven weeks nearly every member in our Family, in every state, abandoned all other activities to sell candles.” There was a total mobilization. State representatives, pioneer centers, OWC teams and existing centers all pledged themselves to specific goals in order to meet the overall goal of \$36,000 profit per week. *Pioneer’s Progress*, initially instituted as an evangelistic bulletin, became instead a report of the latest developments on Belvedere.

The feeling was exhilaration. One project coordinator exclaimed, “Never has there been a project like this in the whole American movement!” HSA-UWC President Farley Jones enthused, “This is the greatest thing we’ve ever done because it is our first national project for a unitary goal.” Similar senti-

ments were voiced by a candle-seller who asserted, “When it’s over, we’ll know that every American has paid for Belvedere. . .and we’ll know that we’ve paid for it with everything we’ve got.”

The Belvedere Project prompted several innovations. One of these was the development of candle “factories.” With Anchor Hocking six-ounce Brandy Snifters and Amoco paraffin “piled floor to ceiling,” the College Park, Maryland factory relocated to the six-room basement of a recently purchased farm in Upper Marlboro. By the second week of the project, production had gone “from eight hundred to twelve hundred dozen a week,” and was expected to reach “peak production of 1,700 dozen a week, or about 250 dozen (3,000 candles) a day.” A similar factory with a rotating crew was set up in the Denver center garage, and a third factory was operated by the Berkeley Center out of a warehouse in Concord, twenty miles away. “Still-warm” candles were delivered by another Belvedere innovation, “express candle vans.” In the East, vans were dispatched to Chicago, New York and Atlanta, among other cities. However, the most important innovation of the Belvedere Project was the formation, for the first time, of mobile fundraising teams. As reported in *Pioneers’ Progress*,

Since the end of August, 29 members from across the nation have been traveling on two mobile teams—one on each coast—and selling candles full time.

The sixteen-member West Coast team included two members from Los Angeles, three from Denver, two from Kansas City, and nine from the Berkeley Center.

As a result of total mobilization and these innovations, the Belvedere Project ended in victory. Miss Kim wrote, “By the deadline, through loans I had secured, through efforts of our international family, but primarily through candle sales in America, we made the down payment.” At 1:00 p.m., October 10, 1972, the caretaker of Belvedere received a call from the seller saying that, from that moment, “Belvedere is in new hands.” Later that day, members arrived to explore the house and grounds. The feeling was best summarized in Miss Kim’s questions to the “new owners”: “How can you describe a miracle?... Now you have seen pictures of Belvedere. Is it better than your dreams?”

After Belvedere, the movement took steps to institute fundraising on a permanent basis. Belvedere Project Assistant Keith Cooperrider noted, “We found that people, cut off from normal center activities and given the sole responsibility of selling, could do phenomenally well.” Thus, on October 19, 1972, after a week of “rest and recuperation,” fourteen members of the newly formed permanent MFT arrived in Philadelphia to begin four months of candle selling. This team, composed largely of members of the former Belvedere Project mobile teams (including five from the Berkeley Center), was to sell candles for eight hours a day, five days a week, to achieve its goal of earning \$18,500 each month.

Although monetary goals were important, the MFT “spirit” also took hold.



As one member noted, “Every conversation was laced with candle-selling stories, for everyone had a special experience.” It was this dynamic between material needs and the spiritual dimension, not the movement’s material needs alone, that led to the MFTs expansion. Farley Jones summarized the development well in his “send-off” speech to the new MFT members:

At this moment, we are building a new structure in the dispensation. . . . I know it will evolve and become a greater part of our movement. In a new way you are pioneering.

Miss Kim said of the newly acquired Belvedere property: “How can you describe a miracle?... Now you have seen pictures of Belvedere. Is it better than your dreams?”

“Forgive, Love, Unite!”

C. Thomas Phillips

Upon listening to introductory seminars on Divine Principle, I had a Wesleyan experience of the warming of the heart and a personal spiritual experience with Jesus. This powerful transforming experience left me with little doubt concerning the authenticity of this “new truth” as genuinely Christian and directly approved by Jesus. Excitedly I wrote about my experience with the Divine Principle to my mother and grandparents who had always encouraged my spiritual pursuits. My letter crossed a letter from my mother in the mail. Enclosed in her letter was a clipping of a paid advertisement in the local newspaper called “Forgive, Love, Unite!” Deeply touched that a foreigner would come to America and demonstrate the Christian response to the moral failings of our president, she was convinced this was a message from God for the America people. Upon receiving my letter she marveled to discover that I had met the movement inspired by the same person who had brought this Christian message of forgiveness, love and unity to the American people. For our family this was a testimony of God’s wondrous and mysterious work both within our lives and within the world.

My grandparents went on their knees thanking God for the effect of Rev. Moon’s work on the religious life of their grandson after they received my letter sharing my encounter with Jesus. This had been an answer to their prayers for my conversion from the secular lifestyle of the 70s to a life dedicated to God’s calling. Personal experience with Jesus was an important tenet of faith in the Bible Missionary Baptist Church where my grandparents served as pastors. However, even after years of attending revivals and summer church camps at our family’s church, I still lacked any genuine experience with Jesus and eventually dismissed organized religion when I became a university student.

A soul-transforming experience awaited after listening to the Divine Principle lecture on the “Mission of the Messiah.” My heart, burdened with the knowledge that Jesus’ original purpose was not to die on the cross, cried out in earnest prayer asking Jesus to confirm or deny its truth. This simple outpouring of my heart opened the way for an overwhelming spiritual experience. Jesus came to me in a powerful vision, saying, “I could come to you because you understood my heart.



Now anytime we share the same heart, I will be with you.”

My grandfather shared my joy and saw the movement as an opportunity for a revival of the Christian spirit in America. Later he would be reprimanded by the superintendent of his church district for openly supporting the controversial Reverend Moon before his congregation. His superintendent, who had been my church pastor, said, “I don’t believe Tom would go too far in the wrong direction, but you simply don’t know the whole story of Rev. Moon.” My grandfather countered, “The reason you don’t like Rev. Moonie is because he is doing what you and the other Christian leaders have not been able to do—bring revival to the youth of this country which is rapidly abandoning the Christian spirit!”

While studying world religions at the Unification Theological Seminary, it struck me that some of my early experiences in the Unification Church with some Japanese leaders were similar to training from a Zen master. Initiation into communal church life brought both rich experiences of the possibilities of harmony and unity and the occasional dissonance created by the different cultural and religious backgrounds of our “family members.”

Careful study of the Divine Principle and confirmation through spiritual experiences with the Holy Spirit had left little question in my mind that the movement to which I was aligning myself was authentically Christian

and that Jesus was working directly within this movement. However, many of my Japanese brothers and sisters considered the movement a new religion, and therefore could not readily consider themselves Christian. Yet, the closer I came to my Japanese brothers and sisters the more I perceived in their character a quality that was “genuinely Christian.” Why that was so was profoundly revealed much later in my church life as I researched comparative studies between Christianity and Buddhism at the seminary. Especially, the Christian/Buddhist dialogue on kenosis and sunyata revealed deep insights into the experience of self denial to find spiritual enlightenment through purity of heart common to both traditions.

Studying the Divine Principle fostered in me a radical change of character, opening my heart to experience God’s heart through spiritual experience with the Holy Spirit. This experience of God’s love and truth instilled moral power to deny my tendency to self-centeredness and selfishness. I was then liberated to experience the restoration of my genuine self which aspired to live a lifestyle charged with high moral ideals. This experience can be compared to emptiness or *sunyata*, wherein the individual through radical self denial is able to stand outside of his own self interests and affirm his authentic self through acknowledgment of a higher reality at work in the cosmos even within one’s own personal life.

MFT

A critical experience for me along my spiritual path occurred on the national mobile fundraising teams (MFT). It led me to an experience which is similar to emptiness or *sunyata*. My leaders on MFT often used methods not unlike the Zen master used to instruct his pupils. Buddhism is sometimes anti-intellectual; they especially detest pragmatism and rationalization. Like a Zen master, my leaders would sometimes refuse to answer simple questions, or ignore requests for rational explanations. I understood the motivation for such non-rational behavior by my leaders was similar to the Zen Master who shocked or awakened the student to bring him to a new level of consciousness. This strict vertical manner of relationship could be experienced as austere, even hurtful, yet I mostly felt the warm heart of leaders and consequently recognized their actions as motivated by true love.

One particular experience that led to my experience of emptiness or *sunyata* began with a miscommunication between my leader, called the “commander,” and myself.

Despite the authoritarian title, he was a paternal figure whom I respected for his warm heart and selfless concern for others. Under his leadership I was responsible for a team of eight other members in Atlanta, Georgia. Through a conversation over the telephone in broken English, I understood from him that our team’s next move should be to Denver, Colorado. However, when I telephoned after arriving in Denver, it was obvious that he was very upset. Nevertheless, he expressed very little other than his surprise. However, the next day’s telephone communication ended with a request to transfer one of my team members to another team. Each day thereafter, with each telephone report I was directed to send yet another member to different teams until only myself and the van remained of our team. Then the next cryptic instruction was to drive the van to Nashville, Tennessee. After a three-day journey I arrived in Nashville to await further direction.

The commander had informed the MFT leader in Nashville that I should join his team. After arriving at midnight, I soon joined together with my new team traveling overnight across Tennessee. We continued driving for hours with a few intermittent stops as members were dropped off to “pioneer” raising funds in small towns. At around six in the morning the van stopped and the team leader gave me the signal that this would be my town. “Are you ready?” he asked. Groggy, unshaven and still in dirty clothes from the trip from Colorado, I tried to get my bearings as I stood beside a box of flowers and a bucket crammed with bunches of carnations. The team leader sped off in a hurry promising to return around twelve. I offered flowers in the shops and offices for donations and then came back to the appointed spot at noon. After waiting for several hours, I decided that he must have meant midnight—after all he had left a whole box of flowers, certainly enough for the whole day! I continued fundraising throughout the day and was anticipating being reunited with the team after a long day. Now midnight, I stood at the meeting point offering the last few flowers to any remaining passerby. After one in the morning, bewildered and exhausted, I finally decided to retire to the flower box—now empty—to rest.

The next day, wanting to continue my task, I purchased some candy at the grocery store to offer for contributions. Now distressed and anxious about what would follow, I returned to the meeting place at noon, now my second day in this small town where everyone seemed to have already been approached for contributions at least

once during my visit.

When the team leader finally arrived after two in the afternoon, he apologized for not having been able to return as promised after his van had broken down a hundred miles away in a remote area with no service stations. However, this was only the beginning of a series of events over a period of more than forty days which seemed designed by heaven for my personal spiritual training.

In the isolation from brothers and sisters in the remote areas where we found ourselves, there were often moments when only my relationship with God consoled the agony in my heart. These were treasured moments of rich spiritual rejuvenation that usually followed after “dark nights of the soul” which tested my limitations. Obstacles along my path seemed so insurmountable at times that the only way to endure was in complete denial—as though I didn’t even exist! During this period, it was so clear that whenever I would become self-centered and complain about my situation, then some disaster would follow, such as being arrested for soliciting without a permit or having my fundraising product stolen.

However, after denying my self-centered desires, I achieved a new level of consciousness and perceived God’s spirit acting directly through me. As I would approach people for donations, I foreknew who would donate and how much. There were times when everyone I approached would generously give. A spiritual force which could move people’s hearts enjoined my spirit. It was a time of certain spiritual clarity with no awareness or concern for “self.” I felt in harmony with the pulse of the universe and protected from any harm.

One evening towards the end of this forty-day period, the commander drove into the parking lot where I had been selling peanut brittle under the hot August sun. He expressed gratitude for my dedication to my mission and invited me into his car to report about my experiences during this period. I related my experiences of learning to deny my self-centeredness, and how I had reached a new level of consciousness in the realm of shimjung or heart. Pleased with my response, he explained his prayer had been for me to deeply understand the

importance of “purity of heart.”

I had fought with all sorts of desires: desire to be the best team leader, desire to be the best fund-raiser, desire to be recognized or appreciated, along with intense physical desire for food and sleep and with sexual temptations. After detaching myself from personal desires and transcending the anxiousness over my own situation, I was no longer overly concerned about what others thought about me or how I might appear to others. The negation of inappropriate desires and expectation had left a vacuum which begged to be filled. Now I became filled with a profound realization of the principles working order and harmony throughout the universe and meaningfulness and purpose in my life.

After having walked a course that seemed to require my annihilation, God’s grace working in my life had prepared me for bigger responsibilities. I was later called to go to New York to receive a new responsibility to guide young members in their life of faith on the MFT.

Fifteen years later, the seminary allowed the opportunity to revisit my course to transcend my fallen nature through self denial in the traditions of Christians and Buddhists seeking union with the ultimate reality. My course of fundraising had shaken me from habitual routines and provided the environment to find my genuine self through self denial. Even now from time to time as I loose the center and focal point of my spiritual life, I recall these early battles to cast aside my petty concerns and embrace the public purpose and find my renewal.

Thomas Phillips (center) in MFT days.





First ICUS Conference

If the MFT was a pioneer effort in finances, the first International Conference on Unified Science (later renamed the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, or ICUS), was a parallel undertaking in education and the sciences. It was held November 23-26, 1972, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City and brought together twenty scientists from seven nations to discuss “Moral Orientation of the Sciences.”

The previous January, Rev. Moon, in the midst of preparations for the seven-city tour, suggested the idea of the conference to Edward Haskell, a lecturer at Southern Connecticut State College and chairman of the Council for Unified Research and Education (CURE). Haskell, who had been met by the New Haven center members in the fall of 1970, was enthusiastic about the proposal and helped draw up plans for the coming autumn.

The Unified Science Conference fulfilled several objectives at once. First, it was intended to be a contribution to society. In his closing address, “The Role of Unified Science in the Moral Orientation of the World,” Rev. Moon emphasized human happiness, cultural advancement, the “reformation of spiritual life . . . by establishing a new standard of value,” the unity of science and religion, and the establishment on earth of the ideal unified world. In pursuit of these ends, conference organizers gathered scientists from private industry, Yale,

At the first International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, 1972

Harvard, Columbia and Oxford. The conference also enhanced the church's internal solidarity by integrating diverse educational and cultural activities, be they Koinonia projects, student groups, or the events of Mr. Choi's Re-Education Foundation. It also showcased the movement's versatility. As noted in *New Age Frontiers*, "The whole conference staff—administrators, typists, hostesses, messengers, security guards, PR men, and photographers—were family members." No less than OWC or MFT, ICUS further developed movement sophistication.

The conference included an opening banquet and three working days of lectures, responses, panels and open discussions on a number of themes, such as: "Tools for Solution of Scientific Problems: Metatheory," chaired by Dr. Nicholas Kurti of Oxford University and Fellow of the Royal Society; "Application of Unisci Tools: Solutions of Key Problems," chaired by Dr. William V. Quine of Harvard University; and "Concrete Applications of Unified Science Solutions," chaired by Dr. Ervin Laszo of the Genesco College of the State University of New York. The meeting was successful both in the quality of presentations and as a building block for future conferences. ICUS published the proceedings in a volume entitled *Moral Orientation of the Sciences* and held the Second International Conference on Unified Science the following November, 1974 in Tokyo. Expanded guest lists and formats characterized the annual ICUS gatherings through the 1970s.

Paulette Wiesinger

The first time I met True Father was in 1975, at Barrytown, NY. I was a new member and working in the kitchen. At the end of one speech to the 120-day workshop participants, the staff hurriedly ran down the hall to greet him as he passed by. In honest humility, I stood with my head bowed and as he passed, I felt a waterfall of spirit flow from my head to my toes. I knew that I had been changed somehow.

In the mid 70s, the New Hope Singers, of which I

was a member, would perform at the various conferences hosted by True Parents. One such conference, the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, was held in San Francisco. Outside the hotel there were many loud and nasty protesters. They were clearly upsetting the flow of the conference. In our international costumes we waited on stage for our performance. There, as we listened to the program beyond the curtain, the subject of the negativity outside was presented to our True Father. In a quiet voice, he responded, saying, "I love my members." We knew how true it was and many of us wept at his long-suffering love.

Meeting American Leadership

Meeting elected officials and U.S. leaders was equally important. The movement was, in Rev. Moon's words, "preparing on two fronts." As he described them, "one was to work to unify Christianity, i.e., the evangelical movement, the *Divine Principle* movement. The other was "to prepare for the fight against Communism, i.e., the Anti-Communist movement." In America, the Freedom Leadership Foundation (FLF) had spearheaded the movement's Victory Over Communism (VOC) effort since 1969. It was through this organization that Rev. Moon met numerous United States senators and congressmen in the early months of 1973.

These meetings provided an opportunity to clearly outline the movement's opposition to Marxism. As one member present during these meetings noted, "Rev. Moon discussed national and international problems, stressing the danger of communism. He often mentioned that the United States was still the communists' main target. The meetings also enhanced the movement's internal solidarity and versatility. In meeting with Congressional leaders, Rev. Moon legitimated FLF's anti-communist activity which was still a sore point for some members. Further, as members were responsible for public relations arrangements, coverage and follow-up, the meetings once again enhanced the movement's versatility and sophistication.

Having made numerous contacts through public demonstrations, forums and, most importantly, through bi-weekly publication of *The Rising Tide*, billed as "America's Fastest Growing Freedom Newspaper," FLF arranged for Rev. Moon in February, 1973, to meet Senators Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts; Jesse Helms (R), North Carolina; Hubert Humphrey (D), Minnesota; Strom Thurmond (R), South Carolina; William Brock (R), Tennessee; and James Buckley (Conservative), New York; and representatives Richard Ichord (D), Missouri; William Mailliard (R), California; Earl Landgrebe (R), Indiana; Guy Vander Jagt (R), California; Floyd Spencer (R), South Carolina; Philip Crane (R), Illinois; and Trent Lott (R), Mississippi. On April 5, 1973, Rev. Moon met with the visiting President of South Vietnam, Nguyen Van Thieu. According to FLF Special Assistant, Mike Leone, "The meetings were very, very successful.... All ran over their allotted half hour, many lasted for an hour."

A National Movement Emerges

By July 1, 1973, midway through its three-year period (1972-74) of "total mobilization," the Unification Church was emerging as a national movement. It had attained organizational solidarity through the One World Crusade which as of July, 1973, had mobile units in all fifty states, and its versatility had been demonstrated through initiatives in evangelization, finances, the sciences, and



Proclamation

WHEREAS, Metropolitan Nashville and Davidson County, was founded on FAITH in GOD, and dedicated to preserving the Freedom that God bestows; and

WHEREAS, regardless of our religious affiliation or Faith, we must all agree that the world is in great need of Hope and Unity among all men of all Nations; and

WHEREAS, we have entered an era when cultural differences cease to be an asset in creation of a sense of variety, but rather, differences have caused division; and

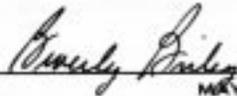
WHEREAS, in these times of increasing conflict, it is fitting that all Nashvilleans join me in saluting the effort of all who speak on behalf of unity as the only hope for our troubled world:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Beverly Briley, Mayor of Metropolitan Nashville and Davidson County, Tennessee do hereby designate Monday, March 11, 1974 as

"A DAY OF HOPE AND UNIFICATION"

and call upon the citizens of this community to join together in one bond of Peace and Understanding.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this the 11th day of March, 1974.



MAYOR



interaction with public officials. Still, the Unification Church was largely invisible to the public. The seven-city tour attracted only marginal notice in the press. Mobile Fundraising Teams, although growing, attracted virtually no notice. The Science Conference was reviewed only in isolated scientific journals, and Rev. Moon's meetings with Congressmen were private.

However, during the second eighteen months of this revival period, the Unification Church attracted national coverage and began to have a national impact. Several internal developments contributed to this. The first was the re-shuffling of local leadership. Although center members had been called to pioneer missions, the leadership of existing centers had remained intact. However, in December, 1972, center directors were assigned as new bus team leaders. This included Farley Jones, President of HSA-UWC who was succeeded by Neil Salonen. The arrival of European and Japanese missionaries during 1973 was especially important. This "new pilgrim movement," as Rev. Moon termed it, transformed the One World Crusade into the International One World Crusade (IOWC). The arrival of Europeans and Japanese greatly enhanced witnessing and further solidified the American movement as a sense of national identity emerged. Rather than as part of Miss Kim's, Mr. Choi's or Mr. Kim's groups, members saw themselves as part of the American movement.

On March 1, 1973, the movement convened its first 100-day International Training Session at Belvedere. The schedule included forty days of intensive study of the *Divine Principle*, thirty days of the movement's Victory Over Communism (VOC) ideology and thirty days of *Unification Thought*, a recently published application of the Principle to philosophy. The six hours of daily lectures were interspersed with talks from Rev. Moon, fellowship, discussion, examinations, lecture practice and participation in the ongoing New York City witnessing campaign. Belvedere Training further solidified the American movement. As one of the original forty-eight trainees wrote,

Europeans are not the only ones wearing smiles of eagerness and anticipation. Some American brothers were intoxicated in those early days, because we were so many fine people together and Belvedere is the most holy place in America.

In addition to the training session, Belvedere was the site for national conferences. The first of these was held on March 5, 1973. Headquarters staff, mobile-unit commanders, itinerary workers, state representatives and center directors all gave reports and discussed approaches found to be successful. A second national conference was held on April 1, 1973, at which time it was announced that future national conferences would be held every forty-five days at Belvedere. As a result of these initiatives, the movement not only attained cohesiveness but also began to obtain results. A July, 1973, Director's Newsletter reported: "the number of new members who joined to date this year is four times that for the same period last year." Financially, the movement had

Opposite: Hundreds of proclamations and keys to cities were presented to Rev. Moon during the Day of Hope era.

“greatly expanded the limits of what was once thought possible.” Another boon to the movement’s solidarity and cohesiveness was the July, 1973, distribution of the new English *Divine Principle*.

The movement reached a turning point by the time of the July 1, 1973 Director’s Conference. With the formation of forty more OWC mobile units at that conference (making fifty total), there was a nation-wide network of support. David Kim summarized Rev. Moon’s role in the overall development,

By July 1, 1973, only 18 months after his arrival in the U.S., he had brought phenomenal results. He had completed already one seven-city public speaking tour in major cities on both coasts of the U.S. He had raised the infant Unification Church to nationwide cooperation through the One World Crusade. He had strengthened and enlarged each group to serve all 50 states. Further, he had set up an International Leadership Training Program at the Belvedere Estate. During this same period of time, he initiated and spoke at the First International Conference on Unified Science to begin his efforts to develop a God-centered science and technology which can truly satisfy every man’s desire for material happiness.

Symbolic of the “turning point” the movement had reached half-way through its three-year revival period was the proclamation of July 1, 1973, as the “Day of Resolution for Victory.” In effect, the task of attaining internal solidarity was completed. What followed during the second eighteen-month period of evangelism was an all-out campaign by the movement to attain public visibility and to make a national impact.

Day of Hope and Celebration of Life Tours

The Church conducted four separate public speaking tours in 1973-74: a twenty-one city Day of Hope tour, a thirty-two city Day of Hope tour, a ten-city “Celebration of Life” tour and a culminating eight-city Day of Hope tour. These tours were much larger than the original seven-city tour of 1972 and far more sophisticated. In addition, the focus of the tours was less on the building of internal solidarity than it was on the attainment of public visibility. Following completion of the twenty-one city and thirty-two city tours, Rev. Moon had spoken publicly in all fifty states. Well before the Celebration of Life tour and the culminating eight-city tour, the Unification Church had attained national exposure.

Twenty-One City tour. The twenty-one city tour, which began on October 1, 1973, took as its theme, “Christianity in Crisis: New Hope.” Each three-night stop featured speeches by Rev. Moon on “God’s Hope for Man,” “God’s Hope for America,” and “The Future of Christianity.” In mid-July, as a



result of a further influx of missionaries from Japan and Europe, two forty-member IOWC teams were formed to travel the twenty-one city itinerary, preparing the way for Rev. Moon's lecture series the following fall and winter. By the end of August, more than four hundred members gathered to prepare for the Day of Hope talks scheduled to begin at Carnegie Hall on October 1st. A five-member Day of Hope planning staff consisting of a campaign coordinator, PR director, media director, technical director, and logistics coordinator helped generate public visibility. Newspaper and magazine ads, bus and commuter train posters, and mass leafletting introduced the series to the people of each city. The staff also sent professionally made tapes to 540 radio stations for public service announcements. According to campaign coordinator Mike Leone, the purpose of the staff's work was two-fold: first, "to bring to the public eye Rev. Moon of South Korea, a dynamic and inspiring spiritual leader of thousands of people," and second, "to fill every hall, every night."

Civic proclamations also enhanced the Church's public visibility. The previous February 14, 1973, as a result of the intercessory efforts of Benjamin Swig, a prominent San Francisco hotel owner and friend of Mr. Choi, Rev. Moon was awarded the key to the city of San Francisco. During the twenty-one city tour, campaign workers secured a multitude of proclamations of honorary citizenship, and days, or weeks, of "Hope and Unification." Many of these proclamations were read at Day of Hope banquets. Held prior to opening night talks during the tour, the banquets featured entertainment, introductions and greetings from

Neil Salonen, Rev. Moon, Mrs. Moon, unknown and Marc Lee discuss advertising for the Washington, D.C. speech.



*Rev. Moon speaking at
Constitution Hall,
Washington, D.C.*

Cardinal Sheehan sent his blessing to the banquet. In Washington, D.C., where the movement also concentrated its efforts, almost four hundred citizens turned out for the banquet, and more than three thousand people for the three nights of talks at Lisner Auditorium. In Atlanta, Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter proclaimed November 7, 1973, a "Day of Hope and Unification." The January 17, 1974, San Francisco Day of Hope banquet attracted more than 500 guests to Benjamin Swig's Fairmont Hotel. In Berkeley, where Rev. Moon spoke at Zellerbach Auditorium on the University of California campus, *The Daily Californian* reported, "Rev. Moon's followers have waged one of the neatest and best-run publicity campaigns seen here in years." In San Jose, January 17-24, 1974, was proclaimed "Hope and Unification Week," while in Oakland, Mayor John H. Reading proclaimed the period from January 21-24, 1974, as "Day of Hope Days." Single days of "Hope and Unification" were proclaimed in Berkeley and Hayward, and on January 21, 1974, Rev. Moon was awarded the key to the city of Berkeley by Mayor Warren Widener.

Rev. Moon to civic and religious leaders, educators and businessmen.

The results of the twenty-one city tour were remarkable. In New York, where four hundred members worked a month prior to the Carnegie Hall opening, the movement attracted widespread media coverage. The September 22, 1973, *New York Daily News* carried a large photo and article on a Day of Hope rally on the steps of Federal Hall on Wall Street. *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Christianity Today* all carried stories on the campaign, and Associated Press religion writer George W. Cornell's generally positive feature story appeared in seventy-nine newspapers throughout the U.S. Two hundred and fifty prominent New Yorkers attended the inaugural Day of Hope banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Telegrams of congratulations were read from New York mayor, John V. Lindsay and columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., as well as from several U.S. congressmen. In Baltimore,

Cristen Quinn

It was March 1974 and Father was on the 32-city speaking tour. I was in the Nebraska family. (It was a family in those days.) The Nebraska family had experienced True Parents the previous November when Father had come to Omaha for the 21-city tour.

Just before Father came in November, I was kidnapped by Ted Patrick. I was the first church member to be kidnapped. Father sent Nora Spurgin to help and several weeks later I was free. Father talked to me about it and told me, “Your are a good daughter.”

We wanted to help bring people to the Iowa speech and we wanted to offer something special, so we brainstormed and came up with a plan to walk to Des Moines, Iowa from Omaha to advertise his speaking tour. We got crates and crates of bananas, rubber-banded fliers to them about the walk to see Father and passed them out at lunch rush hour in downtown Lincoln. We got five people to come with us on our walk.

For five days we walked the 150 miles from Omaha to Des Moines. Each night we camped in Christian church basements in different little Iowa towns. Each evening after our meal, the Divine Principle lectures would start. The night before Father was to speak, we gave Conclusion to the guests. In tears all five accepted our True Parents and signed to join with us to build God’s Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Our prayers were fervent! Our hearts were joyous! We would soon see our True Parents, and we were bringing them new children.

Father was in a small rented house located in one of the Des Moines suburbs. We were slowed down that day because the press stopped us and the weather turned cold. It started sleeting and snowing. Just two hours before Father’s speech, we finally made it to within blocks of his house. I was in front of the line with Anna Swearson. We saw Father in the distance and screamed, “Father is in the yard!” Anna and I broke into the fastest run we could muster. As I got closer I saw he was beaming and clapping for us. Can you imagine how we felt to



Cristen Quinn led the march from Omaha to Des Moines. Father greeted the team on their arrival.



have him clapping for us? When we got to Father we literally dived at his feet. We would have stayed there forever but he touched our backs as if to say “It’s okay. You can get up.” In the pictures of this you can see the total joy in Father’s face.

We followed him into the house and all crowded into the small living room. Father was visibly moved by what we had done. Ye Jin was about 14. She cooked warm milk for us and was passing it out in little paper cups. Her demeanor and heart was so humble, sweet, loving and serving.

Father talked to us and asked questions of the new members and state leader about what we’d done. And then he pointed to me and said, “Cristen, how are your parents?” I was amazed he remembered my name. I said, “Father, they are very negative.” He said, “You must love them.” I have to admit that was kind of a new thought for me at the time.

He had us all sing songs to him. And I think he had Mother sing to us. Then he got serious and spoke to us

till right before his speech. He talked for a long time to this dirty, ragged little bunch about the early days in Korea when they were so poor that the only diversion he could give to the members was to take them for walks. He told us that what we had done reminded him of how they would walk miles into the countryside.

He saw us off outside and waved. Then he threw a few baskets with Hyo Jin in the basketball hoop in the driveway.

Within a half an hour he was speaking publicly.
What a Dad!

Hisako Watanabe

When I came to the United States, Father spoke to Mr. Kamiyama and he organized a team to go out and sell tickets for the Carnegie Hall speech—the tickets were about \$2. We were a group of international brothers and sisters. A European sister was raped then. Sometimes it was dangerous. Sometimes people said, “Come to my apartment.” I knew it was dangerous to go with them, so I didn’t. We had a holy ground in Central Park. Mr. Kamiyama gathered us there, and we reported every day. We sang and gave testimonies. We sold a lot of tickets and we had a lot of hope. But very few people came. Like the Bible, the guests were invited to the wedding but they didn’t come. Mr. Kamiyama said to us, “Go outside and get people to come in. Get anyone and tell them it’s free. Don’t sell any more tickets.” Anyone who was walking by we brought in. So then all the members came inside and took seats. We were so sorry to Father that we couldn’t bring people. This was our first opportunity to bring people, but it didn’t work. We had a good feeling, but the reality was so miserable. One old lady stood up and spoke up negatively. It was so intense. Father didn’t get upset. He was calm. I realized that Father is really the Messiah.

Then fundamental Christians had a rally against the church. Many young people were working, giving away negative pamphlets. I grabbed three or four inches of pamphlets from someone’s hand and ran to 71st St. I ran by myself—so many blocks. I didn’t want Father to have negativity. I couldn’t speak back to anyone, so it was all I could do. So many people were against Father. I had never seen people organized against us before.

Back then people thought Father was Mao and that we were Chinese. Not so many people knew about Father, but the Christians could feel something and were against us. We thought the fact that so many people bought tickets meant that the people would come. We thought they paid money and they would come. We were so surprised that so few came. Mr. Kamiyama prepared a Japanese sword. He wanted to protect Father, no matter what. Whenever I am tired, I have a dream about Mr. Kamiyama coming out with a sword. Whenever I have this dream I think of Carnegie Hall. Now we have more security people.

Nancy Hanna

The 1972 purchase of the 4411 Canal St. house was most fortunate because Father, Mother and their entourage stayed there during the 1973 Day of Hope Tour, leaving Louisiana forever with a priceless landmark. I can never forget how at speech time we all squeezed into that house: Father and Mother in the prayer room, Col. Pak in a bedroom, Mrs. Won Bok Choi in the breakfast niche we had enclosed, Pres. and Mrs. Salonen and other assorted members of the entourage were in bedrooms in the basement.

As an outpost, we had received periodic visits from International One World Crusade bus teams criss-crossing the country led by John Schuhart, Perry Cordill, Joseph Sheftick and Reiner Vincenz. Mr. Vincenz's and Dr. Sheftick's teams came to help with the Day of Hope tour. Martin Porter inspired us with a visit as IW and advance man to help us prepare for the speech.

Father had remarked that New Orleans, located where the Mississippi empties into the sea, is a spiritually low place, like the excretory part of the nation. Still, the bus teams worked very hard and Father's speech and the banquet went very well.

There were a couple of firsts. At the banquet Father was presented with the keys to the City of New Orleans from the mayor's representative. This was the first time Father received this honor. Soon it became the standard. I also wrote and published *New Hope News*, the first tabloid newspaper about our movement. We printed 20,000 of them and distributed them all over the city as we visited house to house inviting people to the lecture. Father liked it so much he ordered that it be done by

National HQ on a regular basis: *New Hope News* later evolved into *Unification News*.

With a publicity budget for which New Orleans members had fundraised, I had huge billboards of Father and his message "Christianity in Crisis" put up all over the city. It was an exciting experience when Father and Mother drove in from the airport to see their faces as they spotted a huge picture of Father on a billboard along the highway. Of course, they stopped and took photos!

After the speech, True Parents celebrated Children's Day in the New Orleans Center, the bus teams and everybody gathering in the basement. Lady Dr. Kim and a few sisters worked all night setting up the offering table and cooking special dishes.

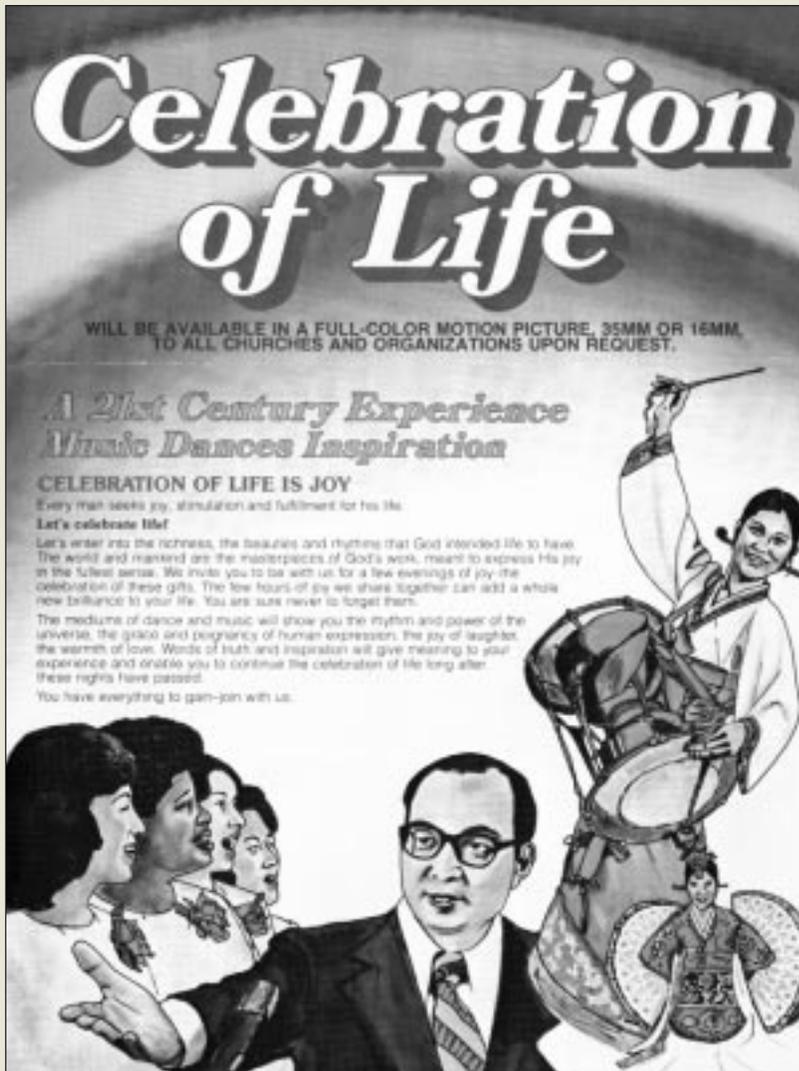
At this time, I learned from Col. Bo Hi Pak that I was the second member of my family to be an active participant in our movement's activities. I mentioned to Col. Pak that my paternal great uncle was General John Coulter, a principle figure in the Korean War and in charge of Korea in the reconstruction period after the Korean War. He had lived with Syngman Rhee. He was an enthusiastic Koreaphile and his Washington, D.C. apartment was filled with Korean treasures given to him as gifts by the Korean people. There is a statue of him in Seoul.

Col. Pak told me had visited that apartment on a number of occasions and that General Coulter was on the board of Col. Pak's Radio of Free Asia, an organization Col. Pak formed to build support for South Korea in the United States during the Cold War.

In 1974 two noteworthy events took place. One was the Celebration of Life speaking tour led by Dr. (Colonel) Bo Hi Pak and his eldest daughter. Only Dr. Pak can create excitement anywhere close to the excitement of one of Father's speaking tours. The program not only included an inspired speech by Dr. Pak introduced by his daughter, but the performance of the Korean Folk Ballet. We learned a lot from the professionalism, dedication and enthusiasm of Dr. Pak.

Several members joined as a result of the Celebration of Life, including Steve and Judy Rondino and Scott McAffey.

The other noteworthy event was a visit to our center of the twelve disciples and Father's first son, Sung Jin Nim whom Father sent on a sightseeing tour of the United States. They ranged in age from the 40's to the 70's, yet they all humbly slept on the floor of the New



Orleans house basement. I remember the snoring was very loud. I enjoyed their characteristic enthusiasm and child-like joy. Once when our van broke down, nearly half of them jumped in to try and fix it.

George Glass and John Robbins left as participants in Father's first leadership training in America at Belvedere with Pres. Young Whi Kim as lecturer. A little later a call went out to send our best fundraisers for a special 3-week fundraising contest. I sent Mark Turegano, Peggy Parker Nakamura and Peter Spoto. They never returned, but formed part of the first fundraising teams under Mr. Kamiyama.

Nanette Doroski

During the 21-city tour my mission was to travel with the three trucks from city to city. These trucks would bring sound equipment, Korean food, and other needs of the tour. When we arrived in the cities, I was to prepare the rooms for True Parents and food for the reception after the speeches. I had the privilege of attaching the microphone around Father's neck before his presentation.

I could see God's protection for us on this trip. As we drove all night, part of my mission was to keep the drivers awake. I guess I was the ideal person chosen for the job. Most of the drivers said they never knew anyone who could talk so much. One day we were driving down the coast of Washington State during a big storm. We had to change our route during the night because many roads were washed out and trees had fallen, blocking other roads. We were traveling on one smaller road when all of a sudden I started screaming, "Stop the truck, stop the truck right now." The driver stopped and in the rain we discovered by using a flashlight that if we had driven just four more feet, we would have driven into a large river. The bridge had collapsed. We surely would have been killed. I knew Heavenly Father's protection was with us, that it was heavenly inspiration given to me to yell, "Stop the truck."

Then my mission changed for the 32-city tour. I was to fly in the airplane for the rest of the cities, just the nine of us: Father, Mother, Hyo Jin, David Kim, Neil Salonen, Col. Pak, Lady Dr. Kim, Mrs. Choi, Ye Jin, and myself. My new mission was to cook with Lady Dr. Kim for True Parents, sometimes helping with Hyo Jin Nim and Ye Jin Nim in the few cities they were with us. I could only sleep three hours a night. I had to keep Father's schedule. Father would stay up and talk to guests and leaders until 2 am, every night. And at 6 am he was sitting at the table for breakfast. We had to prepare every meal for at least 20 people. Father always had ministers, professors and different VIP people for breakfast every day. Father always held up really well. He has such dynamic physical and spiritual power. But I was

fighting being sick all the time. Frankly, I don't know how he has kept this pace his whole life.

Whenever there was a holiday, Father always gave scarves to the sisters and neckties to the brothers. Father also would hold up each necktie or scarf against each brother or sister to match them to the personality. One church holiday in California, Father called me up first to receive a scarf. I was quite surprised he would think of me first. Later the sister that was asked to shop for the scarves came to me and said, "Wow! Are you lucky. Father asked me to put the top and most expensive scarf to be given out first." I guess he knew I was so worn out but still trying and he wanted to encourage me. This is how Father expressed his appreciation. Father is really that kind of a caring Father.

Mary Cloutier Yasuda

Day of Hope

There were intense spiritual phenomena during that time. Our center was doing chain fasts, prayer conditions, cold shower conditions, fundraising and witnessing and lecture practicing conditions.

There was even speaking in tongues during evening prayer, and prophesying. It didn't happen to me but I saw it happen. It was like the Pentecost in the Bible. We didn't eat or sleep for three days. We took cold showers to stay awake. The spiritual world told us that Father was coming to New Hampshire. It was a severely cold winter. Headquarters later reported to Father what we were doing, and he said to stop fasting and not sleeping. He said we shouldn't be controlled by the spirit world or we would be physically killed. As it turned out, Father really was coming. The spirit world's time didn't match the physical realm.

Father was on a speaking tour, and at that time was coming to Boston. The IOWC teams and state centers mobilized. We sold tickets, we witnessed and taught the Principle. It was really tough. The Day of Hope Tour came to Boston in October of '73. We worked hard but results were poor. Most of us cried every night because we couldn't sell even one ticket. After Father came to Boston was when the spiritual world came down in New Hampshire and we didn't eat or sleep for three days.

During the speaking tours, Father hardly slept. The travel schedule was incredible. Mother was right there

beside Father the whole time, leaving their children behind in the care of others, in order to take care of us. Father gave public speeches, but also spent hours giving us love and guidance. He met with the VIPs first and then would gather us together and ask us questions. He answered our questions too, and took us out to eat at Burger King or McDonald's. True Parents bought us food or ate with us while their children were in New York. They must have been so lonely.

During that time (Day of Hope tours) one member received many names from the spiritual world. We didn't know any of these people. There was a long list. For each person's name, three members had to do a 7-minute cold shower. It got so crazy that I remember going into a cold shower for 28 minutes, 7 minutes each for 4 people. There was no time to get out of the shower! We went to the apartment of a new member and borrowed her shower and towels. Then we borrowed the showers of two other new members. It was crazy, but we didn't care what people thought. We loved Father and would do anything for him. Several very special people joined during this. Peter Grogan was one of them.

True to the prophecies we had received, Father really did come to New Hampshire several months later. We were young and innocent and struggled a lot. I was 19. We invested all we could because Father was coming. We fundraised door to door and in parking lots in the bitter cold. We went witnessing and ticket selling.

I was sent out to pioneer a center for a brief period when I was young in the church. I became spiritually open and True Parents came to me. Father shared his deep love and encouragement with me and his hope and vision for that city.

I experienced the attack of the evil spiritual world and the help of the good spiritual world. During those times of hard work and sacrifice, Father gave us signed pictures or pins. Sometimes he made sashimi for us with fish he had caught himself. Father and Mother took us shopping sometimes. On many occasions Father bought ties or suits for brothers or scarves or dresses for sisters.

I was in training at Barrytown before the seminary started. Father came there every other day or every day to teach us himself. He spent hours there. I couldn't always catch his words because of spiritual interference. Every Sunday and every Holy Day the True Family gathered at the New Yorker or Belvedere. Father personally holy salted every one of those places. Even with all of our inability to put into practice what Father has asked

us to do, and even though it is often our own fallen nature that is stopping us, Father has continued to pour out his love and encouragement. He has faith in us and doesn't quit investing, sacrificing and fighting the spiritual garbage.

It's my sincere prayer that every person who reads this testimony can gain something of value. It's my sincere hope that all those whom I have hurt along the way can forgive me and can deeply experience God's and True Parents' heart of love for us.

We were called to attend Father's speech at Madison Square Garden. When our team arrived, we couldn't go inside. After a while some people got up and left, so we were finally able to go in. The victory of True Father

was not the fact that the hall was packed. It was something different. When I saw my beloved Father, the Messiah, I was shocked. He was investing everything and people were sleeping. People walked out in the middle of his speaking. I saw someone carrying on a conversation with the spiritual world. I was shocked by the audience. Some people were listening besides our members. The atmosphere was so terrible, though, people couldn't hear or receive his words. His victory, in my opinion, was that he invested everything, gave everything and persevered no matter what people did.

Rev. Moon speaks at Madison Square Garden.



Thirty-Two City Tour. Following the completion of the twenty-one city tour in Los Angeles on January 29, 1974, the movement immediately launched another Day of Hope tour with the theme “The New Future of Christianity.” This tour, which carried the Day of Hope to thirty-two American cities in sixty-four days, included an opening night banquet and a second night speech by Rev. Moon at each stop.

With the completion of the thirty-two city tour, Rev. Moon had proclaimed his message publicly in all fifty states. To conduct campaigns in this drive from Maine to Hawaii, three IOWC advance teams from the twenty-one city tour were increased to seven teams of seventy members. Each of these teams were given itineraries for four or five two-week campaigns in preparation for the Day of Hope programs. According to Rev. Moon, the tour had “created in two weeks a foundation in every state which would have taken two or three years otherwise.”

Celebration of Life. The movement hoped to reap a harvest of new members as a result of the Day of Hope tours. To facilitate these goals, the Sun Myung Moon Christian Crusade (SMCC) sponsored a ten-city “Celebration of Life” tour that evangelized a selected city in each of the ten regions of the country. Beginning in the Bay Area, the itinerary included stops in Seattle; St. Paul, Minnesota; Austin, Texas; New Orleans; Miami, Florida; Columbus, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Boston; and Rochester, New York.

Billed as “A 21st Century Experience,” programs included an hour and fifteen minutes of entertainment: songs, solos, skits, dances and testimonials, followed by forty-five minutes of inspiration from “God’s Colonel,” Bo Hi Pak, on key points of the Unification Principle. Week-long stops in each city featured Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday performances and a weekend Celebration of Life workshop. The concern was to find a successful formula of mass evangelization. As a result of tour innovations, advance preparation and media coverage, the Celebration of Life drew substantial crowds. SMCC’s “World Premiere” May 15-17, 1974, at the Paramount Theater in Oakland drew 2,600 guests and 34 participants for a weekend workshop in the Santa Cruz Mountains. By Boston, the three-day total was up to 7,562. Equally important was the emergence of New Hope Singers International and the Korean Folk Ballet. Both would make signal contributions to the Day of Hope’s culminating eight-city tour, scheduled to begin in September, 1974 at Madison Square Garden.

*President Richard Nixon
talks with President Neil
Salonen.*



The Watergate Crisis

Although its Day of Hope tours were gaining momentum, the Church's involvement in the Watergate crisis, more than any other single factor, catapulted it into the national spotlight. Previously, the movement had separated its evangelistic activities from its activity in the public arena through the separate incorporation of the Freedom Leadership Foundation. This separation broke down during the Watergate crisis. In asserting that "the crisis for America is a crisis for God," the movement's large-scale demonstrations and stance in support of President Richard Nixon, attracted national attention but also alienated it from important sectors of the American establishment.

The movement launched a forty-day National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis (NPFWC) on December 1, 1973. This action took place following a two-week break in the twenty-one city "Day of Hope" tour, during which time Rev. Moon traveled to Japan and Korea. There, following a period of prayer and meditation, he concluded that America was in crisis and decided to speak out. The decision to launch the campaign was finalized in Omaha, Nebraska, and conducted simultaneously with the remainder of the twenty-one city tour.

Asserting, "God's command at this crossroads in American History is to Forgive, Love, and Unite," Rev. Moon's "Answer to Watergate" statement appeared in full-page advertisements purchased in newspapers in each of the twenty-one cities of the Day of Hope itinerary, including the *New York Times*

Will You Pray With Us?



December 19, 1973

**Observance Day for the
Washington Christian Community
of the**

**NATIONAL PRAYER AND FAST
FOR THE WATERGATE CRISIS**

1365 Conn. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 296-7148

God's command at this crossroads
in American history is **FORGIVE, LOVE, UNITE!**

and the *Washington Post*, beginning November 30, 1973. Over the next two months, it was published in one newspaper in every state except Hawaii. In addition, The National Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis Committee (NPFWC) organized vigils, rallies, letter-writing and leafletting in all fifty states to publicize its theme and to obtain signatures of people promising to pray and fast for the Watergate crisis. At least eight senators and fifty-three congressmen either signed the statement or responded with messages of support. Congressman Guy Vander Jagt (R-Michigan) read Rev. Moon's Watergate statement into the Congressional Record of December 21, 1973.

Two annual events on the Washington, D.C., calendar were also occasions for calling national attention to the Unification Church. The first was the December 14, 1973, Christmas Tree Lighting, where the movement mobilized 1,200 pennant-waving, banner-carrying members. Not only was this rally aired on nationwide television, but later in the evening, President Nixon emerged from the White House to thank NPFWC President Neil Salonen and still-assembled members for their support. The other annual event of note was the January 31, 1974, Presidential Prayer Breakfast to which Rev. Moon was invited. Although plans to ring the Washington Hilton Hotel, site of the prayer breakfast, were canceled, a post-breakfast rally at Lafayette Park brought out Edward and Tricia Nixon Cox, who greeted well-wishers. On February 1, 1974, Rev. Moon had a twenty-minute audience with President Nixon, reportedly telling him, "Don't knuckle under to pressure. Stand up for your convictions."

A second phase of the Church's Watergate involvement came at the height of the crisis in 1974. With court-ruled limitations on executive privilege, articles of impeachment, and exposure of damaging transcripts of presidential conversations all imminent, the NPFWC mobilized 610 members for a three-day fast and vigil on the steps of the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C., July 22-24, 1974. Participants wore placards with a quotation from Rev. Moon's Watergate statement on the back and a picture of the elected or appointed official for whom they were praying on the front. With public attention riveted on Watergate, the three-day vigil received national exposure. Seventy-six congressmen and five senators came out to meet the person praying for them. Newspapers across the nation carried pictures and interviews in over 350 stories. Local television stations and all three broadcasting networks showed film of the event and described it in their newscasts. Among the news magazines sending their own reporters to cover the vigil were *Time*, *Newsweek*, *New Republic*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *New Yorker* and the *Washingtonian*. Rabbi Baruch Korff, organizer of the Citizens' Committee for Fairness to the President, came to the vigil and declared "personal solidarity with these young people." Nationally syndicated columnist Art Buchwald later wrote a column featuring an imaginary conversation between one "Senator Throggsnutton" and the young man fasting for him.

Sydelle V. Enyeart

During the Seven-Day Fast on the U.N. steps, my Congressman, Fuqua from Florida, who covered the University of Florida and Florida State, came to the steps. The minute he left after we met and took pictures, I got a fever so high Mr. Salonen had to take me to the hotel where the PR team was staying. I got to watch Susan Hughes Oliver talk with Barbara Walters on TV. Barbara couldn't believe Susan hadn't eaten in three days. I did not break the fast. I just had to stay in the hotel room until we ended the fast. What a memory.

Larry R. Moffitt

Yes, the fast on the Capitol steps. I was a two-or three-week-old member at the time. I had quite an experience as I suddenly realized: here I am sitting on the U.S. Capitol steps, with short hair, an American flag in one hand and a sign that says, "God bless President Nixon" in the other.

That, plus this being my first ever fast of any length, made this a three-day out-of-body experience. Pat Pierkowski, who was an IW in those days, said she looked at the crop of new members who had just joined in Texas and chose me as the one least likely to stay. She said I still had marijuana smoke coming out of my ears.

I remember Neil Salonen. I remember Dan Fefferman singing. And brushing our teeth at Union Station. It rained hard one night; the rest is a blur. But I did survive. What a long, strange trip it's been.

Telegram

PMS NATIONAL PRAYER AND FAST COMMITTEE
219 PARK LANE BUILDING NW
WASHINGTON DC 20006

AS YOU COMPLETE THIS THREE DAY FAST ON THE CAPITOL STEPS, I WANT EACH OF YOU TO KNOW HOW TRULY GRATEFUL I AM FOR THIS GREAT SACRIFICE YOU HAVE MADE. I REALIZE THAT MANY OF YOUR SIGNS CARRY THE WORDS, "GOD LOVES NIXON," BUT I KNOW WE ALL SHARE THE SAME BELIEF THAT THE MESSAGE OF GOD IS TRULY A MESSAGE OF LOVE FOR ALL MANKIND. THE WORLD HAS ALWAYS KNOWN THE SHRILL VOICES OF ANGER AND FRUSTRATION, BUT WHAT HAS SAVED MANKIND EVEN IN THE DARKEST HOURS OF OUR CIVILIZATION HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICES THAT ARE RAISED IN PRAYER AND A SPIRIT OF LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER. WHATEVER LIES AHEAD, I KNOW WE CAN COUNT ON YOU, THE MEMBERS OF YOUR GROUP, AND MILLIONS ACROSS THE NATION, TO MAINTAIN THIS SPIRIT, OF LOVE, SO THAT IN OUR PRAYERS AND IN OUR WORK WE WILL HELP ONE ANOTHER TO REALIZE THAT INDEED THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY HAVE THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL IDEALISM TO CONTINUE TO MERIT GOD'S BLESSING ON OUR LIVES AND ON ALL OUR ENDEAVORS.

WITH MY HEARTFELT APPRECIATION
RICHARD NIXON



Congressman Earl Landgrebe of Indiana, with Mike Smith and Laurie Carlson on the steps of the Capital



Madison Square Garden

The culmination of the movement's evangelistic activities during this period was its concluding eight-city Day of Hope tour which opened at New York's Madison Square Garden on September 18, 1974. Building on all that had gone before, the tour was, in certain respects, a triumphant march through many of the same cities in the movement's original, anonymous, seven-city tour of 1972. Taking as its theme, "The New Future of Christianity," the itinerary included New York City, Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. However, the key to its success was Madison Square Garden.

Filling Madison Square Garden was the Church's most ambitious undertaking to date, but it had several months to prepare. In addition, there had been "a tremendous influx of members." In New York City, members had been assigned, since July, one hundred and twenty houses each for door-to-door contact. Ten thousand pocket-sized editions of *Divine Principle* and an equal number of Rev. Moon's "Christianity in Crisis" talks were made ready for distribution. The arrival of seven hundred IOWC members in mid-August greatly augmented campaign preparations in New York City. Lodged at the Paris Hotel on Manhattan's West Side, ten seventy-member IOWC teams followed rigorous street canvassing schedules in assigned sections of Manhattan and Queens. Representatives from each of the forty nations where the Unification Church maintained missions and the remaining American church members—in all, about 2,000—converged on New York City for a final week-long blitz prior to September 18th.

Tickets for the event were free, and five hundred buses were chartered to transport outlying residents to the Garden. There were numerous TV and radio "shorts," full-page ads in the *New York Times*, and a massive poster campaign. Advertising that "September 18 Could Be Your Re-Birthday," eighty thousand two-by-three-foot posters with a portrait of Rev. Moon as well as insets of the New Hope Singers International and the Korean Folk Ballet "wall-papered" Manhattan. Maintaining 150-200 locations, a twenty-one member poster team put up two thousand posters in forays from midnight until 10:00 a.m., beginning forty days before the rally. As reported in the *New York Times*, "His face is everywhere, it seems."

As the Church was able to bring only 350-450 people to Alice Tully Hall in the Lincoln Center for its initial Day of Hope tour just thirty-two months earlier, the turnout at Madison Square Garden was astounding. The movement feted 1,600 prominent New Yorkers at a kick-off banquet in the Waldorf Astoria on September 17, 1974. The following night, an estimated ten to thirty-five thousand ticket holders were turned away from an already filled-to-capacity Madison Square Garden. With nearly two hundred press people in attendance, widespread publicity helped insure success in other cities. The pattern of overflow crowds and continued publicity was repeated throughout the

Opposite: Rev. Moon speaking at Belvedere, with Mr. David S.C. Kim translating.



The 21-member postering team transformed New York City into what team leader David Byer called “a blue kingdom of heaven.”

tour. In San Francisco, a December 7th kick-off banquet, held at the Fairmont Hotel, brought out 1,160 San Franciscans. A letter of welcome from California Governor Ronald Reagan was read, and proclamations were announced from San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland, San Leandro, Concord, Burlingame, San Mateo, Stockton, Menlo Park and Hayward. The city of Oakland proclaimed December 9th as Sun Myung Moon Day and presented him with a tie tack and cuff links in the shape of an oak tree. The December 9, 1974, talk brought 5,000 people to the 3,200-seat San Francisco Opera House, with the overflow directed to the Municipal Auditorium a block away.

“The Time Bomb Is Ticking”

The Unification Church attained a great deal of public visibility by the end of 1974. Overflow crowds which attended its concluding eight-city Day of Hope tour were not only the result of campaign preparations but also the result of interest generated through widespread media coverage. At the same time, now that the movement had emerged, it was a visible target. As Rev. Moon put it during an otherwise exuberant celebration at Belvedere following his Madison Square Garden speech, “The time bomb is ticking. We must do our job before the time bomb explodes.”

Opposition toward the movement was evident on all fronts, but especially apparent in controversies over evangelization. The Bay Area was an early locale of controversy. There, during Rev. Moon’s twenty-one city Day of Hope tour stop in Berkeley, the Christian Student Coalition of the University of

California formally disavowed “any spiritual kinship with the Unification Church and its founder, Sun Myung Moon,” purchased a full-page advertisement in the *Daily Californian* to that effect, and distributed leaflets outside Zellerbach Auditorium. Although there had been sporadic protests and picketing previously, this was the first joint effort. As a result of increased visibility following his meeting with Richard Nixon, Rev. Moon faced mounting opposition during his thirty-two city Day of Hope tour. “Nix-on Moon” placards denounced Rev. Moon as a fascist backed by KCIA money. More common were disruptions during speeches by fundamentalist Christians exhorting audiences and calling Rev. Moon a false prophet. A widely reprinted February 15, 1974, Laurence Stern and William R. MacKaye article in the *Washington Post* quoted the General Secretary of the Korean National Council of Churches, who labeled the movement “a cult...a new sect which has been undermining the established church.” Equally significant was a widely circulated document originating in Louisville, Kentucky, entitled, “The Satanic Beliefs of Rev. Moon.” Purporting to be from a group of inter-denominational ministers and laymen known as the “Concerned Christians,” the return address was the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. However, the public relations director for the seminary stated publicly that the Concerned Christians’ post office box had been obtained “under false pretenses.”

Opposition, often more militant, continued during the eight-city tour. At the New York “Day of Hope” banquet in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, five members of the International Workers Party (two of whom leaped onto chairs) attempted to disrupt the affair. The following night, at Madison Square Garden, Rev. Moon invited those who opposed him to stand up and speak. Outside, more than a dozen groups ranging from Trotskyite and Marxist militants to “God’s Umbrella” of Baptist, Methodist and Nazarene groups demonstrated and passed out leaflets to the thousands who couldn’t get in. Opposition tactics were rougher in Philadelphia. Phone lines were cut and the telephone company cut off service for the phone number listed on campaign posters after receiving an order to cancel it; gas service to the Philadelphia center was cut off after the gas company received a phone call alerting them to a bogus gas leak in the building; and an unordered termite exterminator arrived at the center all equipped to fumigate. In Washington, D.C., bricks were tossed through plate glass windows at campaign headquarters and van tires were slashed.

In San Francisco, the church’s contract for use of the San Francisco Opera House was canceled in October by the Board of Trustees who were fearful of crowd turmoil. Threatened with a civil suit, the board relented but set down a stringent set of conditions. Among them were a \$1 million insurance policy against personal injury or property damage; an agreement by the movement to reserve the Civic Auditorium for the same night and to provide a closed circuit TV hookup so the overflow crowd, if any, could hear the lecture; the provision of a security force; and the designation of a staff of 350 persons for ushering and

San Francisco Chronicle

The Largest Daily Circulation in Northern California

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1974

Opera House vs. An Evangelist

Korean evangelist Sun Myung Moon has been kicked out of the Opera House with the suggestion that he put on his proposed ballet, choir and speaking program at the Cow Palace.

The Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity, which is sponsoring the program here, filed suit in U.S. District Court yesterday to stop the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial from canceling Moon's program.

The complaint charged that the city and the War Memorial Board of Trustees signed a contract, on May 1, calling for the use of the Opera House from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. on December 9. The fee to be paid was \$650 and a \$75 down payment was tendered and accepted.

Moon, who is described in the suit as a Korean religious leader, and who has been attracting large crowds during

speaking engagements all over the country, was to put on a program entitled "The Future of Christianity."

On October 11, Claude Jarman Jr., the War Memorial managing director, sent a letter to David S. Koda, state director of the Unification Church, canceling the contract.

The letter read:

"At the director of the Board of Trustees of the War Memorial I am writing to inform you that at the regular meeting of the Trustees held yesterday, October 30, a decision was made to cancel your December 9 date in the Opera House.

"It is the opinion of the Trustees that this is necessary in public interest since, based on your organization's recent meeting in New York's Madison Square Garden, the 3000 seats in the Opera House are not adequate

for your purposes.

"I have checked other facilities in the city and have found that both the Civic Auditorium and the Cow Palace are available for that date."

What the Jarman letter didn't say was that the trustees are apparently afraid that there might be a riot at the Opera House.

The suit, filed by attorneys Thomas B. Donovan and Joel S. Katz, points out what is probably the real problem.

It said, in part: "In New York sometime in September of this year, at one of these (Moon's) meetings, minor disturbances developed when an overflow crowd showed up at the meeting and some people could not be admitted because of capacity limitations.

"It is important to note,

however, that there was no harm done to either person or property. It is also noteworthy that other programs were presented in the following weeks all around the country without similar incidents."

Donovan said yesterday that, in apparent response to the suit, the Board of Trustees is going to hold a special meeting this Friday to consider the situation.

U.S. District Judge Albert C. Wollenberg has scheduled a hearing for 3 p.m. Monday to consider a request for a temporary restraining order to stop cancellation of the contract.

Jarman could not be reached for comment yesterday. A staff member referred a reporter to Deputy City Attorney Steve Diaz, who is handling the case, but he was not available either.

crowd control. Although a full contingent of protestors including "street Christians," Amnesty International (which produced a flyer urging readers to ask South Korea's President Park about jailed religious leaders), the Christian World Liberation Front, and the International Workers' Party gathered outside the Opera House, they were either drowned out by the movement's marching band or at odds among themselves. According to one report, "The Christians were arguing against each other, calling each other Satan."

More serious than specific incidents were mounting forms of institutional resistance. Problems with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service surfaced during the thirty-two city tour. Initially having obtained six-month tourist visas for missionaries, the church's petition to have these visas modified was denied. In Salt Lake City, forty German IOWC members were apprehended by agents of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, charged with over-extension of their visas and given thirty days to leave the United States. By late 1974, 583 foreign members of the Unification Church were subject to deportation proceedings.

A second source of institutional resistance was the secular media. Here a combination of Rev. Moon's inaccessibility (no personal interviews were granted during tours) and the media's tendency to highlight the movement's financial expenditures raised suspicions. The press reported substantial budget allotments for the twenty-one city tour (\$400,000), thirty-two city tour (\$200,000) and the coming eight-city tour (\$1,000,000). It also reported on the amounts spent on real estate acquisitions. In addition to Belvedere, the nearby Exquisite Acres (renamed East Garden) was purchased on October 10, 1973, for \$625,000. The former St. Joseph's Seminary, located on 250 acres some sixty miles to the north in Barrytown, New York, was purchased on January 21, 1974, at a cost of \$1.5 million. Also, by 1974, the movement had purchased nearly 300 acres of greenbelt land in Tarrytown, New York. American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen estimated 1974 church income in the United States to be \$8 million, up from \$100,000 in 1971.

Contributions, according to Mr. Salonen, came almost entirely from street sales of peanuts, candles, flowers, and dry-flower arrangements. Additional monies came in from overseas, particularly Japan, where since 1972 the Japanese Church had fielded 120 seven-day-a-week flower-selling teams. However, this was not generally known. The church's business holdings in Korea were better known. Rev. Moon's calling card listed him as chairman of the board of five companies: Tongil Industrial Company, Ltd., a manufacturer of machine parts; Il Hwa Pharmaceutical Company, which produced ginseng tea; the Ilshin Handicraft Company which produced stone vases (marketed in Japan); and two titanium companies, producers of paints and coating materials. This led to depictions of him as a Korean industrialist in the secular press.

The most potentially serious source of resistance to the movement were families of converts. In Omaha, Nebraska, a sixteen-year-old member was subject to "deprogramming" and committed (without official record) by her mother to a local hospital for three weeks in late 1973. In Des Moines, Iowa, a college student, after attending a weekend workshop, was committed by his parents to the psychiatric ward of a local hospital in early 1974.

The church responded to opposition in several ways. It sponsored public Fourth of July fireworks at Belvedere in both 1973 and 1974, attracting as many as 10,000 people. It utilized movement spokesmen, PR teams, advertisements and letters to counter opposition. By May, 1974, these initiatives coalesced into a church public relations department. However, for the most part, the movement was not overly concerned with criticism. Not only was there a lack of coordination among its critics, but there was a lack of any underlying consensus that could unify a broad base of opposition. Left alone, fundamentalist Christians or Marxist protesters outside rallies generally ended up arguing against each other or among themselves.



Despite rising opposition, late 1974 was a harvest of sorts for the newly-emergent national movement. Summarizing advances made during the previous three-year period, American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen, in a December, 1974 speech to members, noted,

Three years ago, when...[Rev. Moon] called us together into a Director's Conference, we had only a handful of members—less than 300! Since that time, we have seen what mighty things can be accomplished. Our movement has multiplied ten times, reaching almost three thousand by the end of this month. We have been catapulted from relative obscurity to national prominence, putting on projects worthy of groups many times our size. Now at last we can think in realistic terms of expanding to an international level.

Based on the tour's success in America, Rev. Moon, on Thanksgiving Day, announced plans for an international Day of Hope tour to begin in Japan, January 11, 1975. Earlier he announced his intention of sending missionaries to 120 nations in the spring of 1975. Plans were made for expanded training programs and a future university. Consistent with the international thrust was the formation of a thirty-member United Nations PR team. These initiatives, as well as membership goals and projected rallies at Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument, were discussed at a director's conference in Los Angeles on December 21, 1974. Most of these objectives were achieved. However, they were achieved in an environment of increasing adversity and increased cost after 1974.

Mary Cloutier Yasuda

When I was asked if I would contribute something to be included in a book about our True Father's 40-year course, my initial reaction was mixed. Although I will share many things, the point really isn't about me. It's about the tremendous foundation we were blessed to be born with. It's about the results of the blood, sweat and tears that were invested to make preparation for the appearance of God's holy family on the earth. It's about the mobilization of the spiritual world to testify to God and that very precious gift that He has given out of His deep, deep heart of love for each and every one of us. It's a testimony, at least in part, to the heartistic investment of our beloved True Parents, especially Father.

My testimony begins before True Parents came to America, before I could know about them. I want to share a little bit about my parents because it shows that long before our awareness, behind the scenes God has been moving, investing and preparing so much. My parents are Roman Catholic. My father especially is very devout. But also, my mother has some foundation of faith too. My father was born into the faith. My mother converted at the age of twelve. Had the original course in Father's providence been successful, I'm certain that they, rather than I, would be in the position of the first generation.

One day, when my mother was twelve, her mother said to her that she and her younger brother should attend some kind of a church. Any kind of church. She felt moved that they should have a spiritual life. She told them to take a walk and whatever church they came upon, to begin attending there. My mom, in that way, met the Catholic church and later converted. She attended Catholic school and received education and a lot of help there until she was sixteen. In that way, the spiritual world and God worked to lead and prepare her.

In the meantime, my father was growing up in a Catholic family and was very close to his sisters and brothers. He joined the U.S. Navy after he finished high school. My dad was a deeply religious person and didn't have girlfriends. However, during his last year of school, he dated one girl. When he left for the navy, she was supposed to wait for him so they could later marry. After a while she had a change of heart and ended the relation-

ship. My father was heartbroken and he prayed very hard to Jesus' mother, Mary, to guide him to the person he was supposed to marry.

Men in military uniforms are notorious for their drinking and fallen behavior when they are on leave. My dad wasn't into drinking or any of that stuff. He played guitar, went roller skating or went to the movies on his time off. At a movie theatre he made friends with the ticket lady. She introduced him to her daughter who later became my mother. My mom was 16 and my dad was 21. They dated for a short period and then married. That was in 1953-54. Had the Christian churches received True Father, I'm sure they would have followed the direction of the Pope and attended True Parents. But that didn't happen, so their way was blocked.

When my parents had been married a month, I was conceived. I was the firstborn in a family of nine children, of whom eight survived. My mother had four miscarriages. My parents' lives have been extremely difficult. I'm grateful today because it helped make us deeply religious. We had to go to God or we wouldn't survive. I grew up in the Catholic church, and thanks to that, my heart and mind were guided toward a life of faith. We prayed because my father always said, "The family that prays together, stays together."

As much as circumstances allowed, we went to Catholic school. When we couldn't attend Catholic school we attended catechism classes. We went to mass every Sunday and I vividly remember as a young child, my mother pointing to the box that held the hosts and chalices. She said to me that that was where baby Jesus was. I tried hard to see Jesus, though I couldn't. My heart longed so much to be with him. I heard from my parents about angels, and my dad told me how angels had protected him from a couple of car accidents. I used to leave space on my chair for my guardian angel.

God and the good spirit world were with me before I was aware of them. In high school I started to have recurring dreams. One was about my family being attacked in the middle of the night while they slept. I had to wake everyone and take them to safety by a secret passageway. I realized later that it meant that I was responsible for the salvation of my family.

The other dream was similar. I had to gather my family and we had to burn all of our belongings. We had to shower and put on new clothes, and rebuy and rebuild

everything we owned. We had to begin anew, create a brand new start. This dream influenced me very much.

I studied hard in school because I wanted to graduate from a university and get a good job so I could help my family accomplish the new start I had dreamed about so many times. When I heard the Divine Principle, I understood that I had been guided to connect my family to the Messiah. They couldn't listen to me and join at that time, unfortunately.

During high school I dated a couple of boys but kept my purity. Two relationships became serious but broke off. One was with a Baptist boy and the other was a Mormon. Through them I knew that God was working in various faiths. At one time in my life I thought that I would like to be a nun. I deeply admired the Catholic saints. When I got older I wanted to marry and have a family, so I was torn between those two desires.

Somehow I knew this was the last days, and I read the Bible and other spiritual texts. I considered converting to Mormonism but wasn't sure if Joseph Smith was right or wrong. I considered becoming Jewish too, because Jesus had been born a Jew. I'd been taught that Jesus had founded the Catholic church. I decided to remain Catholic even though I had many questions.

I got a job with a government program for high school students from poverty-level families. For two years I participated in the program and during the summer I lived on the campus of the University of New Hampshire. On July 8th, 1973 I was on the campus of UNH preparing to enroll in the fall. I saw a young man walk past the house where I was staying. I felt pushed by the spiritual world and found myself running up to him saying, "I don't know why but I have to talk to you." He was as surprised as me. As it turned out, he was the newly assigned state leader for the Unification Church of New Hampshire, fresh from Belvedere training. He told me he was with the "Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity—or The Unified Family." He never used the word "church." I had continued to search for truth, but closed my mind to other churches. "The Catholic church is the One True Church" was engraved in my mind.

A three-month member playing guitar under a tree, Dr. Tyler Hendricks, was somehow familiar to me. Gerry, my spiritual father (Gerard Willis), introduced me to the other members. He invited me to a fellowship

meeting in the evening. I didn't know what that was but agreed to come. I felt that I belonged there. I came that night with a friend. They played some songs on the guitar and then Gerry gave the introductory lecture. I was hungry to hear everything. I didn't understand everything but I was spiritually awakened. After the lecture I walked around the house and stared at everyone. The IOWC commander, Mike Smith, expressed concern to Gerard because I stared at the brothers especially!

I got up early the next morning, pushed by the spiritual world. I pounded on the door at 8 am and asked with all my heart to hear more. Tom Fields spent the entire day with me, and taught me the Divine Principle on a yellow legal pad. We did this for several days. I had never heard these things before but I knew it was the truth. They gave me a booklet to read about Sun Myung Moon. Nobody said the word "messiah" but I knew he was the Second Coming of the Lord. At first I thought, what if he was a false prophet? But I knew that a false prophet couldn't bring such truth.

Nothing could deny the heart I experienced hearing about Jesus' painful course, God's heart of hope about Jesus and His painful heart at the crucifixion. I experienced God's feelings. I knew I was called to attend the Messiah in the same way Peter and the disciples were called to attend Jesus. From that moment on July 11, 1973, I joined my heart to our True Father.

Clark Eberly

I was going to the University of Arkansas in 1972. I was in my second year, and I met the church. There was one main missionary in Little Rock named Merlinda. I heard the principle, but it went in one ear and out the other. I didn't have a dramatic change of heart, but I liked her as a friend. I thought she was such a good person. When she invited me to functions I would come. This went on for six months or so. It must have been frustrating for her. She asked me to do a 21-day prayer condition and I felt like, well, I have to do this. At or near the end of the condition, one of the last days, maybe as late as 10 pm, she called. I was with my parents. Finals were coming. The phone rang. Merlinda said, "There's a van going to California with our members. Would you like to go with them?"

The funniest thing was when she gave me that invitation, I felt intuitively “I have to do this.” I said to my parents, “Merlinda is inviting me to go to California tomorrow. I have to find out if Rev. Moon is the Messiah.” My parents helped me pack and I went with their blessing. I am forever grateful for that.

I went through an anxious and troubling time. Listening to the lectures was difficult. I was trying to understand if I should make a dramatic commitment in my life. I was very serious. I had no desire to save the world or leave my comfortable habits. But I was very serious, and knew it was absolutely important to determine if the DP was true. The format each day included Young Whi Kim speaking, and Father spoke too. It was in Berkeley, California.

Towards the 6th or 7th day, I came back after a long, hard day. I went to the room assigned to me, which was just big enough for one person. I turned off the light. I was standing and put my sleeping bag on the floor. Then God or some good angel or good spirit person was there—the clear and powerful presence was with me, speaking to me, in the back of my mind. It was very clearly asking me, with what you know now, what is your decision?

I answered, “I don’t really want to join, but I don’t have any choice.” I then saw in the blackness of the room, an amphitheater, with terraced seats. There were a number of people there. I didn’t recognize any of them, but I knew they were my family. There were 15 - 25 people. They were indicating their approval or profound relief that I decided to commit myself. The fact that there was somebody back there wanting me to be there was comforting. I feel close to them but haven’t seen them since. That experience has been the most treasured experience that I have. I can go back to that “rock”; it left me no question about Father and Mother.

The workshop ended with a banquet. There was a crowd of people, and I was standing by choice at the back. David Kim was translating for Father, who was at the podium. I had just a day or so prior been given this wonderful gift (described above) but I started to worry again. So I started to pray again to God: please give me one more sign to confirm the message I got the other day. I was praying at the back of the crowd of people. For some reason, it occurred to me to pretend to drink a glass of water. I thought, this is crazy. I’ll look silly. But I

did it. I went through the pantomime, and I drank the invisible glass of water. Father had two glasses of water on the podium. Then as I was doing this crazy pantomime, I noticed that David Kim and Father were just lowering their glasses as I was. I was kind of joining in a toast to the Kingdom of Heaven.

William H. Shields III

I was born in America in the year 1955, which was a time when America was still a hopeful and optimistic place. I grew up in a small town of less than 5,000 in Pennsylvania where I learned the value of a family. I had loving parents and grandparents who worked hard and were good people. My paternal grandparents owned a small restaurant, a “diner” where they fed many for over 40 years. My grandparents were active in their community and church and seemed to know everyone in that small town. My Father worked at the Chrysler auto assembly plant and my mother did accounting for the Navy. Some of my fondest memories are of my summers in my grandparents’ swimming pool or boating and fishing with my Father, younger sister and brother.

My ideal childhood abruptly ended when my parents divorced in 1966 when I was eleven years old. At age thirteen I was still among the top students in the state of Maryland. In my middle school I was selected to lead the morning Pledge of Allegiance over the school intercom. I still held on to my faith in my country and family. At age fifteen I started having doubts and questions about everything. Like many at that time I started experimenting with drugs. At age seventeen I dropped out of high school and went to work. I was desperately looking for something. Around this time I became interested in eastern philosophy and religion. I started practicing yoga and meditation and stopped doing any drugs. I found peace in yoga and meditation and was still searching for truth.

In June 1973, after three days of prayer, meditation and fasting I received the inspiration to visit the closest yoga center and there I would find my teacher. The yoga center was 30 miles away from my home and I had no car. I packed a few things and started off on my bicycle. After 15 miles I stopped at a friend’s house and spent the night. The next morning I tried to convince my friend to come with me, but he wouldn’t come. I left my bike and

hitchhiked the next 15 miles to Wilmington, Delaware.

When I arrived at the yoga center I was surprised to find it was closed and nobody was there. After knocking on the door I sat on the porch and wondered what I would do now. At that moment a friendly fellow walked by and asked me what I was doing. I explained and he invited me upstairs to the second floor of the yoga center. Inside of the second floor apartment I was introduced to a few more friendly people who asked me if I would like to hear a lecture. This was a lecture like I had never heard before. As this lecturer continued, many questions I had been struggling with for months and even years were being answered. I was so inspired I couldn't wait to hear more. After the first lecture my only question was, "Where did this information come from?" I stayed at that apartment and later found out it was called the Unification Center. The very next weekend I went to New York to attend a workshop at a large center on 71st Street where I listened to lectures with many others. The atmosphere and spirit at that workshop was like nothing I had ever experienced in my life. I remember I was so inspired by the experience I couldn't sleep. The last day of the three-day workshop I will never forget. It was July 1st, 1973. We all hopped in a van and went to a place called Belvedere where I would meet the teacher I was looking for and his name was Sun Myung Moon. I couldn't believe what I was hearing from this man. Although he didn't speak much English, I understood him like no one I had ever heard. This man spoke to my heart and moved it like no other. He talked about God, our Heavenly Father, and how He was suffering. He talked about the suffering of Jesus and our responsibility. He talked about working to build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. He talked about why America was great and blessed.

I decided back then in July of 1973 that I would do whatever I could to help Rev. Moon and share his teachings with others. I worked in several campaigns and programs to share Rev Moon's revelation from God. Almost 26 years later I'm still inspired by Rev. Moon's teachings and striving to live up to the ideal they represent.

*I said, "Who's that guy?"
Someone answered, "Oh, he's the gardener."*

Alice (Cheney) Boutte

I met the church in New York City in May 1973. I was teaching English as a second language at two schools on 42nd St., one of them a Japanese school. One day a Japanese brother gave me a pamphlet on the way to the subway. I was interracially married at the time to a black brother who grew up in Bedford Stuyvesant. We had had our struggles, and I was still searching. I went to Union Theological Seminary for one year. I never found my vocation, so I got my ESL degree. I was in another searching phase, going to Brooklyn College.

I found out by chance that my husband was having an affair at the time. One night I came home and the door was locked, while the woman exited through another



door. I then realized that my marriage was over. I decided not to go home one night after work and I took out the leaflet the Japanese brother had given me. I was at a real crossroads in my life. I was at Central Park and intended to go towards 71st St. Before I went I sat in the park and I cried for my lost love and lost life and lost purpose. I cried for a couple of hours and then went to the center. My heart was very open and clear, very receptive. I was ready for God to show me something.

Wayne Miller and Jaap Van Rossum were the directors at Belvedere at the time. I went to a 3-day workshop, and it was easy for me to stay. We were having discussions in groups on the grass.

Suddenly there was a man on a riding lawn mower. Everyone was twittering and conversation wandered off as we became interested in the man. I said, "Who's that guy?" Someone answered, "Oh, he's the gardener." There was an obvious interest in the lawn mower man who drove in our direction. All of a sudden he headed right for us and our plates and papers went everywhere, as we had to jump out of the way. That was my first experience with Father!

I joined the church quickly; I made a decision quickly, because my ties were cut. I went back and told my husband that I was moving out. It was very sudden. Lewis Burgess helped me to move out. There was kind of a showdown in the apartment, sort of a final fight. He locked me in the bathroom, trying to talk me out of what I was doing, yelling at me. Lewis and my husband's friend called the police and when they came (six of them), my husband convinced them that I was the crazy one.

We had to check into a hospital for mental health evaluation because we accused each other of being crazy. They determined that I was of sound mind and let me go. Mr. Kamiyama was interested in me then; he sort of took me under his wing as a spiritual parent. When I cleared my stuff out of the apartment, Mr. Kamiyama helped me load all my stuff into his car. I had china animals, a sewing machine and religious textbooks. Then the car got a flat tire and Mr. Kamiyama didn't know how to change it!

Later I asked him if he could be my spiritual parent, and he said no twice. Finally, he asked Father about it and then Father said he could be my temporary spiritual parent. But True Parents became my real spiritual parents.

Olivia Vossa, IOWC 1973

When I met the church in January 1973, I was 19 years old and a devout Roman Catholic. I was still going to many different kinds of prayer groups trying to find a deeper relationship with God. I initially met the church through Dr. Sheftick's IOWC. Dr. Sheftick made me feel so comfortable. I felt that I had known him all my life. Unfortunately, I did not feel that way initially with the other members. I felt uneasy about the Unified Family. They showed me a picture of their leader whom everyone called "Teacher." I thought to myself, "They think of him as the Christ. Is he the Anti-Christ? I must be careful of these people."

After the IOWC left, I continued to listen to the lectures once a week. A chapter would take over an hour to give and we would discuss it long into the evening. I could not explain my uneasiness to my lecturer. She was 21, nice, but very stubborn. Every time I tried to question her on a point, she would dismiss it as not being so important. I needed to come again and listen.

Eventually I signed membership. I could accept the teachings, but I couldn't accept Rev. Moon. Was he the Christ or the anti-Christ?

As I said before, I come from a deep Catholic background. Both my father and his mother were very devout Catholics. My grandmother went to church every day and my father was president of the Holy Cross Rosary. My father read extensively and had many books. At the age of ten, I found out that my father was dying of cancer. He had a year to live. On Sundays I would see him reading a passage from the King James version of the Bible, and compare it to the Catholic version. I asked my father why he read so many religious books other than Catholic books.

He told me that there was one truth that could unite all truths together. He was looking for that truth, but feared that he would die before finding it. I was 11 then and promised my father that I would continue looking for it for him. My father said that this kind of promise was too serious to say lightly. If I really meant it, I must promise God, not my father. Did I know how to do that? I got so emotional when he asked me that. I wanted my father to live, not die, and yet I felt that if I could maintain the promise, my father would live. "Yes," I told him.

“Tonight I will pray to God and tell him of my promise. I will become a nun.”

After I made that promise, I would pray in church, trying to imitate the attitude that saints were said to have had in service. I would pray and stare at the crucifix wondering how anyone could have betrayed Jesus.

Even the Roman soldiers, how could they have failed to recognize Jesus? I told God that I would never betray Jesus. If he came again, I would follow him. I would never betray him. I even prayed for my ancestors. Maybe long ago they were there; maybe they betrayed Jesus. Maybe one of my ancestors had accused Jesus and helped put him to death. I must make sure that such a sin would never happen again.

Now I was a member of the Unified Family, believing and not believing. I prayed for an answer. Nothing really happened. I began to get dreams at night. For almost 30 days straight I had the same re-occurring dream, that Jesus was in New York City. He was walking the street crying. Jesus couldn't believe the human and physical filth. “What has happened to my children?” he cried. No one listened to him. No one looked at him.

In my dream I could only see his back. I could never see his face clearly. I tried to fight through the maze of people. I kept thinking, is this him? Is this the Christ or the Anti-Christ? If only I could see his face. If I could at least touch his robe, I would know if it is Him or not. Whenever I came within inches of the robe, I would wake up. I felt nervous and desperate. I could not get an answer. Even if I could grab the robe, I could never see the face. I could not find the answer.

Because I was so stubborn, and afraid of the answer, I couldn't get my question answered. Finally I made a promise to God. I would stay with the Church for one year. If this is where I really should be, then he would give me the strength and the faith to continue. If the teachings were false and Rev. Moon was the Anti-Christ, I would be shown. The most important thing was for me to try my best and be sincere.

From that moment on, everything became easier. Instead of timidly witnessing, I became bolder. Fundraising and everything became easier. Of course I have had a lot of difficulties along the way. I have not been the best member that I envisioned I would be when I first joined; however, I have never doubted why I joined the Church and never questioned if this was the true

movement or not. For that I am grateful.

In addition, I would like to say that one of the real miracles of the church is how much we are a family to each other. Once we become full-time members, we come to an inner understanding of each other. When I first went on National MFT, I had never been on an airplane before. No one knew who was picking me up. They did not know what I looked like. I felt perfectly at peace with my ignorance because I knew I was in God's hands and that God was preparing everything for me. I trusted God in this great adventure.

My experiences on MFT were mind opening. Over one third of the members were from Europe. I had never met any of them before. Most of them were white with little religious background. Many of them had been wild before the church. Here I was, this prudish, Catholic Hispanic who had never done anything adventurous before in her life, feeling perfectly at home and truly connected. I've had that feeling wherever I go in the church. That truly is a miracle from God.

Going to Misery

Rob Sayre

I met and joined the Unified Family in the summer of 1974 in Missoula, Montana. I was working as a diesel mechanic at a truck stop, contemplating college and the future of mankind. The night I moved into the Center and began living there, I had just returned from an antelope hunting trip in East Central Montana, near a town called Two Dot, with a few colleagues from work. After driving all night and skinning the five antelope we had shot, I drove to the Center and collapsed on their couch in the living room. When the European sisters and others came down for Morning Prayer, there I was, blood on my clothes and my gun on the floor! I'm surprised they let me stay.

The Deli-On-The-Tracks

I have no idea how I ended up on “the list” of people who would be selected to be State Leaders. We had just ended the Yankee Stadium campaign in New York. I was expecting to return to Wyoming and resume managing our church-owned restaurant, The Deli-on-the-Tracks. Instead, I found myself with a large group of members



Rob Sayre's "Deli on the Tracks"

outside East Garden, with Father “eyeing” us. Soon, he began to assign us to various states as the new “state leaders.” He told me in his gruff English, “You go to Missouri,” but he pronounced it misery. After finding “my members,” we left New York, headed for St. Louis.

Upon arriving, our car died and we were evicted from our center the next day. This was the high point of my six months there. I spent the next six months moving stuff from one center to the next; fundraising, trying to figure out what it was I was supposed to do; and returning to monthly meetings in New York, which were always depressing, not because of the content, but because I felt so completely clueless about what to do. Surprisingly, several good people joined during this time, which is a testament to their preparation, but mostly to God’s never-ending quest to re-unite with mankind, one person at a time and intimately. I was there and witnessed it, but can honestly say I contributed almost nothing. Luckily, Betsy Jones and Neil Salonen came to the rescue (did I ever say thank you enough!). They asked if I would like another mission and I quickly said yes.

Not everyone spent their time selling flowers and candy on street corners. A few were in the mainstream of commerce. I was one of the lucky few. The Deli, as it was known, was a New York-style delicatessen in downtown Laramie, as western a town as you will find. It was a profitable business, supported the center, and was a wonderful place for new members to work and develop a spiritual life and a great witness in the community.

Door-to-Door Christmas

I have no idea why, but I have ended up involved in a variety of VERY oddball enterprises, not the least of which was Christmas trees. In the fall of 1974, in preparation for going to Seattle to work on Father’s 21-City Tour, the Mobile Unit Commander (remember that title!) and the State Leader came up with the idea of selling Christmas trees to help raise our financial contribution to the tour. At the time, I was a new member, still working at my job and living in the Center. They assigned me to figure this out and proceed.

I found the trees, negotiated a price, and planned on

how to transport them to Nebraska, where I thought would be an ideal place to sell, and presented this to my leaders. They agreed and we put our plan into motion. A few days prior to loading up and departing, we were told that everyone should come to Seattle immediately, trees and all! If you've been to the Northwest, you know that there is no shortage of evergreen trees.

We drove all night and upon arriving, we were sent out immediately to find locations to sell. This was tough, not knowing the city and with no one to help out. We did find a few places and set up our trees and began. I was dropped off at a motel, near a strip mall, with no money, my trees, some cardboard and a marker to make some signs. I was there for three days before anyone returned. The couple who ran the motel felt sorry for me and let me stay in the furnace room of the motel for free. I soon had some cash, so I could eat and spend my days singing Christmas carols and selling what trees I could.

Several weeks passed and it was obvious we were not selling enough. Regis Hanna, the State Leader of Washington, went on TV and explained our plight to a local TV station, which did help publicize the speech, but not the trees. Finally, we loaded up trees in vans and trucks and every night ran door to door with a sample in hand and pleaded with people to come to our truck and look at our trees. We did this up until Christmas Eve.

Coming from Japan

Hisako Watanabe

I was a traditional Japanese person. I believed that if I was good, then people would respond with goodness. Now I know I have to express myself, not just to members. I know that I must express what I feel. This is very different. In Japan, talking too much is very bad. We don't need to speak so much; we thought it is better to do than to speak. But in America, the old traditional training doesn't work. I was a quiet, traditional person, but now I speak so much. People in this country don't believe that I was quiet. People don't understand me unless I explain. I am a strange Japanese, not traditional anymore.

When I first came to the USA, in 1973, I was full of hope, but I was scared. Another Japanese sister, Sanae Tully and I were chosen. Not because we could speak

English; we couldn't then. First the 12 Japanese were chosen to come here, then another 40 were chosen from Happy World, who were used to fundraising. Then another group came. The first groups didn't have a good testimony because they couldn't speak English well. After that they tried to choose those who spoke English well, or went to university, except for me and Sanae Tully. We were under Mr. Furuta then. I did not like English. I did not know how to speak English then. There were 50 Japanese from the 777 couples there. I am from the 777-couple blessing too. Father invited us in the autumn of 1973.

When I arrived at Belvedere, the first person I met was Phyllis Kim. She smiled at me and said, "Welcome to America." I was stuck and could not speak. She was smiling. I was depressed. I could not talk for four months. Father divided us into six groups in the New York area. I was in Hempstead, Long Island, with Dale Garrett. We started witnessing with a three-day prayer and witnessing condition. I was inspired by spiritual world, and I witnessed to Peter Schepmoes. He worked at UTS later. He had a long beard and long hair; he looked like a guru from India. I saw a light around him, even though I could only see his eyes. I said to him, "Do you believe in God?" He responded very well and gave me his address and telephone number. I visited him later and he had given me the right phone number and address. I brought him the green DP text book. He was moved to tears. I wanted to invite him to the church. I had an appointment with him at 71st St. one night to hear a lecture, but the central figure said I had to go fundraising and I couldn't keep my appointment with him. Someone else gave him the lecture. I couldn't meet him. After that he left. He was training himself to become like a guru. He wanted to go to India. Then I couldn't meet him for six months, but I tried to contact his mother. Then he sent me a gift. I made friends with his mother and I would talk to her on the phone. So his mother and I had a good foundation before we met again.

Then we went fundraising for one month in Buffalo and upstate New York. Sometimes 6 or 10 sisters fundraised, staying in a motel room. We were fundraising for the New York activities. I thought I left fundraising behind me in Japan, but now it was happening again here.



Then I made food, PBJ's, for everyone. I was a kind of team mother. Sometimes I was making sandwiches late at night. Once we had a 3-day witnessing campaign before MSG for all of New York. They wanted three people from each center. I volunteered for the witnessing competition. The first day I saw my spiritual son, Peter, again. He just happened to come to Manhattan that day. He lived in White Plains. He had been to Belvedere once looking for me. I hadn't seen him for six months.

I said, "What are you doing?" He said he was planning to go to India, but it was the rainy season, and the travel company said it was not a good time. He was going to buy a ticket but decided not to. Then I asked him to go to a workshop and so he agreed. He might not have understood the Principle so well, but he was moved because I was fasting for him. He went to Barrytown and someone told him that I was fasting for him. He was so moved and he cried for me. I thought he was moved to see True Parents, but he said no, he was crying for me. He had fasted for himself many, many days in the mountain for training, but never had done it for others. Later he did a 40-day fast at Barrytown. I met him the end of October, 1973, then again on May 22 in New York. He went to a 21-day workshop.

He finally joined on June 18, 1974. I was witnessing in Manhattan. It was hard for him to witness to other people. I had to go with him to witness. I was frustrated because he never spoke to anyone. We went to the park behind the library. We met Chad Hoover. I said, "Do you believe in God?" He said, "Yes, I am a Christian." I

spoke very strongly, "I don't think you know about Christianity." I was witnessing not only for Chad but also to Peter. One day before the workshop I asked him, "Are you sure you are going to the workshop?" Many times people gave me the wrong number and address. But he was very pure and he gave me right number. He attended the workshop. He felt something but he didn't understand.

On July 4th, 1974, Father had a big celebration with fireworks. Even neighbors came. Workshop members from Barrytown came that day and Chad was there. His ancestor was President Hoover. He said that July 4th, 1974 was his spiritual birthday.

So then I had two boys, Peter and Chad. Individually they worked but they didn't get along very well. This was before MSG. I was very busy as the team captain. I realized I needed a girl spiritual child. It was easy for me to speak to men, because they liked to talk about righteous things. I determined to get a girl, a spiritual daughter. I determined to speak only to girls for three days. Then on the third day, I met Kathy Ahern Ferraboli. She is from Ireland and has 16 brothers and sisters; she was number 13. She was sitting there at St. Patrick's cathedral. I couldn't tell at first if she was a boy or a girl because I was so tired. I brought her to the 42nd St. witnessing office. She heard a small introduction about the workshop and she promised to go to the workshop. After she came back, usually people are so tired, so I said, "Kathy, are you tired?" She said, "No, I want to go witnessing." We went together.

Then her brother and relatives came to bring her back. She had three or four brothers and sisters in the U.S. One day before she was going to California to become a nurse, she met me. Her family was very worried and upset about her. They came to the Hempstead church to get her. We escaped by bicycle and then went to a friend's house. Then we went to New York and Joe Tully helped us.

Each of these spiritual children mean so much to me. We all worked for Madison Square Garden at Hempstead, and I was the captain. The three of them were at the UN demonstration in 1974. North Korea held some Japanese ladies. Mrs. Arikawa led this campaign. All of us stayed outside for seven days, fasting. All four of us were there, day and night. It was very cold. Peter and Chad were driving in a car and they were

strong, but I was worried about Kathy. They were all blessed at 2075 in MSG. Within 40 days they all joined, June 18, July 4, July 30. With a high spirit I could get result. I knew then that we had to unite with True Father's spirit in order to witness.

My husband's mission was working in New York at the *News World* with Mr. Kobayashi and Mr. Orme. We also were involved at the beginning of the *Washington Times*.

When I was an IW I hadn't had too many experiences with True Parents before coming to the United States. When he met our group of Japanese IW's, he looked at us and said we are very strong, like men! He asked each of us what we did. Father said to me, "What is your husband's name?" Father said he knew my husband. He said, "I know him very well." We felt very close and very happy. After that when we were eating, suddenly Father said, "Watanabe!" I said, "Yes, Father?" He said, "You and your husband look like brother and sister." I realized that while we were eating at the table, he was thinking about who my husband was. I was impressed. I felt so close. Mother took us shopping and she chose an overcoat, some pants and shirts that I still have.

It is hard for Father to do things individually for us like he used to. That was around 1976 to 1979. I had a good experience visiting each state, even though I didn't speak very good English. I had a very good experience with Kevin McCarthy in Raleigh, NC. I was impressed with Kevin's faith towards True Parents. It was very deep. He is a very good lecturer, and he understood the heart of the guests. I always told Rev. Kwak that his lecture and his faith were very deep but that he had a weak point—he couldn't clean his room! One day he said the stove was broken and the water doesn't work. I said, "This is a symbol of your heart." I spoke very strongly. He was crying downstairs and he said, "I am so sorry." I was pregnant with my second child. I always cleaned his room for him. He would say, "Look! It's clean." But then his closet had Father's picture and his socks together. I took care of him; I felt he had very good points. After that he became a 40-day workshop lecturer. He had a very deep and good heart. I always reported that.

I was pregnant and I liked watermelon. One day, he had cut so much watermelon, and he opened the refrigerator and said, "Tada! This is for you. Maybe your baby will be born with a watermelon seed in his hand." I said,

"Wow! You're kidding."

There are so many kinds of leaders, Japanese, Korean and American. Many people are complaining now. But we have to make up for all these things. I wanted to help America. We were supposed to bring many spiritual children. I am not proud of anything. I can't accuse anything. Everything that is hard now is because of things I didn't do. Don't you think it's true?

I am not really Japanese now. I can see the weak points and the good points of my country. I went to Peru and there are 120 Japanese sisters in Peru. When I talked with them, they realized I am not Japanese anymore. I am more open. Instead of being quiet, I can speak out. I can negotiate. I can speak my opinion. I can fight if I need to. German, English, Korean, Japanese...some countries cannot communicate but we could speak English. I can understand everyone better now. Some countries have trouble because they cannot communicate.

I don't have absolute faith, love and obedience yet. But somehow I know what Father is talking about. I am not one viewpoint. I can see God's providence behind the situations. He is really the messiah. I think of all the suffering he went through, even in his family. He is really the messiah to save everyone. Not by words, but everything. He is showing us that he is really the messiah because he is saving everybody.

Early MFT days

John Hessel

The New York church in 1972 was able to provide members with a comfortable center and a healthy menu, but our meager salaries as secretaries, clerks and delivery men could not fund a growing movement, even when we pooled our incomes. Weekend fundraising was a constant in our schedule. We made candles in the garage on a Coleman stove and then sold them door to door. We did well enough that Philip Burley, our church leader, asked several of us to quit our jobs and begin a full-time fundraising "Team." This was a gamble, because we had to make at least as much money as our regular jobs had been producing for the center to survive. In fact, Philip said: "If this works, you'll get the credit, but if it doesn't, I'll get the blame."

There were 6 or 7 of us, with myself as the team leader and Paula Gray as the team mother. We knew how to go door-to-door on the weekends, but what would we do on the weekdays? New York City was less than an hour from our center in the Bronx, and there were plenty of people on the streets, so that is where we went. I remember the first time we huddled together for prayer on the corner of 34th and Broadway. With our heads bowed in a tight circle on the sidewalk, I could feel people leaning on us to look over our shoulder into the center of our little circle to see what we were doing. I learned about parking in New York the hard way: as I came around the corner of 33rd St., I saw our van with the front wheels off the ground being towed down the street. I ran down the street and jumped onto the running board of the tow truck. I begged the driver to let the van go—he was “taking money from the church offering basket.” Giving it some thought while he waited at the light with me hanging on his window, this kind old black man with a southern accent said, “Boy, the Lord was with you today!” and gave me the van, avoiding a big towing fee.

National headquarters decided to form a team to support national projects, and most of us were drafted for the campaign. That is when the term “MFT” began, because we were to be mobile as opposed to working from the center. Our first stop was the Philadelphia center, where the Spurgins were directors. Soon we purchased trailers that were pulled behind the two vans—one for six brothers and the other for six sisters. We were then truly mobile, and not limited to the cities where there were centers to house us. It was so inspiring to wake up in a campground surrounded by trees and rivers, sometimes seeing racoons or deer. During the winter we were often the only trailer in the campground. We had a more relaxed schedule back then. We would spend the evenings studying Divine Principle together, and we sometimes attended a local Christian church on Sunday morning. I will always remember the congregation’s enthusiasm when we sang “Bye and Bye” from the pulpit to the Rock (as in Rock of Christ) Church of Norfolk, Virginia.

Acts of Faith

Martin Porter

In January 1973, 120 members from Europe chartered a flight from London to the U.S. to support Father’s speaking tour. We arrived in the U.S. on about January 15, and spent some 15 days with Father, living at Belvedere, while he taught us in a most personal way. Every meal, three times a day, we would be there together with him. This was such a great time to learn and understand his vision. I went back and forth between Europe and the U.S. five times that year to confer with Father. He did everything to please and entertain us, buying us suits, ties, shoes like any parent might for their child. We could ask him freely about all sorts of things. Of those 120 European members, 20 came from Italy.

Membership in Italy flourished, and I returned in September with an additional 30 new members. This time Father asked me to stay and support his speaking tour, which started with Carnegie Hall in New York on September 18.

Father had organized the One World Crusade in February 1972, at the outset of his seven-city speaking tour. This first tour included primarily members from the U.S. Following this victory he wanted to bring a message of God’s hope to America, and further to embrace the whole world. He then invited representatives of the whole world to come to this country to help restore man back to the position of God’s children through further speaking tours—21 cities, 32 cities and a final eight-city tour by 1974.

During the 21-city tour, there were only three IOWC teams, led by Paul Werner, Reiner Vincenz and Perry Cordill. My role was to be the liason between Father and the teams. This meant that almost on a daily basis I would fly off to the next city, examine the whole situation, check on the hall where Father would speak, the banquet facilities, numbers of confirmed guests to both, Father’s accommodation, problem areas, media, etc., and return to Father with a report. I knew that many leaders would give only positive reports, but I thought that this was a disservice to Father, and so I gave him a report of everything I thought he should know. I watched each time I spoke how he reacted to the reports.



Martin and Marion Porter at their Blessing

It became clear to me that Father is very different from other people. He was expecting to find difficulties and knew that there was a solution, and so he was challenged to find the way that God would work in each situation. He never took the position that Satan was out there trying to create problems. This was such an important lesson for me, even though I had not been able to live up to this level.

In October and November that year I took more than 44 flights! If you were wondering how I did it, I think it is better to wonder how True Parents did it; how serene, supporting and uplifting they were every day.

While in New York I lived in the garage apartment at East Garden, and prepared to make a 35mm movie for the Korean Government at the UN General Assembly Little Angels performance on December 27, 1973.

After the speech in Tulsa, Oklahoma, we took a

flight back to New York. I remember it so clearly; True Parents were up front and there were about 20 of us scattered throughout the plane. The doors were late in closing and it was clear that we were waiting for someone. Then I saw out of the window an elderly Oriental woman trying to hurry across the tarmac to the plane, burdened by plastic bags in each hand and an overnight bag. Soon she was on the plane and we were all happy to leave. But were we? This lady (Lady Dr. Kim) obviously had a broken kimchi bottle in one of her bags, and now that she was on board and the doors were closed, the full effect was wafting through the air conditioning system!

After working for a year as a liaison between Father and the IOWC teams, I was in Washington, D.C. on January 31, to welcome him back at the end of the 21-city tour at Dulles Airport, and then later at the Convention Center at the Sheraton-Lanham Motor Hotel in Silver Springs, MD. There Father would form the new IOWC teams, bringing the number to seven. The teams were to spearhead the way for the upcoming 32-city tour. Father personally selected these teams and gave inspiration and guidance.

My team was the 5th team and was originally comprised of 20 Japanese, 10 Italians, 22 French, 15 Americans and one German; it was quite a challenge to establish unity, convey directions and accomplish the strategy of the campaign. I usually spoke in English and then in Italian, while the two other interpreters translated into French and Japanese! This was a great testimony to True Parents, as no other motive than to fulfill their vision and God's Will could have brought us all to work together. This was confirmed again and again as our international team shared their deep spiritual experiences at the end of each day's activities.

Though I was greatly challenged, I knew we had to be successful. There was no question of can we get people to the banquet and speech, or how can we get the appropriate facilities; we just had to. There was no margin for doubt! For the 32-city tour, the U.S. was divided up and each state was assigned an IOWC team. Our team was responsible for New Haven, Connecticut, February 23 and 24th; Birmingham, Alabama, March 9 and 10; Jackson, Mississippi, March 23 and 24; and Fargo, North Dakota, April 6 and 7.

These cities were very far apart and we were in the middle of the gas crisis. At that time, one could only pur-

chase \$2 worth of gas at one visit to the pump! Can you imagine moving with 9 vehicles, travelling such distances and only being allowed to get \$2 worth of gas? During the first campaign, we lived in New Haven, and only commuted one hour's drive, or about 60 miles one way to Hartford. Thus, in the early morning our vehicles were lined up at the gas station before they opened, and we were lined up again before we reached our destination. In any case, Hartford was the first campaign stop. I introduced Father at the banquet, and 500 people came to the speech.

We left New Haven on February 25, arriving in Birmingham late that evening. Then we had to regroup and have a banquet prepared and people to the speech 12 days later. Over 400 people came to the speech and we paid off all the debts of the campaign. Both Governor George Wallace and George G. Seibels, the Mayor of the city, made a proclamation, declaring the "Year of Hope and Unification."

The Jackson, Mississippi campaign was unique. I think the city had never seen so many foreigners and certainly no Orientals! One day my secretary answered the phone, only to hear that some members had been arrested. She was Japanese and would always pretend she had misunderstood what people said so that she could say whatever she wanted them to hear; how we loved God and humanity, etc., but this time the policeman was very upset, so I took the call, and said I would come down to the station right away. When I arrived I heard singing coming from the building. On entering, I met the police chief, who said, "Get them out of here!" I went in to the main room, only to find that Kimiko Tsukamoto, who had a voice like a bird, had all the policemen in a line, singing songs. The arresting officer would not hear of me taking them away, but insisted that he return them, along with their boxes of product, to the same street corners where he had arrested them!

The city officials had put on a reception for us on the top floor of the Heidelberg Hotel, where we were staying. I went up to the reception and found ladies in ante-bellum dresses and the men in period costumes too—I thought I must have been in the wrong place and went back down to



True Parents with Mrs. Choi at the United Nations, NY, December 27, 1973

the reception desk to inquire where the reception was. But this was, indeed, a southern-style reception. It was great! More than 200 people attended the banquet in Father's honor. Father was made an honorary colonel by Governor Bill Waller's representative, and was given a gold key to the city by the representative of the mayor's office.

The most scenic drive was that from Jackson, which we left in spring weather, to Fargo, North Dakota, which was still in the grip of winter ice and snow. We drove non-stop overnight, arriving in only 24 hours on the morning of March 25. Father would arrive on April 6. We lived in Moorhead in four town-house apartments, and worked in the twin city of Fargo, both cities named after kings of the railroad. The people were responsive and we created great controversy, so much so that I kept a TV running in my car so as to hear the talk shows and news programs so I could get equal time if I

thought it was desirable.

The fundraisers had quite a hard time due to the lack of area, so I obtained permits for them to go to Winnipeg, Manitoba. For them it went very well until it was time to come home. At the U.S. border many, being foreigners, had problems entering and by the time I was called I suggested trying again 100 miles up the border, which they did, only to find the same immigration man there waiting for them. We then had to make a special plea to President Nixon through contacts in Washington and they returned to Fargo in time for Father's speech.

True Parents stayed at the small center where James Gavin lived on 1317 8th Ave. North, Fargo. I gave the introduction to Father at the Great Hall of the Fargo Holiday Inn. The hall was packed, with 50 or so people standing. The atmosphere was charged due to all the media hype. I had such a hard time giving an introduction; in fact, I had to hold onto the podium to keep my balance. I could see the evil forces coming at me like arrows. I was so spiritually attacked that I could not see clearly anymore. Many people were antagonistic because of the wrong information they had heard. Then True Father gave an extraordinary speech which touched their hearts and many were in tears—no one left. Such good people: when they heard the truth they were convinced and changed. Then after the campaign we went to Chicago to help there and finally to fundraise in Detroit before taking up residence in the South-East Region.

In spite of the frustration of the gas crisis, we possessed a powerful determination. And through all difficulties we felt charged with motivation, which, we were aware, was not being generated from ourselves alone. For many of us, it was the first experience of cooperation with those in spirit world. Only this could explain the miracles that transpired to help us accomplish our mission. One constant example was that in spite of the gas shortage, gas attendants at crucial times were moved to fill up our tanks anyway. Doors opened to meet city officials and leaders who were normally inaccessible.

Our faith was constantly put to the test, and then deeply rewarded through the unforeseen events that helped us achieve our goals. Once when we were traveling, the truck carrying all our luggage, among other things, opened up in the back and a substantial part of our luggage fell out on the road. When this was discovered, it was too late to turn back, and, being in the mid-

dle of nowhere, we would not have had enough gas to turn around anyway. I turned back alone, retracing our steps for over 10 miles, with the members in my van scanning the other lane, but we found nothing, so we continued. To our surprise, when we arrived at our next campaign city, Birmingham, Alabama, we received a phone call from a member in Washington, D.C. who had been travelling the same road. He had found a whole lot of suitcases on the road and when he investigated, he recognized many of the names on the luggage as church members. He called our campaign center to see if they belonged to our team. He had picked them all up!

After the 32-city tour, we continued to participate in the Celebration of Life campaign. We had an extraordinary time in Miami. By this time, almost half the team, 35 people, were in our brass band, led by Michael Keily. They paraded in the streets in their green uniforms. A music professor had joined us in South Carolina and taught them to play decently in a short time. We lived in the newly decorated YMCA building downtown, and we rented the Gusman Philharmonic Hall for Dr. Pak's speeches on June 19-21. The hall is famous for its Venetian Courtyard decoration: the ceiling is painted dark blue with stars shining down, and a cloud machine makes clouds pass overhead. In the three nights we had some 7,000 people attend, followed by 200 people at the workshops that continued afterwards. This was followed by a seven-day workshop. I will never forget Marion standing up there under the spotlight on the left side of the stage, giving the "Dr. Pak" version of her life testimony. It sounded so wonderful; it wasn't untrue, but it did leave out some of the more difficult and trying experiences! This program, developed by Dr. Pak, was a winning formula, and my only regret was that it did not continue to all 50 states.

Then came the 8-city tour, beginning with Madison Square Garden, on September 18, 1974. On entering New York City, I fell in love with it. The atmosphere was so different from the last time when I had been there for the Carnegie Hall campaign. I just knew we were going to succeed. One must remember that until that time we had never brought more than 1,400 people to any of Father's speeches, and to fill the 25,000-seat Madison Square Garden was a sheer act of faith.

John Williams

When I first met Rev. Moon, I had been acquainted with the group for a few months. It was in Oakland, California, in 1973. I was 19, living with the members, working with them and studying the Principle. At one point, I understood the founder was coming to speak on the campus of UC Berkeley on the Day of Hope tour. Though I understood by then that he was held to be the Second Coming of the Messiah, my interest in him was more from the respect that my new friends showed him and less from theology. My days had been taken up with the practical day to day concerns of living with God and serving others. I knew that the sense of hope that made our community and enterprise possible was due to this Master Moon, but I didn't think that much about him at that time.

On the day of attending Rev. Moon's speech, we had had a regular day of flower selling, getting up early with my team, buying flowers at dawn and heading out to sell them business to business in a nearby neighborhood. We must have come home early to our Regent Street house and changed clothes, before heading out to the campus.

The event was held in a campus auditorium of no small size. The place was becoming packed. I had performed some service that left me coming in just as it was about to begin. The only seat was in the very front row, directly below the lectern.

I don't recall what preceded the speech, but I remember the mysterious Asian Master sitting off to the side. When he was introduced and stood up to speak, I naturally joined the faithful in vigorous applause.

Rev. Moon began to speak passionately in Korean, his face, voice and gestures uninhibited, expressive, emotional and intense. I had never seen anyone express himself so explosively and urgently. His elastic face ran the gamut of child-like joy to heartbreaking anguish. His compact body was forcefully animated as he spoke of God's purpose, His providence and the present age.

It was as if the man's physical form was being thrown about by his powerful spirit, or that of Another. I was struck by this sense that an ancient torrent of feeling, power and authority was pouring through him, like a mighty river through a narrow crevasse. What was coming through was much bigger than his body could con-

tain or convey and the man was bursting with the intensity. It was almost too much to bear. I sat as tears rolled down my face.

Looking back I am reminded why he elicits so much loyalty in his followers. One wanted to help him, he seemed so burdened by the urgency of what the Almighty had put upon him to say and do.

And Restless Are Our Hearts

Mose Durst

The story of my conversion may be unremarkable, although it moved me deeply and still does. I reluctantly record how the Spirit dealt with me, only because my experience demonstrates conclusively the deep spirituality of the Unification movement. There is no place for the misunderstanding and prejudice of "brainwashing" charges, of declarations that "Moonies" hold people against their will or exploit them, when we see the process by which individuals identify with the movement.

I came to Oakland, a disappointed but by no means broken man. My work with poor youth was demanding but satisfied my deep desire to serve others. I helped establish, among other projects, the interdisciplinary program at Laney College. I began reading spiritual classics of East and West, analyzing, on this American frontier closest to the Orient, the contributions of the East to human spiritual development.

Someone familiar with my interdisciplinary studies course told me of a Korean woman who lived on Dana Street, in Oakland, who might have some interesting ideas to share. Fresh from an improvisational dance class—I was involved in many consciousness-raising activities—I went to 6502 Dana Street and rang the bell. A lovely Korean woman invited me in.

The apartment was small but immaculately clean. Bright California sunlight streamed through the orange and white curtains onto the blue felt sofa where she invited me to sit. I was later to find, to my amusement and surprise, that to save money, several dresses and ties worn by members of the church were made of exactly the same material as the curtains. Onni sat on the couch and wore a long, modest woolen dress. I do not believe I ever saw her legs until about a year later, when she



Dr. and Mrs. Durst at their Blessing

arrived by the San Francisco airport wearing a dress Mrs. Moon had given her.

What immediately struck me about her was her smile. She seemed so normal and happy, quite at ease with herself, yet open and responsive to the stranger who sat down in her living room. She had dark brown hair, brown eyes, and was a soft presence in a warm room. We spoke briefly, but she was quick to ask me what I did and how I liked my work. Her directness was disarming, especially in contrast to her warmth. She did not speak much during our first meeting, but I was aware that she was very much the “center” of this small spiritual community.

When I first met Onni, I was already prepared for a spiritual change, through my practice of meditation, my wide reading in spiritual subjects, and my interdisciplinary course. Nevertheless, my conversion was not to come suddenly. I was familiar with the theories of psychologists such as Abraham Maslow and Erik Erikson, and their concepts of gradual, evolving change until there is a growth of the personality and spirit. Now that spiritual evolution was to take place in me.

The self-sacrifice, humility and basic goodness of Onni deeply impressed me. I valued modesty and selflessness, but had been disappointed repeatedly by people I admired such as professors and teaching colleagues, who behind their façade of knowledge and service, had hidden agendas for seeking power or sex. I prized personal purity. There were of course many opportunities for promiscuous sex in California, and everywhere, in the 1960s and '70s, but I did not take advantage of them. I was repelled by such casual approaches to something as meaningful, and to me sacred, as human sexuality. The purity of Onni and the genuine absence of lust and self-seeking in the few people drawn to this new teaching made the greatest impression on me. Here were people who were real, who meant what they said. They were, precisely, not deceptive, not out for profit or the satisfaction of their own desires. I was moved. Onni once said to me, when I marveled at her poise and giving: “We must be value-makers and happy-makers.” The Unification people I met were exactly that: searchers for absolute values who tried to live those values. I found that I wanted to become like them, to give value and happiness, to make service the core of my life.

My growing attachment to the religious community was not just emotional. I knew, and had felt, religious emotion before, for the prayers at synagogue had stirred mixed emotions in me. I knew that emotion alone was not enough. My reason had to be challenged, too. Onni, with her lectures and charts, discussed with me the problem of evil. We talked at length about arrogance, pride and selfishness. We analyzed the fundamental problem of the misdirection of love in the world and in our lives. People adored things they ought not to worship and did not love what they should. We looked at how this problem had existed since the beginning of history as we surveyed the historical concept of “idolatry,” or “false love,” in Judaism and Christianity.

Onni frequently visited the small community we established in my home. Sometimes she visited my college classes. Each morning I got up early, prayed, helped clean the house, then took my briefcase and went out to teach literature. I was moving closer to God, but He had not yet captured me. Then, in His own time, He did.

My conversion was not startling; no outward miracle took place. Just as God finally reached Augustine while he was reading the Epistles of Paul, He reached me while I was praying with my new brothers and sisters. In my own home, in the midst of a simple prayer service similar to many others in which I had engaged, I was powerfully shaken to the foundations of my being.

Onni always stressed the basic nature of sincere prayer. She tried to teach me to pray from the heart, to follow Paul's teaching that we should pray without ceasing. I was praying often and benefiting from it, but on this day there was a change from quantity to spiritual quality. Even now my whole body lights up and tingles as I think of that unforgettable, life-changing moment.

I was praying as powerfully as I could, surrounded by my friends, when I felt a sloughing off of the past, an unburdening of guilt and sadness. That prayer cleaned me out; it was catharsis in the most primal way. It was as if thousands of years of accumulated spiritual deadweight was falling away from me. I felt clean, whole, purified, down to the center of my being. I remember thinking, this is what life is meant to be; this is how I want to spend the rest of my life; no, the rest of eternity! I knew, consciously, what my unconscious was feeling: that I had discovered the deepest part of myself and had discovered, and been claimed by God.

I could not keep this to myself. I shared it with my brothers and sisters, who rejoiced with me. I shared with Onni, and from that moment on I knew that I would be part of this movement for the rest of my life, forever. I shared my joy even more. I telephoned my mother in New York, declaring, "Mom, I have discovered God. Now I know the meaning of my existence." It was wonderful to give her such hope, for I knew that she had been searching for God her entire life.

You Will Meet Omma Under a Full Moon By the Bay

Poppy Richie

In 1972, a rigorous search evolved on my part, to 1) find out what is the truth about spirituality and consequently, what is my purpose in life; 2) find those with whom I could develop true friendship; and 3) work together with others to build an ideal society. At the time, even though I was a college graduate and came from a fairly affluent background, I was profoundly lonely and disappointed because of the realization that my life was unfulfilled and meaningless, and I lacked role models to guide me in a new direction. Relationships with others were unsatisfactory and painful.

I worshipped nature, for nature was always so beautiful and complete, compared to the wretchedness of humanity. Yet, a relationship with nature was not enough. Age-old questions, such as, why is there suffering?, where can one find true love?, what is the purpose of history?, where did I come from?, is there life after death?, haunted me day and night and sent me on a pilgrimage to find answers.

In my travels, I had a profound spiritual experience. I was in Mexico and I had ingested some poisonous food which left me unconscious on a rural hillside near a little village in the mountains of eastern Mexico. When I regained consciousness I could see nothing around me. I thought I had died and gone to the spirit world. I realized that there were no people around me because I had lived such a selfish life. I was doomed to an eternity of living alone in my afterlife. In a few minutes, I heard voices and began to see shadowy figures walking past me. The blanket of thick fog which had obscured my view was beginning to dissipate and I was shocked to realize that I had not died after all! With painful gratitude, I hiked down to the beach and fell on my knees and wept with repentance for the self-centered life I had led. Shortly after, in a conversation with a local spiritualist who had mediumistic powers, I was told that my deceased mother had a message for me. She said, "You will meet Omma under a full moon by the bay." Furthermore, when I consulted the *I-Ching*, I learned that I should go north where I would meet my true



Mrs. Onni Durst with a group of early members, mid-70s, San Francisco

friends. A month later, in Berkeley (by the San Francisco Bay), I met my Korean spiritual mother, my Omma, Mrs. Durst, who introduced me to Rev. Moon, Our True Parents!

I met Mrs. Durst on the University of Berkeley campus on Sept. 13, 1972. She was radiant! She and her husband became the most important people in my life because through them I came to meet, follow and understand the heart of God and True Parents. The Divine Principle answered the religious and philosophical questions that had initiated my search, and the brothers and sisters who lived on Dana St. in our little church center, showed me the true friendship that had been missing in my life. I was finally on the path to God, and I was sorely needed by Our Heavenly Father, to witness. I sat at a table on Berkeley campus from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. every single day, Mon.-Fri., rain or shine, through warm and cold seasons, for three years. My mission as a witnesser continued in various places, mainly in California. Mrs. Durst led our members to work long and hard, and to do many conditions of fasting and praying...Joyfully! She was always joyful and she also taught us how to work effectively as a team. Many church members know me by my reputation as an effective witnesser, having brought many spiritual children (at one time I had 100 spiritual children as full-time members). This victory was due to the teamwork of the evening program staff and workshop staff, and the fasting and praying of all our loyal, faithful brothers and sisters.

Early Memories

Lisa Hill

Before there was Oakland, there was the phenomenal group in the early 70s in Marlboro, Maryland. This was an interesting, thriving center where they made the candles that national MFT sold to buy Belvedere. It seems to me Belvedere was bought with unpaid-for product, and eventually the whole center, 20-40 people, quit en masse (circa 1973-74).

Alan Tate Wood was a leader in the Marlboro Center. He married Gio Matthis, a shockingly beautiful woman with long hair that she showed True Parents. For some reason in those days this was really quite scandalous. Girls wore astonishingly short skirts but would never, never, never do anything so satanic as to wear pants until one fine day Mrs. Moon, bless her heart, turned up in a pantsuit. Whew.

When I joined in 1970 there must have been two hundred people, more or less, in the national movement, which was few enough that you could have a kind of idea who many people were without actually meeting or knowing them. By '73 the numbers must've grown, but still, when the Marlboro Center quit like that, it felt as though 20 percent of "the family" had "died." The one I missed most was Gio Matthis with her scandalous, long hair, though I had never seen her face and she probably never even knew I existed.



Tyler O. Hendricks

In 1974, my fundraising team leader, Mr. Makoto Tsujumura, dropped me off in a parking lot, out of which I was kicked within a few minutes. It was in the countryside and I completed a small housing development door-to-door in about half an hour, and went back and sat on a hill above the parking lot to wait for Mr. Tsujumura's return. Well, I dozed off and the afternoon wore on without my seeing him. I was struggling mightily in my heart—should I return to the parking lot and begin fundraising again?

One side of me said, "Have courage and boldness—return to the lot!" The other side said, "Be a good boy; the management does not want you there." Oh, the inner turmoil as I sat and the precious hours of my one

Dr. Tyler Hendricks with Peter Gogan and a parent

and only life on earth dragged by, second by second, blow by blow, heartbeat by heartbeat. As I sat, rooted into the dirt, I heard this voice—"you lazy coward, you're happy that you have an excuse not to fundraise, aren't you?"

Finally, Mr. Tsujumura arrived. It was around 7 pm and I told him my sad story, expecting him to whisk me off to another location. Far from it! "You stay and fundraise here and Igarashi-san can join you!" Knock me down with a feather! I watched the van pull away, turned around, and saw Mr. Tadashi Igarashi fundraising RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOOR! He was acting as if he were from the local Elks Club. And of course he was; he was from something far more "local" than that. He had no concepts. He displayed courage and boldness.

Numbed by the day's inner struggle and what my captain had just done, I froze in my tracks as I watched Mr. Igarashi. A moment later, I realized that I had been tearing a piece of paper into tiny pieces and letting them fall to the ground. Not wanting to leave a mess, I stooped down to pick up these tiny pieces of paper, one by one, one by one, each little piece. As I did, the words "God's Heart" came to me and I started to cry. I couldn't stop crying. I just cried and cried and cried and it was uncontrollably loud.

I made my way over to the dark side of the building and sobbed against the wall. Mr. Igarashi came over and I said, between sobs, that I was all right, it's okay. And he went back to his fundraising.

And the police came. Not to stop him from fundraising, but to check out the reports they'd received about this guy crying. Mr. Igarashi came over and told them that I was having a religious experience. Good old American cops—they thanked Mr. Igarashi for his service and left me to my religious experience. I wonder what they put in their evening report. My result that day was about \$12.00 and an ocean of tears.

Musical Chairs

Kathryn Coman & Dan Fefferman

KATHRYN COMAN

I was on Regis Hanna's OWC team in the Northwest region in Jan.-Nov. 1973. When we got to Seattle, Washington, Helen Chin (I think) was state leader. Susan Miller was her assistant.

I went to Belvedere for training in Nov. 1973. Within a week of my arrival, Father sent us to Washington to visit Congressmen. It was the first work done by the National Prayer and Fast Committee (at least I think it was a committee). I was asked to do the office work for the committee. Our office was in FLF's office. I remember working side by side with Sydelle Enyeart. I have fond memories of typing these metal things for use by the Addressograph machine, for future mailings. After I'd been there about a week, Gary Jarmin (then head of FLF) went to Chicago for a leaders' conference. He returned from the conference, breezed through the office, and then disappeared.

By the time I left Seattle in November 1973, Dan Holdgreiwe was our State Rep. I don't remember exactly how long Susan stayed in Seattle after the team arrived.

DAN FEFFERMAN

Let's see then... Gary goes to a conference in Chicago, where I had just been sent to fill in for Jack Korthius, who had left without notice for Vegas. Sue Miller goes to Seattle, where Dan Holdgreiwe is. Kathryn leaves FLF for Seattle. I take Gary's place at FLF. Dan leaves Seattle for FLF..

What is this, musical chairs?

KATHRYN COMAN

It sure felt like it. From 1972 until 1977, I had 15 mission changes. Everywhere I went, these musical people kept turning up.

Gil Roshuni and Terry McGuire (that name bring back any memories?) were in Seattle when I was. I remember Denise Schneps during my brief trip to DC prior to Seattle. Of course, in Belvedere, music was the thing constantly. Then there was my stint in Barrytown. My workroom adjoined Sunburst and thus I became acquainted with Larry Moffit and Frank Grow, among others. Of course, every time there was any type of rally, Dan Fefferman would pop up with guitar in hand. I even gave it a shot myself. Anyone remember a sister with long blond hair playing the guitar and singing at the celebration at the end of our 7-day fast for the Japanese wives in front of the UN? That was me! I have no idea how or where I got the guts for that. Must of been the fast. Well, I could go on and on, but musical chairs certainly describes my life then.

DAN FEFFERMAN

No, no. no. no. no!!! One thing is wrong.

Dan Holdgreiwe came from Seattle to FLF in early '74, after you went to Seattle from FLF. If Susan (Miller) came to FLF from Seattle, she didn't stay there long because she and Gary were both gone when I got to FLF in late '73.

Actually, I had been at FLF in early '73. Then went to HSA Publications to edit the first edition of Divine Principle. Then to Belvedere training. (Hey, Dan Holdgreiwe was there too...what's going on here?) Then

to Idaho as State leader and future Senator. Then to Chicago. Then (I think?) back to Belvedere to edit the 2nd edition of Divine Principle and prepare to lead the 12-person mission to Israel that never happened. And then back to FLF, to become the director of the Prayer and Fast for the Watergate Crisis.

(I get tired just thinking about it.)

On the Road

Joseph Kinney

I was the bus driver for Perry Cordill's team during the Day of Hope 21-city and 32-city tours, 1973–74. I did all sorts of mechanical things for the team like repair the vans as well as the big green bus that I drove. Believe it or not, later I was also the band leader, but that's another story. The worst city I remember was Des Moines, Iowa. There were the most negative media and demonstrators. I believe a grand total of six people showed up for Father's speech.

I was assigned to pick up a rental Lincoln for Father—the only suitable car available in town. On the way back from the rent-a-car place, the master cylinder went out. Father's plane was due in two hours. Bought a master cylinder, put it in and bled the brakes in time to have the car ready. Typical of the crazy rushes during the tours. As far as I know, the very first kidnapping or deprogramming happened in Des Moines, Iowa around the time of Father's speech.

Since only a few people on the team of about 70 members spoke English, sometimes I taught Divine Principle. I taught from Chapter One to Conclusion

to a young man named Steven Foster. I remember his name because it is the same as the song writer who wrote "Old Susanna." Steven and his girl friend heard the lectures together. Steven was quite enthusiastic, but his girlfriend was lukewarm or negative. She contacted Steven's parents and they became extremely worried.

Her parents arrived at the location where the team was staying and invited me to their home. Once they had me inside they barred the door, took my car keys and started waving hammers around my head. The point was that if I didn't produce their son, bad things would happen to me.

I didn't think I had a right to keep parents away from their own son, so I brought them to him. Steve's parents proceeded to bring him to a hospital and called a psychiatrist uncle in California who had him committed by a phone call. His parents told me they planned to confine him to a mental hospital until he recanted his belief in True Parents. Steve was drugged up and confined to a hospital bed the last time I saw him. As far as I know this was the first kidnapping/deprogramming in the U.S.

The Day of Hope Tour bus, 1973

