



Launching the World Mission

*The conclusion of the
Washington Monument Rally,
September 18, 1976*

AMERICA AND GOD'S WILL

Reverend Sun Myung Moon

Excerpts from the United States Bicentennial Speech, Washington, D.C., September 18, 1976

Honorable Citizens of the United States and world delegates: I would like to express my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all of you for "Meeting us at the Monument." Tonight we are celebrating America's Bicentennial in the Name of God. For you and me, this is an historical moment.

Tonight I would like to speak on the subject "America and God's Will."

God is eternal, unchanging, unique and absolute. If those are the qualities of God, His purpose of creation must also be eternal, unchanging and absolute. In the beginning, God's ideal was to create one world of unity and harmony.

Today, however, our world has no unity or harmony. Instead there is much division, disharmony, confusion and chaos. Individually, our minds are separated from our bodies, and our families, races, nations and our world are torn apart. This reality is in total contradiction to God's original intention. Clearly something is fundamentally wrong.

Victory over Evil

Religion has an explanation. It says that this worldwide division is the result of our first ancestors' rebellion against God, the Fall of Man.

In order to save fallen man, God sent the Messiah. His purpose was to restore man to his original state before the Fall. Therefore, Salvation is the same as Restoration.

The Fall of Man brought about this fallen world. Disobeying God's Word, man rebelled against Him. This put him in the position to be overpowered by Satan's lies. And so, finally man united with Satan, receiving Satan's personality and love instead of God's personality and love.

To be restored as an original man, we must reverse the process of the Fall. This time we must separate ourselves from Satan, reach out to God whom we have lost, and obey His Word. In this way we can receive God's personality and His love.

Selfishness Is Unhappiness

God is supremely selfless and supremely public minded, whereas Satan is absolutely self-centered and only out for himself.

God's formula to restore man is for us to become God-like. This means that we must become completely selfless and public minded. Each of us must become a person who is able to sacrifice himself for the sake of others.

Such a selfless and public-minded person will prosper because he is the

image of God. The selfish, self-centered person will decline because he is the opposite of God. This is God's rule.

Human history has been a history of struggle, a history of war. It has been almost like a tug-of-war between God and Satan with man as the prize. Good and Evil have been struggling to win man to their respective sides.

Because human history started with the Fall, Evil got a head start. Therefore, in history the evil side has always taken the aggressive and offensive position. Good has been passive and defensive; yet, God is on the side of Good. In the end, the good side always wins the victory. The good side is always the underdog; yet, it comes out victorious and expands.

For example, during World War I and World War II, the evil sides attacked first, yet they were the ones to be defeated. Today, there is much talk about World War III. This time Evil, represented by the Communist nations, is challenging the free world, provoking conflicts and war everywhere. But again, based on God's formula, the ultimate victory will surely be on the side of God.

America: God's New Nation

Today, America and Christianity together must take up the sacred task of world restoration. America must unite the cultures of the West and the East, as well as the Middle East, and create one great unified culture, ultimately fulfilling the mission of establishing the Kingdom of God on Earth.

Judaism was God's first central religion, and Christianity was the second. The Unification Church is the third, coming with the new revelation that will fulfill the final chapter of God's Providence. These central religions must unite in America and reach out to unite religions of the world.

Judaism, centered upon the Old Testament, was the first work of God and is in an elder brother's position. Christianity, centered upon the New Testament, is in the position of the second brother. The Unification Church, through which God has given a new revelation, the Completed Testament, is in the position of the youngest brother.

These three religions are indeed three brothers in the Providence of God. Then Israel, the United States and Korea, the nations where these three religions are based, must also be brothers. Because these three nations have a common destiny representing God's side, the Communist bloc as Satan's representative is trying to isolate and destroy them at the U.N.

Therefore, these three brother nations must join hands in a unified effort to restore the United Nations to its original purpose and function. They must contribute internally to the unification of world religions and externally to the unification of the world itself.



Have You Heard about “Godism”?

“One World Under God” is the unchanging, eternal and absolute desire of God. This goal will be realized; yet, in order to accomplish this goal, the unity of religions is the first and essential task. When all men worship one God as Father, accept one Messiah and uphold one Godism, an absolutely God-centered way of life, then the dwelling of God will be with men. It will be only a matter of time to see the Kingdom of God here on earth.

The United States of America, transcending race and nationality, is already a model of the unified world. She must realize that the abundant blessings which God has been pouring upon this land are not just for America, but are for the children of God throughout the world. Upon the foundation of world Christianity, America must exercise her responsibility as a world leader and the chosen nation of God.

Israel did not meet the expectation of God, nor did Rome, nor did Great Britain. Now what about America?

To inspire America to avoid the same mistakes, to inspire America to sacrifice herself for the sake of the world, to inspire America to work towards "One World Under God," God summoned Reverend Moon to this country to proclaim God's new revelation. And in particular, God called me to lead the young people of America, the leaders of tomorrow, back to God.

Today, America is plagued with problems: racism, juvenile delinquency and immorality. Christianity is declining. Communism is rising. The menace of Communism is everywhere. Of all these problems, atheistic Communism is the worst. It is not just America's problem; it is the problem of religious people, it is the problem of God Himself.

"I love America"

Ladies and gentlemen, at this crossroads of human history, we must listen to the calling of God. God prepared America for 200 years. This is the time for awakening. America must accept her global responsibility. Armed with Godism, she must free the Communist world, and at last, build the Kingdom of God here on earth. God has chosen America as the flag bearer. America must rise up. Today. Tomorrow may be too late.

I not only respect America but truly love this nation. I respect and love her as a great nation, as a godly nation, and as the central nation in God's Providence. She is now at the threshold of her third century. She must not disappoint God. Today let us pledge to God Almighty that we shall do His will. We shall never let Him down. Never!

Today in this holy place, let us together lay the cornerstone of the Kingdom of God on earth. Let us all join together as the co-workers of God. Let us be the pioneers of His Kingdom.

My dear brethren who long for unity, this is the place of commitment, the moment of decision. If you are willing to give your sweat, your blood and your very lives to the call of God, then in this sacred moment before heaven and earth and before all mankind, let us shout it out. We know we can build the Kingdom of God here on earth, in His power, and with our own hands.

May God bless you and your families, and forever more, God bless America. Thank you very much.

Launching the World Mission

1975-76

BEFORE COMING TO AMERICA, REV. MOON made strong efforts to solidify the church's national foundations in Korea and Japan. In the same way, having solidified the American movement, he launched the church's world mission during 1975-76. This involved some sacrifices for the American movement. Several hundred members joined the first Global IOWC team in early 1975, and later that spring the American church sent out dozens of its most experienced and best leaders as pioneer missionaries throughout the world. It also involved two major challenges. The first challenge was familiar. That is, just as in America, the church throughout the world needed to escape from obscurity and become known. Rev. Moon hoped to accomplish this through huge rallies at New York's Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument which would gain the world's attention. The second challenge was new. Whereas the movement was able to conduct its whirlwind Day of Hope tours within a climate of receptivity, the Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies unfolded within a climate of increasing negativity and even persecution. Ironically, the controversies that erupted over the Unification Church during 1975-76 helped the movement attain international visibility.

Launching the Worldwide Movement Abroad and in America

Rev. Moon long considered the United States to be the gateway to the world. In early 1975, the Church launched activities worldwide based upon its successes in America. The initial step was the creation of a global Day of Hope team. On January 14, the first global team, which included some 340 American and European members, boarded a chartered jumbo jet in Los Angeles for Tokyo. There, they joined forces with an even larger contingent of Japanese members to evangelize and hold Day of Hope rallies in Tokyo, Sendai, Osaka, Nagoya, Kyoto, Hiroshima and Fukuoka. After spending nearly 80 days in Japan, a 500 member-plus global team traveled by ferry to Pusan, South Korea on March 27th. There, from April 1st until May 17th they supported massive-

ly-attended Day of Hope festivals in Pusan, Taegu, Seoul, Inchon, Jeonju, Kwangju, Taejon, Cheongju and Chuncheon. Prior to this, Rev. Moon was the guest of honor at a Day of Hope banquet in Seoul at the Chousen Hotel on January 16, 1975. With more than 600 prominent guests, including the Speaker of the Lower House of Korea, this was something of a coming-out party at which Rev. Moon could offer testimony to the work in America.

A second step in the launch of its worldwide mission was the international marriage blessing of 1801 couples in Seoul's Changchung Gymnasium on February 8, 1975. Billed as the "largest wedding in human history," the ceremony brought together couples from twenty nations, including seventy-six from the United States. Over 10,000 guests witnessed the event, after which couples boarded ninety-four sightseeing busses for a parade through the streets of Seoul. Apart from generating substantial coverage worldwide, the 1800 Couple Blessing provided much of the personnel for a third major step in its worldwide outreach, the establishment of missions to most nations of the world. Prior to 1975, the movement had established a presence in Korea, Japan, the United States, the European nations, Canada, Taiwan, Australia, New Zealand, India and several Middle East and South American nations. However, this development was haphazard and lacked overall coordination. In the spring of 1975, the movement more than doubled its overseas mission by sending out teams consisting of one Japanese, one German and one American member to 130 nations. Rev. Moon explained that Japan, Germany and America had been the three most materially blessed nations since the end of World War II and requested that each of them make the sacrifices necessary to support the foreign mission.

Rev. Moon with the some of the missionaries at Barrytown before their departure for their respective countries



The movement's final step in launching its worldwide mission during the first half of 1975 was the "World Rally for Korean Freedom" sponsored at Yoido Island Plaza in Seoul on June 7th. The immediate context for this rally was the fall of Cambodia and Vietnam to communist forces in late April. This heightened insecurities in Korea about the American commitment on their peninsula and raised the specter that they could become a second Vietnam. The Korean government sponsored a May 22nd rally for national unity. However, the Park regime was under attack in U.S. newspapers. In fact, while criticizing human rights violations in the South, the *New York Times* printed full-page statements by North Korea's "Respected and Beloved Leader," Kim Il Sung. Convinced that Kim Il Sung was trying to invade the south by taking advantage of the Indochina situation, Rev. Moon determined to stage a massive rally that would be different from the government's previous effort. First, it would blame Kim Il Sung "not only in the name of the people and mankind, but also in the name of God." In other words, there would be a crusading edge to the rally. Second, the rally was to be a "worldwide convention" with not only Korean people gathered but also 1,000 representatives from 60 countries ready to offer their resolve for "the protection of Korea and the whole world."

The world representatives were members of the Unification Church's global IOWC team which had swelled to that number during the spring Day of Hope campaigns in Korea. Their final push was the Yoido Island rally. For that purpose, four-person groups consisting of Korean, Japanese, American and European IOWC members distributed some 5 million leaflets and as many as 1,700 chartered busses were used for transport from local cities and provinces. The rally itself was a staggering spectacle. Estimates of attendance in Seoul press accounts ranged from 600,000 to 1.2 million. Three hundred persons, including the representatives of sixty nations, occupied the huge platform stage and the thousand-member IOWC team sat at the front with banners. A million Korean flags were distributed, and 2,400 police were mobilized for crowd control. In his principal rally address which was entitled, "Korea in the World," Rev. Moon proclaimed that "enthusiastic youths from 60 different countries" would "defend this country to the last, at the cost of their lives." Noting that "world members" of the Unification Church regard Korea as "their religious fatherland and holy land," he warned that if "North Korea provokes a war against the South Korean people," his followers would organize a "Unification Crusade Army" and "take part in the war as a supporting force to defend both Korea and the free world." American HSA-UWC President Neil Salonen echoed these sentiments in his rally statement, affirming that the representatives of sixty nations would "rise up, barehanded if necessary" to oppose renewed aggression. A "Resolution of World Representatives of the Unification Church International from 60 Nations" similarly stated that "if the North Korean Communists should ever invade the Republic of Korea, we shall immediately organize a voluntary army of crusaders to preserve and defend our holy land."

Kathryn Coman

I had a personal experience with Father while I was in Barrytown in 1975, which taught me a great deal about Father's relationships with others. I'll relate it here. I was in the first 120-day training under Rev. Sudo.

Father had come and spoken with us. He didn't leave Barrytown right away. All the trainees continued with our normal afternoon activities. We were in the process of creating Father and Mother's path. Shortly after we got started, the word was passed on that Father was further down on the path. A number of us dropped what we were doing and immediately went to see him.

I was one of the first few individuals who arrived. Father was seated on the ground at the base of a tree, overlooking the lagoon. At this point the path did almost a U-turn and the tree was located at what would be the bottom of the U. Father was sitting facing the woods, and thus those who began to gather around him. I plowed my way through the brush until I was about five feet directly in front of him, and positioned myself leaning against a tree. One by one, the trainees began to gather. Some were sitting, some standing. All just being with Father.

As inevitably happens, someone offered to sing a song. Someone else recited a poem. As I stood there listening and watching (I am always fascinated by Father and how he reacts to events and people around him), I began to ask myself, "Should I offer a song or something?" As I did so, I heard Father's voice inside me speak to get my attention. Father's heart reached out to mine, enveloped it, and drew it back inside him.

Father then began to show me how he loved each and every person there. As each person would offer their contribution, he would explain to me, "If I look at this person, they'll freak out; so I'll just sit here, and take my shoes off and pick my toes." Some people he would look at directly. For some he would stare off into the woods. The expression on his face would change. Each time he would explain to me why his external reaction was that way, and give his heart and love to them. Because my heart was enveloped in his, a piece of me was given also.

We spent a very long time gathered together there on the path. I never offered a song, but then I had already offered my heart. After Father left the path, he departed for East Garden. My team gathered together to pray. I then asked God never to let me forget what

Father taught, though certainly the lesson was one that can take a lifetime to completely learn.

Susan Felsenthal

I was a cook at Barrytown in 1975. Hyo Jin was running around all over the place there. He ran into the kitchen with something in his hand. He handed it to a few other sisters who got grossed out by whatever it was he had. Then he went out and got some more and came back to me. He handed it to me with a very mischievous and sneaky look on his face. I said, "What's this?" He said, "Squid." I took it still warm from his hand and said, "Thank you." He suddenly looked so disappointed and continued on looking for his next victim to gross out.

I think this happened around 1975. It was the time before Barrytown was a Seminary. The time was just before the missionaries went to the foreign countries, and Rev. Sudo was giving 120-day training.

Ed (Ralph) Branch

I was in Barrytown for the 120-day training in 1975. This was the first time I actually saw True Father in person. I was about 50 yards away on the outer fringes of a crowd of about 250 brothers and sisters who were crowded around the doorway where True Father emerged to get into his car and depart Barrytown.

I had a spiritual experience that I can only describe as this: My impression of True Father was that I somehow understood that this man was the only really natural person I had ever laid eyes upon, i.e., True Father is the only person who really fits into this world completely without question. He is as natural here as any tree you walk up to in the deep natural woods. You would never walk up to a tree in the woods and ask out loud, "OK, who put this here? Don't you know it should be standing over there, three yards from where it now stands?!" That is a completely ridiculous thought, of course, but that's exactly how natural I perceived True Father to be. He belongs here on this planet as naturally as I accept a tree I see standing in the woods. Both are without question, natural, normal and perfect existences.



Barrytown International Training Center, later to become the Unification Theological Seminary

At the same time that he was launching the worldwide mission, Rev. Moon was working to transform the movement in America. In particular, he challenged the American membership to quicken their pace of numerical growth by more closely emulating the standard of faith and witnessing methods utilized in the East, especially Japan. To that end, he instituted a 120-day training program at Barrytown, New York under the leadership of Mr. Ken Sudo, “recognized as a great teacher in the Japanese movement.” According to Rev. Moon, the minimum number of members necessary to influence the United States in a positive direction was 30,000, a goal that he hoped to attain by 1978. He also needed substantially more members to successfully undertake ambitious evangelistic campaigns at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument. Barrytown Training was to be the starting point for a new pattern of education, and Rev. Moon wanted “to re-train the entire American movement.”

Barrytown Training under Mr. Sudo was a significant departure from the former orientation of the American move-

ment. In essence, the effort was to develop not just core membership, but hardcore membership. As Mr. Sudo put it, the movement’s purpose over the next seven years was “to swallow the world.” There were at least four ways in which the Barrytown experience departed from the previous pattern. First, there was a much sharper distinction drawn between the Church and the “outside world.” Under the early missionaries and during the Day of Hope tours, the effort had been to establish a common base and points of contact with the wider society. There was a strong emphasis on achieving public acceptance, and even symbolic forms of good will such as civic proclamation or keys to cities were valued and sought. Barrytown Training imparted more a sense of competition. Or, as Mr. Sudo put it, “We must exceed the world. In order for Cain to obey Abel, Abel must exceed Cain.”

A second departure was the stress placed on loyalty to one’s immediate central figure and the necessity to recognize one’s fallen nature. These points also were part of the Church’s past tradition in America. However, there also was a history of divisiveness, particularly during the early mission period. In addition,

during the Day of Hope era, at least according to Mr. Sudo, more emphasis was placed on external accomplishments than on developing an internal life of faith. Mr. Sudo noted that it was relatively easy for the membership to have faith in God and in Rev. Moon but difficult to have faith in one's direct superior. However, this was the secret of success in the Japanese movement. Also, rather than have members focus on external accomplishments, Mr. Sudo "sent them out into the snow to pray for a few hours to really humble themselves before God and to repent."

A third departure was the emphasis on individual "pioneer" witnessing. Again, this also was part of the American church's past tradition from the arrival of its first missionaries to the setting up of state and local centers. However, once the "center" tradition was established, members were raised and functioned within a supportive, family-style environment. During the Day of Hope era, strong emphasis was placed on the "team" concept, particularly within the International One World Crusade. Rev. Moon became convinced that the movement could not reach its goals at the current rate of growth and, therefore, "outlined plans for restructuring the American movement, gradually replacing the regional system with independent pioneer missions in the field." This method had been successful in expanding the Church's outreach to villages in Korea. It also was regularly employed in Japan. Rev. Moon believed that "the new system of independent missionaries" was "the quickest way to increase membership." Barrytown was the training ground for these missionaries.

Finally, there was a stronger sense of urgency, desperation and heaviness, or what Rev. Moon termed "overburdened responsibility" in one of his sermons. Previously, members had felt a sense of urgency and worked hard to meet goals. However, the primary motivating factor for their efforts was the vision of an ideal society and world. This was the underlying dynamic and what empowered members during the Day of Hope tours. Ironically, having attained a certain level of accomplishment, the movement felt more rather than less pressure to succeed and a greater fear of failure. The utter collapse of U.S. policy in Indochina and the fall of Vietnam to communist forces reinforced these feelings and stimulated the vivid articulation of apocalyptic scenarios. According to Mr. Sudo,

Unless we can fulfill our mission...many people will be killed by Communism. Hundreds, thousands, millions of people will be killed by communists. The first victim will be the Unification Church.... If it happens, how terrible it will be. Can you imagine the bloody tragedy of brothers and sisters who are being tortured and raped? Tortured and killed by Communists—screaming, shouting and finally killed. Can you imagine? If you truly love your brothers and sisters, you will not be able to bear such a tragedy. This is the providential situation....



Barrytown Training became the major focus of the American movement during 1975. In January, thirty-eight state leaders were participating in an expanded 100-day program. At a February 24th Director's Conference, "older" members and those with college degrees were directed to go to Barrytown immediately. In March, those preparing for overseas mission joined others from the field at Barrytown, and Rev. Moon called on the movement's ten regional leaders to attend. In May, the wives of older members and IOWC members from the field were added. In June, Mr. Sudo counted 500 core witnesses at Barrytown. Beginning in June and during the second half of 1975, "Barrytown pioneers" went to the field, first in the Northeast region and later throughout the nation.

To a large extent, Barrytown Training was a Japanese import. That is, the movement attempted to cultivate the attitudes and methods in witnessing that had been successful in Japan. The same was true for the movement's financial operation. If Mr. Sudo became the *de facto* director of education of the American Church, Mr. Takeru Kamiyama became its fundraising director. This was only appropriate as funds from Japan were fueling the movement's evangelistic campaigns in the U.S. and Korea as well as its major property purchases. To some extent, the Japanese outlook and modes of operation became even more pervasive in the church's mobile fundraising teams, or MFTs. There was an even clearer distinction between the church and the world as, unlike witnesses, mobile fundraisers had occasion for only very temporary and superficial interaction with outsiders. Loyalty to one's immediate central figure, or, in MFT terminology, to one's "captain" or "commander" was far more strongly



stressed, and members were expected to grow in faith, offering sincere devotion to “mobilize the spiritual world” and thereby, increase result. Although there was a strong team system, fundraisers had to “pioneer” products and area and rarely worked with others but were entirely on their own virtually all day, every day. MFT members were desperate and urgent, just as witnessing members were to meet goals, and because of success, many nurtured hopes of being future business and corporation leaders. At the same time, apocalyptic scenarios of the sort outlined by Mr. Sudo were also a source of motivation.

The MFT existed in a kind of parallel universe to the church and grew proportionately to the witnessing providence. The original MFT teams worked 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. five days a week. However, during 1973-74 there was pressure to step up funding for the rental of Madison Square Garden and other Day of Hope stops, and fundraisers increased their pace, working as many as twelve hours a day, six or seven days a week. Results also increased from \$70-100 daily averages to \$200-300 averages, with top fundraisers generating highs of \$900-1,000 on a single day. As of May 1975, there were six two-van National Headquarters teams consisting of about ninety members who covered West Virginia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Maryland, and parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The rest of the country was covered by “Father’s Task Force MFT” with 350 members. In November, two hundred additional members joined the MFT and it was consolidated under Mr. Kamiyama.

*Pioneers at Barrytown,
shortly before leaving for
their missions*

Brothers Must Be Leaders

Laura Taylor Hayashi

After the Washington Monument Rally, and after some of the headlines from the victory had worn off, something still remained. The bills. Guess who got to pay for various “incidentals”? The local church. All 12 of us. It was truly impossible. But of course, we did it with God’s grace.

One story from that era is of my fundraising team. It didn’t start out as my team. Our captain would always give morning service with the theme, “Brothers Must Be Leaders.” I didn’t mind, but as the only sister on the team I wondered what this would have to do with me. It was a nice time. I enjoyed fundraising, could see the importance of it at that time, and somehow did okay in result. Not all the other members could manifest the same fortune, so I wanted to try hard to bring some inspiration as well as result. When our captain had to leave, who became captain? The only sister, of course! So much for brothers being leaders, I thought!

I really didn’t want another masculine-type responsibility, but as I looked around, I could see that as wonderful as these brothers were, they could use a little development before taking on the whole responsibility. So I tried to develop a “feminine” leadership style in a traditionally masculine role. I thought of Barbara Stanwick in all those cowboy movies. And I thought of a ranch where the Mom was widowed and her and the boys had to somehow make it together.

I gave each of the members a specific responsibility. Sometimes, it seemed much more work than actually doing the task myself, but my vision was helpful to sustain the effort. I could see them growing in grace daily. We grew quite close, and we had so many laughs, tears, and now warm memories.

Once, I had no area and no product left and no time. I still had to drop one member, go back to the center, and make the next pick up. Very tight. He had one case of candy left, so I thought. I said, “Do you have faith?” He said, “Yes!”

I said, “OK, here is your area.” We were silent. There was nothing at all except a maximum security prison. I explained I had little choice at the moment, but since that was the case, God must provide. So amazingly cheerful, he jumped out. I drove off in sorrow and amazement. Thank God for young men like these, I

thought. I hoped it wouldn’t be too bad. When I returned, he had sold out! Believe it or not, they had a wedding inside the prison that day. And incredibly, they let him in! He had faith. I always said, go to find God! Don’t come back with a lame story about spiritual result; we need the money! But the first priority is to find God, and then result will come.

How happy I was to see that one day when I was looking for this huge lumberjack of a member. He reminded me of Paul Bunyon, especially when he went off through an aqueduct carrying a literal wooden barrel of candy on his shoulder. Another time, I dropped a member who was physically very young off in a parking lot. I hoped and prayed he would do well.

He was kind of “spiritually open,” and would sometimes do incredibly well and other times tell me about how many birds he had seen while he was out. We really needed the money, so I hoped we would have bills, not birds, on this occasion. When I returned, there was a whole crowd, and police had cordoned off the area. I asked what was going on. I was told there was a crazy guy shooting on the roof. What repentance I had. I thought, I sent this young man to his death. How spiritually insensitive of me. How evil.

Then, someone tapped me on the shoulder. He was spiritually led to go to a different area, and returned for the pick up. Thank God for those who are “spiritually led.”

We liked to have fun, and when working in Manassas, Virginia, I told them about the 1st and 2nd battles of Manassas. About how Manassas and Ephraim were Cain and Abel pairs. About how memories from this battle were one of the seeds for the formation of the KKK. So we were to engage in the 3rd battle of Manassas, to regain this area for God. We laid siege on the IBM building. You can imagine their security. They even had someone with a golf cart going around. We had so many good stories when we returned, and a lot of fun. The best was the fund-raiser who encountered a camera and a mechanical voice which wanted his ID number. He read the number from the candy box. The door opened, and he sold out.

I thought one fund-raiser was going to have a heart attack on his birthday! We had planned a surprise birthday party, and everyone was waiting at a table, hiding behind their menus. He was last, and I dropped him off to “blitz” the restaurant. Not only did they drop their menus and yell “Happy Birthday,” but the management

brought out a bass drum and they were all singing and they gave him some cake or something as well. We had a ball. All of us grew so much from our experiences. And yes, all the brothers did become leaders.

Paul Rosenbaum

It was well known in the region I fundraised in, during 1976-1978, that Father wanted us to be proud of the church, and for the most part we all wore our badges. Now I was always losing mine, which isn't unusual, because I've always had a hard time with certain material things. (Happily, by now I've overcome the habit of losing badges, wallets, watches and driver's licenses.)

Anyway, one day I was fundraising, selling candles in downtown Houston. I remember it was a cool, sunny, early winter morning, and something told me to go across the street and fundraise in the old charming Rice Hotel. I walked into the lobby, and even though I didn't have my glasses on (I lost them, I think), I could just feel that somebody important was sitting on one of the lounge chairs in the lobby. Maybe a politician; there were lots of bodyguards around.

I noticed that it was Muhammed Ali, don't ask me how, my vision was very blurry, but spirit world must have told me or something like that—I knew it was him. I wanted to get his attention and I wanted to get him to buy a candle. Maybe I thought it would be one heck of a testimony when I got back in the van.

Anyway, I just kind of sidled up to him, in my invisible sort of way and doing my very best Howard Cosell voice, I said, "Mr. Ali, you are the greatest, sir, yes, you are the greatest! How about buying a candle for our local Christian youth counseling center?"

He just turned, ever so slightly, and looked me right in the eye, and said, "Who you selling these for?" I was stopped right in my tracks. I thought he'd laugh at my Howard Cosell voice, but instead he was challenging me to stand up for what I believed. I said I was fundraising for a local Christian Youth center, but didn't say Unification Church or Rev. Moon. But I knew that's what he was asking me, and funny thing is, I knew he knew as well. He smelled the candles and picked two, a blue one and a green one, I think, and asked one of his goons to pay me. Which they did, but it took some time, cause all they carried were twenties and hundreds. And

two candles was just five bucks.

What happened that morning in Texas stayed with me, all these long years later. Muhammed Ali asked me, "Really? Is that who you're fundraising for?" and I, who was well practiced in defending my line, as I thought it was the absolute truth, and should have been good enough for anyone to make a "good condition" of buying, said, "Yes, that's really who I'm doing this for." But in my heart, at the time, I said, "No, I'm doing this for Rev. Moon and the Unification Church!!!" That's what my heart said, but that's not what came out of my mouth.

I found out later, from a sister I knew well, that Muhammed Ali really respected True Father and our movement, and often challenged our fundraisers to speak up and be proud of who we were. Muhammed Ali himself, when told that he was the greatest, before the sports media was known to have said, "No, I am not the greatest. Reverend Moon, now, he is the greatest!!!"

Just think, if I'd been as honest with my mouth that day in the Rice Hotel lobby, maybe Muhammed Ali would have said that to me. Instead he only took a whiff of my candles and paid five dollars. But it sobered me up, and I have to say that from that time onward, I sought to wear my ID badge, and I really respected the brothers and sisters who flaunted that. After all, this was the Bible Belt, so standing up for what you believed was not always the most popular thing to do.

Sometimes you wound up with a fundamental Christian youth group praying for you, standing around you in a circle, like a Jesus Coven, speaking in tongues and praying for Satan to be driven from you, in the mighty name of Jeessuhhsss!! It used to make me realize how miserable Jesus must have felt when they did that.

Anyway, the brother whom I loved the most in our region was Howie Comis. This brother would wear a baseball cap that had S.M.MOON written on it in big gold or white letters. He also wore a big T-shirt that said "I'M WITH MOON" emblazoned on it. And what was amazing, he said, was that he received almost no persecution. When he just wore the thing and went up to people, it was like taking all the negativity away from them. Because he advertised his presence, people almost always, after some time, just said nothing negative, and almost always bought whatever he was fundraising with. He taught me a big lesson, big time. Whenever I want a smile, I can always remember Howie Comis. He was one amazing saint.

Pamela Valente Kulhmann

I remember fundraising all night in front of a White Castle. I was stirring my coffee and I fell into it, asleep. Then I went outside. There was nobody outside, and it was freezing, the dead of winter in Chicago. I went into the street to fundraise the cars, and it was the middle of the night. I fell asleep standing up in the middle of the road. I woke up and said, "This is really dangerous!"

I always worked with a sister named Maria. I was the oldest, she was the youngest. She fell asleep every night counting her money. After we counted the money we could eat and go to sleep. The money was all over the floor. We'd hand it back to her and it would happen again. Then someone else would count the money and give her the hamburger. Then she'd fall asleep again and the hamburger fell on the floor. Once she went into a bathroom and never came out; she slept for the whole fundraising period. We were always exhausted.

Kim Brown

I was fundraising in Missouri and Kansas during 1976. Often I encountered negativity in various little towns. I was always so shocked at the hardness of heart that some people conveyed. On a hot summer day in an unknown town, I was wandering by some railroad tracks, away from the downtown area. I was in sort of a run-down area near an abandoned railway station.

I think I was sitting down on a railroad tie feeling miserable when I saw a figure approaching. It was a black man, maybe in his forties. He was very fat, and wore tattered clothing. His clothes were literally ragged, and he had a disease that I have seen occasionally over the years. He was covered with cysts or tumors or warts, all over his face, head, arms, neck. I felt almost physically sick looking at him; this affliction is one of the worst I have ever seen on someone. I felt so sorry for him, and also knew that wherever he went, people must have been horrified to see him.

I stood up and fundraised to him. I think I had "God Bless America Zoomers" ("turtle" candy). He fished around in his pocket and pulled out \$2 and bought a box and kept walking. He was about the only person that day that had been nice to me. After he walked out of sight, I

sat down and cried my heart out over him for a long time. I prayed and cried and begged God to bless him for his generosity. He was in the worst circumstances of anyone I had met that day and yet he was the one who gave. That was an extremely meaningful experience for me, and taught me something about God's heart and the unexpected goodness in people.

Mary Ann Schaffer-Wigton

Fundraising, witnessing, communal living, unison prayer, mobilizing for festivals and events at a moment's notice, intimate meetings with the messiah and his bride sitting on the floor of their living room in Pasadena shoulder to shoulder with other members...fighting to stay awake to listen to every word He has to say, fasting, going on faith alone because if the messiah said we could do these great and wonderful things...we could...we did.... People couldn't believe what we could accomplish in such a short time.... It proved to many of us that God really is alive.

I was approached by a businessman in a grocery store parking lot who had been watching me sell candy. He said that he wanted to hire me and commented that the "Moonies" are the hardest working and happiest people he had ever seen and that there must be something good about this man we followed.

These experiences gave a richness to my life and helped me to become a better person, and a deeper person. There is no amount of money that can buy this kind of richness. It was Father's gift to me. My birth parents couldn't provide me with this for fear they would lose my love.... They didn't know the truth.

Father came to me in spirit once after I had worked long hard hours and felt like no one knew. We were driving home to California (straight through...not stopping except to get gas and use the toilet...sleeping in the sardine-packed van as we rumbled along) from New York after accomplishing Yankee Stadium in 1976. I had had a not-so-special mission to help clean up the New Yorker Hotel which had just been purchased. I knew how hard I had worked but I didn't think anyone else but God noticed. Father came to me in spirit and kissed my cheek and said "thank you." He made me cry in gratitude for His visit. I can still feel the soft kiss on my cheek when I think about Father.

I ran out of product once (candy) and I sold the empty carrying box for \$5 to a delightful, and very happy woman, then started asking for donations with no product. That was in '76 when \$5 was \$5. I was high on God that night.

Oh, treasured memories. I would like to thank those who have stuck it through for so many years and made it possible for Father to succeed. Even with my treasured memories I left the fold...for reasons that I can't blame anyone but myself. Following the messiah is a life full of richness, but it is not at all easy.

Three full bows to those who have stuck with it through thick and thin for so many years. Nothing has shaken your faith. Job well done.

David Balise

When I think back, I realize how much I learned about God, myself and relationships, through the years I spent on MFT. There are so many amazing memories!

For example, on God's Day 1975 all the teams met together to celebrate. Mr. Kamiyama wrote a personal message to each member. Most of them were full of praise and gratitude. I remember my shock and disappointment on reading mine: "You must overcome yourself before you can overcome others. Get victory by fighting against your own fallen nature."

This message prompted me to do some deep soul-searching. I realized that I had been very self-centered. I was preoccupied with my own standing on our team. Whenever I was having a really bad day, I found myself hoping that others were also not doing well, so that I wouldn't look bad!

I determined from that point on that no matter how well I did, I would hope and pray that everyone else would do better than me. What a liberating moment! I really began to love working with the other people on my team. I could enjoy their successes. My fundraising results also improved dramatically, which was an unexpected

benefit. The idea of "living for the sake of others" began to become real to me. Another example: in autumn 1975 I was a struggling new team captain. I had no confidence to do the job well. Then I was transferred to Mr. Sawamukai's region.

Every time I would call Mr. Sawamukai at his office, the receptionist would say, "Telephone for you, Mr. Sawamukai." In the background I could hear Mr. Sawamukai answer, "I'm busy right now," or something to that effect. Then the receptionist would say, "It's David," and then I would hear Mr. Sawamukai say, "Oh, David! Let me talk with him!"

Then he would tell me how well I was doing, how glad he was that I was in his region, etc. I felt that I was his favorite team captain. My self-confidence soared! Within a few weeks I was a new person. I began to see myself the way he saw me.

About a month later I spent a day at Mr. Sawamukai's office. I was surprised to see that he did the same thing when each team captain called, no matter who it was! Then I began to understand what real leadership is. He made each of us feel special.

God's Day, 1975. David (right) with MFT Team 13 members: John Hessel, Bob Kleiman, John Cullen, Dan Stana and Tony Aparo; (front) Kathy Heany, Angie Giorgio and Shirly Gricar.



Problems at Home

The inability of the Barrytown Pioneer Program to bring substantial results and the extreme hostility that arose against the movement in the United States during 1975 were two serious problems that had negative effects throughout the following decade. The difficulties of the Barrytown pioneers and the inability of the church, with the exception of its West Coast branch, to come up with a witnessing strategy that worked made it impossible for the movement to meet its membership goals. Vehement opposition and a negative public image also hindered numerical growth. Ironically, many of the very measures the movement utilized to launch its worldwide mission were the same measures that triggered the most intensely negative reactions. In light of these debilitating problems, what advances the church could make were all the more remarkable.

Much was expected of church evangelists and witnesses. Rev. Moon's direction was that each month every witnessing member should bring one full-time convert. This was the origin of the movement's "1-1-1" motto. Moreover, members should accomplish this for seven years, bringing a total of eighty-four "spiritual children," a number understood "to restore the failure of the 12 apostles and 72 disciples of Jesus." This was a challenging condition under the best of circumstances. For a movement that had not yet attained institutional stability, which demanded uncompromising, full-time dedication of new members and about which there was increasing public skepticism, the expectation was even more of a challenge. In fact, although the movement grew substantially between 1972-74, this level of result was not achieved. However, Rev. Moon continued to stress fulfillment of the "1-1-1" as a precondition of success in America. "Our first priority," he said, "should be to bring people, before taking time to eat, sleep, study, or do anything else." This was why Rev. Moon set up Barrytown Training and why, early in the program, he increased the witnessing condition to "1-1-3" with the expectation that each of the 120-day program graduates would bring three new people each month.

The Barrytown pioneers were not up to this task. A first group of fourteen participants who entered the witnessing phase of the program on May 18th managed to bring three guests to a seven-day workshop during their initial ten days in the field, and the Church's ten regional directors who completed an abbreviated version of Barrytown Training brought an average of four new members each over forty days. However, these were exceptional members and each of the regional leaders went out with three assistants. The vast majority of Barrytown pioneers were relatively new members with limited or no leadership experience. With immense pressure on them to produce, having been isolated from the field during the sixty-day lecture cycle at Barrytown, and faced with increasing public negativity, many pioneers became dysfunctional and even left the Church. The Barrytown Training staff recognized the problem and set up a system of pioneer trinities, coaches and itinerant workers for support. They also designed ques-

tionnaires and approach books to be used in witnessing and equipped pioneers with battery-powered P.A. systems for street preaching, white boards, tapes and lecture outlines and printed copies of Mr. Sudo's speeches. Nevertheless, by late summer, reports in Church publications were emphasizing spiritual breakthroughs of pioneers more than their concrete results.

The total of Barrytown pioneers plus "helpers" assisting in various states rose to 153 by October, or three for each state.

However, when Mr. Sudo conducted a tour of eight Northeast states, he discovered that only four out of twenty-one pioneers were actually pioneering. They were not praying enough, were uncentered and depressed. This led to an all-night prayer vigil at Bear Mountain State Park, across the Hudson River from Tarrytown, New York, an emergency meeting at Barrytown, and a two-pronged strategy "to free the pioneers to pioneer." The first step was practical. Pioneers were asked to remove themselves from state centers where they had run into heavy financial burdens of previous Day of Hope campaigns, ambitious property purchases or debts caused by general inexperience. Forty-six did so immediately. The second step was spiritual. Mr. Sudo identified the accomplishment of "1-1-3" with the "New Age of Pentecost" and on November 1, 1975 initiated a 5:30 a.m. "Prayer Offensive to Save America." Two days later, while running in a relay race after lunch during a church holiday, Mr. Sudo fell and dislocated his right shoulder. Although he continued gamely from his hospital bed, signing 150 letters to state pioneers with his left hand, his immobilized and painful situation symbolized the state of the pioneer program. In November, a final group of 67 went to the field, bringing the total number of state pioneers to 300. They were expected to remain in their missions through the movement's Yankee Stadium campaign scheduled for the following June. Although Rev. Moon spoke of a two-month training session after Yankee Stadium for 3,000 pioneers who then would be responsible to increase ten-fold, it became apparent that he was not placing all of his eggs in the Barrytown basket.

Few, if any, Americans were aware of these internal problems. For most, the Church had burst into public consciousness with great force and suddenness and presented a frightening prospect. There were reports in the press of seemingly happy and well-adjusted young people dropping out of college or univer-



Barrytown trainees entertaining



Members praying during a Sunday Service at the newly purchased Columbia University Club building, later to become HSA-UWC National Headquarters, New York

sity to sell candy and flowers on the streets for up to eighteen hours a day. For families that had “lost” a son or daughter, news of the church’s “mass-marriages” or that Rev. Moon was regarded by his followers as the “second Christ” was not comforting. More ominous was a May 1975 NBC documentary which, utilizing a heavily Orientalized voice-over, reported on a suicide and trauma cases at Barrytown, and provided film footage of members from the movement’s Northern California branch denying any affiliation with the church. Equally ominous were reports that the church’s worldwide

membership was committed to defend South Korea’s 38th Parallel at the cost of their lives. Spectacular real estate purchases including a significant portion of greenbelt land in Tarrytown, New York and the former Columbia University Club in mid-town Manhattan continued to fuel suspicions, and in November, the *New York Daily News*, in a five-part series, stated that Rev. Moon was “fanatically interested” in obtaining power in the United States. These reports and others helped to create a climate of extreme hostility toward the church and to stimulate the beginnings of organized opposition.

The most immediate threat faced by the church were vigilante-style “deprogrammings.” There were a number of incidents in which members were abducted, confined and pressured to leave the church by paid “deprogrammers” and their assistants, usually previously “deprogrammed” ex-members. Ted Patrick, a San Diego-based California state social worker nicknamed “Black Lightning,” was the most well-known “deprogrammer.” By June 1975, he or his associates had kidnapped twelve church members. Their premise was that members were “brainwashed,” subjected to “mind control,” and, in effect, “programmed” by the church. Hence, they needed to be “deprogrammed.” Patrick contended that Unification Church recruiters practiced “on-the-spot hypnosis” and the same brainwashing techniques as the North Koreans. Members were “robots” or “zombies” who needed to be taken out “bodily.” Once taken, teams of deprogrammers, ex-members and sometimes parents and relatives took turns pressuring confined members in marathon sessions lasting hours or even days. It was not a pleasant experience. In July 1975, when Andrew Wilson, the leader of the Brooklyn Church, returned after having been held for one month by Patrick, the *New York Times*, *New York Post*, *Newsweek*, Associated Press, and four local television stations all sent representatives to a press conference.

Abduction

Dr. Andrew Wilson (written in 1977)

As director of the Brooklyn center, I drove my members to our witnessing office on Remsen St. and parked the van in a lot behind the A&S department store. At 12:00 I had an appointment to meet my mother for lunch. I had arranged to meet her at her hairdressers, La Coupe, on Madison Ave. and 62nd St., Manhattan. I took the subway to Manhattan, not at all suspicious of anything, since twice previously we had lunch together by the same arrangements.

At La Coupe, I met my mother, my brother Steven, and my aunt, Judy Pestronk. We walked towards my mother's car (a 1975 Cadillac deVille, red) when I was grabbed from behind by two men: Joe Alexander, Jr., and another man who identified himself as "Goose." Both were in their twenties. They grabbed me and shoved me into the back seat of the car. My mother, brother and aunt sat in the front; Goose and Joe Alexander sat on either side of me in the back, and my mother drove, following Joe Alexander's instructions, out of the city to Connecticut. In the car I found it useless to struggle, and I decided not to grab the wheel and cause an accident for fear of endangering my mother's life.

We drove to a house owned by Mr. Gervissanni in a small Connecticut town, probably Wilton, north of Norwalk, Ct. I identified the house later to Farley Jones and we scouted it and took pictures. I was put in the basement from which the only exit was a spiral staircase, guarded by Goose. Goose is a big man—about 6'2", 220 lbs. All the doors and windows were locked and nailed shut. Indeed, this house was well prepared for deprogramming and served as a regular location.

I stayed in that house for five days. I tried to get out once, the first night, but Goose stopped me with a head lock and forced me back downstairs. It was forced imprisonment. When I slept, someone was always watching me. Awake, I was kept in the basement except for a few times when I was allowed upstairs in the company of my parents.

June 12-17 Deprogramming

In the house I met my deprogrammers, namely, Ted Patrick, Sondra, his secretary, Dr. George Swope and Joe Alexander, Jr. (son of the Joe Alexander in Arizona), who

as I mentioned, directed my abduction. The first deprogrammers to work on me were Joe Alexander, Jr., and Dr. Swope. First they talked to me, played tapes such as the NBC documentary, tried to reason from the Bible, and showed me newspaper clippings. They said that they just wanted me to "think." When I was unwilling to think their way, they accused me of hating my parents, and that I was brainwashed and had no control over my own mind. Joe Alexander, Jr. said that I would never leave that basement until I had left the church. Dr. Swope brought my parents downstairs, and tried to get me to say that I would kill my parents if Rev. Moon told me to, but I refused to take such bait and said "no." Later that evening, Ted Patrick arrived, together with Sondra and Tom Dulack, his ghostwriter.

Ted Patrick used a combination of techniques to break me down: 1) Rational argument, to get me to admit things he could later twist and use against me; 2) 3rd-degree sessions of Mr. Patrick cursing and accusing Rev. Moon of being Satan incarnate, a pimp, a snake, ripping up his picture, and much more, accusing me of being insane, a zombie, a prostitute, and everything under the sun. These often ran four or five hours at a time, and one night they kept me up 24 hours straight, throwing water on my face if I started to sleep, and getting me so disoriented that I didn't know what I was saying. 3) Emotional appeals from my parents—these were the toughest to resist: I could stand hours of Ted Patrick's ranting and raving without getting emotionally involved, but I had to respond to my parents' emotional outbursts. They would ask questions like, "If your mother died and Rev. Moon told you that you could not go to her funeral, what would you do?" "Would you kill your mother for Rev. Moon?"

My parents, who love me, sitting there watching this display would become so upset, and I became so angry inside, not at my family, but at the deprogrammers and the way they were manipulating my parents and myself. I couldn't help but respond to all the abuse, and I began to bend to their way of thinking. Then as soon as I showed signs of coming around to his viewpoint, Ted Patrick changed to his fourth tactic, 4) and became a kind of father figure, kind and concerned, offering to help me start a new life. He would tell me about himself, cloaked in the self-righteousness of a moral crusader, and tried to make me his confidant. 5) Behind all of this was the ever-present fact of my imprisonment, with the threat that I would never go free until I left the church. I wanted nothing more than

to get away from that oppressive atmosphere.

By this time, I knew that they were expecting me to become deprogrammed and that my best hope for a quick escape lay in playing along. I began to relax, to talk more and more, and to play their game, while internally, my faith was still strong. Though I could battle with them on many aspects of our church and Rev. Moon, I found that they could not argue logically about the teachings of the Divine Principle. Their arguments were stupid and uninformed, taken mostly from critical newspaper articles, and I knew where they coming from—ignorance. When I asked them any questions about the deeper aspects of the Principles, they could only argue that it is not the Bible, or that the Principle was written by somebody else, or some other irrelevant answer, and could not touch its contents. Since I could not deny what I knew to be true and since they had no logical arguments to prove it false, I could keep that deep within myself as a rock-solid foundation on which I could keep my sanity and strong faith in God, in the Unification Church and Rev. Moon. Following the biblical injunction not to “throw pearls before swine,” I never argued about the teachings again, but I kept them secret within my heart.

I was cooperating, so Dr. Swope left, knowing that I was in good hands with Ted Patrick. I had several good intellectual conversations with Tom Dulack. He seemed the only person there who was willing to talk openly with me and with some respect for me as a person, though he disagreed with the church. Everyone else there was acting in a way calculated to alter my my beliefs, as if I were a puppet to be manipulated. The more I cooperated, the better my chances to escape, so I became more comfortable with my parents and began eating with them upstairs, waiting to see when they would send me home. Instead they offered a month in Canada for “rehabilitation.” After five days in Connecticut, I agreed to go to Canada, where my imprisonment would be more lax and I could more easily get away.

June 17-July 15 Nova Scotia Rehabilitation

My mother, my brother and a guard drove me from Connecticut to Boston where my brother and I took a plane to Halifax, Nova Scotia. There we met Dr. John North and his family who live in Kentville, Nova Scotia. Dr. North has two sons, Steve and Alan (both 19-25 yrs.) and several younger daughters. Their mother died some years earlier. Dr. North is a veterinarian and a well-

respected citizen in town. Alan had been a member of Hare Krishna before being deprogrammed and Steve, who had assisted in his brother’s deprogramming, became something of a disciple of Ted Patrick: he had spent about a month with him the previous summer. He became my principal counselor and guard.

The Norths have a house in town and cottage on a lake ten miles from town. Everywhere I went, I was guarded by one or more people. In the house they had chimes set up to warn if I should make a break for it. At the cottage, I slept on a bunk eight feet off the floor, and Dr. North hired guards from among Steve’s friends to watch me. While my brother was there, he would set his cot across the door of my bedroom to keep me in.

In this context they encouraged me to lead a normal life: drink, take pot, go out with girls, express anger and hatred towards the church, and take initiatives to restart my old life. The most important sign was to declare that Rev. Moon exploited me under mind control, and that I’d sign a notarized statement renouncing my affiliation with the church. As a test, I should willingly participate in the deprogramming of others and support my renunciation publicly. During this period I could “enjoy” myself with swimming, boating, fishing, hiking, reading and resting, but for me it was agonizing, playing their game and keeping my faith secret. Every few days we’d have a session, and I’d have to admit more and more lies to show them I was being rehabilitated.

After one week I made an escape attempt at 6 a.m. I ran out of the house and called New York from a phone booth. I spoke to Atsuko, a Japanese sister who encouraged me to humbly play along and suggested that I go to the police. That proved to be a mistake. The police were cooperating with the Norths and called them to the station. Then the police all disappeared while Dr. North and his sons dragged me from the station with a jacket over my head and my arm twisted so I wouldn’t scream.

After that incident, I was sequestered to the cottage, and they called in ex-member Shelly Turner, who spent a week with me. I didn’t like her at all. I made more efforts to cooperate after a week in the cottage and gradually broadened my circle of friends among Steve’s acquaintances.

A short while later I was able to try another escape after I was back at the house in town, but this one didn’t get past the front door before I was caught—so I made excuses that I’d momentarily “slipped back.” So then I continued to make positive efforts to play along—drinking beer, calling my parents to tell them I missed them and

that I was “cured,” and even forming a mild relationship with a girl (which fortunately didn’t go too far). I even showed an interest in resuming my scientific studies, which used to be my main interest until two years before I joined the church. Gradually my captors began to trust me more and more, although they still watched me or made sure that they could trust the person I was with.

The chance finally came for me to make another phone call to the church in New York without being observed. I went with Steve to visit a friend at his college who had a chemistry lab. The boy was late to the lab and Steve had to go to class—so I was alone. I ran out to a phone booth, called the New York church and spoke to Clark Thompson, who arranged to meet me seven days later at 4 in the morning in front of the house.

During that week between the phone call and my liberation, they trusted me so much that we took excursions to Halifax and Cape Breton Island. In Halifax I had a chance to escape from the apartment where we slept, and in Cape Breton I could have run off into the forest, but I didn’t go because I knew that a more sure escape would come in a few days. That week was dangerous for me for another reason—I was developing an intimate relationship with a girl, and if the affair had gone too far it could have been a disaster for my spiritual life. I am sure that my deprogrammers would have liked nothing better than to see me fall in a love relationship, and they encouraged me to spend time with her in these kinds of outings. Being with Pam could help me avoid the pain of sessions with the Norths about the church, and also she seemed a humble and idealistic person. Yet even this relationship was twisted, for I dared not tell her my true feelings about God and religion. I could make her happy and give her my attentions, but she could not know my secret desire to escape and return to the church; I could never trust her with that. I cannot say that I was set up with the girl, rather my situation made me vulnerable to the temptation when it arose. I am grateful that I was not overcome before my rescue.

The day before the scheduled escape, Mike Runyon and Clark came to Nova Scotia, and with the cooperation of the Royal Canadian Mounted police, I was liberated.

Altogether I was imprisoned for 33 days, five in Connecticut and 28 in Canada. All along I had the intention to escape, but I tried to wait until the best moment before attempting to escape, because if I failed, my life would become more difficult. The whole 33 days I was held against my will.



Andrew Wilson at a press conference following his return from his deprogramming experience

Since that ordeal, I have mended the breach between my parents and myself, and although they still do not like the Unification Church, they respect me and my convictions. I have visited them several times and all of us are happy that we can see each other and be frank in our opinions. I have always loved my family and they never ceased to love me; even the deprogramming was done, I am convinced, out of love. The incitement of the news media against the church was so alarming to my parents that they understandably worried about my involvement over and above the fact that I was apostatizing from Judaism and abandoning my career as a doctor or professor. They told me that they attended several meetings of Rabbi Davis’s parents group, which further convinced them that they should seek such a desperate way to get me out of the church. At one such meeting they met Ted Patrick, and several months later they contacted him and made plans for my deprogramming. The distortions and lies spread by Rabbi Davis at his meetings and to the press led my parents to believe that I was brainwashed. This is the justification for deprogramming, and my parents desperately seized on that rationale with the false hope that I could be “cured.” In fact, they no longer believe that I am brainwashed, and we can argue about our beliefs as rational people with opposing viewpoints do.



*Wendy Helander at her
press conference*

However, Andrew Wilson's case paled in relation to furor over Wendy Helander, an eighteen-year-old Connecticut native who dropped out of school at the University of New Hampshire to join the church in late 1974. About a month later, she was taken from Barrytown and subjected to deprogramming by Ted Patrick. Convinced that she could only win her freedom by agreeing with her captors, she agreed to sign an affidavit stating that she had been brainwashed by the church and in the event the church psychologically or physically "kidnapped" her back, she requested immediate action by the authorities to come and remove her from the "cult." Shortly afterwards, she escaped and returned to the church. A few days later, HSA Headquarters in Washington, D.C.

received a writ of *habeas corpus* ordering the church to bring her to the Superior Court. The church contested the order, and the opposing side maintained that there was reason to believe that she was held against her will. Wendy hired her own lawyer who informed the court that she did not want to appear, fearing another kidnapping attempt.

The dispute went to trial on August 19, 1975. The Helander's lawyers claimed that they would prove that the church had a hold over Wendy as certain "as a gun to her head" and proceeded to produce a succession of deprogrammed ex-members, all of whom had been affiliated for a short time and had been active in Ted Patrick's movement. However, the star witness was Dr. John Clarke, a psychiatrist whose statements that Unification church members had absolutely no free will and had been reduced to "a state not unlike hypnosis" received prominent coverage in the *Washington Post*. The defense more than held its own, producing several church members who had escaped from Patrick. One testified that he tied her up and threatened to kill her. Another testified that he had been forced to sign a similar affidavit and was given Wendy's as a guide. Still another recently escaped member testified that while being held at the Helander's house, he had overheard Mrs. Helander say that she would not hesitate to have Wendy kidnapped and committed to a mental hospital. The defense's star witness also was a psychologist who over objections played a tape recording of an interview with Wendy the night before. He pointed out signs of healthy interaction, and concluded that "she had a capability of exercising free will more than most people, including those in the courtroom." On September 23rd, the judge dismissed the case, stating in a fifteen-page comment that the petitioners had failed to establish that the respondents used "impermissible means...[or] techniques substantially different from those used

by other religious organizations for purposes of converting or proselytizing.”

The church had little time to savor this victory as on September 27th, a short-term member from California, recently deprogrammed, took to the media, announcing that she had been “thoroughly brainwashed.” The next day, New Jersey State Insurance Commissioner James Sheeran, the father of three daughters in the church, held a press conference to charge that he had been assaulted by at least ten church members and knocked unconscious when he went to Barrytown to get his daughters. In response, the three Sheeran sisters and Barrytown director Joe Tully held a press conference on October 1st. Amid a circus-like atmosphere and with as many as a hundred newspeople with cameras and sound equipment jammed into the church’s 71st Street center, Joe Tully maintained that Mr. Sheeran arrived at the training center at 4:40 a.m., having already been informed that his daughters were not there, entered the premises illegally, was “disruptive, violent and utterly unreasonable,” persisted with “force and vulgarities,” and “struck me repeatedly and bit me on the arm.” The charges and counter-charges were inconclusive but provided great theatre for New York tabloids, and Mr. Sheeran’s call for a congressional investigation of the church struck a responsive chord for some.

Public hostility and opposition to the movement began to affect some of its projects. The most prominent example in 1975 was the Fourth International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences. The inaugural conference had been held at New York’s Waldorf Astoria in 1972. It moved to Tokyo in 1973, London in 1974, and back to New York on November 27-30, 1975. The meeting increased dramatically in size compared with previous conferences, having four section chairmen, 12 committee chairmen, boards of International and American advisors, and some 360 participants from 53 countries, including a number of Nobel laureates. The previous deliberations and proceedings were highly regarded. Nevertheless, questions about the conference’s sponsorship surfaced during the summer and led to the withdrawal of two of four section chairmen as well as several committee chairs and advisors, all of whom were replaced. Some who withdrew did not want to lend “credibility to Rev. Moon and his organization.” Some were “critical of the methods” understood to be “used by Moon’s Unification Church to proselytize and retain members.” Others opted out because of the movement’s alleged ties to the authoritarian regime in South Korea. Still others objected “to the financing of the conference with funds” said to derive “mainly from street selling by young members.”

The Church responded to these threats in a variety of ways. In January, it created a “Committee to Combat Kidnappings.” Its Public Affairs Department sent out letters and information packets, held press conferences, ran paid advertisements, sponsored service projects and public events, and retained legal counsel. There was some optimism that the church could go on the offensive. Still, after the extremely negative May 17th NBC documentary on the movement, Neil Salonen acknowledged that Rev. Moon’s “name has been hurt in

America.” After viewing the same NBC documentary, Rev. Moon admitted, “There may be some people in our movement making mistakes” but noted that all the blame was shifted onto him. In a later speech, he suggested that controversy would help the church “become famous faster.” As he put it, “If the [vil- lage] dogs don’t bark, no one will come out to meet me.” Nevertheless, in a speech entitled, “God’s Sorrow and Human Ignorance,” he stated that he “may have to be jailed in America.”

True Parents bless the New Yorker Hotel on May 21, 1976. Here they ask God’s blessings on the city.



The Providential Year of 1976

The year 1976 was a year of extremes. On the one hand, it was remembered as the year in which opposition to the movement reached its peak. The kidnapping and deprogramming of members continued, there was a bombing of a church center in France, negative parent groups in the U.S. coalesced and were able to gain a public hearing before a powerful senator and numerous federal officials, and by the end of the year mainstream Jewish, Protestant and Catholic bodies turned on the Church. On the other hand, in spite of these obstacles, the movement carried out rallies on a huge scale at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument; it continued to acquire major properties including the 40-story, 2,000 room New Yorker Hotel which overlooked Madison Square Garden in midtown Manhattan; and on December 31st, the movement began publication of a daily New York newspaper, *The News World*. According to Rev. Moon, his secret and the secret of the Unification Church “is that by being attacked and attacked we emerge victorious and prosperous.” Although there were additional, unexpected peaks of persecution to come, this principle clearly was operative in 1976.

The two major events of the year were the great rallies at Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument. Together, they closed out the proclamation phase of Rev. Moon’s ministry in America and provided the foundation for building a substantial movement worldwide. Rev. Moon understood that a failure to achieve success in these rallies would be a serious, even fatal blow to his ministry in America and the world. He also understood that the openness and expressions of goodwill with which the American public had greeted his earlier Day of Hope tours was quickly eroding. Hence, there was a sense of desperation in relation to the two campaigns. In one speech, Rev. Moon stated that the two rallies represented the “greatest battle” he had fought in his life. Convinced that success in America would have a dramatic impact on Europe and Asia, he instructed that “everything” be directed toward the goal of filling Yankee Stadium and the Washington Monument grounds.

The movement had eighteen months to prepare for Yankee Stadium. During that time, Rev. Moon inaugurated Barrytown Training in order to expand the church’s membership base as noted. However, he also utilized other means. In July 1975, he set up a 150-member American IOWC team in New York which differed from the Barrytown approach. Whereas the premise of Barrytown Training was that the movement could multiply its membership best through the efforts of solitary pioneers, the IOWC worked according to the previous team model. Secondly, whereas the Barrytown program emphasized obedience and the heavy consequences of failure, the IOWC position was that Rev. Moon had not demanded something from them but “inspired something within them.” It also focused less heavily on negative outcomes. As the principal IOWC speaker, Neil Salonen, put it, “If we just push people down about



*A pre-Yankee Stadium rally
on Wall Street, New York,
May 26, 1976*

how serious this time is, they are not going to be inspired to come.” Thus, the IOWC was freer to adapt lighter measures. Its three constituent teams, for example, took the names Yan, Kee, and Stadium. Moreover, a highlight of its mini Day of Hope campaign at the New York Biltmore Hotel included leafletting done by members in skunk, kangaroo, teddy bear, rabbit (pink), squirrel and chipmunk costumes at Grand Central Station, Times Square and Rockefeller Center. One would be hard-pressed to imagine Barrytown pioneers in that garb.

The American IOWC brought 2,000 guests to three nights of talks at the Biltmore Hotel. This inspired Rev. Moon who suggested that they undertake campaigns in New Jersey and Connecticut. In November 1975, still six months before the June 1st, 1976 rally, Rev. Moon revealed his plan to connect the

Yankee Stadium and Washington Monument rallies to the American bicentennial. The movement's "Bicentennial God Bless America Committee" was accepted as a member of the National Bicentennial Service Alliance on the basis that it planned at least one project of national scope and value. However, there also were several ominous developments. In January 1976, the Church felt compelled to publish "The Truth About Rev. Sun Myung Moon" ads in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* to answer criticism. The kidnapping of members continued, and church leaders faced off against critics in the media. But by far the most ominous development was the coalescing of anti-Church associations, such as Citizens Engaged in Re-Uniting Families (CERF) and Citizens Engaged in Freeing Minds (CEFM). On February 18, 1976, these organizations sponsored "A Day of Affirmation and Protest" which included a two-hour presentation of grievances against the Church to U.S. Senator Robert Dole (R-Kansas) and representatives of seven U.S. government agencies.

The meeting before Robert Dole and various federal officials was said to be prompted by a petition signed by 14,000 Kansas residents. Senator Dole emphasized that it was "not a Congressional hearing" nor was it "any kind of investigation...a public speech-making forum...[or] a debate between opposing points of view." He noted that "no one is under oath" and nothing said or done was to be interpreted as "a prejudgment or stamp of approval by the legislative branch on anything." Representatives from the IRS, INS, Justice Department, HEW, Labor Department, U.S. Postal Service, and Federal Trade Commission were likewise noncommittal, noting that "questions could only be answered after a formal list of allegations in writing had been submitted, reviewed, and investigated." Still, the "Dole hearing" provided its critics with a well-publicized, credible forum to air their grievances before important national-level figures. More troubling from the Church's point of view was the fact that its spokespersons were excluded from the proceedings. Senator Dole refused to meet with HSA President Neil Salonen before the meeting, though he did consent to meet with two members from Kansas who had escaped from deprogrammers. During the session, church members and their supporters could only maintain a vigil of protest at the back of the meeting room.

The "Dole hearing" precipitated a crisis for the movement. It was one thing to square off against media critics or against deprogrammers operating outside the law. It was quite another to witness one's accusers receive a sympathetic hearing before a panel of government officials, and to be showcased with no opportunity for defense. The Church regarded this as persecution. Its immediate response was to gather parents to show support for the Church. The goal was to have 200 parents sign a telegram to Senator Dole protesting the way the Church was being treated and "to have thirty parents come to Washington to stand in support of their children." The Church was pleasantly surprised that over 800 parents sent telegrams and over 60 rallied to its support by traveling to Washington. Over the next several months, the Church sponsored nine local



Members joined teams that fanned out across the city in a massive clean-up campaign

or regional Parents' Conferences which led to the first National Parents' Conference at the time of the Yankee Stadium Rally. Beyond this, ministers were contacted, "not in direct support of the Unification Church" but in support of the church's rights, "because if they were threatened, the rights of all religions in this country could also be threatened." The Church hoped to have 40 ministers sign a telegram but discovered that more than 200 ministers responded.

Internally, the Church was driven first to a fuller recognition that its battle was not only with flesh and blood but with principalities and powers. Rev. Moon, in particular, took this approach in his response to the crisis during the first three months of 1976. While visiting Korea for fifty days between January 26th and March 18th, he "set the condition for the unity of the spirit world" and returned only after the "barriers in the spirit world" had been broken and the Church could be confident of "marching forward" again. To solidify this resolve, Rev. Moon appointed Takeru Kamiyama as Yankee Stadium Campaign Director. In more welcoming times, he may have relied more on American or Western members for leadership. However, in this time of crisis, Rev. Moon turned to Mr. Kamiyama to lead the campaign much as he had turned to Mr. Sudo to direct the Church's educational program. Mr. Kamiyama, who sold his blood to support church activities during the early days in Japan, led New York

City witnessing efforts as well as Church fundraising nationwide. He could be counted on to spare no effort in meeting Rev. Moon's directive that the Church triple its membership in New York over the next forty days. From this point, he played a central role in preparations for Yankee Stadium.

Rev. Moon was essentially correct that the Church had gone over the "hill of persecution" during the first three months of 1976. After April, there were only minor flare-ups. In fact, the Church won supporters through its "America the Beautiful" project which began on May 3rd when "over 1,000 members took up...brooms and dustpans to clean Manhattan and the Bronx." Dressed in white jumpsuits with the God Bless America Festival logo silk-screened in red and blue on their back, members cleaned in their witnessing areas every day from 7-8:00 a.m. Mindful of "brainwashing" and "glassy-eyed" criticisms, Rev. Moon advised campaign workers not to "smile like a foolish person." The Church's folk-rock band "Sunburst" provided free lunch-hour concerts, and even during the final push which brought in hundreds of more witnesses, massive ticket distribution, street rallies, and saturation promotion provoked minimal negative reaction. Church leaders were cautiously optimistic that the festival would attract a large overflow crowd.

This all changed the day of June 1st. There were two main problems. One was the weather. As reported in *New Hope News*, the Church's official newspaper, "Huge gusts of wind, a precursor of the coming rains, foiled the inflation of a seventy-foot hot air balloon which was to have sailed above the stadium." The ripcord of the balloon next "gave way...causing it...[l]ike a deflating rubber balloon" to travel "erratically across the field...destroying many decorations." In particular, "Forty-foot Styrofoam letters spelling

'God Bless America Festival' were uprooted from the ground and blown across the field...in pieces." A "driving thunderstorm then ripped across the Stadium at 5 o'clock, pounding the remainder of the decorations and soaking the stage." With all their music "lost under several inches of mud," the Go-World Brass Band performed from memory while the Church's Technical Missionary Corps "used the music stands like snow shovels to sweep the water from the stage's carpet." Clumps of other members rose in their seats or danced on top of the Yankee Stadium dugouts, singing "You Are My Sunshine" until the storm subsided. Although the rain stopped prior to the start of the program, weather conditions undoubtedly kept many ticket-holders from attending or bottled them in jammed subway stations. The Stadium turnstile count was 40,000 with

Mopping the stage after the skies opened in a massive storm over Yankee Stadium



another 5,000 having come in before the count began, so that about 45,000 people came to the Festival.

Opposition protests outside and crowd-control inside were also problems. The New Yorker Hotel, newly designated as the church's World Mission Center, and the Yankee Stadium rally functioned like magnets in attracting enemies of the church, rival religionists, and rowdies looking to create disturbances. The *New York Times* reported that there were 400 demonstrators and the *Washington Post* stated that "the festival attracted one of the largest assortment of protest groups since the end of the Vietnam War." The "religious smorgasbord" described by the *Post* included yellow-robed Hare Krishnas chanting and dancing, "hundreds of fundamentalist Christians" passing out tracts and preaching, Black Muslims hawking the *Bilalian News*, and a yarmulke-wearing groups searching for "Jewish kids caught up in...[the] movement." Ted Patrick and CERF members were prominent, as was the Communist Cadre division of Youth Against War and Fascism. Inside, according to one account, "groups of young, male toughs...roamed the stadium, fighting, robbing, setting off smoke bombs...and generally making a sour scene." The *New York Daily News* reported seven arrests, and the *Poughkeepsie Journal* noted that while Rev. Moon was warning that America would become a "living hell" if the will of God were forsaken, "bands of kids roamed the upper decks and corridors, destroying decorations, setting off smoke bombs and firecrackers, and starting fist fights." The *Washington Post* reported that "large numbers" walked out shortly after Rev. Moon began speaking, but the *New York Times* reported that "Most of the spectators...cheered, applauded, and waved little American flags." It all added up to an atmosphere that the *Daily News* described as "odd, disjointed, almost surrealistic."

At a celebration for all members at Belvedere on June 2nd, Rev. Moon posed the rhetorical question, "Did we win victory at Yankee Stadium?" He answered,

I'm sure that yesterday God shed invisible tears—not because of the rain but because of your commitment, your loyalty, and your enthusiasm. You moved God's heart yesterday...

For the last several months, we put out every ounce of energy for Yankee Stadium. At the last moment God gave us a big test.... But you sang, "You are my Sunshine," and God's heart was melted.... Instead of being discouraged, you were in high spirits, protesting to God and trying to push away the rain...



Yesterday everyone tasted the bottom of Hell. Yesterday, as the wind blew and the rain poured down, the rain and your tears mingled on your faces. You tasted something miserable. At that moment, you would have done anything to make the rain stop. At that moment there was complete oneness and unification inside Yankee Stadium. That is the very thing God wanted to see....

Rev. Moon takes the stage at Yankee Stadium.

I thanked God for His almighty wisdom. No one else could teach so many young people such a precious lesson in twenty minutes. That is the place where God's heart was moving. There was no other way to teach the heart of God to the young people of America. For the sake of God you were praying and singing for the rain to stop. In that moment you tasted the heart of God in His anxiety to bring His Kingdom here. This is a great gift.... We must thank God for this precious gift for the sake of our education.... Today is indeed a victory celebration and day of thanksgiving for the blessing of God.

You Are My Sunshine

Betty Lancaster

My life in the Unification movement began in the spring of 1963, in the days when we had no name except the legal name “Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity.” Needless to say, every year, indeed every day, was and still is a drama.

I will probably someday write a book, but for the moment I will recount two special days from early times, one so precious as to be treasured for years to come. I think it was the year 1969. Father and Mother were visiting America. I went to Upshur House in Washington, D.C. to visit and have lunch with them. Father then decided that they would visit Mount Vernon, Virginia, the home of President George Washington. I was invited to come also, so I followed in my car. The long ride through heavy traffic was dreadfully stressful for me but I was somehow able to arrive in the Mount Vernon parking lot successfully. What a beautiful late afternoon it was, strolling about the landscaped grounds with Father and Mother.

We went into the house, of course, following the usual visitors’ walkway. When we reached the small, unpretentious upstairs bedroom of President Washington and Father peered into the room, the others of us doing likewise from behind, it was then that I felt the presence of Mr. Washington. He surely must have been there and elsewhere on the premises, to receive True Parents. Father has often spoken of the faithful prayers of President Washington.

We walked out on the veranda overlooking the Potomac River. It was so beautiful and peaceful and I remember saying, “Father, I wish we could stay here. This is like the Kingdom of Heaven.” Father just looked at me with a smile. But he did ask us to check on possible property nearby. There was none with any adequate buildings. And some of us still remember Father asking about what kind of fish were in the river.

I felt it was no accident that I was there with True Parents. My physical parents had taken me there when I was a young school girl. We had always been made aware in my family that my great-great-grandmother had married into the family of George Washington’s nephew, so there was some ancestral magnetism that I was always conscious of even as a child. Fate seemed to have kept

my father dwelling on historical Washington property, no matter where he was in Virginia. All of this added to my awareness of the intertwining of our families.

Before we departed Mount Vernon that day in 1969, True Father had us all line up in front of the Washington home—I was standing next to Father—and he had Mr. Isshi from Japan take a moving picture of us “for memorial purposes,” True Father said. I hope Mr. Isshi can some day find that film. I would like to see it.

But personal history aside for the moment, I have to say that the most public drama I experienced in this movement was the day at the Yankee Stadium event on June 1, 1976. I drove from Virginia and boarded a bus in Washington, D.C. early on the morning of the event with my three guests—my second daughter who was 13 years old, her school friend, and a young married neighbor.

None of us had dressed warmly enough for the occasion. We had not realized that six hours north of our home in Virginia was considerably cooler, and besides it was drizzling rain in New York when we arrived. The atmosphere at the stadium was strange from the beginning. Smoke bombs were visible and there was an air of hostility prevailing. After we got seated in our reserved area, the rain began to pour at one point. Everyone from our section fled to shelter in the roofed area above, except me. Because of the heavy atmosphere I doggedly stayed in my seat, refusing to be daunted by even a rain storm. It was a spiritual matter, as we say.

One section began singing “You Are My Sunshine” and we all triumphantly joined in. Soon thereafter the rain stopped and the program began. Father came forward to the speakers platform to give his usual life-giving, life-saving message, accompanied by my spiritual parent, Col. Bo Hi Pak, who was translating. Protestors shouted from various places, the smoke bombs continued to go off and generally people were being noisy, as they tend to be at a stadium. In fact, I will always remember my young daughter standing up and shouting loudly, “I have waited a long time to hear this man speak. Now please be quiet, everyone.” That part was so funny as I look back on it.

When the program ended and we all headed for the exit, we had no idea the drama that awaited us between that exit and our bus which was quite a distance away in the parking lot. Satan was furious that day and was striking out in every direction. As we began our trek toward the parking lot, we watched in horror as a gang of young

hoodlums attacked one of our members dressed in his usher's suit. He doubled over as one of the hoodlums hit him hard in his gut. We could see that others were coming to the rescue so we rushed on our way.

We neared an overpass and had to suddenly stop because another group of hoodlums were smashing bottles to the pavement from above and glass was flying everywhere. I shouted for everyone to stop and keep their heads down. We were quite a few in number. My very verbal daughter shouted up at the hoodlums something like, "God loves you anyway, you freaks!" A man who had hassled me back at the stadium was on the scene again, this time violently grabbing my daughter's arm and literally screaming at her, "Shut up, girl, you're going to get us killed!" Whereupon my daughter's nerves broke and she began to cry rather hysterically. Now my young married neighbor began to wail as well.

I had the sense to know that we would have to outwait the hoodlums above us, so again I told everybody to stand still, not to move. The hoodlums realized what we were doing and decided to move on. Then we made a mad dash on the final stretch to the bus. Needless to say, we were a relieved bunch as we climbed aboard the bus to safety. But the wailing on the part of some adults continued even on the bus and that made me mad. So I gave them a sermon about the times we were living in and that the Savior was again on the Earth, so we had to be brave and overcome even the dangerous times. And I told them what an opportunity it was to be able to experience firsthand just how the disciples of Jesus felt as they hid out in catacombs and went through so much persecution. But I'm afraid my audience didn't much appreciate my presentation, especially right then.

The final blow of that adventurous 24 hours came from the bus driver. He obviously did not like our group from the beginning and expressed his hostilities by constantly turning on the air conditioner throughout the night ride to make us quite uncomfortable. Some were sneezing and coughing.

Well, this is one of the early stories. Times are different now. And we can even laugh a bit as we remember some of these times when we were laying our foundation of faith and substance. Our brothers and sisters who were kidnapped in earlier times had far more drama than the incident I have just described. But we wouldn't trade one moment of our life for any other. To live during the lifetime of the Messiah, the King of Kings, True Parents, is worth every good and challenging moment.

Clowns and Yankee Stadium

Laura Taylor Hayashi

Father chose me to be a "State Pioneer" of Texas in the beginning of 1975. It was part of the re-education, or mostly just first-time education, of our movement under Mr. Sudo. We were all preparing for the upcoming Yankee Stadium rally, and the bicentennial. In Texas, I was able to bring two new members to help us when we went to New York. One was a professional comedian. One claim to fame that he had was to be perhaps the first Ronald McDonald. You can imagine our workshops! He led his 21-day workshop in a protest and boycott over the white bread, and succeeded in gaining whole-wheat bread instead. He was challenging, but I really appreciated him. The campaign wasn't easy for anyone. It wasn't easy for him, either. I kept praying and thinking how God could use his delightful, unique talents. As St. Francis said, "When you make people laugh, you make God happy." When the security team needed some special brainstorming, he was interested. We knew that there were very real and specific security dangers for True Parents at this rally. The preparations for security were of special concern. Many were skeptical of such a young member, but I was able to maneuver our attendance. My spiritual son explained about the concept of Rodeo Clowns. When the cowboy is thrown off the bull during the bull-riding event, the clown both pleases the crowd and distracts the bull. This often can save the life of the cowboy.

We had the problem of organized gangs trying to attend the rally. Their plan was to try to appear okay, and then do all sorts of mayhem. Security guards in uniform could sway the crowd to the side of the young hoodlums! In light of this, the Rodeo Clown idea seemed great! How could anyone oppose a clown! The clowns would come in to a soon-to-be violent situation, and diffuse the incident as well as separate the offender from others they were with. Several members went to "clown training." It was one small help, but such a wonderful way God can use the talents anybody has, not matter how unusual they may seem to us.

Rev. Moon's message at Yankee Stadium, "God's Hope for America," broke new ground. Rather than alluding to theology as had his speech on "The New Future of Christianity" at Madison Square Garden, Rev. Moon dealt primarily with civic themes. Rather than as a prophet for Christianity, he cast himself as a "doctor" or a "fire fighter" from the outside who has come to help America meet its third great "test" as a nation, that of "God-denying" communism. He also proclaimed that the Unification Church Movement and its "absolutely God-centered ideology" had the "power to awaken America, and...raise up the model of the ideal nation upon this land." For many, these claims suggested that Rev. Moon and his movement had not only religious but political ambitions. So long as the church confined itself to the religious sphere, it might be vigorously opposed by rival religionists and families of converts, but there would be little chance of overt governmental repression. However, once its rhetoric, perceived aims and activities intruded upon the public square, the possibility of governmental agencies opening official investigations was greatly increased.

The first serious investigations of the church were still more than a year away and did not interfere with preparations for the Washington Monument campaign which began immediately. The movement had much less time to prepare, only about 100 days as opposed to the 18 months it spend getting ready for Yankee Stadium. However, everything went much more smoothly. There were several reasons for this. First, the movement already was in a state of readiness, and there was little chance of a let down due to the less-than-ideal result at Yankee Stadium. If anything, members were more determined. Conversely, the movement's opposition slacked off. Ted Patrick lost an appeal on an earlier conviction and went to jail in July. The opposition of negative parents also dissipated and was not a significant factor in the campaign. The hot summer months in Washington undoubtedly played a role. However, while its opponents may have gone on vacation, the movement maintained its focus.

A change of orientation and approach also had a significant effect. The atmosphere surrounding the Yankee Stadium campaign was strained and the Church was rather isolated. The movement adopted a less embattled posture in Washington. This was partly due to the more relaxed quality of the city and the momentary fading of opposition. However, it also was a conscious decision on the part of the church. Rather than press for converts, several hundred members, including students on summer break from Unification Theological Seminary, offered various service projects, sponsored block parties, and participated in a variety of programs during the first month of the campaign. Rev. Moon also elected to use the church's "most outstanding leaders" in strategic locations rather than rely on untested pioneers as had been the case for much of the campaign at Yankee Stadium. Finally, whereas Yankee Stadium had the character of a rally, Washington Monument had an intentionally festive quality.



In addition to changing its orientation, the movement took a more professional approach in marketing the festival. There was a certain do-it-yourself quality to the Yankee Stadium campaign and most arrangements were made in-house. In Washington, the church enlisted professional help. Col. Bo Hi Pak, who had been in the U.S. for a longer time than Mr. Kamiyama and who had extensive contacts with advertising firms as a result of his work with The Little Angels, was made “Campaign Controller and Coordinator.” This led to a professional and compelling full-page ad campaign which ran in the *Washington Post* and *Washington Star* for thirteen days from September 5th until September 18th, the day of the festival. The effort was to accentuate the human qualities of Rev. Moon, allow the members to speak for themselves, and encourage Washingtonians to make up their own minds. Apart from this, the movement contracted with California Fireworks, creators of displays for Disneyland and Disney World, to put together “The World’s Greatest International Fireworks” for the festival’s finale.

Col. Pak was confident that the fireworks display alone could attract up to a million viewers. However, he expressed concern that “there would be the mobilization of at least 100,000 people” who would be “seriously interested” in Rev. Moon’s message. This was the basis of the church’s “busing strategy.” Chartered buses transported participants from other cities to Yankee Stadium,

Pre-show Washington Monument emcees, Wesley Samuel and David Hose with James Anderson (playing guitar) of the Voices of Freedom



Rev. Moon and Col. Bo Hi Pak on the stage at Washington Monument

but in an uncoordinated and limited way. In Washington, the basic strategy was to bring people by bus. The Church chartered over 1,500 buses to transport guests within a 300-mile radius of Washington, D.C. As round-trip transportation was free and food was available for a nominal fee, members working in surrounding states had little trouble confirming guests. Meanwhile, God Bless America Festival planners spent hours meticulously organizing bus routes and parking. On the day of the festival, some 850 buses from Virginia, Maryland, Philadelphia, Delaware and New York brought approximately 40,000 guests. Six hundred circulating buses in Washington, D.C. brought an additional 30,000. The total amount coming on their own from the Washington area, according to church estimates, was between 160,000–260,000. The number of those in attendance was in dispute as the U.S. Park Police estimated between 50,000–100,000. Church spokespersons initially estimated 200,000 and later 300,000. Regardless of the estimates, photographs in published accounts testified to a mass of humanity on the mall grounds.

Unlike Yankee Stadium, there were very few incidents. A Park Service spokeswoman said, “It was an incredibly orderly crowd...family-type groups.” The movement also received praise from a National Capital Parks spokesman who said, “It was the first time any group of demonstrators had followed through on a promise to clean up its own trash.”

Washington Monument

Levy Daugherty

Mr. Watanabe, who had a prosthetic arm, was our leader. We called him “One-Arm Watanabe.” He was a martial artist. Sometimes he would spar with his wife. She was really pretty and taller than he was. He came from a line of Samurai.

He would take the arm off and beat people over the head with it if they were falling asleep when he was speaking! Bruce Brown was his assistant. Norfolk had a separate identity from Richmond in those days.

We had all these buses ready to go to the Monument. All the buses were loaded and there was still about 65 people who didn’t have any transportation. They were upset. This one lady, an enormous fat lady, said, “I am going to the Monument.” She laid down on the ground in front of the bus and wouldn’t let it go. She said, “If I’m not going, nobody’s going.” It was on the tails of the 1960s, civil rights. If you wanted something, you lay down.

There were a bunch of cars parked there as everyone was going to ride in the bus. We were embarrassed to drive our car—it was old and dirty. But she didn’t care. She said, “Let’s drive that.” We had an old, raggedy station wagon. She had a chicken, and a cooler, and she said, “Let’s take that car.” She was determined that she was going. We were exhausted. We had about 17 buses going from Norfolk.

So we had this big fat lady and her entourage. She called Burt Leavitt, Mr. God Bless America. “Mr. God Bless America, let’s take your car!”

So we left. About halfway there, Burt was falling asleep at the wheel and she said, “Mr. God Bless America, you gonna get us there or you gonna get us killed. Pull over!” And she made him move and she drove us, talking all the way. She was going to get there come hell or high water. She kept saying, “Let’s Go!” We had to lug her cooler for about a mile. It was red with a white top, I can still see it. Then we had to go back for a second load of her stuff. It seemed like there was a million people around.

When we drove back we were so exhausted, she drove the car all the way back! She talked the whole way and sang “God Bless America” all the way back. She fed us chicken and she tried to wake Burt up by feeding him. But the more he ate, the sleepier he got. What a day!

Susan Janer

I was working in Baltimore, Maryland. The central figure at that time was Mr. Cha. I haven’t seen him since that time, though I do have a picture of him with Mohammed Ali. Rev. Sudo was also working there with us. He was so heartistic and wonderful. My job at that time was mostly fundraising. As the day for Washington Monument came closer and closer, I was told that I would be a bus captain. I had never had that kind of responsibility in all my life. Though I was 25 years old at the time, I still felt like I was just a kid. The day came and there I was on the bus and I was the bus captain. I felt so responsible. Most of the passengers were black people from Baltimore who were invited by other members to go to Washington Monument for the day to hear a great religious leader, Rev. Moon, speak. I was so excited and happy. We sang Christian songs all the way there. When we got there, I had to make sure that my group stayed together and that every single person on my bus returned home on the bus.

When we arrived, the whole area in front of the Washington Monument was covered with people. I led my group, like a Moses, through the crowd to very good seats close to the front. To me, everything was wonderful. I had already been a member for three years. When I saw Father I cried with joy, and when I saw the fireworks I cried again. How can we know what these things really mean to the heart of God? There was so much hard work and sincere prayer that went into that event, and especially behind everything was the love and prayers of True Parents to save this country and this world. Those people who attended that event will all have different memories of what happened that day and what they heard and saw. I hope they will remember. It was truly a profound statement of God’s Love and God’s hope for America and the World.

Wesley Samuel

This campaign was more rewarding than all the others. We really did bring victory in just 40 days, but the odds were against us. With the spirit of God and True Parents, we marched and held rallies throughout the metropolitan area. We visited every home, inviting people to the monument. As we campained, parents were kidnapping their children. One

brother was taken right at dinnertime. It was such a commotion, we thought people were fighting, but it was this brother's parents kidnapping him! He managed to escape within a few days, and rejoined the campaign. Finally the big day came. We organized buses to pick everyone up. When the buses arrived at the Monument, however, they were far from full. God worked though. By 10:30 a.m., people began to arrive on foot. By 5:00 p.m. all you could see were people in every direction. Then Father approached the stage with a big smile, and we knew it was a victory. 300,000 people had gathered to hear this momentous speech.

Dan Fefferman

The day of the Washington Monument, I attended a meeting of the United States Youth Council. This was a State Department-sponsored group, which consisted of representatives of major U.S. youth groups, such as YMCA, YWCA, Young Democrats, Young Republicans, NAACP Youth, Catholic Youth Organization, Freedom Leadership Foundation (representing the UC youth before CARP) and many others.

We had been active on the USYC for several years, attending meetings, sending delegates on fact-finding tours, etc. I went to Israel with the USYC in 1974. Dan Holdgreiwe went to Portugal and Germany, I think. I remember getting a good laugh about how the delegation visited the Ministry of Gesundheit.

Anyway, the deal was that the anti-cult movement had been lobbying the USYC to kick us off, and that was one of the things on the agenda. So I had to attend. The USYC leadership was social-democratic, but anti-Communist, and we were allies against the left-liberals on the council. To make a long story short, the president of the council, David Dorn, gave us a strong vote of confidence and the idea to kick us off was unanimously defeated. I left the meeting feeling pretty good, but worried about how the mobilization for the Monument would turn out.

The USYC meeting was just a few blocks from the Monument. I arrived around 4:00 p.m., I think. As I rounded the corner, I couldn't believe my eyes. People were everywhere. And buses were lined up for blocks and blocks unloading passengers. People were running to find the best seats. It was a gorgeous, late summer day. I thought to myself:

"And all of the children come running, Lord, what a wonderful sight!!!"

Louise Strait

I was working on producing printed matter for both campaigns. For Washington Monument, Neil Salonen commissioned me to do a tabloid promotional piece that would have a tremendous production run of several hundred thousand.

Much of the piece were human interest stories of members working in the campaign and the people whom they had met in the process. I did a lot of travelling and interviewing. In the middle of everything I had to move out of where I was staying, and I had no car to drive around to do my interviews.

So, being from the area, I crashed at my parents' house. My aunt was staying in my old room, so I slept on the living room sofa. They let me use one of their old cars, which happened to be, like all their cars, a Mercedes Benz! So I cruised all around the Beltway, and into many scary areas of town, in style.

The most important piece of the tabloid, however, was to be a map of the area with all the bus pickup points marked. Since I was one of the few natives around, I was a natural for this. Unfortunately, like so many things, the pickup points weren't finally decided until the day before the piece had to be printed. So I got a large map of Washington and large boxes of adhesive dots, called signal dots, from an office supply store, and waited. As the points were decided, I put dots on the map. There were several hundred. I was sticking on dots all night into the next day, until the last second.

I anxiously awaited my magnum opus. When I opened out the first one, what a shock! The Beltway was clear enough. It outlined the city like a big round face. But the face looked like it had the chicken-pox, measles and smallpox combined. I would have been better off trying to duplicate a Jackson Pollock painting than a useful map. I have the impression that the people who came by bus were from out of town, not Washington itself, and it's no wonder.

This very much reinforced the lesson that what you think you are going to get and what finally turns out, both in art and life, are two different animals.

However, there were two ominous developments. One was the apprehension of a member, Carl Trent Trimble, by U.S. Park Police, who placed Trimble under the custody of his father. They were executing a court order signed earlier in the day by D.C. Superior Court Judge Nicholas S. Nunzio. The elder Trimble was given the power to have his son “counseled, examined, and treated by persons including, but not limited to physicians, psychiatrists, social workers, and lay persons (and) to keep (young Trimble) in...custody, even in the event (young Trimble) wishes to leave said custody.” This was one of the early court-ordered “blind” conservatorships which were to become a preferred method of abduction for distraught parents and “deprogrammers.” Michael Runyan, the church’s director of public affairs, termed it “frightening...that this kind of thing could have happened in America.... It’s more like something that would happen in Communist Russia.”

The other ominous development was word that a U.S. House subcommittee investigating activities of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency in the United States was interested in Rev. Moon’s “close ties” with the Korean government. According to the *New York Times*, “as he was making final plans for

*Witnessing for the
Washington Monument Rally*



...[the] rally, Neil A. Salonen, president of the Unification Church, was being sought by...[t]he subcommittee's staff consultant...[who] tried to present Mr. Salonen with a subpoena to appear before the panel." Again, according to the *Times*, "Mr. Salonen evaded service of the subpoena, but agreed to make a voluntary appearance before the committee in his capacity as president of the Freedom Leadership Foundation, but not as president of the church." As with the conservatorships, this was the beginning of what was to become an explosive investigation during 1977-78.

The morning after the festival, at Great Falls Park, just outside of Washington, D.C., Col. Pak conveyed Rev. Moon's message to several thousand members that he judged the Washington Monument rally to be an "unconditional success" and that he was "proud of them." Some two weeks later, on October 4th, the anniversary of Rev. Moon's release from a North Korean communist prison camp, he again proclaimed the Washington Monument rally to be an "unqualified victory" and confessed,

I feel light as a feather. I feel like I can fly. I have borne a tremendous burden of responsibility, but with the victory at Washington Monument, I feel like I have been liberated from the weight. I can now walk as a free man. I can hold my head up before heaven and earth.

Rev. Moon proclaimed October 4th to be the "Day of the Victory of Heaven." Repeating a theme that he had introduced previously, he stated that barriers in the spirit world were broken down and that "[t]his will be reflected in the physical world." So long as members worked "at least as hard" as they had during the Washington Monument Campaign, they would see "a dramatic difference in our prayers and the results." A jubilant Rev. Moon expected the movement would "take off in leaps and bounds from now" and discussed prospects in evangelism, business and educational activities.

The afterglow from the Washington Monument lasted through 1976 and into the new year. On January 1st, Rev. Moon stated that the church had laid an "invincible foundation" for "horizontal expansion throughout the world." At his birthday celebration on February 23rd, he pointed out that according to the lunar calendar, 1976 ended on February 20th. As he put it, "The year of victory is gone, now the year of joy has started." He conducted a blessing in marriage of 74 couples on February 21st "so everyone could be happy" and drew his birthday remarks to a dramatic conclusion by saying,

[A]s of today all the dispensational history of restoration has ended and all the conditions of indemnity have been met and paid in full. From this moment on, the more opposition we get, the more victories. Anything the outside will give to us in the form of persecution, suffering, and pressure, an equal amount of blessing will be restored to us.... The winning of



territory inch by inch will continue to the year 2000. Every day's work will accumulate to the Kingdom of God from this time on. Even though the Satanic world is attacking, they are no longer advancing. We are the force who is advancing.

*The main stage at the
Washington Monument
Rally*

Even more astonishing for members was Rev. Moon's statement following the cake-cutting and reception of gifts that "This is the new beginning of the history of God. Therefore, this is the original first year of the Kingdom of God. This is the Year One."

Rev. Moon developed themes of civic responsibility in his Washington Monument address, entitled "America and God's Will," which were similar to those at Yankee Stadium. However, he extended this vision to interreligious cooperation, arguing that Judaism, Christianity and the Unification Church were "three brothers in the Providence of God." Judaism, he maintained, "was the first work of God" and was "in an elder brother position." Christianity was "in the position of the second brother," and the Unification Church, "through which God had given a new revelation," was "in the position of the youngest brother." By extension, Rev. Moon argued that "Israel, the United States, and



Korea, the nations where these three religions are based, must also be brothers.” He stated that the three nations had a “common destiny” and that the communist bloc was “trying to isolate and destroy them.” He called upon the “three brother nations” to “join hands in a unified effort,” contributing “internally to the unification of world religions and externally to the unification of the world itself.”

Rev. Moon’s call did not produce immediate results. In fact, by year’s end the “three brothers” were quarreling. More accurately, the two elder brothers had begun to gang up on the youngest. In December, the American Jewish Committee charged in an official report, “Jews and Judaism in Reverend Moon’s Divine Principle,” that the church’s main theological text revealed “an orientation of almost unrelieved hostility toward the Jewish people.” Citing specific references, the report asserted that whether the text was discussing “the Israelites of the Hebrew Bible or the ‘Jews’ of the New Testament period, Rev. Moon portrays their behavior as reprobate, their intentions as evil (often diabolical), and their religious mission as eclipsed.” This report elicited an official “Statement on Jews and Israel,” signed by Rev. Moon and published in full-page advertisements, which repudiated anti-Semitism and pledged support for the state of Israel. At the same time that the American Jewish Committee was making its attack, the U.S. House Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minnesota) continued its probe into Korean-American Relations. The church charged the subcommittee of “bad faith” and “McCarthyite tactics” in harassing members for information. Later, it accused Rep. Fraser of attempting to drive a wedge between the United States and Korea.

Washington Monument was a watershed event in the history of the Unification Church in America. It closed out the initial proclamation phase of Rev. Moon’s ministry and opened the way for new initiatives in the fields of evangelism, education, interfaith relations, business, media and public life. The movement became increasingly diversified in the years ahead. This slowed the pace of the movement’s advance. However, its accumulated investments in the face of rejection eventually had an effect. In the succeeding period, the movement began to develop an infrastructure which greatly expanded its ability to exert influence in the U.S. and elsewhere. This was in keeping with Rev. Moon’s original strategy. It simply took longer than anticipated.

On the campaign trail

Bill Selig

October 1975. At the conclusion of a seven-day workshop at Rush River Lodge near Luray, VA, and with a push from my spiritual mother, Debra Wiseman, I approached the center director, John Robbins, to ask if I could join the Church and move into the Center. I was a little scared because I wasn't sure if there was enough room, and perhaps he would think me too bold. When I asked his permission, a sort of blank look descended on his face. At that point, John had been a member for about three years, but later he told me that no one had ever asked to move into a center. He was cool about it and said he had to speak with the IW (Mrs. Fumiko Seino). I figured maybe he had to check the registration book and make sure there were enough beds.

Center life was interesting. We had a house near American University. Later I found out that the owner thought the tenants were Mr. and Mrs. Marc Lee. Every so often, the owner would call and say he was coming by, and we immediately went into high gear to rebuild the house and convert it from a witnessing center to a home. No one explained the background to me. I just thought it was some kind of special training condition. The hardest part was the nursery, since at that time there were no children. I was never around when the owner came by; in fact, no one was there except Fumiko Seino. She would always apologize that her husband was out of town. Meanwhile, they would tell me to go witnessing and find spiritual children.

I shared a room with six other brothers. Each day we would walk out the door and be given a brown bag lunch and fifty cents for a drink. We went witnessing at the campus and fundraised on the weekends.

When I joined, I felt like I had answered a U.S. Army recruiting poster: "See the world. Be challenged. Make the world safer for (fill in the blank)." But what I found were a lot of idealistic young people. The brothers all seemed to wear mismatched socks, and the sisters seemed to be strictly interested in things non-physical. I remember at the workshop we stood in a circle and were told to hold hands, but the sister next to me wouldn't let me hold her hand. I had a beard and was scruffy so I figured I wasn't too attractive.

I had been in the Peace Corps and knew the value

and meaning of idealism and volunteerism. I thought that if I did a tour of service with this "religious peace corps," then I would've done my share for humankind and could get on with life.

About two months later, on a Saturday, I was attending a one-day workshop taught by Jim Fleming. A sister, Louise Kohan, who knew I was young in the movement, asked how I was. I told her that things were OK but that I was thinking of getting an apartment and perhaps just visiting the Center a few times a week. I explained to her that being a member was very important, but that in my case, I could do far more for humanity on my own than being part of an organized movement.

It was a very mild day, the sun was shining, and everyone enjoyed Jim's presentation. I went back innocently to the Center about 5 p.m.

I didn't realize how Heavenly Father was working behind the scenes, because by 7 p.m. I was on a train to New York for a 21-day workshop! Louise had called Fumiko Seino and told her what I'd said. Fumiko-san went into emergency mode and set everything in motion. However, she had no details about the workshop. She just gave me some money and said, "Bill-san, very important, go to 4 West 43rd street in New York and ask for Keiko." (Anybody know how many Japanese sisters there are named Keiko?)

At about 10 p.m. that same day, I rang the doorbell at headquarters in New York and said I wanted to attend the 21-day workshop. They looked at me like I was crazy. No one believed my story. They all thought I was a nut case or, perhaps worse, a journalist. I called Fumiko-san and explained my predicament. She made some more calls and found out the workshop was not in New York but in Connecticut.

They wouldn't let me stay at headquarters, so I spent the night trying to sleep behind a trash bin in an alley and wandering around midtown Manhattan. The next morning I took a bus to New Haven. Again the same reaction. No one just happens to come to a workshop. It was unheard of and suspicious. Finally they checked out my story and let me attend.

The first person I met was the lecturer, Jim Baughman. Jim is extremely sharp and well-spoken, but for some reason, he had borrowed someone else's suit. There is nothing more ridiculous than a grown man wearing an obviously too-large suit. This only added

more credence to my theory—mismatched socks, too-large suits, no hand holding—that I had joined a group of Peter Pans, well-meaning young adults from middle-class families who would never grow up and look or act like adults.

However, I have many wonderful memories of those next 21 days—teaching, street preaching, fundraising, witnessing—but my best memory was one Sunday evening when Jim returned from Belvedere. While we gathered around, he surprised us all by turning on a tape recorder. It was True Mother singing. Until that point, I had not seen or heard the True Parents speak. That night, hearing her sing on a little one-inch speaker, I felt like I did when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. I had goose bumps. I had to cry. I couldn't believe how beautiful her voice sounded.

Afterwards, I returned to Washington and took up the ginseng mission for the next three years. But I'll never forget those sisters, especially Fumiko-san. They saved me. I would have left the movement on a mere whim. I would have lost out on everything, eternal life, my wife, Donna, our daughter, Hannah. I would be dead. God bless them for caring enough for me and taking action.

To the Kingdom on a Cookie

Mardi Esselstyn

Clear back in 1975 we decided to leave the lumber business, to sell our home and venture to Phoenix, AZ because of a new prognosis on my husband's physical condition. But upon arriving, we found much much, more. We had a '66 Oldsmobile with a sense of humor. It had an "ooga" horn. It startled drivers making strange moves in their cars ahead of us.

One month of medical treatment in Phoenix, AZ, gave my husband a favorable prognosis and left us wondering what was our next move? We visited the shopping mall nearby and soon learned of our next move. A young man came up to us with a box of cookies in his hand. They did not look very good. Heavily frosted, gingerbread, maybe. He asked us if we would care to support a religious youth camp in the mountains, whether we bought a cookie or not. My husband was gracious and

said, "Who is the founder of the youth camp?" The young man had sad blue eyes and we thought he would cry if we didn't listen.

Soon a security guard came up to us and asked this fellow if he might be selling something in the mall, and if so, where was his permit to do so? He said it was at the center. The guard told him to get off these premises and to not sell in the parking lot either. My husband told the guard that our car was parked at the curbing outside of the parking lot so we agreed to walk with this red-faced young man.

My husband had read a full page ad when he had been in the hospital on the man, Sun Myung Moon, the name on the card that our new friend handed us.

I was internally bored with yet another approach for money, but my husband was more gracious and listened. The young man asked us to come to an international dinner and we were delighted to go and see what the ideas presented were all about.

Our first impression was that they were simply anti-Communists. And we were agreeable to the talk given after a fine, multi-ethnic meal. We were in our early 50's, while the girls and boys were the ages of our own children. We just assumed that they had been misled.

The second night we met Dr. William Bergman and he asked me what I thought brought us there. I replied, "I think we have some sort of mission. But I do not know what it is yet."

His eyes twinkled but he was quite serious. Then he asked us to come back Saturday and Sunday from early morning and have breakfast with them all. He would be giving a workshop and hoped we would come by.

We went from swimming every day and getting bored, to rising at 6:00 am and arriving back at our apartment around midnight, then up again at 6 am to hear the second three lectures of Divine Principle. We were enchanted by Dr. Bergman.

When it came to hearing the "Fall of Man," we snapped our fingers and said to each other, "No wonder the world is in such a mess."

Even our sexuality was changing within our own minds and bodies and we were surprised about that. My husband wanted to be more secretive than I did. I was ready to share everything with Dr. Bergman, but my husband was shocked at that so he kept quiet. We spent about three weeks learning and working in and out of the

center and then we decided to go back to Portland to rearrange our original plans about furniture and storage, etc. Then Dr. Bergman came back through Portland on his way down to his new assignment, Los Angeles, and asked us to join him there.

We were so green, so new to all the fast changes taking place in our lives. Is it any wonder that we slowed down to a snail's pace while going at a breakneck speed?

It was the beginning of "The Richard and Mardi Parents' Association." We traveled nearly a 1,000 miles a month going south, east, west and north to visit parents of the young people who had come to this startling new movement. Some were friendly, some were dubious and some were downright hostile.

From 1975 to 1999 many stories have unfolded. I need to write them all down in a book or maybe a pamphlet telling us all about going to the kingdom on a cookie. Right? Right!

Michael Hentrich

I met the Unification Church on September 1st, 1975, after a year or so of intense Christian search through the Bible and in prayer. I had motorcycled around the Western U.S. after college, in search of my future professional home and was mystically and strongly drawn to move to Minneapolis. I temporarily settled into a hotel caretaker position in downtown Minneapolis where I continued my spiritual quest. I had just completed a several-year-long effort to construct a near-perfect stereo system and, when I finally achieved the perfection of sound that I had long sought, I felt totally betrayed and let down by the fact that I realized the monster speakers in each corner of my living room had replaced people in my life. I determined to get rid of them, after spending years obsessed with how to perfect them. I decided that since I had made them as icons to replace people, even though unconsciously, that they would likely take on the same distorted meaning in someone else's life if I sold them. So, I carried them out to the hotel incinerator and burned them. At the same time, I looked at myself in the mirror and felt my bushy Afro hairstyle and mustache were just not an expression of the real me. I also had just

finished my first complete reading of the Bible and my prayer life was intense. Also, my efforts to find a position as an industrial designer seemed to be blocked at every turn. I was a gifted and talented designer and inventor, but no one would consider me for a job. I prayed to God as all these things converged that He show me what He wanted me to do, and I promised Him that whatever it was He wanted me to do, I would be happy as long as He was happy.

A short time later, I met my spiritual parents on a bench downtown while I waited for a jewelry store to open so I could sell a gold ring I had found in a drain pipe. They walked up to me and said, "Do you believe in God?" That was John Foss and someone name David, who shortly thereafter left the Church. I thank my ancestors because the Principle was so logical and clear to me. After hearing Chapter 2, I was amazed and knew I was where God wanted me to be. It was interesting, because after my first weekend workshop in Greenville, Iowa (we had an old schoolhouse there for workshops), I was sitting in the group discussion after the conclusion lecture and the group leader left the group in disgust since no one had offered to join.

I had to run after him to ask if there was any room for another new member. I heard later that most people thought I would never join. They thought I was far too "Christian." But, I was a self-thinker and critical of any idea, so I was not one to stumble on doctrine. The Principle was obvious truth to me. This later proved to be a stumbling block to my own witnessing, I found, because I expected to easily find people like myself, which was not the case at all. I didn't realize how well-prepared I was and how few people seemed to be like me. I gave my car and money to the church center and moved in. My parents did not know what to think since I had cut my hair, burned my cherished stereo, abandoned my college career which my parents paid for, and moved in with this little-known group, the "Moonies." Persecution was heating up at that time. They were very concerned and asked lots of people. The worst thing was that they were visited by deprogrammer types and fed all kinds of garbage which really damaged my father. But, I give them a lot of credit for deciding to let me do what I felt I must do.

When my parents came to my seminary graduation, my father would not even go into the building because



True Father was there. It was an intense time. They did not come to our Blessing at Madison Square Garden, either. But my grandparents did come. We later Blessed my grandparents, as well as Grandpa's brother, Louis, and his wife Josie, who are Father Patrick's parents. I could sense Patrick's spirit at their house when we went there to bless his parents. He was so excited. The first time I saw Father was at a gathering in Minneapolis, I think. I remember I was wondering if I would see anything mystical. I didn't. But, that was okay.

The first time Father saw me was at Belvedere. There was a big holiday and a lot of sports activities on

the lawn. Father and Mother were sitting and watching us play sports, and I remember clearly that one time when I turned my back to Father on the sports field, he looked at me from behind and peered deeply into my spirit. I felt like all of my ancestors tore loose from me, turned around and bowed to Father. It was an unforgettable experience. I felt like my spirit world and I were momentarily ripped apart. I felt like he inspected my whole spirit world and knew everything about me. I believe he did.

Kate Tucker Moore

It is amazing how Heavenly Father can lead us. For several months I was feeling a change coming strongly. I experienced God's love so deeply in the beautiful creation. I would walk through the forests and on the beach and cry and cry. I really wanted to meet this magnificent artist (The Creator). I kept telling my friends that there was a big change coming on a worldwide level. I could feel it in every part of me. I remember my "friends" making fun of me, laughing at me and mocking me. Every day all summer of 1975 I would separate from them more and more, and feel so alienated from everything and everyone I knew.

Then I took a trip to Vancouver, British Columbia. The city was very intimidating to me. I only went there about a once a year from Vancouver Island.

I talked to God through nature and I could feel Him all around me. Being a craftsman, I went to a craft show and had a deep experience seeing some incredible scrimshaw, which is the art of carving scenes on whalebone. I was so moved by the amazing ability and creative energy that can flow from God to man. I went to find solitude in the restroom and cried very deeply. I was asking God what He wanted me to do with my life, where I fit into the big cosmic picture. I wondered if I could ever be such a good artist and be able to move other people to be inspired to think about God, the true source of all creativity.

After I composed myself, I went out on what I thought would be my journey back to Vancouver Island. Ah, but Heavenly Father is so great. He had it all set up for me. I began hitchhiking to get to the ferry boat, and immediately, this wonderful brother, Ted West, who was the captain of a fundraising team, stopped to give me a ride. He began the most perfect conversation about spirit world, spiritual beings and what is our purpose on earth.

It was exactly word for word what I was longing to hear and talk about. God inspired him and talked to me through him. It was so exciting to me to talk about spiritual things and not be thought a fool. We got near the ferry and I asked him to pull over in the parking lot so we could talk some more. I didn't want that conversation to end. He said he had to go pick up some other people and why didn't I just come along. So I did. David Rogers

got in next and he was also so spiritual and loving and kind in the purest sense. Then a few sisters got in and everyone was so bubbly and nice. They were all focusing their attention on me and I just kept wondering, "Who are these people?" They're adults but so pure and child-like. I was so curious.

They all convinced me to go to a lecture—eww, that word was scary for me. I didn't care much for formal settings. But their love won me over.

After I heard the Principle of Creation, I very arrogantly looked at Ted and said, "That was great, but I already know all that." HA! He just kept telling me to be patient and stay for some more. It was leading up to something really incredible. Well, I did, and when I heard Chapter Two, it hit me like a ton of bricks. Things in my head started clicking like crazy. So that's it, I thought. It all made perfect sense to me. Our dear brother, Jack Ashworth, was giving the lectures and he is always such a fantastic channel for Heavenly Father to speak through.

I heard a third lecture and by then there was no turning back. I could hardly wait for the weekend to hear "the whole story." The workshop was so powerful. I was so happy to hear that Jesus didn't come to die. I always knew it. Finally someone else did too and could explain it to me.

The parallels of history were incredible. Nobody could make that up. I was wondering who could figure all that out. It was explained so well. I was constantly getting goose bumps and tingles to say the least! The more I heard, the more I began to realize that I would have to completely change my lifestyle. I was so nervous, but so excited. In the last lecture he said very strongly, "The Messiah was born in 1920."

Wow! I can't begin to tell you how I felt. I just knew it was true. I looked all around the room and wondered why everyone else wasn't jumping up and down screaming with joy.

The Messiah is already here. It makes such perfect sense, doesn't it? Doesn't everyone see it? Everything in my head kept saying, "So that's why this and that happened." In my personal life and in world events everything fit together so perfectly. It was such a tremendous relief to finally know what life was all about. Now I can't imagine living life not knowing the Divine Principle. The one full complete truth. The whole story. The com-

pleted testament. So powerful. Are we lucky or what, eh?!!

That “Day of Hope” tour certainly was my day of hope. Thanks to Mike Leone and Patrick Duffy for coordinating it between the Seattle family and Vancouver family. I went to the seven-day workshop next and on the third day is when I truly fully joined the movement with all my heart. That was October 28, 1975.

After the third day of lectures my head and heart were bursting with emotions and questions. I went to the sisters’ room and covered myself under a blanket. I pictured myself as an Indian in the middle of a teepee surrounded by nature and talking to God. I asked Him, “God, what do you want me to do now? This truth is so powerful.” I was, however, having difficulty accepting that the Messiah would be such a straightforward, serious, older Korean man. I knew the Principle had to be right, but how could he be the one?

I asked God to tell me if it was really him. “Is this Korean man really your true son, the savior of all mankind?” I wish I could fully describe to you the whole encompassing feeling I received. I felt God’s arms around me and I swear I actually heard His voice—LOUD AND CLEAR— “Yes, this is my BELOVED SON. HE IS THE ONE!”

My ears were ringing, my whole body was shaking. It was as if I had been totally deaf before and then when I heard those words, sound suddenly exploded—loud and clear.

It is almost 24 years later and I have had many, many spiritual experiences. But I have never heard God’s voice so absolutely as that day. That was truly my spiritual BIRTH day. I told Him I could not follow this movement if I had even one iota of doubt. I cried and cried out to Him. Not even one little iota. I can’t change my life completely if I’m not 100 percent absolutely sure. Heavenly Father embraced me, surrounded me and completely filled me up.

He completely wiped away every little trace of doubt and hesitation—GONE—pouf!

I have never even for one second had a doubt. That’s how powerful God is. Yes, I have struggled but never had any doubt. All because of Heavenly Father’s infinite love for everyone.

Ray Sabo

In March 1975, I had just come back from a trip from NJ to CA. I was searching to find out what life was about and my purpose in it. I had to return a car I drove from California to New York City.

On my way home from the car place, I was walking to the bus station by way of Times Square. I was approached by a Christian group and they asked me if I was saved. I replied that I felt saved. Then they started accusing me and I was turned off. I started to walk away and I said, “God, if you are really there and if Jesus did exist, can you please show me the way?” Right after that a Japanese sister (Michiko Shimizu Turegano) came up to me and gave me a pamphlet. She asked me if I was looking for true love. I answered yes and then she proceeded to invite me around the corner of a library to hear an introduction to the teachings.

I was very cautious in the city because it was a crazy place. At that moment some guy came between us and started roaring like a lion. I almost dashed away but someone else came and took him away. I saw the look on Michiko’s face that she was also startled, but she continued to ask me to come to hear an introduction. Part of me really wanted to go home and the other to stay and hear the introduction.

So I proceeded to go with them to a 2nd floor office where they were having these lectures. I was greeted with so many good feelings and warmth that I was amazed at the atmosphere. I sat down and was waiting to hear the next lecture. Michiko came to me and showed me a pamphlet about Barrytown. I saw the picture with the mountains and river on it. I loved going into nature. She began to explain about it. Then, I asked her, “Can I go there?” She looked at me with amazement and said she’d find out. She came back and said a van was going in about an hour and that I could go. I called my Mom and said that I met some really good people and I would be away for the weekend.

I arrived at Barrytown about 11 pm at night. The next day, I began to hear the Divine Principle for three days. To my amazement, it was answering many questions I had about life. At the end of the three days, after hearing the parallels of history, I realized the time was at hand. They invited us to go to a 7-day workshop. I was

collecting unemployment at the time and I didn't want to miss my check. So I promised them that I would come back in a few days. I went home and started telling my friends what happened to me and who I met and I was getting mixed reactions. One friend said, "That sounds very interesting and I would like to go back with you to Barrytown," which he did. That was the stepping stone to go back.

I attended the 7-day Divine Principle workshop. I was in a 2nd-floor lecture hall when it was proclaimed at the conclusion lecture about the Second Coming. A choir was practicing below us with beautiful singing. I was raised Catholic and always wondering where heaven and hell were. Prior to Barrytown, I was receiving revelations that Heaven and Hell are right here. All of a sudden it stuck me what had happened in my life and I saw myself standing at the gates of Heaven with this incredible singing. I looked through but couldn't go in. It was an overwhelming feeling. Then God told me, "Sorry, you can't enter at this time because there is so much that needs to be done on earth and so much for you to restore." After that I began to weep like a baby, uncontrollably, with joy and gratitude that I was shown the way and that the kingdom of Heaven did exist and that I had a chance to clean myself up and the chance to serve the Lord of the Second Advent while on earth. So my journey began.

I attended 7, 21, 40 and 120-day workshops, with a lot of different activities in between them. We did a 40-hour lecturing condition at Rockefeller Center and on 42nd Street a 21-hour lecture condition for VOC (Victory Over Communism). We did fundraising and witnessing all over the city.

I was attending Mr. Sudo's 120-day workshop when True Father began three phases of the Pioneering witnessing to fifty states. Father came to each of us with 50 states written on pieces of paper in a hat and gave us the opportunity to pick our state where we would go. It was my first really close encounter with True Father. I chose Minnesota.

Deprogramming was very strong at that time, especially in Minnesota. I began to have experiences there with witnessing. One experience I will never forget concerned one particular sister. There was a certain fundamental Christian group that was strongly trying to take away this sister from the Unification Church. In my daily

witnessing I would always see these Christians in two's and I would get butterflies in my stomach, like a fearful feeling. They were very cunning and were always talking to this sister and giving her gifts and a lot of affection and always telling her bad things about the church. At that time there was a lot of persecution.

One day the sister didn't come back and we were worried about her. So I went to the Christians' headquarters which was in a downtown Minneapolis high rise. I greeted them and asked them about the sister and they said she didn't want to come back to the Unification Church anymore. They invited me to one of their meeting rooms. In the beginning, there were two people. Then, within 10 minutes there were about a dozen of these Christians around me. They were asking what I believed about Rev. Moon so I began to be straightforward with them. They then began to tell me that Rev. Moon is the anti-christ and that I have to denounce him and this would be a great time to do so. They said, let us pray together to do this. I heard the door lock and I really couldn't go anywhere. They began to pray very strongly and began to put their hands on me. Well, I had no choice if I wanted to survive this spiritual attack, so I began to pray louder than everyone. They were taken aback when I began to pray louder and they began to pray louder, too. I felt overpowered and all of a sudden True Father's face appeared in front of me. It was so bright and he was smiling from ear to ear. I felt an incredible surge of spiritual energy. I stood up and was praying more powerfully than all these Christians and they finally stopped.

I declared, "I will not denounce Rev. Moon and I pray that God can help you see the truth." Then, I left with so much energy that as I exited the building, I stood on a ledge and began to street preach like I did every day.

I felt a great sense of rebirth from this experience. This experience has always carried me through the valleys of restoration in my past years and even in the present days.



Leading song practice before a lecture in the “Chicken Palace,” Boonville, California

“Jordan River” in Boonville

Kim Brown

Joining the family in Oakland (1975) was the only way I could have joined. My absolute favorite part of those early weeks was the last song at the end of the workshop on Sunday evening in Boonville. Several hundred people were packed into the Chicken Palace, shoulder to shoulder.

The Chicken Palace was kind of a barn that had been converted into a lecture hall and brothers’ sleeping area. It had big wooden floor boards and a very chicken-coopish interior.

The spirit of the song fests was exuberant. We sang a variety of songs, church songs, Holy songs, folk songs and some traditional hymns. On the stage were Kristina, Matthew and Jennifer Morrison, Noah Ross, Jeremiah

Schnee, Evey Eden, Ricky Joswick and others. The cherry on top of the whipped cream of the workshop was the last song, which usually was “Jordan River.”

We are crossing that Jordan River
I want my crown
We are crossing that Jordan River
I want to sit down—

The song started out slowly, but built with tremendous momentum. By the end of the song, everyone had their arms around each others’ shoulders and were jumping up and down. Dust was flying, floorboards creaking, and the effect was totally exhilarating—pentecostal! On one occasion during “Jordan River” I was wearing a long skirt. As we jumped, I noticed I was losing my underwear! At the end of the song it had reached my ankles, and I had to do some fancy footwork real fast to stuff it into my pocket and run off to the bathroom to remedy the situation when the song was over. I was mortified at the time but looking back it was pretty funny.

Bruce Dubuque

So you can imagine my excitement when I heard about True Father, and especially the Principle. The Principle made so much sense to my autistic (innocent) mind that the whole center was thrilled at my immediate acceptance of True Father, and the Principle. However, I still was a misfit even though I accepted the Principle. It got to the point nobody knew what to do for me; they didn't know how to teach a child how to be an adult. None of them were parents, how could they know. So I showed up as one failure after the next. I was digging my own grave of indemnity debt, deeper and deeper.

They didn't know what to do, I didn't know what to do. Finally, True Father came to visit Richmond, Virginia to okay the purchase of the church on Park Avenue. It was a great day of expectations for everyone in the center; everyone was merry and bright. My spiritual mother did her best to cheer me up, although I knew a decision had to be made in my life, somehow, and somewhere. I managed to crawl my way out of my solemn mood that day, when Father's limo pulled up. We all went to eat at a restaurant. Much to my surprise, I was only three seats away from Father. Everyone was introduced individually. When it came my turn to be introduced, I raised my head to look into his eyes as humbly as I could. All the time, with my problem on the front of my mind, as I beheld his eyes just for a moment it was as if he looked right through me, and I knew exactly what he meant. He didn't have to say a word, and he didn't. I just felt the message in my heart. In brief, he said, if you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen. It is better to leave the movement than incur further indemnity debt by being a burden to the organization.

He assured me with one glance that it was okay, and that I could return at an appointed time. I told my central figure in our next meeting of my experience, and he understood. I promised him I would return one day, and in truth, except for a brief moment of misery, I never really left. I have always been true to TP, valuing the Principle above all other truths, using it as my cornerstone for wisdom and understanding.

Upon leaving the church, I had to go through many trials and tribulations, the least of which is how to build a lasting relationship. My autism hasn't made things over

the years any easier. I was still a misfit in social terms; finding the Principle didn't change that. After all, your rising sign is the way the world perceives you, not the way you perceive it, and being autistic only compounded my problems. After many years of trials and tribulations I soon found that there were others in the same boat I was. I was ever watchful of any sign, always reading various scriptures for further enlightenment, until finally I hit the "Mother Lode" of wisdom and understanding. While in my darkest hours of despair, as the rain poured down around and upon my head there in the pitch darkness of the night, a light shown into my life, as if in answer to my prayers. She comforted me, and welcomed me, and showed me many things. She gave me hope, and to this day She dwells inside of me daily, showing me the error of my ways, and guiding my hands and words in all that I do. I hope one day that She will fill my whole, entire life. She is beauty beyond compare, She is truth, She is the Holy Spirit, She is the Mother of Mankind and the Bride of Jesus, and I love her as dearly as True Parents and the Principle. She held me through the night, when there was no one else around, and She has never, ever let me down.

UC Reflections

Donald J. Sardella

I will attempt to summarize what I believe to be the core essence and benefit of my experiences within the Unification Church over the last 23 years. At the time I met the church in 1976, I was on a leave of absence from my employment as a Civil Engineer and actively traveling throughout the United States. My purpose was to research other possible alternatives to what was deemed to be the inherited and traditional paths of life. I did this by visiting various communities, historical sites and museums, as well as reading all sorts of books on religion, philosophy and psychology.

I was looking for timeless, universal-minded principles and, in light of that, people who were sincerely studying and making effort to create a life and a world consistent with what they were learning.

In the Divine Principle and the Unification Church, I found what has proven to be a clear-cut, long-term strategic vision and context for my life. I also developed a tremendously stronger determination to go beyond my

personal history and a desire to live purposely towards making a much larger level, service-oriented public contribution. All of this has impacted, and continues to impact me, spiritually, mentally, emotionally, family-wise and public service wise.

Spiritually speaking, I discovered a real-life sense of the presence of a living God, as well as a much more heart-felt appreciation and understanding of the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ, along with many other major religious figures in history.

Additionally, I became inspired about the possibility of eventually having a family. Up until then, I avoided that whole (and wholesome) idea, given what I personally felt and what I had observed. The whole proposition looked far too risky for me to seriously consider and, for many years, I was not willing to even entertain the idea.

As a result of my participation in the Unification Church, I have made that commitment and now seek to be both a model and a resource for others to do the same. Easy? No. And through the spiritual and character development process that I have accessed, I've been able to develop a level of internal resolve to go beyond many seemingly incessant, impossible challenges that I am sure could've easily derailed me many, many times over.

Without going in further detail in this brief testimony, our family is also privileged to have four beautiful children (I am biased, I am sure, though we do get a lot of unsolicited compliments in this regard, which we appreciate more than I can say). The Presence of Heaven manifested through the children, in terms of spiritual attitude and sensitivity, are a continuous source of awe and a gift for which I cannot say enough grace over.

On the level of community, I had the distinct privilege and pleasure to meet, be with and work with some of the finest people I could ever imagine meeting in my life. And I honestly feel like we're all just getting started. My wife, Iris, believes that, similar to the "Chicken Soup for the Soul" series, we should develop our own version(s) titled "Heroes of the Heart." The focus would be to highlight the incredible and untold inspirational stories of love, sacrifice and service that we have encountered, both with our spiritual colleagues and the people with whom we have associated through our variety pack of Providentially related activities and projects.

As a final note, inspired by the heart of our elder leadership, we feel motivated and challenged to be fully

responsible for our lives. That is, response-able for what we feel, what we think, what we inherited and what we're going to do from here on, regardless of the circumstances and events we face, as well as what other people say, think or do. And utilizing the leading communications technologies and methodologies that we have access to, be the best possible, ever-evolving source of True Love that we can be.

It is my prayer and intention that you, the reader, be moved to see for yourself, beyond any public hearsay or media-skewed influences, the truth of God, be it through the Unification Church or elsewhere. May you know God in your heart of hearts and help as many others as you can do the same. Sincerely wishing you God's Blessings.

The Delaware Experience

Jorg Heller

In 1976 almost all Canadian members went to Wilmington, Delaware to participate in the Washington Monument campaign. We were divided into teams and I was made a team leader and assigned a specific area to work in with my team. When all my team members had chosen their areas, it just so happened that the only area left for me to do was a black housing project. No one had wanted this area, but I was happy to take the challenge. By that time I understood enough of the Divine Principle and the history of black and white relationships to want to help right some of the wrongs that had been committed by my race against the black race.

The residents' initial reaction when I first stepped onto the Project Grounds was anything but friendly. Little kids even threw rocks at my van as I drove onto "their" property. However, I managed to "survive" this and make contact with some of the many very nice people there. The next morning I came better prepared. When the rocks started to fly again, I threw bubble gum back at those little rascals. This seemed to be a weapon too powerful to resist and, very soon, we were able to negotiate a truce. As I offered my sincere friendship to them and continued to bring in that bubble gum every day, my relationship with the children quickly improved. I became known as "Mr. Baahhcinntinniel" with the children, and whenever I drove onto the project grounds, my



new friends would very quickly surround my van.

Through the children I eventually got to know the parents and through them I was welcomed into many homes and made many more friends. When September 18 came around, the day of the Washington Monument event, many people were ready to board the buses, but the buses would not come. I was really worried; my people became a bit impatient. Especially one young man who had taken it upon himself to become the spokesman for the whole group. Whenever I went to call to inquire about the buses, he came with me. He wanted to make sure that I did not run out on him.

Finally, one bus came and it filled up quickly and was on the way. Later two more buses came with some people already in them. However, everyone at my pick-up point, about 100 people, was on their way to Washington D.C. On my bus I befriended a little girl. Actually she befriended me and she wanted to go wherever I went. She was such a beautiful child, about 8 years old. We became very close, but today, almost 23 years later I cannot even remember her name. When we got to the Washington Monument grounds, the program was already in full swing. There were so many people and we were quite a distance from the stage. My little friend asked me if she could sit on my shoulders to be able to catch the action better.

About 10 minutes after I put her on my shoulders True Father was introduced. I was not in the best of shape and my little friend became quite heavy after a while. When True Father began to speak I made a condition to carry the little girl on my shoulders as a representative of the entire black race. I wanted to make this condition to support and uplift the black race before God for the rest of my life. To fulfill this condition I determined to carry my little friend on my shoulders until True Father finished speaking, or until she would ask me to let her down.

I was struggling, but I encouraged her to stay on my shoulders as long as she wanted to. A photographer came by and took a picture of us. At one point I was wondering if I could continue. Her weight became almost unbearable. True Father was still speaking and it did not seem that he would stop soon. Finally, the little girl herself became tired of sitting on my shoulders and she requested to come down. I gladly set her down. My back was aching and I was certainly relieved to have that

weight off my shoulders. However, I felt victorious in fulfilling my condition. True Father finished speaking a few minutes later.

I would have loved to get the picture the photographer took of me with the girl on my shoulders and her holding the sign with our bus number “33 Delaware.” But I did not know him and thus had no way of ever seeing it, so I thought. However, it proved to be a wrong assumption on my part. In 1998, 22 years later, while I was working at the Continental HQs New York’s 43rd Street, one of my friends leafed through the historic “Day of Hope in Review” book. He called me over, pointing to one page, and asked, “Is that you?”

The Blessing

Nanette Doroski

At the time of the 777 Blessing I was asked if I wanted to go to that Blessing, but somehow I felt it wasn’t my time yet, that the person prepared for me wasn’t there.

Just before the 1800-couple blessing I was in Marlboro, Maryland. I was taking care of children whose parents were on MFT for a few months. The center I was in was making candles for fundraising. So after a meeting in Washington, D.C., some state leaders stopped to buy candles. I was in a large room all alone looking out a large window at the cars loading up with candles. Then for one moment I see a person that someone says is John Doroski. He turns his head away, so I didn’t get to see what he looked like. At that moment I heard a loud voice in the room say, “That is someone for you to marry.” There was no one in the room with me. I put the experience out of my mind, only to recall it three days after John Doroski and I were blessed. A year later, I actually worked with John in the Belvedere training center, studying, fundraising and actually raising him spiritually—at least that is what he says. We worked together on a special fundraising team assigned to raise funds for Barrytown and to pay for the airline tickets to go to Korea for the Blessing. One day John brought me dinner after fundraising all day and as he stood nearby he felt an overwhelming feeling of infinite peace and as if he had been married to me for 30 years.

I had a fear of being matched, a lack of faith on my

part. I had prayed about this and I received a dream. In the dream it was the time of the Blessing and I was in the Upshur House in Washington, D.C. and I was very busy cleaning. Then I looked around and I saw all these lovey-dovey couples all over. Someone then came up to me and asked, “Where were you yesterday? Yesterday was the Blessing, the Blessing you were to be matched in.” I said, “Oh! I missed my Blessing!” That person said, “It is okay. True Father matched you by proxy.” I said, “By proxy. Pray tell who did he bless me to?” They told me his name was John. I thought of a John I couldn’t stand in high school and I thought it must have been him. Then I said, “Where is he?” That person told me everyone went to the zoo. They said he was walking behind the big birdcage. I was very sarcastic in this dream and said, “It’s a good place for him.” But, then when I saw him in this dream, the name didn’t match the face and I knew I really loved him. The person seemed to have a very Fatherly nature and his face was the face of an actor on TV. Then I woke up with a jolt saying, what is the name of the TV show that the actor plays the Father in? Oh yes, it’s “Father Knows Best.” I wondered if Heavenly Father sits up all night thinking up the punch lines to these dreams. So from that day forward I didn’t worry about the Blessing anymore.

Because Father Knows Best

From John’s personal perception he would have liked a wife who was into outdoors activities like himself. I was not athletic and I did my Belvedere exercises sort of funny. However, John was determined to check out with True Father if this feeling he had of being married to me for 30 years and the many other inspirations he felt God had sent, had meaning. At the matching all the sisters were on one side of the room and the brothers were on the other side. As True Father proceeded with the matching, John raised his hand slightly and David Kim noticed. David Kim spoke to Father in Korean and True Father then questioned John. John reported about Heaven’s indications about Nanette. True Father looked back and forth at both of us three times, looked at me and said, “Very busy,” and then, that it was a correct match. So that is how I was matched and it was three days later that I remembered about the voice in Marlboro center saying, “There is someone for you to marry” (John Doroski). It is clear to me that God is

matching many of us years before the actual matching event with True Father.

There were a few other members who asked to be matched to someone, but Father responded saying, “You two have too soft natures and you couldn’t help each other grow and your children would be weak.” And in another case, “You both have such strong natures, you will probably kill each other if you were matched. I can’t approve because of my great love for you both.”

The story of one couple that True Father matched at this time is very interesting. The wife was a medical doctor and the Austrian missionary to Belgium (Anita) and husband was an American member (Russ Walters) who had served in Chile in the Peace Corps. I learned that Anita wrote a letter to Father asking to become a medical missionary to Chile and around the same time Russ wrote a letter to Father asking to return to Chile as a missionary, unknown to each other. Father didn’t really know them personally. After they were matched, Russ started telling Anita about his life and they both learned of many parallels that their lives shared (doing the same thing at the same age). Russ told Anita about a knife that his father had carved for him and how he lost this knife in an American forest when he was 11 years old. Then Anita opened her purse and handed Russ the knife he had lost as a child, saying when she was 13 years old in Austria she found this knife while walking in a woods there. She felt she had to carry it wherever she went. The knife turned out to be the same knife and this suggests that Heavenly Father is planing our matches and marriages years before. Russ and Anita looked very much like brother and sister. Husbands and wives looking similar seemed to be a pattern with True Father’s matching.

I remember how Father, when matching Perry Cordill, had Perry stand up and had a sister stand up. The sister was very short and Perry was extremely tall. Within one second Father looked over 800 sisters and told another sister to stand up. This sister turned out to be tall, but more interesting was the fact that her face looked so similar to the short sister that one would swear they were twins. Father then matched Perry to the tall sister.

First Love

Joy Pople

Dramatic changes began on January 17, 1975, when I received a letter informing me that I am a candidate for the Blessing on February 8 in Korea. Father has been talking for several months about a Blessing. Rumors of a Blessing appear periodically. My trinity of co-workers at HSA Publications in Washington, D.C. began a 21-day prayer condition. Mr. Han Joo Cha came to translate Father’s God’s Day speech. A predecessor of mine as “Way of the World” editor and a 777 blessed couple, he works at the vacant desk in my office. Before sleeping I see a vision of Mother. I see her smile, and all the negative elements of the creation respond in delight. She smiles and the hummingbirds dance and the stars waltz and the moon radiates. I have never before dreamed of Mother, and I have not understood her spiritual position in the cosmos. But to me she is the source of one polarity of radiance, beauty, harmony, rhythm and color. How wonderful she is! What a wonderful vision of how we as women can complement our mate and reflect aspects of God.

After awakening the next morning I see two more visions. The first is about engrafting. When we accept True Parents we are like a limb yanked off a satanic tree. The break is ragged, and in time scars form over the wounds. To prepare for the Blessing, I or Father must cut apart the old scars and whittle the broken edges down to a perfect wedge to fit into the notch of the Tree of Life. I will receive the living sap and return the true joy of fruit. In the second vision I see our True Parents as a huge rock and our family as building on the rock. In the beginning only a small part of the rock could be seen above the dirt, and first 3 couples, then 36, then 72, 124, 430, and 777 couples or families could be built on it. Now we have been clearing away more dirt, with Father’s aid, and there is space for 1,800 couples. But again, we must plane our surfaces to fit the surface of the rock and join the other families. This leveling is crucial to the preparation. I pray to recognize my sin, repent, and work to root it out.

I call my parents, after deliberation. Perhaps my mother has been receiving revelations. Last December



she asked, "Aren't you going to Korea soon?" Today she says she was expecting a call from me. They talk about how they expected that their children would someday get married. The catch is that I don't yet know who the husband will be. My father says he would be happy if I brought someone home, said I loved him and wanted to marry him. But since I don't know who it will be, they worry. I ask my father to lend me travel money. Eventually my father agrees to lend me money, with interest. I can feel that my mother doesn't want me to have the same difficulties she has had in her marriage. She had met my father before he left for Paraguay in 1941, on assignment from the Mennonite Central Committee to help resettle refugees. She accepted his marriage proposal and traveled by boat to meet him and become his wife.

Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Honolulu, Tokyo and finally Kimpo Airport, near Seoul Korea. It is about 9:00 p.m. on February 3. After clearing customs, about 100 American Unification Church members walk out of the airport to face floodlights and Koreans singing "Tong-Il." By bus we ride through Seoul toward the village of Sutaek-Ri. There are no street lights, but street

vendors cook over open fires. We wave, and some people wave back. Soldiers with machine guns guard major intersections.

Buses careen down the narrow streets of Sutaek-Ri toward our church's training center next to the Il Hwa ginseng factory. High above, Orion watches over us here as well as at home. We enter a hall, pray and receive dormitory assignments. I pray outside, and a man taps me on the shoulder and says, "It's too cold; you must go in." At 6:45 a.m. Sara Rinehardt Pierron and I set out on a walk. We bow in passing to a Korean girl, barely visible in the grayness, who smiles in return. Sara folds her hands in a gesture of prayer and gives a questioning look. The girl's eyes light up and she takes our arms, leading us down the roadway, across paddies, through a hamlet, and up a rocky path to a grove of trees where Koreans are praying. Sara and I join them. The rugged shape of the mountains gradually rises out of the fused land and sky. Dawn has awakened. Back at the training center, David Kim warms up the crowd of Americans and Europeans in anticipation of Father's arrival. He counsels a humble attitude, advising us to be "like a baby who depends on mother's milk." He urges us to accept

Father's first choice, but if we cannot, to humbly decline and ask for another chance. On the one hand, Mr. Kim reports that Korean astrologers who study Father's matches declare that they are perfect, while on the other hand he jokes, "If I were you, I would not be here." Then he has various brothers stand up and introduce themselves, while he discusses their unique aspects and speculates about good matches for them.

At 10:45 Father appears and welcomes us to Korea, where, he says, the sun shines purely. "More than anyone else, Heavenly Father has been very worried about you," he grins. "Why? Because every one of you wants the best mate, and the best is just one! Heavenly Father's idea is to make everything even—the best matched with the worst." As is typical in his talks, he reviews the Principle of Creation, Fall, Restoration, and the Mission of the Messiah, leading up to building projects in Korea. Our destination after marriage is the battlefield, he says, with the initial task of shifting from being a slave of Satan to a slave of God and then progressing to the positions of servant and then younger son in relation to Father's immediate children, who are the elder sons.

"What is the Blessing?" Father asks. "It is to possess God's love, God's son or daughter, and then all the universe." He says that he matches people for harmoniousness, and he promises that we will uncover that harmony in at least three years. "Stretch your arms out wide so you can accept any kind of person." At 1:30 p.m. Father announces, "At 3:00 the matches will begin." People pick at the plates of rice, hamburger and vegetables in the dining hall, but no one seems very hungry.

For the matching, Father has candidates line up facing the center aisle, sisters on the right and brothers on the left. People seem to avoid staring across the aisle. The oldest candidates are matched first and shown to a small consultation room. Ernie Stewart and Therese Klein, and Zack Piorkowski and Pat Hannan set the examples by returning quickly and bowing their acceptance. Zack, a priest for 20 years, and Pat, a nun for the same amount of time, had heard about each other but had never met; they sparkle like little children. David Kim greets each new couple with a handshake, then they kneel before Mother, greet their national leader, sign the register, and shake hands with Dr. Sang Hun Lee. Afterwards, they go outside to become acquainted.

Still in a journalist mode, I try to take pictures. I

don't want to miss a move. I know both partners in many of the American couples, and later I am amazed to learn that many had never met each other; they were meant to be introduced by Father.

Father studies each pair before motioning them to the consultation room. Some of the European members had been matched by their leader before arriving in Korea and Father makes his own matches; two national leaders plead with Father to keep their match to a partner who can complement their mission well, and Father approves. After about three hours, Father paces up and down, humming to himself. Candidates laugh nervously. When Father announces a dinner break, I reflect on why I came to Korea. I put aside preconceived ideas and focus on Father. Fewer people re-enter the matching room. Father looks right at me several times and then motions to me and points to the consultation room. I look across the aisle and see a tall, young man. Inside the room we look at each other and discover that we are total strangers. We say our names. After some silence, I ask, "Can you think of any reason why we should refuse Father's suggestion?" He shakes his head. We come out, wait for Father to finish selecting another couple, bow, shake hands with leaders, and sign the register.

We part to get our things. Then I cannot find him. I look all over, wondering whether I remember how he looks. Finally we find each other. "Have you been to Holy Ground?" I ask. On the way we talk about small things. There we kneel and pray. Returning to the training center John asks, "What kind of person are you?" Father decided to hold the engagement and holy wine ceremonies that night. He had expected the matching of Western couples to take three days, but it took only about six hours to match 107 couples. Father explains the meaning of the engagement ceremony. Our hands are joined one on top of the other, symbolizing uniting heaven and earth, spirit world and physical world, four seasons, and four directions with God. Then Father prays.

The holy wine ceremony follows. Father prays again, and a great spiritual warmth fills me, like a garment which dissolves and penetrates my skin and becomes part of my blood. We receive the wine from President Young Whi Kim. I receive the cup, drink the contents and replace it in the container. Then I pick up another cup and hand it with both hands to John, who takes it with both hands, drinks and passes it back to me

for returning to the tray. Father and Mother sit on the platform, watching. The ceremonies had to take place very quickly since Father has to return to Chungpa Dong before curfew.

After True Parents depart, the sisters try on their white chima choggori gowns. On World Day last year Father said that the first tears were shed by Adam and Eve when they fell through illicit love, but actually their first tears should have been on the day of their holy marriage. Those would have been tears of joy. I felt I was crying the tears of joy on my wedding day. The engagement is the formation stage Blessing, the holy wine ceremony the growth stage. So the day I met my husband was also my wedding day. From the Monday of our matching to the Saturday of the public Blessing ceremony, the days are quiet and cold. John and I talk about our relationship with God, our life of faith, our church missions. He joined in California and has been working at a printing company with other church members; I joined in Washington, D.C., and have been working for the publications department there. We search out the printing operation near the ginseng factory and watch the pressmen hand-feed sheets of paper to the presses; type is set, one line at a time, from boxes of metal letters. "The Way of the World Magazine" which I edit used to be produced at this shop, and I bring some recent issues as gifts. Japanese and Western couples gather around a bonfire and sing. Groups rehearse for the wedding reception. Rings are fitted, engagement photos taken. We take snapshots, listen to other couples' stories. At times we retire to our bunk beds to hem the wedding dresses and slips, and to write letters, or just close our eyes for a while.

On Friday we go to the gymnasium which will be our wedding hall for rehearsal. Village children line the fences, and we entertain them with renditions of "O Maya" and "Toraji." Visits to the local bathhouse offer the chance for long soaks in hot water and hand laundry. I am grateful that Father chose a husband whom I can



John and Joy with Nanette Doroski (left)

respect, like and feel comfortable with. Each night before retiring we pray together. On Friday night John formally asks me to marry him and I say yes. John offers a beautiful and deep prayer and asks, "Are you happy?" "I have never been happier," I reply, and then ask if he is happy. He says he is. After a night of tossing and turning I rise at 4:30 to the music of the Little Angels chanting, "I'm Getting Married in the Morning." We wash and dress. After breakfast of a half cup of milk, we put on our gowns and veils. Korean ladies help us arrange the veil. With two sets of long underwear, top and bottom, I feel like a stuffed doll. The sisters parade out between rows of clapping brothers. I find John and we climb onto a bus. The cold sunrise is soft and pink over a quiet countryside.

On the bus we discuss the veils. At first I declare they are for purity, but after trying to turn my head from side to side, I decide they are for singleness of mind. Outside the Chang Chung Gymnasium colorful boards announce the Blessing, and flags fly for each of the 20 nations represented.

The couples line up outside the gymnasium. We are

the front couple in row #29—couple #1653 out of 1800. The temperature is -8 degrees centigrade. I eventually lose feeling in my hands and feet. The Japanese couples around us sing “Shiawasate” and the “Little Angels Song.” Every now and then a Korean comes by and smiles in sympathy.

The ceremony begins at 10:00 with representatives of each participating nationality carrying flags of their nations. Finally, it’s our turn to enter the hall, marching two couples abreast through the 24 elders dressed in white robes. Slowly we approach the steps to the platform where True Parents are sprinkling the holy water. I grab my skirt to climb the steps to the platform, but the fabric slips out of my numb hands. Tripping, I begin to go down. John pulls me along at the relentless pace of the procession, and the purse under my arm that contains John’s wedding ring falls down.

Finally, we make it past True Parents and down to line 29. Pain claws at my thawing feet. I cry, both out of pain and out of frustration at losing the ring. I wonder if John will forgive me. Cameramen are watching us. I apologize to John and try to explain in pantomime to a Korean about the lost purse.

Father reads the four Blessing vows in Korean, and we answer “Yea.” We were told that the first vow involves our personal commitment to God, the second our commitment as a couple, the third our commitment as parents, and the fourth our commitment to humankind. Then Father prays. It is a very moving prayer, and I cry some more. Rings are exchanged and greetings offered.

The Korean newspaper reports 891 Korean couples, 797 Japanese couples, 76 U.S. couples, 35 European couples, and 2 Taiwanese couples.

The couples pile into our buses for our symbolic honeymoon tour through Seoul. On each seat is a large boxed sponge cake. On our seat is my purse, containing the lost ring. During the pantomime to the Korean usher I gave him a slip of paper with our couple number. Apparently when they found the purse they left it on the seat for us. Neither John nor I eat much; I am too thirsty for cake. We stop at a mountain lookout, and John buys me a Pepsi.

We are told to smile and wave, “to multiply our Blessing to the people of Korea.” I get a little dizzy waving my hand side to side and watching the surroundings

fly by. We have had no access to a bathroom since we left at dawn.

Finally we are deposited at the training center to change into our reception clothes and eat our only meal of the day. I have a cold, upset stomach, diarrhea, and cramps. It seems like all hell is breaking loose on my physical body, and my spirit is dissociating from it. I offer John his ring on the bus, and he refuses. I offer it again during lunch at the training center, and he still refuses. Finally, on the bus to the reception I beg him to let me give him the ring, and he consents. “We finally decided to make it official,” he tells the couple in the seat behind us. I keep fighting back tears.

The Chang Chung Gymnasium is also the site of the reception. Professional Korean musicians perform. The Little Angels dance. Various Western groups sing. Americans offer a skit portraying a very tall American visiting Korea. We sing “Come and Go With Me to That Land” and conclude with a canon combining “Arirang” and “Tong-Il.” Cheers and clapping rise from the stands as we begin each new round.

The remainder of the evening passes in a blur. The buses return us to Sutaek-Ri and we walk two miles or so to the training center in the dark. I bump into a concrete block on the edge of the road and hurt my shin. “This whole day seems like a nightmare,” I tell John. I hope he doesn’t take it literally.

We now live in John’s hometown and have two lovely children.

The First Blow

Marilyn Mueller Okoda

I joined Unification Church in Seattle, WA in January 1976 when I was 25 years old. I lived and worked with the Church family there for about two and a half years. We did a lot of witnessing and fundraising and our center was one of the most successful in America at that time.

Before the church, I was a professional nurse and had worked in nursing for three years. I had lived on my own for that amount of time so I was experienced in the practicalities of daily living in the outside world. For this rea-

son, I was chosen to go around to the different townships and cities and establish permits for our fundraising teams. I would get dressed up in a suit and high heels and visit county or city clerks to file the necessary documents. Sometimes I would even visit the mayors of the smaller towns.

One day I set up an appointment with a small town mayor—so small that his office was in his own home. This particular town was very difficult to get the permission necessary for fundraising. I was received by the secretary and told to wait for “His Honor.”

I waited about 10 minutes and then in walked a type of Paul Buyan. A big, middle-aged man, with a plaid wool shirt and a big jovial smile. He came right over to me, as I stood to meet him and with a big strong hand, he reached to shake my tiny hand in greeting. “Good afternoon, your honor,” I said with an equally big and warm smile. “I am Marilyn Mueller and I am with the Unification Church.” Before I could even finish the word church, his face had changed to red, make that maroon, make that purple, all in an instant. His smile was on the way down to a grimace. He then picked me up with his big bulky hands. He grabbed the back of my suit collar, like a mother cat carrying her kitten with her mouth, and lifted me up and threw me out of his office.

With high heels on, I could barely maintain my balance. I missed all the steps of his porch and landed on the sidewalk on one foot and my knee hit the pavement. It all happened so fast that I just stood up and straightened my clothes and walked away from his house. I heard him shout, “And don’t come back!”

After about 2-3 minutes as I was collecting my thoughts, I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I said a short prayer that God could forgive him for he really did not know what he was doing. And then I went home—to the center and reported to my central figure, Tom McDevitt. Tom called the town clerk and reported what the mayor had done to me. Realizing the seriousness of the mayor’s actions, the clerk invited us to the next town meeting.

The result of all this was that because of the improper actions of the mayor, and in order to avoid a lawsuit, the town gave our fundraising teams unlimited permission to fundraise. I hold no resentment towards the mayor but I think that it should be recorded for history what the early followers of Father went through. Also, God’s followers take the first blow but are victorious in the end.

Sunburst

Jim Clark

Sunburst toured across the country. Eventually we found ourselves in Colorado, where we were directed to split into three parts and join the IOWC teams. After coming together a final time to perform at Notre Dame University, we were asked to regroup, and form two bands. I was chosen to lead the new Sunburst.

The young people of America need new direction. They love music. We are almost a music-centered culture in terms of our youth. They love rock music and idolize rock musicians. That’s why I began to think we need to have a stronger image visually and musically. I decided that we would move toward rock rather than playing a variety of types of music. I know some people will like us less for that, but I also know it will take us in the direction of the young people of America. We need a strong image to take to the American public. If we are too wishy-washy as performers or people, we won’t be taken seriously.

Father is teaching us to become people of true character, so we have to have strong character and to manifest that on stage. Our whole family life carries over on stage and is a reflection of our unity or lack of it. We need to be very serious about leading the best lives possible, and also about having the broadest experience possible, and not just in music. We don’t just do music. We are involved in so many other things: home church, fundraising, restoration. These kinds of experiences make you a rounder person. When we write music, it can be deeper.

I have much hope for Sunburst’s ability to appeal to young people. We’re becoming more dynamic, and I feel each person in Sunburst is not just a person, but represents a certain kind of person.

My life is much different now than I ever thought it would be, and I’m so grateful. When I joined the church, I thought I would never play music again, but God gave it back to me and actually asked me to develop musically and culturally. If I invest myself completely in this mission, both God and I can fulfill our dreams, because our deepest desires are the same.